TOLD BY

THE PIONEERS

REMINISCENCES OF PIONEER LIFE IN WASHINGTON

VOL. 3

TOLD by the PIONEERS

Vol. III 1938

OLD FORT COLVILLE

Factor's House, Granary and Bastion

Tales of Frontier Life As

Told by Those Who Remember

The Days of the Territory and

Early Statehood of Washington

TOLD BY THE PIONEERS

IN MEMORIAM

When the Washington Pioneer Project was begun in 1936, one of its most enthusiastic supporters was Dr. Ernest N. Hutchinson, Secretary of State. Serving on the Advisory Committee which guided the project to its successful conclusion, Dr. Hutchinson brought to it his rich background in Washington history and his tireless energy and devotion to the progress of this state. Dr. Hutchinson died on January 30, 1938, while serving in his second term as Secretary of State.

With the issuance of Volume III of "Told by the Pioneers" the series of published reminiscences which were gathered under the project is completed. It seems fitting, therefore, that this volume of this series be dedicated to Dr. Hutchinson and to the work which was such an important part of his busy life. He drew inspiration from the courageous past and his eyes were ever on the future of a state whose destiny he conceived as a culmination of the Nation's progress. To such as Dr. Hutchinson, we share with the pioneers a debt of gratitude; with the stories in these volumes taken from their lives as empire builders, his memory will be preserved for future generations of Washington citizens.

Clarence D. Martin

Governor of the State of Washington

Olympia, March, 1938.

DR. ERNEST N. HUTCHINSON

WASHINGTON PIONEER PROJECT

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Secretary of State

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DR. ERNEST N. HUTCHINSON

Dr. Ernest N. Hutchinson was born in Milford, New Hampshire, July 21, 1864. His mother died when he was four years old and he was raised by aunts and uncles until he had completed his elementary education. As soon as he was old enough to make his own way he had a desire to go west. He landed in South Dakota and began working as a cow hand and stage driver in the Black Hills. The work on the range convinced him that he wanted to make Veterinary Science his life work.

He herded cattle and drove stage in the Dakotas, saving his money that he might go to college. While driving stage coach into Dodge City, he had to pass through Chinatown. The Chinese had the habit of sitting tipped back in chairs on their porches to watch the stage come in. "Sandy," as he was called at that time, became so expert with the "black snake" whip, that as the horses galloped past, he would wrap the tip around the leg of a chair and pick it neatly from under a Chinaman. They soon learned to sound the alarm when they heard the coach coming. They were all his friends since he had once saved the life of a Chinaman. They just used caution by picking up their chairs and going indoors as he passed.

Then there was the time when he was still considered a tenderfoot. One cowboy took it upon himself to heckle Sandy, and his favorite pastime was threatening to shoot at him. He would point his gun and say, "Look out, Sandy." Finally it wore on Sandy's nerves, till he took his black snake, (he never carried a gun) and wrapped the tip around the gun, snatching it from the cowboy. The cowboy was then razzed out of the group. But some weeks later Sandy had made camp, and upon opening his eyes very early next morning, saw this same cowboy standing some distance away and pointing his gun, as usual. Sandy never moved and it wasn't an instant before he heard a shot and something spattered all over his face. He said he would never feel so dead again as he did then. It was a rattlesnake that had spattered in his face, and the cowboy very likely saved his life.!

When he had saved $400.00, enough to start his college work, he went East with a shipment of cattle, but after leaving the stockyards in Chicago, didn't remember anything more until he awakened in an alley with empty pockets and a bump on his head. However, after telling his story to the president of the college, he was allowed to undertake his studies. He washed buggies in a livery stable at night and managed to earn enough to pay his way.

Dr. Hutchinson was appointed from the first congressional district

of Tennessee, in 1896, by President Cleveland, to the position of Veterinary Inspector of animals and meats intended for the export and interstate trade at San Francisco.

In 1897 he was made Inspector in charge of the Bureau of Animal Industry offices at Portland, Oregon, which was later made to include Washington.

He was designated to represent the Bureau of Animal Industry in cooperation with the veterinary service of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, in the control of diseases among transport animals in the Yukon and Alaska. He was assigned to work with Dr. Thomas Bowhill, who represented the Dominion government in investigating cattle diseases along the international boundary, which resembled the conditions previously found by Dr. Bowhill in New Zealand and Australia.

Dr. Hutchinson was also assigned to make final the clinical report on the finishing examinations in the Anaconda Smelter smoke cases.

In relating some of his interesting experiences, Dr. Hutchinson recalled: "I was appointed during the Cleveland administration to go out to San Francisco, just at the time when Germany, France and the Scandinavian countries were placing an embargo on our meat products, basing their action upon the insufficiency of our meat inspection force, as compared to the very excellent inspection service they had set up in all those countries, with what they claimed as a more experienced and better educated personnel.

In point of fact, the United States had veterinarians in the meat inspection service set up under the Bureau of Animal Industry, who were just as well educated and versed in this line as were the veterinarians of the foreign countries.

"I was among the very first men to be engaged in that work, and after I had stayed about six months in San Francisco, working under the direction of George S. Backer, I was sent up to Portland to establish the meat inspection for the Union Meat Company, then seeking to get in on the export trade. From there the Washington service, under my direction, was established in the large packing houses of Tacoma, the Frye-Bruhn Company of Seattle, and the Carstens Packing Company.

In 1904 the government of the Yukon Territory (Canadian) asked the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington to assign a veterinarian to Dawson City, to work in conjunction with all the veterinarians of the Northwest Mounted Police, to investigate the spread of diseases among the transport animals, working on the rivers when frozen over,

and freighting out of Dawson to the various mining camps and dredges that were being established. I was assigned to that particular work.

Upon my return, I continued in charge of meat inspection work, on the Pacific coast, with headquarters in Portland. Following completion of the work in Alaska, the Dominion government asked the Bureau of Animal Industry to assign a man to work with Dr. Bowhill, who had just returned from investigating the communicable parasitic diseases of food animals in Australia, and who had been assigned to similar work in Canada, with headquarters at Vancouver. I was assigned to represent the Bureau in conjunction with Dr. Bowhill.

Later, my activities were transferred from the office at Portland to the Customs Service on the international boundary, for the inspection of livestock of all kinds, traveling along the borders of Washington, Idaho and Montana. I worked with customs men, forestry officials, and whenever a representative of the Bureau of Animal Industry was needed."

"Almost fifty years ago, I used to drive cattle from the ranges of the Texas Panhandle up through the five Indian Nations, across Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, into the Bad Lands of Dakota and Montana.

Our cattle, we knew, were healthy cattle, yet everywhere they traveled they left a trail of death behind them.

If native cattle in the Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, or anywhere north of the Panhandle got mixed with our cattle, such strangers died; if native cattle even so much as crossed the trail of our roving southerners, those natives would surely die, and as settlers were beginning to come into Kansas and Nebraska at that time, there was more war than romance in driving Texas cattle into Montana.

Settlers became more numerous and more deadly. They banded together and kept pushing us nomadic cowboys farther and farther west. Finally the government took a hand, and the United States Department of Agriculture tried to find why it was that healthy cattle would leave a trail of death for their kind behind them.

Your true scientist, however, follows every lead, seeming wise, or otherwise, and finally the veterinary scientists from Washington, D. C., found within the broken down red blood cells of sick cattle the same little twin bodies that were found in the bodies of freshly hatched ticks, and within the blood of the Texas cattle, which didn't mind them, because they were so used to them they were immune.

This was the first discovery of blood-destroying diseases, of which malaria, borne by one kind of mosquito, and yellow fever, borne by another mosquito, are later-revealed examples.

Science, searching for the cause of the curious circumstance of apparently healthy cattle carrying deadly germs, found a way to control other diseases which, uncontrolled, would have prevented such a great undertaking as the building of the Panama Canal—that is Romance."

Short Stories Told by Dr. Hutchinson

Oak Cannon

Everybody had gun powder when I was a boy. We made our own bullets and used muzzle loading guns. I was just a small boy and my brother was two years younger. Every Fourth of July grandfather made an oak cannon for us bound with iron hoops. This was on my grandfather's place in New Hampshire. We would stuff it full, putting wads of paper and whatever we could find in it, brace it with rocks, and touch a rod to the powder tube, not knowing just where it would shoot. It's a wonder we weren't killed.

Trap Line

I went with an Indian one winter to set a trap line. We killed meat for our food as we went along, cached it in tree tops, expecting to have food upon our return. When we came back we found that someone had taken our meat. This fellow I went with became half crazed because of hunger and he attacked me with his knife. I had a feeling that something was wrong and turned just in time to see him coming with his knife. He cut a deep gash in my hand. I was able to subdue him in a little while and brought him into town. This took place in the Dakotas.

Bureau of Animal Industry in Alaska

While I was in charge of animal inspection work in Alaska, under the Bureau of Animal Industry, my total appropriation was only $5,000.00. I found a serious communicable disease among the pack horses and that $5,000.00 would not be enough money to take care of all the expense incident to the control work involved, which required $25,000. The money had been furnished by the federal government, and while I had no authority to spend more than the $5,000.00, it had to be done. I felt like a hero when I had cleared up a bad situation, but when I was ready to return to the States I became frightened. After I arrived home, I learned my superiors were going to file charges against me and prosecute. My friends in Washington got busy, and through a special act of congress the deficit was made up and I was commended for my quick thinking.

Teddy Roosevelt

While I was working in the Dakotas, Teddy Roosevelt was there. He had come West to regain his health. He was skinny, wore glasses, and looked like a sissy. I made some disparaging remarks about him being a cowboy, but he talked right back and we became good friends. I have always been proud of this friendship.

MRS. FRANK REEVES (BELLE CULP)

Appointed Secretary of State February 7, 1938, *to fill vacancy created by the death of Dr. Ernest N. Hutchinson. Legislator from Chelan County for twelve years. Democratic National committee woman from the State of Washington in* 1932.

Chelan County

I was born in Quincy, Ohio, and moved to Kansas with my parents when a young girl. While living in Kansas I was married to Frank Reeves, who brought me to Spokane in 1888 on a wedding trip. It was during the boom days of the Coeur d'Alene mining district. We crossed Pend Oreille lake in a steamer. The Big Chief mine was our destination. The Big Chief swallowed all our savings. To get money enough to go on, both Mr. Reeves and I taught school. I did my teaching at Post Falls, Idaho.

We stayed in Eastern Washington about a year, and then went to Ellensburg, where Mr. Reeves published the Ellensburg Register. In 1889-90, the Great Northern Railroad surveyors were in the field. In 1891 he started the Wenatchee Advance, the first paper in the Wenatchee Valley. The Daily World of Wenatchee is now using the same case from which I used to set type. We printed the paper for three years and then moved to Leavenworth in 1896. Mr. Reeves was one of the first to boom the town of Wenatchee for the railroad. The Great Northern was very secretive about its location of the new townsite, no one knew where it would be and one guess was as good as another. Old Wenatchee, which had started as a village of about 50 people, with its full quota of saloons, a hotel, and livery stable, was moved bodily to what was then a rock pile, but what is now Wenatchee. From Leavenworth to the Clockum Creek there were but 108 people.

After we moved to the present townsite of Wenatchee, our printing office and home were in the same building. The printing office was in the front and we lived in the back. Our windows were divided into small panes and one of these happened to be broken. I was sitting sewing, when a man of the worst type appeared at this open window. He demanded a piece of bread and butter. In those day we did not have bread unless we baked it ourselves, and I happened to be baking some then, but it was not done. I refused his request and he said, "You *will* give me some bread and butter." I ran to the back door and slipped the bolt. There was a small incline to the rear of the house and he ran up on it and down to the door, trying to break it in. The door was giving way under his heavy weight. I ran to the

front of the building where my husband, Frank, and two men printers were working. They immediately came to the back part of the building. Frank waited until the fellow was running once more down the incline and then he opened the door. He had his six-shooter, and asked the fellow what he wanted. The man replied, "I am waiting for your wife to give me something to eat," his manner being very ugly and hateful. Frank took him by the nape of the neck, turned him around and bounced him. He picked him up again and bumped him all the way down town to the railroad tracks, where he told him to keep moving. He was about the meanest looking fellow I have ever seen.

We homesteaded in East Wenatchee on February 14, 1892. My husband, Frank Reeves, had filed on the claim the previous year. As we went to Wenatchee by wagon or horseback, we had to ford the Wenatchee river at Wenatchee and go eight miles above that town to the ferry and then come back ten miles to our homestead across the Columbia river. We seldom did this, however, as we usually crossed the Columbia in a row boat. The current was so swift that in rowing from one bank to the other we often drifted a mile down the river.

A neighbor of mine whose husband was in business in Wenatchee suggested that we take a baby buggy to haul my baby, but we found that it was so sandy we could scarcely push it. We conceived the idea of taking a wash boiler to carry her. This worked very nicely, because we could put in the condensed milk we had for her, as well as other groceries. On one occasion we had her in one end and a ham in the other.

I had the thrilling experience of cooking a meal for a man at the point of a gun. He acted like a bold, bad man, which we read about, riding up to the door on horseback, knocking on it with his whip. He cried out that if I did not open the door he would shoot. I tried to persuade him to leave, telling him that my husband would be home very soon. The baby, who was sitting in a box on the other side of the stove, never made a sound nor stirred. I prepared the meal, and when he was just finishing he noticed my baby, saying: "Why, you have a baby, I am sorry I frightened you." He threw fifty cents on the table and ran out. I saw this same man later at a dance, and we came face to face during a quadrille. When I saw him I exclaimed to one of the men that this was the man who had forced me to cook him a meal. My dancing partner said he would tell Frank, who was playing the violin. When the music stopped the fellow could be found nowhere . He had just faded away, and was never seen again. I believe he must have feared what would happen to him if those men there had ever gotten a hand on him.

The campaign of 1896 was a very bitter one. McKinley was running against Bryan. James Hamilton Lewis, now from Illinois, was running for Congress, and as Leavenworth was one of the few towns visited by the politicians we were so honored. At that time I was one of two persons in Leavenworth who could take shorthand, so it was my lot to take the speech of James Hamilton Lewis. This speech had to be transcribed into long hand and sent to the various newspapers.

House Hunting

There was no place for newcomers to live save in a temporarily vacant saloon, which was our home for the first month in old Wenatchee. When it was needed again for its original purpose, we were glad to find an old shack. Furniture was not a problem, as we had brought all we had from Ellensburg, but where to put it was the question. People all lived in make-shift houses. They lacked the comfort of the log cabins of the earlier settlers in the county.

Kittitas County still embraced what is now Chelan County. All county affairs were transacted in Ellensburg. To get a marriage license, a trip had to made over the mountains. Most of the supplies came from there.

The Odd Fellows and Rebekahs were the first fraternal organizations, and played an important part in the early life of the town.

Churches were built afterward. Traveling clergymen came through at times.

Boom Days at Wenatchee

With the coming of the Great Northern Railway, Wenatchee prospered, her orchards spread over the hills, and we, of course, prospered with the town. Mr. Reeves was a publisher, lawyer, orchardist, one of the founders of the First National Bank and a member of the State Legislature. He had an active part in the growth of the city until his death in 1933. He knew all the governors since Washington became a state.

I have had the honor of serving in the legislature for 12 years.

GEORGE E. BLANKENSHIP

Thurston County

My family, that is, my grandparents on my mother's side, came to Washington in 1852. They settled first on Grand Mound prairie. The first year they lived on game, potatoes and clams.

In 1853 the Territory of Washington was separated from Oregon. In 1854 the first territorial legislature met and grandfather B. F. Yantis was a member of the Council.

My mother, a daughter of B. F. Yantis, first married A. Benton Moses, sheriff of Thurston county. He was shot from ambush by the Indians. It was his death that brought about the hanging of Chief Leschi. Mother then married my father, George C. Blankenship, and I was born in 1858.

I have one brother living, Robert L. Blankenship. My wife (Georganna Mitchell) was city librarian in Spokane and correspondent for the Portland Oregonian and Seattle Times. It was while I was running a print shop in Olympia that we decided to write "Tillicum Tales." We worked on this together. I later wrote "Lights and Shades of Pioneer Life on Puget Sound." I set all these by hand just to keep busy.

Since these books are all gone, they were mostly given away, a few quotations from them would best suit my interview.

Recollections of a Native Son—1914

A peculiar charm hovers about the scenes of one's early childhood; an atmosphere surrounds them that ever appeals to the adult, and no matter how far removed from the place of birth and boyhood, in later years the call to return, even for a short period, to renew fond recollections, becomes irresistable.

Especially is this true with a western born boy, whose earliest recollections are of a social condition that were crude, and of a people, though not of the caste of Vere de Vere, were honest, chivalrous and generous to a fault. To the boy whose lines were cast in the Puget Sound region in the late 50's and early 60's, the development of the country from a peopleless wilderness to populous towns and cities is to him almost incredible, encompassed in so comparatively short a time.

I was born in Olympia before the great Civil war was declared. The Capitol City was then the metropolis, Steilacoom had an ex-

istence stimulated by an army post located where the asylum now is, and Seattle, the present giant of the Northwest, was a hamlet composed of a few people living upon their original pre-emption claims.

Olympia's means of communication in those days was by a stage line to the south, coaches leaving every other morning and returning every second day, providing the axles were strong enough to withstand the awful roads. To the north, on the Sound, the Eliza Anderson, a side-wheeler, with a walking beam, plied, leaving the head of the Sound Sunday night at 12 o'clock and returning some time during the latter part of the same week. It costs one $15 to make the trip one way to Victoria, berths and meals extra. Each trip the old steamer would go out loaded with passengers and freight, many cattle being driven in and shipped this way, which made the route a very profitable one, together with a mail contract, and during the many years of her service the old Anderson probably earned her weight in gold. When the Alaska gold discovery was made she was sent up to run on a northern route and was wrecked.

An incident of my early life occurred, beyond my recollection, but of which I was told by my parents. My father being sheriff of Thurston county, he held in custody an Indian named Yelm Jim, who was arrested for murder . In those days domestic help could not be had. Any woman arriving in the country could be married in fifteen minutes if she chose. The house wife was thus dependent solely upon the squaws. To supply this deficiency in our own household, on especially hard days for my mother, my father would heavily iron Yelm Jim and bring him to the house as a playmate for me and thus relieve a tired housekeeper of the added care of a troublesome child. To the day of my departure from home at the age of eighteen, Yelm Jim was my firm friend.

Among the boys of those early days still resident in the state, were Harry McElroy, well and favorably known, still a resident of Olympia; the Percivals, Sam and John, well known in Thurston county; Sam Woodruff, superintendent of the Home for Feeble Minded at Medical Lake; Sam Crawford, of the firm of Crawford and Convery of Seattle, a pioneer real estate firm; Gilmore Parker, who was long a steamboat man on the Sound, and who recently died in Seattle; James P. Ferry, son of Governor Ferry, now a resident of Seattle; the McFaddens, Frank, James, Cal and Rob, sons of Judge O. B. McFadden, all of whom are still living except James; James Frazier, still a surveyor in Olympia; the Garfields, William and Charles, the former dead and the latter living in Alaska; H. E. Allen, a younger brother of Senator Jno. B. Allen, who was a promising lawyer in Spokane until poor health caused his retirement from the profession be-

fore his death; Charles Evans, now employed in the city hall in Tacoma; C. S. Reinhart, clerk of the Supreme Court; Henry Murphy, son of Editor John M. Murphy, who long was in charge of the mechanical work on the Washington Standard, now dead; Theodore Brown, who died a few years ago; Clarence and Alvin Coulter; the Moores, Schooley and Waldo, the latter of whom died a few years ago; the Reeds, Thomas and Mark, sons of Thomas M. Reed, the former a resident of Alaska, a lawyer, and the latter managing a large logging interest in Mason county. All more or less my companions in the days of real sport.

Our education was undertaken by several teachers, at different periods employed to teach the district school, held in a two-story building occupying the northeast corner of Sixth and Franklin Sts. Among these educators were a Mr. Boynton, C. B. Mann, who long since deserted the profession to become a business man and a successful one; L. P. Venen, Miss Giddings, later wife of Thomas M. Reed; Miss Slocum, now the wife of W. E. Boone, a retired architect of Seattle; a Mr. Kaye, a better scholar than disciplinarian, who was succeeded by Freeman Brown, both scholar and disciplinarian, who took no pains to conceal an iron hand in a velvet glove, and when remonstrating with a refactory pupil was a cyclone in action.

Then, too, some of us attended private schools. L. P. Venen long taught in the old Odd Fellows' building, on the east side of Washington street, between Fourth and Fifth. Miss Lord for a time taught a private school. She came to this country with her mother in the old Continental, the ship chartered to bring a large number of women from New England, where they were a drug on the market, to the Territory of Washington, where they were in demand and were known as the Mercer girls, a man by the name of Mercer having conceived and executed the undertaking. Many estimable girls accompanied this expedition and were later married here. Miss Mary O'Neil, still a resident of Olympia, was a primary teacher, as was, also, Jacob Hoover, who was later a successful lawyer and banker in Spokane.

There were no graded schools then and the now expensive luxury, the high school, was unknown. All were contained in not to exceed two rooms, where the ABC's and Caesar's Commentaries or Virgil were pursued with more or less vigor. It was not found necessary then to furnish playgrounds and gymnasiums, the former we boys found whenever wanted and gymnastics were furnished by the parents on the woodpiles or in gardening, where youthful exuberance of spirits were worked off in a way at once beneficial to the youngster and profitable to the ancestor who boarded him.

Two of Olympia's boys, brothers, who received the rudiments of

their education here, and were desirous of higher education, were graduates of the University of California, in a way very creditable to themselves and worthy of being mentioned. In order to save their means for school purposes, they walked part of the way to California, and each, on graduation, was valedictorian of his class, the younger brother one year later than the elder. These boys were Harry and John Whitworth, sons of Rev. Geo. F. Whitworth. Harry Whitworth is now a civil engineer in Seattle, and John, who was a lawyer in San Francisco, died all too young.

The simple pleasures of those days were ample. The hunting grounds for the boys of that time are now built up with residences. The Des Chutes river at Tumwater Falls, was excellent fishing, and salmon, salmon trout, and tom and rock cod were plentiful in Budd's Inlet. There were no restrictions in those days and it was common for the expert shots to take stations on the Marshville bridge (to the west side) and Swantown bridge (to the east side) and shoot the ducks on the wing when passing over in flocks. Then one could even dig clams whenever or wherever desired without being embarrassed by a trespass sign.

The "public square," what is now Capitol Park, was donated by Edmund Sylvester for park purposes, was a baseball grounds. Upon the southeast corner, for many years, stood an old blockhouse which served as city bastile and county jail. This, as a place of retention, was exceedingly popular with the prisoners, as any one desirous of taking leave, tired of confinement, could easily do so without the aid of officer or habeas corpus, relying only on his own personal efforts.

Swimming was indulged in promiscuously without the formalities of bath houses or bathing suits. Above the Swantown bridge, back of the old Barnes residence, was a place well patronized, as was also a little wharf in the rear of the old Olympic hall, where the Knights of Pythias hall and the Bolster & Barnes business block are now located. Ladies, desiring to cross the bridge for Marshville, were well aware of the informality prevalent among the boys, and accepted as an established fact that at any hour of the day and until early candle light in the summertime, there was spread out for their gaze an exaggerated September morn scene which they could pretend to ignore and go their way, or they could take a boat and cross the bay lower down. The boys' prerogatives in this respect were never interfered with until later regulation forbade bathing in the city limits without a bathing suit The tideflats were left as bare in those days as now at low tides, and the impatient boys would strip and lie wallowing in the soft mud like hogs, until the tide came in and washed them off. At any time during the summer, one could make any young hopeful

cringe by making a show of touching him upon the back, so raw was the average youngster from exposure to the sun's rays.

Baseball, during the early days, and during the period of underhand pitching, was a favorite amusement and Olympia always had a good club, plenty good enough to hold the championship over the Victoria club, with which it played several games. This suggests an amusing incident: At the time when the San Juan archipelago was still in dispute and Emperor William had been accepted by both sides to the controversy as umpire, with the decision still unannounced, there was a big game to be played between Victoria and Olympia. The Olympia boys were preparing for their trip to Victoria when there was posted upon a bulletin board on a Western Union telegraph blank, the following purported dispatch from Washington: "Emperor William has decided to let the result of the coming baseball game between Olympia and Victoria dictate his decision of the international boundary question." Olympia won, and Emperor William decided in favor of the United States, but it is unlikely that he ever heard of the ball game. But there were those who took the above dispatch as authentic.

The great event of every boy's life—his first circus—I recall vividly. The tent was pitched upon the ground now occupied by the Kneeland Hotel, Harris Building and the Capital National Bank. It was known as Bartholomew's, and was a good one for that day. It was brought across country, and arriving late, the preparations for the performance were hurried. As a result, the seats fell three times, causing injuries to several persons. After the third trial, Bartholomew appeared and notified the people that he would refund their money or he would erect the seats and make another trial at their pleasure. The true Western spirit became evident and the cry went up: "Set 'em up again, we'll stay with you all night," and they did.

The second circus visiting this section came by water from Portland, met with heavy storms and lost much of its stock, and its performance was much impaired as a result.

Looking backward, how insignificant incidents impress one. As the war had just closed and the Indian war spirit had not entirely died out, juvenile military companies were a favorite diversion, which suggests an incident, showing the great political sagacity of Schooley Moore, who should be a politician now, instead of a timber cruiser. One evening, the candidates for Captain and First Lieutenant in the local militia company were to be elected. Accordingly, Schooley went to each member confidentially and whispered: "Vote this ticket—Smith for Captain, Treen for First Lieutenant, yourself for Second

Lieutenant.'' The result was that Smith was elected Captain, Treen, First Lieutenant, and every other man in the company had a vote for Second Lieutenant.

This isolated corner of the country was not frequently visited by the great men of the Nation, although I do remember seeing Wm. H. Seward, the scar fresh upon his face, which the would-be assassin had placed there, when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by Booth in Ford's theater in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Seward spoke in the Tacoma hall, where the Knights of Pythias hall is now located. Later, on another occasion, I remember of an evening when the people of Olympia were to be addressed from wagons, which had been drawn up about the corner of Main and Third streets, where the old Pacific Hotel then stood. Boy-like, I was to the fore, and occupied a seat I found vacant in one of the wagons. I was somewhat astonished when a gentleman near me arose and began to talk. I found out afterward that the man was Schuyler Colfax, afterward Speaker of the House of Representatives, and still more recently, Vice-President, during the administration of President Grant.

I recall the half-masting of flags over the public buildings here when the news of Lincoln's assassination was received, but was hardly able to appreciate the full import of the deed, or to fully sympathize with the deep feeling entertained by our patriotic citizens. I recollect that the old Presbyterian church was effectively decorated for the Sunday services following the assassination, in the national colors and also black. Considerable feeling was aroused in the church by this act of the pastor.

EDWARD POMEROY

Garfield County

Carrying the emphatic declaration ''54-40 or fight'', a long caravan, known as the Whitman train, wound across the plains in 1846, leaving in its wake a long trail of graves.

In one of the wagons rode Edward Trimble, his wife, Abrilla, and their four children, Horace, Frank, Angus and Mary Jane, who was then four years old.

At the Platte river, Pawnees attacked the train. When the caravan was again on its way, Mrs Trimble rode beside her fatherless children, her husband's gun in the hands of her oldest son.

Trouble with the Indians continued as the train proceeded, taking a further toll of lives. Fever and epidemics added to the distress and sorrow. Food gave out; cattle perished or were driven away during Indian raids. Wagons began to fall to pieces. Rivers were in flood; there was one delay after another.

When Fort Hall was reached, the Hudson's Bay Company people tried to send them on to California, but with the haven of Dr. Whitman's mission so near, the widows and orphans of the ill-fated train refused to go.

In the Blue mountains, Mrs. Trimble's wagon went to pieces. Packing the bedding and supplies on the two remaining cows, with Mary Jane riding, Mrs. Trimble led her family over the trail, Horace carrying his father's gun. In this manner they reached the mission, where they rested. Dr. Whitman then sent them to Oregon City in the care of two Indians, in a canoe. This was in December, and six weeks later, the baby, Nellie, was born.

The thousand acre grant which Mrs. Trimble received was just a mile from the little town of Halsey, not far from Albany. This generous donation made it impossible to have near neighbors, and that was perhaps the greatest hardship of those days, as they were not entirely cut off from outside communication, mail and supplies being brought by boats up the Columbia.

The climate was mild, fish and game were plentiful, the gardens thrived, and stock found splendid pasture. Dr. McLaughlin (Hudson's Bay factor at Vancouver) was always ready to assist the American as well as the Englishman. This policy finally cost him his position, but the appreciative people of Oregon gave him a home and provided for his old age. In recognition of his innumerable kindnesses to the early settlers of the Willamette Valley, a monument in his honor has been erected at Oregon City, and his home has been set aside as a memorial.

In 1852 the Rogue River Indians went on the war path and the warning was carried to the settlers to go at once to the fort at Oregon City. There was a sick child in the Trimble home. All night long, this mother held the child, while Horace sat with his father's gun across his knees anxiously awaiting daylight and rescue. The next day they left for the fort. The Indians were driven back and the Trimble home was untouched.

Horace died that year. The other boys were growing up and were able to assist in the work of the farm. They had set out an orchard, with trees provided by Dr. McLaughlin. They raised wheat and some cattle.

In 1862 Frank and Angus joined in the rush to the Idaho gold fields, Frank riding the first mule into the Florence mining camp, and leading the pack train of Grosstien & Bernard.

Mary Jane Trimble, who had crossed the plains with her parents at the age of four, was now grown to young womanhood. At her mother's home in the Willamette, she married J. M. Pomeroy. Answering Lincoln's call to arms in 1861, Mr. Pomeroy served under Colonel Edward Baker of the Oregon and California militia. Colonel Baker was then the United States Senator from Oregon and made the celebrated speech against Breckenridge, denying the South the constitutional right to secede.

Pomeroy was wounded at Ball's Bluff, where his colonel was killed. He returned home in November, 1864, and moved his family and possessions from Salem to Pataha stage station, present site of Pomeroy, in what is now Garfield County, then Walla Walla. He was the mechanic for Wells Fargo and Company stage lines.

I was then four years old and my sister, Clara, was born that fall in a tiny log cabin which father had built.

In 1877 the town of Pomeroy was founded—grist mill, blacksmith shop and store. I attended Whitman Seminary, and during the Spanish American war served as first sergeant of Company C. I was mustered out at Vancouver and returned to Pomeroy, where I was elected county auditor, serving two years. Then followed five years as warden at the state penitentiary at Walla Walla, and then I spent two years with the Merchants' National bank at Portland. I moved to Yakima county and since 1919 have been deputy county clerk.

MRS. MARY C. SPALDING

Whitman County

I came to Washington in a wagon train in 1865 with my parents. My father's name was Hugh Warren. At that time I was twelve years old. Father settled in Walla Walla County, took up a homestead, preempted another claim and filed on a timber claim. We lived in Walla Walla County for ten years. In 1875 we moved to Whitman County, to Almota. I was married on March 31, 1877, to Henry H. Spalding, who was instrumental in building the town of Almota.

I have voted ever since I have had the chance, and now that I can't go to the polls, the polls are brought to me.

The best story of my life can be had by reading "Historic Almota."

No white man now living remembers when a nameless tribe of Indians would come to the wild country through which the Snake river winds its way among the hills of what is now Eastern Washington. In the canyons the tribe would gather for winter shelter. They built lodges of cedar poles, and held ceremonial dances, the beating of their war drums echoing far among the bunchgrass hills. This is still an awe-inspiring region. The highway drops from the high lands about Colfax to a low level along the Snake river at Almota.

In this wild setting, on moonlight nights, when the salmon made their runs, leaping and flashing, these nomadic tribesmen skimmed the surface of the stream in their dug-out canoes, spearing their winter's food.

"Almotine," in the language of the dusky warriors, means "moonlight fishing," and this name during the years has been changed to its present form, Almota, and applied to the little shipping point on the Snake river, a place of great historic interest.

Almota had one of the first settlements in Eastern Washington and for many years was the principal shipping point for the entire country north of the Sake river. The territorial road from Dayton to Colfax via Pomeroy went through the town and a ferry was established in 1877.

The first settler on Almota creek was L. M. Ringer. Jack Turner and another man settled on the townsite, but Henry H. Spalding, my husband, and the son of the famous missionary, came from Prescott and bought them out. These two men remained for a while to supply the steamboats with driftwood. Sometimes there were seven steamers at the wharf at one time. Mr. Spalding built a warehouse in 1876.

In 1877 a town was laid out, L. M. Ringer opened a store. Mr. Spalding became postmaster. After this, there were built two hotels, two warehouses, a grist mill, several shops, a school house and many dwellings.

Only one of our cows, for which we had traded our Prescott farm, survived the hard winter. There were two peach trees on the land we bought. Seeing an opportunity to succeed in the raising of fruit, my husband planted an orchard which for 40 years was tended by Chinese. The climate was mild, fruit ripened early and was hauled out in wagons to the less favored regions of the north and east.

Other orchards were set out, some wheat was raised and flax was brought from the Moscow country for shipment. Around Penewawa there was the beginning of a settlement in 1871 when Ed Johnson, a stockman, came in. C. C. Cramm established a ferry in 1872, and

Alexander Canutt put in the first irrigation ditch and planted the first fruit trees.

Groceries were brought across the hills from Walla Walla or were shipped from Portland.

We had no near neighbors for two years, excepting the Indians three miles down the river, where they had their lodges. One winter there was an epidemic of small-pox. Their treatment, the sweat-houses, killed many. In later years, the influenza epidemic greatly diminished the tribe as the result of sweat-house treatment. The chief died during this epidemic and the tribe disbanded.

The railroad right-of-way ran through the Indian cemetery. Graves were opened and ransacked. After it was discovered that gold pieces were being discovered in these graves, ruthless searchers came, even from the East, to desecrate the resting places of these simple people, who believed that the departed would find use for the treasures which were placed with them in their graves. Twenty $20 gold pieces were found in one grave, a necklace of gold pieces in another. "We don't find just beads," said one of these white men, reared under Christian influences.

Mr. Spalding made his blacksmith shop into a school room in 1877. There were 42 pupils in 1884 when the school house was built.

The first homes were box houses with crude furniture, home-made. Rev. Eells, traveling through the country, held church services in our home.

There were parties and dances, many of the latter in our home, which was a hotel. H. H. Selfridge, warehouse agent, was the fiddler.

The old canyon road up which the pioneers rode their ponies or drove their wagons to Colfax sixty years ago, is overgrown with weeds and covered with rocks. Pole bridges have decayed. The warehouses and stores have disappeared. The mill wheel lies in the dust. Today only silence reigns.

S. J. KAVANAUGH

Skagit County

Born of the union of two races, Mr. Kavanaugh seems to have inherited the good qualities of both. His mother was Tol Stola, daughter of an Indian chieftain of the Swinomish tribe. In his youth, Mr.

Kavanaugh was looked up to by all the inhabitants along with his mother, "the chief's" family. They never lifted a hand when there were others to wait on them. From these he inherited his unassuming and gentlemanly bearing.

His father was James Kavanaugh, born in Ireland, and who came to New Orleans on a sailing vessel. From there he headed for California in 1849. There he met with Hiram March, and the two became friends and, most of the time, close neighbors, until the end of their lives. Not finding gold, the two came north in what was known as the Fraser River gold excitement and later worked on the boundary for the Canadian government for several years—afterward joining the Northern army during the Civil war, then they took up their residence on Bellingham Bay.

It was here that Kavanaugh met Tol Stola, widow with a small son. Her mother, Guila-Can, daughter of a Swinomish chieftain, died early. Tol Stola was reared with a white family, named Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eldridge of Bellingham.

She liked the ways of the white people, and S. J. Kavanaugh had often heard her tell about her part to bring good feeling and understanding between the Indians and the first white settlers. Her father was Sil-Wis-Os, another chieftain, (or sub-chief of which there was one to every sub-tribe) known later as the Fidalgos, but really one of the Swinomish.

Sil-Wis-Os was a peaceful Indian and thought well of the white settlers. Tol Stola (known to the white people as Caroline) and her sister, Annie, were handsome, black-eyed girls, just growing into womanhood when Lieutenant Davis, nephew of Jeff Davis, joined the garrison at Marietta (Whatcom County). It is related that the first time he saw Caroline he lost his heart, voice and appetite, and right there decided if he could not have her for his own, life would not be worth living.

Before this time, her father, Sil-Wis-Os, had already visioned white husbands for his daughters, and at a huge potlatch he ordered every man under him to 'leave off' killing white men. Continuing, this Indian man of vision said, "You may be spilling my grandson's blood."

Of course, Lieutenant Davis knew nothing of this, and, realizing that she meant more than all the rest to him, experienced much doubt and discomfort. They were married, however, and went to live at the garrison, where Caroline had servants to wait on her and the finest clothes money could buy. The Civil war came and passed into history, and with it Lieutenant Davis.

Soon after this, James Kavanaugh appeared on the scene. He too fell for Tol Stola's black eyes and beautiful manners. During her years at the garrison she had received a white man's education at the hands of the Catholic Father and others living there. She spoke English fluently, was intelligent and well read. So she married James Kavanaugh and came down from her station with its servants and fine clothes. Her new husband was a man of courage and position—U. S. marshal in the Northwest, and was later elected sheriff of Whatcom county.

In 1863 James Kavanaugh began writing a diary which he called a "Record of Current Events"—and this diary S. J. Kavanaugh now claims is his most valued possession. Well he might, for in its brief paragraphs people who have vanished come forth and live once more. For instance, it contains such notes as this, "John Plaster returned today from the Caribou. Not very successful. I don't know whether John Plaster hunted for gold or deer, and that part of it doesn't interest me."

John Plaster was the maternal grandfather of Mrs. Wm. Beale, and whose maiden name was Mary Plaster. This fact is interesting when it is considered that the above diary entry was written at Sehome, (now Bellingham) on July 23, 1863. James Kavanaugh and John Plaster were neighbors in this wilderness.

S. J. Kavanaugh has inherited his Irish father's easy speech and it is largely through his persistent efforts that the local Indians have had some of their early right restored to them. He was one who contacted Governor Stevens, and together they worked and laid plans which would guarantee all rights to the inhabitants and yet leave room for many settlers. For instance, each family was to have a homestead and besides this, there were reservations which the red men held in common.

Mr. Kavanaugh maintains that, "It is not the white man's diseases which has caused the rapid population decline of the red men. It is the separating of them from their fathers and making them live civilized." He affirmed there is much merit in their manner of living.

DIARY OF SHERIFF JAMES KAVANAUGH

Whatcom County

Bellingham Bay, May 23, 1863: A fire broke out today in the coal mines in this place and several people were injured—some very seriously.

June 11, 1866: Come to Sehome with intention of working in the coal mines.

Oct. 26, 1866: Fire in coal mine. Can't be put out in ordinary way in such cases. It is smothered up for a few days in order to get out a shipload of coal, after which the waters of the bay will be let in.

Nov. 29, 1866: The salt water will be let into the coal mines this evening.

Sept. 10, 1870: I am hauling muck from the springs and firewood from the maple grove, mine being the pioneer wagon of these parts. I made the first wheelbarrow and used the first wagon as far as the spring.

Sept. 10, 1871: I wrote this record with ink made from the juice of the Oregon grape, no mixture in it, we shall see how it will wear.

(Editor's note): This writing was still black and distinct in 1913.

May 14, 1876: Heavy rain rained all last night. About nine months of the year it rains. I am of the opinion that this country will soon have to be abandoned and left to the Indians and wild fowl for whom it is admirably adapted. No white man can succeed amid so much rainfall.

July 16, 1876: Raining. For the past three years fire has not been used as an agent for clearing lands. Rain will not admit of it.

JOHN BENNETT

Plant Wizard of Puget Sound

Whatcom County

Along with many others who had come to Sehome in 1858 in search of employment, was John Bennett. He had first come as one of the gold seekers, and like many others, had returned disappointed. Unlike a great majority, however, he remained on Puget Sound. He knew nature and loved it, and he believed that the climate of the Puget Sound country would bring plant life to its highest and best development. He worked in mines and eventually secured enough funds, and then took time to look about and find the best location.

In 1860 he bought the Compton claim, just beyond the Eldridge homestead. He had brought with him a chest filled with roots and bulbs and seeds of fruits, flowers, grains and grasses, which he had gathered in his wanderings over the world as a naturalist.

John Bennett was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1818, and came to this country with his parents after acquiring an exceptional education traveling in the interest of different lines of plant life. Africa, Asia, New Zealand, Australia and America, as well as the countries of the Old World, he had visited pursuing botanical knowledge.

Adopting the United States as his home, he at one time entered the employ of Mrs. Bradley, a wealthy woman of Peoria, Illinois, who had endowed that city with a polytechnic institute. The beautiful grounds of this institution were planned and planted by John Bennett.

Many choice varieties of fruit were originated by John Bennett on his claim which had soon become the show place of Whatcom county. The Bennett pear, Bennett's Champion plum, and several varieties of apples, as well as many varieties of flowers, had been created by him for the beauty and welfare of the Puget Sound region. The horticultural development of Whatcom county perhaps owes more to him than to any other man.

Mrs. Chas. Roth of Bellingham pays high tribute to his memory, and permits the publication of the following excerpts from a letter written by Lottie Roeder Roth:

"Most people, as they glide swiftly by interesting spots in our country, in automobiles or trains, find themselves speculating upon values, future possibilities and advantages, etc. Though trained in my girlhood to a very practical point of view, I soon found these thoughts put to rout by sentiment, and I dwell in the past. I felt the old desire flood over me this morning as I stepped into the sunshine, and caught the same sweet odors as of old, and I wished to call aloud, "Let's go to Mr. Bennett's today"—so if you can sit with me under the trees he planted at the point now owned by the Cement company. I choose this spot of many hundreds as one most interesting to you—I will try to picture to you some of the events and persons connected in the past with this locality as I recall them, strangely commingling sacred feelings of joy and sorrow.

We entered this old fashioned garden by mounting six or eight steps to a platform on the fence and descending on the other side in the same way. I can smell the mint now as it grew under those stairs and gave off its odor as we brushed against it. Honeysuckles and sweet briars covered the cottage by the stairs. Lilacs, snowballs, flowering almond, laburnum, hollyhocks, wallflowers, and every old fashioned flower attainable was there, and many rare and unfamiliar to the people of today—there we learned to plant and care for all. I love to see him again in fancy as he passed up and down with his guests, picking a flower here and there until he had collected a suffi-

cient amount to make a generous bouquet for each, then kneeling on one knee, with this bright collection to select from, he would begin those carefully arranged creations, to be bestowed on all respectful and well mannered guests, regardless of age or distinction. What a beautiful picture it is to recall—that dear old gentleman with his broad visored cap, fringed by bright brown curls, his knees all padded to protect him from the dampness of the earth, for no matter what help he had, Mr. Bennett had to get down and love and care for all the plants, and listen to the small, still message from each. In a voice in which was mingled manhood, intelligence, kindness, and music, (I have never heard a voice like Mr. Bennett's beautiful Scotch accent) he would tell us most interesting facts of his travels, of trees and plants secured in various countries—it haunts me still like some beautiful melody. He was deeply appreciative of many fine specimens sent by admiring friends who had partaken of his hospitality, and lovingly he would point to various plants carried home from his rough trip to Mount Baker; though the route was hard and his pack heavy Mr. Bennett could not pass a new or strange plant. In botany and geology he was a great student, always keenly alert to discover nature's secrets, and with an abiding love and tenderness assist her.

He was something of a wizard and created many valuable varieties of fruits, flowers and shrubs. He made you feel the imminent pressence of superhuman power in their creation. I wish I might have the power to reproduce in other minds the impressions of those scenes as I recall them, and make you duly conscious of the refining influence of such a spot in the lives of pioneer boys and girls.

I was a very little girl, not able to climb without assistance, the little path up from the beach landing to this spot, when all persons residing on the Bay joined in a picnic party to celebrate the return of Edmund T. Coleman, Thomas Stratton, and David Ogilvy from the first successful ascent of Mount Baker.

By Mr. Bennett's invitation and his desire to do honor to their courage, he had arranged long tables between the rows of magnificent cherry trees, with the fragrant clover thick and sweet underfoot. The tables were bountifully spread, toasts were made and responded to by many. I believe Mr. Eldridge was in charge. Lying out in the harbor was the beautiful ship, Lookout, commanded by Capt. Ackerson, who, together with his wife and little daughter, were present. All day long little Kittie and I played together for the last time, for they sailed in a few days, with a cargo of coal, never to return, for all of them were lost at sea. Their fate was never learned. Owing to the recent Titanic disaster, it all came to me so vividly, as I look at her photograph, taken with her mother.

Mr. Bennett's nursery has contributed to the betterment of orchards all through Washington and even into Oregon, and Vancouver Island. Should I visit the most beautiful grounds in the world, I will never experience the joy I have had at this spot. It is almost a year since I took a farewell of the few remnants left here. All was changed, the flowers, cottage, walks and many trees had disappeared, and the few sturdy, neglected trees left were a sad reminder of Uncle John Bennett, who loved them so well, and who now rests in Bayview cemetery. May every pioneer visiting that spot place flowers above his dust, in remembrance of his kindness, and the flowers he bestowed on them. Though unknown to fame or fortune, he had the instincts and understanding of a Burbank.

To everyone I would recommend a perusal of the novel, "Journal of a Recluse," as the principal character is undoubtedly drawn from Mr. Bennett's life, and the description of the setting for the story is unmistakably and beautifully inspired by this locality. The philosophy alone is grand, but the love affair never existed, as Uncle John was wedded to nature and the flowers were his children. They have not entirely faded when they have such bright spots in the hearts of his friends, and his soul, I believe, has entered eternal youth—to live."

Lottie Tuttle Roeder Roth

HARRY ROBERTS

Whitman County

My grandfather, William Roberts, came around The Horn in 1846 to fill his appointment as third superintendent of Oregon Missions. He organized the Oregon-California Mission Conference, then continued his work as a pioneer minister.

He entered the Methodist Episcopal ministry in 1834. In 1846 he was appointed to succeed Dr. George Gany, who succeeded Jason Lee, the first superintendent.

My father, John Roberts, was 5 years old when he made the trip around The Horn.

My mother was Laura Miller. She crossed the plains in 1852.

I was five years old when my parents came to Colfax, in 1878. My father took up land 8 miles from Colfax. There were no fences, only two houses on the road from Colfax to Farmington. The hills were covered with bunch grass where bands of horses and cattle fed. Tom Kennedy had about the first cattle. Hogs were brought into the coun-

try early. They were herded to keep them from roaming too far.

Houses were built of boards, double-boxed, and battened. Cracks were calked on the inside, narrow strips of cloth were pasted over this, then the walls were papered with the Pacific Christian Advocate and Portland Oregonian. One of these houses stands near Colfax, put up in 1878.

Before building our house, we lived in the old Perkins house. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins were the first couple to be married in Colfax.

Most of our furniture was home-made. We raised some vegetables, but lived mostly on a meat diet, as meat was plentiful. People went as far as Walla Walla for fruit. Most of the wild fruit in this region was service berries or wild gooseberries, which we canned. Prairie chickens were so numerous my father killed four at a time. We ate only the breasts. Some people killed them only for their feathers.

Candles were used in many homes, however, we had brought kerosene lamps with us from Oregon. As for clothing, the object was to keep warm. We wore red-flannel underwear, and liked it. We were still living in a tent when word came that the Indians were on the war path. Father didn't allow the excitement to interfere with business. He moved us to Colfax, tent and all. Then he went up to the Coeur d'Alenes for logs to build our house. He had the logs sawed at Talbert's mill.

It was surprising how fast the schools were organized. We walked over two miles to school. It was a box-house, with benches, and no desks. My wife went to her first school in the Kennedy home. We had parties and socials, circuses, dances, traveling theatrical companies, and also oyster suppers, because oysters could be shipped in.

Things were not so bad. We had good times and believed in our state and nation.

A PIONEER MISSIONARY'S LETTER

Oregon City, Decr. 18th, 1847
To Rev. Dr. Pitman, Cor. Secy.)
Miss'y Soc'y of the M. E. Church)

Dear Bro.:

An unexpected event has just transpired in this territory, which at once furnished the occasion and means of communication with the United States. It is the melancholy fact that Dr. Whitman and wife and nine other persons have been cruelly murdered at Waiilatpu.

It is generally known that for several years past the American Board has had three Mission Stations in the upper country. One at Tschimakains, where the Rev. Messrs. Walker and Eells are located. Another at Clear Water under the care of Rev. Mr. Spalding: And a third at Waiilatpu, under the superintendence of Dr. Marcus Whitman, Physician and catechist. This last station is near Fort Walla Walla, and not far from the traveled route from the United States to this country. In fact, many of the Emigrants stop at this place for a time after their toilsome journey and some who are too late or feeble to get in the Willamette Valley, remain there all winter. The Indians in this vicinity are chiefly the Cayuses who since the Establishment of the Mission, have become wealthy in cattle and horses and have made considerable progress in the tillage of the soil . All the reports I have had from them by the Emigrants of the present season seem to represent them as much less troublesome than other Indians on the route, seldom condescending to the petty thefts which are so characteristic of Indians everywhere. It has so happened that the Emigrants have brought the Measles with them into this country, the present season, and of course the Cayuse Indians among the rest have caught the Contagion: Numbers of them have died and in labouring to minister the sick and dying, Dr. Whitman has lost his life....

The Legislature of the Territory is now in session in this city and is a very respectable body: Greatly perplexed, however, with the present aspect of Indian affairs. If the Cayuses have succeeded in drawing the Walla Walla and Nez Perce Indians into hostile measures against the whites, we are involved in a most serious and embarrassing war which this Country has no means to sustain. Application has been made by Commrs. (commissioners) appointed for the purpose, to the Hudson's Bay Com'y for a loan but the Chief Factor replied that the instruction of the Company would not allow him to make such appropriation.

A public meeting of the Citizens was then called and such were the exigencies of the case that it was regarded as indispensable for me to furnish aid to the amount of $1,000. I stedfastly resisted all applications until I became convinced the circumstances would not only justify, but really demanded compliance.....

The Cayuses came to the De Shutes river and put a "medicine man" to death and then retired without doing further damage. You will by this time perceive that the failure of the American Gov. to send its laws for our control, and its troops for the protection of its own citizens as they approach our exposed border, is a great calamity. The Mexican War may explain but cannot justify the failure. Many thousand dollars worth of property have been stolen from the Emi-

grants this season along the route, and as you see several valuable lives lost simply for the want of from 20 to 100 men stationed at proper points along the road to prevent Indian aggressions. Had the Act of the twenty-ninth Congress "to provide for raising a regiment of mounted riflemen and for establishing Military stations on the route to Oregon" only been carried into effect, the Battle at the Dalls and the Massacre at Waiilatpu would not have happened: and many a toil worn emigrant who has come in sick and penniless, a little pilfered from him here and there until his all was gone, might have had a competence, at least until he had recovered from the fatigues of the journey through that great and terrible wilderness.

The emigration of the present season is computed at from 4 to 5 thousand, the principal part of which crossed the Cascade mountains over Barlow's road. Soon after the rains commenced, that road became impassable and those on the northern route were compelled to come down the Columbia river.....

In previous letters I have spoken of the transfer of the Dalls Station into the hands of Dr. Whitman according to Bro. Gary's arrangement, giving him all except the moveable property, the value of which is about $600. Brother Waller is stationed at the Institute, and Bro. Brewer's connection with the mission had ceased. You will of course expect me to say if the recent disaster will in any way affect the prosperity of our Mission or the safety of the missionaries. I think not. It may prevent some of my excursions among the Indians another season and certainly does seem to darken the prospect of doing any good to them whatever. But I (plan) to enter every open door, and occupy until the Master shall come. Whether it (be) by natural death, or Indian massacre, or a chariot of fire. We are all well as usual—My Indian boy is just recovering from the Measles. This is the first introduction of this disease into the Country and is at this time the cause of much suffering in our borders both among the whites and Indians. The hour has come for this Com'n (communication) to be closed, and with the greatest confidence that this afflictive event will be overruled for good even in Oregon.

I subscribe myself
Your's in Christ
Wm. Roberts

P. S. The rumors of this morning are greatly against the hope that Spalding is yet alive but nothing is certain.

GEORGE W. WILSON

Pacific County

In the year 1834, a family group consisting of my great-grandfather, James Wilson, grandfather, Dan P. Wilson, and my father, George W. Wilson, together with their families, left Pennsylvania and started west. Father was a very small boy at that time.

In telling me the story in later years, father relates how they traveled in wagons until they reached the Ohio river. There they stopped and cut trees, which were split and hewed into lumber. They made a scow and floated down to the mouth of the river, where they unloaded the three good wagons and oxen and drove up into the State of Illinois to Jacksonville. They lived there until 1861. Then they started west again in ox wagons across the plains. When they attempted to cross the Platte river one wagon was lost in the river, together with a great deal of their supplies.

Father related that great-grandfather James Wilson died in Illinois, but grandfather Dan P. Wilson and himself arrived in Portland, Oregon in 1852. In 1853 they came down the Columbia river to Chinook, where they stayed a short time and then came north to Bear river, where they obtained a canoe from the Indians and headed on north down Shoalwater Bay to "Goose Point," or what is now Bay Center. They landed across the Palix river on the east side of Bay Center, and built a log house. It was in this house that I was born in 1866. Soon after landing on this site, father and mother filed on the donation claim where I still live and own the greater part of the claim, 320 acres. A small school house was built on the claim, a one-room affair, very crudely constructed. When I was nine years old, I attended this school, together with my sister and two brothers. I remember the building had a window in one end and we could see daylight through the cracks in the walls. We had a two-month's term, and father paid the teacher $14 a month. My mother died when I was very young, and my sister, Mary, being the eldest child, kept house and raised we younger children.

Our school was quite different from the schools of today. We had to cut our own wood and help keep things going, but still found time to make bows and arrows and have sport, shooting at marks. The Indians showed us how to make these things and how to shoot birds. The Indians did most of their hunting with these weapons, as they made no noise. They could kill bear, deer and coons with their bows and arrows. I used to watch them cut big cedar logs and dig out their canoes in which they traveled over the bay and across the river to

gather oysters off the mud flats. The "Robert Bruce" was the first real oyster boat to come into the bay, in 1855, and it came from San Francisco. This boat was destroyed by fire at Bruce Port, which is described in the "Early History" of the county.

A few years later the Winard Brothers came up the bay from San Francisco with a schooner called "The Three Sisters" and started in the oyster business. From this time on, the oyster industry grew into quite a fine business and soon larger boats were built to handle the oysters on a large scale. I have seen forty sailing boats at one time loaded with oysters coming in to get them ready to load out for San Francisco. I have seen two and three schooners loading at one time, each of which would carry from four to five thousand bushels of oysters. All of this area in the bay was then known as "Shoalwater Bay," but was later named Willapa Harbor, from the Willapa river, which empties into the bay just below South Bend. This was after the saw mill and the fish cannery were built at South Bend. These new industries started the boom in the harbor.

It was in 1890 that six "promoters" came to Oysterville, and I had the honor of sailing them to South Bend in a sail boat called the "Indona," which was built for the late Capt. Morris Stevens. There was one small saw mill here at this time, and these six men bought up the land and set things in motion to build up a permanent town, everything boomed, and South Bend is still here. It was not long until the town had grown to be a quite important place, and all kinds of business was started. Being located near the center of the county, the people wanted the county seat moved there from Oysterville. There were no roads then, and all travel and traffic was by water and it required two steamers and a scow to move the courthouse records and county material to South Bend. I helped to move them, and owing to the bitter controversy over the matter, it was moved by night.

When I was born, there were only a handful of people in the county, or territory, but I have lived to see wonderful developments, with numerous towns and thousands of people in this once almost barren region.

I remember a story told me, when I was a boy, of the experience of Joe Bytron. Joe told me himself about his duck-hunting experience. He said he was hunting down along the Naselle river, and he used up all of his lead, shooting at ducks, and had killed 30 of the birds. While coming down a small slough, he happened to look up and saw a small bear crouched in the branches of a tree. He said he scratched his head and thought awhile about what to do. Finally, he went over to a spruce tree to scrape some soft pitch to stop a leak in his boat

and happened to spy a couple of small smooth rocks. He loaded his gun and rammed the rocks down on the powder and shot at the bear, which tumbled down as dead as a mackerel. He had 30 ducks and a bear, even though he didn't have any lead left for the larger game.

HENRY C. GODLOVE

Douglas County

The 80's were restless times in the middle west. There was still plenty of room there, but all our lives we had been hearing tales of the far west, beyond the Rockies. I think many of us were tired of the flat country and the short grass of the prairies and plains.

Out there were mountains, lakes, forests. There were mines, rich farming lands, so many ways of making a fortune. In 1883 I was living in Pottawatomie County, Kansas, where I was born, when a party of men were leaving for the Black Hills to mine.

I knew a man in Ellensburg, Washington Territory, and decided to visit him, traveling part of the way with the party bound for the Black Hills. When I reached The Dalles, Oregon, I boarded the stage for Ellensburg.

It was in April and the road over the Simcoe Hills was in bad shape. I walked most of the way, finally reaching my destination, where I filed on a homestead in what was soon to become Kittitas County. I didn't prove up on this land, but crossed the Columbia in 1885 and filed on a timber tract east of Moses Coulee in Douglas County. My home was at Palisades, where I bought railroad land and raised stock. I had brought a few cattle over from Ellensburg, swimming them across the Columbia river. There was no ferry at the crossing, but Indians paddled us across in their canoes.

Douglas County was organized in 1883 and there was one settlement at Okanogan, the county seat. In locating this town, the founders omitted the most important detail—water. There was no water there, and no matter how deep they dug or bored, they never reached water. There was a good well on a ranch a few miles from there and the ranchers coming there for water, named the place "Waterville." It seemed the logical place for a town and the man who owned the ranch, A. T. Green, released forty acres to the government to be platted for a government townsite, since the land had not been surveyed. That was quite a drawing card and drew the county seat away from Okanogan in 1886, leaving the town of Okanogan "high and dry" to the

winds of fate. Freighting was done from Spokane Falls, but for a long time the settlers drove once or twice a year either to Ellensburg or to Ritzville for supplies.

In 1885, the year I came to Douglas County, I took a long trip on horseback through the Okanogan. A military road crossed Douglas County and the soldiers had wintered at the mouth of Foster Creek in 1879-80. That country was not settled in 1885, and I just saw a few people. Since then it has become a farming section. The little settlement of Bridgeport on the Columbia was afterwards financed by men of Bridgeport, Connecticut. There wasn't a settler in the Methow Valley. The Indians were away on their summer pilgrimage, but their sweat houses remained, mute evidence of their belief in a ruling spirit.

I traveled up the Okanogan Valley as far as Lake Soyoos, where I saw Okanogan Smith's ranch, but I didn't stop there. Smith came there in 1858 and located on 600 acres of land. Later he bought 300 acres from Chief Tonasket. He set out an orchard which became famous through the whole northwest. There were 1,200 apple trees, and he was the father of irrigation in Washington, teaching the Indians farming practices.

The old customs house was still standing, not far from the lake, and near the boundary line.

Most of the cattle men of Douglas County were in the section which was cut off in 1909 to form Douglas County. I knew "Portugese Joe." He had a ranch in the Crab Creek country, and was probably the first white man there. Tony Richardson was there, also, and had 3000 head of horses. The Hutchinson Brothers, both of whom were nearly seven feet tall, had a ranch about where Neppel is located. Blythe had a hay ranch farther south, and McManiman had horses and cattle. The Urquhart boys were farther north. There was a stock ranch at McEutee Springs where Coulee City is now.

Where Ephrata stands was the big round-up camping grounds. The springs there were called "Indian Grave Springs," because of the number of Indian graves in the hills . The ground at the springs was an old meeting place for the various tribes. Frank Beasley located there for a while and the springs were afterwards known as the Beasley Springs. He moved on and it was left for others who settled there to realize on the townsite which was platted with the coming of the railroad.

Tom and Bill Eden ran sheep in that country at one time and were in the cattle business.

When the Great Northern Railway was building through to the coast, Dan Paul and T. S. Blythe, who had cattle in the Moses Lake country, had the contract for furnishing beef to the construction camps. As the camps moved west, they moved their cattle, swimming them across the Columbia river.

Throughout Douglas County the bunch grass hills of yesterday have given place to the wheat ranches of today. The ranks of timber standing on Badger Mountain more than fifty years ago, have been thinned to provide comfortable homes in country and town.

Great highways pass our doors. Trains thunder by, carrying our wheat to the four corners of the world. In development and progress, in the stability and integrity of its people, Douglas County ranks with the foremost counties in the State.

JENNIE S. TYLER

Clallam County

I was brought to Washington Territory by my parents in 1877. We left Dakota because of the grasshopper pest. They were so thick that we couldn't see the sun. My brother would swing a pail around and around his head and get it half full of grasshoppers. I would shoo them off from the garden while the family were eating dinner.

We came by train to San Franciso and by boat to Neah Bay. My father was fascinated with this country. He thought it was the garden spot of the world. We settled in Neah Bay, near Cape Flattery, where my father cooked in the Indian school.

Mother was afraid to come to Seattle, as there were so many saloons and such a rough element. She had four boys and four girls and was afraid of the city influence on them.

At first my father worked for Mr. Huntington, who was the agent for the Indian reservation at Neah Bay. He cooked there.

When we arrived at the Neah Bay reservation, our whole family was taken ill with typhoid fever. Dirty water had been thrown about the house and my sister Lizzie died.

After this we went to Olympia to recover our health. When we returned, we came in an Indian canoe, forty miles through the ocean to Quillayute. The Indians met us. They were very friendly, and Dan Pullen directed father to a homestead claim. He built a log house

for the family, and I grew up there. In that log house, I listened to wolves howling—they sometimes caught the sheep—and the cougar's cry, which sounded like a lost child. These animals had to be trapped. The elk whistled and baby bears seemed to bark.

Father and mother were Methodists. There was no church so father and mother held Sunday school in our house. Father established a post office and got a mail route and my brother carried the mail on his back from Cape Flattery to Quillayute. I was a good shot and practiced with the boys. Once I competed with father and beat him at target shooting.

In Quillayute, people built rough board houses, chinked up with moss and sometimes sealed with boards. Our house was 24 feet by 24 feet. The settlers built their houses by cutting down the trees and splitting the lumber with a frow, which is a long wedge-shaped tool used in splitting boards and shingles.

We rode horseback over the trails, or walked or rode in Indian canoes on the ocean. Once when I was sick I was hauled out over the trail on a sled forty miles across the mountains to Clallam.

For supplies, we sent an Indian canoe out to Cape Flattery once in six months for provisions and mail, until my brother began carrying the mail, then we had mail once a week.

Mother made our clothes out of flannel and gingham. In the summer we wore sun bonnets. They were pretty and cute as well as useful. Mother knew how to braid hats out of oat straw, knit our stockings and spun her own yarn with a little flax wheel her own mother had given her. We had fine stockings and mittens and nice clothes. I liked those little Mother Hubbard dresses. Our stockings wore like iron.

I learned to talk the Chinook language.

Indian Story

At first the Indians were friendly. Mrs. Dan Cullen, my older sister, lived near us. Her husband had the Indians pretty well under control. My brother taught school and once punished an Indian boy. On his way home that evening, the angry Indians surrounded him and his young woman companion. He said to the Indians, "First let me take her home, and then I will talk to you." When they reached his home he armed himself, and with my sister, backed up against the house and held them at bay. Meantime Dan Pullen was told, and he aroused all the other white people. They came with their guns and finally overawed the Indians.

Word was sent to Port Townsend and the Governor sent a revenue cutter. They did not fire a gun, but they took some of the leaders away. The Indians had planned to kill my brother for whipping a boy. A negro trouble-maker was mixed up in it and he was one of those who was taken away.

We had only three months of school. I only attended until the third grade. I learned most from father and mother and I read my Bible a lot. I have read the New Testament sixty-seven times and the Old Testament sixteen times.

Later on, we built a little frame church. Mother wanted it to be Methodist, but we all went although it was Congregational. We used to have socials and little parties. Sunday school was held in various homes. Mother got a little organ and I used to play a little and sing. Everybody would sing on these occasions.

Christmas Story

On Christmas we always had a tree. Once the Indians sent me a hundred little dolls. They had bought them from a store at Neah Bay. We divided them among all the neighbors for Christmas. We made all our presents. Covered cardboard with bright cloth was used for the boxes and the little dolls were dressed. We had a fine Christmas dinner with all kinds of meat, ducks, geese, chickens, plenty of eggs and lots of cream, with cakes and strawberry pie. We lived high. We had elk meat and venison often. Then in the evening we had dancing in one of the larger houses and brother played the violin.

ALBERT A. WORMELL

Asotin County

I came to Washington Territory from Sonoma County, California, in 1880. I came with my parents, six sisters and two brothers in a covered wagon, which was one of a group of nine wagons, each one being drawn by a four-horse team. We left our old home in California on May 22, 1880, and arrived at the location of our new home in Columbia County, Washington, (now Asotin County) on July 26th of the same year. When the wagon train arrived in Walla Walla, the families separated, only one family besides ours coming to Asotin County.

One of our friends had come to this district in Washington Territory in 1879, and wrote us of the wonderful opportunities to be had in securing free land by homesteading.

I was but seven years old, but the following incidents, which happened along the way, were impressed in my memory:

We were looking for "Buzzard's Roost", our next stopping place, when we came to a small log cabin near the road. A long-whiskered native was sitting on a bench in front of the cabin smoking his pipe. We inquired of the old men how far it was to "Buzzard's Roost". He replied, "Only about three feet, Mister."

When we came to an Indian reservation, the chief wanted 50 cents apiece to graze our horses, consisting of about forty head. Dr. Delapp, the spokesman for the party, took a plug of tobacco from his pocket and gave it to the Indian, who took it and walked away, seemingly perfectly satisfied. We grazed our horses unmolested.

My mother, who died in 1922, at the age of 82 years, kept a diary of the daily happenings on their journey to Washington Territory, and shortly before she passed away, she gave it to me and told me to preserve it. The following excerpts are taken from the original:

> Diary of Mrs. Leonard J. Wormell's trip by covered wagon from Occidental, Sonoma County, California, to Dodson Ranch near Anatone, then Columbia County, now Asotin County, Washington, started May 22, 1880, and ended July 26, 1880.
>
> "Left our home near Occidental, Sonoma County, California, on May 22, 1880, on our journey to Washington Territory. Went to within two or three miles of Bloomfield, and stopped over Sunday at the home of Mrs. Huntley. (Mrs. Huntley was Leonard J. Wormell's sister.) Wind blew very hard all the way down. Ida came very near falling out of the wagon and under the wheel. (Ida was one of the twin sisters, age eight months.)
>
> "Monday, May 24th: Went to Petaluma with Mrs. Huntley and family and was joined by Mark Stewart. Bought supplies and camped three miles from the city.
>
> "Tuesday, May 25th: Went through the hills to Sonoma and on into Napa Valley and camped for the night six or seven miles from Napa City. Stopped for dinner near the insane asylum just out of Napa City. In the afternoon went on and camped one or two miles out of Bridgeport, Sonoma County.....
>
> "Saturday, June 12th: Drove on fifteen miles to "Buzzard's Roost," a desolate place, indeed.
>
> "Sunday, June 13: Obliged to travel all day. No feed at "Buzzard's Roost" and hay at $40.00 per ton. Traveled nineteen miles over the mountains to Burney's Valley.

"Monday, June 14th: Crossed another mountain by the Winter's road. Came eighteen miles today and camped at Pitt River. Did not start 'till late this morning on account of a sick horse. Huntleys left us and went on ahead.

"Tuesday, June 15th: Came on to Fall City and stopped for dinner. Then drove on eighteen miles to Pittsville and camped for the night.

"Wednesday, June 16th: Came on over the mountains and camped in the foothills in the edge of Big Valley. Made 16 or 17 miles today.

"Thursday, June 17th: Came on again about 12 miles over very rough roads most of the way and camped near the timber .....

Wednesday, June 23rd: Forded Lost River, bridge gone. Ate dinner at the Hot Springs near Linkville and drove on to Klamath Lake. Made 24 miles today. Drove around Modok point after dark, in the water, over rocks and boulders, big as hay stacks.

"Thursday, June 24th: Drove fourteen miles and camped. Ate dinner on the Reservation . Indians wanted pay for grass the horses ate at the Kalamath Indian Agency. Got some repairs made on the wagon by the Agency blacksmith.....

"Saturday, July 17th: Came through Centerville, Weston and Milton, and camped on the Walla Walla river six or seven miles from Walla Walla. Very hot weather.

"Sunday, July 18th: Drove into Walla Walla and camped just out of town.

"Monday, July 19th: Drove six miles and camped on Dry Creek.

"Tuesday, July 20th: Drove 20 miles and camped four miles from Dayton.

"Wednesday, July 21st: Drove on to Dayton, bought provisions and drove to Marengo and camped.

"Thursday, July 22nd: Drove on to Pomeroy and stopped for dinner. Drove on through Pataha City and camped on Pataha Creek.

"Friday, July 23rd: Crossed Alpowai Creek and over the Alpowai toll road. Broke an axle and stopped at Freeman's place and repaired it. Grasshoppers are eating everything here. Have attacked the fruit on the trees.

"Saturday, July 24th: Started again and drove to sheep ranch near Lewiston Flat and camped.

"Sunday, July 25th: Drove to Asotin Creek and stopped for dinner. Then went on up Asotin Hill and camped at Ayer's ranch on Asotin Flat.

"Monday, 26th: Came nine miles and camped at Dodson's place in the foothills of the Blue Mountains, which ends our journey. This is Leonard's birthday. He is 46 years old.

"We find good feed and good water here. The flat is covered with a very fine growth of bunch grass. The horses enjoy it after their long, hard trip."

My father filed and proved up on a homestead three and one-half miles west of Anatone. This land is owned by my sister-in-law, who is a widow, and is farmed by her son. My father also accumulated 600 more acres of land before he died in December, 1929, at the age of 95 years.

I operated the Wormell grain warehouses at Asotin and in Cottonwood, Idaho. I was deputy sheriff of Asotin County from 1899 until 1903. I was elected mayor of Asotin in 1912 and again in 1914. I resigned as mayor in 1916 when I moved to Idaho to look after my warehouse business in that state.

My brother served 28 years as sheriff of Asotin County, up until 1931, when he was shot to death by Herbert Nicholls, a youth thirteen years old. The boy was robbing the Claus store in Asotin.

I am a member of the Presbyterian church and a charter member of the Nitosa Masonic Lodge. I was born in Sonoma County, California, in 1873, of Scotch and English parentage. I was married in June, 1904. Four children were born to us: Mrs. Jane H. Adams, Mrs. Ben M. Parker, Mrs. Henry Brinken and Pack Wormell.

I have voted in Washington 26 years, having lived in Idaho from 1916 until 1932. I have lost considerable property in the recent depression.

Our first house was built on my father's homestead and was a three room, rough-board house with a home-made rock fireplace. The furniture was mostly home-made from scraps of lumber left over from building the house. There were a number of log cabins in the district, as logs could be obtained a short distance away.

Most of our supplies were bought from Charles Isecke, the first and only merchant in Antone at that time. His business, which included the postoffice, was conducted in a log building, which building was also used as his home. He hauled his supplies by wagon from Dayton, a distance of about 120 miles over hills and very rough roads.

Wagon transportation of supplies, both in and out of the Anatone district, was the only kind of transportation until the recent arrival of auto trucks and good roads, as Asotin County has never had a railroad within its boundaries. Meats, vegetables and fruit were raised locally and were very cheap.

The second school in the county was being built four miles west of Anatone in the Pine Grove district. This was a donation school of one room and built of rough lumber. In 1887, there were about 50 pupils attending this school. Today the homesteads on which about 40 of these children were raised, are combined in one farm, owned by the estate of the late W. C. Halsey. The first teacher in this school was Frank Eccles. The first school in the county was held in a log cabin built in about 1878 near Anatone post office. The games played by the scholars were town ball, black man, hop-scotch and happy miller.

Amusements for the grown-ups were horse races down a quarter-mile stretch on land near Anatone. These races were held on Saturdays, which was one of the days the mail arrived, and all the settlers came for their mail and supplies. There were also barn dances, picnics, church socials and singing schools. Violins, banjos and organs furnished the dance music.

CORA CLARK

Walla Walla County

I was born in 1863. My father crossed the plains in 1852 and settled in the Willamette Valley. He served in the Rogue River war in 1855-56. Mother crossed the plains in 1859, coming straight to Walla Walla. Father brought his cattle up from Oregon and located on the Walla Walla river two and one-half miles from Touchet in 1859. He was attracted by the fine pasture land and the stream. Our nearest store was at Wallula. Father's timber claim was where the penitentiary now stands. My father was a government surveyor and my husband was the city engineer and engineer for the O. W. R. & N. railroad.

Walla Walla river was a much larger stream when we played along its banks in the 1860's and 1870's. We had a row boat. Our only playmates were two quarter-breed children. Their father was a white man. I was eight years old before I ever saw a white woman excepting my mother. Father's surveying duties kept him away quite a bit of the time, and mother and us children never had a way of traveling, and there were Indians prowling around.

"We had a one-room log house with lean-to and a loft, reached by a ladder, where the boys slept. We cooked in the fireplace. Mother made the most delicious scones, dropping the dough in a frying pan which she placed in front of the fire. We hung our kettles on a crane.

"One of the best meals my mother ever cooked,we had to run away from. It was in the year 1878. Our first new potatoes and peas made part of that dinner which I shall never forget. Father had brought down two wild ducks that morning and mother dressed them; then made a currant pie. Just as everything was on the table, a man dashed up on his horse, shouting, "Three hundred Indians on the warpath!"

"Mother snatched a few trinkets and valuable papers and she and us children joined the procession of settlers on their way to the fort. Father refused to leave his place, but hid the most treasured possessions in the old dug-out which had been his first home. It was overgrown with grass and vines, so he felt it to be a safe hiding place. We met the soldiers, but no one turned back. There was no battle, and in a day or so we returned home.

"We were near the old camping ground of the Indians. In the fall they came for choke cherries and black and red haws. They dried this fruit and from the farmers they bought or begged pumpkins, and stewed them and dried the pulp.

Frenchtown was not far away, where many of the French Canadians who were with the Hudson's Bay Company, had settled with their Indian wives.

"The cattle trail went past our farm and the cowboys always bedded down on some vacant land near us, so they could be near water. They would come to the house and get milk and other provisions. One of the most wonderful sights of my childhood was 10,000 head of cattle being driven to Cheyenne.

Father drove his ox team to Wallula for provisions. He always bought in quantities. He bought calico and domestics by the bolt; coffee, tea and sugar and other necessities in large quantities. One time he drove the ox team to Wallula and "fast freight" had just been unloaded from a boat. It had to be in Walla Walla by sundown. Freighters had horse teams at that time and they refused to take it, as it was a 32 mile drive with a heavy load. Father agreed to do it, and left Wallula at 4 o'clock in the morning. That evening, just as the sunset gun was fired at the fort, he pulled into Walla Walla with the load of freight.

"We had no school when I was a child and never any church services, Sunday school, or anything of the kind."

HARRIET HADLEY

Yakima County

I was born in Clark County, October 17, 1858. My parents crossed the plains from Iowa in 1852, and settled at Vancouver. My grandfather died at Grande Ronde, victim of the terrible cholera epidemic. In 1866 we moved to the Ahtanum, where my father homesteaded and went into the cattle business. My father was a carpenter. He built the first hotel in Vancouver, and the first court house.. His name was William Hattin, and his grandfather was born in Hattin Gardens, England. His son was the Hattin who died of cholera.

When I was 14 years old, I married Bayliss Thorpe, son of F. M. Thorpe, the first settler in the Yakima Valley. Bayliss was foreman for his father, who was a cattleman and owned nearly all of the Moxee Valley. In the summer the cattle ranged in the Kittitas Valley and we lived there. In the winter we moved them to the Columbia, where there was less snow and better winter grazing. My husband bought land later over in the Crab Creek country, and engaged in business for himself during the eight years until his death. I married Mr. Hadley in 1891, and left here, being away 25 years, then came back and ran a dairy at Toppenish.

I belong to the First Christian church. My first Sunday school was the one started by Deacon Tanner and his daughter, Vivian, who had a melodeon. My nationality is English.

We rode horseback for amusement. We made what little clothing we had, and raised our own food. We dug roots of the wild sunflower at recess, while going to school. Why do you suppose we did that? For the gum. And, was it good!

My father came over from Clark County and put up some hay and built a log house. We had just nothing. The men went to The Dalles once a year for supplies. Father Wilbur often came to see us. He was a wonderful man.

"The first winter we spent on the Ahtanum," laughed Mrs. Hadley, "my sister and I slept outside in the bed of the old emigrant wagon, raised on four posts." Later father built a very comfortable log cabin, part of which is still standing and the old homestead is known as 'Hattin's Gardens,' in memory of the Hattin home in England.

"Father built the church at the mission which is still in such a remarkable state of preservation. Ka-mi-a-kin's ditch was extended and runs through the mission grounds.

"Father Wilbur often visited us. His Indian boys built many reservation houses. Yakima City was one store and a blacksmith shop. Everybody rode horseback.

"Joe Bowzer, whose wife was an Indian, had the post office in the Ahtanum.

"At the time of my first marriage, my father-in-law, F. M. Thorpe, was living in the Kittitas Valley, and as he could see smoke from another cabin or two in the Moxee, he moved. I accompanied my husband in moving the cattle, and was, in fact, one of the hands. I remember spending 12 days in the saddle once, herding at night as well as by day.

"I don't know how we ever escaped with our lives during the Indian troubles. Blanche Bunting, or Perkins, lived with us once. For years we lived in terror. When we were in the Kittitas, a friendly squaw kept her knife sharpened for use in our defense.

"I've lain many a night with my children in the swamps. One day I left them in the house and went a short distance to pick gooseberries. It was raining and I started back. Our dog had been restless all day, and I was uneasy, as that was a sign of Indians. Sure enough, I met Bayless coming on the run, shouting, 'Get the children ,Indians are coming! I'll get the horses.'

" 'But we can't get out, we can't get over the Uptanum Mountains, we'll meet them.'

"The rain was coming down in torrents when we grabbed the children and made for the swamps, where we spent the night. There was a flood by that time and we splashed through water a foot deep.

"That night a neighbor heard the Indians about midnight. She aroused the family and the two older girls, 16 and 17 years old, tore through the door, tearing it off its hinges. Taking the younger children, the parents made for the swamp. When they returned the next day, they found the Indians had been there. The older girls were missing and the parents were desperate. Later in the day they were found—having gone as far as they could into the swamp. Their clothing was in rags and the girls were scratched from head to foot."

Around 1874 Bayliss and I were in the Palouse country. Bayliss put up a building and the Indians tore it down one night. They were burning hay and driving off stock, so Bayliss went to Kamiakin, who was then in the Palouse. Kamiakin had the leader whipped, and told my husband that if he would marry his daughter he would give him $10,000.00. Bayliss told him he already had a wife. "Indians always have two wives," the old chief answered.

When my boy, Willis, was born, men stood guard outside. When I was asked by one of the women what they should do for me, in case of attack, I told them to save the children, and not to mind me.

Children in those day never enjoyed their play. One day one of Bayliss' sisters who had beautiful long hair, saw Indians coming. She started running toward a field where the men were putting up hay, A bend in the rocks hid her from them until the Indians were almost upon her. Just as she made the turn and ran screaming toward her father, an Indian had reached for her hair.

A month before our eldest child was born, we were in the Palouse country. Snow was getting deep in some places, and we set out for Waitsburg. It was a ride of three days. The first night we slept in a batchelor's shack, the next day we made 90 miles and stayed with a rancher and his wife. We finished the trip the next day.

When the baby and I were ready to travel, my husband appeared with an old stage coach. Along the way, I washed and dressed the baby in the winter sunshine, his only protection being a blanket hanging from a willow tree.

With it all, we really lived and enjoyed life more than people do today.

MRS. ROBERT SMITH

Chelan County

Sage Brush and Indians

I had never seen sage brush and Indians and was appalled by the desert. I loved it from the start. Two of the families who had started West with us, went back. Mr. Smith was fearful lest I become homesick when I reached the wilderness and tried to persuade me to stop the winter in Ritzville and wait until he had built a house, but nothing doing. Captain Johnson drove me and the children over the mountains. He took us across the Chelan River in a boat and swam the horses. At the Columbia River he built a flat boat and paddled team and all across.

Coming down a trail made by the soldiers, the captain tied a huge tree to the back of the wagon. Its branches acted as brakes. The horses were stopped to breathe. I looked up to see Cultus Jim's face peering into the covered wagon. Then, as now, I liked the Indians. They were true friends. The whites taught them all the trickery they

knew. A priest had a little mission at Manson. He had the Indians trained into being good. Back of the altar were two pictures—one of Heaven and the other of Hell. The Indian took a look at Hell and was ever after a good Indian. The priest had taught them agriculture and the Indian's vegetables did his teaching credit.

My experiences with the Indians were varied. When my husband was away and not a neighbor for miles around, 200 Indians camped in my dooryard. There was no timber in Chelan, so there was no door in the house. The Indians tracked in and out as they wished. A papoose had a burned foot and the squaw brought in the child and dumped it in my lap for attention. I dressed the little foot and comforted the little savage. Where the Indians had been surly, they were now friendly. I did not sleep a wink the three nights the farm was an Indian tenting ground.

Later, I made a frilly frock for Lucy, Long Jim's wife. Lucy was the prettiest and brightest woman in the country, and the shrewdest gambler. At the stick game she got all the Indians' money.

Lucy had presented Long Jim with no children. Long Jim wanted papooses. He gave Lucy money and horses and she rode away out of the mountains and no one had seen her since. Long Jim got another squaw and had his papooses. The squaws loved their children and were good to them, but terribly mean to their horses. They were in the habit of beating the poor animals over the head with the bridles, bits and all. One could not make them understand the cruelty of it.

Dug-Out and Tent

While our log cabin was being built, we stopped with the Captain Charles Johnson family, who were living in a dug-out. We slept in a tent, but cooked in the dug-out. Floors were a luxury, as there were no boards. Gravel was spread over the dirt. The women wore moccasins and their sweeping was done with a rake. They would ask each other, "Have you done your house raking today?" When they prospered and could afford a floor, Mr. Johnsons threw down his hammer and danced a jig on it. The women put on shoes again. They stepped high and had to become accustomed to walking in them.

There were seven children in the colony. The first school was opened August 6, 1889.

Prosperity

We added a clothes closet to our log house. Mr. Smith said it looked like a wart. Fifteen dollars worth of good muslin sheeting bought in Yakima finished the inside of the cabin. I picked snakes out of my

dresser drawers, but there were pines at my front door and pines at my back door—nature in the raw. I carried water from the lake. The driftwood of ages, white as scrubbed pine, washed up on the beach for fuel. I was never homesick a day and lived every moment of my life. We added to our homestead. The first forty acres is known as Smith's Addition. We planted an orchard. Later, when the dam was built, this was inundated.

Finances

Mr. Woodin had his saw mill but was not selling lumber fast enough. He actually made the people believe that they could not get title to even a town lot unless there was a house built on it. The result was an over night production of little shanties, which caused a tenderfoot child to ask his mother why there were so many privies in Chelan.

The First White Baby

In September, a year from my arrival, my third child was born—the first white child to be born in the new town of Chelan. A physician from Waterville was to attend me. Mr. Woodin's son broke his arm, a messenger rushed to Waterville to summon the doctor, and I, conveniently, had my baby while the doctor was there. The fact that the young doctor had never before delivered a child did not daunt me.

Tragedy Strikes

On New Year's day, 1889, George Steward staggered into my house. I did not know him, save as a workman. He babbled of Texas and said Steward was not his name. I nursed him, but he died. There was an eclipse of the sun and George passed away while it was at its full. They buried him beside an Indian grave. This was the first death in the settlement. George Steward was one of those whose relatives would never know what had happened to them.

First Newspaper

In 1891 the first newspaper was published. Dewitt C. Britt was the editor, printer and janitor.

Tenderfeet Arrive

I have to laugh today as I did fifty years ago, over the women who later joined the pioneers. They boasted of the luxuries they had left behind them in the East. One lady could not enjoy her meals because the "bone" dishes (semi-circular plates, an affectation of the 80's, used for holding small bones) had been forgotten. When she was not present, they would hold out the picked chicken bones and say, "Dear, dear! What, no bone dishes? We won't come here any more."

"My father was a lawyer." "Mine was a physician—I came from St. Louis," "I came from Chicago," and so on—just as though we all

hadn't had fathers, and, Good Gracious, we all had come from somewhere.

With my home a log cabin and life as primitive as could be, I would pack up my children and ride with my husband into the wilderness "for a change." The children swam, the men fished, and went deer shooting. There were huckleberries, bull trout, brook trout, ducks and venison. We lived like kings. I could never make my friends believe me in later years ,but there were no flies in Chelan. In July one could hang a venison in the trees to age. Yellow jackets would swarm about it, but not a single nasty fly. The yellow jackets would crawl across my hands while I would be cutting a hunk of venison. I would brush them away and was never stung.

My sister and brother-in-law came to visit. They had braved the trip from Iowa to see me. The house was so small I put my guests in a tent pitched under a tree, thinking how much they would enjoy it. When I saw my brother-in-law's diamond shirt studs, I had my misgivings, but there was nothing to be done about it. I recall overhearing, "this is pretty tough, roughing it like this."

The Ben Martin family arrived. Mrs. Martin was an accomplished musician and had played the pipe organ in church in the East. She was a lively, cultured lady and lived in the liveliest log house in town. She gave music lessons to the children.

I pause to wonder at the cultivated educated people who lived in little log cabins and later what cheap people lived in the big houses. Only the strong and sturdy toughed out the early days. There was not a foreigner in the community. They were the people with vision and imagination who got as far as Chelan.

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH ARCHIBALD FLEMING

San Juan Island

"Go to San Juan Island, and see what you think of it.'" I boarded the sloop "Rebecca" and found the location of San Juan suitable—more like a place for a home. While on this first visit to San Juan Island (incidentally, I had stopped at the American garrison on the south end of the island) I met the late E. D. Warbass.

Capt. E. D. Warbass had come to Oregon Territory in 1850—settled on the Cowlitz river. At that time Washington was still a part of Oregon Territory. Capt. Warbass was the first postmaster at

Cowlitz, which was the first postoffice established within what is now the State of Washington. Nine years later he moved to San Juan Island.

Like other boys of the community, I assumed the work of a man while still of boyish age. I assisted the neighbors and worked out at various kinds of employment.

My brother was going to Orcas Island to look for a sheep ranch. I had gone in company with Captain Smith and Andrew Heigh. They bought out squatter's rights, paying $500.00 for Mt. Constitution, $300.00 for the former Tullock farm and $300.00 for the property now owned by Mr. Robert Moran. This sheep raising venture did not prove profitable, and my brother James, with the late Isaac Sandwith, bought a ten horse power threshing outfit, the first on the Island. This same brother had operated an eighteen ton schooner "Ontario" among the islands to Port Townsend and to Victoria, B. C., carrying passengers and freight.

In the early days, the Hudson's Bay Company controlled the greater part of the Island. As settlers began to arrive, the Hudson's Bay Company moved or sold the stock.

Because of the splendid fishing, the Hudson's Bay Company had settled on the south end of San Juan Island and had built permanent buildings. One of the old fireplaces still stands, a double one. Also one of the sheds. Three or four apple trees still live, these having been planted by the Hudson's Bay Company.

There were no trails on the Island, other than those between the camps. It was necessary to ride horseback or take a canoe or rowboat. Many of the pioneers rowed or canoed to Victoria. Oxen were used for hauling and working garden patches.

When the family came to the Island, there were many elk, beaver and some wolves. I remember seeing twelve or fifteen deer at one time, playing and jumping on a hill side. Deer were killed and the hides made buckskin pants. The Hudson's Bay employees taught the Indians to use the hides for various things. The Kanakas killed off the wolves and elk, the last wolf being killed by one John Bull, a Kanaka. This is how he obtained that name. He was asked, "What you belong to," meaning which side of a controversy. "Oh, me? Me Bull."

The Naming of Pole Pass

Across this narrow waterway the Indians would place a horizontal pole at some distance above the water. Netting or sacks were hung from this pole. The Indians would hunt at night with torches and as

the ducks flew against this obstruction, the Indians would kill them with their paddles.

Furthermore, I have seen ducks on this island so numerous in the uncut grain fields that when disturbed and they flew up from the field the sky would be darkened.

Quails were brought to the island by E. D. Warbass and Gus Hoffmaster. California Mountain quail shipped to the island via Victoria had cost these men $5.00 a dozen.

Gus Hoffmaster had 100 head of cattle and 500 sheep on Spiden Island (near San Juan) and 300 sheep on Henry Island. Hoffmaster had the contract of furnishing beef to the English camp. Times were good when the military camps were on the island. Boats would bring excursion parties over from Victoria on the Fourth of July, and everyone had a good time, even though the territory was held jointly by the two governments. This was when Capt. Bissel was in command at the English camp. There was not much celebrating when Capt. Gray was in command.

Victoria was the principal trading center for the islands in those days. Nearly everyone who lived near the water owned a sloop or some kind of craft. Smuggling was the principal vocation of some of these earlier settlers and continued so for a number of years before the government became active in stopping it.

There were Indian ponies on the island, none weighing more than 1,200 pounds. Father had brought three or four good horses, two of these from blooded stock, One of the latter, "Blackjack", was sold in Victoria for a good price.

Cattle were sent to the island from Victoria and turned loose. These were to be used for meat for the soldiers. I recall how wild they were, and the settlers ran to get out of the way of them.

The Kanakas came in as packers for the Hudson's Bay Company. When the island became the possession of the United States, the Kanakas were not allowed to become citizens. During the first years, the settlers had flint lock guns, but when the soldiers came to the island, they bought better rifles.

I remember the Indian cooking dishes that were made from slate rock.

We had no trouble with the Indians, for my mother aften treated them with bread spread with syrup. To them, this was a great treat.

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. R. M. OSBORN

Kittitas County

I was born in Wapello County, Iowa, and was brought across the plains when I was two years old. My father, Thomas Benton Goodwin, brought his wife and six children to California. His cash on hand was $2.50 and a world of courage.

From San Francisco to Vancouver, Washington, the trip was made by boat. I do not remember being sea sick, myself, but do remember seeing the rest of them ill. The family settled in Washington County, Oregon.

I started to school when I was five years old. The school was about the size of my present dining room. The eldest and youngest pupils, the eighth grade and kindergarten, all shared the time of the teacher. We were all well grounded in the fundamentals, but there were not fluffy ruffles to my schooling. Children were not coddled. Life was a struggle and we must be prepared to best it. School lasted only three months of the year, and it was up to us to get as much into our heads as we could in those months.

In 1877 the Goodwins came by the way of The Dalles and Fort Simcoe to Kittitas County. We homesteaded two miles from my present home. We had a better time than most of our neighbors. We had a frame house, some of the lumber coming from the Wenas. There was a floor, a luxury which few of the early settlers had.

My husband made the shakes, himself, first splitting them and then smoothing them with a two handled drawing knife.

When our bedding, clothing, and food were loaded with the family, into the covered wagon, there was no room for furniture. We brought with us a tiny cook stove with a drawn out hearth and four chairs with laced rawhide seats. The rest of our furniture was made after we were settled. The beds were real beds instead of bunks and I remember them with pride.

The trip from The Dalles took two weeks and was tiresome. Always with us was the fear of Indians. We pitched camp at night. The children were small and had to be watched. At dusk one night five-year-old Norman suddenly disappeared. It was an excited group that gathered for consultation which way to look for anything so small as a child in that frightening wilderness. Norman was found, having only been looking for pine gum.

The first year in Kittitas County, I saw an Indian scare. We and the neighbors did not go to any of the forts, but along with the Charles Reed and George Parrish families, were forted up in a log granary in Tom Goodwin's place. Tom was a cousin of Thomas Benton Goodwin. The men stood watch over the women and children inside.

I remember that my mother did not cry, nor once express her fear, but that Mrs. Parrish put in her time weeping. I knew we were all to be scalped and murdered, but nothing happened.

The first school in our neighborhood, which was not a pay school, was built on the "bench" back of the Goodwin homestead. Miss Eva Yocum taught it. Some of the teachers were too young for a teacher's certificate, but taught on a permit. Run-sheep-run, pom pom pull away, duck on a rock, black man, blind man's bluff—the games of all little children, before and since—were played at recess.

I was one of the few women who could card wool and spin yarn. Grandma Forgy had a spinning wheel, not a small one, but the kind with a big wheel. I had no sewing machine and made the clothes for nine children by hand.

I had one boughten doll. This was given me by my auntie in Iowa. The children had as much fun making their toys as they did playing with them.

The first Christmas celebration with a tree was held in Mills store. I was nine years old. It was called a Christmas exhibition. Everybody turned out to make this a real Christmas. There were no Christmas tree ornaments. String pop corn did double duty. Every child had a present and a big bag of candy. My sister and I received a red heart-shaped pin cushion and were speechless with joy. There was a big supper and speeches and songs later. My sister and I were part of the entertainment, rendering a duet called "Dying Californian's Last Request," taught us by our father. Save that we knew the song and squeezed the last bit of sentiment out of it, there was no particular reason for singing the ballad as first aid for Christmas cheer.

JAMES H. PURDIN

Yakima County

A terrific thunder storm was breaking just as we reached the Platte River. Heavy rains had already swollen the river, so the crossing was delayed while the men removed the wagon beds and caulked them.

They lashed them together, end to end, and floated them across, carrying families and goods, the oxen swimming.

By this time we found that our provisions would not hold out, so a trade was struck with a man returning east. He was driving a team of horses and was willing to pay "boot" for the Purdin ox-team. With this money enough food was purchased to enable us to reach Boise.

Reaching Boise in November with less than a dollar in my pocket, I turned our horses out to seek their living on the range. Boise was a mining town. Bacon was $1.00 per pound, flour $4.00 a sack, coffee $1.00 per pound, and everything else in proportion. I must have work, and I found it, mauling rails from bull-pine at 75 cents per day. The small wage could not keep pace with mounting expenses. My employer, a kind-hearted man, befriended us, providing for us through the winter and in the spring when our son, Hugh, was born.

In order to pay the debt incurred, it was agreed that we rent fifteen acres of land of our employer and raise vegetables to supply the demand of the miners.

Fortune favored us from the very beginning of our venture. During the winter our thoughts often turned to the faithful team turned out to wander in the hills. One day in May a band of wild horses passing through the village attracted my wife's attention. She immediately recognized the two horses we had driven all the way from the Platte. Following each was a lively colt. Calling me, we separated our team from the band.

Our garden grew and thrived. Miners' fare that summer included luxuries from our garden. By the first of October, enough gold dust had been weighed out in exchange for vegetables to enable us to settle up with our landlord and leave Boise with $1,500.00 of dust in a little buckskin pouch. In October, 1865, we set out for the land of our dreams.

We reached the Willamette and homesteaded, but our plans for an orchard never materialized, as the rainy weather affected my health, undermined as it was by the hardships of war .

Relinquishing our homestead, we drove back up the Columbia river, crossed over and settled at Dixie, twelve miles from Walla Walla. We resided there seven years, raising horses and cattle. Yakima Valley was the cattleman's Paradise in those days, and in 1874, we again crossed the Columbia with our four sons, Hugh, Owen, Lloyd and Lee, our herds and other possessions. We entered the beautiful Wenas Valley, preempting 160 acres, released by a man named Perkins, some of this land being under cultivation. Here, Wallace and Walter were

born February 24, 1879, the first twins born in what is now the Yakima Valley. Later came Charles and Ralph, making eight sons to grow into manhood and help settle and develop the sage brush wilderness, and transform it into the productive and fruitful valley that it is today.

There was a small log house of two rooms on the farm. Being handy with tools, I made furniture of the black birch growing along the creek. The chair seats were made of strips of rawhide. I have always kept one of these chairs for myself. The legs are worn down considerably, but I always said it was the most comfortable chair in the house. I made a rocker for my wife. I remember that later I brought her a rocker from The Dalles, 90 miles away.

These freighting trips were made only once a year. If the coffee gave out in the meantime, parched wheat made a fair substitute. This was ground in a mill attached to the wall. The hopper held about two quarts. The mill was also used for grinding flour corn, a variety of white corn with dentless kernels. The cornbread and mush made from this meal are still remembered as the most delicious ever tasted anywhere, before or since.

I grew my own tobacco. I burned willow switches over a small tract, worked the ashes into the soil, mixed the seed with sand and sowed it, later thinning out the plants. When it came time to harvest, it was pulled and hung upside down from poles in the shed. After is was cured, I made it into "hands." There was a good supply for the old meerschaum.

Before the railroad came, cattle-raising was the most profitable industry. Cattle were driven over the Naches Pass to Seattle and shipped down the coast.

Our ranch was a stopping place for the stage operating between The Dalles and Ellensburg. Mail was distributed here for the settlers. Later a justice court was held there when I was elected justice of the peace.

One of the three commercial orchards in the Wenas during those days was on our ranch. When it came into production, we marketed the fruit in Ellensburg and Cle Elum, driving over the old state road and up the Shushuskin Canyon.

Our boys and the neighbors' played games in the old crumbling stockade on the L. C .Rice farm adjoining. There was a circular embankment enclosing the space where the sod forts were built, one for each family. The enclosure held the stock.

In 1873 a log schoolhouse was built near the creek between the Longmire and Albert Lotz farms. Logs were split for the recitation benches, the legs being wooden pegs. The furniture was manufactured in the same crude way. Among the names in the old school register may be found Hugh, Owen, and Lloyd Purdin. The schoolhouse was used for the debating society, where many very important questions were settled.

Elections were held in the schoolhouse. The most exciting, according to my recollection, was the year of the "Cross of Gold" presidential election, ushered in by torchlight parades, noisy rallies and much oratory.

I recall with amusement the Fourth of July celebrations, with their marvelous parades, the display of flags, lemonade stands, patriotic speeches, and last but not least, the "plug uglies," clowning through the streets.

Christmas was observed with religious entertainments in the schoolhouse.

Thanksgiving was more reverenced than it is today

All the lumber used in the State Fair buildings was sawed from logs brought down to John Cleman's mill. Lloyd Purdin hauled all the lumber. The road taken by the early Wenas settlers crossed the ridge to Lower Naches, down past the old Nelson place, over the Nelson bridge, from there the trail crossed the rocky land and sage brush flats now covered by the Fruitvale orchards. Traveling this road one day with my father, I remember that we went out of our way in order to see a wonderful sight. Yakima City was being moved through the sage brush from the "Old Town" to the place known as North Yakima until 1917. Business was transacted as usual while the buildings were en route; merchants sold goods over the counter, boarders ate their meals in the hotel, church services were held.

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT F. FARRAN

King County

Arriving in Seattle on April 30, 1888, from California, my first overnight stop for myself and family was the old New England hotel, at that time the best there was, landing in the midst of a mining rush to British Columbia and Alaska. We were obliged to sit in chairs in the lobby, with 25 or 30 men waiting for rooms, as the house was full,

until 10:00 o'clock, when a couple checked out and everyone rushed to the desk. The obliging clerk drew attention to myself and family, and every man of them said, "You come first," and we took the room.

The following day we saw the town, then about 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants, with the main street being Commercial, now First South, and First Avenue, mostly one or two story wooden buildings, and west of First and Commercial the buildings were all built on piling.

The next day I obtained work, for the same spirit prevailed then as it did with the early pioneers, every man ready to take what he could get to do, as long as it provided him with an honest living—what a contrast to today's ideas! The climate we admired and enjoyed. Led by the advice of my wife's aunt, who had a homestead across the Sound, I filed on one nearby, right back of the tall timber, and seven miles by road and trail to the nearest boat landing. There were bear, wildcats, coons and more than enough cougars in the timber. In the game line were deer, pheasants, grouse, quail and pigeons, so that in the matter of supplying the table, one simply needed guns and ammunition and the "know-how" to use them.

The word "bear" seemed to strike terror to the hearts of the "tenderfeet," but in fact, are the least to be feared, except as "food thieves—for if you saw one, he'd make faster time than a person in running away. Not so with the cougars, however, for if they were interrupted in preying on hogs, sheep or calves, they'd climb a tree, get out on a limb and be prepared to drop on you, which I know to have occurred three times, once when the young man was on horseback, and they claw and bite viciously. I had the satisfaction of killing three of these beasts. The last one was eyeing my wife and son, who had come to meet me on my week-end trip home, and thanks to the good old pioneer motto, "always carry your gun when on the road," I had mine along and knew how to use it. This chap was a big one, a little over 98 pounds.

It got to be part of the home life to fall trees, build houses, lay in the winter's wood, salt down deer meat and salmon and pork and to smoke it. All the women folks put up blackberries, raspberries, cranberries and huckleberries, which grew wild and in abundance. By growing our own vegetables we often celebrated Thanksgiving and Christmas with home dinners—roast pheasants and cranberry sauce, potatoes, tomatoes, peas and asparagus, homemade bread, cake and pie and fruit, sometimes venison.

The influx of settlers was surprising in 1889-90 and after running the line myself to the nearest boat landing, the neighbors all turned out and helped built the road, and my distance was reduced from seven

miles to two and three-fourths miles and others in proportion. We now had a good road, with no more packing from 65 to 90 pounds on our backs.

After proving up by commuting, we came to Seattle. The Indian influx was in the fall after hop-picking and berry-picking time, during which they made big money. They would line the sidewalks, the women displaying some of the finest needlework and beadwork, blankets and baskets one ever saw.

The town, now pretty well built after the "big fire," had many tourist visitors who bought a great many "curios," and the "Siwashes," as we called the Indians, had lots of money and were pretty independent, and I once witnessed a scene which I have not forgotten.

On the corner of First and Yesler Way was a group of "klootchmen," as the Indians called their squaws, who had made many sales such to the liking of their "braves," who stood looking on. A group of tourist came up and the ladies admired the display, and picking up article after article, priced it, laid it down and then consulted their husbands, but made no purchases. A big buck Indian let out a grunt and said, "Hyas Wa Wa; haylo chickamun," which means, heap big talk, no money."

After marketing their goods, the Indians held a "potlatch," going to some selected spot, where they prepared a great feast. This was indulged in by many tribes, having different kinds of sports and dancing and then the great canoe races—and such races having 12 to 14 men in a canoe and all paddling—a great sight.

I neglected to mention another big source of income to the Indians, and that was salmon fishing, but since the introduction of organized seining outfits with steam tugs to control salmon fishing, the Indians have long since passed their heyday, which was just before and after the big fire in 1889.

The fire started in the basement of the Holmes Furniture Company store, on the corner of First Avenue between Marion and Madison, where the federal building now stands. It was caused by a cabinet maker leaving a glue pot over an oil burner while he went to lunch and the dropping soot ignited the shavings. It swept both ways under the buildings on piling foundations and the city, then lacking fire engines and water, was doomed. But that catastrophe proved a blessing in disguise, for while goods and help were pouring in from all quarters, business men were putting up tents to do business on ground almost too hot to stand on, and right there was born

the expression "Seattle spirit" and a splendid city was started on the ashes of the destroyed.

The business houses of the city had already invaded Pike street, which was reached from "down town" on First and Second avenues by cable and horse drawn cars, Third avenue not being desirable business property, as the University of Washington was on about ten acres extending from Seneca street to Union street and from the alley east of Third avenue to Sixth avenue, the old University building being located on a high knoll in about the center of the tract, which is now the civic center, and covered by buildings of the Metropolitan Building Company, on leased ground. The old University bell was used for many purposes besides calling in the scholars. It served as as fire bell, called meetings, was the city alarm, etc., and when Washington became a state in 1889 how it did ring out the glorious news. Miles C. Moore was the last Territorial Governor.

For the benefit of those who may not know of the old landmark, there is located at Third avenue and Jefferson street, at the southwest corner of the courthouse, a large drinking fountain, with a tablet inscribed, "This marks the spot of the Battle of Seattle, fought with the Indians on January 26th, 1856," and cut into the stone are the words, "Patriotism, Reverence and Remembrance," and on top are several cannon balls, fired from the guns of the old U. S. war sloop, "Decatur," which fortunately arrived in the harbor the day before the battle, with over one hundred sailors and marines aboard and their presence served to aid the pioneers in defeating the Indians and avoiding a possible massacre, for which we all return thanks to a Divine Providence.

Many more details could have been given in this sketch, but not wishing to monopolize time and space, I will conclude by wishing progress and prosperity for our Evergreen State and its Queen City, Seattle, located amid its beautiful surroundings of inland sea, lakes and mountains, and guarded by Mt. Rainier, Sentinel of the Charmed Land.

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH KATHERINE GOODWIN

Yakima County

I was two months old when I came to this territory from the State of Missouri. We crossed the year of the cholera epidemic. One night we stopped to camp at a place where cholera had stricken a member of another emigrant train. Their leader advised our party to go on, and we did. Our train was free of the disease.

Father had two yoke of oxen, a team of mules and a span of horses (ponies) hitched to a hack. Our motive for coming here was that my parents had heard so much about the Oregon country they wanted to see it. We started with seven cows. The third day out,the cattle ran back toward home. My father captured two of them, made a yoke and bows and hitched them in front of the oxen.

My parents took up a donation claim four miles north of Vancouver, Washington. My father homesteaded in Clark County. He was an architect and builder. He built houses in Portland and Vancouver. Father Wilbur married Mr. Goodwin and I at old Fort Simcoe. I think every Indian on the reservation has a branding iron that my husband made. My husband was a blacksmith and had a shop on this ranch and one later at Union Gap or Yakima City. I belong to the Christian Church organized by Isaac Flint.

I was born January 26, 1852, in Missouri. I was two months old when my parents left my birthplace. My nationality is English-German and French. I have four children. I have never voted but I will register and vote for the Townsend plan.

When we first arrived in Washington Territory, our first house was of logs with make-shift furniture. Mother sat in our one chair while taking care of the babies. Transportation was by horseback and in wagons. I learned Chinook when I was a child. The winter of 1861-62 killed nearly all of our cattle. We had thirty-seven head left. When we first came here, there was no church, and only five families, and our only recreation was to get together at each other's homes on Sunday. I was 84 yeârs old in January.

MRS. AMANDA ERWIN

Walla Walla County

We raised the first wheat in the Prescott country. We raised wheat and stock and my husband was a stock dealer there.

Foods and Fashions

My first stove was a "step-stove." There were three pairs of lids, arranged in steps. My mother's furniture, made in Oregon, was all home-made. I still have a chair made of Oregon maple, with rawhide seat. I also have a chair made by Rev. Spaulding and the first rocking chair brought to Prescott. Joshia Osborn, millwright at the Whitman mission, who escaped with his family during the massacre, was

also a cabinet maker. He made a spinning wheel and loom for my mother. These are in the Whitman museum.

I have my mother's brass kettle they used to make apple butter in during the early days, also an immense iron kettle which my mother brought across the plains. It was used to make soap and dye and other pioneer essentials.

My husband's brother entered the country around what is now Prescott in early days. In 1860 he set out the first orchard on the Touchet. On his timber claim he grew thirty acres of timber from seed and plants, including six acres of black locust and three of soft maple. I have a meat board from the first black locust cut down. The seed came from Iowa.

I made my fruit into fruit butter, cooking it in the big brass kettle out-of-doors, sealed it in five gallon cans and packed it to the mines on mule trains.

Indian Stories

Just as we entered Indian territory and were camping, an old Indian came up to our wagon and asked for something to eat. We gave him food, he laid it carefully on the wagon tongue, then knelt and returned thanks for the favor bestowed upon him. Taking the food, he left the camp and the next time we saw him was when he suddenly appeared with the warning that Indians were planning an attack. He told us to corral every head of stock and be on guard that night. We were not molested. Several times after that, as long as we were in Indian territory, the grateful red man appeared to save our lives.

The Cayuse war and the Indian troubles following, kept the white people out of the upper country for a number of years. The McCaws settled on the Calapooia River and went through Indian troubles and it was their daughters and their families who have had an important part in the shaping of the destiny of what is now Walla Walla County.

JOHN HARDER

Franklin County

My father came from Germany in 1883. He was then a young man and was looking for opportunity in a new country. He wanted to have a stock farm, so he went "out west." He located first on the Snake river and raised horses, later moving and buying railroad land.

The little town which he founded was called Hardersburg, and later was changed to Kahlotus. He bought 15 sections of railroad land. We always raised stock and farmed. My father introduced irrigation into Franklin County, and raised the first alfalfa. We belong to the Lutheran church. In the early times we had no churches. We even conducted funerals without a preacher.

I was born February 3, 1894, in Franklin County, Washington. I was married October 15, 1917. We had a house of rough lumber and our furniture was home-made, when I was a child. The railroad had reached the Snake river at the time my father arrived, and by the time I was born people enjoyed about everything we have now, excepting airplanes and automobiles. We rode horseback, as a rule, and traveled miles for our mail. For a long time my people used cattle chips for fuel. We had plain clothing, and raised our own food. Father helped build the first school here. We played one old cat, ante over and drop the handkerchief, etc. In 1905 there was a cloudburst and Lake Kahlotus raised ten feet. We fished in both the Palouse and Snake rivers. I recall some queer old characters. One man hung his hardware on the kitchen wall. We had little recreation, and our schooling was limited. I quit school at the age of fourteen years and began farming. Our Fourth of July celebrations were usually spent at Washtucna, where the principal sport was horse racing.

I served as county commissioner of Franklin County. I live on the ranch that my two brothers, sister and I inherited from the man who looked ahead, and bought when land was cheap. In "Hoosier Schoolmaster," we find a pioneer woman advising her husband to "git a plenty while you're gittin' "—and that's what my father, Hans Harder, did.

It was 72 miles to the postoffice and 60 miles to the nearest doctor, when my father came from Schleswig-Holstein and settled near to what is now Kahlotus. Often he and his brother saw no other white man for six months at a time.

When father sold his horses at $2.50 a head, he bought railroad land at 10 cents per acre, the railroads being anxious to encourage settlers. He bought 50 sections and started raising cattle and sheep. He was one of the first settlers in this vicinity and his choice included a fine spring, enabling him to practice irrigation and alfalfa growing.

Some of the less fortunate settlers in the county hauled water 20 miles as there were no wells at first.

There was very little money in those days, and we used to trade wheat for hogs, living mostly on wheat and roasting barley for coffee.

Funeral services were conducted by the women, who sang and read the Scriptures. Burial was on the ranch, there being no cemetery. Father made the coffins of rough lumber.

Our family started plowing the land and raising big crops of hay for winter feed. The country developed, and five ministers came, to file on homesteads. They stayed one night at our ranch, and it being a dry season, that night the preachers joined in a petition for rain. Their prayers were answered in a downpour which continued eight days and ruined the hay which the Harders had cut and left drying in the fields. After that, father never kept any preachers while we were making hay.

Cattle and sheep wars were common in the early days. Sheep were killed and the camps destroyed. Near Sulphur Lake, an entire field of barley was burned and a flock of sheep literally starved. The scarcity of feed led two men to drive their sheep onto Indian land. The men were armed but it did not take long for the Indians to disarm them, as they were new to the business. The Indians then ran the several bands of sheep into a corral and asked forty sheep as payment for damages. The Frenchmen went to Walla Walla for legal advice and were told that they would have to settle with the Indians the best way they could.

Our family fared better when a thousand head of cattle were driven through our alfalfa. Neighbors helped disarm the cowboys and took possession of the cattle, keeping enough of them to pay well for the damage done.

When our family began raising wheat, they brought in wild horses from the range and broke them for plowing. When the season was over, we turned them out again.

We camped in the hills, two men in each camp, when we started our spring work. It was too far to travel back and forth from the ranch house, so we did our own cooking and went home occasionally to stock up on mother's bread and other provisions. We turned the horses out to graze at night, and in the morning we got up at about 3 o'clock. While one skinner rounded up the horses, the other got breakfast.

Compared with life today, we went through many hardships and had few of the wonderful advantages offered young people now. Yet I believe that in spite of those hardships, or maybe because of them, we were better fitted for life than young people of today, for this reason: hardships are stepping stones to people of ambition.

MRS. KATHERINE S. IDE

Stevens County

I was born in Portland, Oregon, July 25, 1858. Between the ages of 5 and 12, I went to Holy Names Academy in Portland. My father was collector of customs after 1870. His name was Jacob Stitzel. He kept a diary when he crossed the plains, at the age of 18 years. He had a wonderful mind. My grandfather died when my father was only five years old. Grandfather died a poor man. When thirteen years old, father helped support the family. He had no education but was very intelligent. He did the most ridiculous things. He brought books with him when he came west, history of England, etc. He wrote this in his diary. He was U. S. Commissioner of Eastern Washington, and engaged in the real estate and brokerage business in Colville until his death in 1911. I used to read by candle light. I just loved to read, but now we have the radio, so don't read as much. I received many books as gifts. I read an unexpurgated copy of "Arabian Nights," in Portland, and read magazines at Fort Colville, also the New York Herald and New York World. We used to exchange books at the fort. I liked poetry (Goethe).

The bread we had in early days was made from Camas roots. Our wheat was boiled, and oatmeal manufactured by hand mill. It had a smoky taste and was cooked all day. We learned to like it very much while at the fort. We had all kinds of game .

We got some of our clothes from Portland, Oregon, some from the Hudson's Bay Company. There was quite a duty on clothes from the Hudson's Bay Company. For summer we wore prints. In the winter we wore woolens. We had to pay 7 cents a pound freight from Walla Walla up here.

I like football very well. Listen to every imporant game over the radio. Why shouldn't I, when I have great-grandchildren going to the University of California. In 1876 I married Lieutenant George Backus, First U. S. Cavalry. We lived at Fort Colville until 1878. In 1889 I returned to Colville, after having lost my husband, and one year later I married Mr. Ide. I have seven children (two girls and one boy from my first marriage and three girls and one boy from my second marriage.)

My husband cut the children's hair a 'Dutch bob'. Everyone thought us crazy. Then I decided to have the little girls' bloomers match their dresses so proceeded to do so, then everyone was sure we were crazy. The Dutch bob was like the Japanese or Indians of thirty-six years ago.

My father never asked favors of me but one day father asked if I would take his job as Land Commissioner. I didn't want to, as I had never had any education along that line but thought I would talk it over with my husband. He said, "Your father has never asked a favor of you before, and I think you should consider it seriously. My youngest child was 10 years old, and I thought my place was in the home. Thinking it over, realizing what my husband said was true, I accepted the position of United States Commissioner. I acted as Land Commissioner for fifteen years. I wanted to resign from my position after a short time, but they begged me to stay. Of course, I had pride enough in my work not to make mistakes. I didn't have any regular salary, just a fee, depending upon the work that came in. Part of my work was holding court. I presided in all Federal cases and sometimes with a jury. At the age of 65 years, I resigned because there were many bootlegging cases and I didn't like them. Too close to the Canadian border and was very disagreeable. I did lots of espionage work and it was very dangerous. For this work I received my diploma. My father was working in his real estate office when I first took his place as land commissioner. One year he had charge of the Hotel Colville.

At Fort Colville, I had an Indian woman working for me, granddaughter of Petil. She bathed every morning in the lake. She was a very clean Indian woman. I tried to get her to bathe in the bath tub, but she just wouldn't because she was afraid of the hot water.

I had an Indian nurse for my first baby. She was one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. Very beautiful. She wore a size two in shoes and size five in gloves. She was one who could tell a lot of Indian legends. She married Moses. They had a son, Abraham, and a daughter, Isabell.

The soldiers did the gardening at the fort. I had to learn army regulations. I didn't approve of them, but learned by hard lessons. One day while traveling from the fort, they put me and my child in an ambulance for transportation. There was lots of room and I wanted my laundress to ride with me as she had some children, but they wouldn't let her. The railroad was finished in 1889. The only road we had to get into the valley before that was the Mullen trail.

One of the Indian uprisings was the Custer massacre. Dr. Williams, army surgeon, went in with General Terry after Custer's massacre. There were 700 dead bodies on the field. The bodies were all mutilated so badly that no one could tell one man from another, excepting Lieutenant Pitcher, and he was recognized by his dental work. The widows all tried to have their husbands' bodies found, but it was im-

possible. General Custer, of course, was not mutilated, because the Indians thought him charmed and never touched him. It is said that no one would shoot at him but they thought a stray bullet killed him. This massacre was in 1878.

My home is still standing down at Walla Walla where my son was born. I have a pen and ink sketch of Fort Colville. Clerk made the original sketch. General Miles was commander of the 21st infantry. He married my sister.

Another of the Indian uprisings was the Modoc Massacre. This was near Fort Klamath, Oregon. There was quite a war and then Captain Jack (Indian) called General Canby to smoke the peace pipe. When they came near, other Indians jumped out of the bushes and grabbed them, killing them. Mr. Dyer was the only man to escape. He was 6'-2'' and ran so fast he escaped. I have a picture of the scaffold and on it you can see the hanging of Capt. Jack. He was the ring leader of the Modoc massacre.

General Goethal was a very good friend of mine. He was very bashful. He is the man who built the dam at the Panama Canal. I knew him at Fort Vancouver, in '79 or '80. He got married ,and seeing that he was so bashful, I always said his "wife led him to the altar."

I had an Indian collection and one day Mr. Sternberg saw it and was interested, and as I had a coat of Chief Joseph's (famous rebel Nez Perce) I gave it to him. He later was Sergeant General of the army.

The Oppenheimer brothers had a mill at Colville. They had high class dried fruits. Even better than now. Lots of things were imported from England and Spain.

I never had any discomforts in my life. Everything was always taken care of. I have a daughter in Hong Kong, China, who visits me and brings me lovely things from there, a beautiful cedar chest, etc. I have a daughter in Everett, Washington, whom I visit often. I like Seattle very much. Fred, my youngest son, is home with me some of the time. I keep a diary and when people come in from other towns I have them put their names, adresses, etc., in it. Coming out here to Fort Colville by way of the Mullan trail, it was all new to me and I was very much thrilled over the scenery. I never had any trouble with the Indians.

My eldest son is a graduate of the University of California (George Stitzel Backus.)

LOUIS F. IMAN

Skamania County

Father came here in 1852 by ox team. There were 37 wagons in their train. They had to get together because they were afraid of the Indians. Mother came West that same year, from De Kalb County, Missouri, but she did not meet father until after they both came to live in the Cascades. Mother was born in Tippicanoe County, Indiana. Her maiden name was Windsor.

When father's wagon train reached the Snake river, they dumped out a lot of their supplies and furnishings and used the wagon boxes for boats to float down the river. But you can't navigate a stream like that in wagon boxes and this they found out.

Father came to this country because there was more opportunity here for work and better pay. Back in Illinois he got paid $8.00 a month and he was a good carpenter and a mechanic, too. Here at the Cascades he could make that much in one day building boats and boat-houses.

I remember a few log houses here as a boy, but most of them were box houses of lumber, upright, with battens over the cracks, and were 16 x 24 feet in size.

We got around in boats. All boys had to learn to row: Many a time I've rowed a boat across the river here for medical aid. My oldest sister was the first white woman born in Skamania County. Her name is Flora Addia (Iman) Nix. She was 80 years old on the 24th day of March, so she was born here in 1856.

Also, my brother was the first white boy born in Wasco County, Oregon. For food we had salmon, spuds and plenty of wild game.

Indian Stories

When my father came here, there were fifty Indians to one white man. On March 26, 1856, was an Indian massacre. I guess the fight was really between two chiefs, Chief Chinault and Chief Banahah. Each wanted to be supreme here and control the white man. A half breed, a Kanaka Tetoh, son of the old chief Tetoh, married the chief's daughter after Banahah's death. A man named Jones told me this. Tetoh came to town to get a coffin for his father, the chief, who had died. He said he'd take two coffins. Jones said, "Why, is the old woman dead, too?" "No," replied Tetoh, "but she will be!" And sure enough, she did die.

Sure, I can talk Chinook, but I have to have an Indian tell me what

I'm saying. An Indian can talk English if you have something he wants and won't give it to him, but if you want something from him, you have to talk Chinook.

My father owned a little water-power mill. He and Mr. Sheppardson built the first school house here, on the Sheppardson donation claim with lumber from this mill, the building being 16 x 24 feet. It had different sizes of desks in it. My first teacher was Blake. He was a terrible man. Other teachers I had, were Coffee, Denver, Clark and Bull. In 1880 I was too big to go to school, so I quit. My teacher that year was Isabelle Cleary from Vancouver. She gave me a certificate of excellence for that year. I have it yet.

A lot of people here made their living by chopping wood for fuel for the steamboats. You'd see the banks all lined with piles of cordwood. Horseshoe was a popular game in our school days and still is, for that matter.

The early Indians had bark houses and dug-out canoes. In 1886, I saw an Indian making a canoe. He was chiseling it and burning it out. The chips he made with the chisel he used for the fire. It must have taken him months to hollow it out.

In 1867 we all stayed in the block house for a couple of weeks because of Indian trouble.

In 1884 we had a terrible lot of snow. After one storm, six trains were blocked out of here. The snow was over the tops of the rail fences. That's the only kind of fence we had here then.

This town was laid out in 1893 on the Sheppardson donation land claim.

The high water of 1894 didn't do much damage right here, but it was clear up in all of these buildings. In 1890 the river was frozen over. No materials or provisions could come in for some time ,because the boats couldn't come up the river. I put up ice right down here that year. Three times that year the river froze up. It's dangerous when the ice breaks up. The big cakes float down and get in a jam. The river never freezes over slick like a lake. These huge cakes of ice pile up and the water around them freezes roughly.

Hail storms are common here and we have them all the year. Not very large hail stones, though.

The first Fourth of July celebration here was in 1894. We had a big picnic. About 15 or 20 people lived here then.

In 1902 we had a terrible forest fire along here, but right in Steven-

son we were lucky. It made a sort of half circle around the town, but the smoke was terrible.

We were married here in Stevenson in 1889. After the wedding dance we took to the trail, and walked over to a 'black and tan' dance. I call it that because there were so many Indians and half breeds there. I used to play the fiddle for dances.

ELIZABETH LOTZ TREAT LONGMIRE

Yakima County

I was born on Bush Prairie, May 17, 1860. My father, George Lotz, came to Washington from Iowa in 1851, intending to come West with his sister, Mrs. Sneider, and Conrad Sneider, brother-in-law of his sister. His sister decided to remain in Iowa. In the back of their wagon they packed a box of meat. Sneider attempted to remove the dog from the wagon and the dog bit his finger. In two or three days it was badly infected. They dressed it with buttermilk. The finger became swollen, and he begged someone to cut it off. Father said, "If it has to be done, and there is no one else to do it, I can." He had Sneider lay his finger on a block of wood, took a chisel, struck it a quick blow with the hammer and the injured finger flew. It healed immediately and gave him no more trouble. They saw no Indians, had no particular experiences, and landed in Salem in the fall. In the spring he "footed it" to Olympia, where he worked at his trade as a cabinet maker. He also built houses and did other carpenter work.

In Germany he had married Katherine Estreich. He wrote to her often and had been saving money all the time to send to her, but there was not much money. In 1855 he did send for her, and she landed in New York at her brother's. She came across the Isthmus, then on the boat to San Francisco, being four weeks on the way, and came to Olympia on a lumber vessel, another four weeks. One child died on the way and was buried at sea. This was George, born after his father left Germany. With John, age 10, and William, age 6, she landed in Olympia during the Indian war. That winter, father often stood guard. After the war, they moved to Bush Prairie (South Union). Albert was born in Olympia and I was born on the ranch. Father acted as the doctor and nurse. Before I arrived, a baby was born to my brother's family on the plains and no doctor near. Mr. Sneider ran to father to see what to do. Father said, "cut the cord

near the body." The baby did not bleed alarmingly and lived to be strong, healthy and old.

When I was one year old (1861) our family moved to Yelm. That was the hardest winter this country has ever known. The snow was so deep and heavy that it broke the roofs. As we had insufficient feed, we turned the cattle out to shift for themselves and half of them starved.

I started to school in a log school house on what is now known as the McKenna road. My first teacher was George Gallagher. Later we moved back to Olympia and I finished my schooling, having as my teachers, Miss Ford, who later married Mark Reed's father, of Shelton, and Mary O'Neil.

I was married to Henry C. Treat, when I was 15 years and six months old. We lived in Kalama, Portland, and Oakland, California. We moved around considerably, as my husband worked in the railroad shops. We were living in Old Town, Tacoma, on August 25, 1876, when our first son, Edward Treat, was born. My husband then went to Seattle and when I went to join him there, the snow was six inches deep. As it melted, it made mud knee deep. When I went to Seattle I had two children. I took our luggage in a big suit case and since it and the children were more than I could handle, men helped me at the hotels. I divorced my husband in 1888 and then went to Yakima for my health. I had always known David Longmire, so I married him in 1890 and my son, V. Longmire, was born in 1896.

When I was a girl, father made all of our shoes. John Lotz made himself a pair of heavy boots when he was 18 or 20, made my mother's slippers, using an awl and wooden pegs. Some of the men made their own pegs out of maple wood. Mr. Longmire did. He kept his shoemaker's box, pegs, wax, thread, awl, etc., near the stove. He would take several lengths of thread, roll on his knee, and wax it carefully to make it stiff and strong. For a needle he used hog bristles from the back of the neck of the hog, carefully waxed and rolled to a point. He would put this through the awl hole. Later blunt needles were used.

Spinning Yarn

Wool was carefully washed and dried before the fireplace. We put lard in a saucer, warm, and would rub with a little lard, pull apart to make it fluffy, then card it and make it into rolls. It would spin into very, very fine yarn. I would double the yarn, using two balls and spin on the spindle, making an extra good braid of yarn. We used this for knitting socks and mittens. The wool was carded into flat pieces for filling the comforters. Nothing but wool quilts were made

and they were all quilted by hand, fan shaped. I never wove any cloth. In Germany men did the weaving and sewing. Some of the neighbors did weaving, cloth called woolsey (linsey woolsey) woven into checks, red and grey or green grey and white with colors. We dyed our own yarn. Wool from some sheep seemed better than from others. We bought calico prints and wool alpaca. Mother always said, "Every woman should have a black silk dress and every man a high silk hat." Our fireplace was part logs, the kitchen being of lumber. The rest of the house was of logs. A long bar ran the length of the fireplace, on which we hung kettles over the fire. It was arranged so the kettles could be slid along to obtain the desired temperature. For light, we used fish oil lamps, candle wicking in the tubes, with a slot in the side to push the wick up as it burned down. It would hold about one-half cup of oil. We filled the candle moulds with melted tallow, filled all moulds to the top, and hung them away to cool until needed.

JAMES G. HARRIS

Skamania County

I left England in 1883. There I was able to earn but 10 pounds, about $50.00 in American money, per year. I recall that I set sail on the Queen's birthday (Victoria), for the cannon were booming at Liverpool.

I took out my first naturalization papers in Vancouver after I came to Washington. I could have received my papers in but two years, but instead I took the usual five.

The court house used to be at the Lower Cascades (now Bonneville). There was a nice little building, just a small plain building, but good for that day, where they kept the books. Someone stole the books one night and fetched them to Stevenson and ever since then Stevenson has been the county seat. Those first books are now lost, either burned or stolen. I believe that old court house is still standing at the Lower Cascades.

Most of the early houses were of logs. Boxes and benches were used for early furniture.

Transportation was by steamboat—plenty of them, for the railroad didn't come through on this side until 1905 when the Spokane, Portland & Seattle put through a line. At first the boats came in once a

week, then twice a week and then once a day, and diminished in trips the same way after the railroad was built.

The men wore blue denim overalls, and women wore gingham. For food the standbys were beans, potatoes, bacon, salmon and flour. I had one exciting experience with an Indian, but I didn't know just how exciting it was until later. One day I was walking down the bottom of the canyon trail when I met an Indian on a pony. He had a rifle slung across his knees and his face all painted up. He watched me closely and as we drew near, I thrust my hand in my hip pocket and turned sidewise to him as we passed. I pushed the side of my pocket out with my finger to make him think I had a gun there, and we slowly passed each other. He went on to Chenowah and shot a man there, for which he was hung. I went to the timber to get out some railroad ties. Coming back one evening I met an old squaw and some others and told them of meeting this painted Indian on the trail. The squaw said, "Didn't he shoot you?" I replied, "No, or I wouldn't be here." Later Greenleaf, below Bonneville, told me that the Indian had painted himself up and set out to shoot the first white man he met on the trail.

There were schools here when I came. Did you ever read "The Little Red School House on the Banks of the Columbia" by Gray? Well, that school house was located a half mile up the road from here. It was the first school house I saw in this country. A quarter breed Indian in Washougal wrote a book about this country in 1887. About this "Little Red School House." I was afterwards a clerk of that very school. Later this building was sold and made over into a house and it is still standing, although all remodeled. Lumber for the second school built here, came from the Cascade Locks.

I remember a Stevenson man, called on the petty jury during the high water of 1894, had a bad time getting to Tacoma to serve. The railroad was out, so he went to Astoria by boat and then up through the Sound. He was three days late, so the judge fined him $25.00. But the fine was afterwards remitted, when the man's friends objected.

One day I went to the Locks (all our trading was done there in the early days) with the Indian Kanche. Coming back, a 12 pound salmon leaped into our boat. This has happened to other people, so you can believe me. When the salmon are running they do not stop for obstacles. Kanche showed me how to cook it over glowing coals and covered with ashes. It was delicious. He also showed me how to bake Indian bread without pans. Make the cakes of dough pretty dry, about one-half inch thick. Put red coals in the bottom of a shallow hole and cover with more ashes, then red coals on top. Leave for

about twenty minutes, then remove the bread and blow off the ashes. The ashes will all blow off nice and clean—that is Indian bread.

In the spring of 1890, the river froze up the first of the year and stayed so until the middle of February. There were 10 to 20 feet of ice and deeper than that up toward The Dalles. It did not freeze across slick, but the huge chunks come floating down, pile up and then freeze.

In 1902, we had a terrible forest fire along here. Many people were burned to death. Many trees fell across the road and blocked the way out. We were hemmed in here and couldn't get out. We sat in our yard with our grips packed from Monday night until Saturday morning, expecting every day to be burned to death. We lay on the ground most of the time and we kept the babies there all the time, because the only air one could breathe was next the ground. The fire went in a semi-circle around this town (Stevenson) or we would all have died.

MRS. JENNIE WHITNEY

Klickitat County

I tallied lumber for Nelson Whitney when I was a young woman, before we were married. I took the money and bought a melodeon. I went to Fort Simcoe later with my father and took my melodeon along. When the Indians heard me playing, they came to the windows and doors and listened respectfully.

When I had my melodeon in the church at Goldendale, a visiting minister refused to lay his hat on it, saying he didn't believe in music in church.

I have a picture of the steamer Yakima, Captain Sampson. I brought my sewing machine from DesChutes in a sailboat. Rev. J. H. B. Royal built the first house on the present site of Goldendale, along the creek. It was a frame house and I boarded there.

My uncle, Timothy Chamberlin, who got out wood for the boats, was the man for whom Chamberlin Flats were named. When his oxen all died in 1861-62, he had to give up his wood yard. The Thomas Burgen family settled there in 1864.

MRS. VIRETTA DENNY

Reminiscences of the Widow of Charles A. Denny of the Pioneer Family Which Came to Alki in 1851

King County

My grandfather, Thomas M. Chambers, was born in Ireland. My father, Andrew Jackson Chambers, I always thought, was born at the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson, in Tennessee. Some of the family now say that he was born in Kentucky. All of my family were strong democrats until I married a Denny. Grandfather Chambers lived at the Hermitage and was employed there.

My father came to the Northwest in 1845. He was a stock raiser, and settled on the prairie instead of on the water, as the Dennys did. If he had chosen the waterfront we would have been much wealthier.

He owned three thousand acres on Chambers Prairie (named for him) and the prairie beyond. He went to California in the gold rush and later said he would have made more money if he had stayed there, but he did not like the atmosphere, particularly the social turmoil, and the criminal tendencies of some of the gold seekers.

We lived seven miles from Olympia. There were ten Chambers girls. Two of the girls died and were buried on the place at first, and were later moved to the Odd Fellows cemetery. We had a big frame house. The school, I think, was on our place. We eight girls had eight saddle horses and went around the country, horseback riding. We also had buggies and buggy horses. The mud was terrible.

It sometimes took two hours to drive to Olympia. Now we go in fifteen minutes. Members of my family still live on part of the old farm.

I met my husband, Charles Denny, through relatives who had married into the Denny family, and who, upon coming West, sought to find the Dennys. We had dancing, although my mother was a strict Presbyterian. My father, however, was not interested in religion. Visiting was the great amusement. We had huge dinner parties all the time at the ranch—twenty-five at dinner was a common occurrence. My mother felt rebellious at this custom. People were really "eaten out of house and home" by their friends and relatives.

I was married in June, and we had an altar built out of doors. There were lots of flowers and, of course, with all relatives, we had a large crowd. We took, as our wedding journey, a trip to the East, since neither Charley nor I had ever been there.

Squaws used to do the scrubbing and washing for us. I do not recall that any squaws attached themselves to our household, but there were two Indians who were steady workers for my father. It was customary, certain Indians called by their first names, John or Jim, keeping in touch with some certain family and working for that family and depending on it in case of need.

My father raised cattle and sheep. His market was Olympia ,which was always a good market. There were 700 acres left of the old place for seven of us girls when our parents died.

LOUIS N. RICE

Thurston County

I was born in Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, in 1849. My father was James Rowleth Rice and my mother's maiden name was Saunders. On April 30th, 1872, I helped drive cattle from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Denver. It was a large herd of cattle, and a bunch of us drove them through in about two months. I lived in Denver until the middle of July and helped build snow fences along the railroad. It was too cold doing that kind of work, so six of us men rented a house and I followed the trade of butchering in Denver.

On March 19th, 1873, an Englishman named Robert Pierce, and a Scotchman, Dewar, and I, decided to go to Oregon. We came West on the Central Pacific from Denver to San Francisco. We then took the steamer Ajax to Portland. I remained in Portland one night, and stayed in the Thompson House. Everybody in this country at that time knew the Tompson House because of the large sign out in front, which read, "Hyas Muck-a-Muck, and No Airs. Call in and see Old Thompson and get the Wrinkles taken out of your Belly." They served all kinds of foods—several kinds of meat, cake and other fare in large portion.

I took a steamer to Kalama, where I was able to catch the Northern Pacific train to Tenino, and then took a stage to Olympia, arriving here April 3, 1873. I had left my trunks in Portland, and during my stay here the Thompson Hotel burned, likewise my trunks. I went to Whidby Island, where I took a job logging and worked nine days at $2.00 per day and board. The mill closed down and we received only $1.00 a day pay. I stayed at the hotel Friday and Saturday waiting for the next steamer, which was due the following Wednesday, and on Monday some of us took grub and went out in the woods and

camped until the steamer arrived. We camped near a dairy. The old man who owned the dairy asked what we three men were doing, and we told him we were stranded. "Come on up and I will give you a bucket of milk," he said. "If it rains, come and sleep in the barn."

Wednesday morning we boarded the steamer and went to Port Townsend and then back to Olympia. While on the steamer we talked with an old gentleman, Mr. D. J. Chambers. He asked all about us, and we told him we were looking for a job. He said, "Get off at Olympia and come to my place," giving us directions. I worked from May 3rd until fall, for him. In the winter I herded sheep on Long Prairie and then rode up to Longmire's, at Yelm, and looked over the Yelm Prairie.

I often visited Tyrus Himes and his son George, at Olympia. Mr. Himes was a man who wrote for a newspaper, telling about the fine vegetables he raised. Henry Fouts did the writing for him, and every time Mr. Himes gave him a figure, Fouts doubled it, just for fun, so that the paper began to say that Himes was the biggest liar in the country.

I was married in 1874 to Melissa Longmire, daughter of James Longmire. She was born in the block house during the Indian war. After our marriage, we moved to Olympia, where I remained in the meat business until 1878. In the spring of 1879 I went to Yakima with James Longmire, who was a commissioner of Yakima County, and who served until 1886. Lela, my daughter, was born in 1881.

We then moved to Seattle, driving over the mountains in a large spring wagon, with two big horses. There was no real road, just a trail. We camped four or five days on this trip. I went into partnership with J. D. Gardner, father of Mrs. Otto Case, in a wholesale and retail meat market. The market burned in the big fire in Seattle in 1889. The fire started in the afternoon and Lela and some of the boys well remember the fire.

My wife went to the market and urged us to bring the meat out to the house and we dumped it into the yard. The Gardner's furniture was all moved to our house, as our place was isolated from the other houses and not so likely to burn. The two women cooked meat all day long for the fire fighters and the people who had lost everything in the disaster. All of the butchers and meat cutters came there to eat. This was at Fifth and Madison, where the Seattle General hospital now stands.

I remember Reverend Damon, who was called the 'marrying parson.' His home was covered with ivy. Rev. and Mrs. Damon were a dear old couple and Lela and all my children loved to go there.

Martial law was declared after the fire. Gardner's place was surrounded by an orchard, and did not burn. Harriet, the eldest of the Gardner children, took all our children as well as the Gardner children, down to their place to keep them out of the way of the men and the soldiers. George, my oldest boy, found a dime on the stairs, but Lela had been so impressed with martial law she was afraid to let him pick it up. After that she led him around by the hand for fear he would pick up something. After the fire I took a contract with the Great Northern railway to deliver meat to their camps. We got from 6½ to 8½ cents a pound in the winter months for beef, and in summer were paid 7½ cents per pound. Not much profit and sometimes we took a loss. I lost $80 a day for one month. I went on horseback to Grand Coulee, where I bought 175 big steers at $30 a head. I delivered them on this side and they averaged $80.00 apiece dressed. The slaughter houses were at Snohomish, Sultan City, Granite Point, Foss River, and Martin Creek. We had a butcher and teamster at each place. There were two packers at Mountain Creek. They rode fifteen miles over a pack trail to get to a camp that was not more than three miles away.

We went to Portland in 1896 and then came back to Yelm, where we rented a homestead, which is now known as the Bob Smith place. My daughter Gertrude died there in 1903. We moved to the old Longmire place, which belonged to my father-in-law. When the old house burned down, we built the new house in the present location. The house stand close to the site of the old Longmire home, where James Longmire sat in the springtime and watched the snow move off the foothills. He could tell by watching the receding snow when it was time for him to make his annual trip to the mountain to open up the hotel and other resorts.

CHARLES R. EATON

Clark County

I could locate the old Hudson's Bay fort. I am sure, because I once surveyed it for the barracks. There should still be some record of it. When we surveyed we put down land posts at the corners and thus marked the stockade. During the war the army had a spruce mill on that site and destroyed the markers.

I do not believe that Grant's home while here was what is now the officer's club. Grant was only a 'shave-tail' while he was in Vancouver and he stayed in one of those houses down by the marked apple

tree where the non-com. men all stayed. I do not believe the myth about the apple tree, either. As a boy, I recall a full orchard of trees around that apple tree.

Mill Plain bears that name because the French Canadians set up a mill there in Hudson Bay times. The former mill was right on the river bank.

The state has already voted money to buy Tum Tum, for the purpose of maintaining it as a state park. It is one of the beauty spots of the Northwest and has much historic interest. On its north slope is as pretty a camp ground and fine a spring as one could ask for. The Indians used it as a look-out, since from its height one can look far up the canyon.

About the restoration of Fort Vancouver. It would be impossible to build the fort on the same site, because the old fort lay well within what is now the flying field. The old fort was not built along the water front because of high water.

In my day we traveled by wagon and water. Everybody was able to row or sail a boat. I well remember the first railroad we had in here. It was the Yacolt branch of the Northern Pacific. The first locomotive in this town was brought here on a scow in 1889, unloaded and then assembled. We had no connection with the outside world until 1905 when the railroad bridge was built. Halladay had started a railroad earlier but went broke and the Northern Pacific bought his bridge rights. The interstate bridge was built in 1917. Very early, a military road had been built between here and Kalama.

'Nigger Dick,' as I remember, was the first negro to land in Kalama. He was a slave who came in on a ship. The night the boat left, he dropped off and swam to shore. The current carried him to the mouth of the Kalama river, where there was an Indian camp. He lived with them for some time, later marrying a white woman and they had four children.

The first hogs in this country were brought from the Sandwich Islands, but they were all males and useless for breeding purposes. An order for females was then sent out.

There is an interesting story told of the barracks. At one time an enlisted man here who was department commander, post commander, officer of the day, officer of the guard, sergeant of the guard, combined. The occasion was the Fourth of July celebration in Portland, and the officers of the post all attended, leaving entire charge of the fort to this enlisted man for one day.

Interstate Bridge

The legislatures of Washington and Oregon voted money for the construction of an interstate bridge across the Columbia river. The governors of the two states were reputedly not on friendly terms, so although the Oregon governor signed the appropriation measure, the Washington governor vetoed it. The bridge was built, however, and on the day of dedication the governor of Washington came to Vancouver to visit the school for the deaf mutes, intending to continue on to Portland for the dedication ceremonies, and had arranged passage on the next to last ferry boat to make the trip. He missed the boat, as the captain 'inadvertently' pulled out half a minute ahead of time. The governor managed to catch the last ferry but, strangely, it developed engine trouble and stayed out in the stream all night. Consequently the governor was not at the dedication ceremonies. I believe that was Governor Lister.

CLARENCE J. HOUSER

Kittitas County

My parents were Pennsylvania Dutch. Father crossed the plains, but mother made the trip around Cape Horn. In 1864 they settled near Seattle, where I was born.

In 1868 my father, Tillman Houser, rode over the Snoqualmie Pass and looked on what is now Ellensburg. It looked good to him. He returned and sold his cow, got another horse and a wagon, and drove back with his family in the first wagon that ever came over the pass. He cut the way foot by foot. When he came to Lake Keechelus, he built a raft and rafted horses and wagon and family down the lake. The logs were held together with wooden pins.

Charles Splawn and family were the first ones here excepting two bachelors, "Dutch Goller and Fred Ludi. The second house father built for us had a shingle roof. I still cut the shavings to start the morning fire with the hand-made two-handled drawing knife with which father planed the shakes. The first house was built of unhewn logs, chinked with wedge-shaped bits and daubed with mud. A roof tree went through the middle of the roof. There were two other poles parallel with it and three smaller poles. This was covered with rye grass and dirt thrown over the grass. When father got a broad axe, he made a house of hewn logs. The place where he felled the trees is known as Houser's Flat.

In 1869 A. J. Splawn started a trading post, named in jest "Robber's Roost." Then John Shoudy built a store. Ellensburg was named for his wife, Ellen. Shoudy bought flour for his store from Umatilla, Oregon.

The home of the early settler was of necessity a workshop. My father bought from The Dalles, Oregon, once a year, a side of sole leather and one of upper leather. He made wooden lasts for our shoes. Pegs were made from choke cherry wood. Mother sewed the uppers and father put the shoes together. It took two days to make one pair. I can say this for the shoes, they wore.

Mother made our hats out of wheat straw. I can see her now, braiding and sewing the wheat into big wide-brimmed hats. The coffee mill was used to grind the wheat and corn when flour supplies were exhausted. It was truly whole wheat flour, for nothing could be taken out, and everything but the stalks was in the bread.

The local elections and politics held the most interest. A threatened fight between "Old Man" Robinson and Lafe Cassidy was the high light of an early election. The election day when Al Whitson broke his leg, a team ran away scattering a load of lumber, and a squaw got drunk and hollered and raised a big fuss, was a red-letter day, still remembered for its excitement.

Indians kept us pretty badly scared. In 1878 the whites were forted three times at Charles Wheeler's farm. The settlers built a stockade with portholes to shoot from. On the LaBru place the fort was of upended logs. Guards were mounted on top. Only when the guards were there were the children allowed out for a run. At night the orders were to call out, then shoot. While forted up on the Charles Schnebly place, I disobeyed the strict orders given the children and stayed outside when I was supposed to come in. I was nearly shot, and got such a talking-to I hate to think of it even yet.

When the Indian scare was over, and everybody had gone back to work; my parents were gone, my sister and brothers were in the barn. I saw Indians coming across the fields. I ran toward the house to lock the doors. As I was making a run for it, to hide in the grove, one Indian saw me and the band surrounded the grove. I knew I must come out. I tried not to be frightened. When asked in Chinook where my parents were, I said I didn't know. One brave said, in emphatic and purest English, "You lie."

If the Indians knew the men were out and only the women and children home, it was a sort of bright interlude between actual war times, to gallop their cayuses around and around the house whooping their

war cries and threats and beating on the house with sticks. When they had made sure the women were frightened beyond sensation, they would ride away.

My father was plowing behind the hill one day when he heard a band of Indians at their innocent amusement. He unharnessed a horse and started for the house. The Indians ran and father could not catch up with them.

I will say this for the red man: once he accepted your trust, he would always keep it. Will Farrell ran a harness shop in Ellensburg and dealt with the Indians for years. It sometimes was a year or more before he saw them after their purchases, but they always paid. He never lost a cent through an Indian.

Through many of the pioneers' narratives there is mention of Dave Corrall, saloon man, gambler, fighter. Always his name was spoken with respect. The famous poker game in Wenatchee when Dave Corrall, Frank Reeves, and Chris Gray played for two days and nights, is a legend. Chips were $20.00 apiece. At the end of the game Dave was $20.00 winner, Chris had lost $20.00 and Frank broke even.

It was Dave who won fifteen straight games of seven-up, lost the sixteenth, then quit because the game was "too much of a see-saw."

GEORGE S. MOODY

Ferry County

When an infant, I came to Washington Territory with my parents and two brothers from Pike County, Missouri, in 1869. My father wanted to come West and take up land and be where we children could grow up with the country.

We came by train to Kelton, Utah, which was the western terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad at that time. Father bought a team and wagon and came overland to Walla Walla, Washington, and then drove to a place 18 miles farther on and located a homestead near the Touchet River. After living on the homestead for about eight years, father died. Shortly afterward, my mother again married and the family moved to Portland, Oregon.

When old enough, I struck out for myself, working mostly as a stock hand with live stock raisers through southeastern Washington and Nevada. In 1896 I came to that part of Stevens County in the San Poil Valley which later became Ferry County. This part of the county

was on the Colville Indian reservation and was closed to white settlers, but I became quite well acquainted with the Indians and I went about my business of prospecting for gold unmolested. I was called a "sooner" which was a name given prospectors who came before the reservation was thrown open for mineral locations by the government. I am one of the five men who are living of those who came to this county in 1896 or before.

I am a member of the Masonic lodge in Republic. I was born on March 5, 1868, in Pike County, Missouri, of Welch parentage. I am a widower, married October 15, 1897. I have two children and ten grandchildren. My daughters are Mrs. Helen Walters of Republic, and Mrs. George Payne of Chelan.

I have voted in Washington for forty-four years.

When the prospectors arrived after the reservation was opened for mining, the people, mostly men, lived in tents until they took to the hills to locate mining claims.

The first school in the present town of Republic was organized in "Old Town" called Eureka, which was located partly on the Republic townsite. This school was held in a tent.

The first frame building in Republic was built by John Stack, who conducted a general store in the building. Mr. M. H. Shinn was the first postmaster in Republic, and the postoffice was located in a store in "Old Town." There were a number of dances held at the boarding house of Patsy Clark, which was the only building in the community suitable for dancing. The Miners' Union sponsored most of these dances.

CLASSIFIED MATERIALS

The following pages are classified to give students an opportunity to read interesting excerpts on some of the subjects that were vitally important in the development of our state. The complete interviews are on file at the Washington State Library, Olympia.

MINING

EFFECTS OF DISCOVERY OF MINERALS UPON SETTLEMENTS

While most of the early settlers came to Washington to take up land, we find a great number attracted by the prospect of employment or riches gained by working or owning mines. Stevens, Spokane, Whatcom, Walla Walla, Chelan, Okanogan, Ferry and Pend Oreille county developments are closely tied up with mineral resources. Walla Walla received an impetus to its settlement by becoming an outfitting center to the mines in Idaho. Bellingham received its first boom with the discovery of coal in its close proximity and later, with the rush to the Frazer gold fields. Spokane Falls, later Spokane, was an outfitting center for the miners to the Pend Oreille mines. Stevens, Ferry and Pend Oreille counties, still our most important mineral district, were settled chiefly by miners, prospectors or people interested in the mineral industry. Chelan and Okanogan counties were greatly aided in their settlement by the mining activities in the 70's and 80's. The mention of Ruby, Conconully, Red Shirt or The First Thought, will bring a twinkle to the eyes of many of the pioneers. The importance of the mineral industry today is shown by the Department of Labor and Industries report for 1936, which shows more than one out of every twenty laboring men engaged in mining.

THE STORY OF JOHN M. McCARTHY

Chelan County

The Peshastin Creek is a stormy, down-hill stream that takes all obstructions in its stride, as it cuts its way through the timbered, snow patched mountains that rise upright from the canyon bed. In the surrounding hills there was gold.

Blewett had fallen from a booming, buzzing camp, shipping 10,000 gold bricks a week, to a few tumbled down log and frame buildings. The mill had given up trying to keep its toe hold on the mountain side. Undergrowth is now gradually covering the old dump and the slipping wreck. Fire has given a decent burial to many of the old saloons. An old two story hotel, with a lean-to in the rear, crouches on the gully's side, its front on the highway and its rear in the creek. The sign "Hotel" painted across the front might still mislead the traveler.

Blewett highway has been carved out and filled in along the mountain side and is now what was once the blatantly noisy village street.

John McCarthy, one of the early miners, still plies his tools, as this is written, on Blewett, where steady effort and patience learned by years of seeking minerals, show results in a forty foot tunnel blasted into the mountain side above a turbulent stream. Red hair, turning slightly gray and untrimmed, with his miner's cap perched jauntily on one side of his head and supporting his miner's lamp, John McCarthy was the typical prospector, ever seeking and always hopeful.

This pioneer was born in 1847 at Shapope, Minnesota, where he fished and swam, and later, worked between seasons until 1870, when he struck out for the West. He rode on the first engine to run into the Red River, Dakota, district. Mike Donahue was the engineer. John was taken ill with typhoid fever, and says he cured himself with "medicine out of a bottle." He recovered, and hopped a ride on a raft which landed him at Fort Gary, Canada. After a year there, he returned on one of the three new boats then navigating the Red River and went to the Black Hills.

Going down the Little Big Horn river in Montana in 1879, with three pals, he saw the Custer battlefield where General Custer and his gallant band had been massacred the year previous. Reaching the Black Hills, McCarthy contracted to build what he believes to have been the first stamp mill in the that region. He obtained a mining claim, and later sold it for $19,000. From here he went to Fort Keogh, now Miles City (named for General Nelson A. Miles), and for a time drove stage between this point and Bozeman. Weary of his occupation, he quit and spent three years hunting buffalo. He relates that as many as two thousand buffalo hides would be stacked on the river banks waiting for transportation.

When the railroad reached Missoula, John decided it was time to move on, and joined a party bound for Seattle, but he stopped off in Ellensburg. He relates that he built the first round house and other Northern Pacific buildings, then bought and built houses, offices and a planing mill. The town burned on July 4, 1889, and his partially completed buildings were destroyed.

He courted, won and lost his wife, and reconstructed the railroad buildings, and in 1890 he joined the first gold rush to Blewett Pass.

Today he says he is still a victim of the gold fever. He helped build the Tom Johnson stamp mill, which, with saloons and seven cabins, line one side of the road. The hotel, more saloons and six cabins on the opposite side of the road, comprise the town, and in this ghostly old boom town of forty-odd years ago live John McCarthy and his second wife, still hopeful they will find a mother lode, or at least, a stray pocket of gold sufficient to a competence in their remaining years.

E. J. DORIAN

Okanogan County

In 1886 there was no deputy sheriff in Stevens county, which then embraced an area much greater than at the present time. Reports reached the office of Sheriff G. B. Ide of a cross trail which was being used for smuggling from British Columbia to the coast, through what is now Okanogan county. I was appointed deputy sheriff and worked occasionally with the county commissioners. At one time, acting on a tip that a smuggler had been seen, we climbed Ruby Mountain (seen from my dining room window) and captured him.

While deputy sheriff I located on a claim next to a county commissioner . The reservation had not yet opened for settlement, so claims could not then be filed, so we merely "squatted." We marked our boundaries, and hoped no one would jump them. The day the reservation opened for entry, both the county commissioner and I were in Colville on county business. We rode night and day to get back to our places in time to protect them, and even changed horses, but the trip lasted four days and on our arrival we found others had gotten there first. These claims turned out to be the Ruby, Fourth of July, The First Thought and The Arlington. It was a dandy camp the early miners established. Five hundred people were working and a million was spent on the development.

The mining boom was now on. What I realized from the sale of my horses and cattle I put into mining properties. I was about to trade my interest in seven mining claims for land in Okanogan valued at $72,000 when silver was demonetized. The deal was off, the mines having closed over night, and silver was dead. All we prospective millionaires became paupers at once. I had expected to eat Christmas dinner with my mother on Prince Edward's Island, but could not afford to make the trip. I greatly regret this, as I have not seen her since I was twenty-one years old.

I started working in the mines and became boss timber worker, underground. I led in a crew to cover or "blind" a silver ledge, and after spotting the stulls as they were unloaded from the dump car, we started to work, in the faint illumination of our miners' lights. There always seems to be a fool in every gang, and ours was no exception. A big, awkward Swede had brought along a double bitted 4 pound axe instead of the double jack hammer, and in striking at the stull, missed it with the axe, just missed his own head, and lost the axe,

which ripped my arm from shoulder to elbow. I was taken to Yakima to a doctor, leaving my mining interests in charge of my partner.

The demonetization of silver occurred while I was convalescing in Yakima, and the mines were closed, thus ending the Okanogan deal, and my horses were worthless. I staked those in need with free horses and sold my cattle to the butcher. Ruby mine owed my $800 which I never collected. I was fortunate, however, in having found the girl who later became my wife, while convalescing at Yakima .

JOHN C. CODY

Ferry County

In 1897 my father followed the gold rush to Ferry county, which was opened to mineral location by the government during the following year. The family moved to Republic in 1899, living there for about six months, then moved to Keller, and built a log cabin and established their home. Father located the Cody Camp mining claims five miles east of Republic, which claims they worked until father died in 1919.

When our family first moved to Ferry county, the towns of Republic and Keller were wide-open mining camps. A few board shacks and log cabins were being built, but most of the stampeders were living in tents or camping in the open. The first stores in both towns were started by J. C. Keller in tents. All of his supplies were brought in on pack horses over Indian trails. Trips were almost impossible during wet weather.

There are still several of the original cabins built in "Old Town" in Republic that still stand and are in use. Dancing parties were the principal amusement, most of which were held in Patsy Clark's boarding house for miners, this being the only building large enough to accommodate the crowds.

CHARLES McKAY

By His Daughter, Sarah Churchill

San Juan County

Father went north from San Francisco to Amador county, California, where he mined until 1858. Hearing news of the new Eldorado up north, he joined the stampede of gold seekers into the Puget Sound country. After spending some time on the Fraser river, British Columbia, and its tributaries, seeking gold, (mainly in the vicinity of Fort Hope), father turned to the Sound country again. He made the

trip in a small boat up the Strait of Georgia after leaving Fraser river. At the present site of New Westminster he met D. W. Oakes, in whose boat the trip was made to Victoria, then the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Northwest.

EVA TREPP WEST

Chelan County

The Peshastin mines were opening up and the Trepps, my parents, laid in provisions sufficient to last them a year and went there. My mother was the only woman in the camp. For nine months she did not see another member of her own sex. For me, a four-year-old, it was a lonely time. My memory is a bit hazy, but I plainly recall my mother cleaning the "wraster," (arrastre.) It was a sort of circular vessel with ridges in it. Gold dust and often nuggets stuck in its corrugations. This was a placer mine.

MRS. MARTHA SEWARD (HENSEN)

Yakima County

When the gold rush started in the Wenatchee district, the Hensens, my parents, led a pack train into that region with miners' supplies. They remained a year. Mother and her six daughters were undoubtedly the first white women in the valley.

When they reached the camp, the whole river was running through sluices. There were about two hundred and fifty men working the gravel. Father opened a store but mining was abandoned after a short time. We returned to the Klickitat, then located near the Thorp ranch in the Moxee. We children went to school with the Thorp children in the Thorp log house.

MRS. FRANK REEVES

Chelan County

I was born in Quincy, Ohio, and moved with my parents to Kansas, where I was married to Frank Reeves, who brought me to Spokane in 1888. Those were boom times in the Coeur d'Alene mining district. We crossed the Pend Oreille lake in a steamer . The Big Chief mine was our destination. The Big Chief swallowed all our savings. To get money enough to go on with, both Mr. Reeves and I taught school.

VAN DeVORE

Chelan County

In 1886 my wife died in childbirth. I had been married three years, having wed when 36 years old. I was unhappy and unsettled, so I went from Ohio to Iowa, then to Colorado, where I worked in the silver mines and prospected on my own.

In 1886 I came to Ellensburg, still drifting. I had never heard of Chelan until a stranger told me of the Ruby-Conconully mines. As ever, the lure of mining intrigued me and I came to Chelan. Two or three settlers at Lakeside comprised the community. I liked the mountains, the lake and the climate and never left. I built myself a log cabin at the head of the lake and ran a pack train, carrying provisions to the miners.

I was never lucky enough to find gold but always had hopes of finding something ahead. I saw a claim at Stehegan sell for $30,000, and the Holden claim on Railroad Creek brought $50,000, but nothing I owned proved of any value.

I took up guiding. My most illustrious guest was Mary Roberts Rhinehart, when she made the trip about which she wrote "Tenting Tonight." It was understood the Great Northern Railroad paid for the trip as an advertisement for that region. The railroad ran their trains through the wonders of that part of the country at night.

I had a chef and three helpers with the horses. Mrs. Rhinehart and the boys fished and hunted and the famous author tramped about and wrote.

She was easy to please and adored everything done for her. I have an autographed copy of Tenting Tonight. Mrs. Rhinehart writes to me every year.

C. V. LOCHRIDGE

King County

I came to Seattle when a young man. I had grown tired of teaching school in the middle west and wanted to change my occupation. So I came to Washington Territory in 1884. I went to work in the Carbonado coal mine, that is, I was working in the mine office. The cable had broken a day or two before and the third day I was sent down

into the mine, a mile below the surface, to look up some matters about these deaths and when I saw these men, the cable, and the basket we went down in, I left the job forthwith and went back to Tacoma and drew my pay for the three days I had worked.

JOHN RITTER

Ferry County

The town of Republic was originally called Eureka, or "Old Town", the name being changed to Republic at the request of Patsy Clark, who operated the Republic mining properties. It was a typical mining camp and a tent town where the prospectors and miners came from all parts of the country.

I recall some of the antics which my watch-eyed saddle cayuse played going through town. I would ride this cayuse, carrying supplies, between Mr. Keller's two stores, one of which was located in "Old Town and the other in Keller. When making this trip after dark we crossed rays of light cast across the road from the two saloons. The horse would stop at these light rays and try to jump over them.

MRS. PERSIS ULRICH

Snohomish County

When I came here with my parents and two sisters in 1889, we were compelled to travel by boat from Tacoma to Snohomish, and from there by smaller boats to Wallace (now Startup) and by pack train to the present site of Index, where my father had purchased a squatter's claim, upon which he also filed a placer claim, to make sure that it would not be taken away from him. There was a small cabin on the claim but father soon built a larger place, to be operated as a hotel for the accommodation of prospectors headed for the diggings at Silverton, Galena and Monte Cristo, and the surveyors who were at that time blazing the trail of the railroad over Stevens Pass to the Sound.

By 1891, reported rich strikes of ore back in the mountains and the nearer approach of the railroad brought so many persons to Index, as my father had named the community, that he built a much larger hotel —quite a pretentious one for the time and place—and this became a very busy place.

I was then only 11 years old, but a very busy small girl. Few people today realize the amount of work that had to be done in an hotel in those days. There was, of course, no running water, and each room upstairs had its wash bowl and pitcher, to be cleaned and refilled every morning. And the kerosene lamps needed to be cleaned and filled, besides the making of beds and changing of linen. Every day was wash day—sheets, pillow cases, towels, table linen, etc.—and no washing machine either, just the good old wash board—rub-a-dub-dub. I helped, too, in the dining room at meal time. There was little time for play.

During the boom, with homes and business houses going up as rapidly as boards could be sawed and hammered into place by scores of carpenters, ours was an exciting town to live in. It was far from beautiful, however; for the streets were piled with lumber and the din of hammer and saw continued from early morning until late in the evening.

By 1893 the population had grown to 500 people, with from 800 to 1,000 prospectors and railroad men constantly coming and going. A tent hospital had been established and in that year my sister, Lena Gunn taught the first school in a room of a private home. A small school house was built the next year.

As seemed inevitable in all pioneer towns, Index was visited in the summer of 1893 by a fire which destroyed virtually the entire town. The fire was started by a boy who, reading in bed, upset a candle. No lives were lost, but two little girls were badly burned. My father immediately rebuilt the store and hotel, and others also replaced the burned buildings.

But by now the railroad had been built and the workmen had departed, and the mining excitement died down.

About 1897-98, mining excitement again grew and the discovery and development of the Sunset copper mine brought renewed life to Index. Two new hotels, a drug store, and other mercantile establishments were built. A newspaper was established, giving us our first opportunity to read of local happenings in our own town. Many were the stories run in this little paper about the vast interests about to invest in mining—great concentrators and stamp mills to be built. railroads to carry the ore, etc.—but most of these rumors never materialized. Such ore as was removed was brought down from Galena and other mines in bags and from here transported to the smelter in Everett.

CATASTROPHIES

A territory with a history of any length must have in its records events that try the spirit of its citizens. Washington, divided as it is by the great Cascade range, has two sections differing widely in climate, products and industries. The catastrophies that have stricken our territory are thus more or less limited in their area by the mountains.

Disastrous Winter

The first severe stroke of ill luck was the hard winter of 1861-62. This winter was particularly hard on the east side and did its greatest damage to the cattle ranges. Snow so deep and cold so severe that range men lost practically all the stock in the territory. Settlements, as such, were so new that little or no preparation had been made to provide the stock with winter feed. Experiences of former winters had shown that outside range was available through the entire winter season.

Second Hard Winter

The bitter experiences of 1861-62 were soon forgotten by the early settlers and the new settlers, seeing their stock forage winter after winter, thought it would not happen again. Almost two decades did pass before the second hard winter came. In 1879-80 snow began to fall on Friday night in early January and by Tuesday morning it measured from four to eight feet in depth all over the state. Olympia, Seattle, Bellingham and Vancouver on the west side, reported over four feet. Towards the mountain ranges in eastern Lewis, Snohomish and Skagit counties, depths of eight feet were reported. Mild weather came for a few days, softening the snow, then followed weeks of freezing weather, forming a crust the livestock were unable to break through. Again heavy losses in livestock were taken.

On the east side the snow fall was not so heavy but the cold was more intense and damage to livestock was heavier because of the greater number of people depending upon that kind of farming for a livelihood. This heavy loss to the range men, coupled with the opening of the central part of the state to homesteads, saw the last of the great herds of cattle and bands of horses.

Ten years later, almost to the day, occurred the third storm with similar results.

ELMA REES TURNER

Walla Walla County

My grandfather, Michael Ward, came up here from Oregon, seeking a dry climate to relieve his throat trouble. He drove three hundred head of cattle up from the Willamette, arriving here in time to lose all but forty head during the severe winter of '61 and '62. He sold thirteen of these and a calf for $1,000.

MELVIN FRAMPTON HAWK

Pierce County

I was at The Dalles the winter of 1861-62, and remember that the snow was deep and then it would rain and then freeze a glare of ice on top of the snow. Then more snow and more ice. It was so cold and the ice was so hard that I skated on top of the snow with my ice skates. In 1879 and '80 the only trouble I had was getting food for my family. I had put up hay for my stock and had plenty of feed for them. We had taken our wheat to Steilacoom to have it ground. In grinding the feed, the mills first made flour, then middlings, then shorts and then bran. We had brought all of these products home and when the winter started in, we first used our flour, then made bread of the middlings, then came the shorts and we expected to have to use the bran for bread when the weather changed. We ran completely out of wood for fuel and the timber was about a mile away. I took an old mare and rode her back and forth from our place to the timber, breaking a trail over which I could drag home a tree the next day. On the last trip, in breaking the trail just as I got to the timber, I raised my face and felt a warm Chinook wind starting. I said to myself, "Now we won't have to worry." Sure enough, by the next morning, there wasn't enough snow left to make a snow ball, but there was water everywhere. We could have taken a flat boat and rowed from our place clear to Steilacoom.

RONALD MARCUS CRAWFORD

King County

A very deep snow fell in the winter of 1861-62 . It began in November and lasted until March. All our cattle were killed. The next summer father put in a big crop of grain but the grasshoppers ate it all. So we went back to Oregon.

EMMA FUNK

"Grandma" Salings' Story

Walla Walla County

The second year, we built a hewed log house, and it was barely finished when the terrible winter of 1861-62 came upon us shortly after the birth of my third child.

Snow began falling on Christmas day, then, after it had snowed until we could no longer see the fence tops, it rained and froze a heavy coat of ice over the snow. It was agonizing to the cattle, for their legs and bodies were cut and bleeding. No food could be reached by them and they died of starvation and cold. We lost our entire herd during that winter , for the snow lay under the grip of ice until March.

Not only the animals suffered. I walked the floor with my baby held in my arms to keep her warm. My older child became seriously ill and I called the post doctor to treat her, since he had been called to see my sister-in-law who was suffering from typhoid fever less than half a mile away. We tore down our fences that we might use the posts for fuel, and even our poor home-made furniture was burned to keep us warm, since it was impossible to get to the timber to cut fuel. I shall never forget that terrible time, for it was then that my husband and I, with our small children, had to begin life anew because of the loss of our cattle, our principal means of livelihood being the sale of milk and butter.

White flour was being sold for $10 a sack at the Walla Walla post, this being the price it brought when sold to the miners in the Coeur d'Alenes. We ground our own limited supply of wheat in a coffee mill and I made mush for my children and coarse wheat bread for my husband and myself. By economizing in the use of our small store of winter vegetables, we managed to survive until spring, when we planted a garden and cut timber.

EARLY DAYS IN QUILCENE

As Told By Samuel H. Cottle

Jefferson County

In the winter of 1879-80 there was a four-foot fall of snow which came in January and hung on until late in March. When it was deepest, it took me half a day to go from my place to my uncle's, a distance

of two miles. When I arrived there I found that only one building had survived the weight of the snow, all the others having collapsed. Another time, I went to bed when there was no sign of snow. Much to my surprise, when I opened the door the next morning, I found the snow level with my door knob.

LETA DICKSON

Yakima County

The winter of 1879-80 brought privation and grief to stockmen. The first snow came early. Horses could paw it away and find the dry bunch grass, which was just like cured hay; but the cattle were more helpless. A chinook wind melted the snow a little. Then came the hard freeze. Another snow settled on this crust and thawed a little and froze another crust. After the third freeze the conditions were hopeless. Cattle broke through the crust, their legs were cut by the ice, and then froze standing. When spring came the valley was covered by carcasses. A few men had saved their herds which were near the corrals. They broke a trail for the fattest steers, and the rest of the herd followed. Many of the stockmen went out when there was a little thaw and skinned their cattle, spreading the hides on the sage. They salvaged that much, anyway, but that was the end of stockraising on a big scale. Snipes and Allen lost nearly all of their immense herds.

JOSEPH P. LEFEVRE

Spokane County

During the severe winter of 1889-90, I lost about ninety per cent of my cattle through starvation. They were grazing as far south as the Snake river. A heavy crust formed on the snow and we were unable to get them to grass. We had an abundance of feed at our ranch, but there was no way possible to get it to them. We were able to save almost all of the horses.

JULIUS C. JOHNSON

Lincoln County

At the beginning of the severe winter of 1889 and 1890, I had thirty head of horses and thirty head of cattle, but when the snow was gone I had only three or four cows and three horses left, as the others were

frozen or starved to death. When it was time for seeding, my remaining horses were in such a weakened condition that they could be worked only at short intervals, and it was necessary to do about half the seeding by hand.

DR. J. J. PRAGUE

Okanogan County

Having eight pretty fair horses, I went to Kentucky and paid $900 for Roderick, a Hambletonian stallion. I chartered a car for Tacoma, Washington, and loaded myself and Charles Hart, who had no money but wanted to go West, his household goods, an English setter, a Newfoundland of sorts, feed for men and beasts, and we were on our way. When we arrived in Tacoma, the classy Roderick and the two mares rated me as a rich Kentuckian.

In 1889 I had 150 horses besides my cattle. Then the cattle killing freeze came. I had a warm log stable and put as many cows in there as I could. Roderick and a cow and calf I put in the lean-to on my house built for a kitchen. Mrs. Prague had to walk through the lean-to to empty the dishwater and bring in the wood. The animals in the stable were fed a handful of hay each, along with the salted flesh of those that had died. As a treat, boiled potatoes sprinkled with flour was given them. In the spring there were fifty horses and ten cows left. The two Kentucky mares had died, but Roderick survived for years. I still stayed with the stock business and increased my herd until I was able to sell one hundred head to a Canadian for $5,000, a good price then and now. I had the prettiest bunch of horses I have seen before or since, all dark bays and sorrels.

MRS. HANS WILLIAM LANG

Grant County

Horses and cattle were hunted on snow shoes and driven into the coulees, as the more sheltered places. They died in the drifts, eating the tails from each other.

Mr. Lang went to town and brought back some hay on a sled. The starving creatures sniffed it and stampeded the sled. The hay was baled. The hay was tossed out, by the bale, until a large table rock was reached, and here the rest of the load was piled out of reach of the starving animals, while Mr. Lang went back for more. He saved some of his animals, but like everyone else, he suffered a severe loss.

WILLIAM J. HEATH

Spokane County

The winter of 1889-90 is a lasting memory with the settlers of the Big Bend country, especially those in the live stock business. Several heavy snow storms covered the ground to a depth of from two to three feet, and these were followed by rains and severe cold weather, causing a heavy crust of ice to form. Cattle and horses on the range died by the thousands from starvation, as it was impossible for them to break through the crust to graze . My brother and I ran out of feed but saved our horses by shoveling off patches of snow and ice down to the grass . One of my horses ate the fiber door mat. It became so serious that I told my brother if we couldn't get them to the ranch of a neighbor, Mr. Hutchinson, who had hay, I intended to feed them the straw filling from the bed ticks. The following day, by much shoveling through drifts, we were able to get them to the neighbor's.

GEORGE W. WILSON

Lincoln County

During the cold winter of 1889-90 a number of people would have frozen to death if "Wild Goose" Bill Condon had not come to the rescue by selling the settlers his rail fences at five dollars per load. In December, 1889, during the big snow storm, we were living in a cabin in Wilbur. On the morning following the heaviest snow, we found our cabin entirely covered by a snow drift. It was necessary to tunnel my way out and shovel the snow from the windows. This was a tough winter for all of the settlers, as about ninety per cent of the live stock was lost by freezing or starvation.

MRS. E. M. FERRIS (ESTHER M. YAEGER)

Douglas County

The bunch grass hay which had been stored the previous summer would have been sufficient to have fed all the cattle in the country during any normal year, but in the cow-killing blizzard it was only a wisp of straw in the wind. Snow was four feet deep in the valley. The storm from the north blew day after day. The hay was gone. The seed grain was fed. Hay was brought from the Big Bend coun-

try and cost $50 per ton. Oats cost 3 cents a pound while it lasted, and until the Big Bend ranchers refused to sell any more .

The milch cows were kept alive by feeding a mixture of flour and water. The range cattle climbed to the round ledges of the mountains where the wind had blown away the snow, looking for bunches of grass that grew between the rocks. They were weak and starving and fell like plummets to the creek bed in Pine canyon. A big beef steer would stagger to the door yard, fall, and beg with his eyes for help. The family, children and all, tramped trails to the round points on the mountains and tried to drive the cattle to them for the scanty feed. Some made it, but all ended up a mass of hoofs, horns, and tails sticking out of the snow at the bottom of the canyon. The stench of the rotting carcasses lasted the summer and yet another. Crows and coyotes speeded the disintegration. Two men with strong stomachs and weak sense of smell took the hides from the dead animals. What they did with them was not known, but the settlers sniffed their new boots with suspicion from then until now.

ROBBINS SCHILLER

Douglas County

In 1889-90 we were branching out in the stock business and lost many of our cattle. We had, however, bunch grass stored for winter, so were able to feed and save most of our stock . No one had ever had to feed before and all were caught unawares. In order to save their beasts, farmers fed their seed grain. Spring planting time was coming and there was not a bit of grain on the plateau. The farmers had no money with which to buy.

A. L. Rogers fixed up a note which the farmers signed. Rogers went out on snow shoes to Davenport, Washington, and got $2,000. He bought seed with the money and the farmers were saved.

GEORGE W. BROWN

Chelan County

With my two brothers, I came to what was later known as Brown's Flats, now known as Monitor. We bought cattle in Clark county, shipped them to Lyle Landing and drove them from there. J. T. Weythman was a partner.

We were just starting in the cattle business when the blizzard and freeze of the winter of 1889-90 caught us. The cattle were on the range. No one had ever fed their stock. The boys had six weeks feed stored and thought that a lot. They cut brush along the Columbia and kept the cattle until March 10, 1890, when the temperature went to 10 degrees below zero. The animals were too weak to stand it and died in their tracks.

COLUMBIA RIVER FLOODS

The Columbia River, with its 259,000 square miles of watershed, much of which is mountainous or rolling, has a rapid runoff. Each year it has its high waters but four times in the last century it has gone on a regular rampage, flooding thousands of acres and doing untold damage.

The Columbia Basin project, with new dams and reservoirs, will eliminate a great deal of this damage in the future, although the Snake River, largest of the Columbia tributaries, is still unharnessed.

MRS. CLARA DAVOLT

Cowlitz County

Father's house was very good. It was built in 1889. He knew how high the water came in 1867, so he aimed to build this house above the flood water level. He built it four feet above the 1867 flood stage, nevertheless, the 1894 water level was so much higher that it ran in through the windows. I recall four very high waters on the Columbia, in 1867, '82, '94, and 1934.

There was a school house at Monticello before the town was carried away by the flood. All of the five acres of ground on which it was built were completely washed away in the flood of 1867.

DANIEL W. BUSH

Cowlitz County

The flood of 1894 swept away all of our buildings . It came in slowly so we could save our livestock and no people were drowned. It stayed up about six weeks. My brother and I took a sailboat and sailed all over what is now the site of Longview, Washington.

ADDIE PITT

Yakima County

The year of 1894 is remembered all up and down the Columbia as the year of the big flood. We saw our trees, alfalfa and every growing thing swept away, even the earth being taken along. We saved the shack by anchoring it to the foundation.

The government allowed us to select another location and we chose what is now Barrett Island.

MRS. MYRA MOODY

Cowlitz County

When we came to Kalama there was no dock at all. We just landed on the bank. In the high water of 1894 the water came all over Main street so deep that the boat Iralda came right up the street.

JULIA CLEMENTS

Benton County

The spring of the big flood, in 1894, we had a twenty ton stack of hay which washed away, crossed the river, and a man tied it up. Rats gnawed the rope and the hay drifted down to my father's ranch and settled right by his corrals. Water came up in our house and we left. It rose five feet in the house. My brothers wouldn't leave their house. They kept the row-boat fastened to the door.

WILFRED C. CUSICK

Pend Oreille County

During the disastrous flood in the valley in 1894, this log house floated down the river a short distance. After the water had subsided, it was brought back in sections and rebuilt on higher ground.

OSCAR ROSWELL

Cowlitz County

During the high water of 1894, all of South Kelso was under water, the water was 15 feet deep on Cedar street. People lived in their upstairs rooms and went back and forth by boat. All of what is now Longview was under water and boats could go anywhere there.

J. FRANK SAMSON

The Destruction of Conconully in 1894

Okanogan County

Conconully was built on a grassy plain at the opening of a canyon through which flowed the Salmon Creek, called river. It was the seat of Okanogan county. The courthouse, with the architecture of a child's small block set, was built on a bench above the town. The canyon at one end and a lake at the other bounded Conconully in its grassy wooded nest. On the canyon walls were built prosperous homes. In the valley were farms and orchards. Pine forests were its background. Higher up, the canyon closed in. This was the setting.

May had been hot; a cloudburst occurred and the large volume of water came down until it reached a natural dam of brush and trees. The impounded waters rose higher and yet higher until its weight at last broke through the barrier, when trees and huge boulders added to the danger as the flood swept a forest from the canyon walls and rolled it over and over toward the basin in which lay Conconully. The terror reached the narrow part of the canyon, paused as more water from above helped swell the tide to a depth of 100 feet. Reaching the flat, it spread out across the valley, devastating the town and leaving boulders, trees, hummocks and hills on what had been the level site of the thriving little village.

The lower half of a two-story building was cut out from under it, leaving the upper half. It still sets where the flood left it. A cement vault, the size of a baker's oven, was the safety place for county records, and was left by the flood in the middle of an empty lot. A brick and mortar vault for mail also survived the flood and also the fire which later partially destroyed Conconully. A park, an up and down sidewalk, a few frame houses, unpainted and out of plumb, are all that is left of the noisy, rowdy, busy, rich mining town of fifty years ago. Salmon creek bubbles and gurgles on its way down its old channel through the trees, having had no part in the disaster.

The flood occurred in the afternoon, which was fortunate for the inhabitants, all of whom but one man were up and about and had ample warning. The exception was ill in bed and after the flood his house was found floating in the lake. He was still in bed and unhurt.

It was a month before I fished my house out of the lake. A pine tree was rammed all the way through the house, sticking out of both ends. Mr. Weeks, was in the house at the time of the flood, but managed to save himself when the building was tossed into the lake.

MISCELLANEOUS CATASTROPHIES

Many parts of the state have suffered misfortunes that were restricted to towns or small parts of counties

The following interviews give some of the most important of them.

FOUR CATASTROPHIES OF SKAGIT COUNTY

In 1868 the smoke from the forest fires throughout the county became so dense that navigators could not see a boat's length ahead and birds were suffocated by the thick black smoke clouds of the upper air, fell onto the decks of the boats and into the water, dead.

The year of 1880 was marked by the heaviest snow fall ever known in the Puget Sound area, during the month of January, when five feet of snow fell at Seattle, two and one-half feet at Mount Vernon, and eight feet at Goodall's Landing on the Upper Skagit.

On January 12, 1895, occurred the highest tide known for years. The farmers only raised half a crop and prices were the lowest in history, oats selling as low as $8.00 per ton.

In December of 1909 the most disastrous flood in the history of the county occurred. After flooding the valley, a severe cold spell came, freezing ice several inches thick.

MRS. JAMES COWAN

Winds in Clallam and Clark Counties

Clallam County

A thrilling time for the keeper and all hands on Tatoosh Island was in 1921, when a 70-mile gale wrecked chimneys and roofs, and blew Mr. Cowan "end over end" for 300 feet. Only by clinging to the grass and crawling on his hands and knees was he able to avoid being blown from the island into the sea. The same gale leveled thousands of acres of timber in the west end of Clallam and Jefferson counties.

On this occasion a bull from the Tatoosh herd was blown off the island and was written down on the lighthouse log as "lost at sea." But the animal later swam ashore, climbed the bank, and was rewarded with extra rations of hay as recompense for privations endured during its exposure to the surf. "Mrs. Shafter," the family cow, browsed for thirteen years on Tatoosh island without falling off the "rock"; and although accustomed to salt-sprayed forage, is adjusting herself to the new order of things in a lush Carlsborg pasture.

CAPT. DAVID INGRAHAM

Wahkiakum County

The heaviest blow on the coast occurred on January 14, 1913. The anemometer at North Head registered one hundred and twenty-five miles per hour before it blew down.

WILLIAM F. TAYLOR

Clallam County

The great wind storm of 1921 drove hundreds of settlers away, for in many places every standing tree was blown down and the land then had no real or speculative value.

Of the great wind storm of 1921 I have a clear and vivid recollection. On that January day, in a mild winter temperature, my son and I were engaged in building a shed, across the road from the store. About mid-afternoon the atmosphere grew very heavy and a strange darkness fell. From the ocean sprang a cold wind, and the wind and darkness combined to cause the men to discontinue work. We returned to the store and started a fire in the big stove and stood about it, discussing the impending storm.

A little later the storm struck. It became pitch dark; rain fell in torrents, and the wind was very strong. Sudden gusts bellied in the back of the store and water entered through cracks between the boards as if thrown in with buckets. The men could hear sheds in the rear being blown down, but dared not leave their shelter. Outside, they could see nothing; the darkness was impenetrable. A terrifying roar told of the falling of great trees all around. By night the storm had passed, and the men could go to their homes some distance away. In the darkness they could not see what damage had been done, although they were compelled to climb over a number of wind-fallen trees on their way home.

The next morning, however, there was desolation everywhere. As far as the eye could see, where yesterday the surrounding hills had been covered with great trees—some of them 250 feet high—not a tree was standing. The entire forest was a mass of twisted and torn wreckage, the streams in the narrow valleys choked, and destruction was complete.

PERRY W. BAKER

Clark County

We had some bad wind storms here. They were just straight gales although they were strong enough to uproot trees. Once, while on the road near the Brush Prairie cemetery, a tree fell behind us and one in front of us. This was all thickly timbered around here then. This was the same storm in which several children in the LaCenter school were killed by a falling tree.

EARTHQUAKES IN SEATTLE

by

PRESTON BROOKS RANDOLPH

King County

It was a bright, frosty night, the night was clear and the moon was in the full. The Christmas season had arrived, and we were having a church social at our house. At 11:00 o'clock our guests were putting on their wraps to leave, when all at once the house swayed. Albert Kellogg, brother-in-law of Rolland Denny, was standing near me. He said, "Get your watches out and time the earthquake." There were tremblors off and on until morning. Cows fell down, orchards swayed, and the sidewalks crept like snakes.

Our home was then on the site of the present Frye Hotel.

In 1886 there was another earthquake at 8 P. M. We lived on the Butler Hotel site. There was a chimney at the front of the house. There was a 16-foot ceiling and the lamps swung 6 or 8 feet as the house swayed. We couldn't open the back door, and were afraid to go out the front door beside the chimney. At the Presbyterian church, the minister, Rev. Stratton, was quieting the congregation. It was on Sunday night and the church was filled with people.

Great Winds Play Pranks

I recall two terrible wind storms. We lived at Third and Cherry during one of these gales. Judge Hanford lived near, and he was just married. A reception was being held in honor of the newlyweds. At 10:00 o'clock in the evening the wind commenced to blow. A man named Knight tried to open the gate and could not. The wind blew two young people off the sidewalk. They had to cling to a stump to keep from being blown about. People outdoors had to lie down until

the storm passed. A slat from our blinds cut off a couple of inches from three of the pickets of our fence.

I was working in the office of the Post when the big snow fell, perhaps in 1889-90. Three feet fell in one night. Sailors received one dollar an hour to take it off. Usually their pay was fifteen dollars per month.

MRS. EMMA TIFFIN

Spokane County

On December 14, 1872, I felt quite a severe earthquake shock while sitting alone in my cabin. Dishes rattled and the weights on our large clock batted together and gave me quite a scare.

AVALANCHE

by

MRS. W. E. BORTON (MARY BRISKY)

Chelan County

A one room log cabin was built in 1887. In 1888, my father, with Sepin and Gonzer, who had come from Bickleton with him, were cutting logs to enlarge the house, which stood at the foot of an arched slope of the mountain. At 8:30 A .M. father had gone down to see Brender. The minister, Rev. Beggs, had been lodged for the night. Sepin had been shoveling the snow from the roof. With the shovel in his hand, he heard the swish of a big wind—the mountainside, in the space of a breath, had hurled itself on the unprotected cabin and crushed it as though it had been a celluloid toy. The force of the wind blew Sepin out of the way. Only a heap of snow marked the place where three children and two grown persons were entombed. High up the opposite canyon wall were the splintered logs, bits of furniture, colored scraps of dishes, the wheel of the sewing machine, and other objects. Sepin went for help. At 5:00 P. M. they lifted out the dead bodies of my mother and the minister, Beggs.

Family Buried Alive

I had just stooped to pick up the baby when the avalanche occurred. I did not realize that it was snow which was smothering us until it

was melted by the baby's breath. The baby melted the snow fast, as she never stopped crying until she was unconscious. I was thrown near mother, whom I could hear, but not see. Mother spoke calmly to us, telling us to lie quietly and breathe as lightly as possible. She asked if we were hurt, or if we could wriggle our arms and legs.

Mother told us that we would see our father again, but that she would not; that I would have to be their mother after that day. She instructed me about the care of the baby, even about cooking and sewing. She never stopped talking and the sound of her calm, reassuring voice quieted us children. We were asleep or unconscious when the rescuers dug us out. The cows and horses could not be saved.

To this day I believe the chopping down of the trees and snaking them down the mountain, loosened the avalanche. That was forty-eight years ago, and there has been no repetition.

RAINS SPOIL GRAIN

by

EASTON C. BRATT

Spokane County

The wet season at the beginning of the money panic of 1893 was disastrous for the farmers of the Palouse country. Nearly all of the grain rotted in the fields before it could be harvested, the result of continuous rains in July and August. The comparatively small quantity of grain which was saved brought only fifteen cents per bushel.

CHARLES H. LITTELL

Spokane County

The rainy harvest season and the beginning of the money panic in 1893 is a lasting memory for the settlers. They were unable to get their threshing done and seventy-five per cent of the wheat and other grain rotted in the fields as a result of the continuous rains. About all that was saved was that which they could dry out in their houses and barns by continuously turning it over with forks.

R. D. RHODES

Recounts Damage Done to Oysters

Pacific County

In November, 1875, the Bay experienced one of the worst south storms ever known. It was a humdinger. I was just 10 years old, yet I remember it as well as though it had occurred yesterday. It played havoc with the oyster beds. Then six months later, in June, 1876, we had the Columbia River flood and that seemed to put the finishing touches to the job. The flood waters of the Columbia rushed down in one immense volume close to the North Head, following up along the beach and came right into Shoalwater Bay, and this water was almost fresh enough to drink. Then, on top of that, came the "eel grass," which would reach a length of 10 to 15 feet and grew so dense and thick it made navigation on the Shoalwater oyster beds almost impossible. The fresh water and eel grass combined were too much for the oysters, which got poorer and poorer. They just seemed to starve to death, which they did by the thousands of bushels, and by 1879 oystermen were pretty scarce on the bay. Some went to raising cattle. Others moved to the Columbia river and, of course, fished, while others left for other places. About 1880 the oysters seemed to get a new grip on life and what few were still alive spawned profusely and by 1884 we had oysters again on the market.

FOREST FIRES

Some of the most spectacular, and terrifying, sights that our early pioneers on the west side of the Cascades had to witness were the forest fires. Starting from some careless source or from lightning, these fires grew until they covered great areas like the settling of darkness. They leaped to the pitchy tops of the evergreens, creating their own draft and wind then traveled at a swift rate, scattering new embers far ahead of the fire, itself. The heat was so intense that neither animal nor vegetable life could survive in close proximity. Smoke was so dense the sun was obscured for weeks in the summer. The greatest loss, of course, was the timber that was destroyed, although the pioneers, themselves, thought the supply was inexhaustible and of little value unless close to the water.

SOPHUS JACOBSON

Forest Fire on the Peninsula

Mason County

One of the most exciting experiences I remember—and one I will always remember—is the great forest fire in the Matlock region, which started on September 12, 1902. We fought it day and night, and during the day the smoke was so heavy that we had to use lanterns to light our way. There was really no difference in lighting between the day and the night, and it became confusing as to which was which.

FRANK E. BARNES

Former Senator from Cowlitz County

The worst fire I remember was in 1902, when 250,000 acres of timber in Clark and Cowlitz Counties burned. Most of this timber belonged to the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, which had a mill at Yacolt, Washington. The smoke darkened the sun, so that, although we were fully one hundred miles distant, we had to use lights to run our mill and the chickens went to roost in daytime. All day, leaves would come floating through the air and light on the lake. When touched they dissolved into ashes. Many people believed the world was coming to an end. There were many funerals for victims of the fire.

ALLEN CARTER

Cowlitz County

There was a terrible fire on the Lewis River in 1902. Many people were burned to death. The smoke was so bad one couldn't tell a man at arm's length at 10:00 o'clock in the morning. The headlight on the engine looked like the head of a match. For three days the section hands couldn't take out the hand car . Trains crawled in with mail only, hours behind time. Lights burned all day and that day is known as "dark day." Tracy and Merrill were being hunted at that time. They got past here in the smoke and had gone on north, we found afterward. I went down town to get some lamp chimneys, and heard two fellows talking and walking on the ten foot puncheon road. We were each afraid of the other until I recognized their voices.

CHARLES R. EATON

Clark County

We had a big fire here in 1889. I remember there was a stranger caught here with an axe trying to cut the fire hose.

Right during the high water on June 6, 1894, we had the worst wind and lightning storm I ever remember here. There was also a heavy wind storm in the late 70's which blew down a lot of timber.

PERRY W. BAKER

Clark County

In the big fire on Lewis River, in 1902, several people were burned to death near here. A pitiful story is told of one mother up on Cedar Creek who took her four children to a cellar cave on the place for protection from the fire. Here they were smothered to death, while less than fifty feet away was a grove of alders about one-half acre in extent, which did not burn at all, where they would have been safe. Several people living between the forks of the river, lost their lives. I believe there were nine of them. Many people thought the end of the world had come, because the day was as dark as night. Lots of them piled their stuff into their wagons and just drove aimlessly off, not knowing where they were going, or what they would do when they got there.

MAJOR TOWN FIRES

FIRE STRIKES AT VANCOUVER

On the night of June 22, 1889, fire was discovered in the saloon of William Quinn, and was extinguished. Later in the evening, at 11:30, James McGinnis, government watchman, discovered the old Catholic church in flames. He immediately gave the alarm by firing his revolver, and the sentry on No. 3 post at the fort, answered the signal by discharging his piece.

The garrison and municipal fire brigade were called out but they were unable to save the building and it was burned to the ground. There is no doubt that the old church building was fired. It had not been occupied for three years, since the Catholics built their new

cathedral. Watchman McGinnis says the flames flashed up and enveloped the building as though kerosene had been used. There was an odor of coal oil about the building during the progress of the fire.

The church was one of the oldest landmarks of the Territory, and stood on land regarding which there had been much litigation between the Bishop of Nisqually and General Gibbon. It was an historic structure, having been built in the palmy days of the Hudson's Bay Company. It was situated on Fifth street, nearly half a mile from the place where fire had broken out in the business district.

The church was a smoldering ruin by 1:30 A. M., and the tired firemen of the city and garrison slowly wound up their hose and returned the engines to the stations. Nearly everyone had come out to see the fire, and in half an hour they were all home again and seeking to complete their night's rest.

Their thoughts of sleep were dispelled by five rifle shots in rapid succession, followed by a shot from the sentry at the garrison, and the ringing of the fire bells. Instantly flames shot up from the rear of the city and began the work of destruction.

The total loss was $50,000 to $60,000. Mayor Daniels was absent and Councilman G. H. Daniels, acting mayor, thought the Vancouver people could take care of the sufferers.

There was great opposition to the proposition of retaining the net proceeds of the Fourth of July celebration, which were to be sent to the Johnston flood sufferers.

MRS. OTTO CASE

King County

Living descendants of the proprietors of Rice & Gardner referred to below are Lela, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Rice, now Mrs. James Mossman; and Harriet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, now Mrs. Otto Case

At the time of the fire of 1889, we lived at Third and Yesler Way. A few minutes before school was dismissed at 3 o'clock, we heard the fire bell. I thought it was quite a fire as the fire bell kept ringing continuously. The report circulated that the fire was advancing down Front street. Volunteers were all called out. Most of the buildings

at that time were of frame construction, the only brick buildings then being located on Second avenue, and one on the corner of First and Yesler. We had a steam fire engine and it was the pride of the town.

The fire started in the basement of a paint shop, due to spontaneous combustion.

I was 14 years old then, and when I heard the fire bells I ran to see what it was about. This was on June 6, 1889. I stopped at the house and then ran on to my father's store, the Rice & Gardner wholesale meat market. Father gave me all the valuable papers in a black dispatch box and told me to take them home to mother, as the fire was now approaching the market. Father loaded up with hams, bacon and other goods in his wagon and took them home where he placed them in the yard, feeling certain the fire would not reach there. Father came up Second avenue on the way home, as First avenue was burning. He packed the furniture and other things and dumped them into his partner's yard, as the fire approached the Episcopal church. The bells of the Episcopal and Catholic church were tolling along with the fire bell, sounding as though everybody was dying, but as a matter of fact no one was hurt during the fire. It was now 6 o'clock in the evening and the fire had been raging more than three hours. Our school dresses had all gone to the laundry, and I thought "what shall I wear?" Only one dress was left for me, this being the one I was wearing, and the laundry was burned. The Frash grocery, the only store in town, saved quite a few things, including canned goods, barrels and kegs of foodstuff.

Frye owned our place, and ordered all the trees cut down. There were apple, pear and cherry trees, and we hated to see them go. He put up tents and made money, as he leased them. Other people opened a rooming house, drug store, meat market and grocery store near our house, and people settled so thickly in the new business district, they had to be dispersed.

People were all trying to get souvenirs, but the guards wouldn't let anyone go downtown. I got one souvenir of the fire, a melted down bottle. Soldiers were called out and stationed throughout the city to keep some of the people from looting. The Rice and Gardner meat market was right in front of our house. Some of the more fortunate helped others who had lost their belongings in the flames, and the Rice family made beds on the floor of their home for many. The fire had been stopped from going east,beyond the Episcopal church. Mrs. Rice and mother cooked a dinner at 8 o'clock for the firemen.

We always believed the old orchard saved our house, and also the city hall. Mother had just finished house cleaning, from top to bot-

tom, and we couldn't get much help in those days, just old Indian women occasionally.

Lela Rice was about 10 years old at that time.

The Bon Marche was a second hand store, a variety store and the only dry goods store in town after the fire. Mother sent me to get some calico goods for a dress, but no one family was allowed more than five yards of goods, as the supply was extremely limited. I thought this terrible, as I knew my sister should have a dress, too. My sister, Susan, or Susy as we called her, was younger than I but we looked quite a bit alike. I wanted to get her some dress goods and at last decided how. I made my first purchase and went out for a while. I went back in the store later and asked for five more yards of calico. The clerk did not remember me and gave me the limit again, so when I returned home I had ten yards to give mother, enough to make both my sister and me a dress apiece.

During the fire all the chickens ran under the house. Some of them had their tail feathers burned. Mother had bought some black Langshans. These chickens were the size of Plymouth Rocks. They were supposed to be special chicks. Our fence in front of the house caught fire, and neighbors beat it out. Mr. Rice had a Kentucky horse. His and other's horses were galloped down the street out of the path of the fire.

Mr. Rice was east of the mountains, buying cattle, at the time of the fire. The firm had a corral where the Boeing air field is now located. At this time the ground was not filled in below Yesler. We were not allowed to go down there, as that was the restricted district, near Washington street and along the waterfront. This was a block below Yesler Way and in no danger from the fire. There was a dock along there where we used to go to fish.

Our yard was filled with all sorts of things during the fire. There were kegs of lard from which the contents ran all over other things. The day was scorching hot.

The railroad had been built when the fire struck Seattle, but travel to Tacoma up until this time had been by boat, but during the fire a train was dispatched over the new line to bring fire engines and horses from Tacoma. Mother was baking bread at the time the first alarm was sounded, and the bread was neglected.

Lela Rice attended Central school at Sixth and Madison, and high school at the Old South school. These schools burned and we attended no more classes until the next fall, as the season was nearing its close. The night of the fire most of the people slept under the trees.

Father took us to Vashon Island until conditions in Seattle became more settled, and later, when we returned, he built on Tenth and Washington.

Lela has a picture of the Central school as it was before the fire in 1889. Guy Post, a fellow student, was a dreamer. He became an actor, but in school days was called a "sissy." He stayed in New York after he went east. Sedonia Firth, another schoolmate, married Fred Strew. Anna, the older sister, married Terry. The Friths were living at the Hotel Seattle at the time of the fire, and it burned.

MRS. AUSTIN MIRES

Kittitas County

Ellensburg's Fourth of July Celebration and Fire

On July 4th, 1889, the combination of kerosene and fire crackers blew up the general store and destroyed practically all of the town. Mr. Mires was away, and I had just returned from a buggy ride with my two children and had left them in charge of our German servant girl while I put the horse away. The children were undressed and in bed when I returned. I was putting a flax seed poultice on my little daughter's bruised chin when the fire bell rang. I told the German girl, who was panicky with fright, to dress the children. She did, but dressed them over their long night gowns, and they couldn't walk. Our house was one of the few that did not catch fire. One corner of the Masonic temple was saved and it was incorporated in the new structure which was built later.

SPOKANE DESTROYED BY FIRE

(Courtesy of the Spokane Falls Review)

Spokane County

The most devastating fire that ever occurred in the history of the world, according to population, swept over the business portion of this city Sunday night, August 6, 1889.

It originated at 6:15 P. M. in the roof of a lodging house on Railroad avenue, the third door west of Post street. A dead calm prevailed at the time, and spectators supposed the firemen would speed-

ily bring the flames under control. This could have been done if proper precautions had been taken. But the superintendent of the water works was out of the city, and for some reason the men in charge failed to respond to the call for more pressure.

The heat created a current of air, and in less than half an hour the entire block of frame shacks were enveloped in flames, and burning shingles and other debris filled the air, igniting several adjacent blocks at the same time.

Opposite the block in which the fire originated stood the Pacific hotel, one of the handsomest structures in the Northwest. It was soon ablaze, and by that time a high wind prevailed from the southwest, and it was evident that the entire business portion of the city was in danger.

Mayor Furth ordered that buildings be blown up with giant powder to check the spread of the fire. This order was speedily put into execution, and the explosives added to the reign of terror. The picture was weird, grand and awful, as block after block yielded to the demon of destruction. The sky was overcast with black clouds, and a strong wind sprang up from the northeast, fanning the flames furiously, while an upper current continued to carry the burning embers in an opposite direction.

The Grand Hotel, the Frankfurt block, the Windsor hotel, the Washington block, the Eagle block, the Tull block, the new Granite block, the Cushing building, the Falls City opera-house, the Hyde block, all the banks, and in fact, every house between Railroad avenue north to the river, from Lincoln street east to Washington street, with the exception of a few buildings in the northeast corner, were totally destroyed.

Meanwhile, a sudden change in the direction of the wind carried the fire southward across Railroad avenue, and destroyed the Northern Pacific passenger and freight depots and several cars. The freight depot was a mammoth structure, and was filled to the roof with valuable merchandise, very little of which was saved.

The terrifying shrieks of a dozen locomotives, commingled with the roar of the flames, the bursting of cartridges, the booming of giant powder, the hoarse shouts of men, and the piteous shrieks of women and children. Looking upward, a broad and mighty river of flame seemed limned against the jet black sky. Occasionally the two opposing currents of wind would meet, creating a roaring whirlwind of fire that seemed to penetrate the clouds as a ponderous screw, while lesser whirlwinds danced about its base, performing all sorts of fantas-

tic gyrations. In this manner the appalling monster held high carnival until about 10 o'clock, when with a mighty crash the Howard street bridge over the Spokane river went down. A boom of logs took fire and shimmered for hours on the crystal surface of the river, and many times flying pillars of fire crossed the river, igniting the mammoth lumber and flouring mills that line its banks; but by heroic efforts its career was checked on the south side of the stream. But looking back, the beholder witnessed a scene of desolation that was fearful to contemplate. Fragmentary portions of the naked walls of what were four hours before magnificent structures of brick and granite stood like grim sentinels above the surface of a burning sea, and all was desolation and ruin.

The burned district embraces thirty blocks besides the depots. The only brick business houses left standing are the Crescent block and the Amercian theater.

SUBSTITUTES

If necessity is the mother of invention, privation to the pioneer was the step-mother of substitutes. Men and women who long had been accustomed to coffee were hard pressed to find a suitable substitute. People who had worn out their last pair of boots and were too far from a trading post to get others, used their ingenuity in fashioning foot coverings. Foundries and iron works were unknown in the Northwest Territory, so substitutes for hinges and nails, stoves and other iron implements were used. A pioneer woman was either too busy to weave clothing or lacked the materials, so substitutes for store clothing and hand woven fabrics were the rule.

Let us read what the hardy pioneer did for some of the common things of today that were unobtainable from 1850 to 1880.

SARAH SEWARD BANKERD

Yakima County

There was no floor in our little log house. We took the only available material which happened to be some small quaking aspen trees, made bed-posts of them and a frame, covered it with poles made of the trees, then cut rye grass and put a thick layer over the poles. We

had our bedding in a trunk and that's the way we started out. Cottonwood blocks were our chairs, and father split them and put pegs in the bottom for legs. We brought a little stove so we had something to cook on. There was no money and nothing to sell that first year. When our supplies were gone we ground a little corn that we had dried and made flour. We ran out of matches and father put some powder in an old flintlock gun, then put in a rag and fired. This set the rag afire, then he ran like a madman and grabbed the rag and blew on it to make a blaze which he dropped onto the kindling.

MRS. MARTHA JEANETTE MALONEY

Lewis County

My husband had joined the army at the age of fourteen, serving as a drummer boy and later as a regular soldier. He had fought in the Civil war. After we were married we used to ride the Kansas plains and shoot buffalo. I was as good a shot as my husband, and could bring down the game as deftly and easily as he, while riding my horse at breakneck speed. We used the hair, or manes, of the buffalo to make beds and mattresses, instead of straw or feathers. We brought some of them West when we came and still have some of them.

MR. CRAIG

Klickitat County

When we came into the Priest Rapids Valley, in 1893, our nearest neighbor was at Juniper Springs, 18 miles distant. Once in three months we made the trip to Yakima where we received our mail and made necessary purchases. If we ran out of provisions we made the best of it. Barley was ground and used as a substitute for coffee. "Sweetening" was made from the centers of watermelons, crushed and strained and added to the juice from boiled corn cobs. Pumpkins were sliced in rings and dried.

Our first shelter was a little cabin made of stove wood, laid in ricks with layers of alkali clay between the layers of wood. The roof was made of shakes. As soon as possible we built a one-room cabin of logs. Later another room was added and a fire-place was built. For the roof, poles were laid close together and covered with weeds, then alkali clay was plastered over the weeds to make a roof resembling tile when it had hardened.

Plaster was made from pieces of the white bluff across the river.

The material was broken off and rolled down the bluff, ferried across the river, and the rock was then placed in a kiln in the river bank for burning. The front of the kiln and the arch were made of brick we had found at an abandoned steam plant where an enterprising settler had undertaken an irrigation system. In this kiln the sand melted and left the lime, which was used for plaster.

Clam shells were raked up from along the river and burned in a kiln and made into lime, also. Old rope, picked to pieces and chopped into short lengths, was used in the preparation of the plaster to form a binder. Crayon was made from pieces of stone broken from the bluffs.

MRS. MELISSA C. GIVENS

Lewis County

We used oats, peas or barley as a substitute for coffee in the early days, when transportation was slow, sometimes necessitating weeks of travel to reach a little settlement trading post or store.

My father used to hunt and also cut bee trees, so we had fresh meat and honey, and sometimes both were luxuries. We were all very hearty and healthy.

OTTO MAUERMANN

Lewis County

My mother made coffee from dried peas, which she roasted. The night after father came home with the stove, when we sat down to supper and tasted our coffee, our eyes must have stuck out in amazement. We asked, "Mother, what makes the coffee taste so funny?" We were told that father had brought home some "Indian salt." (It was sugar, the first we boys had ever tasted.) We boys expressed the wish that the Indians would bring some more of it.

We raised our wheat, which was cut by hand and flailed out and cleaned in the wind, and flour for our bread was made by grinding it in coffee mills by hand. It was a slow process, but we had no other kind of flour until the children were all grown.

MRS. JESSE E. GIBSON

Grant County

There were no wells when we came here. Water was hauled from Willow Springs and sold for one dollar per barrel. It was buried in the barrel in a hole in the ground by the side of the shack, and got green and slimy between fillings.

Babcock and Benson owned Trinidad Bar, now called Crescent Bar, and had a big stationary steam outfit on the river and raised alfalfa, wheat and sheep. Their place was later platted and sold for orchard tracts. They had an idea of a string of windmills and reservoirs, to lift the water from the Columbia river, 800 feet over the ridge. It was not practical. Water was pumped from the river onto the flat, however. The fuel for the engine was supplied by driftwood from the river. There was plenty of good driftwood, but it took four horses to pull a load of half a cord over the hill.

MRS. MINNIE PETERSON

Clallam County

Candles for lighting the Ford home were made first from tallow, and later, when sheep had been brought in, from mutton tallow. When the Ford cattle herd increased so that some animals could be sold, the stock was driven overland to Port Townsend. This trip, which followed somewhat closely the line of the present road to Pysht and then along the beach past Dungeness and Port Discovery, required six weeks of time.

JAMES F. McMAHAN

Lewis County

When we first began to take loads in wagons over the road, there were no ferry boats. Men would unload them and ferry over in small boats and canoes. Then they would tie two canoes together, put two wheels in each canoe, and take the wagon over. They would then reload the wagons, swim the horses across, hitch up and start again. Gradually the roads improved—very gradually until the autos came. Now we can go to Chehalis and back in three and four hours, instead of from six to ten days.

I often wonder what girls of today would do if they had to live as we lived in early days. We had dry goods boxes for dressers, chairs and cupboards. Our walls were rough and covered with newspapers. Each girl had perhaps one fairly nice dress, and one or two calico or gingham dresses.

H. JAMES LE FEVRE

Spokane County

Our first home at Medical Lake was a log cabin 14 x 18 feet, of one room. There was no lumber to be obtained in the country and it was some time before my father could buy enough to make his doors and floor for our cabin. The doors were hung with rawhide hinges and our furniture was all made from split shakes and small logs.

MRS. VIRGIL WINE

Kittitas County

I had six children, and when my second son, George, was born there was not a person nearer than seven miles. I had contracted a cold. An old squaw strayed in and took possession. She heated stones and dropped them into water, managing to make a steam bath for me. I recovered, thanks to the Indian woman's primitive skill.

MRS. MARGARET DYKEMAN

Cowlitz County

I guess my people dressed just as everyone did in those days. I recall them telling once that they got out of thread, so they unraveled some muslin and twisted the ravelings.

HENRY HORN

Adams County

When I first arrived in this country, settlers were starting to build shacks on their homesteads, from any kind of lumber available. This was very expensive material at the time, because of the very great distance it had to be hauled, and the poor condition of the road. The boards were battened with any kind of paper obtainable, mostly news-

papers. The furniture was crude and mostly home-made, mattresses were filled with straw and bunch grass. Fuel was mostly sage brush which grew in abundance on the prairie. Clothing was of rough denin and the cheapest of split leather work shoes. Transportation was by wagon and horseback, and some used the recently completed railroad, providing they could afford the fare. The food was very plain, but substantial, as the farmers raised most of their own vegetables and had plenty of livestock for meat.

MRS. O. G. FRANCE (Mamie Irene Blair)

Chelan County

In 1889-90, during the cattle-killing winter, there was no flour in the valley. My father rode into Ellensburg and brought back twenty sacks on a sort of land raft made of logs, and which was dragged Indian fashion over the Pass.

P. B. BATEMAN

Columbia County

Each fall we chinked our old log house with mud. Other preparations for winter consisted of filling the root cellar with vegetables, apples, preserves, and pickles, put up by the women. There was no way of canning known to us at that time. We dug a trench and filled it with cabbages, leaving the tips of the roots sticking out so we could locate them. Such crisp cabbage we had all winter!

The Palouse, Lapwai and Umatilla Indians traveled the old trails, visiting back and forth. Some of the old trails over the hills are still visible. The Indians tied two long poles at one end and set this end in front of their saddle horn, leaving the other ends of the poles on the ground behind the pony. A buffalo robe was tied between the poles to form a sort of basket for their packs and the children too small to ride ponies. The squaws would mount their ponies and away they would go, the children riding safely in their buffalo-robe basket.

One of the most interesting sights that I can now recall was a Chinese pack train. There was a small band of these little yellow men, probably ten or fifteen. Each had a bamboo pole, probably six or seven feet in length and four or five inches in diameter. On each end of this pole was a basket holding fifty or sixty pounds, packed with rice, bacon and tea.

RANGES

Early pioneers, seeing Washington for the first time, were impressed by the possibilities of great ranges for cattle, horses and sheep. A section of our central area is known today as Horse Heaven. Numerous springs, valleys and hills were named by the early range-riders. "Grass so high that yearling calves were hidden," or "belly deep on a horse," were phrases most frequently used in describing this luxuriant growth of forage. Early cattlemen drove cattle to the mining regions, where they were slaughtered and sold. Horses were driven in bands as large as 4,000 head, to St. Louis and other Eastern markets. Sheep were driven to a boat landing and put on wide flat boats for transportation to market.

Early stockmen suffered two heavy losses prior to 1861. The Indian wars of the late 50's caused them severe losses, as the Indians made raids on the cattle and horses, driving them away or killing them wherever found.

Immediately following the Indian wars, after the stock industry had been established, came the big snow and freeze of 1861-62, when ninety per cent of all the domestic livestock in the Washington Territory died, either of freezing or starvation.

Not daunted by these two reverses, the stockmen brought new herds from Oregon, California, and the East and did a lucrative business until 1879-80, when again a big snow and freeze took its toll. This loss, coupled with the one that followed just ten years later, spelled the doom of the large ranges.

As a substitute for stock farming, many of the early settlers turned their attention to grain growing. The restriction of the government against settling in Central Washington was removed soon after the Indian wars. The large ranges were taken up by homesteaders. Railroads were being built through a great part of the state during the 80's, so the mines were provisioned by rail, and packing was discontinued. Grain was now easily marketed and proved more profitable to the settlers than stock raising.

THE ROUNDUP ON TOPPENISH CREEK

Alexander McNeill

Benton County

Where Toppenish now stands, we had a big roundup for the reservation in 1882. All the cattle wearing the ID brand had to be cut out from the other brands and sent to the government farm. There were about 125 white men and 300 Indians in the roundup.

A calf yearling came in with the ID or Indian Department brand, but its mother was one of the Burnham Huntington cows. Will South, a Huntington man, roped this calf and started to drag it out and rebrand it. An Indian ran up and cut the rope. South struck at the Indian with a knife, but missed him and struck the Indian's horse, raking it from the point of the hip to the tail bone. Then the fight started. Indians and white men pulled knives and six-shooters. My experience with Indians was just beginning and another fellow named Parton was green, too. We debated whether we should mix in, but in the excitement pulled our guns and rode in to take part.

Just then Henry Allen, of the Allen and Snipes Company, rode up and ordered the men apart. The Indians withdrew, and we started our bands out toward the Bickleton country. The Indians' cattle had all been cut out and turned over to them, but they followed us clear out of the valley, annoying us in every possible way.

FROM MEMOIRS OF CHARLES O. SPLAWN

Yakima County

A good illustration of the vicissitudes which attended the journeys with cattle to the mining districts during the early days is furnished by the experience of Leonard Thorpe, one of the oldest living pioneers of Yakima County, who relates the following story:

On February 14, 1866, Jack Splawn and I left the Moxee with 160 head of fine beef cattle bound for the mines of British Columbia and Montana. We were both in our early twenties then. Outfitted with good saddle horses, blankets and other pioneer equipment, and accompanied by a friendly Indian whose name was Washington, we commenced with light hearts and buoyant spirits what was destined to be, for me at least, a most unfortunate trip. We drove east across the ridge to the Columbia, striking that river at White Bluffs. Here we swam the cattle and horses to the farther shore without accident.

Then we came down onto Crab Creek where our troubles commenced. We discovered that the gentle warmth of springtime had made a premature appearance, for the weather suddenly turned cold again, forcing us to go into camp. Ice froze to the depth of a foot. April 1st we were on the Spokane river, to which we had made our way through two feet of snow. The aspect of the intervening wilderness had been dreary, indeed, and the lugubrious howling of coyotes had served only to accentuate its loneliness and desolation. But the range was simply grand; bunch grass was everywhere in abundance and for years furnished subsistence for tens of thousands of cattle and horses. We sold our cattle to a man named Lord at ten cents a pound on foot, a good price, but no more than it was worth to drive the animals so far.

During the entire trip I had not removed my clothes, and when I arrived in camp they were mouldy on my back. We remained in town a few days and then set out on our return trip to Spokane, walking back as I had walked in. One afternoon, about four o'clock, while plodding along with Washington, who was as companionable as most Indians are, I was startled by hearing a voice on my left. Turning sharply, I saw a monstrous negro standing on a high log some two hundred feet away. "What is it?" I asked. The negro inquired if I had seen a cattleman named Thorpe in town and if so, where he was. He explained that he and his companions were friends of the stockman and were anxious for his safety. I replied that I had seen such a man, that he had sold his cattle and was probably on his way out. They wanted to know if I knew him and where I had last seen him. From the first, I had been suspicious of the ugly looking gang before me. The negro was accompanied by three white men, all mounted. I represented myself as a financially embarrassed prospector, disgusted with the country . The Indian kept out of sight. The men invited me to camp with them, but I chose to travel as long as possible. I camped off trail without a fire. Next day I met a German, who inquired if I had passed a small party of men with a big black horse. Later I met another man who said they had stolen a horse from him. We learned the gang were outlaws. They were attacked in their stronghold by enraged miners who shot their cabin to pieces. Of course, all were riddled with bullets, one is said to have been hit not fewer than thirteen times. Upon my return from a hurried trip home to pay a balance due on the cattle, Jack and I decided to take the remainder of the stock to Blackfoot, Montana, twenty-five miles from the present city of Helena. We went up the Spokane river to the bridge kept by F. D. Schnebly, who later became a pioneer of Kittitas County, crossed there and proceeded to the Coeur d'Alene Mission. We crossed the Bitterroots by the Mullan military road, and late in July we reached Blackfoot. By selling our cattle in small bands, we

obtained a fair price for them. Just as we were about to set out on our homeward journey, for safe keeping, we had buried $1,750 in a dense fir thicket. In some way a man named "Dirty Tom" obtained knowledge of the whereabouts of our treasure. This fellow had come to camp with a party of Oregonians, with whom also came my grandfather, and was loafing about camp. Tom and the money were missed about the same time late one October afternoon, so we started on the trail of Tom. About dark we came to a fork in the road. Jack took one of the branches and I the other. I traveled until I could see no more, tied my horse, crawled into a haystack and waited for dawn. Jack was already at Quinn's when I reached there the next day. So was our man. He denied having anything to do with the theft, and tried to enlist the sympathy of Quinn in his behalf. In this he failed utterly. We took him back to camp and insisted that he show us where the money was hidden. At last, after much persuasion, he took a pick and shovel and went down to the thicket and began digging near the spot where we had buried the money. Gradually, he worked up the hillside, where he uncovered the stolen money. We let him go free, and next day he swore out warrants for our arrests, claiming the money had not been stolen, but that we had forgotten its hiding place. Fortunately, our friend, the blacksmith, was chairman of the vigilance committee. He came out to see us and we soon convinced him that we were in the right. Soon after, notice was given Dirty Tom to leave the place. Tom left. Late in October we started home. I left grandfather in Umatilla and went on afoot. I followed the Columbia until I found a couple of Indians who had a canoe. After considerable argument, I prevailed upon them to take me across. For hours we worked, our clothes thoroughly drenched with cold water, I gave them $2.00—all I had. We landed on the Yakima side and I started on my long, long walk, knowing that forty miles lay between me and the first human habitation—Colonel Cook's ferry on the Yakima, where Prosser now stands. There were ten inches of snow on the ground and temperature about twenty degrees below zero. Right across the hills I went, over what is now known as the Horse Heaven country. I walked all night in the snow, which became deeper as I advanced. During all this time I had had nothing to eat and nature was asserting herself in a most emphatic manner. Sleepy, tired and famished, I lay down in the snow from time to time, protecting myself as best I could from the piercing cold with my one light blanket. It was impossible to build a fire. I knew that my only hope was to keep in motion as much as possible, so all the next day and night I struggled along. My feet, ears, nose and hands became frozen and it was only force of habit that kept me moving.

Late in the afternoon of the third day out from Umatilla, I lay

down in the trail completely exhausted and ready to abandon hope. Presently, I saw an object coming toward me from the north, but I was so thoroughly exhausted that I made no effort to investigate it. I simply lay in my snowy bed and contented myself with hoping that the object might prove to be a man and that he would rescue me. When the object came up, I was pleased to see it was my brother-in-law, Charles A. Splawn, on his way to Umatilla to secure the mail for the settlers. For him to place me on his horse was the work of but a moment, and mounting in front of me he set out post haste for Butts' house on the Columbia river. I had only come about twenty-two miles in the three days and nights. A warm fire and kind hearts soon made me fairly comfortable, although my frost bites gave me great pain. Charley went to Umatilla as soon as practicable and there had a sled made with which to transport me home, for my toes had been frozen beyond saving and my condition was otherwise serious. Grandfather made the trip with me also. We crossed the Yakima at Cook's ferry. Father summoned Dr. Nelson, the physician at Fort Simcoe, who amputated the toes from both feet. The operation was performed without an anesthetic.

JOHN CLEMAN

Yakima County

In 1846 the Barlow road was finished, and along that dusty highway in 1865, my brother and I, both barefoot, followed the family fortune, also "on the hoof."

We came through in safety, meeting the family at The Dalles, where the old "scow" ferry took us to the Washington side. Three or four months were spent with our stock along the Ahtanum and the Cowiche before we finally decided on the Wenas with its rich grazing lands covered with rye an bunch grass and its crystal clear streams. We were the first settlers in the Wenas valley. The high mountain between the Naches and Wenas was named for my father. His sheep were the first to enter Yakima valley. The flock was to increase in number and later a man by the name of Cowan joined my father in partnership. A. J. Splawn, the historian, says, "From this little band of stock, Cleman (my father) accumulated enough so that we were all borrowing from him. He might be said to have been our first banker. Being somewhat of a cripple, Cleman seldom left his house. He was a very agreeable and interesting man, the best posted on affairs of the community. No one passed his door without tarrying awhile, and in that short time, their host would absorb all they knew. His children live in this county, highly respected citizens."

JONATHAN RINEHART

Okanogan County

The journey across the plains gave me an appetite for thrills. Only my age keeps me from being up and at it now. In 1872, when I first left home at the age of 17, I went to Boise, Idaho. There I got a job riding, down on the Weiser River. The cowboys lived just below the mouth of the river. I was resting up and talking with another kid rider, when the "Old Man", our boss, came in bloody, and excited because his cattle were poisoned from eating larkspur. He had just "bled" fifty head of cattle. He showed the boys how to slash the animals under their tails. If the blood spurted, the animals recovered. No blood, no cure. The cowboys each bled fifty to seventy-five each day, and saved the herd.

Later, when riding for Phelps and Wadleigh, I saw larkspur being mowed for fodder, and warned them that it would kill the herd. I was laughed at for advancing such a crazy idea. But one night Phelps called out his cowboys. Nine hundred head were down and unable to get up. It was a terrible sight. One vicious steer, eight years old, was fighting mad, but could not struggle to its feet. I was always looking for a bet, but had only about a minute before the steer would be dead. I was able to raise sixty dollars on a wager that I could get the beast up and on the run. The bleeding operation brought a bawl and quick action. The steer was up and on the way. Most of the herd was saved.

Phelps had raised cattle for twenty years, but had never heard of larkspur poisoning.

In 1877, Cayuse Brown, of Walla Walla, and I drove 1,100 head of horses to Alberta, Canada. We went by way of Omak. I returned to Oregon and in 1878 fought in the Bannock and Piute war near Pendleton. I took a turn with General Howard's men as a volunteer Indian fighter in Washington.

In 1879 I was again back in Okanogan. In 1889 I helped drive the 1,000 remaining head of the Phelps and Wadleigh herd to Ainsworth (Pasco). The winter of 1889 had killed the rest. The fall before this 2,800 calves alone had been branded. I thought the 1,000 remaining cattle were plenty, as swimming them across the river was a business calling for skill.

This winter bankrupted the biggest cattle men. Others were years in recuperating their losses. Stock men had never had to feed before this time, and so no hay was stored. Cattle were caught in snow drifts and died in their tracks.

FRED W. BUDING

Mason County

In 1896 things were getting tight here, and many a settler was deserting his farm. There was, as a result, a surplus of cattle on the market, and we bought quite a lot of them for but a few dollars. We started raising cattle, with two of us boys as cowboys. I was twelve years old and my brother was ten. Raising cattle was no snap in those days, as the beasts were really wild, so it was up to us boys to tame them down. We did a pretty good job of it; and got so good at it that we could ride any of them after just a few hours of tail pulling and twisting. On a Fourth of July, one year, I won $10.00 riding what was supposed to be a wild bull. Dad gave us $1.00 apiece for red lemonade out of my $10.00. In those days children did not get the pennies and dimes as freely as they do now. We worked eight years on the ranch, and in clearing the land, we found later, that we had burned away timber valued at $2,000—and all we got out of the farm was $1,100.

CORA CLARK

Walla Walla County

The cattle trail went past our farm, and the cowboys always bedded down on some vacant land near us, so they would be near water. They would come to the house and get milk and other provisions. One of the most wonderful sights of my childhood was 10,000 cattle being driven to Cheyenne.

JOHN HUELSDONK

Jefferson County

As the land in the vicinity of Spruce did not lend itself well to general agriculture, I, like most other settlers, turned to the raising of cattle and sheep, as the best means of obtaining a living from the soil. The first cattle were brought in by raft. Beef cattle were raised principally, there being no considerable market for milk. A great deal of trouble was experienced in the early days through the depredations of wolves, which often killed the young stock, and by bear, which would attack calves and sheep and make a meal upon them, without first killing their prey. Many of the animals attacked by bear, died from their injuries, although some recovered. When herds

had increased to the point where cattle could be sold, they were driven over the trails to Pysht, the drive from the Huelsdonk place taking three weeks.

ROBERT M. GRAHAM

Yakima County

It was during the summer of 1872 that a great roundup of horses and cattle was arranged and agreed upon by stockmen over the country from the Simcoe ridge near to north line of Klickitat county to the north branch of the Yakima river.

This was the summer following a very cold winter; the ground, supplied by abundant moisture, produced a luxuriant growth of all kinds of feed, particularly the nutritious bunch grass, and consequently all range stock was very fat.

Roaming at will, the stock became widely scattered, and for each owner to ride the whole range with an outfit of his own would have been a stupendous undertaking. After corresponding with each other, and considering the situation, it was agreed to get a large force into the field and cooperate in rounding up everything on the range .

About the first of June, over seventy-five riders and a sufficient number of camp tenders went out to gather all loose stock into various centers of the wide range. A few of the owners were Ben Snipes, Sharkey and company, Lockwood, Fisk and Walker, Burgens, Splawn, Thorpe, and some of the Longmires, with many smaller owners. It was a fine array of sturdy manhood, civil, earnest and patriotic.

ANDREW ZELLER

Okanogan County

I started in the cattle business by buying five hundred head. I raised hay and made some money doing my own work and spending but little on myself.

There were but few people in the valley, coming first up the river there was not a single soul after I left Malott. Then I met a man in a wagon who had come from Yakima.

The year of the cattle-killing winter I had some good stock. Unlike others, I had grown hay and so was able to feed, bringing part of my

herd safely through the winter. Malott lost all of his stock, Davis and Peter Reilly saved a few. Big stockmen were little stockmen after that winter . When the ice went out in the spring, dead cattle floated down the river by the hundreds.

THE RANGES ABOUT MEDICAL LAKE

Joseph and James LeFevre

Spokane County

In 1871, our father, with a partner, Mr. Marin, bought a band of five hundred head of sheep, a few cattle and horses and drove them to Medical Lake, where father settled on a preemption claim on the present townsite of Medical Lake. The first winter they lost two hundred and fifty head of sheep from scab disease. In the spring they washed their sheep in the lake and to their great surprise, discovered that the medicinal properties of the water, which cured the sheep, also cured father of rheumatism in one of his arms, which had almost become useless. This was the first discovery of the medicinal qualities of this water by the whites.

ELIZABETH (MILLER) STULTZ

Klickitat County

Just before the close of the Civil war, when the Oregon militia was organized, Samuel Miller was the captain. In 1869 a man drove a herd of cattle up into the Klickitat and returned with such glowing accounts of the marvelous cattle range in that valley, that Captain Miller decided to investigate. The following spring he loaded a camping outfit into his wagon, traded a horse for a valuable dog, to protect his property from Indians and started out.

In Umatilla House at The Dalles, he ran across Ben Snipes, who tried to persuade him to keep away from Klickitat, but Captain Miller was determined, and went on his way. He found conditions even better than he expected, and located a homestead on the Swale, seven miles southeast of the present site of Goldendale. There were only two or three settlers. Bunch grass and rye grass waved in a natural pasture extending from the Columbia River to the foot of the Simcoe Mountains. There were many wild cattle on the range and Captain Miller found it necessary to use his revolver more than once.

WILLIS BENNETT

Benton County

Above a spring, on a spot overlooking seven counties, we built our new home, Lookout Lodge. We had served our time as pioneers; this time we would put up a good house. True, it lacked many of the conveniences which the average housewife finds necessary today, such as electricity, refrigeration, and modern heating equipment, but the spirit of contentment pervaded the entire homestead. We children were happy in our new surroundings. We had our ponies and calves, and had the privilege of selling them occasionally. We bought our own saddles and bridles, and little by little we learned the stock business. We rode our ponies to school, which was built near the ranch.

We have had good and bad years in ranching, but we would rather live here than anywhere else. We are never lonely, we have raised our family here, and have educated them to take their places in the world. Our sons went to France during the World war.

ALEXANDER McNEILL

Bringing Law and Order to the Range Country

Benton County

For sixteen years a range rider, I knew every foot of the vast expanse which was known far and wide as "the cattleman's paradise." As a deputy sheriff of Yakima county, and later sheriff of Benton county, I drove a team and open buggy over the trails in search of bandits and outlaws. I helped break up Jingle's outlaw band after they had committed a series of robberies, holding up a Mabton store, a saloon in Arlington, Oregon, and some gambling joints in North Yakima. With Sheriff Grant, I followed one of these men all one night, waiting outside a cabin for daylight. We broke down the door and the bandit opened fire, somehow missing us both, but for himself, his outlawry was ended—we "got our man".

Another capture was made in The Glade, single-handed. However, I was not so fortunate when the hardware store was robbed at Kennewick. The marshal rounded up a man and a lad of sixteen. He let them go, but being suspicious, he later called me. With both the day and night marshals, I approached the man, who opened fire. Both marshals fell dead and I was badly wounded. One robber was killed, but the boy escaped, not, however, until another man was killed while trying to capture him. The boy was never caught.

FRED SCHUNEMAN

Franklin County

My father homesteaded, then bought 900 acres of railroad land. Our holdings were two miles long and a mile wide, right along the Columbia. We raised cattle and horses, shipping them out in great numbers. I have broken hundreds of horses all over Yakima and the Columbia valleys.

Out of a band of 2,000 horses I picked one hundred and forty and drove them to Escondido, thirty miles from San Diego, California. We had four riders and a four-horse covered wagon, wherein we slept, cooking our meals along the way.

In those days we had a better rodeo than any staged now. The men who rode the range often had as many as thirty saddle horses which each man broke to his own use. They roped for a living, not to show off, and roping and breaking horses was all in the day's work.

CHARLES OSBORNE

Grant County

I left college in 1884. I was supposed to be suffering with tuberculosis, and came from Tennessee to the Territory of Washington to join my brothers. The railroad terminus was at Spokane.

By stage and on foot I journeyed to Big Spring, near Steamboat Rock, arriving there on March 10, 1884. My brothers had wintered there. Mr. Hardy had 2,000 head of cattle grazing at Big Spring.

We rode around looking for a place to homestead and found it where Osborne now stands. We dragged logs, tied to the horns of our saddles, from the bluff, to build a cabin and establish our squatter's rights. The floor as well as the roof was of dirt. The Coulee was chosen because of its low altitude, grass and natural shelter from the winds. We could feed the cattle on the table land in the summer and drop them down in the Coulee in winter.

Wild Goose Bill Condon of Orange, New Jersey, Old John Turner, an old packer, Jack Whitlow, Len Armstrong, and Billy Whitmore were my neighbors. Anyone within a day's ride was considered a neighbor, but even more than now people kept track of each other.

When I joined my brothers, I learned their ponies had broken away.

We were left afoot 100 miles from the railroad and my $7.25 was all the money we had.

Indians camped on the lake on the Osborne place and were always riding by. There was brush and water. One can still see where they pitched their teepees up on a dry hogback. They would spread the skins and bank up their teepees with dirt. Whenever one followed an Indian trail it would not be long before water would be found.

I used to pass Chief Joseph, who had been brought to Nespelem. Joseph was surly and haughty and would not speak to the white man. There were frequent talks of Indians going on the war path. People with families would go to Spokane, Sprague and Walla Walla.

Bill Condon, a packer from Walla Walla, was riding over the Okanogan and saw a bunch of wild geese. He sneaked up on them and got a shot at two of them. An old squaw ran out of the brush and hollered at him. He yelled back that if she would shut up he would get all of them. The squaw had raised them from a hatching of eggs she had found by the river. From then on he was known as Wild Goose Bill. Many people did not know whether he had any other name.

I sat on a horse for thirty years and have dragged out as many calves to the fire as anybody. Horses were marvelously trained. Once a horse knew what steer the rider was after he could cut it out without guidance.

In 1889 I rode from the mouth of the Snake river to Coulee buying the remnants of Wild Goose Bill's herd. Oregon men had driven in a herd, which helped overstock the range the winter of the big freeze in 1889-90. Many cattle died, although some of the big steers survived. They stood for three months in a drift without food, licking snow for moisture and consuming the fat they had stored in their bodies.

I drove the first beef from Coulee to Ellensburg, and sold it at three cents per pound.

I left the ranch on a wild horse and camped on the Jack Eddons place at Ephrata. I went by the way of Yakima to Ellensburg and made my bargain there, but the cattle had to be delivered in what seemed an impossibly short time. I rode from the mouth of Moses Coulee to the ranch at Osborne in a day and a night. My horse gave out and I rode the pack horse, arriving home at night. I woke my brother and we got the cattle started to the Columbia. At the mouth of Moses Coulee we ferried them across.

I rushed the steers to Ellensburg on time. They looked fine and

the buyer was pleased, but I knew what they had been through, and said I would hate to eat any of them.

Driving cattle on the range kept a person mad all the time. Fighting through the sage brush with two men driving 1,500 head of cattle, each with a different idea of direction, from Sprague to Coulee, was hard on the temper. The madder I got the more I chewed. The more tobacco I chewed, the sicker it made me. With three men we drove twenty horses with the herd. Some of these were trained and others were broken as we went along.

The cattle fed on the table lands in summer and in the Coulee in winter. They would drift south, almost into Idaho. In the summer we would round them up, 5,000 to 6,000 a day, brand the calves, and then turn them loose. There were Philip McIntee and Dan Paul, who were cattlemen and took part in the summer roundup. Dan was a smooth man, whom everybody liked. He died a bachelor, leaving a $268,000 estate.

In the winter the boys in the Coulee went around to each other's cabins and gambled with their summer earnings. The money went around and around, first one had it then another. They rode twenty miles in sub-zero weather to dance all night and would ride all next day to reach home. On one occasion, at Julius Johnson's cabin, near Almira, there were sixty cowboys and three women. A handkerchief tied to a cowboy's arm would designate him as a lady.

Joe Smith had a bunch of girls, four of them, and enough to run a square dance. The only difficulty was their father could buy only two pairs of shoes at a time, and the girls had to take turns wearing them. The boys would have liked to furnish the shoes in order to permit the girls to dance but did not have the courage to make the offer.

Joe B. Smith raised a big family and married off his daughters. He had a little saw mill, using the spring at the mouth of the Coulee for power. He learned to be a rubbing doctor, and people paid him a dollar for a rub. He claimed to have some special power in his hands.

McCarthy came through the country buying up every sorrel horse he could see, paying $150, or $125 for an animal ordinarily worth $25. Along in the fall the bank at Roslyn was robbed. All the men rode sorrel horses. The brand was traced to McCarthy's ranch in Eastern Oregon. The robbers missed the miners' payroll by thirty minutes, as it had not been taken to the bank at the usual time.

When I first walked into the Coulee, I looked down from the table land onto the little bench, now Coulee City. It was filled with white-tailed deer. Big mule deer would line up like soldiers and look at one

unafraid. Away from my cabin for five days, I came back to find two cougars had taken up housekeeping there. I chased them out, but one came back and put its front paws on the window sill and looked in. He seemed to be twelve feet long. I took a lick at him with the frying pan and missed. That cougar seemed to stalk me. He crouched to spring and crept up on me while I was working in the yard.

Texas Jack—Pioneer Outlaw

The name of Texas Jack comes up now and then in a pioneer's narrative. He was just a worthless Texan who lived in Rattlesnake Canyon, where the overburden from the big dam is now being dumped. He stole horses and killed cattle and was considered objectionable enough to be hanged. A posse assembled. O. Osborne, my brother, caught the Texan, but nobody felt like doing the hanging. He went to British Columbia, and a posse finished him there. He was just born to be hanged, and my brother lost the best horse he ever had to the skunk.

In the Coulee is a big spring called Dead Man's Spring. A German who was lost was camped there. The Indians killed him and no one thought to call the spring by any other name.

FRANCES E. KEMP

My Husband Starts a Sheep Ranch

Benton County

Dreams of one day owning a flock of sheep encouraged a young lad as he tended bands of sheep in the foothills of the Cascades and along the slopes of the Columbia river.

Just out from England, the homesick boy longed for the Wiltshire hills and his father's flocks and faithful sheep dogs. "I will have sheep of my own," he declared, and to this end he hoarded his meager earnings and made a small beginning. It was not long before he was in possession of a small band, which eventually increased to thousands of head.

As his flocks increased, Mr. Kemp found time and means to travel. He visited his native land and on his return to the United States, he stopped in Michigan, where we became acquainted and were married. I accompanied him on his return to Washington.

CLARENCE J. HOUSER

Kittitas County

I rode the range from the time I was old enough to sit on a horse. The first winter during which the cattle had to be fed was in 1880-81. A blizzard raged for three days. The wind blew as it hasn't blown since. There were three currents, the middle one blowing opposite to the others. Our corral was seven feet high. The snow drifted so high not a post was to be seen. When the storm was over, not many cattle were left alive. Ben Snipes, whose cattle bore the S brand, Dave Murray of the Lazy Z; Frank Snipes and H. H. Allen, all rode in the Kittitas roundup to collect their cattle which had strayed over the hills from the Yakima country.

MAY SICKLER

Yakima County

My father, Mr. Conrad, had traveled over California, Oregon and Washington and finally located in the Yakima valley to raise stock. He began with hogs, which he herded on the reservation. He homesteaded in Tampico, sold the filing and homesteaded in the Moxee and proved up. In 1887 he bought back the Tampico farm, and raised hogs for ten years, then went back to Moxee and farmed.

MARY ROSENCRANCE

A Woman Rides the Range

Franklin County

After quitting the stock business, we developed the ranch, put in a water wheel and raised grain, and started an orchard.

I rode in many roundups, but the longest one was when I rode with 500 cowboys for that last roundup when the Big Bend was thrown open to settlement.

Over 2,000 head of horses carried our brand, the Bar-X. We were four or five months in the saddle and the last great band of horses in Washington was taken off the range. We had to quit raising stock when the settlers came and didn't know how to do anything else.

THOMAS M. NEELY

King County

When I became too heavy for riding as a jockey, I worked on the ranch, breaking wild horses. Father had a large ranch near Kent, of 740 acres. He raised hogs and cattle and did butchering work himself.

I used to drive cattle across the Cascades from Ellensburg to the ranch at Kent. We had one hundred and fifty to two hundred head of cattle in each drive. They cost eighteen or twenty dollars a head. We would hire Indians at one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars a day to help drive. They furnished their own horses. We would fatten the cattle at the ranch and then drive in herds of ten or twenty to the Coleman slaughter house and sell them for forty dollars a head.

JULIA CLEMENTS

Benton County

Father had over a thousand acres on the Columbia. Our ranch down the river was one of the roundup places. Cattle were rounded up from Prosser to Patterson. Father had 2,200 head of horses at one time, besides cattle. The best horses were picked out and driven to eastern markets.

The liveliest times of all were the spring roundups. The cowboys rode out whooping like Indians, with their horses bucking. Sometimes twenty or thirty horses would be bucking at one time. People of today think rodeos are wonderful exhibitions; they should have seen the real cowboys who made their living riding, roping and throwing cattle.

KELSEY CONGOR

Cowlitz County

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 cows. 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.

MINNIE RHOADES GOODPASTURE

Wild Cattle in Pacific County

Mother was a brave little woman. Father was obliged to be away from home much of the time, leaving her alone with the children. One Fourth of July afternoon she took us for a walk on the beach and to see if father's boat was in sight. She was expecting him home from the oyster grounds where he had gone the day before. We children were playing on a sand dune, when we heard mother call. Looking up, we saw her motioning excitedly. We ran to her, wondering whether the Indians were again coming to bother us, when she pointed toward the north where a band of wild cattle, headed by a renegade, Old Rose, was coming toward us.

Snatching off her apron, mother threw it about Janie, whose red dress, she feared, would excite the herd. In doing this, she felt something in the pocket and investigated, to find a bunch of firecrackers and a block of matches left from the morning's celebration. Without hesitation, she lighted the crackers and tossed them at the cattle, now almost upon us. The scheme worked, and the cattle, as frightened now as they had been fearless an instant before, turned and fled. They had been shot at so often that they were gun-shy. Mr. Johnson had turned them losse at Goose Point and they had become so wild they had become dangerous. The leader, Old Rose, was feared above all others.

Father was crossing the meadow on his way home from work one evening when he heard a swishing sound in the grass a short distance ahead of him. Looking up, he saw Old Rose coming for him with her head lowered. A scrub spruce was the only refuge in sight, and he headed for it, the cow gaining ground at every step. Father reached the tree first and had barely time to leap into its branches when the cow's horns struck the trunk below him.

PIONEER MAIL SERVICE

No privation suffered by the pioneer was more keenly felt than the lack of mail service. At first, mail was intrusted to anyone going near the destination of the letters. Mail to settlers on the coast were addressed either to Puget Sound Country or to Fort Vancouver. On the east side of the Cascades it might be sent to Walla Walla Country or to Fort Colville. Mail by steamer from the mid-west went to the east coast or down the rivers to New Orleans and then around The Horn and up the coast. Letters sent from Ohio to Olympia, or Seattle were sometimes three months on the way.

After the railroad was built to Salt Lake City, the pony express and stage coach then brought mail to Walla Walla and the Yakima Valley or up into Stevens County. Not until the 70's was there any satisfactory service. The rapid development of railroads in the 80's gave most rural communities a chance to receive and send mail at least weekly, and this was considered an advancement.

MAIL IN SPOKANE COUNTY

Missionaries Rode Far for Mail

Once a year mail came in vessels of the Hudson's Bay Company, being sent up the Columbia river to Fort Walla Walla, and one of the missionaries, Eels, or Walker, who were located at Tshimakain, rode the 200 miles to get a message from far New England, the trip taking two weeks. Often the letters would be two years old.

CHARLES CONWAY

Benton County

A young woman had been postmistress. She married the departing station agent, in order to get away, I presume, and deputized the storekeeper, turning over the postoffice to him. The day before the storekeeper pulled stakes he called me in and asked me to take over the post office. "You can just as well handle it there in the station," he said.

Where I had come from, it was a ticklish business to fool with Uncle Sam's affairs without a license, so I flatly refused. "Call up Knowlton and see what he says," urged the storekeeper. "I'm leaving here in the morning and pitching the post office into the sage brush."

So I called the man I was superseding. He was at Ellensburg. He insisted that I take the post office. "Go to the store and move everything that looks like it, and set it up at the depot," he told me. I was postmaster three years without an appointment; then I was officially appointed.

GRACE GATCH

King County

In the early days, when there was no postal delivery in Seattle, everyone went down to the post office for the mail . Strange as it seems, it was a common practice in those days for women to be allowed to go to the head of the line, such was the gallantry of the men.

Dr. Gatch, my father, noticed that his little girls, Ruth and Gay, would come into the house with the mail, reading the postal cards. To him, this was a reprehensible habit and he chided them about it, but without result, as he observed. So he decided upon a more drastic method.

A few days later these little girls came into the house with the letters and scared looks on their faces. They handed their father the mail, and among the letters was a postal card which they had evidently read. The postal card read as follows:

> What are these little girls doing?
> They are reading a postal card.
> Is the postal card addressed to them?
> No. It is addressed to their father.

The lesson was effective.

CLARENCE SHORT

Tale of a Pioneer Mail Carrier

Klickitat County

One of the earliest pioneers of the then Oregon and Washington carried the mail from The Dalles to the Blockhouse, situated between eight and nine miles from what is now called Goldendale. He carried the mail on horseback in a pair of saddlebags provided for that purpose. This was during the years 1872 and 1873. This mail carrier was Meriel S. Short, who was living at that time on the Columbia river, at a place known as Eight Mile Creek, about eight or nine miles

from The Dalles on the north bank of the river. He was obliged to start in the early morning hours in order to make the trip through to the Blockhouse in the course of the day. He remained over night at Spring Creek with some friends and acquaintances he had acquired during the days preceding this historic period.

His daughter relates that as her father would be leaving the Blockhouse with the mail, several of the neighborhood women would gather and send by him to get many household articles which they might be in need of at that time. It might be a few spools of thread, a paper of needles, or a few yards of calico, or some other necessity of which the busy housewife was in need at that time. It is further related that his memory was so accurate that he seldom forgot the separate items for which they sent and upon his return trip usually was able to bring back every item.

WYERS BRIDGES THE GAP

Mail from Pony Express to Fleet of Trucks

By Gertrude Wyers

Yakima County

By July of 1934, when the mail routes are once more bid upon and contracted from the government, Teunis Wyers, Jr., will have carried the mail from the town of White Salmon to the outlying districts for forty years. That is a long time to faithfully serve Uncle Sam—regardless of wind and weather, man and beast. The schedule includes, as it did then, and has for years, Husum, Trout Lake, Glenwood and Snoden. This covers practically the whole of the White Salmon valley, which begins at the Columbia river and extends northward to the base of the snow-capped Mt. Adams.

You have doubtless been thrilled before by the tales of the heroes of the Pony Express, how they rode fearlessly and alone to bring mail to its appointed destination. This enterprise had its beginning in such fashion. In 1894, when Teunis Wyers was but a lad of eighteen years, he carried the mail on horseback from White Salmon to the town of Glenwood, a distance of thirty-five miles, three times a week. And, it is said, he never missed a trip. The whole of his equipment then consisted of three cayuses. One he secured for breaking two wild colts, one he traded a pig for and the third he purchased for eight dollars.

Others Come West to Seek Fortune

Soon the valley began to shed its frontier aspect. Others had learned of the fertile soil and likewise came west to try their fortune in apples, lumbering or stock raising. My father soon had to discard his lone steed and substitute a buck board rig for about four or five months during the summer and a hack with two horses and sleds during the fall and winter in 1902. Incidentally, in that same year of 1902, he married Olga Lauterback, who is still beside him.

This new arrangement in transportation was a saving in time as well as an improvement in equipment, giving rise to a daily service of goods. These light rigs swung easily over the ribbon of a road and the horses knowing their work, needed only the crack of the whip or a word of encouragement to keep them going. Under such circumstances I wouldn't wonder that many a passenger thought that his last day had come.

Rockaway Coach makes its Debut

Always abreast, perhaps a bit ahead of the times, father thought it wise to inaugurate the use of "thorough brace stages" (often known as the Rockaway Coaches), drawn by four horses. For delivery of very heavy freight, six-horse teams were necessary. These old coaches, which have since become romantically pictured to us, were sold later to movie people for use in Western holdup scenes and rodeos.

By 1910-12 the climax had been reached. During these years my father had as high as a hundred head of horses in the harness for mail and livery purposes. He always bought wild horses, broke them on the stage lines and often sold them again when tamed for others, making a sizeable profit for his efforts. Besides improving his business, he enjoyed matching teams and mating wild steeds he secured here and there. This does not mean, however, that he never used horses again; even today it is often necessary.

Motor Equipment Comes Into Use

Shortly before the war, with the arrival of motor-propelled cars, father found that improved roads and the increased mail and freight required the use of a Ford. But poor Ford didn't last long, either, for it was only a short time until the business expanded again, requiring the use of heavier trucks and delivery wagons. Up and up was stocked the equipment. By 1926-28 father operated five big regular stages, a half dozen delivery wagons and extras for use in case of a breakdown, and four school busses.

When heavy snows fall, a common occurrence in these mountains, the motor vehicle becomes useless. The mail goes on, regardless, and

to insure the safety of his cargo, father kept his horses and distributes them about his various routes, making sure there are plenty at both ends of the route and at the half way points. He runs a beautiful ranch at Gilmer Flat, located mid way between White Salmon and Glenwood, for example, and here the driver stops, is met by a driver from the opposite end of the route, changes horses, reloads his cargo and returns to his starting point.

This entails the employment of a host of efficient men who are capable of coping with emergencies, and a loyal lot they are. He has had among his crew men who have served him for twenty-five years.

What a Big Difference a Few Years Make

Consider what a difference these changes have made to the farmer living within the area father serves. Years ago the farmer would write to a Portland firm (the nearest large city) for a needed article. From Portland it would be sent up the Columbia river by boat to White Salmon—a long and slow process. Here it would be picked up and carried out to his farm.

In the days of tri-weekly service, consider how long it would be from the time he wrote for the material and the time it finally reached him. Now, if the farmer's wife needs a new dress to wear to the dance, she may telephone to a White Salmon shop, which may in turn telephone to a Portland firm for the wanted dress. Shipment is made by train to White Salmon (the North Bank branch of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railway was put through southwestern Washington only twenty-five years ago), and father will see that it is delivered by the stage the same afternoon.

Though father has adopted motor equipment, he still loves to ride a saddle horse, and every now and then gives it a workout.

Father's one outstanding characteristic is the huge hat he wears—one of those ten-gallon hats identified with the west. Even when he went abroad with his brother, John, to pay one last visit to his birthplace, Holland, he refused to wear any other headgear, saying that he intended to be himself wherever he went.

Of course, he can spin many a yarn about his experiences covering the country on horse back. To some old timer friend he needs only say, "Do you remember the time—" and there they go. It is by no means an over statement of the facts to say that he knows the life history of every man, woman and child in the valley.

WILLIAM B. ROBINSON

Okanogan County

I was caretaker in winter time for the Eureka mine. I was running short line traps at the same time. I started one morning for Mezana (Grat Mountain) for the mail. It was snowing. I had forgotten my snow mask and prayed the sun would not shine. The sun came out, however, and the glare dazzled me, then caused blindness. The snow was melting, making the trail pointed in the middle, and there was I, in the mountain fastness, totally blind. I straddled the trail and kept going, along the side of a precipice. I heard the river and felt my way foot by foot. I was lost. I knew I could never get any place save by walking in the river. I felt for a stick and found one with a big root hanging to it. I couldn't break it off. I fell again and again. I was chilled to the bone. I was discouraged and was about to quit and die, when I heard a different sound to the river. It was the noise of Lost river pouring into the Methow river and I knew I was almost to my destination. I have never suffered so much nor been so near death before or since.

DANIEL PRESCOTT

Wahkiakum County

Our mail and supplies came in by tri-weekly boats. You know, try to make it the first week, and then make it the next.

JOHN F. SPANGLE

Spokane County

I secured an appointment in 1875 for carrying mail from Spangle to Palouse and Lewiston on horseback. I continued this work through 1875, '76, and '77, which was during the Nez Perce war. On one of these trips, a postmaster advised me that I would have company part of the way, this "company" proving to be a large buck Indian, and judging from his actions, I was sure I was in for trouble. When we had traveled a few miles together the Indian started to unwrap his gun, saying he was going to shoot a woodchuck. I was convinced he intended to shoot me to steal my horse, so I pulled my revolver out and made the Indian ride ahead of me until we were in open country, then I made him ride fast in another direction.

MRS. MARTHA JEANETTE MALONEY

Lewis County

At Silver Creek, the post office was owned and operated by an old man, Mr. Tucker, and he kept his mail and postal supplies under the bed.

After a time, I started a store at Silver Creek, and I applied for and got the post office. I was postmistress there for several years. I failed to relate that the mail was carried in by horseback every other day. The mail had to be weighed each day and the average weight was approximately four hundred pounds.

JOHN FLETCHER

Jefferson County

The only material obtainable for clothing for the smaller children was made of flour sacks, which mother turned into shirts and underwear—even outer garments at times. Great good fortune brought to father the contract for carrying the mail from Forks to the Hoh, a distance of about 20 miles, two trips a month, three days each time, for $10 a month.

ALEX McLEOD

Stevens County

I had several close calls with the Indians when I was carrying mail. One time in particular, I was chased by a large band who tried to get the mail sack. I ran about fifteen miles and the only thing that saved the mail, and possibly myself, was the superior speed of my horse. I was privileged by the government to commandeer any horse or horses along the mail route, while in the performance of my duty, should my mounts give out for any reason.

GEORGE K. COOPER

Okanogan County

There was a busy little social life in the canyon. Picnics and surprise parties with wonderful lunches, were held, and just visiting was a pleasure. My wife says they are forgotten today. We made many

small sacrifices for reading matter; books, papers, and magazines. The winters would have been impossible without them. Mail came by stage, coming in and going out was a 10 cent charge for letters and 5 cents for papers, besides the stamps.

LOREN BINGHAM HASTINGS

Jefferson County

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

EVERETT GETCHELL

Mail for Early Residents Left at Post Office at Mukilteo

Snohomish County

Wherever the hardy pioneer has pushed through the wilderness and been followed by civilization, the United States postal system has been close behind. The same that has been true of every frontier held true in Snohomish county, even as early as 1870 when there were only a handful of settlers scattered along the waterfront, and up the rivers. Perhaps the mail didn't arrive on schedule, in fact, at times it might be a week late, even after a route had been established, but the people were too busy to care. If the boat came and brought letters from the folks back home, there was joy in the settlement. If not, life went on and the business of making a home in the wilderness progressed.

I am a Lowell pioneer, who came to Snohomish county when but a lad of five years. I remember the first boat to navigate the Snohomish river on a regular run. Other boats had gained Snohomish, head of navigation, but not regularly.

It was in the spring of 1870 that the steamer Chehalis, owned and operated by Captain Wright, began to ply the routes of Puget Sound and push its nose up the snag-infested and uncharted waters of the Snohomish river. Although not intended to carry mail when first put on the run, the captain graciously consented to pick up the few letters

that might be waiting in the post office at Mukilteo and drop them off at the nearest point to the receiver.

The Chehalis had no regular route, "which was just as well," according to the early settlers. The boat, out of Seattle, always stopped at Mukilteo for water and wood and as J. D., Fowler, "Jake", to those who knew him, was postmaster at that place, letters would be given the captain who delivered them free of charge. This course was rather haphazard, as the boat came once a week at such times as there were no better pay-loads to other parts of the Sound.

Although the boat came from Seattle, no mail was picked up until Mukilteo was reached. Captain Wright wanted a contract to carry mail from Seattle to Snohomish, but this would not be granted and all efforts to force him to contract to carry mail from Mukilteo to Snohomish failed.

The early boats stopped first at Blackman's Point after leaving Mukilteo, then up the river to Lowell, Riverview, then Walker's landing and then to Snohomish City, or Cadyville, as it was known to the early settlers. The mail from Seattle came by the Skagit river boat as far as Mukilteo.

In the fall of 1870 or the early part of 1871 three other post offices were established. George Brackett was operating a sawmill at the point now known as Edmonds, and when the post office was granted at that place he became postmaster. Other offices were opened at Lowell with E. D. Smith as postmaster and at Snohomish with E. C. Ferguson in charge.

Previous to this, the Chehalis had gone to a watery grave in a storm off Edmonds. Being a stern-wheeler, about 80 or 90 feet long, she had difficulty in riding out the storm, so she was put ashore and the passengers landed. The crew failed to make the craft fast and sometime during the night she floated into deep water and sank.

Captain Wright chartered the "Black Diamond" and ordered the construction of a boat to replace the Chehalis. In the latter part of 1871 his new boat, the "Zephyr," was put on the run. At the same time some men in Snohomish built the "Nellie." For years the Zephyr and Nellie ran alternately, the Zephyr coming up on Monday and returning on Tuesday, and the Nellie coming Thursday and going back on Friday.

Captain Wright had secured a contract from Seattle when the four postoffices were established, and the people of the Snohomish valley felt they were right in touch with the world, getting mail more or less regularly twice a week. The two boats caused the industry of wood cutting along the banks to thrive.

Captain Wright finally withdrew the Zephyr from the run and the Nellie carried on, making two trips a week. The boats, aside from carrying the mails and freight, offered the only means of getting to and from Snohomish valley. It was a lucrative business.

Settlers came fast, and eventually the S. S. Mabel was put on the run to alternate with the Nellie, and now the pioneers were served regularly once a day with mail from the outside world. No one complained when the boats were late. There were times, even when the community had such modern conveniences as daily mail, that the boats didn't get through for as much as a week at a time. But this was all right. When they did come, everybody turned out to meet them and received their letters. Magazines and papers were unheard of, but letters made up much of the bulk of the mail.

There was only one mail sack to serve four postoffices during that early period. George Brackett would open the sack when he got it, take out the mail addressed to Edmonds, place in it the mail going on up the river, lock it up and toss it back aboard the steamer. This procedure was practiced all along the route. But once during the process of remodeling the store that housed the postoffice, at Lowell, E. D. Smith lost his key, and was unable to locate it, but this was an easy matter to fix. Smith simply told Fowler at Mukilteo to leave the sack unlocked. When Smith was through with it on its trip up the river, he would lock it and send it on. The same method was used on the down trip, Ferguson at Snohomish leaving it open until it reached Lowell.

This continued all summer and no letter was ever lost. Smith advertised for the key and offered a reward for it, but it was never located. He finally reported the matter to the department, was fined $5.00, the lock was changed and the postmasters given new keys.

In later years, Everett Getchell was sent to Everett for the mail, but because he was not a deputy sworn in by proper authorities, was refused the sack and went back without it. He smiles as he recalls two incidents, once when the sack was left open, and then when he was not allowed to carry the sack from Everett to Lowell because of lack of authority.

Two months after the boom town had started at Port Gardner (Everett), mail was delivered to that place from Lowell on horseback. Later when the railroad came ,the mail delivery between the two towns was reversed, from Everett to Lowell, as it is today.

MELVIN F. HAWK

Pierce County

We got our mail from Steilacoom. We would try to get there once or twice a month, but were not much concerned if we didn't make it even that often, for there was nothing there when we did go. If the postmaster thought there was any very important mail, he would try to send it out by some of the settlers. Postmasters then knew everybody's business for miles around. Letters did not come in envelopes but were just papers, folded, tied with a string, then sealed with hot sealing wax.

SAMUEL H. COTTLE

Early Days in Quilcene

Jefferson County

When I first came to Quilcene, we had to row across the canal to Seabeck to get our mail. In 1882 mail service was started from Port Discovery to Quilcene. Orrin Jacobs, then territorial representative in congress, was instrumental in obtaining that service. The first postmaster was James Haradon. It was required at that time that the patrons of the office provide for the carrying of the mail from Port Discovery to Quilcene for a period of six months. One or another of the postoffice patrons made these trips, but when Andrew Mason came into the settlement with a horse, he was employed to carry the mail. In 1891, with the completion of the railroad between Port Townsend and Quilcene, mail and passenger service were combined with logging and other commercial business between the two points over the Port Townsend and Southern. This continued until about 1920, since which time travel has been carried on over the state highways.

FOODS AND FASHIONS

Some of the striking customs of Washington history are here listed. They illustrate the manner of living, the styles and many of the things that made pioneering joyful as well as grievous.

JAMES GLASCOW

Spokane County

I came to Medical Lake and took up a homestead a mile northeast of town, built a small one-room box house and established my home. While holding down this claim, I worked for a livery man, driving stage, draying and piloting traveling salesmen through the Palouse and Big Bend country. I drove to Pullman with the salesman who sold an opening stock to the first store to be opened in that town. The salesman displayed his samples on a pile of lumber waiting to be used in the building which this store occupied.

I accumulated about 500 acres of land and raised wheat and live stock until I disposed of my stock and land holdings in 1926. I was one of the organizers and stockholders in the first telephone in Medical Lake township, and served on the school board for about ten years in early days.

There were a few occupied sod houses around Medical Lake when I took up my homestead. Most of them, however, were box houses and log cabins. I built a one-room box house. After I was married, and our children were born, I built several lean-tos. Our first furniture included nail kegs and benches for chairs and our kitchen table was a wide board laid across the top of a barrel. I recall having my dishpan full of dishes on my improvised table when the board slipped off the barrel and all the dishes were broken.

MRS. KATE BURNHAM

Spokane County

I have a lot of antique furniture, which adds so much charm to my pleasant home. Among the pieces are several chairs dating back one hundred years, all having a New England origin excepting one which came from England. A rocker dates back to the horsehair period of furniture. An old organ, sixty years old, has been transformed into

a most beautiful writing desk and is handy as well as ornamental. My husband did the cabinet work himself.

On top of a china closet containing old silver and china, sits a white glass hen that dates back a long time and aside from having lost her red eyes ,she is the same patient Biddy of one hundred years ago. She sits on her empty nest which used to contain the boiled egg for breakfast. By the way, Biddy was once banished to the attic for many years, but since the craze for white glass has been revived, the House Beautiful has placed its approvel on old china and glass, so once again Biddy is allowed to appear in public.

I very well remember when F. O. Berg, now deceased, put a two horse power motor in his buggy and drove around town, to the wonder of us all. I think that was the first motor-driven vehicle ever in Spokane.

HENRY GEORGE PARSONS

Related by His Daughter, Mrs. Lela M. Kagy

Thurston County

The Parsons family came from Michigan. They made the trip without serious mishap and reached Salem in the fall and spent the winter there. They then came to Puget Sound in the spring and took up 320 acres of land near Chambers Prairie, Thurston county, in Section 36, township 181 west of Willamette meridian, just southeast of Logan Lake. First they built a log house, but later constructed a frame house. Game was plentiful in those days. An hour's hunting would produce a deer or a supply of grouse. That, together with potatoes, bread, fish and clams was their living.

Grandfather Thomas Mercer's family was not so fortunate. They got along fairly well until they reached The Dalles, Oregon. They were going down the river on a flat boat when rain commenced pouring down. Grandmother took cold from the wetting and died at the Cascades. Grandfather had to bury her there by the river and go on to Salem alone with his four little girls. The son died in infancy.

They wintered in Salem, and there became acquainted with the Parson family. They came to the Sound in 1853, and settled in what is now Seattle. Grandfather's homestead was on Queen Anne hill. Lake Union and Mercer street were two of its boundaries. It was covered with timber, but he cleared several acres for farming . He owned the first team of horses in Seattle, having driven them across the plains.

He had to make a road through the woods before he could drive to his farm. Mary Jane, his eldest daughter and my mother, kept house for him and took care of her three younger sisters until her marriage in 1857. They stayed in the block house in Seattle during the Indian war. Grandfather was always kind to the Indians and one of them urged him to take his little girls to safety before the Indians came to attack the town. His property was not molested.

We are still living on the old homestead where we all grew up. There are two old cherry trees here that are about seventy years old. They still bear every year.

MRS. ELMIRA WHITAKER

Thurston County

There were seventeen families on Bush Prairie in 1853. They were: Bush, Jones, Dullnap, Rider, Kindred, Kune, Ferguson, Rutledge, Gordon, Carnell Johnson, Candell, Littlejohn and Judson.

A log school house was built across the road from the Bush home.

I lived through a period of time when there were many advances in the mode of transportation. First was the ox team. In the 80's the demand for speed brought the democrat wagon, with which we could make the round trip to Olympia in one day. Then in the 90's there was the "hack", and folks then remarked, "this is the way to travel." This was soon supplanted by the two-seated buggy, and with the improved roads one could drive to Olympia in two hours. Then came the automobile and paved roads and the round trip to Olympia could be made in less time than it formerly took to curry, harness and hitch the team to the carriage.

JOSEPH WARREN ANDERSON

King County

I bought several ranches in Kitsap County and planted an orchard there. I raised eight different kinds of apples from one tree for a novelty and raised Japanese pears from our wild pear trees. I also planted five and one-half acres to orchard. I own these ranches yet.

I lived with the Ingrahams and the Hollenbecks and devoted my evenings to books and study. My friends were Ed Cheasty, Ed Chilberg, Pierre Ferry and the Denny boys. The Good Templars had lots

of good fun. While I was teaching, the teachers and older pupils made an excursion to Lilliwaup Falls.

I took two diplomas in law and one in medicine during my life. I have a master of laws degree. My business college diploma was signed by Henry Spencer, famous for his Spencerian writing.

I remember the show which John L. Sullivan put on in Yesler's Hall. He offered $100 or $500 to anyone who would stand up against him a certain number of minutes. Several loggers tried it but none made the grade. This was in 1885 or 1886.

CHARLES H. FARNSWORTH

Whitman County

Almost all our supplies had to be freighted by wagon from Walla Walla. Most of the wheat raised was traded for other supplies. Some wheat was hauled to Spokane, which averaged about $.70 per bushel. The hauling distance was about 75 miles and would take from four to five days to make the round trip.

Kerosene sold for $1.00 per gallon and sugar, five pounds for $1.00 and all items of food which we could not raise were very expensive. There was an abundance of wild game in the wooded foothills and on the prairie, also plenty of fish in the mountain streams, so it was necessary for the settlers to buy but few articles of food.

PERRY W. BAKER

Clark County

There were a few log houses here when I came. They were caulked with mud or moss. Other houses were built of rough lumber.

I can recall a story of the Heisseir and Caples and some other families when they were proving up on their homesteads. One was required to have a glass window in his house. Well, these settlers bought one window between them, and kept it stored under a bed. Whenever it came time for one of the homesteaders to make final proof, each one in turn would borrow the window and use it for inspection. Meantime they used a wooden shutter with leather hinges, or, if bad weather came, they boarded the opening up entirely or else nailed a sheep hide over it.

We always used grease lamps. Just a dish of grease—bear or hog

fat with a wick in it. Not very good light, but one could see to get around.

We had puncheon floors. For furniture, we had homemade benches, for the most part. There were very few chairs in the neighborhood, and some homemade rockers.

The story is told of the pioneer, Mr. Heisseir, that he placed his foot in a nail keg while chopping to avoid gashing his leg with the axe.

All the houses had fireplaces in the early days, not only for heating, but were used also for cooking. Dishes were not too plentiful. Our nearest store was 10 miles from here at Stotten. Women often walked that far to sell produce. I've often known my mother to kill chickens and carry them ten miles, to exchange them for sugar, tea, coffee or other supplies at the store, and walk both ways.

I've often driven oxen and a sled to Stotten. That was a hard trip for the steers and slow, too, because they often gave out. The hills were many and steep and the sled a heavy load. There was no horse team here for many years. Mr. Goodnight had the first team of horses in this community.

Women all wore calico dresses in those days.

We used venison a lot, and also bear meat. We used to salt it down. We didn't use much salt salmon, because the salmon in the Lewis river are not good, although the early comers here did eat the dog salmon.

My cousin settled one and one-half miles from town on Toot mountain. We had to carry all his house furnishings in by hand over a trail, as there was no road. That was tough work, as it was up hill all the way.

We had plenty of potatoes. We used to flail out the wheat and take it to the grist mill at Salmon Creek, seven or eight miles away. We paid mill toll on it, a part of the flour being kept as recompense for the grinding. Later there was a mill at Lewisville.

There were Indians here when I was a boy, but they were always peaceable. I remember once when a band of them were riding through and stopped at the house for something to eat. I was alone in the house at the time and was frightened to death. I went to get them a pan of milk and spilled it all over myself but I quieted down when the leader told me not to be afraid and that they wouldn't hurt me.

I was out of the state two years during the Spanish war. In 1900 I had two birthdays. Impossible? Well, we were coming home from the Philippines and on March 23rd, my birthday, we crossed the meridian, and since a day is always added there, I had two birthdays to celebrate on this occasion.

Father started to take a homestead but he had to leave it for a time and meanwhile another man jumped his claim, so he never proved up on it. He went to Vancouver and lived there for two or three years. Then he got a farm three miles north of Battleground and here we've been ever since.

CHARLES H. LITTELL

Spokane County

I have voted in Washington 55 years. I recall the exciting and amusing election for the county seat of Lincoln county. Davenport and Sprague contested for the honor and Sprague won. The Northern Pacific railway was being constructed through Sprague at the time, and Davenport, claiming that Sprague allowed non-resident railroad laborers to vote, refused to turn over the county records. A sheriff's posse was organized at Sprague and after the excitement had subsided in Davenport, the mounted and armed posse rode over to Davenport and secured the records with very little trouble. Several years later another election was held for the county capitol and Davenport won without protest, and has held it ever since that time

Most of the houses in the Mondovi district were of logs. As logs could be cut from the nearby forest, and lumber was expensive and required a long haul, furniture was all home-made. The log cabin built by Evan McClure (a neighbor and relative), in 1881, is still standing and in use as a granary on his farm.

Transportation was by wagon and horseback. Deep Creek was the nearest trading point, where a small store was located. After the Northern Pacific railway was built through Cheney in 1882-83, this town offered a better market place. The Central Washington branch of the Northern Pacific was constructed through Mondovi and the Big Bend country in 1888-89 and settlers took up the land very rapidly.

PIONEER SMALL TOWN LIFE

Island County

The dance at Utsalady was one of the most enjoyable affairs ever given in this county, taking place in 1884. The steamer Helen, in command of Captain L. Kineth, was sent to Coupeville for the invited guests, the list including virtually the entire population of the village.

The ball opened at 9:00 o'clock, and at midnight supper was announced, when the invited guests, having the place of honor, were es-

corted to the hotel presided over by Mr. and Mrs. D'Jorup. The supper was delicious; the tables were loaded with every dainty that would tempt the appetite. Supper over, dancing was resumed and continued until daylight, when the shrill whistle of the steamer warned those who wished to return that it was time to go. After bidding goodbye to their Utsalady friends, the Island party hurried aboard, very sleepy and tired, but evidently much pleased with the gala occasion.

WILLIAM ADAMS

Mason County

Our family, like many other Indian families, has demonstrated what their native ability might do if given a chance. From complete ignorance, so far as book learning is concerned, one member of this family is now a member of the state legislature as a representative of Mason, Jefferson and Clallam Counties. Some members of the family were unable to tell whether they were democrats or republicans. It was decided to set a hen and mark a portion of the eggs with the letter D for democrat and R for republican, and then vote for the party best represented in the hatch. Nearly all were rotten, but there were three republican chickens and one democrat, so for the time being, I was a republican.

Our clothing was made from furs, sewed together with strips of the skins of animals. Our summer clothing was made from dried cattails and sewed together with narrow strips of the inner bark of cedar trees and cedar roots. Clothing and feathers were colored by the use of nuts, bark and berries. In earlier times a custom prevailed among the Indians that about every so often those who had accumulated a larger amount of money, property, ponies and other possessions, would invite the members of his tribe and distribute this property, so that all might share prosperity.

MRS. HUNTER

Thurston County

After getting settled in Washington and better acquainted with some of the people, I thought that this was a wonderful place in which to live. In comparison with the place from which I came, it almost seemed that I had found Heaven. Some of the conditions overcome by the pioneer women can be illustrated by the fact that in the first year at Hunter's Point, Mr. Hunter was badly injured and was unable to work for several months, so I did all the grubbing and plant-

ing of our first garden, I surely worked hard, but was well repaid for the effort.

I have always liked outdoor activities and have hunted considerably with my husband. One morning when my husband was away, my daughter and I were awakened early by a commotion in the yard, and heard the dog barking at something. We waited until daylight, when we discovered three bears which the dog had succeeded in treeing near the house. I got out the gun and shot them, as there were too many bears coming about the garden and around the house and raising trouble.

Between 1893 and 1896 we went without coffee for a long time, owing to the fact that nobody could buy it when it was shipped in. One day my husband came home in great glee, giving me a recipe for fixing bran in such a manner that when cooked it would taste very much like coffee. The recipe is as follows: 1 gallon of bran, 2 tablespoons molasses, scalded and parched in the oven until it is somewhat brown and charred. Bran treated this way and cooked the same as coffee provided a very tasty drink for a number of months . At that time the cheapest priced dress goods was 25 cents a yard. During this time one druggist in Olympia established a very large trade in Diamond dyes . If the women could not have new dresses, they could have the old ones dyed, doing it themselves, of course. A year or two after this, I was in the store in Olympia and the storekeeper showed me some new dress goods. He had just gotten this goods in and it was 50 cents a yard. I had wanted a new dress for so long that I bought goods to make a dress of this 50 cent material, and then the "underground telegraph" got busy. Almost all of the women in the trading area of Olympia were scandalized over the fact that I had paid 50 cents a yard for dress material. During this time farmers had a hard time trying to sell full grown beef cattle for $6.00 to $8.00 to get enough money to pay their taxes.

In the early days when the pioneers wanted to have a dance, a few of them would get together in a sailboat, take a violinist along and stop in at some logging camp along the Sound and dance all night, then come back by boat next day. In early days all transportation was by water.

ORPHA HIGGINS SUTTON

San Juan County

I was born in a log cabin that had floors, but I remember that some had swept dirt floors.

I had heard my mother tell of coming to the islands and landing at a place now known as Old Town on San Juan Island. Here she was carried ashore by a man who waded out over the tide flats and through shallow water, then carried his 'load' to the dry beach. This man was prepared for the task, as he wore rubber hip boots.

Our sleeping facilities were somewhat different than those of the present day, at least in our family. We slept five in a bed. The bed was pushed back to the wall during the day and out into the middle of the room at night. The cabin was one of two rooms. My mother made the quilts real long, so that they could be tucked in around the sleepers.

I remember also that it was the usual thing to celebrate on Christmas Eve. Many neighbors came to the home and from the large front room the furniture would be moved out of doors in rain or snow. The folks would dance and make merry until the morning hours.

We always made room for company. Mother would get out a feather bed. It was placed on the floor. There was always room and company was always welcome.

ARTHUR RACE

Living Costs Seventy Years Ago

Island County

In 1863 there were but two stores on the island. One was kept by John Robertson at Coupeville, the other by Barrington & Phillips. Each store had a saloon in connection, over the bars of which, it seemed, as much money passed as was exchanged in trade for merchandise. The Oak Harbor store carried a much better stock than the Coupeville store and consequently did a larger business. At Ebey's Landing there was a saloon which also carried a few items of merchandise and groceries.

Prices charged for merchandise from the year 1863 to 1868 were about as follows: the best flour (Extra) was $1.75 to $2.25 per 49-pound bag; a lower grade, (Superfine) $1.50 to $2.00; tobacco from 1863 to 1865 was $2.00 a pound, but from 1865 to '68 fell to $1.50; common calico and unbleached muslin, 6 yards for a dollar. The better grades were 25 cents a yard. Long gum boots, $7.50 a pair, short ones were $5.00; sugar (No. 2 Sandwich) 7 pounds for a dollar; No. 1 Island and Golden C, 6 pounds for a dollar; crushed sugar, 20 cents a pound and powdered or bar sugar 25 cents.

MONSON THORP, SR.

Spokane County

When I came to Spokane the town was small but growing very rapidly. A number of good brick and frame business buildings and houses were under construction. The following year on October 4th, 1889, most of the business district of the city was swept by fire and this busy town of many fine buildings became a tent city almost over night.

There were very few houses on the north side of the Spokane river, and no water pressure. My children carried drinking water from a spring near where the Post street bridge is now located, with yokes suspending two pails at the ends. I also bought water delivered at twenty cents a barrel from a tank wagon which made daily rounds through the north part of the city. My children caught eels and dog salmon in the river, selling the eels to Chinamen and the salmon to Indians, these being their favorite food.

MRS. ELY FISHER (Charlotte Mayer)

Douglas County

In 1886 we came to Douglas County and filed on a timber culture claim. The same one on which I am still living. The soil was rich and seeds grew almost overnight.

My husband came over several times, filed on his claim, brought over the machinery and cattle, and built the first frame house in Douglas county for me as a bride. It was 16x24 in size and the nicest in the country. There was no water for some time and we packed it up hill from the Columbia.

No one else lived there. Sneaking coyotes and rattlesnakes gave me the shivers and pitters, but the rich land was worth all the hardships. An orchard was planted and yet more trees, and when my husband was sick and could not protest, I planted 1,500 more apple trees. In 1906 we put in 150 walnut trees. Every penny passed through my hands.

The Indians were friendly and in the early days when no one lived within a day's ride, I was glad to see them. I cooked them good meals and they liked me. I spoke Chinook with them. One time some of them were drunk and I was afraid. I took my children out in the middle of the corn field where they sat until dark, when the Indians had gone whooping on their way.

There were only five children to go to school. The first school was a private kindergarten.

In Minneapolis, before my first marriage, I trained for three years to be a nurse. My father had remarried and I did not want to go back to Norway. Naturally an active person, I wanted to do something with my time. In Douglas county, when I first came here, there was no doctor to help the poor women with their babies. I was a midwife. As my own children came, I was tied to my home. I made baby clothes from my nurse uniforms.

My two story house was open to the travelers. Usually they had their own blankets and I never refused them food. Each trip to Spokane meant another chair, bed springs, and even curtains. There were hogs, chickens and cows. We lived well. When a beef was killed in summer, I put it up in tins. Chicken was also canned. There was always food for a hurry-up meal.

When a traveling preacher came through the country, people came from as far as Entiat. Preaching was in the grove below the Fisher farm and picnic lunches followed the sermon.

I came to Douglas county with a chest of clothes. It was years before we had to buy anything. When the need came, there was always Spokane, the nearest shopping place.

In 1926 I went back to my native Norway. My family were all dead. The mountains had been levelled to make a harbor. Big farms were villages. Everything was changed. But it was the land of my birth, and I plan to go again if I can weather the depression.

I am eighty-one years old. I grieve for my husband, but spring is here, the trees are in blossom, the tractors are working and the weather and activity are encouraging.

WILLIAM SCHUSTER

Klickitat County

Father was a 'forty-niner, and was appointed first sheriff of Klickitat county, serving for 16 years. Rockland was the county seat until 1879. John Burgen was the superintendent of schools, the only county officer to draw a salary. He had the astonishing salary of $25.00 a year. The sheriff, who was also tax collector and assessor, was paid mileage for serving papers.

There were no fences, only two or three ranches along the Swale being so improved. There was a stage road from The Dalles to Ellens-

burg. Mail was left at the Blockhouse before Goldendale was founded in 1872. Before the stage line was started, Meriel Short packed the mail. If his horse couldn't get through the snow, he carried the mail and walked 40 miles or so. He lived up the river two or three miles from Rockland. Father paid ferry toll of $35.00 a year at Rockland for the whole family. Ferryman at that time was Jensen. Mother cooked his wedding supper. His son has the Circle C dude ranch near Toppenish.

Father went to Umatilla to "get his man," a cattle rustler. Hearing that he had taken a boat and was getting out of the state, father had some Indians row him across. When the boat landed and father stepped ashore to make the arrest, the man protested that he was in Oregon. Obeying a signal, the Indians closed in and bundled him into the boat and the arrest took place on the Washington side a few minutes later.

At the time of the fire, there was one prisoner in jail. He was taken to the office of a livery stable that escaped the fire.

WILLIAM MASON

Grays Harbor County

I first tasted potatoes, bread, vegetables and other white man's food when ten years of age. Indian food is mostly fish, whale meat, sea lion, elk, deer and bear. These things we killed. Frye planted the first potatoes and other vegetables here. Cornflakes and fruit are the only food of the white man that I like.

J. K. COUGER

The Arkansas Valley of Cowlitz County

In the summer of 1868, my father came to this, the Arkansas Valley, and purchased land, then returned to Newburg, Oregon, then on August 13, 1868, our family arrived in Cowlitz county.

We first moved into a house on the old military road which was the main trail for this part of the state. Large droves of sheep and cattle passed over this road bound for markets in British Columbia, being shipped down the Columbia river on barges.

Stages passed our place every day drawn by four and sometimes six horses. The start was made from Monticello and ended at Olympia. The first stop was made at the stage office just in front of the house

we occupied, where horses were changed and fresh horses were used for the pull over Pumphrey Mountain. This was a very hard part of the road, so they only made nine miles to Pumphrey Hotel and store at Olequa.

At this time William Jackson kept a tavern. Here the stage passengers had meals and stopped for the night. In the dining room was a long table which was spread just before meal time. On one occasion a large buck deer, a pet, jumped on the table and walked the entire length of it, jumping off at last without having broken a dish or disturbing anything. Deer were plentiful within a mile of the settlement at that time.

MRS. WILL A. STEVENS

Kittitas County

Clothes were wonderfully made in pioneer times. I remember a beautiful black dress, part silk and part wool. Mrs. Julian Thomas made it and charged $16.00. There was a basque, a polonais looped over a bustle, a train, and everything edged with knife pleating, done by Mrs. Thomas over a tin covered board with ridges in it. Not like a fluting iron, but on the same principal. There were yards of material and a mile of ruffling, but it was an elegant gown.

Shopping was done at The Dalles once a year. The four horse team starting off for the trading post, was the biggest event, as all the family went on the trip. Food and spices and grain, candy, tools, seeds, muslins and calicos for every day, and cashmere for the better dresses were among the purchases.

MRS. MARILLA BARCLAY

Cowlitz County

We remained in Portland until 1854, when my father, Alfred Washburne, took up a donation land claim near what is now Kelso. I was married there shortly after my fifteenth birthday, to John Black, a native of Ireland, who had a farm near our place.

My first baby was born in Fort Smith in Cowlitz county, the fort having been built there for protection from the Indians during the war of 1855-56.

In 1856 my parents moved to Olympia. When my baby was five months old, I put it in a basket, hung it to the horn of my saddle and went to Olympia to visit my parents. I rode to the half-way house that day, riding slightly more than fifty miles. Next day I rode on into Olympia, getting there in time for supper.

During the next few years I made frequent trips on horseback to visit my parents. There used to be a little trading post named Monticello where we traded. Later Mr. Catlin started a store at Freeport.

I could paddle a canoe on the river or handle the oars in a rowboat as well as any Indian. When my husband was away I could rustle the meat on which we lived. I have shot bear, deer, and all sorts of smaller game.

During the early days, I lived in tents, in log-pens, in cabins. The modern mother would think before she would let her daughter move out on a tract of timber, miles away from every other settler, where she would have to kill the game, cook over a fireplace, take care of the children, make soap, make clothes for the children, and where she could not run into some handy store when she was out of supplies.

DANIEL W. BUSH

Cowlitz County

We butchered our own meat in early days. In my father's day the settlers went for weeks without flour, but in my time there was a mill at Oak Point. We could always have plenty of game, as ducks and geese were thick. Though there were thirteen of us children, we had plenty of food always.

MRS. HANS WILLIAM LAND (MATILDA A. HOTALING)

Grant County

The site for the new home was under the sheer cliff of the Coulee wall. At that time what is now a treeless dune had pine trees to relieve the glare of the sun. One by one the trees have been cut down and now the only rest from the monotony of the desert are the few pathetic trees which form clumps beside a spring or settler's well.

A spring and grove were on the land picked up by Mr. Lange. The logs to build the first house, which still stands, came from the Columbia river. Furniture was home-made and the walls were covered with

newspapers. The cattle sheds were roofed with marsh grass and are still in use today.

Shingles came from Spokane and were rafted down the Columbia, then fetched on horses to the Coulee. We had the first store door in valley. There was some discussion as to which end was meant for the top, whether the long or the short panels belonged at the top. Anyway, it was the first door of its kind and all the Coulee paid homage to the inovation.

I could ride, but as a lady should, I rode sidesaddle. The bodice of my habit buttoned tightly from throat to waist, from there on it gave play to all the whims of the wind. Riding out the first morning I wore it, with the cattle bunched in the Coulee, and the wind blowing a will-o'the-wisp gale, my riding skirt inflated like a balloon. The wild eyed, white-faced, long horn steers took one look at something they had never seen before, milled a minute and then stampeded. Immediately, I found my smart eastern riding togs were unpopular around the place.

The two Osbornes, Charles and Oscar, lived down the way. The long legged southerners liked to dance. Girls and women were scarce. It was their idea that a man bringing one girl to a dance got a free ticket and if a man brought two he got 25 cents to boot.

Texas Jack was a cattle killer and horse thief who lived in Rattlesnake Canyon—a canyon now being filled by the overburden conveyed and dumped there in the construction of the Coulee dam—came to the Lange house. He had a woman with him. She was dirty, her hair straggled in her eyes, and who she was or how she got that way we neither learned nor cared. It was in the winter. The woman's hands were covered with stockings instead of mittens. Texas Jock's woman had never seen a carpet on the floor. She thought carpets were made to be rolled up and stood in a corner. A distant aunt of hers once had a carpet, she said, but it stood in a corner to be unrolled and looked upon as a treat.

Forty years ago I organized the first Sunday school in the Coulee. A minister from Coulee City came and preached in the Lange grove. There was no church. For years all the summer gatherings were held there. The grove lies at the foot of the knoll where the new house is built. To this day, it means fun, mosquitoes and lemonade.

The Fourth of July was always a big day. Everybody went to town. The little taverns were crowded. Mothers took their children and all took turns in staying with them in a separate room while the others danced.

When I was married I brought with me an elaborate trousseau.

It has lasted almost until today. The children's clothes were made from the wedding finery. There are scraps of it left in my upholstered ottoman.

SAMUEL H. COTTLE

Early Days in Quilcene

Jefferson County

I found my first work in getting out "knees" for vessels then being constructed at Seabeck, supplying knees for the old tug "Holyoke", and the schooners "Sailor Boy", "Olympus", and "Cassandria Adams", all built at Seabeck between 1870 and 1880. These knees were an important part of ship construction at that time, and consisted of pieces of naturally crooked timber of such shape that they could be used in strengthening joints and fastening together different parts of the hull and structures at angles such as those formed by deck beams with the ribs.

In 1876 I went to Maine on a visit and returned to Quilcene in the spring of 1877. Two years later I bought the Edward Lill place at the head of Quilcene Bay. It contained 275½ acres, only a few of which were cleared. During the years I owned this place I cleared much more of it and improved it continually until 1920, when I sold it to Frank Beck.

In 1870, with a number of other settlers, we started to build a road to Chimacum. We cut windfalls and cleared about two miles of road, expecting that similar work would be done from the Chimacum end. When our Chimacum neighbors failed to do their part, the road was abandoned.

CHARLES HENRY PETIT

Pacific County

It was in the year of 1876, when I was 15 years old, that there was a centennial exposition, when I saw a sight that stands out as vividly in my mind as a recent happening. The beef was roasted in a large pit 'standing up'. I have never heard of a beef roasted in that position before nor since.

Mr. Meyers, a butcher, superintended the roasting of the beef. A large pit was dug and and fire was maintained in it until there was

a good bed of coals, then the beef was let down into the pit with wire and chains and the live coals were piled about and over it and left in place until the meat was thoroughly done. All the food served was free, and to a hungry boy of fifteen, the roast beef and loads of other good things were mighty interesting. The tables were set in the courthouse yard and reached all the way across from one iron fence to the other, and were loaded with fruits, vegetables, nuts, cakes, pies, and everything one could imagine.

Two or three of us boys walked along the fence on the outside looking at the tables. The women were all dressed in white, waiting on the tables, and our eyes must have been as large as walnuts, for finally one of the women saw us and asked us to come around through the turn gates and come in. I never remember eating a meal like that or any finer tasting, more tender beef.

People from all over Pacific County were there contributing to a crowd estimated in the thousands.

Most of the houses during my early life were either of logs or box construction. The box houses were made by nailing boards up and down and battening with strips over the cracks. Some lumber was gotten from the mills, but many of the settlers split and dressed out cedar. Everyone used home-made furniture of all descriptions, and benches were used in place of chairs, and bedsteads were of poles and cord. The beds were comfortable, for everyone had plenty of feathers and feather mattresses. Feathers were obtained from wild ducks and geese, which were plentiful. We often killed elk, deer and bear from our doorstep.

We had brought hogs and quite a few cattle with us, as did many others, and by the time I was grown there were numerous herds of cattle everywhere. At one time my father owned nearly 400 head of cattle, most of which he bought from Mr. Giles. Later he sold most of them to an Astoria packing plant owned by Mr. Kinney.

JANET MOORE

Thurston County

It took us nine weeks to come from San Francisco. Father had come out in 1862 and returned to New Jersey in 1864 to get his family. Father was appointed collector of internal revenue for Washington and Idaho by President Abraham Lincoln. When he came out he had brought $1,500,000 to San Francisco. The town went wild when he arrived with all this money, a half million of which was rep-

resented by stamps. A great fuss was made and signs appeared all over town, "A Million and Moore."

Mother had never washed clothes in New Jersey. There were "liners" with lots of girls looking for work and the help was so cheap we always had hired help. When the baby (Phillip) died of small pox, everything was fumigated and we had sent out the washing, but now father thought it necessary to do it at home. We had no clothes pins nor line. Across the field a flag was flying. Mother told Lida, my fourteen year old sister, "there's a flag flying and you must go there and tell them that although we have never borrowed before, we need do so now, and would like some clothes pins and line. Tell them we have had the small pox and now have to do our washing at home." Lida told mother she did not want to go, but mother said she must. Just then father came home and asked where Lida was going. Mother replied, "we have no clothes pins nor line and she is going to where that flag is flying and borrow, and I have told her to explain why we need them." Father looked aghast, and said, "Mother, that's the Capitol of Washington Territory and the legislature is in session."

ROSA ELLEN FLYNN

Clark County

The first houses I recall were little box houses made of lumber and battened. Most of them were unpainted.

We used boats, horses and ox teams for transportation, and after roads had been built we used horses and buggies.

Most of the people near us, at Mill Plain, cut wood for the steam boats as a means of earning their living. The wood would be stacked on the shore at Fisher's Landing (five miles up river from Vancouver) where it was unloaded from the boats. Mill Plain was divided into West and East sides, and lay between Vancouver and Camas.

We didn't cut wood on our place, but really farmed. We raised wheat, oats, clover hay and potatoes after we cleared our land. We lived along La Camas Creek.

We had good neighbors. When we first arrived here, in 1877, we lived close together, for protection against bears and cougars. I remember once when I was picking blackberries. I had put my babies on a log to wait for me. Hearing a funny noise, I turned around and saw a bear at the end of the log. I was terribly frightened, but when he saw me he ran away.

We lived just far enough out of town to have a house full of company on Sunday. Many a time I've had 25 people for Sunday dinner. We always had plenty of food. We killed four or five hogs a year, smoked the hams, made barrels of sauer kraut. We had two cows and some chickens. Our work wasn't as hard then as now. We raised wonderful vegetables in those days, and were not bothered by worms in our gardens.

We bought only flour and sugar. We planted a big orchard on our farm, including apples, pears, cherries, gooseberries and strawberries. One summer, while I was canning, a friend from Iowa visited me. I offered her some fruit to can and she took back a hundred cans with her on her return.

Vancouver had only four stores when we traded there. Our church used to have a lot of entertainments. I often made ice cream for our socials. We got ice from Vancouver. Reverend Pickles was one of our ministers.

I had nine children and never had a doctor. It wasn't easy to get a doctor in those days.

I remember the day that Washington Territory became a state. We had fire works and a speaker and lots of the men got drunk. We always celebrated the Fourth of July with picnics.

MASON THURLOW

Okanogan County

In 1887, with Bob Cruett and our pack outfits, I went into the Okanogan country. We stopped at Malott's, then came across the range, twenty miles into the Methow. There was just a trail going up the valley. There had been two settlers there the year before, but they had gone. Two trappers had the valley to themselves. I bought out a homesteader for $22.50. There was a good log house on the place. This is now the best ranch in the country. I returned to Ellensburg but in April, with several others, I was back in the Methow. We drove a wagon to Malott and packed the rest of the way. A plow came over the mountains on a pack horse.

I returned again to Ellensburg, to settle my affairs. My wife was sick with the measles, and died that night. There were four young children. Three years later I married again.

A lot of people came in and homesteaded, became discouraged, and

couldn't stick it out. They sold for whatever they could get and moved on. I was one of those who stuck.

I had been a cattleman all my life. I drove cattle to Ellensburg and sold them on the hoof for $16.00 a steer, $15.00 a cow. I was later to get $140 for the same class of animals.

We put two fir logs across Benson Creek and rolled the wagon over on its hubs. The pioneers must be resourceful people in order to survive. I would like to live my pioneer days over again.

The house I bought was made out of drift logs and had a dirt floor and roof. I built a second one, a two room log house. This was plastered lime and sand plaster I made myself. I slacked it, and put it in a hole for six months, then mixed it with good old cow hair, and there was my plaster.

MARY JANE FRASER

San Juan Island

We bought the Cutler farm and now own that particular piece of ground which grew the fine potatoes whose destruction almost caused a war. Of course, there had been more or less dissention there since the United States-Canadian boundary had been determined. How long this condition would have continued is uncertain, but for the pig that belonged to one of the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Cutler had a splendid patch of potatoes, it is related, and the pig entered and rooted them all out and left "nary a tater to tell the tale." When Cutler discovered the marauder he was angry, and hastened to get his gun and shot the pig. This occurred on June 15, 1859.

After calming down, Cutler offered to pay for the pig, but the Hudson's Bay employee, Dallas, refused payment. Dallas declared that he had a warrant for Cutler's arrest and that he would have to go to Victoria to stand trial. Whether he did have a warrant or not was never settled. Anyway the warrant was never served.

The first minister to come to the island was a negro who had come over from Victoria. Returning to Victoria, this negro reported to Mr. Summerville, a Presbyterian, and told him of the need for ministerial service. A young student, not yet ordained, was sent to the island. He was T. J. Weeks.

Mrs. Lacinda Boyce was a doctor and nurse through the early pioneer days. Whenever called, she always responded. She never both-

ered about her appearance or her home beyond assuring herself her family was all right. She traveled on horseback.

When father was kicked by a horse and considerably hurt, Mrs. Boyce was called, and used her favorite aid, a bread and milk poultice. She never lost a case in childbirth.

Mrs. Boyce was always considered the leader in human endeavor on the island.

Father's home was a log house. It was larger than the usual one, with three rooms and a kitchen downstairs, a fireplace in the kitchen, and two rooms upstairs. I remember my mother using reflectors to cook before the fire, and a dutch oven on occasion. There is nothing that now has the flavor of the food so cooked. Mother could bake the best bread ever made.

FRANCES J. LEONARD

Cowlitz County

Most of the early houses here were built of hand-hewn lumber. There were few frame houses although Jacksons had a lumber house and so had Whittles. This lumber was shipped up the Cowlitz by scow. The furniture was of hand made pieces, stools, benches and bed steads.

We traveled to nearby places by ox team. We could always go by boat also, and we used the train a lot.

We wore calico for everyday dresses, and gingham for Sunday. The calico was only twenty-seven inches wide. Our dresses were made with full skirts and long sleeves and were all lined.

What we ate in those days would not be called good now. Mostly we ate what we raised on our farm, and did not have many of the things we have now. We had dried corn, blackberries and other fruit, for drying was the only way we knew of preserving fruits or vegetables.

Before we moved here in 1865 the Whittle neighborhood had an Indian scare. They built themselves a fort out there, but nothing happened. All of us were able to talk Chinook.

The Scanty Grease district was given its name by Willard Johnson because Mrs. Brewer, who lived there was always bemoaning the fact that she was "scant o'grease," so her district is still known by this name. Father's homestead was in this district.

There were no schools in our district until we came here. The Penningtons and my father got the school organized. Annie Huntington was the first teacher. There were ten or twelve pupils, two Brewer children, four Penningtons, and four of us Ortons.

There was a Christian church in the Arkansas district, but preachers used to come in and preach in the school house. Rev. Reese often came to preach here. He lived near Kelso. His wife was a Huntington.

EVAN JAMES McCLURE

Lincoln County

The women of pioneer times wore half hoop skirts and bustles at parties and dances. These events were held in the homes of the settlers. The dresses were made by the women, themselves, as money was scarce to spend on finery.

Our family became very friendly with the Indians. A great many of them were living in and around Wellpinit on the Indian reservation a short distance north of our home across the Spokane river. I learned to talk Chinook and had considerable dealings with the Indians. One old Indian squaw worked for us every fall for 27 years, digging potatoes, until she became too old to work. The family was always invited to their celebrations. We would go on horseback and carry our food on our laps. The Indians would take us across the river in dug-out canoes. My wife has a beautiful beaded buckskin dress and numerous beaded bags and strings of beads given her by the Indians in early days. Every time she would dance with an Indian, he would pay her for the dance with a string of beads.

The first school in Lincoln county was held in my brother's cabin, a short distance from my homestead. This was called district number 1 and the seven scholars who attended were taught by Miss Amerilla Waterhouse, and A. J. Stevens was the first county superintendent.

As the country became more settled, there were lots of social functions such as house parties and dances. The music was usually produced by two violins, an accordian and occasionally a banjo.

Reverend Whitworth, a Presbyterian minister, who lived in Seattle, would make frequent trips to Spokane and would usually come out to see the McClures on horseback. He would stay several days and hold prayer meetings in the different homes. Reverend Whitworth was a well-known pioneer and had been all over the Northwest. Whitworth college was named for him.

I recall the scarcity of money during the first few years on my homestead. For weeks we would live on potatoes and sour dough biscuits. One day a hawk chased a prairie chicken into our cabin, and we caught the chicken and cooked it. This was the first meat we had had for many weeks. I had ordered some berry bushes from a salesman for later delivery. When they were delivered in the spring, I didn't have any money with which to pay for them. I told the salesman I would have to cut some fence posts and deliver them to Modovi to get the money, which I did. I had 25 cents left over after paying for the bushes and this money I spent for a meal.

GEORGE TAYLOR

Yakima Couny

My father built a two story log house of cottonwood trees, growing along the river. I am sorry to say I tore it down.

This was nothing but a cattle country in early days. We raised a garden by irrigating it from a big spring on our land. For the rest of our provisions we drove over the Simcoe Hills, a terrible road, to The Dalles, Oregon, twice a year. My father bought bolts of cloth to make our clothing. Mother made my suits until I was sixteen years of age.

CARRIE MEARS

Stevens County

In 1884 there was considerable interest taken in Washington Territory. Much was said about the fine climate and the good soil. We sold out and started west with five covered wagons and two buggies, and drove seven or eight loose trotters. I drove a buggy team, a pair of high-steppers.

A settler named John Rickey had a small store and traded with the Colville Indians who were scattered up and down the Colville river. We camped near his place while the men were building the road. It was not long before log houses were up with a big fireplace in each, and we were living in our homes in the beautiful Colville Valley. Some of the men drove to Spokane to get the things we had shipped there, such as dishes and stoves. All our lumber had to be hauled from Colville and it took two days to make the trip. Boards were hauled for flooring all five of the houses. The following winter was very severe

with lots of snow, but we had no illness and no scarcity of food. We had seven deer in the woodshed and bacon was cheap. We also had a few chickens.

The pioneer days drew to a close. Official duties called Mr. Warren to Colville, where he was appointed deputy sheriff. After his death I went into the government school work at Tonasket, Washington. This was in 1893. This school was at the mouth of Bonaparte Creek, in the foothills just across the Columbia from the town of Tonasket. The land was donated by Chief Tonasket and named for him. He was a grand old man. Several of his grandchildren and great grandchildren were in the school and a great credit to it.

We had a very good school. Many of the children had very little Indian blood; the mixed bloods were the hardest to manage, but we got along very well until the school burned in 1896. Many of the pupils were sent to Carlyle and other Indian schools, so the school was not rebuilt and the employees were transferred to other government schools.

What delicious doughnuts we used to make, dropping them into boiling bear grease, our only shortening.

WILLIAM O. LONG

Garfield County

I have voted in Washington fifty years. My family spent the first winter in Washington Territory living in a log cabin with a dirt floor. Afterwards father took up a claim and built a box house. Our furniture was all home-made. Our chairs were probably the only ones of their kind, having bottoms made of twisted corn husks.

I helped organize the first rural telephone line in this part of the state. All the work on the line was donated except that of stringing the wire, which necessitated hiring experienced line men. The farmers and members of the company cut, hauled and erected all the poles themselves.

We purchased all our supplies from Walla Walla and made two trips each year to do this buying. Each trip would require five days. Our grain was hauled with six horse teams to New York Bar, a shipping point on the river. This haul was a thirty mile trip and usually took three days for the entire trip.

MRS. SARAH M. METCALF

Okanogan County

I was born in Ontario, Canada. I moved to Michigan and was married to a carpenter and moved to Tennessee, where we lived until we heard of the fire which destroyed Ellensburg, on July 5, 1889. We decided this was our chance to find opportunity in the west. Years later my daughter, Mrs. Mary Logan, saw the letter I wrote to my sister-in-law, in which I told her we were going as far west as we could go.

In 1890 we built a house with a board floor. The next spring my husband, like most of the men in the valley, was away freighting and harvesting. This was the only way of earning money. Beaver Creek overflowed its banks and washed into our house. The water became so deep a horse could swim in it. In the middle of the night my children and I got out, and moved to the school house, where we lived during the summer. After the frosts of autumn had purified the building somewhat, we moved back to our home. We took up the floor boards and carried them to the creek where we scrubbed them clean. Our cabin caught fire and burned down, later.

I taught the first school until a regular teacher could be found. I rode horseback and carried my baby on the saddle in front of me. I remember this period as the happiest time of my life.

The Sunday school was at Beaver Creek. My husband was the superintendent for years. I had an organ, the only one in the valley. People came from miles around to join in singing hymns from the International Hymnal.

GEORGE TAYLOR

Cowlitz County

When I came here in 1870 there were log houses with split puncheon floors. The cabins had little windows, shake roofs, and from one to three rooms.

There was not much furniture, mostly home-made things such as a few chairs, table and a stove. We had hand turned spool beds with rope springs and feather beds. My foster father had one of the finest libraries in this part of the country, but it was burned in a fire which destroyed our home. All we saved were two Bibles and an old clock.

My foster father, Mr. White, and Dr. McLaughlin (Hudson's Bay factor) were intimate friends. Mr. White had a cabinet size photograph of Dr. McLaughlin which he highly prized. This picture, together with a history containing his own picture, was burned also. Mr. White was greatly interested in historical events and often conferred with Mr. Himes of the Oregon Historical Society.

Flour sacks were used extensively for sheets and under clothing. The early settlers also made socks, washed and carded the wool themselves and made them in the home. During the 1860's a woolen mill for making cloth was established at Salem, Oregon.

MRS. AUSTIN MIRES

Kittitas County

When my mother, Hester Simmons, was a girl, her uncle drove from Boston to Dubuque, Iowa, in a one-seated gig and on his return took mother back with him. He was a Harvard man and a physician and taught mother all he could. They drove back to Iowa and mother had two medical kits with her. When, as Mrs. Jerry Roland, she crossed the plains from Iowa to Oregon, she was the nurse and doctor and made the journey without the loss of a patient.

I was born in McMinnville, Oregon. My mother was a victim of asthma, and in search of a drier climate the family moved to Washington. On the boat to The Dalles, Oregon, was a Methodist minister and his wife, who had been sent to Washington by the Methodist conference. They came unprepared for the new country. They had no provisions nor bedding with them. Their stay was short and they returned to Portland. My mother used the incident to impress upon her children to remember that always they would have to eat the next day and never to eat all they had until food for the morrow was in sight.

When the surveyors finally came, the homestead was not where it was supposed to be, so it was sold for the cost of the improvements and on November 3, 1876, the family started for Ellensburg. They had a light team and a heavy load. The weather turned cold, the canvas flapped in the wind, and the children huddled under a wool comforter, every ounce of which was grown, spun and woven by their grandmother in Iowa. My cat, "Mr. Malty", was with me and I wished it were four times as large as it was, so it could keep me four times warmer. The baby was tucked under the arm of my uncle, who boasted that his new flannel shirt was hot enough to keep everyone in

the wagon warm. As the cold increased and my fingers stiffened in my hand-knitted mittens, we stopped at the cabin of Andy Berge in the Wenas, where the main road left the creek. Mr. Berge was a bachelor and a dear old pioneer. He had told them the secret of fishing the latch string out between the chinks of his log cabin. It was December 21, 1876, when the family reached the site of Ellensburg. There was nothing in sight save sage brush and dead rose bushes. The only settlers were John Sharp, later a state legislator, and his family, Mathias and Jacob Becker and "Doc" Robbins, the father of 18 children. These neighbors were dotted about on the plains, miles apart.

There was no mail unless someone rode to Yakima and brought it back in a sack tied across the horn of the saddle.

Provisions were laid in once a year and were brought from The Dalles, Oregon. Green coffee in tow sacks; sugar by the barrel; beans and peas and a couple of mats of rice; and flour were the staples. Bacon and hams were not always procurable. Rabbits and squirrels furnished most of the fresh meat. I ate enough rabbit then to last me the rest of my life. Oranges and lemons were unheard of. Breakfast, dinner and supper the year around scarcely varied those first few years. My mother had brought from Portland several barrels of dried fruit and berries, which did not entirely save me, as I ascribe a chronic disorder to the starchy diet of my youth. Wrapped in tissue paper and packed in the books that had traveled all the way from Boston, were rhubarb, sage roots,and flower cuttings. Aside from salt and sugar these sage plants were the only seasoning in the district. Later the flowers from the cuttings were the only tame ones here. My back porch is even now filled with plants.

The first clergyman to come to what is now Naches City was a Methodist minister, Rev. Kelly, who was a big, homely man . Many people did not like his sermons, but my folks thought he was the best preacher that ever lived. Mrs. Kelly taught the girls' school, where I received my first instruction.

Few people remember the beef hide conveyance which was used when the snow was deep and firm. A beef hide was tanned stiff and hard, handholds were cut in the sides. The horses were hitched to it and we had a sled. It was on a beef hide that I first rode to town. It was an old Montana invention.

A carpenter, friendless, old and alone, came to Ellensburg with our family. At first my mother objected, but later was glad he had come with them. He minded the children when they were ill, helped to put

the log house together and made the furniture, which consisted of the sleeping bunks, stools for the children and benches for the grownups. From clothes beyond repair pads were made for the stools and benches, and these were the only upholstered ones I ever saw. There was another padded bench in the country. In my attic is a colonial chair brought from Iowa. When the rush seat wore out, my father and I sat on the floor fashioning another from soft rope.

The children did not miss other playmates. They had a playhouse and when father dug out a spring, they spent the summer bringing up white stones from the river to line it. Father cut crooked poles and made a pole fence around the house. He cut crooked twigs in the shape of letters and spelled their names in front of the playhouse. Altogether, it was fun to be pioneer children. The log house in the grove of pines west of Ellensburg sheltered a happy, busy family.

MRS. OLLIE EVANS

Kitsap County

Our county seat at that time was at Port Madison, on Bainbridge Island. We seemed to have order but no law. We had no jail and did not need one. We had no court house yet, but we must have had some commissioners, for arrangements were made to build a court house at Port Madison. Clausen, who later became state auditor, was the county auditor then and claimed there was but little money with which to build a court house. Plans were drawn for one, however, and the contract was let. Before it was finished a dispute with the contractors because no steps had been provided in the blue prints. The lot was not very level and several steps were needed. When the building was completed, the commissioners wanted to know how they were going to get into it. The commissioners were ordered to pay the contractor, as he proved to have done the work according to the blue prints. This is the first transaction I know of where the law was invoked.

In the early days, as soon as our neighbors learned we had some onion sets at Sidney, they all wanted some. These were the first to reach Kitsap county. Green onions such as these could not be had in those days, and everything then had to be shipped from California by boat, including butter. One of the cows we brought out here, worth $12.50 in Kansas, we sold after our arrival for $100.

Early the first fall after our arrival, I was bringing home the cows just as night was coming on. I had noticed a trail crossing the road but did not know what it was for. On reaching it this time, the cows

became uneasy. The bushes moved and I caught hold of the tail of one of the cows as I caught a glimpse of some big black animal a few feet away. I think it saw me. The cows ran and I kept up with them. I am sure that what I saw ran just as fast the other way. When I got to the house and told what I had seen, a neighbor who was there said it was a bear and he would go out the next day and get it. This he did and my sister and I went up in the woods and helped him carry it out. We ate the bear. That was my first bear, but I have seen a dozen since in the woods and they all ran from me but one.

CHARLEY NELSON

Skagit County

The boat from Seattle landed at a little dock (the location now the foot of Q avenue.) From there we were taken around to the Fidalgo bay by Mr. Stores, in a small sailboat. My father, Noah Nelson, bought the property which included the place where I now live, from "Shad" Wooten. There was absolutely no road through the island. A tiny path followed the shore line over logs and between rocks. Later this path was cleared out so one ox and a stone boat could travel it.

Father wanted to homestead in the deeper woods, but mother did not want to go into the wilderness. She wanted to stay near the store so she could get out once in a while.

The property bought from Shadrack Wooten consisted of 99 acres. There was a crude house made of rough boards Rough boards standing on end, formed the walls, the sills were of hewed timber, the rafters were of cedar poles and the roof was of split cedar. There was also a stone fireplace and a chimney of poles and mud.

The only sawmill was at Dewey—an old country style water wheel mill, built by two Germans, and this cut only rough boards. Any finer lumber was shipped by scow from Utsalady and Camano Island—so our house was as good as that of any of our neighbors.

This farm and the one to the north of us were marsh land and alder bottom, which was not hard to clear as the timbered portions higher up from the beach. Father and the older boys cleared land and sent to Seattle for a plow. It came before they could get any cattle to pull it. So the boys tied a rope on the front, put a stick in the ropes and bracing themselves against the stick with their chests, they plowed a piece big enough to plant a patch of potatoes. I was then only a

small lad, and watched these operations with great interest. They had never done things like this back east.

The family's first conveyance was a cart. It was made of two rounds of a log two feet in diameter. These rounds were used for wheels. They were about seven inches thick. Next a square hole was chisled out of the center of the wheels and an axle was fitted. A box of rough lumber was pegged to this. This home-made cart did very well for hauling farm crops to the beach, where they were loaded into sailboats and rowed to LaConner. Here crops were exchanged for groceries and clothing.

I never saw a piece of money until I was grown. I had all the boating I cared for. Many a time I've rowed until my hands were entirely covered with blisters. We always had to take advantage of the tides and this meant that we would get out at any time of night or day. It was necessary to do this, for instance if we planned to go out, and the tide was coming it, all the hard work of rowing would get us nowhere. The water was stronger than our efforts.

GEORGE MILLER

Pioneer Days in the Palouse Country

Whitman County

One afternoon we came down to a good sized stream, a small river, where there was a ferry boat with a couple of men to operate it. The fee was one dollar per wagon, in advance. We were ferried over, one wagon at a time. The boat was equipped with long oars, or sweeps, and the passage took some time, each man tugging at an oar. The water was slack with no current to speak of, but at that it looked like hard work to us, and I thought it well worth the price, especially when I remembered what a strenuous time we had in crossing the Blue river. I was thankful those men had the enterprise to build and operate this ferry.

There was a nice camp ground near the crossing, so we concluded we had gone far enough for one day. While we were cooking supper, five freight wagons came down the grade. They swung off the road and across the river a few yards above the ferry. The water was not up to the hubs of the wheels. I changed my mind about those good men and true. Crumbaker said he'd wager they put in their spare time hauling water to keep their boat from going to pieces.

This pilgrimage of ours was a happy-go-lucky affair. We had, on the whole, a pretty good time, visiting each other evenings about our campfires, telling stories and singing songs. We were all young and felt the world was a good place, our journey a sort of long drawn out picnic.

One evening I went into camp with a large party of emigrants, my party having out-traveled me and I had seen none of them since morning. Just as I commenced unhitching, I saw Sam Crumbaker coming down the road with one his horses. Little Harry Lawrence was riding it and Sam was following with a switch, making it travel. "Men," he said, "I've got an awful sick horse. Any of you know anything about doctoring a horse?"

No one said anything, so finally I told him I was no horse doctor but would do what I could. The other men, all strangers, at once started caring for my teams, and Sam and I started in on his horse. I had some whisky and asafetida. We dosed the horse with that and worked with him all night. In the morning he was better. I don't know whether we cured him or whether he lived in spite of us.

Sam and I traveled in company until near Pilot Rock. The Lawrences had some relatives near Hepner, and turned aside to visit with them. Sam announced his intention of coming on and joining me in Walla Walla, from where we would go up into the Palouse country.

I failed to find Crumaker in Walla Walla, so finally resumed my journey alone. At Penewawa I came pretty near losing my dog. He failed to get on the ferry boat and started to swim the river. Out in the middle of the stream the poor brute began going in circles. The two young men who operated the ferry, the Cramm Brothers, took a skiff and rescued him.

I got into Colfax about dusk of a Saturday evening. In the edge of town I met a man and inquired the way to the Loomis place. He told me to follow him up the hill, as he was on his way home and I would have to go right past his place. His name was Tom Baker and he had a livery stable in Colfax. When we got to his gate he opened it and said, "drive in here and unhitch. You must not go any further tonight. I have plenty of feed and you must have supper and breakfast with me."

He fed our horses hay and grain and insisted that we have supper with him. The next morning after insisting on our having breakfast with him, and refusing any money and urging us to remain over Sunday, he directed us to the Loomis place. Tom Baker was a fine man.

Well, Sid Loomis was glad to see us. He was just a boy, about

grown, at the age when the boys of today are completing high school, and he had held down the claim out in those lonely hills during the Nez Perce war.

On Monday morning, Sid hitched up a span of mules and we started for Colfax. I wanted to get settled for the winter and young Loomis thought a place belonging to an old man named Perkins could be rented. About half way to town we met Sam Crumaker. I yelled, "hello, Sam." He didn't know me. That morning I had shaved off a month's growth of beard and it had changed my looks.

We told Sam to follow the mule tracks to the Loomis place and we drove on to Colfax. There we found Jim Perkins and rented his father's claim. The land was on Dry Creek about seven miles north of Colfax. I was to have possession at once and was to give one-third of all I raised on the cultivated land and to have all I raised on any sod I broke. Back at the Loomis place I told Sam of the deal I had made and invited him to go into it with me.

The next day we rode over to the Perkins place and cleaned out the house, and the next day pulled our wagons over and set up housekeeping, two families in one little cabin, fourteen by sixteen feet, quite a houseful, myself and wife and the two children, Sam and his wife and Harry Lawrence.

The cabin was built of quaking asp poles, of which there was quite a grove nearby. We were not bothered much with furniture. We had a cook stove and there was a fireplace at one end of the cabin. We had a table nailed against the wall and we made some benches and stools. We were happy in getting settled so easily for the winter. The trip up from the Willamette had taken about 30 days and it was now November.

MRS. WILHELMINA VAN PRESSENTIN

Skagit County

I had the first sewing machine in this part of the country. Indians would come and want me to show them how the machine could sew and when I did, the Indians would keep chuckling at the "magic" performed. I never cared much about having the Indians come into the house for they were unclean and smelled vile. I always had a big cleaning job after an Indian was in my house—the few times I did allow it.

MRS. PHOEBE JUDSON

By Her Daughter, Mrs. Annie Ebey

Whatcom County

When we left home, the point of our destination was Puget Sound, Oregon Territory. We started the first day of March and later in the same month Washington was formed by surveying from Oregon all the country north of the Columbia. There was a slight sense of disappointment at the change of name, for the word "Oregon" had grown very dear as the name of the country wherein lay our ideal home.

What did we know about the nature of the soil, having no experience in agricultural methods. We selected our building place close to the timber, by a spring of crystal water, making sure of one unfailing luxury, should we be deprived of all others .

Mr. Judson at once began to fell the fir trees and hew them to build our habitation, the dimensions of which were sixteen by eighteen feet, surmounted by a shake roof, and the floors of the style called puncheon. The shakes, puncheon, doors, bedstead, table and stools were made from lumber split from a green cedar tree.

The fireplace he built of blue clay that was hauled from some distance, mixed with sand, then pounded into a frame model. When it became dry, he burned the frame, which left the walls standing solid. An old gun barrel, the ends embedded in either jamb, answered for a crane to attach the hooks to hang the pots and kettles. The chimney, built of sticks and mortar, ran up the outside of the house.

When the crevices were chinked with moss, we moved into our rudely built cabin, with scarcely an article to make it look attractive or home-like. Holes were sawed through the logs for windows, and over them white muslin curtains were hung to keep out the cold and let in the light.

Mr. Judson put up a few three-cornered shelves in the chimney corner, on which was arranged china and glassware, which consisted of three china plates and one glass tumbler which were brought to us new just as we were starting over the plains.

These articles, with our camping outfit of camp kettles, long handled frying pan and Dutch oven, comprised all our household effects, with the exception of a broom. I often thought, while traveling through clouds of dust on the alkaline deserts, that if I could only get into a

cabin large enough to swing a broom, I would consider myself blessed. Now I had both cabin and broom.

Our library consisted of the Bible and Webster's Dictionary—the only books we could not do without—and to make sure of them we had brought them all the way across the plains.

We never passed a more charming winter. It seemed more like a tropical than a northern climate. A snow fall was of rare occurrence, and then only remained on the ground a few days. Surrounded by evergreen trees, shrubs and mosses, we did not notice the marked changes from winter to spring as we did in the east. The hooting of the grouse in the fir trees, that could be plainly heard while sitting in the house, was the first token of spring—soon the velvety pussywillows were all in bloom, and it required only a few warm sunshiny days after the winter rains, to call forth buds and blossoms from many of our native flowers.

ELIHU (BILLY) SEEHORN

Spokane County

How well I remember the first hotel, the Western, located at Trent and Stevens. This little pioneer hotel had neither marble halls nor mezzanines, but it did boast of a few unique features that I am sure were quite original.

For instance, bear skins and buffalo hides were laid on the floor to serve as beds. At first we were given first choice of either bear or buffalo by merely paying the price of 50 cents. A ladder offered the only means of reaching the second floor, and there were no maids nor Filippinos in waiting to serve the demands of the guests.

The guests of Dr. Masterson, owner and proprietor of the hotel, were not the demanding sort, but mostly sunburned cowboys and miners who enjoyed washing and bathing in the clear cold water from a half-barrel in which floated several bars of soap. Dr. Masterson was, however, the very personification of all a good host should be, and his table was loaded with choice foods. Bear and deer were in abundance and many salmon were caught in the sparkling river of which we were all a bit proud.

The California House was the next hotel of prominence to be built, and was built and owned by W. C. Gray, who came to Spokane from California. It was very carefully planned and constructed and led

in popularity then, as our now-famous Davenport hotel does today.

Mrs. Gray was known as the "Sweetheart of Spokane," and being a charming and ingenuous little lady, entertained nobility from many lands, as well as the most prominent statesmen of our country. What an occasion when Vice-President Stevenson visited Spokane during the late 80's and what a bewildered committee when it was learned there was no flag on hand to meet the need!

But as is often said, "When one door closes, another one opens," and surely it was an act of providence that guided Herman Post into town that day driving his eight horses and displaying the most beautiful flag that was ever flown in the city. To put it in Mr. Post's own words, "the loveliest flag that gold can buy," and so it was.

At Mr. Zeigler's urgent request, Mr. Post loaned the flag for the Stevenson parade and saved the community from unforgettable embarrassment. The rest of the program was handled in fine shape with music furnished by the local band, and what a band!

The stirring and patriotic strains brought forth the remark from Vice-President Stevenson that, "Never before had he heard such music!" Encouraged by the opinion of such an esteemed personage, the musicians shook hands with the noted guest, and really did themselves proud during the balance of the program. It was regrettable that Chief Garry and Princess Nellie, two members of the proud Spokane Indians, were not present to meet the vice president. Chief Garry was hunting deer on Mount Spokane and Princess Nellie was picking huckleberries in Idaho.

Previous to Stevenson's visit, General Sherman visited Spokane, and was entertained in Mr. Nosler's carpenter shop, at Riverside and Howard. While standing on a work bench addressing the crowd of 40 or 50 people, the general noticed a likeness of himself mounted on a mahogany red horse, and a likeness of General Grant mounted on a white horse, hanging on the wall of the carpenter shop.

These likenesses were woven from hair that had been cut from the heads of the customers of the local barber shop. General Sherman was much impressed by this unusual type of artistry and offered the clever little Dutch artist $3,000 for their possession, which offer was refused, as the owner would not part with them at any price.

The Northern Pacific hotel soon grew into existence and was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Sam Arthur, who were good hotel managers and very successful. I was employed in the dining room, and enjoyed the work very much. Assisting Mr. Arthur in caring for the rooms were two Indian girls, who proved to be adroit and skillful workers. Their will-

ingness and adaptability were due, no doubt, to their strong devotion to Mrs. Arthur, who spoke their language and understood and respected their truly great race.

Three Chinamen worked in the kitchen and one day one of them, nursing a grievance, put me to sleep with a rolling pin. It takes more than a rolling pin to down a democrat, and especially a "good one." Being naturally amiable, I had no further trouble.

During my spare time while working at the hotel, I assisted Mr. H. C. Cowley in putting out the Chronicle.

GEORGE LAMB

Clallam County

For amusement, there were, as has been told by so many of the pioneers, the ever-enjoyable neighborhood dances, to which gallant husbands and beaus carried the shoes and "party gowns" of their wives and sweethearts, while these ladies accompanied them on foot or horseback, dressed in old kitchen clothes, or even the men's overalls and boots. Many a toilette has been made by these pioneer ladies by the light of smoky lanterns in a barn or other out building on the farm in order that milady might appear fresh and clean and lovely when she entered the "ballroom." Not infrequently the strong men of those days were compelled to ford creeks and swampy places carrying their ladies in their arms. The dances were worth all the trouble it took to reach them, say those who endured and enjoyed.

Dances, while they never palled upon the populace, did not completely satisfy the pioneer's need for entertainment. Seldom indeed was it possible for even the most intrepid of traveling entertainers to journey into Clallam Bay, Pysht or Neah Bay, although occasionally some third rate company might arrive by boat for a two or three night's stay. When such a "show," usually a magician, a blackface comedian with a banjo, a Dutch comedian with a pillow under his vest, and such did come, their performances were attended by everyone.

To bridge the long intervals between these appearances, and to satisfy the pioneer's longing for make-believe, local talent plays were given two or three times a year in a church or hall. These, if the memories of pioneers may be trusted, were even better than the shows given by the so-called professionals, and included such farces as "Box and Cox," "The Dutchman's Predicament," etc., and such dramas as "Ten Nights in a Barroom," "Under the Gaslight," "The Mistle-

toe Bough," (in which a beautiful maiden secreted herself just for a lark in an old chest and was locked in and her poor bones not found for years and years, while the groom-to-be withered away to a shadow), and even some of Shakespeare's comedies. I once tried to present East Lynn, but had to give it up because no woman in the community would play Lady Isabelle Vane, (the female lead), who, it will be remembered, deserted her good husband, eloped with a rascal, and (whisper it), had a child which had to take its mother's name because legally it had no father.

Other entertainments included the singing school (forerunner of the modern community singing), spelling bees, box socials, (so named because each lady attending brought a supper, usually in a shoe box or similar receptacle, to be auctioned—the buyer to have the privilege of sharing the box with the doner). This latter entertainment often made quite a lot of money for the church or school organization giving it, for the young men occasionally would discover which box had been made up by the reigning belle, and bid high in order to obtain the coveted honor of eating her cake and sandwiches and slippery pickles. On one occasion of this kind, the girl's sweetheart bid against a burly logger until the latter raised the bid beyond the reach of the swain. His victory was a hollow one, however, because although the code required that the girl sit beside him while he ate, she would not have any part of it nor talk to him. After eating every crumb of the lunch, the logger turned to her and gave her a spirited talk in which he made known his opinion of a quitter. The girl went home in tears, so angry she would not permit her sweetheart to accompany her (because he hadn't whipped the logger—a difficult undertaking at best.) Three months later she married the logger.

PERRY SIMS

Okanogan County

In 1892, following the severe freeze of 1889-90, saw the finish of what cattle were left in the country. We had not yet stocked our homestead which was to end by being 8,880 of farm and range . Started as a small ranch with a few cattle we later owned a fine dairy herd . The long log barn, crawling under the cliff, is a thing of beauty.

There was no money in the country. The farm supplied beef, chickens, milk, and vegetables, but only cash could buy staples. We could not trade our home products because the storekeeper could not dispose of them. The only customers were farmers.

I, like all the other men, freighted in summer, or harvested in the Big Bend. Freighting is accounted by all who did it as the biggest and only real hardship. There were no roads save as we ground them out with our wagons up the mountain sides and down the precipices. Mud holes would swallow wagons and horses. The freighters would gang up their horses and pull each other out. They held their wagons right side up by main strength, when by all the laws of gravity they should have tumbled down the mountain side or over a cliff.

We started always with our equipment in order. If anything broke there was another freighter along soon to help. The reservation had been thrown open for settlement, Ruby and Conconully were booming mining towns, and the roads, such as they were, were busy highways.

Harvesting in the Big Bend was another way to earn money, but whatever one did and however hard one worked, wages were $1.00 a day. Twenty-five days in the wheat fields and I came home with but twenty-five dollars. At that season of the year, there were not many men in the valley.

Our place was on the way to Ruby, Conconully and Tonasket. The Indians were passing all of the time. Unless drunk, they did not molest anyone. Indian trouble as such was over, but the white man's liquor made an Indian unaccountable.

Everybody knew everybody even if they had not met before. A newcomer at the door, if he mentioned his name, everyone in the country would have known him and made him welcome. The doors were never locked. It was not unusual to return home and find a note of thanks from a stranger for a meal.

There was no rivalry and no envy. Everyone was doing the same thing. A call of help and I would saddle my cayuse and ride at night through the canyons to help a sick neighbor.

There were no old people in the country. One missed them among the young married couples. It was rather sweet to see an old man or woman. Dances were the most fun of all. I would yank my horse out of the mud by day and if at home at night, would play the fiddle for dances, and what was more, the people danced what was played. Recently I played a quadrille and darned if the young folks did not dance a round dance to the music. I never saw the like of this before. The Devil's Dream, Arkansas Traveler, Old Zip Coon, Tassels on My Boots, these were some of the old time favorites. Surprise parties were in vogue. Once I stood on my doorstep and wondered at all the dust in the canyon. It was my birthday and every white man and woman in the settlement was coming to honor my day.

Nelson Chapple had $300.00 coming to him from an estate. He beat his way east to collect it. On his return he bought a hack at Montgomery Ward's in Chicago, to be shipped out. Also he bought himself a suit of clothes. He made history, as he was the first man in the valley to buy a new suit. A dance was organized so that everyone could see it while it was new. Nelson Chapple was a good publicity man.

HANNAH SANDWITH JENSEN

San Juan County

The Naming of Friday Harbor

A Kanaka named Friday had settled on a claim, called squatting, which bordered the little harbor which now bears his name. It was first known as Friday's Place. On his property was the finest spring on the island. A number of years ago the spring was piped to a fountain which is located just above the ferry landing on the main street of Friday Harbor.

The Sandwith family bought Friday's place and the Friday family bought land out in the country from Victoria. It was there that the Sandwiths visited them several times, and enjoyed going to their home.

Our family homesteaded near the English camp. Father tore down one of the buildings there and used the lumber to build our home. When a little girl, Mrs. Mary Crooke Davis and our family lived as neighbors. Together we played at English camp. This was after the soldiers had gone and the buildings were no longer occupied by the British. We played in the captain's house, dressed up in long dresses while we played ladies, queen, etc. We often spent time in the barracks. The block house at Garrison Bay was the usual playhouse.

The Indians used to stop on the island going to and returning from hop picking. This was at Garrison Bay. Returning homeward, they would go to our orchards and pick their winter's supply of apples and pay cash for them, as they always had plenty of money when returning from the hop fields. I had to watch the squaws, for some of them would steal anything they could get their hands on. The Indians would come into the Garrison Bay locality for salal berries. Leaving their canoes there, they would tramp to "Grassy Swamp", many miles away and get broad reeds used in basket making.

GEORGE A. JENKINS

Whatcom County

By August of 1882 it was said that "the building boom at Bellingham is seriously interfering with the streets of the city. The old roads and trails ran at right angles, cross lots, and in every conceivable direction, and recent purchasers of city lots are utilizing the clearings made by the roads for building sites, thus obstructing the highway. The owners are within their rights and the roads must be made to conform to the regularly laid out streets. In the absence of a city government, this duty falls upon the road supervisor."

Whatcom was rapidly outgrowing its original boundaries. A new street, Broadway, was being cleared, and it was said that the new townsite would soon be cleared also, but the old wagon bridge above the falls (Squallicum) needed repairs, two new bridges were demanded on the road to the mill, and a new school house had been proposed. Mr. P. B. Cornwall offered ground for the new school house—its location was on the line between Sehome and Whatcom—so both communities had an equal interest in the project.

J. T. ALEXANDER

Lewis County

The river was the main thoroughfare in early days, as often the roads were impassable. Hungry travelers were welcomed into every home they passed, and it was customary to feed them. It was not unusual for settlers, returning to their homes, to find that visitors had come and gone, helped themselves to food and lodging perhaps, but custom decreed that the dishes be washed and the unused food replaced as found.

Our furniture was all hand-made. I have my father's chair and dining table. The table is four feet by eight feet, made from one solid cedar board. I also have my mother's spinning wheel. My first lesson in school was when I went in and sat down on the end of a split cedar log. When another boy came in and wanted to sit down, instead of getting up and moving over, I just slid over for him. I never forgot to be polite after that, and not to try sliding about on a rough bench seat.

The men wore buckskin pants a great deal in those days. Some of these pants were fine, with fringes on the side seams. When they got wet they would stretch and get to be much too long. Sometimes men who did not understand would take a knife or shears and cut them off.

Then, when they were dry they would not be much longer than "knee pants".

I remember an interesting court experience. Judge Green used to come from Seattle to hold court. There was an old Indian, known as Old Blevin, who was a pretty smart redskin. The judge saw him drunk and in order to learn who had sold him liquor, ordered his arrest. He was haled into court but wouldn't tell who had sold him whiskey. Finally, threatened with jail unless he named the seller, after a lengthy parley he agreed to name the vender. This was fine, and the court room was quiet while awaiting his announcement. Expressing all his judicial authority, the dignified judge asked, "Well, who sold you the whiskey?" The old Indian squinted one eye, grinned, and replied, "Judge Green." The court attendants and visitors yelled and roared their mirth, and the judge turned to the bailiff and said, "take him out."

During my school days the most popular games were ball and anteover. Anything was used for a ball, usually a home-made yarn affair, with a rock wound in heavy material to lend weight. I saved my money for quite a while to buy a ball, and when father and I went to Seattle, he gave me my money (about 50 cents), and loaned me an additional 25 cents so I could buy the ball I wanted. It was of solid rubber, and I had to save for quite a time to repay the loan.

MRS. PETER McCLUNG

(Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pomeroy)

Garfield County

My earliest recollections are of the counting of the election ballots at our home, which was the precinct voting place for the half dozen votes then polled there. It was my great privilege and delight to sit beside my father, for many years one of the members of the election board, and listen to the humdrum tones of the men's voices as they uttered the words that made for the success of some doughty pioneer with political ambitions, or the defeat of one who had fallen a victim to the solicitations of over-zealous friends.

For several years my father cast the only republican ballot in the precinct. I soon reached an age that enabled me to comprehend that fact and know its significance. Our voting precinct contained many thousand square miles—bounded on the south by the Blue Mountains, on the north by the Snake River, on the east by Idaho and on the west by the Touchet River.

SCHOOLS

Mrs. Angie Burt Bowden in "Early Schools of Washington Territory" gives a complete history of our first schools. Much pioneer history is recorded as she tells of the first schools (1832 or 33-39) under the Hudson's Bay Company, with the Yankee school masters John Ball, Solomon Howard Smith, and Cyrus Shephard, respectively, teaching in old Fort Vancouver.

She gives us a graphic description of the Whitman Mission school (1837-47) with Narcissa Whitman as the leading spirit. Chief Joseph later a skilled warrior in Indian wars, was one of her apt pupils. Several emigrant teachers stopped on their way to Oregon to give Dr. and Mrs. Whitman a hand in the school. Spokane Garry, one of the most famous chiefs of Northeast Washington territory, taught an Indian school at Spokane Falls, now within the city limits of Spokane, in the early 30's. He had been educated at the Red River Missionary school at the suggestion of Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

While these famous first schools did their part in the pioneer history of our state, there are hundreds of other first schools taught in log cabins, in bedrooms, in sod houses, in prairie schooners and in cattle barns, that have turned out students who have shed an illustrious light over our state.

The selected excerpts which follow show some of the handicaps, and accomplishments of our early schools.

SCHOOLS IN GRAYS HARBOR COUNTY

By J. E. Calder, Mayor of Montesano

The first school in Grays Harbor was at Chehalis Point, later called Peterson's Point and now known as Westport. The Medcalf Brothers, John and Edward, Charley Byles, Samuel Benn, Jason Fry, and some others, owned large herds of cattle which they would take on a scow and turn out on tide lands to pasture. This was in the fall or early winter, and then they would take the children to a boarding house and the children would start school. In the spring when the cattle freshened, they would be returned to the ranches and school would be over for the children, as they had to milk the cows and were kept busy working at home. Samuel C. Jones was the first teacher and he had seven scholars. The teacher received $25.00 a month and his board.

Hoquiam's first school was held in the log cabin that had been the home of the James family. In 1864 Sidney Dunlap took a claim on the east branch of the Hoquiam river and joined the others to form a school board. Five children were necessary to establish a school and it was not until 1873 that the five children, Olive, Beatrice and Elk Karr, with Horace and Agnes Campbell, started to school. The term lasted three months and Julia Andrew was their first teacher.

Samuel Benn married Redman's daughter, so Redman and Benn traded farms, Benn getting the present site of Aberdeen. The first school at Aberdeen was held in the salt house situated on the Wishkah river on Wishkah street. The seats were cedar boards fastened against the wall. Water was brought from a nearby spring. Miss Annie Terwilliger was the first teacher. The children learned more than the "three R's". They had many lessons in initiative, self-reliance and resourcefulness. Later a one-room school was built on Market street. Albert Moon, who lived near Oakville, was the first teacher in this building. This house was used for school purposes for many years. The school district was formed by the first county school superintendent, Mrs. J. M. Walker, and was given the number "5", the same number it has today.

Cosmopolis, of course, had a school before Aberdeen, as there was a sawmill and fish cannery there when I came. I think the town must have had 200 people at that time. They had schools there aside from the ones at Aberdeen and Peterson's Point.

In 1863 on the William Medcalf place was built the first school house in Montesano. William Medcalf, Isaiah Scammons and Joseph Mace comprised the school board. H. C. Rhodes (Brother Rhodes) was the first teacher. Later a school was taught in a room of a house near where the camp meeting ground was later established, the house belonging to a bachelor by the name of Ketcham, to accommodate the Smiths, Woods, and others, as it was more centrally located than the Medcalf Prairie school.

Henry Barker, a bachelor, built the school house alone, except for a few days' help. This building was located on Main street near Pioneer avenue, near where the Veysey Brothers' store building stood. It was moved from that location and on March 1, 1870, was sold to the agent of the Philadelphia Lodge No. 18, I. O. G. T., with one acre of ground, for the sum of $120.50. This building was torn down in December, 1885, on account of its unsafe condition. The first school houses were equipped with backless benches, and from the first were used for community centers.

School terms were three, sometimes four months in the year, al-

ways held during the winter months. Men teachers were paid from $40 to $50 per month. Women teachers received about one-half the salary the men received. All teachers boarded around, which cost them none of their salary.

The first school in Quinault was established in 1891 and the first teacher was Miss Ida Locke, who later became the wife of J. A. Ingram, pioneer storekeeper. It has been only within the past few years that these pioneer settlers have had a road on the north side of the lake. Recently, however, the county, aided by the federal government, has built them a beautiful road. A school, modern in every respect, now serves the community and busses collect all the children and transport them to this central school which is located on the south side of the lake.

The first school at Vesta was held in the house of C. B. Collette. The next school was held in Robert Hines' house. Robert and Enoch Dillars, Josie and Grover Wagner and Myrtle Wilson were the first pupils. A school house was built out of split cedar where J .E. Roberts then lived. The house sold in 1907 for fifty cents. W. H. Amidon was the first teacher in the school house here.

LEE KIRK

Walla Walla County

Our neighbor in Oregon was H. H. Spaulding, missionary. He taught me my ABC's in his little log cabin school on his place. Often he came to my father's house. He would tell about the Whitman massacre. It took him so long I always fell asleep. When he forgot his daughter, Eliza, prompted him. She was at the Mission the day of the massacre.

MRS. OLLIE EVANS

Taught Thirteen Months' Term of School

Kitsap County

When we first moved to Kitsap county where Port Orchard is now located, there was quite a settlement of Johnsons. One of the family was a preacher, and one a school teacher. There were four schools in the county, and Effie Johnson taught in all of them. She relates that she lacked only one day of teaching thirteen months in one school year. Each school had a three months (12 weeks) term, and she rotated from one school to another. Very few scholars there were in the country but who went to school to Effie.

HUBBART STOWELL

King County

Those of us who graduated from the high school were given third grade certificates, good for a year. In October of 1887, (I was 16 years old in June of that year) I went to teach a four months term of school at Bellevue. I had eight pupils, five in one family. Seldom Durrows was one of my pupils and while the three R's and geography and history comprised the curriculum, I was able to teach algebra.

I received thirty dollars a month and paid ten dollars a month for my board. I was rich. The school opened at 9:00 o'clock, closed at noon, opened at 1:00 o'clock and closed at 4:00 o'clock, with recesses both morning and afternoon.

My next school was at Fidalgo, near LaConnor. There was an 8 by 10 school house with a 4 by 6 blackboard and an excellent eraser made of sheepskin with fur outside. I had 20 pupils here, most of them half-breeds and very lacking in culture. The boys chewed tobacco, used rough language, and in deportment were sadly lacking. They sat lounging in their seats. The teacher preceding me had sometimes gone to sleep at noon and remained so until the middle of the afternoon.

The last day of school was always a gay affair. The law was afterwards changed so that one must be 18 years old to get a certificate, so I was not eligible for a while.

PIONEER SCHOOLS IN FREEDOM COMMUNITY

By Mrs. H. R. Kagy

Thurston County

The first school meeting to organize a school district and elect directors was held at the home of Mr. J. H. Connor. William White, J. H. Connor and Marcus McMillan were elected directors and the school was called Freedom District.

July 29, 1854
(Signed) *William S. Parsons, Sec.*

This was the third school district organized in the county.

The following was copied from the old school district secretary's report book:

"The first school building was a log house in the Northeast corner of the Marcus McMillan homestead (now owned by Charles Rawlings.) It was a long, straight building with the door in one end a large cobblestone fireplace in the other. (This description was given by Flora A. Parsons, oldest daughter of H. G. Parsons. She attended school there.) The chimney was made of sticks and clay. There was a row of small windows on each side. The seats were benches along the sides of the wall, and there were six or seven clumsy home-made desks with a shelf for books. One low bench had a back and could be moved around. It was used by the smallest children. There was no well on the grounds, so each child carried his own individual water bottle, which was placed on a bench in one corner of the room. When we wanted a drink all we had to do was walk over there and find our own bottle. There was a ball ground in front and teeters on the fence back of the house."

This description was given me by my sister, Flora Parsons, who attended school there. She has very happy recollections of her school days in the little log cabin with only about a dozen pupils. Her first teacher was Stephen Ruddell, son of the man who gave the plot for the Pioneer cemetery.

About 1869 the log cabin was abandoned and a board building was erected on the southeast corner of the William S. Parsons field. The first teacher there was Maggie O'Neil of Yelm.

In 1875, as most of the pupils were in the south end of the district, it was decided to move the school house to a more central location. Therefore they leased two acres of land from Nathan Eaton, situated in the northwest corner of the field south of the old fort site and the Yelm road. The building was blocked up on rollers and hauled to the new location. It was somewhat wrecked but was repaired and used until the present building was erected. Some of the happiest days of my life were spent in that old school building. The days were never so stormy but what we were glad to walk a mile and a half to school rather than miss a day. The old log forts were our play houses. Two of them were still standing at that time .

CHARLES H. LITTELL

Spokane County

There were no schools in the district when we arrived. The first school was held in a log cabin which a settler had deserted. This was a temporary school and taught by Addie Bowers . Later the district

was organized and a good hewn log building was built about one and one-half miles from my homestead. Church, Sunday school and all community entertainments were held in this school building. The annual Easter dinner was the outstanding event, with frequent basket socials for the young people.

MRS. MATILDA H. EATON

Clark County

On Sauvies Island, the people hired their own teacher. Uncle Martin had what is called a lumber house and we used this for our school house at first. But there were so many of us they had to build a new school after we came. This was called the Gillihan school. All the pupils save one bore the name of Gillihan and there must have been about eighteen to twenty pupils. The story is told that when the new teacher first asked the names of the pupils she went down the line of Gillihans and finally reached the lone exception, but he answered, "Charley Morgan Gillihan." Miss Irene Smith was the only teacher I had there. We played such games as Fox on Wood, and baseball. Like all little girls, we saved all the broken china for our playhouses.

EARLY PIONEER PIERCE COUNTY SCHOOLS

By Mrs. Marcella R. Henly, Steilacoom

The pioneer children of 60 years ago had to walk four or five miles to and from school. Our home was located in school district number two and the house was built at that time about a quarter of a mile south of what is now Manitou Park and the first school house was situated where the Park Lodge school stands today. Fully four miles for the children to go and they were very young and the neighbors were few and far between. It was mostly all prairie then and the children were afraid of the wandering bands of Indians and the wild cattle which lived on the prairie in large groups unmolested as yet by the white men.

Later on, Mr. Daugherty, our nearest neighbor, allowed the school board to erect a building on his donation claim, just east of where the Jewish cemetery is now located on the Steilacoom highway, and then we were only about one mile from the school, by crossing the Daugherty swamp, which was fairly passable in the summer months. Chang-

ing the location did not help all of the pupils as much as it did our immediate family, and the others had the long walks just the same.

The first recollections of school life I have in mind was attending the "last day" exercises in 1867, the older children of the family wanting to give "the little twins," a treat, for we were to be ready to go to school the following year for the first time. Frank Spinning was the teacher that year. The next summer we (the twins) attended our first school. Mother had taught us the ABC's and we could read and spell quite well from the first reader.

As school was kept for only three months in the year we generally forgot all we learned in the three months with a vacation of nine months, although mother tried to teach us our reading and spelling during vacation. Changing teachers every year was another detriment, too, for we knew the first and second readers by heart from cover to cover, and were so large before any teacher thought to advance us to the third reader, that by some grave mistake we were advanced suddenly into the fourth reader, and my sister claims to this day that that was the very reason she never did learn to read correctly, for the jump from the second reader to the then very hard fourth was too much to expect of young children.

Our first teacher was Howard Weston. One of the first things he did was to place the motto across the room above the blackboard, "Order was the first law of Heaven". The letters were cut out of cardboard and then covered with cedar boughs to hide the board and I am sure it remained on the wall for a long time or during several school periods. The second year of school Miss Callie Ruddle of Thurston county was our teacher, and she was afterwards one of the nearest to the school, coming as the bride of Henry Elder, and her children grew up and attended the same school.

Several teachers followed for three months school in the summer, and not until 1875 did we have a six months term. Miss Terza Biglow of Olympia, now Mrs. Royal, was the teacher, and I feel safe in saying that we learned more in those six months than we had in the previous six years of school life. After that we had the regular six months term while we attended that school with just one teacher without the usual changing and under the able management of Mrs. C. J. S. Greer, and we could not but advance in all our studies.

With the exception of three months spent at the St. Josephs Convent at Steilacoom as a boarder in 1872, we always attended the "Old Byrd" school in district 2. In our time the boys did not get the advantages of school as did the girls, because when they were fourteen or fifteen years old, they had to go to work as men and worked shoul-

der to shoulder with older men in the harvest fields, logging camps and in saw mills, in order to help their parents to provide for the family on the farms, as money at that time was rather scarce.

LEMUEL H. WELLS

By His Daughter, Mrs. Nettie M. Galbraith, Head of St. Paul's Girl School in Walla Walla

The words, "My brother, you are going to a new work and a new country, and I would advise you to bend much of your energy in the founding of schools and other institutions," expressed by Bishop Morris, made a profound impression upon the young missionary, L. H. Wells, at his consecration. Reflecting upon this advice as he rode on horseback through the country, he decided that schools, as well as churches, were needed. "I will found a school for girls," he declared, and a letter to his parish in New Haven followed this decision.

Twelve hundred dollars was the immediate response and a school building was erected. At first this building was used for religious services for St. Paul's, by which name his little mission was known. Soon a church was erected next to the school.

St. Paul's School for Girls was opened in 1872 with three boarders and twenty day pupils. Traditions and history of this school date back to the frontier days when gold dust and nuggets, cattle and wheat or flour, were used as mediums of exchange or barter.

A pair of gold scales was kept in the office to weigh the dust which fathers brought to pay for their daughters' board and tuition. The first boarder lived in a little village where the missionary came to hold services. In the family where he spent the night, he saw a pretty little girl and he asked the parents to send her to his boarding school soon to open in Walla Walla. The farmer told him that he couldn't sell his cattle and he had no money. "Give me cattle, then," replied father. So the two men rode out to the range and the missionary selected the cattle. The farmer agreed to keep them on the range. When they were sold several years later, they, with the increase, brought enough money to build an addition to the school.

Potatoes paid for another boarder. There was no place to store two wagon loads of potatoes, so a big hole was dug for them. One girl came to school the first day perched on the top of a load of flour drawn by six mules. "Here comes the flower of the family," said

one of the teachers, as the wagon was halted before the school. Another came riding a mule in a mule team, all the way from near the Alaska line in British Columbia, where provisions had been taken.

The teachers had a difficult time with one little girl, trying to teach her to say her prayers. Before she had acquired the habit, a new girl arrived and was given her as a bedfellow. That night cries and shrieks were heard and a teacher rushed to their room. The new girl was declaring, "I won't sleep with a heathen. I won't sleep with a heathen! She won't say her prayers." The little heathen soon became a Christian.

Long years afterward the first boarder wrote to Rev. Wells. She said: "I consider it a glorious privilege to have watched the development of the West during the last half century and to feel that I have been a part of it." She expressed her appreciation for the value rendered by St. Paul's school as a center of intellectual and spiritual culture when the West was new and crude and there was so much need for what the school could offer.

From these small beginnings St. Paul's has become one of the foremost educational institutions in the West.

MELVIN FRAMPTON HAWK

Pierce County

When I came to Pierce County, I met a man by the name of Sam McCall, who had a big ranch and let everybody live off of him. I went to him to see if I could get a job. He said, "I have all the help I can use. Why don't you teach school?" I replied, "I don't believe I could teach." He said,"Sure you can. I am the clerk of the school district here . You should see some of our teachers here. If you want to teach I will give you this school. There is an old preacher in Steilacoom who is county superintendent, and who is crazy part of the time. You go there, see him and he will give you a certificate." I got on a horse and rode to Steilacoom. Not having any gloves, my hands were so cold when I got there that my fingers were numb. I went to see the old man, who asked me a few questions and then asked me to write an examination. My fingers were so numb I couldn't write, so the old man said, "Here, give me that pencil and I will write it for you." He gave me a certificate and I taught school in Pierce county for six years. Later I went over to see my father, who was living at Hawk's Prairie, and he said, "Melvin, why don't you

teach our school here, we need a teacher." I said, "I didn't believe it would be right for me to teach this school where I was so well known but he said that would make no difference, and for me to go and see Mr. D. R. Bigelow, who was the school superintendent at Olympia. I went to see Mr. Bigelow to get a certificate, and he said, "Here, take this book and read." I read a couple of paragraphs for Mr. Bigelow when he stopped me and gave me a certificate.

MRS. HATTIE ROSLER MERRIFIELD

San Juan County

When I was old enough to go to school, one had been established. The school house was built of logs with a shake roof. It was larger than the usual log house of two rooms and furnished with long home made tables and benches. One of the early teachers was a Frenchman who had come directly from New York. We had very fine teachers here always. The first few years school was taught for a three months term—later for six months.

For a while some of the children near American Camp attended a private school. The neighbors hired a teacher and this school was held in one of the smaller Hudson's Bay buildings. Among the games played there were jack-stones, chase the sheep, tag, ball and singing games.

The first minister preached in the little log school house at American Camp. A short service was held, which consisted of a song, a prayer, and reading of the Scriptures.

I could never remember a block house at American Camp, but that to go to school I passed a small building with heavy rodded windows, that must have been the jail. The buildings at American Camp were much nicer than those at the English camp, but no one has cared for them, and now little remains but the entrenchment, a monument that was erected some years ago and several large white rocks that mark the burial place of American soldiers. Most of the bodies have been moved. It is thought that three remain.

Governor Ferry visited on the island many times and I knew him quite well.

PHILLIP TALBOT

Clallam County

My father, having been educated at Oxford, England, naturally spoke and wrote the language of England better than the average settler here, and he gave his children a better education than we could ever have received in the early day schools of this district. We heard many tales of his war days in South Africa and of his life in England.

Although my father gave us boys an education at home, that does not mean that we were allowed to neglect going to the district school after its establishment. From the old home place out Ozette way, I had to ride my pony five miles to school, and I early became a pretty good horseman. I had to be, in fact, because many a time I'd encounter a fallen tree on the trail and the horse would have to jump over it. The first time I struck one of these, I dismounted and coaxed my horse to jump over after I had climbed it. I told father about this when I got home that night, and he said, "Imagine the son of an Englishman—especially an English cavalryman—leading his horse over a three-foot obstacle!"

HENRY M. McBRIDE

Former Governor of Washington

King County

I taught in Oak Harbor and in LaConnor—three months in the first and eight months in the second place, while studying law and preparing for entry to the bar. I received about $50 or $60 a month.

In my first message to the legislature, meeting in January, 1903, I made this statement:

"In passing, permit me the suggestion that our educational institutions should be kept entirely free from politics, or political influence of any kind.

Appropriations for their support should not be made to hinge upon other legislation. In this matter but two considerations should govern—their actual needs, and the ability of the state to meet those needs. I have not caused the removal of any member of the board of regents, or board of trustees of these institutions, nor have I appointed any such member for political reasons, nor shall I do so. And whatever contests may face us during this session, I indulge the hope that no one of our educational institutions may be made the football of contending forces, or of aspirants for place."

JOHN F. SPANGLE

Spokane County

In 1872 the settlers in the Spangle district hauled logs from a near-by woods and built a log school building 16 x 20 feet in size, with split cedar shake roof, rough board floor, desks and benches. Their next problem was to secure a teacher. A little Irishman named Hugh McCauley came along and applied for the position. He taught the first three months term. The next teacher was W. B. Renshaw, who taught the second term. This school is claimed to have been the first to be built in Spokane county and was located one-half mile north of the present town of Spangle.

ROBERT A. FARR

Ferry County

I took up a subscription to organize the first school in Keller in 1899. This 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 we built a log school house which later burned down. We had three children who atended this school. This district has always allowed the Indians to attend their schools at no expense. There were more Indians and half-breeds attending our school than white children.

MRS. FRED FLETCHER

Jefferson County

When I was about six years old, I started to school in a little log school house with a dirt floor in which children of all ages were taught by one teacher. It was necessary at that time, in order to establish a school district, to have five families within the district. This made it necessary for some of the children to come a long way, for the districts were quite large. One child of six walked three miles each way to and from school five days a week through a dim trail, and this little girl often told on her arrival at school or at home of having seen bear, elk and deer along the trail. She was never attacked, however, and had no fear even of the bear.

HENRIETTA ELIZABETH MILLS

King County

We came to Seattle when I was about four years old and I went to school in the home of George Whitworth. Next Edgar Bryan taught me my ABC's in a house where Prefontaine Place is now located. It was a little school. Then I attended school in what was the Central school at Third and Seneca—a public school. But the first teacher who really made us stand around and learn something was Mrs. E. P. Mackintosh, mother of Judge Kenneth Mackintosh. She came around the Horn in the Mercer Ship and was a New England school teacher.

Later there was a North school and a South school and I went to the South school.

Major Ingraham organized the Seattle schools as superintendent, and also taught. He was an imporant influence in the lives of many of the persons who became leading citizens of Seattle. This was in 1879. We learned a great deal of poetry. Spartacus, and Toussaint L'Ouverture, and such selections. We parsed the whole of Evangeline and diagramed it. John Condon was the editor of the first school paper, "The Chronicle". It was all written out by hand and the cover was painted by Nettie Hall. Of that first copy I have the cover only. Pupils lost the rest, having taken it to study.

Lelia Shorey, Clarence White, Ed Meany were among the pupils in the first grammar school. The Post-Intelligencer told of an examination in arithmetic which lasted from 9:00 o'clock in the morning until 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon. The comment was that, "there was some learning taking place in the schools."

ARCHIBALD FLEMING

San Juan County

I remember that the first school was built of hewed logs with a shake roof. It had gun holes all around. This log school was built during the dispute (over the boundary of San Juan Island). Thinking that because it was being put up by American settlers, headed by Steven Boyce, it was being built for use as a block house, the English commander ordered it to be torn down, but was overruled and embarrassed when, upon its completion, a full blooded Englishman from Victoria was imported to teach their children. That teacher was William Bell.

OSCAR ROSWELL

Cowlitz County

The schools were so poor, that a private academy was organized and I sent my children there. It cost me $5.00 per month apiece for five of them for a six months term. When we built this academy, the neighborhood all turned out to clear the land and help build it. We had what was called a "log-rolling."

WILLIAM C. JARED

Pend Oreille County

I attended the first school in what is now Pend Oreille County. This was a subscription school which was started for the purpose of establishing a school district. Mrs. Seeley taught this school a month, after which school district number 15 was organized, and Mr. W. I. Fontain was employed as the teacher. I recall several times when Mrs. Seeley made me stay after school to do some school work, the other children all being dismissed. The teacher smoked a corn cob pipe, and when we were alone she would tell me to light a cigarette and she would light her pipe. We would smoke while Mrs. Seeley taught me how to do my problems.

EUGENE WILSON WAY

King County

My youngest boy was attending the kindergarten of Miss Creelman and she urged me to promote state supported kindergartens. I went one step further and advocated free text books where any school district voted for them. Frank J. Brown was superintendent of public instruction and Robert Bridges was commissioner of public lands. Both agreed with me on this point and Brown was writing a recodification of the school code. Mr. Lusher of Spokane, chairman of the educational committee, introduced the free text book bill, of which I had been the main promoter.

Later, in Seattle, there was opposition in the press and from some interests, but at a special election we passed the free text book law by a good majority. The law, just as I drew it, was incorporated into the school code. Prominent women stood at the polls all day working against the measure on the grounds that they did not want their children to use "charity" books.

HARRIET HADLEY

Yakima County

I have to laugh when I think of the old log school house. There was no stove, just a box filled with dirt, and inside of this my father made the fire place. The flue was of mud and sticks, and it didn't smoke, either.

At recess we dug up wild sunflowers to get the gum from the roots. One day a half-breed girl was late. The teacher was severe and tried to make her give a reason. All she would say was "hill-gum."

MAUD WARD DICKEY

King County

When my father was teaching on the Indian reservation, he and mother used to talk Chinook to each other so that we children would not know what they were saying. So we learned to talk it, too. Then they talked Indian and we learned that. Then they decided to return to civilization so that we children would talk English.

ANNA (PASLEY) ADAMS

Okanogan County

There was no school in Pateros when I moved there with my two children. There were four other children in the settlement. A school was held in our bedroom for the six of them.

CARRIE MEARS

Stevens County

On arriving at the landing, father met a Hudson's Bay Company employee and inquired about work. He was looking for inside employment and asked what chance there was for getting some bookkeeping. This man asked father if he could teach French. Father said he could. He was very well educated in French, in fact he was never able to speak really good English, although he was a great reader in both French and English.

He went to the Hudson's Bay Company fort and for a year taught

not only the children of the families at the fort, but the adults as well. The main business of the Hudson's Bay Company post was to secure furs, which they shipped to Montreal and across the ocean. The employees were mostly Scotch and French Canadians, and the trappers and hunters were Indians. There were no white women in the country for many years after the company established their fort, and many of the employees married native women and raised families and educated them. They were not squaw men, for they really married these women.

There are beautiful homes there now, but we old-timers blazed the trail. Our first thought was for a church and a school. A meeting was called and it was decided to build a log school house and let it serve many purposes. Before a school district could be formed it was necessary to have a three months' term of school. Our first teacher was a young girl who became ill after teaching a few weeks. She died and was the first person buried in our little cemetery. A young man from Colville named Bel Dingle finished the term. Later he ran the hotel in Colville. More people came in and we organized a Sunday school.

DR. FRANCIS A. POMEROY

Spokane County

The first school in Cheney was the Cheney academy. The grounds and building were donated by B. D. Cheney, an official of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, and after whom the town was named. Mr. Cheney also hired an instructor, Mr. D. H. Fetch, and paid his first year's salary. A few years later this academy burned to the ground, and the Cheney State Normal school was built on these grounds. I am glad to have been able to aid in securing this normal college for Cheney. This was the first institution of its kind to be opened in the State of Washington.

ORSON BENNETT JOHNSON

Teacher at the University of Washington

Earlier graduates of the University of Washington cherish memories of the late Orson Bennett Johnson, professor of natural history. He was sometimes called "Old Bug Johnson," because of his devotion to the collection of insects. It was in his honor that Johnson Hall on the University campus was named, and he was the inspiration, to

a great extent, of the two scientific men whose reputation has added much to the fame of the State University, the late Professor Charles Vancouver Piper and Professor Trevor Kincaid.

Years ago, when Professor Johnson, who had come from Forest Grove, Oregon, was a member of the small faculty of the early University, President Charles W. Elliot of Harvard visited the campus. In a conversation with Professor Johnson, he asked the latter what chair he held. The latter replied that he taught biology, botany, chemistry, physics, geology, astronomy and mineralogy. President Eliot's rejoinder was, "I perceive that you do not hold a chair, but a settee."

CLARA McCARTY WILT

First Graduate of University of Washington, Recalls Early History of Institution in Talk Given June 30, 1876

"Perhaps you would like to know how the University came to be located on this ground where we are today.

When the Territory of Washington was separated from Oregon in 1854 the Organic Act gave two townships to the University. The first legislature in January, 1855, located the University in Seattle and a branch at Boisfort in Lewis County. Each of the institutions was to have one of the townships of land but nothing was done. In January, 1858, that law was repealed and the University was located on "Cowlitz Farm" Prairie in Lewis County and the two townships given to it.

In 1860-61 it was again moved. This time to Seattle. Arthur A. Denny was the legislator from King county. Daniel Bagley, John Webster and Edmund Carr were appointed commissioners to locate the land. With proverbial "Seattle Spirit" these men decided that it would not again be changed because of failure of their part. Daniel Bagley located the land with the sanction of the other commissioners and put the land up for sale at $1.50 per acre. Government land was selling at that time for $1.25 per acre, but it was easier to get the University land, so the owners readily sold. The mill companies bought many acres for the timber. Many acres now in Seattle lots were part of these lands.

The land where we are today was donated by Mr. Arthur Denny, Charles Terry and Edward Lander. It comprised ten acres, valued at that time at $300. It cost $3,000 to clear it, and get it ready for the buildings and took 60 days to do it. The land was covered by a heavy

forest, and all the work had to be done by hand. Dynamite was unknown and it was done with axe, saw, pick and shovel; the men working 10 to 15 hours a day. The men had to agree to take their pay in land if the money was not on hand from sale of lands.

The land was cleared in March and April, 1861, and by May the erection of the buildings was commenced. The mechanics came from Olympia and Steilacoom (both of these towns then being larger than Seattle.)

Most of the workmen brought their families with them and remained here. The permanent location of the University brought many families to Seattle and it was no longer in the milltown class.

The first president of the University was Asa S. Mercer, a young man fresh from college and with the ambition and zeal typical of the West. In order to secure students, he had small circulars printed and distributed them among the logging camps and mills up and down the Sound. He promised the young men that they could get work on Saturdays, chopping wood for the steam boats to pay their expenses while going to school. He got 15 or 20 young men in this way.

When not busy with the school, Mr. Mercer surveyed the town of Seattle as far back as Lake Washington.

The first school taught in the building commenced November 4, 1861, with about 30 students in attendance. Asa A. Mercer taught five months. Then Mrs. O. J. Carr taught a primary school in the room he had occupied. Again Mr. Mercer had circulars printed, hired two Indians with a canoe and traveled about 400 miles, visiting every logging camp an the east side of Puget Sound from Bellingham to Olympia, trying to induce young men to come to Seattle and enter the University. He succeeded in getting about a dozen from 20 to 25 years of age. He agreed to pay them $1.50 a cord for wood chopped from timber already down. These fellows were strong and made three dollars every Saturday and they got board and room for three dollars a week. On October 29, 1862, he opened another five month's term with 60 pupils. I have seen the list of names of those pupils and a number of them are in Seattle today.

In 1865 Mr. Mercer conceived the idea of going to the Atlantic Coast and bringing a ship load of women and girls to Seattle—for women were very scarce at that time here. He went to New York and put flaming advertisements in the New York Tribune announcing that he would be at a certain place at a certain time for consultation. He did the same in Boston. He secured 80 women and girls and also brought 25 men and boys.

They left New York in January, 1866, for San Francisco, where they were transferred to the brig "Tanner" and came to Puget Sound. These women were called the "Mercer girls" for years, even after they were married. One of them was my music teacher at the University and her name is attached to my diploma—Sarah J. Russell. She was a bright woman and a great help in molding the youth of Seattle in those early days. They were all fine. I must tell you how they were received. All the men that could get new suits before their arrival did so and others got new overalls and were on deck when the Tanner arrived. Mr. Mercer thought they seemed to think they would get a wife immediately, so he made a speech to them before they landed, telling them that the women were all of the best and if the men wanted them for wives they must do it in the good old way. When they came ashore they were well treated and taken into homes until they were either married or got employment as milliners, dressmakers, teachers, etc. The peolpe all felt that Mr. Mercer had been a great help to the whole of Puget Sound.

John Pike, for whom Pike street was named, was the architect of the building. The doric columns that have been preserved and are now in the Sylvan theater on the campus, were designed by A. P. Delin, and he and O. C. Shorey constructed them.

EARLY STRUGGLES FOR EDUCATION

From an Interview with Edward McMahon, Head of History Dept., University of Washington

King County

At the State University in Seattle, I lived with Griswold and Karshner (both Seattle physicians now) at North Hall. I bought second hand furniture in the fall and sold it in the spring. A cook stove $1.50; table, 25 cents; and a few chairs. I brought bedding from home. Griswold and I had detachable collars which we had laundered, washing our shirts ourselves. Karshner had a celluloid collar which he sewed into his coat. I entered in 1894.

I had brought two hundred and seventy-five dollars from my teaching income when I came to the University. The second year I worked for my board and room at Professor J. M. Taylor's, taking care of the cow and garden and doing other chores. The last two years I was assistant fireman at the University and with others lived in a shack owned by Professor Edmund S. Meany, who let us have it free. We

boys shingled the shack and later built on an addition. It had been left by the builders on the new campus. While assistant fireman I had to split and haul three full cords of wood daily. When the fireman was changed I told the authorities that the new fireman had to cut half. It was done.

HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY

Victor J. Farrar

Fifteen years had passed, and the University could not point to one person who had graduated. The old and accepted excuse was that the Territory possessed no common school system to serve as "feeders" so the University must be content to teach the elementary subjects until conditions improved.

In 1875, however, one feeder did exist—the University preparatory school. In fact, it had existed for some time. This "feeder" failed to feed; few pupils matriculated and, when they did, remained but a short time in college.

Nor did they conceal their reasons: they were not interested in linguistic studies; they wanted a training which they believed would better prepare them for their life work. This view, though by no means new, was contrary to the accepted opinion of educators, who held that the study of Greek and Latin, by its effect upon the mind, was the only preparation for life's battle.

The University, however, had no choice in the matter. The attendance, even of elementary pupils, was very low. At no time during the year 1874-75, had it exceeded 45 and once it dropped to 24. The University would meet the demands of the students. So in the summer of 1875 President Whitworth announced a new collegiate course, the "scientific" course, of four years, leading to the degree of bachelor of science.

First Graduate in 1876

Under this arrangement there was a regrouping of students into classes, senior, junior, sophomore and freshman. Miss Clara McCarty became a senior, and, on June 30, 1876, received the first degree ever conferred by the University. She was eighteen years of age.

Like all innovations, the "scientific" course was thought to be a "second-rate course"—one devised of necessity to accommodate inferior minds. At first this feeling, strongly concealed, was reflect-

ed only in verbal conversation, but later it appeared in the official catalogues themselves. Says President Powell, in 1885:

"It is almost universally admitted by educated people that what is called the classical course is the best course. In this course the foundations are broad, deep and substantial. The experience of ages proves that the thorough and searching drills it gives to the human mind produces the greatest thinkers and ripest scholars of the world.

"The scientific course is recommended to all who have not the time nor disposition to complete the classical course."

The "scientific" course was not the scientific course of today. The specialization was not carried to any great extent and experiments were demonstrated by the instructor rather than performed by the student. The subjects taught embrace the gamut of non-classical studies: algebra, geometry, history, bookkeeping, natural philosophy, trigonometry, surveying, analytical geometry, astronomy, natural history, logic, English literature, mental and moral philosophy, chemistry, geology, civil engineering, and natural theology.

Lest this course failed to please, relief was afforded:

"Other studies may be substituted in the place of mathematics, higher than trigonometry; especially by young ladies pursuing the above course of study. Music, painting, drawing, Latin, French, or German, will be deemed an equivalent."

The scientific course, although criticised at the time, ushered in a new era. It marked the beginning of liberal and elective studies. It over shadowed the classical. In the ten years from 1876 to 1885, fifteen bachelor of science degrees were conferred, compared to one bachelor of arts degree. These figures do not include twelve normal and three business diplomas, nor are they compensated for an interregnum of one year, when the institution closed for lack of funds. The B. A. degree was never much sought so long as it represented classical studies only. When it could be won by a liberal selection of studies, then, and then only, did it become really popular.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT CHENEY

Early History Recalled by J. Orin Oliphant

It is the purpose of the present writer briefly to trace the steps by which one of the important educational institutions of this state has developed from a modest academy of secondary rank. It is believed

that the story will unfold an interesting picture of institution-building on the last camping ground of the American frontier.

The townsite of Cheney was laid out in 1880. According to the reminiscences of H. T. Cowley, published in Durham's "Spokane and the Inland Empire," the year was "famous for the rather lively discussion of the question of the permanent location of the county seat. A syndicate of railroad men and capitalists from Colfax saw their opportunity, laid out the townsite of Cheney, and with some local assistance in what was then called the Four Lakes country (around Medical Lake), they succeeded in capturing the county seat by a small majority. Spokane now had a rival, backed by railroad officials and adverse interests, and although the advent of the railroad in June of 1881 brought a temporary activity, the new county seat took the cream of the boom, and for two years Spokane rather languished."

Progress that was being made in the construction of the Northern Pacific railroad was the "opportunity which the Colfax syndicate saw." Men who composed that group were in earnest, for they brought with them a newspaper, The Northwest Tribune, edited by L .E. Kellogg. This newspaper, according to the recollections of George Engel, was moved to Cheney from Colfax, where it had been started, in September, 1880. The first issue in Cheney was printed on a press that stood under a pine tree, near the present Egbert house . George F. Schorr became the publisher of The Tribune after a time, and when the county seat was located in Spokane moved his paper there, where its publication was continued for several years.....

Mr. Engel, who has been employed by the Normal school for many years as a cabinet maker, gave the following statement to Mr. Kingston:

"I came to Spokane on March 29, 1880, and went to work as foreman on the right-of-way crew that was helping to construct the Northern Pacific railroad. We were sent to Cheney, and I arrived on the fourth day of July, 1880. The Northern Pacific was graded through Cheney during the summer and fall of 1880, and the steel was laid through here about June, 1881. There was nothing at Cheney except a log cabin which stood in the middle of the right-of-way, near the present section house. The site of Cheney was covered with timber up as far as the brow of the hill; that is, about Sixth street, and then the open country began. Spokane at that time had, I think, about three hundred people. We used to call Cheney, Depot Springs, from the fine springs that were near the site of the present depot. After this, there was a little while that it was known as Billings, in honor of Frederick Billings, one of the financiers of the railroad.

"I hewed the logs for the first house in Cheney. This was in 1880, and the work was done for Charles Careau. In 1882 Lafe Harris moved this building out to where it stands at the present time and received $50 for the job.

"In '82 and '83 a great many cheap houses were built in Cheney. In '83 the Davenport bank, which stood where the postoffice now is, failed.

"It seems to me that one of the reasons why Spokane got the start of Cheney in the early eighties was the building of the Canadian Pacific railroad. There was a great deal of teaming that had to be done in moving railroad supplies north to British Columbia. Spokane was the center of that business, which went up by Colville and the Columbia river.

"The first brick building in Cheney was constructed in 1883 by W. W. Griswold, and is at present occupied by the Owl Pharmacy. The flour mill was started in 1881 and was overhauled and new machinery installed in 1897. The owners continued to operate it until about 1900, when the machinery was taken out and moved to Paha. The big fire in Cheney occurred in 1889 and destroyed a great many of the wooden business buildings that were in the business quarter."

The first term of school in this part of the country, according to Mrs. Marie C. Perry, whose article on pioneer days appeared in the Cheney Free Press of April 2, 1915, was held in the old fort. The first teacher was Miss Mary Cook, now Mrs. Frank Spangle of Cheney. The fort was also used for religious services .

The fort was a log house which stood on Cronk's hill, which is about three-quarters of a mile northeast of the Normal. The cabin was built as a refuge at the time of an Indian scare. The school was organized under territorial laws and had an attendance of between 12 and 15 pupils. The first term began December 2, 1878, and continued three months and in the summer of 1879 another term was held here with the same teacher. Miss Cook received $20 a month and lived with her father, who had a homestead on what is now the Chris Betz farm.

The first school in the village of Cheney was a subscription school, taught by Tom Calloway, says Louis Walter. "It was held in the old Methodist church, which years afterward was sold and converted into the dwelling house now owned by Mrs. John Borgstrom. The first public school was in a two-story wooden building near the site of the present Roos bakery. This building was also used for a time as a court house. A. J. Stevens was principal of this school and Miss

Nannie O'Donnell was his assistant. Stevens had been county superintendent before coming to Cheney. He taught one or two seasons and then left town. I do not know what became of him."

"There was a subscription school in the winter of 1880-81 in a shed building on Second avenue, near the New England Undertaking Parlors, and in the spring of 1881 a school district was formed, with Louis Walter, R .P. Hurst, and Major Hooker as directors. I think school was held in the old Methodist church, now the Borgstrom house. As I remember it, it was held in the church until 1886. It was at that time that Cheney lost the county seat, and the court house was then made into a school building. A. J. Stevens, who was county superintendent of schools, was the first public school teacher.

"The second county superintendent of schools was A .J. Stevens, who started a private school at Medical Lake and was also principal of the Cheney school. Mr. Stevens conducted a teachers' institute at Cheney on September 27-28, 1881. There were 15 teachers in attendance. Miss Nellie Muzzy of Spokane Falls was made secretary."

Cheney was named in honor of Benjamin P. Cheney of Boston, a director of the Northern Pacific railway. In recognition of this honor, Mr. Cheney gave $10,000 toward the establishment of an academy in Cheney, and the railway company donated a site for the institution, consisting of about eight acres.

"There was a merger of the public school and the academy from about 1883 to 1887," Louis Walter declares. "The academy was used as the school building. The district taxed itself about ten mills, and Mr. Cheney furnished the balance, which probably amounted to one-third of the cost. I was on the school board for six years, I think. During the period of the merger, the affairs of the school were carried on by the two boards jointly. The merger became unsatisfactory because many people thought the Congregationalists had undue influence through the academy. When the merger ceased, Cheney stopped his assistance, but he still continued to allow the school district to use the building and the grounds."

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin P. Cheney and other prominent officials of the Northern Pacific railroad visited Cheney in September, 1883. Their coming was the occasion for a gala day in Cheney. A special committee on arrangements was appointed, and placards conveying the following information, were distributed:

"Upon arrival of the train with Mr. Cheney, citizens are requested close their places of business and retire to the academy. School children participating in the reception will meet at the academy at one

o'clock. The committee on arrangements and school children will escort Mr. Cheney to the academy, preceded by the band. On account of the uncertainty as to the exact time of the arrival of the train with Mr. Cheney, teachers will retain children at the academy until notified by the committee. The committee expresses the hope that every citizen will join in the reception."

During the several years the Cheney academy was maintained, money for its operation came from three sources: tuition, district school taxes, and contributions from Mr. Cheney. It is not known that any official records bearing upon the details of this matter are now extant, and the statements of those who participated in the activities of the academy, made nearly forty years afterward, are contradictory in some respects. This, however, is not to be wondered at. Whether or not tuition was charged in the beginning, whether or not Mr. Cheney's donations stopped with the original gift, it is a fact beyond dispute that a note of annual tuition charge of $30 for the Cheney Academy is recorded in the report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1882-83, page 514. As the Cheney Academy was not opened until April 3, 1882, it is apparent that it could not have continued long without charging tuition, else the record would not be shown so soon in the reports of the United States Commissioner of Education. Tuition rates for the term beginning August 24, 1885, were advertised as follows: Primary, $6.50 per term; common English, $9.50 per term; higher English, $10.50 per term; languages, each extra, $2.00 per term. Provision was made whereby lessons in instrumental music might be obtained from competent teachers in town.

"The work of the academy in those days was that of an ordinary public school up to the eighth or ninth grade. The academy was employed by the Cheney school district to do its teaching work. There were about one hundred students, among them being Dr. Ralph Hendricks of the board of health, Spokane; James FitzPatrick, proprietor of the Union Iron Works, Spokane: Miss Jennie Bigham, now Mrs. Nash, Spokane; Mrs. Ida Wagner Glaze, Bremerton; Sidney Wagner of Wagner Bros. Transfer, Spokane; Mrs. Harry Baer, Spokane; Nettie Bingham, (deceased); Bertha Dennis, afterward a teacher in the Cheney public school; Anna Doolittle, daughter of the Cheney postmistress at that time; the Ledgerwood Bros.; Miss Johnson, daughter of the pioneer Cheney banker; Ray Peterson, and several members of the Webb family. There were also Emma Walter Shearer and her sister, Lillie Walter, Willard and Allie Bigham, Mary and Edgar Allison, William, Louise, and Francis Tucker. Mrs. Tucker, mother of the three young persons last mentioned, was afterward the

efficient teacher of the primary department. Francis Tucker afterward graduated from the University of Nebraska and is now Dr. Francis Tucker, in charge of the Williams Hospital, in China.

Commencement exercises for a graduating class of the academy were held for the first time on June 15, 1888, while Mr .Carraher was was principal. Diplomas were presented by Mr. Carraher to Mary De Brun, Mary Allison, Allie Dale and Ralph Hendricks.

In 1889-90, the last year that Mr. Sutton was principal of the public school, high school work was offered after the regular school day. It had been found that the school could not legally offer the high school course during the day.

Interest in the academy had virtually ceased. The development of the public school left it little excuse for existence. When the Territory of Washington was made a state on November 11, 1889, and various communities started "gunning" for state institutions, a plan to have a normal school located in Cheney was conceived. Provision for such an institution had been made in the enabling act. The proposition was carried to the legislature at Olympia, was acted upon favorably, and the building and grounds of the Benjamin P. Cheney Academy became the first home of the oldest state teacher-training institution in Washington.

THE STATE COLLEGE OF WASHINGTON

By Doctor E. A. Bryan, President Emeritus

Twenty-six years after the chartering of the University of Washington, and eleven years after the making of its first constitution, the constitution of the State of Washington went into effect on the date of November 11, 1889. Not until this late date did the formation of its college for instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts receive legislative attention. During the first session of the state legislature no less than six bills looking to this end were considered and on the twenty-eighth of March, 1890, the bill creating the agricultural college, experiment station, and the school of science was enacted and signed by the Governor.

A governing board of three was appointed and directed to select a location for the proposed institution. The commission reported to the legislature of 1891 its inability to agree upon a suitable location for the institution. An amended bill was introduced to the legislature and was passed and went into effect on the ninth day of March,

1891. Under the provisions of this bill, the agricultural college, experiment station, and school of science was located on the thirtieth day of April, 1891, at Pullman, Whitman county. The institution was organized, a president and faculty elected, a curriculum adopted, and it opened its doors for instruction on January 13, 1892. The work of the experiment station was begun at the same time ,the president of the college acting as the director of the experiment station, and its staff likewise being composed of certain members of the faculty. The functions of the institution later formally discharged by the extension department were likewise from the beginning undertaken and discharged by members of the college faculty, though not specifically authorized by law until several years later. The enrollment of students during the remainder of that academic year reached 135. The distinction between students of collegiate grade and preparatory grade was not closely drawn.

In the autumn of the same year, the Board of Regents elected Mr. J. W. Heston as president, and his term began the first of January, 1893. Owing to the disturbed condition of the affairs at the college, the legislature of 1893 failed to confirm the members of the Board of Regents, who had been appointed by the Governor, and Governor John H. McGraw appointed an entirely new board. The president, Mr. Heston, resigned, the resignation to become effective the first of September, 1893, and E. A. Bryan was elected president, to begin his duties on that date. The curriculum of the college was reorganized accordingly. It was not until 1897 that the first class was recommended for graduation, since which time there has been presented a class for graduation each year. The present enrollment is over four thousand students.

BEGINNING OF WHITMAN COLLEGE

Stephen B. L. Penrose

The first institution of higher learning in Washington Territory was chartered on December 20, 1859, by the territorial legislature as Whitman Seminary:

"There shall be established in Walla Walla County an institution of learning for the instruction of persons of both sexes, in science and literature, and Elkanah Walker, George H. Atkinson, Elisha S. Tanner, Erastus S. Joslin, W. A. Tenney ,H. H. Spalding, John C. Smith, James Craigie, and Cushing Eells, and their successors, are hereby declared to be a body politic and corporate, in law, by the name and

style of The President and Trustees of Whitman Seminary."

The establishment of this institution was due to the prophetic foresight of Rev. Cushing Eells, a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who had come to the Pacific Northwest in 1838 and taught among the Spokane Indians at Tshimakain until the Whitman massacre on November 29, 1847, drove him and his family to take refuge in the Willamette Valley. As soon as the United States War Department permitted white settlers to return to the "upper country," after ten years of Indian war, Rev. Eells hastened to the Walla Walla valley where the Whitman mission had been established in 1836. The valley was empty of settlers and the only trace of the former prosperous mission was a great neglected grave where the bodies of the thirteen victims of the massacre had been buried. A regiment of U. S. soldiers was stationed at Fort Walla Walla, six miles to the eastward and a few settlers had begun to come timidly into the fertile region, but in June, 1859, there was little indication of the coming rush of settlers which soon made the Walla Walla country the most populous portion of the territory.

Standing by the grave of his friends, Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman, Eells dedicated himself in the sight of God to the founding of a suitable monument in their honor; he decided that a school for the proper education of the boys and girls, who, he felt, would some day fill that region, would be the worthiest memorial. His faith was justified by the course of history. Within a year the city of Walla Walla had sprung up close to the army post and had become the largest center of population in the Territory; it remained so for twenty-five years.

Mr. Eells expected to establish the Seminary at the old Mission site, Waiilatpu, but the rapid development of the town made it sensible to build the school there. Instruction actually began on October 13, 1866, in a little two-story, wooden school house half a mile east of the town's business center on land given by the town's richest and most influential citizen, Dr. D. S. Baker. Rev. P. B. Chamberlain was the first principal. Thereafter, for the next sixteen years, the Whitman Seminary maintained high standards of scholarship and character in a fast growing western town where the desire for riches was the general motive. In a community where there were few college graduates to be found it always had as its principal a graduate of one of the best colleges or universities of the nation, Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Williams, Oberlin, and the like while the assistant teachers were men and women of good training and character. It was really a New England academy such as Cushing Eells himself had attended during his boyhood in Massachusetts and like the Ter-

ritorial University at Seattle, it did not graduate any students until twenty years had gone by after its founding. Nevertheless, it was the only chance for an education beyond the grades within a wide radius and it drew to itself many a boy who afterwards attained distinction in the life of the state.

In 1882 the decision was reached by the local supporters of the Seminary that the time had come to develop it into a college and to apply to the American College and Education Society of Boston for aid in that undertaking. Funds were raised and an invitation was extended to the president of the territorial university, Alexander J. Anderson, Ph. D., to become the president of the enlarged institution. He had been successful and popular in Seattle and after nine years had the university to the point of graduating its first four year college class in that year, 1882,but he accepted the invitation to Walla Walla and in September came with his wife and six children to become president of Whitman college and to finish the last chapter of his distinguished career as an educator.

The charter was amended by the legislature to authorize "the board of Trustees of Whitman College" to establish an institution of learning "for instruction in literature, science and art." It empowered them to "confer all such degrees and honors as are conferred by colleges and universities of the United States and such others (having reference to the course of study and the attainments of the applicants) as they may deem proper." A suitable new building was constructed by the citizens of Walla Walla on ground given by Dr. Baker adjacent to the original campus, an endowment fund was begun, and in 1886 the first four year college class was graduated under an able and energetic faculty. The institution retained a preparatory department for many years and this was usually the larger part of it, but the college department steadily grew in prestige and influence until the preparatory department was finally abandoned and the college stood alone, a New England college like Amherst or Williams, with equal standards, but, like Oberlin of Beloit or Grinnell, co-educational in its administration.

It is accredited by the Association of American Universities as an A class institution and is fully accredited by the best eastern universities as doing work fully equal to their own in the field of undergraduate instruction. It has such honor societies as Phi Beta Kappa, Mortarboard, Delta Sigma Rho, and Mu Phi Epsilon, and also has chapters of leading national fraternities and sororities.

Whitman College is a non-sectarian, Christian college, free from either political or denominational control. It is unhampered in its

efforts to promote the best sort of higher education in the Pacific Northwest and to develop a sane and simple loyalty to high ideals.

In 1913 at Whitman college was introduced into American education the plan of the comprehensive examination, whereby all students are required to pass before graduation an examination, either oral or written and oral, on the entire field of their major study; since that date no student has been graduated who has not successfully met this test of thorough scholarship. The reputation of this college has been enhanced by this measure, which has been widely adopted.

The College has a beautiful campus and extensive athletic fields comprising forty-eight acres, eight permanent buildings of brick and stone, and several rented residences for the housing of students who cannot be accommodated in the large and substantial dormitories. It has an excellent library of over 65,000 volumes and 100,000 pamphlets, well housed and wisely administered.

The student body numbers about six hundred undergraduate students, not including those who are registered in the Whitman Conservatory of Music. The faculty numbers fifty-four. The head of the institution is President Walter A. Bratton, Sc. D., a graduate of Williams College and a post-graduate of the Universities of Berlin and Columbia.

Whitman offers instruction to the graduates of accredited high schools in the fields of philosophy and the social sciences, ancient and modern languages and literatures, mathematics, and the natural sciences, art, music and physical education. Four years are usually required to finish the course, though exceptionally bright students may finish it in less time. On graduation they will be accepted on full standing by the great universities of this country and Europe.

The properties and endowment of the institution amount to about $2,000,000, with the assurance that this will soon be largely increased. The corporate name is "The Board of Trustees of Whitman College" consisting of nine members. The Board of Overseers, which includes the Board of Trustees, ex officio, consists of sixty-four representative men and women from the entire Pacific Northwest.

THE CENTRAL WASHINGTON COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Dr. R. T. Hargreaves, President

The Central Washington College of Education, at Ellensburg, known as the Washington State Normal School before the State Legislature of 1937 enacted a law changing its name, was created by an act of the first State Legislature in March, 1890. The second legislative assembly, which convened in 1891, made an appropriation for its operation and maintenance. The institution opened its doors on September 7 of that year. The school was first housed in one of the buildings belonging to the Ellensburg City School District, and it was not until the autumn of 1894 that the school was moved to its own building on its own campus.

In a period of less than five decades, this institution has grown from very meager beginnings with a few instructors and a small enrollment to a substantial collegiate institution with a faculty of fifty members and a yearly enrollment exceeding one thousand. The campus now embraces twenty acres of land and nine buildings and is located in an attractive setting on the north side of Ellensburg, which is situated in the center of the great Kittitas reclamation irrigation project.

The program has been expanded from a single curriculum which made it possible for teachers to be certified for teaching after one year of work, to one which offers many opportunities. Today, the degree of bachelor of arts in education is conferred upon those who complete the four year curriculum. The minimum amount of college education for teaching in the elementary schools of Washington is three years, but this college offers a fourth year for the completion of a college degree.

In addition to the teacher-training program, there is offered a general college program for those who wish to study arts and sciences, two years of training in business and economics, and one year of nurses' training. About twenty-five per cent of the student body is enrolled in the general college program where the members stay for a period of two years and then transfer to larger collegiate institutions in this state and others, where they may pursue an education leading to other careers than teaching.

Three dormitories, including a college dining room, are maintained on the campus. Kamola Hall and Sue Lombard Hall are used for housing women, and Munson Hall is maintained for men students on the campus.

THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

Walter S. Davis, Department of History

Like most American colleges founded in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the College of Puget Sound had a religious origin, being established under Methodist auspices.

In 1884 was held at Seattle the first session of the Puget Sound Methodist Episcopal conference. This was presided over by Bishop Charles Henry Fowler, who had earlier been president of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois. Spending a few days at Tacoma before the meeting of the conference, from the veranda of the Hotel Tacoma, Bishop Fowler beheld the glorious vision of our great mountain and snow-covered Cascade range. The idea came to him, "What a fine place Tacoma would be for a college." Having been a college president, he was deeply interested in the establishing of a college in the Pacific Northwest. His visits to the environs of Tacoma, especially to the American Lake region, strengthened his belief that Tacoma would be a fitting place for a college.

In his first address to the conference held at Seattle, in August, 1884, Bishop Fowler presented to idea uppermost in his mind, the idea that this conference should establish a Christian institution of learning. Inspired by his radiant enthusiasm, the committee on education presented to the conference an epoch-making report.

After pointing out the need of an educated ministry and of a school of pure moral atmosphere, the report continued, "We commit ourselves.....heartily to the building up within the bounds of the conference of an institution of learning which shall by its ample facilities.....command the respect and patronage of Methodist people within the bounds of the territory.....and so by united and prayerful efforts advance to the establishment of a school of learning which shall be a praise in all the land."

The Rev. J. F. DeVore was chosen as the financial representative of the conference and a committee was named to secure a charter for the proposed institution.

The two chief contenders for securing the location of the new school were Tacoma and Port Townsend. In February, 1888, the committee on location decided in favor of Tacoma. The leader in the movement to locate the school in Tacoma was the Rev. David G. LeSourd, in 1888 the pastor of the First M. E. church in Tacoma. In his memoirs, Dr. LeSourd has given the story of February 29, 1888, Tacoma's day of triumph: "Early in the morning of February 29, 1888—the day

when at its close the bonus would lapse, Bro. D. W. Tyler, who had carried on the correspondence with the bishops, came by the parsonage and with an indifferent air said to me, 'Here is a communication from the bishops in which they vote to locate the university here, provided the doners do certain things, so as to secure the bonus unconditionally to the church. It's too late to do anything now, for the bonus will lapse tonight and what the bishops demand would require all the doners to get together and take the desired action.' I thought a minute and said, 'Well, it is not too late to try it.' To which he replied, 'You can try it if you think it worth while.' I took the communication and started to see Brother DeVore, but failing to find him, I went straight to Mr. Caughran, one of my board of trustees, who, of all men I knew in Tacoma, I could trust to put this business over and thus secure both the bonus and the university. He read the contents of the communication, talked the matter over with me, how every subscriber would have to be seen and handled with silk gloves, then fairly rolling up his sleeves, he started out in a way that meant business, and before night the whole town was astir. By 8:30 in the evening everything was in readiness for the meeting. The subscribers were coming out in force, and after a few words by men outside of our church explaining what action was needed, it was moved and carried unanimously that the officials who had been elected by the doners be instructed to take the legal steps necessary to comply with the request of the bishops.

"Thus on February 29, 1888, within less than two hours of the time when the bonus would have ceased to be available, the matter was settled and the Puget Sound University was permanently and unconditionally located in Tacoma, Wash. This was a great relief to my strained nerves, yet imposed on me additional responsibilities, as various matters relating to the bonus and the organization of the new school demanded immediate attention."

In a few days a charter for the new institution was drawn up and was filed at Olympia on March 17, 1888. This date marks its legal beginning. In the charter the school was named "The Puget Sound University." The Rev. T. J. Massey, as financial agent, carried on the work for additional funds. In 1889 the contract for the first university building was let and in the autumn of 1890 was ready for the reception of students. The campus selected was the site now occupied by the McCarver Intermediate School. The doors of the institution were opened to students on September 15, 1890. The first term there was a registration of 88 students and 124 for the three terms. The first president of the Puget Sound University was the Rev. B. F. Cherington, who had been vice-president of the University of South-

ern California at Los Angeles. The opening week classes were organized in the three academy years and in the sub-academy, art, music and commercial departments. In the first year there appears to have been no students registered in the College of Liberal Arts, although arrangements had been made for such students. In the school year 1891-92 there were two liberal arts registrations.

In June of 1893 Charles M. Sherman received the bachelor of arts degree, having done previous college work in Iowa.

The first graduate to complete the four years of liberal arts work in this institution was the Hon. Browder D. Brown, in 1895. At present Mr. Brown is assistant attorney general of this state.

The moral standards of this school is its beginnings were shown in the warning to students against intoxicating liquors, visits to drinking or gambling saloons, card-playing or any form of gambling, "the use of tobacco in any form" and obscene writings or drawings on the college grounds.

The majority of the students made their own way, carrying newspapers, mowing lawns, caring for furnaces, clerking in stores, waiting table, shining shoes, preaching, and in doing many things students find to do.

Boarding clubs sprang up in the neighborhood and much of the time the school sponsored a boarding club and dormitory rooms.

Student fees were moderate, being only $15.00 per term for the liberal arts and less for the academy students.

At the close of the school year in June, 1891, Pres. Cherington made this summary of the school year: "The Puget Sound University has closed its first year successfully. A class of seven graduated from the academic department. All classes have been full and enthusiastic."

The fine university building was the home of the school only one school year. Litigation arose over the titles to the donations of lots and lands near the university, thus stopping the sales and depriving the school of its chief source of revenue. Not being near a street car line, the campus was found to be difficult of access. So in the summer of 1891 the university building was leased to the Tacoma school board and two years later by purchase became a part of the Tacoma school system.

In September, 1891, the second year of the university began in the Ouimette building at South Tenth and Yakima streets. At the end of four years in the Ouimette building, the school was transferred to

the large building in the same block at South Ninth and G street. This latter building remained the home of the school until 1903.

In 1892 Pres. Cherington was succeeded in the presidency by the Rev. Crawford R. Thoburn, a graduate of Alleghany College, Pennsylvania, who was given the title of chancellor. He was a fine speaker and eloquently presented the cause of the school. He was also hopeful and optimistic and not easily discouraged. It was well that he had these qualities, for the years of his presidency were those covered by the panic of 1893, in which the national economic and financial situation was at a low ebb.

A noted event of Chancellor Thoburn's presidency was the effort to locate the university on the Narrows on a campus overlooking Puget Sound and having a fine view, both of the Olympic and Cascade ranges. By purchase and otherwise control was obtained of between 600 and 1,000 acres. The lots and lands surrounding an ample campus were to be sold and from the proceeds adequate buildings were to be erected and money provided for current expenses and endowment. Noble was the plan, high the hopes of the friends of the university, but owing to the panic of 1893 and the years following, enough lots could not be sold to carry out the plan.

Then, in the autumn of 1898 the trustees of the university reluctantly consented to a plan to consolidate the university with the Portland University of Portland, Oregon. So most of the faculty, including Chancellor Thoburn, became a part of the consolidated school at Portland in October of 1898. But in March, 1899, the trustees of the Puget Sound University reopened the school in Tacoma with Dr. Wilmot Whitfield of Seattle as president.

From its founding, the life of the Puget Sound University was a struggle for existence. Not only students and faculty, but the university itself was in constant need of funds. Usually the faculty were paid about half in money and half in lots. But the faculty members were self-sacrificing and patiently bore want and suffering.

The university was fortunate in having devoted trustees who gave much time to the welfare of the school, meeting often to devise methods to keep the school going . Often a meeting would be held to order the sale of one or more lots to meet some sudden financial emergency.

Also, always back of the school was the Puget Sound Conference, inspired by the hope that a Christian institution of learning, of which all would be proud, would arise in the Pacific Northwest.

By the spring of 1903 the board of trustees of the Puget Sound University voted to disincorporate and to let a new board take over the

school. On May 6, 1903, the new trustees incorporated under the name of "The University of Puget Sound," and located the school on the present Jason Lee school grounds in Tacoma. Rev. Edward M. Randall, pastor of the First M. E. church of Seattle, was chosen president. In a spirited campaign $20,000 was raised in June and July of 1903 for the erection of a new building, which by September 30 was ready for the reception of students.

In 1904 President Randall resigned to become the editor of the Epworth Herald, published at Chicago. He was followed in the presidency by the Rev. Joseph E. Williams, who, as a trustee, had shown great interest in the school.

In 1907 President Williams was succeeded by Prof. L. L. Benlow, County School Superintendent of Pierce county. His presidency of two years was made notable by his unusual energy and by the erection of a chapel and commercial building, a new boys' dormitory, the enlargement of the ladies' dormitory and the completion of the fine gymnasium, the latter built by student labor.

From 1909 to 1913 the University of Puget Sound was under the presidency of Prof. Julius C. Zeller of the Illinois Wesleyan University. Pres. Zeller reorganized the course of study, established a department of home economics, a law department, and kept the university on a high intellectual and spiritual plane.

With one exception, up to 1913, practically every change in the presidency was due to the financial situation. This was the reason for Dr. Zeller's resignation in 1913.

The trustees now called to the university presidency the Rev. Edward H. Todd, vice-president of Willamette University. Dr. Todd's connection with the Tacoma institution began in 1898 when he became a member of the board of trustees. Then, from 1905 to 1909 he was the school's corresponding and financial secretary. During this period the affairs of the school showed great improvement.

President Todd took charge of the University of Puget Sound in October, 1913, and his coming marked an era in the school's history. In 1914 he had the name changed to "The College of Puget Sound", a name it will probably always retain.

The next year he organized the campaign to raise $200,000 to meet the offer of a donation to the endowment fund by Hon. J. J. Hill, the Empire Builder.

The success of this campaign gave the school its first endowment. The outbreak of the great war brought many problems to Pres.

Todd and to the college. One of these was the training of 100 young men for the students army training corps. In this connection there came the outbreak of the influenza. One-third of the S. A. T. C. boys were stricken, but all were saved, owning to the care they received.

With the close of the war, President Todd and the board of trustees again took up the financial problem. In 1920 a campaign was conducted in Tacoma and Pierce county for a half million dollars for a college campus and for a building fund. This resulting in complete success, in 1921 an appeal was made to the people of the entire state for a half-million to be added to the endowment fund. This also resulted in victory. Then in 1922 a new campaign was put on to raise a quarter of a million dollars to match the quarter of a million offered by the general education board (Rockefeller Foundation). This campaign also was crowned with success.

These victories placed the College of Puget Sound among the growing institutions of the Pacific Northwest and it began to receive nation-wide attention.

In 1923 on the new campus there began to arise the fine new building known as Jones Hall. In September, 1924, the college was opened on the new campus at Fifteenth and Warner streets.

An additional gift came in 1931 when the gift of $150,000 to Tacoma by Leonard Howarth, a Tacoma lumberman, was awarded to the College of Puget Sound. With this fund was completed the Hall of Science.

From its founding in 1888 to 1915 the college depended upon student fees and upon small donations of faithful friends. It now has a million and a quarter of well-invested funds and buildings and grounds valued at over half a million dollars.

In 1891 the school in the liberal arts department had only 2 college students. In 1907 when the writer of these pages began teaching in the institution, there were only 40 students of college rank. Today, in 1938, there are nearly 600 students in the college of liberal arts.

This year, under the guiding hand of Pres. Todd and the Board of trustees, the friends of the college are observing the semi-centennial of its founding.

The achievements of this half century of progress augur well for the college, as it enters its second half century.

By 1988 the friends of the school fondly hope and have faith to believe that it will enjoy steady growth and progress, that the number of students will double and triple, that new buildings will continue to

rise as needed, that the endowment will keep pace with the growth of our Pacific Northwest, that the good influences of the college will go out in ever-widening circles, that the college and its graduates and friends may be a force in bringing to the peoples bordering on the Pacific the message of "Peace on Earth, good will to men", and will carry on its three great aims of "Sound Learning, Good Government, and the Christian Religion."

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY—ITS EARLY YEARS

Thomas E. Woods

At the foot of Astor street on the north bank of Spokane river, stands the first Gonzaga college. New Year's day, 1887, the Morning Review, of Spokane Falls, described the structure, the under construction, as "unquestionably the most commanding one in the Northwest. It stands on the northeast part of town, surrounded by its magnificent domain of 320 acres. This is the third year of its construction and even today some portions of it are unfinished. The probable cost of the building when completed will be considerably over $30,000."

The same account reports that under this roof, the new building will include two refectories, two parlors, chapel, president's room, infirmary, four classrooms, eight rooms for professors, library, bathrooms, wardrobe and two large dormitories with a sleeping capacity for 40 students.

The fifty year old edifice, a magnificent sight to travelers on Northern Pacific passenger trains in the 80's and 90's, in its beginning years surveyed the sparse, sprawling settlement of Spokane Falls. Today, its weathered bricks mark advancing age, and in a few short years it will fall under the wrecker's hammer. The modern generation may rejoice to see it go, especially if a modern structure will take its place; but in the generation that is dying, there the many hearts which will be touched most deeply by its razing. To them the old Gonzaga has always been more than brick and mortar. Noble sacrifice, devotion and zeal are as much a part of it as the materials that give it form and mass. To the historian of the Northwest, its passing will be as the passing of some hardy pioneer who has redeemed a frontier for civilized life.

Fr. J. M. Cataldo, S. J., in 1881 Superior General of all Indian missions in the Northwest, purchased from the Northern Pacific railroad a half section of land on the north bank of Spokane river.

His primary purpose was to establish a centrally located school for Indian children from surrounding reservations. Another reason was the possibility that the little settlement of Spokane Falls might grow to such proportions that a school for white children would become necessary.

Despite adverse criticism and other obstacles—some believed Cheney more centrally located for Northwest Indian missions; others declared Spokane water was impure; a new Northern Pacific land agent argued long but vainly to buy back the half section his predecessor had sold; sawmill owners began to use the river front in front of the future college for log booms; and an effort was made to acquire half the college purchase on the strength of a nullified homestead claim—plans for erecting the Indian school progressed. Unexpectedly, Fr. Cataldo was forced to abandon his original plan because white settlers of Spokane Falls were clamoring for a college. They showed their earnestness by offering a bonus of some $10,000 toward its construction, Fr. Cataldo wrote.

Excavation for the new building was begun in 1884, under the direction of Fr. Urban Grassi, an early missionary father. Lack of funds forced suspension of building operations from 1885 until the following year, when Fr. James Rebmann, and several other Jesuits, arrived in the Northwest. Two days after his arrival, Fr. Rebmann was installed as superior of all Jesuits in and near Spokane, and established headquarters in the yet unfinished college building. In the spring and summer of 1887, the college interior was practically completed. From the closed Jesuit college in Prairie Du Chien, Wis., books, stationery, students' desks, bedding, bedsteads and band instruments were purchased and shipped to the college on the Northwest frontier.

"The name is taken from the family of St. Aloysius, the patron of youth," a Morning Review reporter had written of the new college. "It is a college exclusively for boys. In addition to its character as an educational center or university for the entire Rocky Mountain division of the Jesuit missionaries in Montana, Idaho and Washington."

Several weeks before the college opening, authorities were nonplussed to find three pupils at their doors, as the result of a prospectus sent out previously describing the institution. "It was no easy task," writes a chronicler of the period, "entertaining them, as access to town was by boat only, or by walking many blocks. And even if they had gone to town, the boys would have found few opportunities for amusement." One thing was in their favor—an abundance of

playground space. They were privileged to round up saddle horses which were indispensable to the college authorities because of their mission travels.

"The Jesuit Fathers will open their college on Sept. 17", daily papers announced in late summer. "Students between 10 and 15 years of age will receive a solid classical education."

Day scholars—those who do not live at the college—were not admitted during Gonzaga's first two years. Eighteen pupils constituted the first student body, among them U. S. Navy Ensign Robert J. Monaghan, who died in Samoa in 1899 in a native uprising, and George Russell, postmaster of Seattle when the Silver Jubilee chronicle of Gonzaga was penned. Another, Richard Genahl, one of the two members of the first graduating class, that of 1894, lives in Salt Lake City.

The course of studies was conformed to the purpose of the college as stated in the first catalogue: "Its object is to afford Catholic youth the facilities for securing a solid and complete education, based on the principles of religion and calculated to fit them for a successful career in life." Offered in the group of higher humanities were Christian doctrine, Latin, English, including declamation, arithmetic, geography, history, penmanship, and bookkeeping. The lower humanities comprised the same curriculum, except that German was studied in place of bookkeeping. A preparatory course was open for those students whose "insufficient knowledge of the rudiments prevents them from following the regular courses. Candidates for admission will be examined and placed in that class to which they are entitled by their attainments.

"The scholarship of each student is determined by weekly reviews and semi-annual examinations. No student who has not attained the required standard of proficiency is allowed to proceed to a higher class at the end of the year. Prizes and honors are awarded at the Commencement." At the first commencement, June 28, 1888, premiums were awarded for good conduct, application, Christain doctrine, Latin, English, history, geography, arithmetic, penmanship and German.

The life of a Gozagan in the 80's and 90's would be called rigorous today. The daily routine began at 5:30 a. m. Then followed morning prayers and mass, 6:00, studies, 6:30; breakfast, recreation, 7:30; class, 8:15; recess, 10:00; class, 10:15; optional branches—French, German, music, 11:15; dinner, 12 noon; studies, 1:30; class, 2:00; lunch, recreation, 3:45; studies, 4:30; supper, recreation, 6:15; studies, reading, 7:00; night prayers, retire, 8:30. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons were regular holidays.

The Sunday order, while relaxing a bit from week-day routine, by granting half an hour more sleep in the morning, announced a Communion mass at 6:30 a. m., High mass with sermon at 9:00 a. m., an hour for study and one for special reading. Sunday afternoon had its walk or recreation until 4:30, and then study hall until benediction at 6:00 p. m.

According to the Silver Jubilee historian, "the days (of the first year) wore on slowly for the pupils until they got over their first spell of homesickness. Now and then the even tenor of their school life was broken by some unexpected event. Thus, on Oct. 7, they had the pleasure of welcoming Cardinal Gibbons at the Northern Pacific station. A little later a special entertainment was organized. For that occasion a little organ was secured which afterward found its permanent place in the college chapel. Fr. Diomedi happened to stop over for a few days, and was prevailed upon to officiate at the new instrument, while young Robert Monaghan dispensed sweet music from the violin, on which he was quite proficient.

"Then came Yuletide with its spiritual joys and temporal gifts, but without the customary home-going. Vacations were spent at the college. The modest Christmas tree was much enjoyed, and the pleasure was considerably enhanced by the presence of friends from town.

"Colder weather set in and with it came many discomforts, chief among them being freezing of the water system. Fr. Monroe had a little shed erected over the pump to save at least the most necessary water supply. But in spite of this protection, the pump froze and the inmates of the college were reduced to the hard expedient of fetching water from the river, where the ice had to be chopped with an axe. To make matters worse, the dry fire wood gave out and as there was no coal on hand, green wood had to be used for cooking and heating purposes. Those were trying times indeed, but all lent their cheerful help and tried their best to make a virtue of necessity."

Music and billiards must have been a recreation for the pupils after February, 1888, for Fr. Rebmann during that month purchased band instruments and billiard tables for Gonzaga while on an Eastern trip. On regular holidays in winter, pupils enjoyed skating and coasting.

In May, two large farm wagons carried the student body seven miles down the river for a picnic, accompanied by the mounted faculty members. The first commencement was dominated by music and public speaking on the part of the pupils.

In August of the same year, Gonzaga became the temporary home

of many local townspeople. On Sunday, August 4, a disastrous fire swept the business district of Spokane Falls, and reduced to ashes everything within an area of 40 acres. Dormitories, halls and classrooms were thrown open to the victims.

A preparatory department for boys over 12 years of age was established in the Catholic parish church of Spokane Falls in Gonzaga's third year. Seventeen boys registered the first month. The same fall the college opened its doors to day scholars.

The Gonzaga of today is a story of rapid growth and expansion, of unremitting devotion on the part of Jesuit fathers to their ideals of education.

In 1899, a new Gonzaga, constituting a large section of the present plant, opened its doors to 200 students. Another wing and two gymnasiums went up six weeks later. An infirmary followed shortly after. University status came in 1912 with incorporation of Gonzaga's law school, one of the two in Washington. De Smet hall, four-story student dormitory, opened in the twenties. Gonzaga stadium was erected in 1922. Music studios and a student building were recent acquisitions.

In 1937, total enrollment reached 600, Saturday classes, 100, and summer school, 200.

WHITWORTH COLLEGE AND ITS BEGINNINGS

Ward W. Sullivan, President

Dr. George W. Whitworth, a pioneer missionary in Western Washington, began in the latter part of the 1870's to look about for some educational institution to care for the Presbyterian youth of the Northwest.

Dr. Whitworth had established a number of churches on the coast and had been called for two terms to the presidency of the Territorial University. Through his influence, the Presbytery of Puget Sound appointed a committee to organize an academy. In 1883 such a school was organized at Sumner, Washington. Mr. John M. Kincaid donated a tract of land on which the academy was built. The first classes were held in the Presbyterian church at Sumner.

The academy had a difficult time remaining in existence from 1884 until 1889. In 1889 the Board of Trustees, of which Dr. Whitworth was chairman, decided to transform the academy into a college. This

important step was consumated in 1890, and the academy was renamed Whitworth College.

The first student body consisted of twenty-seven college students and thirty-four in the preparatory department. They came from such distant points as Londonderry, Pennsylvania and Howkan, Alaska, but the majority were, of course, from Washington.

The course of study was divided into the departments of classical, civil engineering, normal and business course, preparatory course, musical course, and the art department.

The college grew rapidly in this early period. With the securing of a large cash donation to insure the development of the college, it was decided to expand its field of usefulness, and in January of 1900 Whitworth College was moved to the residential section of North Tacoma, overlooking Commencement Bay. With this relocation the college grew materially, and it fulfilled its task in the State of Washington scholastically and spiritually.

In 1913, after a series of set-backs, the Synod of Washington recommended to the trustees of Whitworth College that they accept the offer of the Country Homes Development Company and citizens of Spokane to move to Spokane. By 1914 the college faced a bright future, with a student body of fifty. Since that time it has maintained a steady growth, with a student body of about 250 at the present time, and a definitely established position in the State of Washington.

UNPUBLISHED INTERVIEWS

The materials collected by the Washington Pioneer Project are so voluminous that only a small portion of them could be published in the limited space of these three volumes. The aim in the selection of materials was to cover the entire state, particularly those areas whose history has not recently been written. Several of our more populous counties: King, Pierce, Spokane, Walla Walla, Yakima, Snohomish, and Whatcom, have already published considerable of their history. To avoid duplication, the editors have tried to select interviews that would give a different viewpoint.

All materials collected are of value to research students of Washington history and will be deposited in the Washington State library at Olympia and whenever possible, duplicate copies will be available to the Washington State Historical Society in Tacoma, the University library at Seattle, and the Washington State College library at Pullman.

A complete list of interviews is given on the following pages.

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Woodruff, Sam
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Durrah, Clara Hull
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Frederickson, Julia
Henry, Christian K.
Ingraham, Capt. David
Kent, Elizabeth
McAvoy, Ida
Nelson, Ida (Benson)
Prescott, Daniel
Scarborough, Sarah
Warren, Mrs. C. H.

Walla Walla County

Bowers, Laura
Brock, Wilbur Fisk
Burr, Priscilla
Cameron, Mrs. Ella Stewart
Cooperly, Mrs. J. W.
Clark, Cora
Davidson, J. B. (Jeane Schnebly)
De Long, Wm.
Erwin, Amanda
Fine, Olive
Funk, Emma
Gilbreath, Mrs. Samuel
Gilliam, Mary
Isaacs, Grace
Kenney, Jenney
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Eldridge, Hugh
Jenkins, Geo. A.
Judson, Mrs. Phoebe
Kavanaugh, James (Sheriff)
Roeder, Elizabeth Austin

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Crumbaker, Jonas A.
Downey, Lulu L.
Farnsworth, Mr. Chas. H.
Hall, Mrs. Oliver
Hull, Anna
Johnson, Mary C.
Kennedy, John E.
Latta, W. H.
Manring, Benjamin F.
McKroskey, Judge Robert Lee
Miller, George
Nelson, Nels
Reed, G. W.
Roberts, Harry
Spalding, Mary C.
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Bair, Allie
Bankerd, Sarah Seward
Beck, Orlando
Bilger, Chas.
Bond, Fred
Brady, Jas.
Burge, Martha
Burge, Milton
Cleman, John
Cleman, Sarah
Cole, Flavins
Dickson, Leta
Ditter, Phil
Goodwin, Catherine
Graham, Robert
Green, Lodency
Greenwald, Mary E.
Hadley, Harriet
Hawkins, Willis Marcus
Henderson, Jas.
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Lum, C. E.
Mattson, Geo.
McCredy, Alexander E.
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Nelson, John B.
Olney, Charles
Pearne, Thos.
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Russell, Adella
Schnebly, Mrs. P. H.
Seward, Mrs. Martha
Sickler, H.
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Stephenson, Geo.
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