

Bilger, Charles;

Came to the territory in 1888 from Jackson Co., Oregon.

Mother crossed the plains in the late 60s with ox team, were six months from Burlington, Ia . and settled in Rogue river valley, Ore.

Father came around the horn from Germany in the 60s, landing at Crescent City. He mined for awhile then engaged in hardware business.

I was prompted to come to the area to work for the NP. I had a position in the Dry Goods department of the Northern Pacific store at Roslyn. Roslyn was a mining district and still is after 50 years.

I settled in Kittitas county..

I came to Yakima county around 1900. Have been in the merchadising business until recently. I worked at Roslyn, NP, 1888-1892; Ellensburg 1892-1897; Portland 1897-1900; Mabton 1900 1906; Wapato 1906 , 1936.

Member of Masons, Elks and Knights of Pythias.

I was born November 13, 1866, Jackson county, Ore. Nationalitym German. I was married September 23, 1891.

Children: Ray & Bilger, 2 children, Wapato; Mrs. R.E. Webster, Boise, Ida.

Frame houses were being used when I arrived. Horse and buggies were transportation. The golden spike of the NP was driven before I arrived. Knew Gov. Ferry.

Was at Roslyn at the time of the mine explosion that was caused by black damp. Forty nine miners were killed.

Entertainment: Swimming, fishing for trout in Cle Elum lake; D&R fish lake and Cle Elum river; horseback riding and picnics. (Note of interviewer) Nearly 70, still active.

Bilger, Charles:

Oil wells seem to be interesting him now. He and his wife live at Wapato. Augusta Eastland, July 9, 1936.)

When I came to Wapato in 1906 the town had just been platted. It was first called Simcoe station but the first postmaster, Mrs. McCredy gave it the name of Wapato (Indian potato)

Alex McCredy had the Indian post store and I bought him out.

At the time there was only the Irwin (hard to read) ditch watering 2,000 acres. A few potatoes and some alfalfa were the chief crops. A special act of congress allowed purchase of townsite from Indians who were capable of taking care of their own affairs.

The population in 1906 was 150 or 200. Now it is 2,500. The irrigated acre has increased to 9,000 acres and is now under the Wapato project.

Indians go to public schools. Mr. Whitlock is the agent with headquarters at Toppenish.

There was a grocery store in Rosslyn besides the Northern Pacific or Northwestern Improvement Co. store (dry goods store) There was a school and no saloons. A branch road ran there from Cle Elum. The town of Rosslyn has changed little. They recently celebrated their 50th anniversary.

Ellensburg was then the largest town in Central Washington.

In 1900 Mabton was a station on the NP, had a hotel, two small gen. mdse. stores, a lumber yard. There were only 10 or 12 families, no irrigation but there was irrigated land across the river under the Sunnyside Canal. The wheat lands at

Bilger, Charles:

at Bickleton helped keep up the little town. I had a store at Sunnyside too.

- There was no railroad there at that time. Sheep and cattle grazed there. Some grain was raised.

(Just a passing comment, not for publication)

If the shades of Ka-mi-akin and his braves were hovering over the lower valley on the Fourth of July the land set apart more than a century ago for the young princess and her son of royal lineage, they must have retired from the scene in astonishment mingled with disgust.

Exiled from the land of his people because of his hatred of the whites and his efforts to make war on them until they were exterminated, it is hardly possible that Ka-mi-akin could comprehend the scene.

When the pageant Sa-ca-ja-we a was enacted by the Indians for the entertainment of the whites, turning back the pages of history to the time when only Indian villages dotted the beautiful Eyack-imah valley.

It is said that the Yakima reservation Indians respond more agreeably to requests of their agent when such entertainment is desired than any other tribes in the country. Their regalia is priceless. Among the younger generations are found dancers who seem to have caught the spirit of savagery to dominate in the character of their ancestors.

With their almost naked bodies smeared with what passes for war paint in their peaceful days, their moth-eaten war

Bilger, Charles:

bonnets towering, these descendants of a captive race rode through the streets while tom toms droned and war whoops rent the air.

There is pathos for the white man, too, in the thought that the descendants of West Point red men rode with ~~them~~ their tribesmen in the parade.

A.E.

(A.E. must be footnote by Augusta Eastland. Was written in different hand and attached to Bilger listing.)

Bond, Fred:

I came to Washington in 1891 from Harrison county, Iowa, making the trip with my father and family.

Father had asthma and tried the Black Hills for a change. The climate was alright but there was no place to live and we heard a great deal about Washington in those days so we came out here.

We settled in the open country. There was sagebrush as far as we could see. Indian homes were scattered over the reservation.

We settled on the Yakima Indian reservation.

I went into Medicine valley to run cattle for Thomas Pearne, the Indian preacher, and married his daughter.

I was adopted into the tribe in 1892 and given the privilege of ~~Ottobey~~ taking an allotment but never accepted it.

I was a butcher for 35 years

I was an Oddfellow and was raised a Baptist. I was born June 17, 1868 in Rock county, Wis. Nationality, English-Scotch. I was married August 8, 1893.

I have four children and two grandchildren; Dr. Lewis Bond, Sunnyside (1 child) T.F. Bond, Yakima (1 child) Daisy Bond, Toppenish; Florence Bond, Toppenish.

Early day recollections:

The houses on the reservation 45 years ago were the ones the Indians built for themselves. There was no Toppenish at that time. Wild horses roamed everywhere. Zillah was a little town in the sagebrush and it's about the same yet only there's less sagebrush. We got mail there at one time.

There was a railroad, hacks and horseback for means of travel.

I know the Indian language. I married an Indian, an educated girl.

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Fred Bond

The first Toppenish school was in a church. The first church services there were held in the waiting room of the depot.

I remember the flood of 1894. The Indians under Father Wilbur built a church at White Swan. Indians had ball games and horse races which they sort of punctuated with shooting and stabbing, wild and wooly.

Mrs. Bond, daughter of Thomas Pearne the Indian preacher and farmer, remembers Father Wilbur and Mrs. Wilbur. Three generations of the family were taught at Ft. Simcoe. Mrs. Bond, her mother, Mrs. Pearne and her grandmother, Mrs. McKay.

Every Sunday the church at White Swan, built by the Indians in 1871, was filled with worshippers. The Pearnes and Wilburs were great friends, Thomas Pearne being ordained by Rev. Wilbur.

The Pearnes and their friends rode to Soda Springs, always a favorite outing place. It belongs to the reservation although many offers have been made by white men who believe it would make a splendid summer resort. It is said that only a little sugar and lemon juice are required for one of the finest of sodas.

Mr. Bond says: "I have heard that it is claimed that boards and lumber for the fort (Simcoe) came around the horn, but I have seen the place where the lumber was sawed and the spot where the boards were made. No doubt the small panes of glass were brought in but the sash was made on the ground. That was 80 years ago and the fort is still standing. The lumber was whipsawed, two men, one above and one below, sawed from end to end of the log. That's the way lumber was sawed before mills were built. There was a sawmill there in Rev. Wilbur's time. Lumber for the Indian homes on the reservation was sawed from pine logs from the foothills.

Comments: He and his wife and two daughters live at Toppenish.

Interviewer: Augusta Eastland, Yakima, July 13, 1936.

Klickitat

Bonebrake, Allen

Dayton, Goldendale.

Came to Washington territory in 1884. When I came there was a family on every quarter section. These soon began to buy out others.

They grabbed too much, especially when wheat was so high during the world war. Many farms have been abandoned, buildings have gone to ruin.

Crossed the plains in 1862 with parents in long emigrant train when I was 10.

The same motives brought us west that impelled thousands of others. There was free land. . We crossed the plains three times, going back to Iowa, once. The first time we had trouble with the Indians. The second time they tried to steal everything.

I finally came to Washington and practiced medicine since there was an opening in Goldendale. Attended medical school at Willamette university, 1880-1883. Practiced a year at Dayton. I have practiced medicine since 1884.

The old blockhouse was about the only landmark when I came to Goldendale. There were no sewers in the town. Water was impure. There were epidemics. No fire fighting apparatus. Fire destroyed the town of Goldendale in 1888. I saved my books and instruments. It was a night to remember. Our house was saved and we took in several families.

I traveled about on horseback, also drove a team. I was gone four days to make a call on the slope of Mt Adams. Could take a team within 15 miles of the place.

Snow was 41-2 feet deep in 1884-85--Interviewed 1936.

Klickitat

Borton, Mrs. W.H. (Mary Brisky)

Bickleton

I came to Washington territory in 1887 from Texas.

..When Mary was 13 years old her parents homesteaded in Brender's canyon. A long narrow pass between the mountains which rise perpendicularly from the orchard and farm-yard. Here was wood, water and range,

The Briskeys had lived at Throckmorton, Tex. Her father was ill with a recurrent fever which sent him in search of a climate that would cure him. When Mary was seven her parents with 25 families followed the lead of a neighbor who had come back from the Wonderful Washington Territory. Six of these families stopped at Bickleton. Bickleton was a blacksmith shop, a store and a school. Mary says today it is no more or less. The trip was uneventful save for a cyclone. Texas born, they knew the symptoms and got ready for the blow. They drove down into a gully, staked their horses and pinned down their goods, then sat down and waited for the worst which never happened. Although they did not like Bickleton they stayed for six years.

In 1887 they came farther west. The beauty and practicality of Brender's canyon held her parents as it continues to hold Mary today.

Neighbors:

Brender's canyon, named for its first settler, was out from what was then called Old Mission (Now Cashmere) Brender at that time was a bachelor and the nearest neighbor the Woodrings. Squire Stuart, Mark Green and the Hinmans made up the settlement.

A one room log cabin was built in 1887. In 1888 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 mountains. At 8:30 a.m. father had gone down to see Brender. The Minister, Mr. Peggs had been lodged for the night. Sepin had been shoveling the snow from the roof. With the shovel in his hand, he heard a swish and a big wind--the mountain side in the space of a breath. had hurled itself on the unprotected cabin which in

this catastrophe had the fragility of a celluloid toy. The force of the wind blew Pepin out of the way. Only a heap of snow marked the place where three children and two grownups were entombed. High up on the opposite canyon wall were the splintered logs, bits of furniture colored scraps of dishes, the wheel of the sewing machine, etc. Pepin went for help. At 5 p.m. they lifted out the dead bodies of Mary's mother and the minister Beggs.

Mary had just stopped to pick up the baby when the worst came. She did not realize that it was snow which was smothering her until it was melted by the baby's breath. The baby melted the snow fast as she never stopped crying until she was unconscious. Mary was thrown near her mother whom she could hear but not see. The other child was alive and talked with them. Mary's mother spoke calmly to them. She told them to lie quietly and breathe as lightly as possible. She asked if they were hurt, or if they could wiggle their arms and legs.

They told them that she would see their father again, but that she would not; that Mary would be their mother after that day. She instructed Mary about the care of the baby, even about cooking and sewing. She never stopped talking and the sound of her calm, reassuring voice quieted the children. They were asleep or unconscious when they were dug out. The cows and horses could not be saved. To this day Mary thinks the chopping down of the trees and snaking them down the mountain loosened the avalanche. That was 48 years ago and there has been no repetition.

There was no way at that time of year to get provisions. Each individual in the settlement contributed something--a cow, pig, groceries, corn meal. Brender gave them their winter's supply of potatoes. There was always venison so the family pulled through the winter.

Father rebuilt the house. Mary covered the inside logs with burlap and plastered the burlap with a mixture of milk, salt and lime. Unless you rubbed against it, it really did look like store plastery.

Making the children's clothes without patterns was Mary's Waterloo. The neck of the baby's dress would have fitted around her waist. Mary was nervous, tired and in tears. Lizzie Bonnell, the daughter of a government surveyor showed her how to take up the shoulder seams to fit the neck.

On the Fourth of July which was a big day, Mary made them all new dresses. He loved big splashy prints. One was a pansy dress and another a red and white candy stripe. Mary Knitted all the family's stockings. She can't remember when she first learned to knit.

Ellensburg was the market place. It was a four-day trip. The Wenatchee had to be forded four times. Half yearly supplies were laid in. The first spring after the slide cows were driven in. Hogs and chickens were stocked.

A showman made father an offer to tour the country with his children and tell about the snow slide but father thought it was too much like making money from mother's dead body and refused the offer.

After four years there was a log school built at the entrance to the canyon. Only a fir tree marks its site today.

In 1893 father was married again and had his second family. Mary went to live with Mrs. Frank Reeves, the publisher's wife, who lived back of the printing shop. Mrs. Reeves was a cultured and educated lady. Mary says all that she knows she learned from her. Mrs. Reeves brought her up as her own daughter.

In 1886 Mary married a miner from Coslyn, George T. Beam. Her stepmother died, leaving four small children. Mary and her husband moved back to the old house into a separate house her father had built and started in raising their own two children and Mary's halfbrothers

and sisters. She was mother and Mary to the brood. The "steps" never seemed like brothers and sisters, but like her children. She did a good job and got her own brothers and sisters and the steps and her own two through school, high school, normal and the U.

Mr. Deam had a stroke and after a five years illness died. Mary carried on efficiently but had no idea of living a lonely life. She married W.H. Burton, an Aberdeen man, whose property interests were on the coast. She liked it there and planned to go there to live. Depression changed her arrangements. She is back on the farm and managing it again.

She is back on the farm/ Chickens, hogs, little lambs, cows, horses, modern machinery, dogs, packing house, new stucco home, Spanish style, flowers, gooseberry bushes--that's Mary's setting. She is a big blond laughing person.

A picture of the old log cabin hung on the wall beside a snapshot of her son's cabin at Coulee dam where he is working. There was a dignity about the old house with its overhanging eaves and generous chimney that contrasted with the jerry box that Norman had built to house his family while working at Coulee.

Interviewed by Nora Guillard, Chelan, 4-22-36.

Brady, James.

I came to Washington territory in 1885 from Denton county, Ia., making the trip with relatives. Always wanted to come west and I wouldn't live anywhere else. We came on the Union Pacific to Portland and then to Seattle.

I went to Edison and the LaConnor flats and was satisfied to remain there. I rented a farm and went to work and that's all I've ever done.

I have lived in Skagit, Pierce, Whitman and Yakima, living the longest in Pierce. I bought land. No church or fraternal org.

I was born November 15, 1857 in Green county, Wis. Irish nationality. I was married in 1881 and 1911.

Children, Mrs. Erma Hennison, 8 children, Olympia, Wash.; M.D. Brady, 4 children, Buena; George Brady, 2 children, Parker; Lloyd Brady, two children ((no residence listed)

I lost my ranch during the depression.

When I reached the territory there was one store in Edison. Houses were frame. I came after the railroad was built.

Can remember no unique frontier experiences. "Just work, didn't waste time the way they do now.

Comments: He and his wife live in Yakima. No story.

Interviewer: Augusta Eastland, Yakima, September 8, 1936.

Klickitat

Brooks, Rose

Goldendale, Lisle.

Came to Washington territory in 1883 from Washington Co., Ore. Husband came in 1880. He took a homestead. I taught school in Oregon and bought furniture for our new home. We were married in 1883. Mr. Brooks was a teacher. He studied law while teaching. He really wanted to stay in Oregon but was persuaded by Mr. Brooks father to come to Klickitat.

Mr. Brooks was instrumental in putting through the railroad from Goldendale to Lyle, 43 miles in length. ^{Connected with steamers} Homesteaded in 1880. He took the first surveyors over to Yakima to survey the NP, taking a six horse team and supplies. Drinking water from Watus creek.

Mr. Brooks practiced law in Goldendale and was judge of Klickitat, Klamath and Cowlitz. He was principal of the Goldendale school, 1885-86 and was county superintendent of schools. He studied law with Hiram Dustin and was admitted to the bar, October 8, 1892.

Mrs. Brooks, member of Eastern Star, this lodge was No. 1 of the whole stake. She was born April 25, 1861.

Mother of Zola Brooks.

Remembers old box houses. The old block house is standing. It is one of three block houses in the state.

The Klickitat rangers was the first militia organized. Col. Pike was captain and Mr. Brooks was adjutant.

Remembers dedication of monument for Agent Boyln (copy) dedication of the mansion by Queen Marie (Maryhill museum) She will be 75 this month. She plays golf so much I could hardly get an interview. She is the golf champion and last year won the cup. Augusta Eastland, April 13, 1936.

Klickitat

Brune, Leo S.

Goldendale. Rockland.

I came to Washington territory early, was born here April 19, 1873. My father came across, around Cape Horn in 1864 and came to The Dalles where he met and married my mother who had come there the year before. An uncle of mine had homesteaded at Hartland. My parents went to Hartland but not liking it there, came back to 5 1-2 miles from Rockland and homesteaded in 1877. He had worked for the Rockland ferry since 1870 living at Rockland.

My father and brother took the first sheep into the Mt Adams range. This was open country from the Columbia to the Okanogan, with cattle range everywhere. Ben Snipes had the largest herds. Probably he didn't know how many he had.

Father brought sheep from an island near Portland, March 10, 1878. Snow fell that night a foot deep. We had no feed, many died.

When the band of sheep was turned onto the range, my sister, six years old and I, 4 years old, were tied to the old white horse and we herded sheep. That was 58 years ago and I'm still in the business.

I remember the old board houses. The old county seat was a small frame building. The treasury was an old trunk.

Unique experiences: Indian scare of 1878, governor sent needle guns; high water in the Columbia, deep snows, scourge of crickets.

Recall: Parents sent my sister on her cayuse over to Taylors to get a sack of apples. Tied the sack to the saddle. on the way home the saddle slipped and my sister went off but the apples and the saddle went on under the cayuse. She walked for miles leading her cayuse and was crying hard when she reached home. When she was 7 my sister rode to The Dalles for supplies.--1936.

Brune Reminiscences

In 1878 the Oregon tribes, Piutes and Bannocks went on the warpath. After they were subdued it was decided to take them to the Yakima

reservation. They went right past our house over the old trail, a procession 2 or 3 miles long, white men driving the teams. Next summer they drifted back this way to fish and pick berries. They were not allowed to cross the river but camped while the men hunted woodchucks and the squaws caught crickets. These crickets were 2 or 3 inches long and they gathered them by the bushel. They dug a pit and put leaves in the bottom, piled a bushel or so of crickets on the leaves, covered them with more leaves, then dirt and baked them.

The Indian trail to the huckleberry patch in the hills led right past our house. They always went in straight lines and trails would parallel each other, sometimes worn over 2 feet deep. They were enveloped in clouds of dust, traveling fast and returning in the evening to their camp or village of "ishram.

Along about sundown we would see a cloud of dust and here came the Indians, riding furiously to get to their village before dark. The reason for this was the Indian burying ground, Cowlash bottom, which they must pass.

In the 30s or 40s Indians went to Ft Vancouver with furs to trade. There was an epidemic of smallpox at the fort and as the Indians came back down the river they traded blankets and other things they had brought from the fort and the disease spread so fast nearly 50 per cent of the Indians died. They became so panic-stricken they fled to the hills, leaving the dead and dying. True to their belief, in the whe-ach they plunged into the cold water of the Columbia after thoroughly steaming their bodies, thus making recovery impossible.

When the disease had spent itself the survivors returned and buried the dead in Cowlash Bottoms, named for the last chief.

Every after the Indians believed that their spirits longed for someone to talk with and waited ready to snatch them if they passed the burying ground. If they were taken by the leg or arm they would be crippled, if an eye was struck, they would be cross-eyed, if the

mouth happened to receive a blow, it would cause it to remain crooked.--April 14, 1936.

(Undated clipping in same file from Goldendale Sentinel.)

For the sixth consecutive time Leo F. Brune, Dallesport sheepman was elected school director of Rockland district No. 1. Brune, who was born at Rockland, now Dallesport, attended the same school he now serves as director more than 50 years ago.

At the time Brunestarted to school at Rockland the district was the only school district in Klickitat county and included much of Benton county and some of Yakima county. At the time of Brune's birth Rockland was the county seat of Klickitat.

The late Leon Curtiss and Lawrence McNary were two of the first children ever to attend school in Klickitat county. They were students at the old Rockland school. John and Marion Splawn who rode more than 10 miles from over the Columbia mountains from the Hog Heaven country also were among the early students at Rockland.

The Bunnell brothers, Andrew and Frank also attended Rockland school in the early days, riding horseback from what is now Wishram.

One of the early day teachers at Rockland, an older sister of Lawrence McNary, gained her teaching position by taking an oral examination from the county school superintendent. The examination consisted of answering a few questions from an old almanac.

The exact date of the school district one's organization is unknown according to Leo Brune.

Bruton, Mrs. W.D. (Flora Heelin Splawn)

Mrs. Florrie Heelin Splawn Bruton lives where six generations of her family lived or were now living. Her father, Charles A. Splawn left Tark o Bottom, Holt co. Mo. to cross the plains to Oregon. He joined the Volunteers under General Lane to fight the Rogue River Indians. He went by wagon train to Goldendale and in 1858 to Moxee. Excerpts from newspapers relates of finding cut nails and cornerstones of the Splawn house in the Moxee built in 1860.

Water

Charles Splawn dug a well. The water tasted horrible and smelled worse. He dug another. He found an artesian well. Three people moved into the Moxee, ^{and} Feilen Thorpe, Mrs. Bryton's grandfather was irked by its lack of space. Still keeping his holdings in the Moxee they homesteaded in what is now known as Thorpe.

Indians vs Negroes

Feilen (Copy) Thorpe had lived on a Kentucky plantation, the roving Indians, people of color, were to him the same as the southern Negroes. He trained the Indians as he had the slaves and if he had to whale an Indian now and then it was good for the Indian. Anton Bertram, cousin of Chief Seattle was his house servant. He built the firest and swept the hearths.

Modern conveniences of 1861

With two augurs of different size Feilen Thorpe bored the centers from fir poles and fitted them into the other and piped water into his house from Heelen Springs. Some joints are still in the irrigation ditch. A one-room shed of logs was built for the family. Cattlemen coming and going suggested a tavern. A tavern of logs was built. It had a fireplace, a large kitchen, two bedrooms and four bedrooms upstairs. The tavern suggested a saloon. So, separated from the house and road-

house

Grandfather Thorpe built a saloon, with two bedrooms upstairs. He rented the tavern for \$50 a month. The cattlemen and horse traders all stopped there on their way to Snoqualmie pass.

Grandfather Thorpe and Charles Splawn moved their families from Moxee to Thorpe in 1868. Flora Bruton was born in the Moxee in 1875. Charles Splawn was the first white man to bring a family to Ellensburg. The two white men living there were bachelors.

In 1869 Tillman Houser drove a wagon through Snoqualmie pass, an achievement today, an epic then.

School days

The children, white and Indian, increased. There were 10 of the little Thorpes and no place to learn the ABCs. Grandfather Thorpe just started a school of his own with the Indian children, there was a quota, Lois Yocum, fiancée of Ed Cook was the first teacher. Lois Yocum and Ed Cook were going together. A farm journal said with authority that the white of an egg filled with salt and eaten before going to bed would insure that dreams came true. Lois and Moses Splawn, young bachelor, brother of the Splawns, shared the magic potion.

Next morning: Morning Lois, what did you dream? "Ed Cooke gave me water in a glass." (interpreted as matrimony and wealth.)

"What did you dream Moses?" "Nothing, but I jumped the minor streams and headed for the Yakima river for a drink."

The answer is that Ed Cooke is rich and Mose Splawn died a bachelor.

Mrs. Bruton was sent to the Sisters of Providence academy at Yakima as a boarding pupil. She was five years old when her schooling began. Most vivid of her memories is the home knitted stockings which today she abominates. The stockings ended at the knee and fancy garters were allowed. Her shirts also were hand knitted in squares with fancy stitches.

Mail

Grandfather Thorpe was the first postmaster. For a year his home was the Taeneum government postoffice.

Clothes

At this time following the Civil War cotton was the most expensive of fabrics but silk continued to be the dress up material. Hoops and little flower trimmed pancake hats were in vogue. Lace of thin cotton undersleeves were favored.

1936