

My father first crossed the plains to Walla Walla in 1865 by ox team, returning seven years later to be married. My Mother came West in 1872 on the Union Pacific Railroad from Chicago to Oakland, California, when the scheduled trip was nine days and nine hours - if they made it on time. From San Francisco she and Father came to Portland, Oregon, in an old wooden boat, and from Portland they took a river steamer to Cascade Locks where there was a portage railroad around the Cascade Rapids. Another steamer was taken to The Dalles, and from The Dalles to the Kittitas Valley they drove a span of mules that Father had left when he went East to marry Mother.

I was born ten miles east of Ellensburg in March, 1876, which was at that time located in Yakima County. Yakima County extended from the mouth of the Yakima River to the Wenatchee River including what is now Benton, Yakima, Kittitas and that portion of Chelan County which lies ~~East~~ ^{West} of the Wenatchee River.

In 1894 I was bringing a band of horses from Ellensburg to Wenatchee when I noticed, at a place called Cottonwood Springs on the Ellensburg Mountain, a large group of men eating dinner around a campfire. I stopped there and discovered that they were Coxy's Army. It seemed that the United States Marshall would not allow them to ride the Northern Pacific trains. The majority of the farmers in Kittitas County and Ellensburg were in sympathy with this movement and hauled them over to the Columbia and fed them. They took the train at Columbia Siding, a small station on the Great Northern at the mouth of Moses Coulee.

* I see that Gen Coxy died this morn
9 few days ago

While at Cottonwood that day I met some men that were going to Moses Lake. They owned a large number of horses in the Moses Lake and Ritzville regions which they planned to drive to California the following year. I asked them for work, and I was surprized in the spring of 1895 when they offered me a job of taking these horses to Chico, California, authorized me to recruit the proper personnel and get ready to move, which I did.

We crossed the Columbia at Beverley, where the Milwaukee Railroad now has a bridge, and with very little difficulty we proceeded on our way. The Yakima River was crossed at the gap below Old Town on a very rickety old bridge that I expected to fall down before we got the horses across. Supplies were purchased in Old Yakima and we drove through the desert that night from the gap to Toppenish River -- it being the river that comes down from old Fort Simcoe. We arrived at the Toppenish River sometime after midnight where we encountered, and struck up conversation with, an Indian. I made a deal with him for \$10.00 to put the horses in his pasture. The next morning, however, another Indian claimed that it was his property and that the first Indian had no business to collect from us, and that he was going to the Indian Agency to settle the dispute. I got the horses out of the field just before the Indian Agent arrived and he demanded that I produce the Indian to whom I had paid the \$10.00. Actually, I don't believe that I could have told if he had been there because I had made the deal in the night when it was pitch dark. After a good deal of argument with the Indians and the agent they agreed to let us go if we would get out of the country and not let the horses eat up all the grass. Two days later we reached the Columbia River, at what is now known as Mary Hill.

At the river I made a bargain with the ferryman to cross us at 25¢ a head for pack horses and saddle horses, and 10¢ a head for loose stock. We loaded the pack horses, some saddle horses, and a few of the men on the ferry. I instructed one of the men to ring the bell on the bell mare as soon as the ferry left the shore. This he did and we crowded the horses into the river. In fact, it seemed that we had the river full of horses, but we got them all across safely. The ferryman came and demanded that I pay for all of the 1174 head of horses, but I wouldn't do it because I had not crossed them on the ferry. He proposed to have me arrested and attach the horses, but I got away with paying only what I actually owed him.

We went south from the ferry to a place called Bake Oven. I don't know where this place is now but there was plenty of water and grass there. While we were there an Indian came to camp from the Warm Springs Indian Reservation. He claimed that he had been to the head of the Pitt River in northern California and knew the route well. I made an agreement with him to act as guide, making special reference to water, as it took a great deal for the horses. We called the Indian "Sunny Jim". Two days after we left Prineville, Oregon, five Indians came to the camp one evening. Sunny Jim was badly scared. He wouldn't talk to them. They looked hideous with yellow and red paint. He said they came to eat him up. I could talk Chinook and considerable Indian but they wouldn't talk to me much. I afterward learned that they were on the road from the Blackfoot Indian Reservation in Southern Idaho to the Willamette Valley in Oregon. They rode good horses and we never saw them again. The next morning Sunny Jim told us he would go on no further for he knew the

Indians at Pitt River were cannibals and would eat him, and that he was going North while he was all in one piece. No amount of persuasion would change his mind. He added that he had lied to me in the first place and that he had never been to Pitt River. His father had been there and had told him a great deal about it. I never heard of, or saw, Sunny Jim again.

After leaving Bake Oven we went south to what is now the deserted town of Antelope. Antelope was on the freight route from The Dalles to Southern Oregon and a great deal of wool and hides passed through that town on wagons, also freight going South. There I saw many men with long hair -- some just loose and some in braids, tied with rags.

From Antelope we went on to the junction of Cow Creek and Hay Creek, then up Hay Creek south toward Prineville. We stayed one night at the Henry Click place which, as I remember it, is about 25 miles from Prineville. Henry Click was one of the old pioneers who helped to develop the West by his courage, honesty, and labor. After passing through Prineville we counted the horses and were 18 head short -- all broken saddle horses. I started North to find them. When I reached Henry Click's place he told me the horses were in the vicinity of Grizzly Butte, and gave me exact directions as to where to locate them. And it was just as he said. The horses were in a good pasture where someone had driven them. I immediately started back to overtake the herd. That night I camped about ten miles North of Prineville and at daylight got up and got into Prineville early. There was a watering trough in front of a saloon and I watered the horses there, roped one and saddled him, tying up the horse I had been riding and the one I had put the saddle on. I went into the saloon, which was open all night. I recall that an eating counter was located in the rear of the saloon, extending clear across the building. The cook pre-

pared me some hotcakes, bacon, and coffee. I was just finishing when the bartender came back from the front of the saloon and told me that I owed him two-bits for the breakfast, which I paid. He was an evil looking beast. I had a \$20 gold piece which I handed him. He went around the bar and came back with 75¢ -- a quarter and a four-bit piece. I told him he had made a mistake. With an oath he swore that he never made a mistake. I followed him back, and when he got to the cash drawer shoved my six shooter - a 45 Colt - into his stomach. He threw both hands into the air and I reached over and took my \$20 gold piece from the till and backed out of the saloon. I was scared stiff. When I got out there was no one on the street, but my horses were standing there. The horse I had saddled was a buckner but I jumped on him and for once he didn't buck. I still had the six-shooter in my hand. I got out of town as fast as I could as I felt certain I would have to fight it out with someone and I didn't want to do it. I well remember that after crossing Crooked River and going up the hill I looked back to see if there was a posse following me but I couldn't see any dust. I changed horses several times that day and everytime I met anyone I got off the road. I didn't propose to be taken! Late that afternoon I came to a big cattle ranch. The owner, an old man came out and told me that I had been riding too hard. I explained my predicament and the reason why I had been in such a hurry. He told me there was only one thing wrong, and that was that I hadn't shot the bartender. He said the fellow was well known and no one would have done a thing to me. Some of the cowboys on the ranch had seen horses that day which I believed to be ours so I felt pretty good.

After Sunny Jim left us we had a rough time of it finding water and the proper route, but we finally got to the head of Pitt River where there was plenty of water. I remember well that there had been a lynching party in Beaber a few days before we got there. They had buried one of the men face down, with his spurs sticking out of the ground, so his body could be easily found. I didn't witness this but it was told to me as a fact.

The younger generation will have difficulty in realizing how we survived those times. Cowboys wages were \$25 a month with board, if they were good riders. Meals were 15¢ and 25¢. Everybody carried their own blankets, either on their back or on a packhorse. One of the things we bought a lot of was bacon, and we paid all the way from 10¢ to 25¢ per pound for good dry bacon. On this trip there were 14 men and a cook, and 100 pounds of bacon didn't last long. We baked our own bread in dutch ovens and thought we lived pretty well. We had plenty of dried prunes, potatoes, and very little else. We couldn't pack butter, and canned milk was unknown. I recall buying the larger portion of a quarter of beef for 3¢ a pound; honey for 25¢ a gallon; eggs 5¢ a dozen; flour at 60¢ a sack; and potatoes free if we dug them. There were some real pioneers living in that country. They didn't seem to have much need for money. They raised horses and cattle and sold them in the Sacramento Valley. I bought a pair of overalls in a store there for 55¢ -- Boss of the Road Brand. The readers will recall that this was during the Cleveland administration and times were mighty tough, although it wasn't hard to get plenty of good food.

We reached Chico, where I delivered the horses, and when they were counted we were four short. We never knew when or where they were lost.

Personalities:

David R. McInnis--one of founders, advanced motto, 10 acres is Enough. in Sunnyside 1893-1894. 1907 was pac coast representative of North Star Press Assn of Minnesota.

Thomas Harrison, died in 1903 (Grandpa) Sunnyside in 1900. Father of S.J. and W.H. Harrison.

H.E. Nicholli, who in 1907 discovered springs in Rattlesnake hills north of Sunnyside.. 12 miles at base of foothills, named Eureka. Two of others always known as Twin Springs, another as Sulphur Springs.

Harvey Lichty and Mrs. Ida Belle Lichty for whom the Lichty community was named.

Emmette R. Taylor. who as a boy helped stake out townsite about mid-June of saw W.H. Cline locate first store on sixth street. Dr. C.F. Jones, his brother-in-law drug store, second commercial building. Early slump, all left who could: Taylors, (C.W.) remained, so did Guy Tracy, Helen Vandermark, William McDonald, George Collette and B.F. James, Clines, too.

~~Grandview Store~~ Outlook started by William Stuart

Wallace H. Williams, ranch, 1900, also allowed alfalfa to seed, experiment. It sells for \$4.20 a bushel or 7 cents a pound.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey C. Webber, arrived in 1902 to take over farm purchased in 1898, hill, three miles east of Sun Factory Road, called it Webber hill. Bought for \$30 an acre.

Mrs. P.A. Ruppert, settled at Roslyn in 1890, homesteaded on the Mabton-Sunnyside Road in 1901

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Snipes' first partner in the cattle business when he came into the Klickitat country before the Cariboo mine rush was ~~W.D.D.~~ William Murphy. Henry Allen, who was the partner later, married ~~Fannie~~ Snipes' sister, Fannie

Before the winter of 1880 strick, Snipes and Allen had 50,000 head of stock. Snipes bought more stock and by fall was again the cattle king of Central Washington. They lost 20,000 that winter

A place in the Bickleton section was fenced with rails and used as a corral for cutting out beef cattle. There was a log house and barn there for the ~~cattle~~ cowboys.

As the day of the cattlemen passed Snipes turned to other interests and his fortune waned. He went to Ellensburg in 1888 and built a cut stone building and with a junior partner opened a ~~bank~~ bank there and later one at Roslyn when the coal mining boom started but the banks were forced to close in '93. Snipes recovered twice from heavy losses in the cattle industry but didn't stand up ~~up~~ under the financial venture. Broken in spirit he died in 1908.

William Parker settled in Parker bottom in 1864 and 6 years later Phelps and Wadleigh, ~~founded~~ associated with W.S. ~~O.D.~~ Ladd of Portland bought up land there and consolidated it, ~~developing~~ ~~1,500~~ ~~acres~~ until Snipes bought out the 1,500 acres. Phelps and Wadleigh, who had a ~~meat~~ butchering business at Seattle were the largest ~~cattle~~ beef cattle buyers in Washington for 10 years.

✓
Joseph Borst, a member of the firm of Booth, Foss & Borst, Seattle

Ben E. Snipes, whose cattle riders ranged cattle from the Columbia to the British line was a stockily built man, gray haired and wore a moustache and van dyke beard. His home was at the Dalles but he was in the saddle much of the time, looking after his interests. He, like some of the other old-timers, sometimes preferred to ride a sure footed, long-winded mule when many miles were to be covered.

Cattle with the Snipes brand on their left side, helped feed the Cariboo miners

Red and roan Durham cattle, with the Snipes brand on their left side, helped feed the Cariboo miners and when the buying boom faded there, he sold through the Red and roan cattle to Portland and Victoria buyers who came to the Rockland boat landing, North Dalles with money to take over the cattle driven down from the Yakima country.

Snipes bought the Phelps and Wadleigh ranch in Parker bottom and one of his home ranges was in the lower valley where Snipes mountain juts out after Toppenish ridge, running east and west 20 miles to Ft Simcoe, bears his name. His stock was gathered in the spring and fall roundups, one roundup camp was along the Yakima at the Horn before the river joins the Columbia. Another was located opposite Umatilla, Ore and a third was at Long Island at the mouth of Glade creek in Klickitat county.

Snipe's partner was Henry H. Allen who was range foreman, and the two operated under the partnership name of Snipes and Allen.

The first hard winter, 61-62, was really disastrous to most cattlemen excepting Snipes who saved 40 head which he sold for \$100 each in the Cariboo. Then he borrowed \$50,000 from Ladd & Tilton at Portland, bought young stock, shipped them by boat to Rockland landing and ranged them in the Yakima valley.

cattlemen; Phelps & Wadleigh..

The winter of 80-81 wiped out a third of the 12,000 head of stock

Phelps and Wadleigh owned and they dissolved their cattle raising and butchering business which they operated for 11 years. Wadleigh bought out the remnant of the herd and Phelps went into mining .

Phelps and Wadleigh, hunting for new grazing lands, moved most of their cattle up to the Okanogan country in 1875 but their winter loss was severe and they moved back to the Yakima.

George B. Cooke acquired 10,000 acres of land along the Columbia river at Whiskey Dick, north of the Wanapum home and had 10,000 head of beef cattle. Most of the land he purchased from the Northern Pacific.

Father James H. Wilbur, Indian agent on the Yakima reservation was his staunch friend, leased Indian land to the cattleman.

Snipes was a friend of the Indians and hired many of them to ~~guide~~ ride for him.

Jim Looney was one who stayed at the Snipes ranch near Granger.

The riders furnished their own horses and were paid \$1.50 a day.

Snipes' cattle ~~occupied~~ ^{overran and more besides} and horses occupied the land the Smo-"ha-La claimed for his own in his final efforts to gain a place for his people, ~~the land that Smo-wha-La claimed extended up and down the Columbia from Vantage to Pasco and up the Yakima river to Granger~~ ^{See-"a-La,} fresh water clam, ~~where~~ ^{near} present Granger. There is joined the ~~land occupied by the Yakimas~~ land held by the Yakimas. Sheetz, where the mosquitoes hatch, was just ~~below there~~ ^{above there} on the Yakima.

Southward ~~were~~ are the Horse Heaven hills but the Indians called them Kosie Pa Mas Sub-bac Pah -Pat Pama, horse range country, long before the ~~white~~ ^{settled} cattlemen and settlers had a name for them.

Charlie McFarland ~~was~~ ^{drove} the chuck wagon for Snipes' crew ~~for~~ and was the cook for 20 years. Some of the cowboys were Idaho Bill Monroe, Six Shooter Floyd, Wren Terrell, Tom Burgen ^m and Jerry Gasling. Burgen later worked for the Walker & Willis cattle company which trailed herds to the Snake river country and then to Cheyenne, Wyo., before the railroads came.

Father Wilbur got a lot of his ideas about the value of cattle from Snipes and used his advice in setting the Indians up in the cattle business. One of them, Jim Logi had his ranch on Satus creek

The Snipes and Allen cattle ranches were hard hit again in the winter of 80-81

Cowboys: cattlemen.

Jack Skerritt, and Bill Ireland, ~~born on the~~ ^{born on the} Leel River
Jim and Rattlesnake Jack were some of the top ~~best known~~ ^{best known} the
riders in the ~~Columbia River~~ ^{Columbia River} ranges east of the Columbia. Ireland
became a star rider for Buffalo Bill's troupe.

T.I. Blythe who occupied the Moses Lake country in 1897 with
his stock controlled 40,000 acres of land and 4,000 head of
cattle, most of them Herefords. He marketed ~~1,280~~ ^{1,280} pound
Herefords at Seattle.

Cowboys..

Dick Stanley of Yakima, rode Steamboat, owned by Erven bros. of Cheyenne and won the bronc b sting title of the world. He wa the only one able to stay on Steamboat long enough to count.

Eastern Washington cowboys rode ~~double rig~~ single rig saddles and short stirrups in cont ast to the double rigs and long stirrups in the Montana cowlands.

lt. Pambrun, officer of the Hudson's Bay Company in charge of Fort Nez Perce, (Walla Walla) (Scene from pageant at Walla Walla.. as it appeared in 1836... the Hudson's Bay company flag and the British flag flying.

Baptiste Loziere, boatman.

Dr. Marcus Whitman missionary of the American Board of commissioners of foreign missions, delegated to Indian tribes west of Missouri river.

Mrs. Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, his wife.

Mr. William H. Gray, factotum of the missionary party and afterwards first historian of Oregon.

Missionary and pioneer.

Rev. and Mrs. Cushing Eells from the mission at Tshimakain among the Spokane Indians.

Rev. and Mrs. Elkanah Walker from the mission at Tshimakain among the Spokane Indians.

Jesse Applegate, wagon train leader of '43.

Peter H. Burnett, wagon train of '43, later governor of Oregon.

Steachus, a Cayuse Indian.

Great Council. Episode one.

Governor Isaac I. Stevens, governor of Washington Territory.

Superintendent Joel Palmer, Indian commissioner.

Lieutenant Gracie, in command of an escort of U.S. troops.

Lawyer, chief of the Nez Perce tribe.

Timothy, chief of the Neze Perce tribe.

Piu-Piu-Mox-Mox Chief of the Umatilla tribe (Copy)

Steachus, chief of the Cayuse.

Young Chief,--chief of the Cayuse tribe.

Five Crows--chief of the Walla Walla tribe.

W.W. Robertson

May 23, 1868--March 29, 1938 -- 70 years old

School named, W.W. Robertson School, announced August 10, 1958

"an institution is the lengthening shadow of one man."

"I came here on the first day of the year 1899 and started to get out the paper.

growth: "It has not all come through my efforts, not by any means."

"I have not had much of an education and I never was a trained newspaper man, and whatever I have learned in this work I usually have learned by hard bumps and jolts.

"I don't think a newspaper should be as dry as dust and I don't think it should consist of history particularly nor puffs to advertisers to any ~~concentrated~~ extent

proud of newspaper but "above all things I am particularly proud of the number of people I can employ, the kind of people that are around me, and the way they stay with me."

"the shape of things to come"

possessed of unusual qualities of leadership, a rugged and fearless personality combined with keen business insight. Son of pioneers.

Born in Iowa. Moved to Neb. Attended U of Neb. Did not reach grad but when quality of his editorial and newspaper service throughout the Northwest became known, he was asked to accept a degree. He refused because he felt he had not "earned" it.

He was with the Portland Oregonian when, in 1891, he purchased the Chehalis Nugget. Operated the Nugget for seven years, too hemmed in by Portland and Seattle newspapers.

Purchased the Yakima Republic and took possession January 1st, 1898... never regretted decision in favor of smaller town. Had been offered Tacoma Ledger for \$12,000 and the Seattle Times for \$2,800.

In 1902 in the heat of a political campaign the Republic was

purchased daily...persuaded to continue daily, the Yakima Republic became The Yakima Daily Republic.

In 1913 acquired the yakima Morning Herald

Papers: Always first in his thoughts and planning, but not for entirely selfish reasons. He looked upon them as instruments for the public good, pointing the way to progress and development.

The colonel was a rugged individualist. In his editorial policy he "hewed straight to the line" and "let the chips fall" where they would.

Not confined to the Yakima alone but Northwest.

1923 -- Gov. Louis F. Hart's official special tax investigating committee, committee's recommendations virtually revamped the state's tax structure.

In 1923-24 he acted as president of the Yakima Commercial Club which he succeeded in having reorganized into an active Club of Clubs. Always deeply interested in education, served a year as a member of the Yakima city school board.

Always a booster for federal reclamation and through his personal friendship for Commissioner Alwood Mead was influential in helping formulate national reclamation policies and in winning reclamation development for the Yakima Valley.

In 1931 he helped draft a new Yakima city charter, which is still operative in 1948.

Member of Masonic Order and of the Elks. Exalted ruler in 1907-1908.

Elected the only honorary member of the Yakima County Fair Assn in 1913..

Pride in being charter member of Yakima Local 614 International Typographical Union and carried a working tradesman's card from 1905 when the union was founded, to the day of his death.

Loved outdoors and in ealier days rode large horse, made camping trips. Later yea used auto and covered the state, over and over. Enthusiast at handball and was one of the founders of the "Willows Gun Club and of the Yakima Gun Club. (D.W. Ferry

Ran Chehalis Nugget for seven years.

(re: firmation and differing from printed folder.."I came here on the first day of the year 1899"

local journal, staff of seven . 9 north second st.

In 1905 plant removed to Syndicate Building

"blood is thicker than water. Stand up foryour own people always."

"Never tell tales. Don't tell on yo rself either.

"Don't talk until everybody else is through. Do 't say anything then unless you are sure what you are talking about. Don't get excited when you talk.

Take your time and speak carefully.

Never make a promise if you can help it. Ifyou make one, be sure you carry 't out.

Don't crab when you lose. If you have done your best and were beaten by a better man, tell him you are glad he won.

Don't make the s me m stake twice. ~~Don't~~ Never apologize for a mistake edce t to say you are sorry. "on't explain.

Don't play until your work its~~over~~ is over.

Never be mean to a woman. Keep your affairs to yourself. +f you can't say anythin good about someone else, don't say anything.

Never fly off the handle. Never swear at a horse or kick a dog. Be kind to animals.

Don't use profane or vulgar language at all.

Don't quarrel with anybody or pick a fight, but don't run away from anybody who insists on a scrap. If you must fight, don't kick, gouge or bite. Hit him first if you can..

Don't brag. If you are really good people will find it out anyway.

Always figure on doing a little better than you said you could.

(If you do what granddad says, you will be a better man than he is.

clear sightedness and his courage. Nobody ever fooled him and he did not fool himself.

Died, March 29, 1938 of heart attack, in St. E .

Hospital.

started career in Ashland, Neb. "I drifted in easy stages to Denver, Salt Lake and Portland, sometimes wrking a s a printer, sometimes as a reporter."

devoted 40 years of genius and energy to the bul di g of a com unity rich in human values and prosperous in farm and business life. He never once lost faith in the people or the future of the Yakima Valley.

"his well stocked mind worked in a straight line" (as to editorial writing.)

His pet character, "Howlin Hix" was acce ted generally as a rural philosopher of rare insight into the complicated affairs of the day.

deep humor, quizzical shy smile, generous large b t firm lips; bright blue eyes come into newsroom ask "What's coming up tonight?" Half chewed cigar tilted upward at a provocative angle and the hat of better days pulled down over one eye must be kept fresh in our memories that we must not forget the human , kindly, understanding bo s.

He detested yes men, inspired lowalty and gave loyalty, phrased orders

to sound like requests for personal favors.