

219 North Franklin St.
Wenatchee, Washington

January 6, 1951

Mr. A. L. Deaver
Yakima Herald
Yakima, Washington

Dear Art:

The clipping was received some time ago. Thanks so much. Miss Anton overlooked the fact that Yakima County in 1868 included all of what is now Benton and Kittitas Counties, and Chelan County to the Wenatchee River. One school district included all of that territory north of Selah to the Wenatchee River.

Now Art, I have never written anything about my past history and honestly I don't believe this will come up to your expectations.

I was born in Yakima County on March 26, 1876, and drove a herd of horses to Chico, California from Crab Creek, Washington, in 1895 -- 55 years ago. I don't know just what you want but here is a brief statement regarding that trip. I could write a book - and a big one - if I included all the things that interested me on that journey in the Spring of 1895.

Sincerely yours,

T. W. Parish

*Art if any part of this is
published please send me a copy*

In 1895, when I was a young fellow of 19, living at Monitor, Washington, I was hired as a "trail boss" to recruit a crew of fifteen men, including a cook, to drive a herd of horses from Crab Creek to Chico, California.

Although fording rivers with horses in those days required skill, it was an ordinary occurrence. There was only one bridge across the Columbia River where there are now eighteen! The first place where we forded the river was near Beverly, just above where the Milwaukee Railway now has their bridge. We crossed without the loss of a single horse from the herd of 1175. The

The first town we hit was Goldendale, and we crossed the river again at what is now Mary Hill. There was a steam ferry there and I made a deal with the ferryman to take us across for 25¢ for saddle and pack horses and 12½¢ per head for loose stock, though no mention was made as to how many trips would be made. We loaded the ferry with pack horses and some loose stock -- one wearing a bell. I instructed one of the men to ring the horse's bell just as soon as the ferry left the shore. The rest of the crew crammed the herd into the river and in a few minutes it was full of swimming horses. We succeeded in getting across without loosing any horses but almost lost our own heads. The ferryman was furious and demanded that we pay for all of the stock, or go to jail. I did neither -- I paid him for the horses that were taken over on the ferry and was soon on my way.

I hired an Indian from Warm Springs Reservation to guide us to the head of the Pitt River, California. Water was scarce and the Indian told us that he knew the country and could ~~show~~ ^{guide} us. He went with us until we were about where Bend, Oregon, is now located. He then claimed he could go no further or the Pitt River indians would eat him up -- and he believed it! He could not be prevailed upon to go and finally admitted that he had never been farther south. Every day we had discussed the trip for the day, and every day he had put off telling us that it was his father and not he who had made the trip into the Sacramento Valley.

Leaving the Columbia River we went south and through the town of Antelope. There were more long haired men there than I had ever seen before. The town was

on the freight road from The Dalles to Southeastern and Southern Oregon. The freight outfits in those days hauled wool and hides north to The Dalles and merchandise south as far as Fort Harney.

After we passed through Prineville we counted all of the horses and found we were short 18 head of saddle horses. I immediately started north to find them. I went as far north as the Henry Click Ranch on Hay Creek. Mr. Click knew right where the horses were. That night I stayed about five miles south of Prineville and early the next morning went into Prineville. There was a watering trough and hitching rack in front of a saloon where I watered the horses, ^{Roped} ~~subbed~~ one and saddled him, and tied him up with the horse I had been riding. There was a long counter in the rear of the saloon which was open day and night. Meals were twenty-five cents and as I was finishing my hotcakes, bacon, and coffee, the bar-keeper -- an evil looking beast -- told me to pay him. I had only a \$20 gold piece and gave it to him. When he returned he handed me a 50¢ piece and a quarter. When I told him he had made a mistake he said "I never make a mistake". I followed him back to the cash drawer, which was near the front door, and told him to open it. At the same time I covered him with my six shooter. When he saw it was cocked, and my finger was on the trigger, he raised both his hands as high in the air as he could. I cautioned him to make no move, and I reached over the bar and found my \$20 gold piece that was in the cash drawer. Keeping him covered, I hurried out and untied my saddle horse and drove the horses out of town. When I reached the Crooked River bridge at the edge of town I still had my gun in my hand. I thought that a posse would be sent after me, and all that day whenever I saw a cloud of dust coming I got off the road and was ready for a fight. But I was never bothered and ranchers and cowboys thru the country told me that the only mistake I made was that I hadn't shot ~~at~~ him, for he was known throughout southern and eastern Oregon as a bad character.

Our stock suffered considerably from lack of water before we reached the headwaters of the Pitt River. We eventually reached Chico, and had but only three head of horses after crossing the Columbia River at Beverly.

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I am sending the one Yakima Herald
As I have lost your address now if you
Want more information let me know
you of course ^{you} know that Eastern & Southern
Oregon was sparsely settled and rather wild
55 years ago

When you receive this send me a
Card so I will know that you
got it

Tom

Paris - France
School