

Russell, Adella

Adella Russell came to this territory in 1865 from Iowa, county of Dallas. She was six months old when she came here with her parents in the train led by Dr. L.H. Goodwin. The train started for Puget Sound but camped along the Naches the first night, then decided to remain in the valley. The coming of this train increased the settlement considerably as there were so many children.

They settled along the Yakima river in the county of Yakima. Both of her parents, father and grandfather, homesteaded.

They were Walter Lindsay and John Lindsay, farmers. She was born in 1865 and is a citizen of the U.S.

Born in Dallas Co., Iowa, married in 1882 and of German nationality. She has 5 children. They lived in a little log house with home made furniture. Made all their clothes, raised their feed. Once a year they drove to The Dalles, Ore. for a few supplies.

Transportation was horseback, canoes, wagons. They forded the streams. Attended school in a little log school house. They hid many times from the Indians. Mrs. Russell is very deaf and claims to have forgotten many of early day experiences since the present is more interesting. She lives with her married son.

Augusta Eastland, April 9, 1936.

Scott, Robert (from 1936 newspaper clipping in stage library files with "Told by the Pioneers" remainder.

Naches, Feb. 15-"This is a devil of a place to bring a man with a family" Robert Scott, upper valley pioneer, said in 1884 when he looked over the Cowiche district for the first time, his son, by the same name who farms in the Naches district recalled in compiling a short history of the upper valley for the Yakima County Historical society.

Scott, who brought his family from Springfield, Mo. to the new west was not impressed with the country where now orchards and other farm crops grow abundantly and comfortable homes are located and he went through many hardships in his reearly residence in the valley.

Scott and Isaac Hayes organized the first school district in the Naches valley and the first classes were held in a log cabin on the A.P. Eschbach ranch. Miss Libby Lewis was the teacher and classes were held only three or six months of the year, the son said. "At that time there was a school a mile below what is now Tieton, but there was trouble in the district and one night the schoolhouse was destroyed by fire. The customary pay of teachers in those days was from \$25 to \$30 a month and the teacher boarded with families in the district.

The Scott family went to The Dalles, Ore. on arriving in the west and after purchasing housekeeping articles started for the Yakima valley, arriving in Union Gap, July 24, 1884. The family was met by Scott's brother, John and after a few days in Union Gap they started for the Cowiche district. On the way they met William Bell and John Loudon, who tried to induce them to settle in the Cowiche district.

It was Hayes who induced Scott to settle in the Naches district. Hayes had brought his children to the Cowiche district

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so they could attend school and he praised the Naches valley so much that the Scott brothers decided to look over the district.

They came back with stories about crops that could be grown there and the family started for its new home, August 5, 1884.

"We camped at the head of the Powell ditch," Scott's history read. "We stayed there five weeks while houses were being built on the land father and Uncle John decided to settle. The upper flat which is all settled now, was only sagebrush roamed by cattle. There were only five families in the South Naches valley.

"They were the Bixby family, George Powell, Joel Powell and his two sons, Francis and Ezekiel, Mr. and Mrs. James Laswell and Isaac Hay's and family. A.P. Eschbach moved into the valley in the fall of 1884. All the families lived in log houses except the Bixby family.

"On the North side of the river lived the Yeatises, and east of them the Wilders, W.S. Clark, Mr. Hecox, Abner Sinclair, Alex Sinclair, Elijah Denton, Dan Sinclair, Mr. Kincaid, John McPhee and Tommy, Hugh and Joe Sinclair."

The families were isolated as their only way out was to climb the hill known as the upper grade or the grade near what is now Eschbach's park or ford the river. The latter was difficult and possible only at certain seasons, the history reads.

Furnished dynamite by the Northern Pacific Railroad Co. the settlers built a narrow road toward Yakima, finishing it in 1886.

"The first fall and winter were pretty hard going," Scott's story continued. "We worked at anything we would get to do and would take anything we could use in payment. Father had only \$40 when he landed here. There were seven children and all of them had to help. Father worked at a sawmill at the mouth of the Tieton

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river and took lumber in payment of wages. He also traded some watches and jewelry to mill hands at the Hanson mill on the Wenas for lumber for our house."

The history will furnish part of the discussion when the historical society meets in the Wapatox Grange hall in Naches Sunday.

Benton

Routh, Jennie

Pasco, Sasson, Sprague

Came to Washington territory in 1886, with husband and children. Wanted land. Homesteaded and bought. Came from Lincoln to Garfield then to Franklin. We farmed and raised stock.

Sod houses and claim shacks recalled in Lincoln county. They had just started to plow in the Big Bend.

Found wild strawberries and Sarvis berries. It was 24 miles to the nearest store.

Moved to different towns during winters so children could go to school. Built a school and children rode horseback three miles. We were five miles from Sasson post office, went there for our mail..no store. Hauled wheat and milk to Sprague, 24 miles. Severe winter of 1889-90 froze most of the cattle.

The wool grass was hard to control. It took years for the roots to rot. It was hard to take a farm from the raw land and get it ready for wheat.

In 1891 we sent our daughter to Pasco to school. The schoolhouse stood away out in the sagebrush which is now the site of the business district there. There were two rooms and the school was conducted by Prof. Blanchard and his wife.

(1936)

Benton

Rudkin, Virginia
Yakima. Kennewick

Father came from France, married there. I came to Washington territory in 1870 from Wasco county, Oregon. Came with my family and a whole train of Frenchmen. Moved to Klickitat county first.

The ranch was Lone Pine where a fortune was made, then lost in the big freeze.

From Klickitat we moved to Yakima. Sister was Mrs. Burnham Huntington. They had one of the biggest droves of cattle. Huntington, Ore. was named for him.

My father, David Guillard ran Guillard house until it was moved. That was in 1885. It was the first house to be moved. We owned the land where Nob Hill, Yakima, was built (copy)

My husband, John J. Rudkin with Charles Meade and O.A. Fechter also of Yakima and David E. Gould of Boston bought the NPI Co and we moved to Kennewick in 1908. Mr. Rudkin was an attorney of Yakima.

My brothers and I went to the Sisters school. My teacher was Dorothea.

Augusta Eastland April 22, 1936.

Schnebly, Mrs. P.H.

I came to Washington territory in 1868 from Independence county Oregon.

Two families drove up (see supplement) because there was better cattle range. Father was sure it was good country, and homesteaded in Yakima county but moved to Kittitas after three years.

I was born in 1862 in Independence county, Oregon and was married in 1877. Children are Mrs. Paul, Ellensburg, five children; Mrs. Howell, Ellensburg, 3 children and Mrs McGranahan, Ellensburg, two children.

Augusta Eastland, Kittitas, Oct 10, 1936.

I remember the trip up from Oregon as we children walked most of the way. We drove one team with covered wagon. A neighbor had one team and wagon. Each family had a crate of chickens and another of little pigs, fastened on the end of the wagon. A big water bucket hung there too. We were a long time on the way. At Portland everything was put on a boat and we came up the Columbia as far as The Dalles, I think, although I have forgotten. Then we drove across to the Yakima valley over high hills. At one time we were so high the Columbia looked like a narrow, blue ribbon.

Bunch grass and rye grass were everywhere. Father had been here and brought his cattle. We didn't build at first, but the next year got our logs and put up a log cabin. The lumber mill was at Simcoe.

In 1871 I think it was, father decided to leave the Yakima valley as there was no water on our farm. We moved to the Kittitas and located on a creek. Tillman Houser was here when we came and a man named Smith who had an Indian wife.

We had some sheep and father used to take the wool to The Dalles and trade for provisions. Father set out the first orchard

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in the Kittitas valley. We were ten miles from "Robbers' Roost" the little trading post Jack Splawn started. Afterwards it was bought by Mr. Shoudy whose wife's name was Ellen. That was the beginning of Ellensburg.

Mother taught us at first, then we had a tutor. Around 1877 the Indians began making trouble. Needle guns were sent in by the government. A fort or blockhouse was built on the Umpuanum.

One night before we went to the fort my older brothers were away; one had gone to The Dalles for guns and the other was packing to the Chinamen who were panning gold at which is now Rock Island. Father heard a noise outside which he thought meant Indians and my sister and I started, half-dressed, to run and hide. We took the door off its hinges as we went through. We ran and ran and hid in a cave--or I did; my sister crawled into a thicket of wild rosebushes. Just at daybreak we heard voices at the house but thinking the Indians were there we stayed in our hiding places. It turned out to be the neighbors come to help Father find us. He had hunted all night for us and given up in despair, believing the Indians had taken us away. We were scratched from head to foot, our clothes in tatters.

We often saw Father Wilbur. He always said, "We Indians."

I remember when the Perkins' murderers were hunted down.

Father cradled his wheat and on windy days fanned it out after threshing it by driving the horses over it.

The first year we were in the Yakima valley he cut his supply of hay for the winter with a scythe.

We had good times. It might look hard now since people have so much of everything, but if we were having it hard, we didn't know it. The worst part of it was Indian scares. After I married I was alone one day in the cabin and several big Indians rode up, left their ponies standing and came in. Their leader was

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So-Hop-i, a chief whose child my mother had fed and taken care of during an illness. She probably saved his life and the chief was very grateful. Mother never seemed to be afraid of the Indians. She always told us to at least pretend to be brave.

When the Indians came through my door I rushed up and spoke to them, "Icki-mika-tich?" (what do you want) I was badly frightened as I had seen one of them slip what I thought was a long knife under his saddle.

The chief said the Indians had told him that the soldiers were coming to drive all the Indians on to the reservation. I tried to pacify them but I could see they didn't believe me. Then I had an inspiration. An old Portland Oregonian was lying on the table. I snatched it up and said, "If anything like that was to happen it would be here, but there isn't a word of it here."

At that they sat down on the floor in a circle, first one of them went outside and came back with the peace pipe.

I had thought it was a knife. They sat there until the sun went down, smoking and chattering in their own language, often pointing at me.

I was so relieved when they finally left. The cabin was thick with smoke but I still had my scalp.

One thing it was hard to teach Indians was that they need not always follow an Indian trail. After fences were built they would tear them down to get on the old trails.

They went through our garden many times before father taught them finally, that they could go around. They were simply lost if they got off the trail. The first Indian to blaze a trail left piles of rocks to show the next traveler the way.

Indians smoked kin-ni-kin-nick. It still grows in the mountains--

William Schuster, Pleasant Valley or Schuster valley as many call it, farmer and prominent man of the Goldendale vicinity lays no claim for having moved to this portion of the country. Bill, as the greater part of his friends call him, was here already. He was born in Klickitat county, long before Washington was a state.

"I was born September 17, 1865 down near the Columbia river below what was known as the VanVactor ranch. Of course at that time The Dalles was the largest settlement around and until I was 12 years old I spent a great deal of my time there.

My father was sheriff of Klickitat county for 16 years and it was during that time that the family moved to Goldendale. In fact our family moved here when I was 14 years old or at the time that the county seat was moved from Rockland (Granddallies) to this city

I recall that there were several efforts made to remove the county seat from Rockland to Goldendale but that each time the voters turned it down. Finally Goldendale managed to obtain enough settlers so that when the matter came to a vote the preponderance of votes lay in this section and the county seat was officially brought to Goldendale in 1879.

My father incidentally was the first sheriff that the county had.

I then resided here with my mother and father until I was 22. At that time I decided that I should get married. But I am getting a bit ahead of my story.

When I was 15 and 16 years old I carried the mail between here and Bickleton. I remember one time when the post office in Bickleton burned down and Mr. Dodge was postmaster at Cleveland. Mr. Dodge trusted me with the key to the mail sacks but for some reason or other the Bickleton official would not do the same. The mail carrying while probably difficult enough in those days in some parts of the country and over the same routes was no joke. It had to go through

regardless of the weather or road conditions and as a young lad I recall many interesting experiences that I ~~could~~ had. Of course the horse was the mode of travel and the trip over was made in a day and the return trip the following.

Cleveland was quite a stepping place in those days. There was the post office, a bakery, a couple of large stores and a hotel that attracted travelers. Even Bickleton was much larger and was certainly some trading center, then. It was along about 1885 and 1886 that I became interested in the meat business.

I had a shop located just where the Mc^{Kee} Drug store is now. Of course you know that in 188, on May 13, the city burned. I was in town that Sunday and when the alarm was sounded I rushed to a horse cart shed and was ready for action but there were so few persons in town that I could get no assistance so I ran to the meat shop and started carrying out as much of the tools, lard and meat as I could.

Our family lived then when Joe Abshier resides now, or in the big white house two doors east of the Methodist church. The fire that day burned right up to our home where it was put out. It took the church and the parsonage, as I remember.

There was no chance to save the meat shop so I just carried out as much stuff as I could. The next morning I opened a shop in a shed or rather a barn in the rear of our home. I noised it around town and asked my customers to be sure to bring their own frying pans, broilers or containers and wrapping paper for the fire had ruined my whole stock of items like this. The customers understood my predicament and they did this thing. I butchered the steak and cut it up as best I could at the little shop that I established. I served the community in this manner for a week and at that time had a crew working at the former location cleaning up the debris and erecting me a frame

building on Main street which would house the business after the fire.

I remember that I cut lots of meat in the barn with knives that had a wooden handles burned off and with cleavers that had seen better days before the blaze came. Harley Chappell and Oliver Soper assisted me during the time of the fire and immediately afterwards. These two gentlemen are well known to many of the people in this locality.

Just one thing more. I told Joe "llyn after reading his piece in your paper that I was going to tell the truth about him and his alleged paying off the mortgage on his mother's farm following his father's death. Now I told Joe what I was going to do and I've known him for a great many years and I am sure he'll take no offense.

Joe was too small and too young to have been of much assistance when he said that the mortgage was paid. It is my belief that it was his brothers and other friends that had more to do with the mortgage paying than he did. However if he feels that some credit is due him, I say let the credit lay where he put it.

I can recall while I resided in Pleasant valley many shooting scrapes and at least one serious stabbing. Of course in more recent years there has been very little of this thing. I have known of these instances probably more than my neighbors for I have been constable in my precinct and have served as deputy sheriff under several officials.

I have belonged to the grange 30 years. I married Miss Alice Cowles.. These are the highpoints, up to 1900---1936.

Klickitat

Schuster, William

I was born in Klickitat county. My father, August Schuster was first sheriff of Klickitat county and was a 49er. He filed on the present site of Oakland, Calif. but didn't prove up or find a fortune so he went back and brought his family over the Oregon trail.

When they reached The Dalles Egbert French was there from Lyle and the family boarded his scow and went to Lyle where father went to work for French cutting wood for the boats. Then he homesteaded near Lyle in the Columbia river bottom. Then moved near Rockland, pre-empted and rented state land and raised stock. That was in the 60s when Ben Snipes and Shaumee Woodner were operating on a big scale.

I bought 580 acres and have lived in this house 36 years in Pleasant valley. I was born Dec 30 in 1865.

I worked for Charles Newell running his stock ranch. His ranch was here in Pleasant valley. He made drives to St Louis before the railroad came. One drive had 500 horses. One of his riders, Jim Binion lives at Vancouver. For last 10 years I've been foreman of county road district. Sons run the ranch.

Remember big camp meetings at Goldendale. Father Wilbur used to come over. He was a wonderful preacher.

In 1884 there was a little election fight on. I was only 20 but they wanted my vote and fixed up a ballot. I thought I was smart and voted. The next spring the marshal told me to get out and work out my poll tax. I told him I wasn't 21 yet. "You voted last election didn't you. Well then, you'd better do as I say."

I was working in a butcher shop so I paid a man \$2 to work on the road.

There were only three houses at Rockland.

18 miles from Goldendale there is a monument erected to the memory of Indian Agent Belen who was killed there by Indians.

The old blockhouse was moved to court house square. The old courthouse at Rockland is falling to pieces on the bluff.

Indians used to race horses in Rock creek canyon.

War at Battle butte. Fire of 1888. Snow of 1884. Cricket pest I've heard my father tell about .

Reminiscences

I have the first clock sold by Victor Gebak, Goldendale jeweler. It keeps perfect time.

Father was appointed first sheriff of Klickitat county and was sheriff 16 years. Rockland was county seat until 1879. John Burgen was superintendent of schools, the only county officer to draw a salary. He had the astonishing salary of \$25 a year. The sheriff who was also tax collector and assessor was paid mileage and for serving papers.

There were no fences, only 2 or 3 ranches along the Swale. There was a stage road from the Dalles to Ellensburg. Mail was left at the Block House before Goldendale was founded in 1872.

Before the stage, Merrill 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 2 or 3 miles from Rockland. Father paid ferryage of \$35 a year at Rockland for the whole family.

The ferryman was named Jensen. Mother cooked his wedding supper. His son has Circle C Dude ranch near Teppenish.

Father once 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 up to make the arrest the man protested he was in Oregon. Obeying a signal the Indians closed in and bundled him into a 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.

Seward, Mrs. Martha

Mrs. Martha Seward was born in this territory. Her parents crossed the plains in an emigrant train in 185² and settled in Polk county, Ore.. The parents came to this territory for it was the land of promises, coming here in 1858. They drove over the old Barlow road and came to The Dalles. They settled where Goldendale now stands.

Mrs. Seward's husband homesteaded in Wide Hollow, then sold out and moved down near the airport. The airport was originally the Stephenson ranch. Born Nov. 11, 1860 in Klickitat county. He is of Dutch nationality and was married in 1879 and has five children.

Supplement:

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

When they got there the whole river was running through sluices. There were about 250 men working the gravel. Mr. Hensen opened a store but mining was abandoned and the Hensens returned to Klickitat then we located near the Thorpes in the Moxee. The children went to school with the Thorp(copy) children upstairs in the Thorp log house.

Mr. Hensen afterwards took up land in the Selah where he did general farming and set out an orchard. He also had a sawmill.

Most of the household utensils in those days were made of wood, and a set of carpenter's tools was the only thing necessary to obtain a complete set of furniture.

Interviewer: Augusta Eastland, Yakima county, April 7, 1936.

Klickitat

Short, Clarence W.

Mr. Short was born in this territory in Klickitat county. He was born in a log cabin with puncheon floor. His mother crossed the plains in 1846 and his father in 1853. Bought a homestead for a long time was engaged in stock raising in Chamberlains Flats. Was a wool grower for years.

He was born January 8, 1882. Married in 1910.

His father brought cattle in when he came but nearly all perished in the winter of '61-62. Father was an ordained minister of the Church of Christ. He founded the church in 1875. The church was moved to Goldendale. Indians came to Chamberlain Flats and picked huckleberries

His brothers hunted arrow heads along the river and sold them to curio hunters.---1936.

Klickitat

Meriel
Short, ~~Emerson~~ S.

Story of Early days. Crossed plains to Wt
in carriage in 1853.

Pleasant, Klickitat county, Wash, June 1-1891-I am a son of John Short, Sr. and one of a family of eight sons and three daughters and the only one of the family that decided to make this part of the world his home. I, in company with a young man who had given me a fine American mare to bring him across the plains left Caineville, Harrison co., Mo. on the 2d day of May, 1853. The next day we crossed the Missouri river and on a steamboat that came from St Louis to ferry emigrants across. We followed the river for a short distance leaving it at the point where Omaha now stands. At that time there was a small Indian village there which was the only kind of a village we saw until we reached Oregon City on the Willamette river.

Our outfit consisted of six good American mares, one small wagon and one large family carriage well covered which made a good shelter from the storms and hot sun. We would sometimes fall in with other emigrants and travel with them a distance, but we did not remain long with any of them and sometimes we would be for days entirely alone. We moved along at a very lively rate and on the 15th day of June we crossed the Rocky Mountains, being one of the first teams ever these mountains. On July 15 we crossed the Blue mountains and made our way across the Cascades in August, the 8th, 9th and 10th days. We were not molested by the Indians nor anything else, the entire distance.

We reached the Willamette river after a journey of 103 days and were delighted with the trip, it being one of the most pleasant I ever made in my life.

I thought the climate of the Willamette a little too rainy and decided to seek a place where there was less rain and started for the Colwell mines in 1855 (copy) and crossed the Cascades with pack animals. I had traveled as far as Walla Walla when the Indians broke out and began killing the miners and settlers all along the trails.

I traded my pack animals for horses and made my way back along the trail. I crossed again across the Cascades to the Willamette valley, having been gone about four months and encountering many hardships and dangers. In a short time a call was made for volunteers to go to the upper Cascades to subdue the Indians who were waylaying the and murdering the miners and settlers in that region. This was the beginning of the war of 1855-56. I volunteered for Washington territory and went to the Puget Sound country.

We left Silverton, Marion county Oregon and crossed the Columbia on a steamboat at Vancouver. We followed the Columbia until we reached the mouth of the Cowlitz, when we proceeded up that stream a long distance. We turned to the left from it and crossed to the Chehalis river and from thence to Olympia, where we remained in camp and forts for 60 or 70 days, scouting in various ways.

From here we went on a forced march to Walla Walla, crossed the Columbia river at Old Wallula, marched through the Walla Walla valley and then crossed the Blue mountains by an Indian trail and entered Grand Ronde valley and surprised a large camp of Indians on the Grand river. We routed them but they gave us a battle. They ran pell mell among our men, fighting like demons and yelling like wolves. Just before this charge was made an Indian had ridden in front of our men holding up a scalp with long brown hair. This made our blood fairly boil. At this moment Col. Frank Shaw ordered us to charge and the order was obeyed immediately. The Indian that had displayed the scalp dashed off in the direction of his men and we saw him no more. We charged upon the main body of Indians and with one voice shouted: "Hurrah, boys," and we all went to work. Each one to kill as many Indians as he could. Some fell, some ran to get away, some fought hand to hand, scattered promiscuously through out company. So the fight continued until about 4 o'clock. The distance from the Indian camp when we

the Indian camp, where we had come upon them, to the point where we crossed the river, was about 15 miles, and we had fought all the way. When we reached the bank of the river the Indians appeared on the other side. We halted a moment and then rushed into the water. The horses being thirsty would stop to drink. The Indians fired on us but few balls took effect.

There were four or five of our men slightly wounded. After we had reached the opposite side the fight was renewed, and was more fierce than ever. Many of the red men fell. While we were thus engaged on the north side of the river, Capt. Maxwell was on the south side and was almost surrounded by a large band of Indians. He was an old Indian fighter and he slew a great many. In this battle he lost two men and one was surrounded or cut off from the company and after running two miles or more he hid himself in the high grass on the river bank. The Indians fired the grass but he had found a spring of water and had wet the spot where he was hidden, and in that way kept it from burning and made his escape. In getting back to camp he killed three Indians.

The next day we reconnoitered the battlefield and buried our dead, we had three men killed and four wounded. Capt. Maxwell returned to Walla Walla by the trail. We recrossed the river and found some Indians camped in the valley. We opened fire and killed more than forty of them. We remained here scouting all the time in all directions until our provisions were exhausted and then started for Walla Walla, living on short rations, marching almost constantly day and night.

One night at midnight we met our pack train on the prairie with supplies from our camp at Walla Walla. Just at this time there came a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning and rain. The rain came in such torrents that it seemed it would drown anyone who might be on guard. The men had eaten the last morsel we had made and were more sixty miles from camp, where feed could be obtained, but we lay there until

until morning in the rain and mud.

This battle of the Grand Ronde valley ended the Indian war. We reached home in November, 1856. I had traveled about 1,380 miles by trails and roads, saying nothing about the many hundreds of miles traveled in scouting and in forced marches both by day and night. We had suffered much from cold and heat, snow and rain. This long distance would take only a few hours now, but in those dark days all the travel was on horseback or on foot, half the time or more with not half enough to eat and but poorly clad, and for forty days we lived on beef straight, that is without salt. Such trials as these are what test men's strength and courage. There were but few of our men who did not get sick, though very few of them died, for we had but one doctor and he had no medicine. I got through all right, killed many Indians, say many fall by other hands, and passed through many hardships that are easily remembered by anyone who participated in them.

On June 16, 1859 I was married to Louisa Anderson who had crossed the plain with her father by ox team. In March, 1861, we moved to Klickitat county, Washington and with the exception of one year in California and two years in Skamania county have resided in this county ever since.

We removed to Klickitat county before the severe winter of 1861-62 the severest winter that has ever been known in this western country to white or red men. The ground was covered with snow from one to three feet deep for fifty days, and forty-two days of that time the mercury was 32 degrees below zero. There was a crust of sleet on top of the snow from two to four inches thick. A great many men perished in the snow, as the country was then but sparsely settled. A party of eleven men started from the John Day river, where the old immigrant road crosses that stream for The Dalles, all being on foot and the snow nearly three feet deep. It was thirty nine miles to the nearest house or place of refuge. Nine out of the eleven died, four on the way

and five after reaching their destination. Some of them had both hands and feet amputated. My brother-in-law Sam M.L. Alphin had a brother in the company, Marion Alphin, who died in the snow in a canyon near the John Days river. My brother-in-law lived at The Dalles, twenty-two miles from Columbus, which was near my place. He started to look for his brother and reached my house, but the weather being so bitterly cold and the snow so deep he could go no further.

He insisted on my going back with him and as my wood was nearly gone and my flour was fast disappearing and the weather still getting colder, I determined to do so. I had one horse that had got along pretty well considering the scarcity of feed and the terrible weather so we made ready to start on our journey. We had then but one child, aged 22 months. We breakfasted before daylight and put my wife and child on the horse and strapped as many blankets around them as they could manage and started for The Dalles. The snow being deep and the trail bad we traveled very slow. We had a hard day's journey and when night came upon us we had not made over twelve miles of the twenty-two but had to stop. We had reached an old shack one end of which had been torn away, but poor as it was it was undoubtedly the means of keeping us alive for we surely would have perished had we not found shelter from some kind of wood to make a fire. We soon had a roaring fire which we made from the floor of the building. We wrapped my wife and the child in the blankets and they managed to get a little sleep. My brother-in-law and myself stayed up all night keeping the fire going. That night was one of the coldest of all winter and I think the coldest ever known in Washington. Early the next morning we resumed our journey and traveled hard all day and reached The Dalles late the evening, having eaten nothing since our early breakfast before starting the morning out. I had no overcoat and my brother-in-law wore

only an extra wrap a sort of cloak and that he used to wrap the child in before the journey was completed.

The suffering of human beings was something terrible through that long severe winter, and that of stock was more terrible. Thousands of cattle, horses and mules starved to death. I waded through snow and cold almost day and night trying to save my stock which was meaning and dying for want of feed. I shall never forget that horrible period.

In 1867 when we made a trip to Humboldt county, Calif. We went down the coast trail which was but an Indian pack trail, to Eureka. We had with us thirteen head of horses and 300 head of sheep. At Eureka we hitched four of our horses to the wagon and started on a wagon road down the coast to Bear river bridge. The road was very wet and slippery, it being a rainy day and also was very sidling and night came on us before we could reach any place to camp. We missed the road and got lost. It was dark, rainy and foggy and in endeavoring to regain the road, the wagon in which was my wife and four children, the youngest of which was four weeks old and the eldest but seven years old, was upset and the occupants were all caught beneath the box which luckily turned upside down. I soon pulled it from over them and was glad to find that none of them was hurt. We were obliged to stay there all night in the mud and rain as the wagon tongue was broken and we could go no farther and did not know which way to go if it had been possible to go any. We spread our beds down in the water and mud, got the driest bedding and put the children to bed, after which I went in search of a house but found none. The next morning we went back three miles to a house and there we made ready to resume our journey.

Like many other pioneers we have been the rough side of life but through it all we have come all right, and now where we once saw acres and acres of untilled ground and bunch grass, we see beautiful

fields of wheat, oats, barley, corn, potatoes, vegetables of all kinds and the best of fruits and plenty of them. I have spent forty five years on the frontier, having emigrated to Illinois when the Indian trails were yet plainly visible. "e have undergone many hardships to make a comfortable home for ourselves and children. "e have fought Indians; seen where the bullets flew thick and fast have seen many fall and die and many others wounded; have climbed mountains over deep snow swam many a stream, eaten of the bitter bread of hunger, suffered much from cold, wet and fatigue, never had any of the luxuries of life and at time have been deprived of the necessities but notwithstanding all this I am still of the disposition and spirit of that old hero, the greatest hero of his day, Dr. Whitman, who crossed the Rockies on horseback in 1842 in midwinter to save Oregon, Washington and part of California from falling into the hands of the British, there being no telegraph wires nor railroads at that time. He did it willingly.

I will be 66 years old the 12th of March and have never voted but for two presidents, having almost always resided in a territory and would not emigrate to a new country if I thought I could do any good by so doing. "e have lived on, owned and improved seven places in Klickitat county that are today valuable places, and have built five dwelling houses for our own use. I have passed through the Indian war, experienced the severest winter ever known in this western country, have crossed the Cascade mountains fourteen times and my family is one of the four remaining families out of the thirty that we found here when we came to this country.

Meriel S. Shert.