

Benton

Clements, Julia

Kiona, White Bluffs, Kennewick.

"e drove overland from Los Angeles, Calif. in 1880 and were over two months on the way. Mother and older brother drove the teams. Once a week we stopped and washed and baked. The hardest part of the trip was from Wallula to Winsworth where we crossed on the ferry but we spent one night at the crossing waiting for the wind to go down.

When we saw the desolate country we had reached we were so homesick for California we could hardly stand it. There was only sand and a few tents and shacks. We saw only Indians, cattle and wild horses.

Father had over a thousand acres on the Columbia. Our ranch down the river was one of the round up place. Cattle were rounded up from Prosser to Patterson. Father Switzler had 2,200 head of horses at one time besides cattle. The best horses were picked out and driven to Eastern markets. Koontz was another big stockman. He was up the Columbia not far from White Bluffs. One of the oldest cabins in Whitman was still standing on the east side of the river at White Bluffs not long ago. It was made of red cedar.

I have seen the country grow from nothing to what it is now. We had no church services excepting when a traveling preacher came through. If we wanted to cross the river we rowed over or went on the ice in the winter. Sometimes we put up hay and waited for the river to freeze so we could bring it across.

The spring of the big floods, 1894, we had a 20 ton stack of hay which washed away, crossed the river and a man tied it up. Rats gnawed the rope and the hay drifted down to my father's ranch and settled right in front of his corrals.

Water came up in our house and we left. It rose five feet in the house. My brothers wouldn't leave their house. They kept the row

boat pastured to the door.

"Everybody had saddle horses. Fifteen or twenty of us would ride out together hunting wild flowers and riding for the fun of it. "e rode to dances--the few we had.

"here Kennewick stands there was only a postoffice and store. It was called Te-he. The

The first ferry was operated by hand, then the Timmermans<sup>1</sup> started a cable ferry.

The flat was black with prairie chickens, ducks and geese were plentiful.

The loveliest times of all were the spring roundups. The cowboys rode out whooping like Indians, their horses bucking. Sometimes 20 or 30 horses would be bucking at one time. People of today think rodeos are wonderful exhibitions. They should have seen the real cowboys who made their living riding, roping and throwing..."

Julia Clements came to "ashington Territory July 26, 1880 from Los Angeles. At Des Chutes there were 30 wagons camped. "e had dancing and singing. They chose "ashington because mother would go no further. "e settled in Franklin but went to Benton after I married. I was born July 6, 1867 at Costa Rica co. Calif. and was married Oct 1, 1885--June 8, 1892. "he and her husband live up the Yakima from Kennewick. April 26, 1936.



Benton

Clinton, Caroline

Kennewick. Benton

I came to the state of Washington in 1889 from Colorado with my husband. We came by train. It was too damp in Oregon so we came on to Washington.

We settled in Lincoln county, were in the mercantile business ran a hotel and opened the bank.

We came to Yakima county, near Benton, in 1903. We started the Academy Emanuel, purchasing the hotel built by the NP and never opened. We opened it January 1, 1904 and it burned to the ground in February.

In 1908 we took over the Kennewick hotel which my sister and I operate. I was born in Denmark.

When we arrived at Kennewick, it was recovering from its first irrigation failure. April 25, 1936.

Cole, Flavius:

I came to the state of Washington in 1892 from Grundy county, Iowa. Came with my wife and two children. We came over the NP, wanted to make a change.

We came to Washington because I read of the big fire at Seattle, thought I'd like to try a new location and thought a state, young like Washington, would offer advantages.

I bought timber land in Snohomish county and sold it and came to Yakima county. I was engaged in the flouring mill business in Seattle and the brokerage business.

I am a Mason. I was born 1862 in Carroll County, Ill., nationality, <sup>E</sup>nglish. I was ~~born~~ married in 1883. I have two children, L.P. Cole, Los Angeles and Mrs. Lavine, Honkong, China.

Pioneer days were over when we reached the Yakima country. The town hadn't started to grow. The Northern Pacific had just started irrigation in the Moxee. Land could be bought for \$10 an acre.

Toppenish was all sagebrush, Indians and cayuses.

Comments: Not very optimistic, apparently in fair health. Has old age pension. Small home, but comfortable. Energetic wife.

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



## White Bluffs, Franklin, Seattle fire

I came to Washington territory in 1881 from Alaska to Seattle. Seattle was burning when we reached there ~~by noon~~ I bought land in Benton county. I had a store and farmed then bought the hotel in White Bluffs and ran it for years. I helped develop an orchard at White Bluffs and sold it during boom years.

When we came here in 1907 there was no town. We stayed at the ferry landing the first night. a family lived in a lot house on the island, another up the river.

Mr. Burden, E.W. Loveland and I put in the Terrace Point Orchard tracts that year. The lands lies along the river, two miles north of White Bluffs.

The old town of White Bluffs was at the ferry landing and was moved to the present site after the railroad came. They built the depot, and as usual, the town moved. Old town has a much more desirable site.

I was born in Jackson Co., Mo, in 1857.

There was no railroad here when I came. It took two days to go to Yakima and two to return. We camped along the way.

There were two steamers on the river.

There was a ferry at White Bluffs and is there yet..has been off and on for 80 years. No bridge yet. Maybe the White Pass-White Bluffs road will give us a bridge.

The residents of White Bluffs mention the old store on the east side of the river as the Hudson's Bay Trading co. I find no record in history of a trading station at White Bluffs. In 1861 a man who afterwards settled at Walla Walla traveled all through here and drew a map of the Columbia at this point. It turned out that the map was geographically correct. He placed two dots

on the east side of the river, one at Priest Rapids, the other at White Bluffs. I mentioned this to a man at White Bluffs and he said there was a possibility that Priests from Canada established missions there... May 27, 1936.



Benton

Conway, Charles

Benton-, Kennewick, railroads

Charles Conway never thought much about going west when he was a boy although the West has always been forced upon him.

His father and some of the neighbors started for the California gold fields in the 60s, driving ox teams. They found gold in Nevada and returned to Iowa with a stake. Mr. Conway invested his part in good grazing land and went into business.

St Louis was one of the eastern horse markets, the end of the long trail over which bands of 1,500 or so of wild range horses were driven from the far west, nearly all of them going from Yakima, Klickitat and Columbia valleys.

Young Charles, a boy on his father's ranch, saw many an exhibition of wild west riding.

In the little town of Winsworth, Wash. over 50 years ago there was a safe robbery. The payroll amounting to over fourteen thousand dollars was stolen one night. In the little railroad town station at Fort Ripley, Minn, where Charles was operator for the NP he tacked up the advertising circular, little dreaming that the hustling village on the Skane was even then preparing the way for his advent into Washington.

He remembers when he and his wife and the section boss were the only white people in Kennewick. "There was a white woman visiting down the river once and she called to see us a few times; then she went away to California. Twenty-five years afterwards she was traveling through here in her own car and she stopped at the drug store and inquired for a man and his wife whom she used to know but she could not recall their names. "Do you know anyone who has been here a thousand years?" she asked the druggist. "That must be Conway," he replied. "Yes, that's the man."

"But there was a man in Pasco who was here even before that. When asked how long he had been in this country he pointed to the range of mountains and said: "See those mountains over there?" They were not here when I came."

"It does seem a long time since we left Minnesota. We left on account of the severe winters having heard that the climate of Washington was ideal. We left in March and the thermometer registered 40 below.

"When we reached Pasco a blinding dust storm was raging. The bridge across the Columbia was in process of construction. Trains were ferried across in sections; 2 passenger, 4 freight cars at a time, the engine, dining car and sleepers being left on the east side. We waited for hours for the wind to subside so the ferry could operate.

"Does the wind always blow this way?" one of the passengers asked the brakeman. "No, it blows this way for three days then turns and blows the other way three days," he replied.

"We landed at the little station of Kennewick in the sand and sagebrush. There was a blacksmith shop, a barber shop, 2 saloons, a hotel and a post office in a little store. A tiny board school house stood among the sandhills. May Conrad of the Yakima Valley was the teacher.

"Well, we hadn't seen anything yet that looked like Kennewick. There wasn't a tree, nor a spear of grass. There wasn't a willow, even, along the banks of the river. It was a scene of deep desolation which swept two mighty rivers. I said, if this is Washington, I don't want it."

"I could have filed a homestead where Kennewick now stands but you couldn't have given me the whole country. When the bridge was finished, everybody moved to Pasco, carrying their homes with them. A few Chinamen stayed to work under the section



boss. The school house was deserted and stood half buried in the sand.

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

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

So I called the man I was superceding. He was at Ellensburg. He insisted that I take the post office over. Go to the store and move everything that looks like it and set it up in the depot. I was the postmaster three years with without an appointment, then I was officially appointed.

Shortly after I carried the equipment from the store to the depot, the inspector, Capt. Dunn came down from Yakima City. There was a new ruling which gave the postmaster at the county seat authority to inspect the other offices. What improvements have you made in the post office was one of the questions he propounded. The pigeon holes looked much the same to me as on the day I carried them through the sagebrush. I hesitated and Capt. Dunn said, "I'll just report that you have moved the office to a more central location. The post office was called Te-he, and I don't wonder.

There were a few stockmen up and down the river and cattle and horses roamed everywhere. Kennewick was a shipping point.

My wife and I had always raised flowers, but we had no faith in the soil. We had some idea of sending back to Minnesota for some good black soil. Then a German named Stamp who had bought a tract of land from Ben Rosencrans, the stockman, built a waterwheel and watered a garden tract and set out a little orchard.

All the land needed was water. An irrigation company located here, bought up a lot of land and began improving the town. Homesteads were taken. I got my filing then in the Horse Heaven country. The first irrigation failed. People moved away again. But finally there was a resurrection when the NP stepped in.

Steamers began to ply up the Columbia, going as far as Priest Rapids.

Stockmen lost heavily during the severe winters and the range was taken over by settlers who had come to stay. Orchards, alfalfa, gardens and beautiful homes cover the areas of sand and sagebrush which was our only scenery for a long time and we never believed that such a change could take place. But that's what irrigation does for a country.

I came to Washington Territory in 1888 from Crow "ing, Minn, with my wife.

I've been here 50 years watching Kennewick Maneuvers. It's all practically disappeared three times. I was station agent and postmaster from 1888 to 1893 then pm and merchant from 1893 to 1905. I turned the business over to my wife and homesteaded in Horse Heaven and developed a ranch. I was born July 7, 1858. I remember when they used the depot for the polls. Four men came in and organized, then waited for the voters and when it came time to close up that night, no one else had appeared to vote.

April, 1936.



Benton co.

Carl Cords

Prosser. White Bluffs.

Wahluke

Came to Washington in 1900 from Dakota county, Minn.

Came for the climate (Priest Rapids valley has the finest climate anywhere.) Homesteaded and desert claim. Worked at carpenter.

Helped build Prosser courthouse. Built the hotel at Wahluke, sold it for \$2,000 and bought 5 acres of orchard.

Houses: log houses, house on Brice homestead and old schoolhouse made of timbers pulled from Columbia.

Took two days to go to Yakima. Camped at Barrel Springs.

First settlers along the river used water wheels or gasoline engines.

Attached:

The ditch was not surveyed until 1906 so the first settlers used water wheels and gasoline pumps. McLatherns had a ranch between White Bluffs and Hanford.

One time I saw a barge coming down the river loaded with sheep. I rowed out and towed it in and unloaded 300 sheep which I fed three months before the owner came. He was paid me \$300 for the work.

The McLatherns were a musical family. Charles, organized the first band ever in Yakima. His wife played the bass tuba; daughter Jessie (My wife) the organ and his son the cornet. They played for all the dances.

Augusta Eastland: May 29, 1936.

Benton

Craig, Ida

White Bluffs

Came to Washington in 1890 from Minnesota.

Wanted land. We lost everything in the Yellowstone river--the NP had a wreck. Settled on open country near Ellensburg. Homesteaded in Benton county along Columbia river at White Bluffs

May-1936.

(Marked see supplement but no supplement attached)



Klickitat

Crocker, Emma.

Centerville

I came to Washington territory in 1878 from Swift county, Mo.

Came with family by railroad. When I was four years old. We came straight to The Dalles. There were several families and we put our baggage in the light wagon that we hired, nearly all of us walked. Finally we came to a shack where we were allowed to sleep and they charged us 50 cents which was all my father had.

We came because there were no electric storms and because of the chance to get free land.

Father and my husband homesteaded.

My husband was county treasurer four years and county commissioner 7 years. He operated the grain warehouses 18 years, one of them being in Centerville.

There was bunch grass and rye grass as high as my head. There were only a few settlers, miles between. Many of their shacks had no windows, first a board to slip back during the day to let in the light.

Father logged during the day and at night he made shakes by the light of pine knot torches which we children held.

When he had made enough money we started farming. He failed as soon as we came and my grandmother lived on the claim while my parents worked. I walked to school barefoot, 2 1-2 miles. The first school was in a claim shanty, 12 x 10 with benches.

Indians came to our shanty and stole food, ordered my mother around. She told us to run to her if we ever saw Indians. "We all got under her skirts. Once she put my brother through the little window to run for help.... April, 1936.

Davidson, Mrs. J.B.(Jeane C. Schnebly)

I was born in 1861 at Walla Walla. My great grandfather Robert Moore came from Peoria, Ill in 1840.

Robert and one other were the only two out of the 18 who started that trip who finished it to the Willamette valley and founded the town of Linn. He was active in all the political affairs of the territory and helped to shape its laws. He was the only one in his community to possess a law book.

In 1850 my parents came from Illinois. I remember my mother hating to stop at Portland, Ore for it was nothing but a mud hole.

#### Famine

In 1860 my parents moved to Walla Walla. My father had driven blooded stock up from Oregon. The winter of '61-62 was the famine year of the big freeze. There was no food for the stock. The horses came up to the house looking to men for help and died in the door yard.

#### Walla Walla

It was this year that I was born. I grew up there and attended school. I had a piano and took for granted all the possessions that later were to seem such luxuries.

In 1884 I came to Ellensburg to teach in the academy founded that year. My two brothers, Phillip, Henry and Charles P. Schnebly lived there. My parents later joined their sons and daughters.

#### Homes

Most of the homes were of logs. There was no timber within 20 miles of the settlement. The only servants were Indians and the settlers exchanged work. I remember an Indian woodsman employed by father. He would leave for the woods before dawn and he worked until dark and never had a bite of food until he returned at night when he would eat enough to feed six men. Then he would roll over and go to sleep and sleep until dawn.



There were few cabins with flooring, the Ben Whitsom cabinat first had a dirt, then puncheon floor. I recall that at some of the dances the dust would be so thick she couldn't see her partner. Later there were spring carriages, but at first a "dead ax" wagon, a Bane was the best vehicle. Springs on the seats were a luxury.

When I came to Ellensburg there was a grist mill, built in 1875 by Robert Canady, but before that time settlers ground corn in a coffee mill to make their bread.

#### Musements

Dances were the big events. In the earlier days Miss Jennie Olmstead was teaching school ten miles away, word was sent her to come to the dance. She rode to the river, forded it, then drove and later changed to a mule. She was the only young lady at the dance. It was there she met Walter A. Bull whom she later married.

#### Fashions

The first clothes were made for service only. The men would come in from the outer settlements with a nail for a button or instead of a stitch. To lose a button was a misfortune. Buttons as well as thread and needles must come from The Dalles, Oregon.

In 1884 clothes were becoming important. The weaving and spinning days were over. Mother and grandmother had their best dresses made by Miss Pilger in Portland. It was not unusual to pay her \$75 for fashioning the intricate formal costumes of the 80s.

I remember a silk plaid-silk and wool that was mine. It was fearfully and wonderfully made with a ruffled overdress, the heading of the ruffles was braided. Grandmother always wore the same style. Tight bodice, high neck, tight sleeve and a long plain overdress. There was a bit of cluny lace at the throat. Grandmother always wore a No. 3 shoe. To make this a truth the size markings had to be changed by the shoe men, but grandmother wore a number 3 until she died.. 1936.

Dickson, Leta;

I came to Washington territory in 1876 from Douglas county, Illinois, making the trip with mother and family. Father came in 1871. We traveled by Union Pacific to San Francisco.

We settled in the open country, homesteaded, preempted timber culture and bought. Father and brother were in the cattle business, then farmed. My husband developed farms and orchards.

I am a member of the grange and Congregational church.

I was born February 22, 1864<sup>5</sup> in Champagne county, Ill., nationality, English-German and was married September 9, 1889. Children: James Dickson, four children, Madison, Wis.; Warren Dickson, four children, Okanogan; Palmer Dickson, four children, Okanogan; Mrs. Mary H. Lee, 2 children, Seattle; Allen Dickson, 1 child, Madison, Wis.; Mrs. Aletha Stetson, two children, Freewater, Ore.; Mrs. Keziah Foster, Waches.

Comments: Mrs. Dickson was queen of the Pioneer day celebration last year in Yakima. She has all the pioneer qualities, helped build an empire and found it. She and her husband have comfortable farm home.

Interviewer: Augusta Eastland, Yakima, July 31, 1936.



Supplement: Told by Mrs. Leta Dickson.

Father came to the Yakima Valley in 1871. Five years later mother brought her four children, traveling via the Union Pacific from Illinois to San Francisco. There we boarded a boat steamer which landed us at Astoria.

A river boat, the Yakima, carried us to the Cascades where we portaged; another boat carried us to the Dalles. We sent on to Umatilla and crossed the Columbia in Indian canoes.

There was a stage station on the Washington side owned by L.H. Adkins and we took the stage for Yakima city, ferrying across the Yakima river near The Horn. Sam Chapple had a post office there, and that was where the stage horses were changed.

There were a few scattered log cabins along the river and creeks when we arrived; near the mouth of the Ntatum there was a general store and grist-mill owned by O.D. Barker; a little school house, Samuel Kesling's blacksmith shop, Charley McEwan's saddlery, Guillard's hotel and plenty of saloons.

Rev. James Milbur had charge of the Indians and there was an Indian school at Ft Simcoe. The buildings are there yet in the grove of oaks. Some of them were erected by the soldiers stationed there in 1856. The old block house with its port holes and bullet riddled walls commands a view of the entire valley.

Indians were everywhere in those early days and my mother refused to go far from neighbors, so for awhile we remained near the settlement in a cabin which someone had vacated. Our furniture was of the crudest. Frames of our beds were made of rough lumber, box shaped, set on legs made of poles. These were filled with grass and covered with blankets. Ticks were made later and filled with grass and straw.

Fortunately for us there was a tula (copy) marsh a short distance

distance away and in the spring geese and ducks settled there by the hundreds. Father stood on the front doorstep and fired into them, his dog retrieving. We lived on game and it wasn't long before mother had a supply of feathers which she used for beds and pillows.

My father and Rev. Wilbur were great friends and we always entertained him when he came to town. <sup>Indians</sup> The ~~Indians~~ called the father "Kushaw" or pig man, because he raised so many hogs. They liked and respected father and mother but she never felt easy when they were around. She never refused them food and there was one Indian called Muc-i-muo John who often came begging. He would eat the soft food but everything else he wrapped in his blanket and carried away.

I soon learned Chinook and was able to bargain with the Indians when they brought salmon and berries. Looking for stray cattle one day I met two young Indians and inquired of them in my very best Chinook if they had seen anything of my cows. The answer was given in the very best English, accompanied by an appreciative grin from both Indians.

We moved into the Moxee where father built a one-room log cabin, later adding a lean-to made of lumber from Seward's mill up in the Ahtanum. Our cattle ranged through the Moxee and far beyond to the Priest Rapids valley and up the Naches to Goat Rocks, beyond Rimrock. At the foot of Goat Rocks the range became known as Conrad Meadows, named for my father.

For a long while there were no bridges in the country. A number of people were drowned fording the river. One day my father drove into the Yakima river with a load of hay. On top of the hay were some groceries. A boy rode ahead of him to avoid the holes in the bed of the river. He became frightened and lost the road and father's team began to flounder in deep



water. The hay slid off the wagon, the groceries going to the bottom. Father succeeded in cutting the team loose but one horse was drowned.

We rode horseback to school. Father would go with us to the river bank to see ~~that~~ we crossed safely. One morning the river was rising and he warned me to wait when I returned from school and he would row across. When I reached the river that night father was no where in sight and I rode in. My horse used better judgment than I and swam back to shore. I saw father coming so I dismounted and my horse got away and took the trail back to Yakima City.

That started a searching party which came galloping up just as we were beaching our boat on the opposite shore.

In 1878 when the Perkins' were murdered my father was sheriff. He took Stick Joe, an Indian, and they were the ones who found the bodies. Then father and another man went after the Perkins' stock on the Columbia, traveling nights and hiding during the day. He went with the posse to capture the murderers.

The Dalles was the nearest trading post when we first came. Kerosene was \$1 a gallon so we made candles. Clothing was expensive. Flowered calico was one dollar a yard, linsey-woolsey a little cheaper. Wool was cheaper than cotton. To get to the Dalles usually two men went with a four-horse team to get provisions.

This valley is known the world over for its excellent fruit, but I remember when fruit was very scarce. We canned the huckleberries the Indians brought to our doors and put the cranberries in a cool place where they kept for weeks. Mother sent for the seed of groundcherries and they thrived here, but our greatest treat was strawberries. One day my father came in with

Supplement-Told by Mrs. Dickson--4-

news. "We can get strawberries at Wikle's now. Send the boys up after some; they are only one dollar a gallon."

Our nearest doctor was Dr. Kuykendahl, stationed at Fort Simcoe. An orphan boy about 15 years of age worked for my father. His chore was to bring in the saddle horses every morning. One morning he mounted a half-broken cayuse and rode out on the range. He didn't return at the usual time and after waiting awhile my father rode out to see what was keeping him.

He saw the horses running around in a circle and as he drew nearer discovered the cayuse dragging the boy who still had a foot in the stirrup. Father lassoed the horse and gathered up the unconscious boy and brought him in. One of the men rode for Dr. Kuykendahl, returning at sundown with word that he had gone to The Dalles and would not return for two weeks.

Throughout the day mother and father had kept cold cloths on the bruises and broken places in his body, then as darkness set in and no help was at hand, they prepared to set the bones and sew up the wounds. One leg was broken at the hip and ankle, the other below the knee. The shoulder was dislocated and his forehead was badly cut.

Of course they had no anaesthetic. His screams could be heard all over the ranch. Mother had some sheets and she had brought with her and never had unpacked. She tore these up for bandages, the broken bones were at last set, the shoulder put in place, then they came to the cut in his forehead. Mother held a sewing needle in the flame of the kerosene lamp, threaded it with her spool, then they sewed up the gash.

In order to make sure that his legs would be kept straight father tied rocks to his feet, letting his weight hang from the foot of the bed. It was August and the weather was hot.



Supplement-Told by Mrs. Dickson--5

They applied cold cloths continuously. Mother read and told stories to entertain the sufferer. Two weeks passed and the doctor arrived. He approved of everything that had been done. At the end of four more weeks the boy was walking again.

The first church in the valley was the Catholic Church at Yakima city moved to North Yakima in 1885. The Sisters had a splendid school, the only school where advanced subjects were taught. I attended their school and taught in the Moxee, being the third teacher in that district.

Isaac Flint was the first pastor of the Christian church. The outstanding leader, both financially and otherwise was his son, Purdy Flint.

The first few years we had no church at all. Sunday school and we had and occasionally an evangelist came to the valley.

Alice Tanner had a melodeon which she took to the services and played. We went to Simcoe to the Indian camp meetings.

We had singing school and a literary society. That was back in the 70s.

On the fourth of July we celebrated in a patriotic way. I remember one Fourth when a big parade was planned. We were to have a barbecue along the river and the steer was dressed and put in a pit and all was in readiness. The girls who were to represent the states, all had white dresses, probably made from flour sacks. On the morning of the Fourth a snow-storm swept the valley. Cold winds blew and our mothers would allow no white dresses to be worn. The steer was dug up, the disappointed crowd adjoining to Centennial hall for the celebration.

Some of the stockmen made gifts of calves and colts. I sold them finally and bought a cabinet organ. I have given it to the Pioneer association in memory of my mother. The rough life of the

Supplement-Told by Mrs. Dickson-6

early days never appealed to her. She came from the city and had received a splendid education. She wanted a clock so badly-said it would be company for her, so my brother and sister and I bought one for her. It was often buried when the Indians were on the war path and our sewing machine, which was our first piece of real furniture, often spent a day or two lying in the fields.

My brother has the needle-gun given my father by the government in 1878.

One year during territorial days women were allowed to vote. There was great rejoicing and considerable timidity. Some women were afraid to take such a step. It seemed too bold and many husbands were opposed.

I ran a hack that election day. Mothers wouldn't leave babies at home in those days so babies went along with their mothers to the polls. A man was running for sheriff and his wife could not make up her mind to go to the polls. She cried and made quite a fuss. It didn't seem womanly thing to do so many of those pioneer women. The man was elected sheriff and his wife said to my mother: "Mrs. Conrad, Jim's sheriff, what am I?"

Election night we served a wonderful dinner; everybody bought food and we celebrated on a grand scale. It was well we did for our triumph was short-lived. Judge Turner revoked the decision within a year and several decades were to pass before we again had the privilege of casting our votes.

The ambition of every boy in those days when this was a cow country was to grow up and ride away to the round up with his string of saddle horses. It was the buckaroo's big moment, for it was during the round up that unruly horses were tamed. I have seen my brother



keep his seat while his mount bucked all the way down the mountain.

Every spring the men from all over the valley gathered for a round up to count the cattle to see how many had wintered. In the fall, along in August or September, came the big round up for branding calves. If a calf was not branded at six months it became a maverick--anybody's calf.

There was an unusually large round up one fall during weather which was unbearably hot and sultry. For two weeks or longer the boys had ridden hard and the last day of the round up as the men rode in, each one remarked that he didn't like the looks of the sky or something to the effect that trouble was brewing.

After supper the cattle were driven up a canyon in the hopes that if anything did happen it would not be so hard to hold them. The night-herders took charge, riding slowly around the uneasy herd, singing softly, hoping to sooth the restless leaders. The rest of the boys talked awhile, then taking their blankets were soon asleep.

The air was heavy and now and then could be heard the low rumble of thunder. The riders continued their monotonous chant, slowly circling the restless animals. An hour passed. The rumble grew louder. An occasional flash of lightning showed the herd in motion. Near midnight the storm broke. Thunder roared down the canyon, lightning struck somewhere near. As one man riders sprang from their blankets, mounted and followed the bawling herd now thoroughly stampeded and on the run.

Nothing could turn them. All the men could do was follow, guided only by the lightning which showed the maddened cattle making for the foothills.

Rain beat in their faces as the 90 men spurred their

supplement--told by Mrs. Wicks--8

horses onward. Some of the riders were thrown, cattle were trampled. They were miles away when morning came but the cattle had quieted down and the faithful riders turned them back to the branding-pens.

The winter of 1880-81 brought privation and grief to stockmen. The first snow came early. Horses could paw it away and find the dry bunch grass, which was just like cured hay; but cattle were more helpless. A chinook wind melted the snow a little, then came a hard freeze. Another snow settled on this crust and thawed a little and froze another crust. After the third thaw and freeze the conditions were hopeless. Cattle broke through the crust, their legs were cut by the ice; they froze standing.

Spring came and the valley was covered with carcasses. A few men had saved herds that were near the corrals. They broke a trail driving their fattest steers and the rest of the herd followed.

Many of the stockmen went out when there was a little thaw and skinned the cattle, spreading the hides on the sage. They salvaged that much anyway, but that was the end of stockraising on a big scale. Snipes and Allen lost nearly all of their immense herds.

After that the settlers turned to farming. Irrigation was proving a success and wheat was being raised. Some of the men began experimenting with hops and alfalfa. Markets were provided with the coming of the railroad.

Orchards were planted, the valley was developed. The early settlers never realized that they were building a great empire. No one thought of the Yakima Valley as we see it today. It has taken labor and sacrifice, but it has all been worth while. Our children and our children's children enjoy the fruit of our toil.



Ditter, Phil

I came to Washington territory in 1884 from Scott county, Minn., making the trip with the family. Mother's health was poor and the doctor had advised a change. We came on a train to the Dalles.

We came to Yakima City and father opened a store there. He sold out to Pete Gervais. Then he was in general merchandise, later in dry goods at North Yakima.

My brother, Joseph, took over the store in 1893.

With my brother I speculated heavily in land on the reservation, was interested in the Tieton project, Selah Moxee canal, Yakima Fruit products co. I laid out the town of Moxee.

In 1902 the Ditters built in what is now the principal business street of Yakima and they were ridiculed. Other businessmen asked them why they built so far out of town.

I belong to the Knights of Columbus, Elks and Rotary club and St Joseph's Catholic church.

I was born May 11, 1868 at Scott county, Minn.

Three children, three grandchildren: Mrs. Joseph E. Bittner, Jr., Yakima; H.J. Ditter, Portland, Ore.; O.P. Ditter, <sup>A (or)</sup> travels in California.

Houses were not plastered. They were lined with muslin and were kalsomined. The Pratt Bros. made some of the furniture.

Part of the old Centennial hall is still standing. The railroad came the year we moved in.

I got along famously with the Indians and spoke the Yakima dialect. We had a public school and the Sisters' school.

Frederic Ward was here. I recall that he was remarkable

Phil Ditter--2

Memory for names and faces.

Comments: Looks and acts 10 years younger than actual age. Optimistic. Comfortable home in Yakima.

Interviewer: Augusta Eastland, Yakima. April 2, 1936.

Supplementary to Ditter history.

One cold morning about 30 years ago when I was busy here in the store a well dressed couple marched in. I stepped forward and asked them if ~~they~~ I could be of service. "No, we don't need anything," the man said in a superior way. "We have just arrived from New Yawk." "Are there any Indians around here?"

"Yes," I replied, "about 1,500 or so. "What do they do?" "Oh they sell cayuses and hay." Can you handle Indians?" he wanted to know. "Certainly," I answered, "I can make an Indian do anything I want him to."

Just then an Indian came in to the store. He and I were good friends but I pretended not to know him. I called to him to "come over here." He seemed badly frightened but sidled over. "Lie down," I ordered. Down he went like a dog, and like a dog turned around several times, then he crawled over and began licking my shoes. Then I said, "Get out," and he got to his feet and slipped away."

The couple from New York gaped their astonishment. Then the man said: "That's the best thing I've seen since leaving New Yawk." He thanked me very kindly and they left. I suppose he has told the story many a time these 30 years past.

They had not been gone long when the Indian came in smiling. I gave him 50 cents for his part in the show. In those days men wore stiff-bosomed white shirts. One day I met an Indian all dressed up in a white shirt but the bosom covered his



back.

"We had a shipment of limburger come to the store one time. We set it out side in respect to my father's offactory sense. Indians spied the cheese and one of them took a generous bite, but couldn't swallow it though.

One day I ordered an Indian out of the store. He spread his arms across the door and refused to go. I struck him, but immediately regretted it. He gave a war whoop and about thirty bucks assembled in a twinkling. I had considerable trouble getting out of the predicament. Next day he came in, laughed and asked for something to eat. I was a lad of sixteen when I came here and not very robust looking. In fact I was pale.

The Indians nicknamed me Plesh-Nusor (white as salmon). We did a credit business and one evening came a rap at our door. There stood an Indian named George Usaliken. Father said: "You want something?" Nika tika nanich, okuk man," meaning that he wanted to talk to me since he had bought of me.

He pulled a bunch of envelopes out of his pocket and I wondered how he would know mine. I was not long in doubt. On my envelope he had drawn a fish.

Two of my good friends, Kutayen and his wife <sup>were</sup> Kutayen inherited his title from his father whose village was near Pah (Union Gap) in the early days. Whenever he came to town he dropped into the store. Once he happened to spy my Elk pin. He admired it very much and I asked him what the Indians called it. He said "Yepnit." After that our nickname for each other was "Yepnit."

I could sell an Indian anything. We used to send a wagon loaded with goods out to the hop fields. One day one of the boys came in

Phil Ditter-- 4

and said: "Go out Phil and see what you can do. I can't make a sale."

I went out very confidently but it was dark. The only light was from the campfire. I showed blankets, shawls and mufflers but no sales. Finally I sold a dollar muffler for fifty cents and quit.

Then I overheard them complaining that it was so dark they were afraid of being cheated.