

Mrs. William (Nellie M) Knox
902 North 26th avenue

(Interview started 5/5/50.

Born in Missouri, Mrs. Knox came to the Yakima valley when she was 16 months old. Her birthday is February 13, 1880.

She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Benton McGlothlen who came from Bates county, Mo. They came out by train to Portland, Ore., then traveled up the Columbia river by boat to The Dalles. There they disembarked and crossed the Columbia by row boat.

Her father was a brother-in-law of George Taylor, who she believes came to the Yakima valley in 1864 from Missouri.

The McGlothlen family took up a homestead of 160 acres in the Lower Wenas. It was a place that has an artesian well on it, now. Mrs. Knox' grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George McGlothlen came out at the same time as the Taylors.

She lived with her parents on the ranch where her father raised livestock, cattle and horses, until she was 10 years old. The ranch was on the old road, just above the Fred Cleman place. The road was called the Old Wenas road.

She had two brothers, Jim and Bill. Jim died a year ago March (March 1949) Bill, 72 years old in 1950, is now living at Compton, Calif.

The move into Yakima was made when the McGlothlens' purchased the old Bartholet hotel. It was located at Chestnut and Front street. That was "the middle of town." It was purchased from Joe Bartholet who had completed a new hotel, located where the Stockman's is now located. As a result the Bartholet was in the general class of a ^{second} ~~third~~ class hotel.

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It had a pool room, large dining room and living room and was a wooden building, two stories high. It faced west on Front street and was a door north of the old Millie (Spelling) place that Mrs. Knox said is still standing or at least, a part of it.

The building had a porch that extended out across the sidewalk.

The hotel catered to the middle class--ranchers who came to town, trailroad men who roomed upstairs and dined there, wagoneers. It employed four Chinese cooks and frequently a white pastry cook.

Mrs. Mable McGlothlen gained a reputation for her fine meals--a meal for .25 cents. Many of the vegetables etc. were purchased from farmers. Mrs. Knox remembers very little about that phase of it but knows her mother was a good manager and worked up a good business. She thinks the building was a 70-room hotel. Her mother won many prizes for her cakes.

Now, in her own words:

"I think we lived there about four years. Irrigation was coming in strong down around Sunnyside. So we moved to Prosser where we purchased the old Ward hotel. It faced the railroad tracks. There too it was operated for boarders and roomers. It wasn't as large as the Bartholet.

"I don't know how long we lived there, not too long. Mother and father separated and father went to Spokane. Mother and I went to Cashmere. She bought four town lots and built the Hotel Mission. She also planted and developed a 16 acre apple orchard in East Wenatchee. The Mission was operated as a boarding and rooming house and dinners were served family style there. The old-timers around Cashmere still talk about mother's meals.

"She sold out when she was 85, because she was getting too old to work. She came back to Yakima, I think it was about 1934, and bought a small home but wanted to live by herself. But when you went to see her, she started rattling pots and pans around in the kitchen, fixing something to eat. She was a good cook as long as she lived.

"She refused to have anything to do with electric stoves and used only wood ranges in the hotels or at home. She liked electric lights but not washing machines or other electrical appliances.

"She died July 2, 1947, when she was 97. She moved to Cashmere because of the start of irrigation there and there was a demand, like at Prosser and in Yakima, for boarding places and meals.

"I first started school in Lower ^{Wenas} ~~Wenas~~. The school wasn't far from our home. It was just west of the house. I don't know but I think it is still standing. I don't know who owns the place now.

"There were just two schools in the region, the Upper Wenas and the Lower Wenas. The Upper Wenas was away up on the creek above the Merritt Longmire place.

"The school I attended was just a one-room affair made of boards.

"I received the first doll I ever remember getting at a big community Christmas party in that school house. It was a black headed China doll. I remember we all loaded into a bob sled and went to the party. Snow was up to the top of the fence posts. They had heavy snow in the Wenas.

"The school house was the scene of all kind of community activities. There used to be oyster suppers. They used canned oysters because they couldn't bring in fresh ones.

"I recall that Wallace Wiley was the first teacher. He boarded part of the time at our house. We didn't go to school nine months. I don't remember how long but it wasn't that long. Wallace Wiley was Jim Wiley's brother. Another teacher was Fred Parker. He was an attorney here later. There was a woman teacher later too but I don't remember her name. Another teacher was named Stevenson (spelling)

"Some of the families who had children in school were Rogers, Millers, Kellys, Bill Taylor, Harlows, two families of Ritters, two or three Taylors, and Kershaw. There were lots of kids, maybe 25 or 30, I don't remember.

"Most of the dances were held in homes. I remember a big one held in Emory Taylor's house north of us after it was built and they had a big house warming there.

"The church was farther away. It is the grange hall now or at least a part of it. We lived four or five miles below the church, ~~on the side~~ It was this side of Guy Longmire and was the only church around. Rev. Eschelman (spelling) was the first preacher I remember. The first dollar I earned, a big silver dollar, was for going to Sunday school every Sunday for a year. They put me on an old mare, Pet, and she knew the way there and back. Uncle George Taylor gave me the dollar.

"We had to memorize Bible verses for Sunday school and each Sunday they gave us colored picture cards. The church was just one big room and the Sunday school children met in one corner. There was an organ in the church too. I don't remember our Sunday school teacher.

"~~Now~~ After church we would all go to George Taylor's place (uncle) and everyone came from all around. He lived close to the grange in the Upper Wenas. I used to sit on the stake and rider fence (rail fence cross-staked at

intersecting rail ends, and watch the men ride steers or bulls and bucking horses. It was a regular rodeo. Milt Burge used to be one of the best, there was nothing but he could ride.

"We used to come to town in a wagon, just a plain wagon drawn by horses. We had to ford the Naches river above the railroad bridge at the gap. We called it a lumber wagon. Later we got a hack. We thought that was real classy. It was a spring wagon. We never had a surfy .

"The first house on the homestead was a loghouse and later it was built of lumber. I think we lived with the George Taylors when we first went there until the log house was built. Later there used to be lots of trout in the irrigation ditches. The boys would catch them and mother would salt them down.

"We brought grain to a little mill in town to be ground into flour. It was in the north part of town, about where the vinegar factory is now I think, maybe a little north of that along First street. I don't remember any other mill. There wasn't much of a town then and there was nothing but sage brush where Selah is now. Part of the old wagon road can be seen alongside the gap now, on the north side. The road went north through what is now Selah and then on up to our place. The people going to Ellensburg used to go by our place. I don't remember going there. If there was a store in the Upper Wenas I don't remember because it wasn't much farther into Yakima and we always went there. (end of first interview)

Lahar, Frances

I came to Washington territory in 1866 from Burlington, (co.) Iowa.

I came in an emigrant train (copy) of 100 wagons..were six months on the road. We lived on the Mississippi river and every year the high water washed away crops and soil so we decided to come west. Heard so much about it and it looked as though it would be a good place for a farmer to get a start. We settled on open land, there was nothing else.

We settled in Klickitat at first, then came to Yakima where father homesteaded. My husband and I farmed as tenants. This has been our home ever since.

I belong to the Spanish American auxiliary, and Christian church.

I was born June 24, 1859 in Burlington county, Iowa of French and German ancestry. I was married June 14, 1880.

Children: Lewis Lahar, Yakima; Mrs. Sadie Nichols, Kennewick; Mrs. May Capps, Yakima. I have voted ever since given the opportunity.

(Interviewer's note: Hardships agreed with her it seems. She now is the caretaker at Soda Springs park, past 77 and lives by herself in a little cabin resembling the one her father built in 1871. It has a floor and roof however. Augusta Eastland, Yakima, Dec 00 July 21, 1936.)

Supplementary :

At first we had a ranch near the mouth of the Little Klickitat. Father raised hogs, butchered them and shipped the meat from Lyle to the Dalles by boat. In 1871 we came to the Yakima valley, driving the stock and bringing the household equipment in a wagon.

Father built a very small one-room log cabin on our homestead west of Yakima City. The cabin had a dirt floor and dirt roof. Our cattle ranged all over the Indian reserve, through the Naches valley and to the Priest Rapids country. No one raised crops in 1871.

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to speak of. There were no stores so we drove twice a year to The Dalles for supplies. All summer long my mother made butter and packed it in kits, keeping it in the ice house father made. In the fall she worked the butter through buttermilk, repacked it and together with all the cheese she had made, some of them 50 to 70 pounds, was hauled to The Dalles to barter for groceries, cloth and a few necessities of pioneer families.

Our cattle market was Seattle. There was only a deer trail at first over Snoqualmie pass but later it became a fair cattle trail although the cattle often fell in trying to get down the steep mountainsides. Then of course the poor beasts had to be killed.

I always rode the range with father. I was in the saddle from early spring until late fall. I had six saddle horses I broke myself and no one else ever rode them.

Father decided to put up a frame house. Logs were taken to Seward's sawmill up the Ntatum. With two teams father and I hauled the lumber for a nine room house on our ranch. Every foot of the lumber was planed by hand. The carpenter was a man named Carrile and he made every piece of furniture. It has since been altered, using the old lumber for a bungalow type.

Our house was the first house in the valley to receive a coat of paint.

When Father Grasse and Father Kerroina (copy) came in and started a church and school I attended the school and Sunday school. They brought three sisters and I was one of the first pupils. The church was over a store.

I remember when in 1885 the residents in Yakima City decided to move through the sagebrush to the place chosen by the Northern Pacific for a townsite. Most of the buildings were raised and placed on wagons.

Lahar, Frances

At first all the farms were along streams and the little farming that was done was all by sub-irrigation.

It doesn't seem possible that the valley could have changed to what it is now.

The first irrigation was just an experiment. A man named Schanno irrigated a few acres and raised wheat. From that beginning we now have a vast network of canals distributing water over thousands of acres of fertile land.

Horse Heaven-Prosser

Back in the days of the stage coach and pack train, days when the lure of gold was the magnet which drew men away from sparsely settled prairies, a young man named L.D. Lape of Crawford county, Kan. joined the throng of gold seekers in the mountains of Colorado. There he made the acquaintance of young men like himself who wanted to see the northwest part of the country, so they journeyed toward Portland in 1883.

At Pendleton they found so many idle men they concluded to go no further into Oregon and secured work in the wheat fields and worked north, finally crossing the Columbia and entering the Yakima valley.

Bands of wild horses, sleek and fat grazed in the bunch grass which waved luxuriantly on every side, as high as the horses. The young men traveled on, more and more impressed by the possibilities of success in a country which offered so much to the stock raiser or farmer.

Back in Kansas there was a girl. Young Lape knew what she had always wanted to go west. "I'll start right now to get a home ready for her," he thought. Farmers were beginning to raise wheat. Railroads were entering the country. "Here's my big opportunity," he decided.

The Horse Heaven district was selected; his filings included a homestead, a pre-emption and a timber claim. He bought enough later to make 3 1-2 sections in all of rich farming land. More money was needed to get a start. During the months when he could be spared from his ranch where there was little to do at first he took his shovel and dug wells, going as far as Pendleton.

By the spring of 1889 he was ready for his bride. Realizing her ambition of a lifetime, that of going west, Mary Reed left home in

Kansas, left her family grieving that Mary should have to go so far away. In Pendleton she met young Lape and they were married, and began their honeymoon, following the trail of the ranch to the Horse Heaven hills.

"I have never regretted it for one minute," says Mrs. Lape. "We had hardships, but arranged our lives accordingly. Nothing discouraged us. We worked hard developing the land and raising big crops of wheat. Often a storm of dust would lift the soil from one place and deposit it somewhere else, leaving a trail of dust that settled on everything in the house. But that was only a trifling incident. We weren't driven out by them as people have been in later days.

"We built a school for our children and they drove a cayuse and cart four miles. It was a good frame school with modern equipment and is still in use.

"We hauled our wheat to Prosser mills, built and operated by Mr. Heinzerling. Our wheat was the first ever milled there. We had over 40 horses to operate the ranch and had every piece of modern machinery needed for a big acreage. It was in the combine that my husband met with an accident the last day of harvest. At ten that morning his foot was crushed. The only way to get him to North Yakima which would take an hour now, was to wait for the night train from Kiona and place a cot for him in the baggage car. We arrived in North Yakima the next day at ten.

Mrs. Lape remembers it now as a dream is remembered. She wonders how she ever got through the weeks that followed. It was October then and all the wheat, a bumper crop, had to be hauled to Kiona and shipped. There were 40 hogs to be sold.

Strength was given her to perform all the tasks and look after her children and visit her husband in the hospital. She leased the ranch and moved to Prosser. By the time her husband was ready to be moved she had opened a dressmaking shop.

There was only one store in Prosser at that time. There was one rooming house, a section house and a school. Miss Cobb, now Mrs. Warnecke, was the first teacher.

When her husband came home from the hospital and found Mrs. Lape with her little shop he was very cheerfully determined to be the housekeeper. For awhile he pushed his chair around the kitchen, performing the necessary tasks. The children's shoes needed mending. He could do that so Mrs. Lape brought home leather. Neighbors found him busily and happily engaged with leather and awl and shoemaker's wax, so they brought shoes to be mended.

Soon he had all he could do. Then the idea came to some of the men that maybe he could repair harness. He could and did; he could make harness, too. Then a traveling salesman persuaded him to buy harness.

"I will need more room. I'll build," he said, so Prosser's first hotel came into being, for Mr. Lape's idea of building a shop developed into the building of a 20-room hotel, which was known as the Lape hotel and was later increased to 30 rooms. It is now known as the Prosser hotel.

There was no city water, but they had a pump with a windmill, and had the first bathroom. They wired the hotel but had no electricity. Kerosene lamps were used. They installed the first telephone, and ran a private line to the depot.

The first industry to come to Prosser Falls was the Prosser Flour Mills. The falls, known as Yakima Falls in the earlier days was the great Indian rendezvous. Here they made their big catches of salmon when the first came up the river to spawn. At one time the whites were allowed to spear fish so the Falls became a well-known spot for both races.

The first irrigation project failed when the Sunnyside project was developed, Prosser was included. There was a demand for land and

Mr. Lape opened a real estate office, having found long since that an artificial foot served him well and in no way interfered with his zest for living and accomplishment.

In its setting of green, with its park and tree-lined streets with trees along the banks of the river which flows through the town it is hard to realize that there were no trees here in the early days. Cattle kept them tramped and eaten. There was no shade for any open-air gathering of the pioneers. Above a store there was a hall where dances were given. Exercises of different kinds were held there. Sunday school and preaching were held in the school house at first.

Later, churches were built, the Methodist being the first in Prosser.

There was no easy way of traveling. People made their own amusements and enjoyed amateur or home talent. Half a century has wrought great changes but time and progress have never obliterated the memory of the achievement and success which rewarded the early efforts and struggles of those who came when the country was new, when the bunch grass waved luxuriantly, a sort of welcoming banner to the men and women in search of homes.

(Came to Washington in 1889 from Kansas. Mr. Lape came in 1882. Mr. Lape lost foot in accident, built hotel, opened harness shop then engaged in real estate business 40 years. He was the first horticultural inspector in Prosser.

"We entertained the governor who delivered the address when Benton county was organized."

The Columbia was frozen over in 1883. The construction camp was set at Ainsworth and they laid rails on ice for the work trains.

Augusta Eastland. April 21, 1936.

Lichty, Ida B

I came to the state of Washington in 1898 from ~~Tender~~ Thayer county, Nebraska.

We bought a farm and moved on to it right away. Mr. Lichty had an office in town. Mr. Lichty was devoted to the interests of Sunnyside development. He believed the soil was adapted to the growth of asparagus and worked hard to develop the industry. He started the peppermint industry and was instrumental in getting the dairy industry under way.

I was a member of the Dunkard Brethren church. It was a Christian co-operative movement which brought about the settlement of Sunnyside.

I was born September 26, 1860 in Bedford County, Pa. English ancestry and was married in 1880.

Children: Roy Lichty, San Diego, three children.

Guy Lichty, San Diego, three children; Real (?) Lichty, Sunnyside, three children; John Max Lichty, Pittsburg, Pa, three children; Mrs. Ethel Scatchard, Salinas, Calif.

I have voted since receiving the franchise.

We lived in frame houses. We brought our furniture. Railroads were in the valley, but none at Sunnyside. We followed a trail through the sagebrush from Mabton. It was a rough, dusty trail. I saw my first rattlesnake that day. There was one small store. We drove to Yakima, 38 miles in two days. It was a rough trip. The roads were terrible. Now we go in less than an hour. Indians were tame but they loved to dress up and being a tenderfoot I was frightened by them.

[Interviewer's comment-] Now a widow, Mrs. Lichty who did so much for the community died a few months ago. "A charming old lady who must have been entirely suited to be a leader in the Christian movement which brought a colony to Sunnyside.

I came to Washington territory in 1867 from Clark county, Ill.

The Platte river was high and they laced saplings to the wheels so the wagons would float. At that nearly everything was soaked.

Came in a wagon train across the plains, following the old Oregon trail.

Talk of the golden west impelled trip.

During trip one of the men who ranged too far hunting was shot full of arrows. They wrapped him in a blanket and buried him. We spent one winter in Utah because it was impossible to travel in the winter.

Father wanted free land. Went to Yakima county. Lived in a little log cabin which burned, taking all we had. Father preempted a claim and raised stock in Klickitat county.

We bought a log house of the Burgens, the first built in this valley. My aunts, Helen Richardson and Sarah taught at The Swale. Edwin Richardson had the first store in the valley. He traded his goods to Tom Johnson for a ranch at Rockland. Uncle Edwin platted the town of Goldendale. He was a surveyor, a government surveyor afterwards elected county surveyor. My brother, Jacob Richardson, also held both positions.

First school was in The Swale. Jennie Chamberlin was my first teacher. Uncle Edwin Richardson was the first Klickitat representative in the state legislature.

Longmire, Elizabeth Lotz Treat-

I was born in Bush Prairie, May 17, 1860(Thurston county)
My father, George Lotz, came to Washington from Iowa in 1851 intending to go west with his sister. His sister decided to remain in Iowa.

In the back of their wagon they packed a box of meat. My father's sister was Mrs. Conrad Sneider. Sneider attempted to remove the dog from the wagon and the dog bit his finger.

In two or three days it was badly infected. They dressed it with buttermilk. The finger became bad, he begged someone to cut it off. Father said: "If it has to be done and there is no one else to do it, I can." He had him lay his finger on a block of wood, took a chisel, struck it a quick blow with a hammer and the injured finger flew. It healed immediately and gave him no more trouble. They saw no Indians, had no particular experiences, landed in Salem in the fall. In the spring he "footed it" to Olympia where he worked at his trade as a cabinet maker. He also built houses and did other carpenter work.

In Germany he had married Katherine Estreich. He wrote to her often and had been saving money all of the time to send to her but there was not much money. In 1855 he sent for her, she landed in New York at her brother's. She came across the Isthmus, on the boat to San Francisco, four weeks on the way and came to Olympia on a lumber vessel, another four weeks. One child died on the way and was buried at sea. This was George, born after his father left Germany. With John, aged 10 and William, age 6, she landed in Olympia during the Indian war.

That winter father often stood guard. After the war they moved to Bush Prairie (South Union) Albert was born in Olympia and I was born on the ranch.

Father acted as the doctor and nurse. Before I arrived a baby

Longmire, Elizabeth Lotz Treat--2

was born to my brother's family on the plain and no doctor near. Mr. Sneider ran to father to see what to do. Father said: "Cut the cord near the body." The baby did not bleed alarmingly and lived to be strong, healthy and old.

When I was one year old (1861) our family moved to Yelm. That was the hardest winter this country has ever known. The snow was so deep and heavy that it broke the roofs. As we had insufficient feed, we turned the cattle out to shift for themselves and half of them starved.

I started to school in a log school house on what is now the McKenna road. My first teacher was George Gallagher. Later we moved back to Olympia and I finished my schooling, having as teachers Miss Ford who later married Mark Reid's father of Shelton and Mary O'Neil. I was married to Henry C. Treat when I was exactly 15 1-2 years old. We lived in Kalama, Portland and ~~Oregon~~ Oakland, Calif. We moved around considerable as my husband worked in railroad shops. We were living in Old Town, Tacoma, on August 25, 1876 when our first son, Edward Treat was born. My husband then went to Seattle and when I went to join him there the snow was six feet deep. As it melted it made mud knee deep. When I went to Seattle I had two children. I took our luggage in a big suit case and since it and the children were more than I could handle, men helped me at the hotels.

I divorced my husband in 1888 and then went to Yakima for my health. I had ~~my~~ always known David Longmire so married him in 1890 and my son, V. Longmire, was born in 1896.

Father made all our shoes. John Lotz made himself a pair of heavy boots when he was 18 or 20, made my mother's slippers, using an awl, and wooden pegs. Some of the men made their own pegs out of maple wood. Mr. Longmire did. He kept his shoe maker box, pegs, wax thread and awl near the stove. Would take several lengths of thread,

Longmire, Elizabeth Lotz Treat- 3

roll on his knee, wax it carefully to make it stiff and strong. For needle he used hog bristles from the back of the hog's neck, carefully waxed and rolled to a point. He would put this through the awl hole. Later blunt needles were used.

Spinning yarn. Wool was carefully washed and dried before the fireplace. "e put lard in a saucer, warm and would rub with a little lard, pull apart, to make it fluffy, then card it and make it into rolls. It would spin into very very fine yarn. Then I would double the yarn, using two balls and spin on the spindle making an extra good braid of yarn. We used this for knitting socks and mittens. The wool was carded into flat pieces for filling the comforter. Nothing but wool quilts and all quilted by hand, fan shaped. I never wove any cloth.

In Germany men did the weaving and sewing. Some of the neighbors did weaving, cloth called woolsey (linsey woolsey) wove into checks red and gray or green, grey and white with colors. We dyed our own yarn. Wool from some sheep was better than others. Bought calico prints and wool and alpaca.

Mother always said 'Every woman should have a black silk dress and every man a high silk hat.

Our fireplace was part logs, a kitchen was built of lumber. The rest of the house was log. " long bar ran the length of the fireplace to hang kettles over the fire. Slide along to the hottest part. For lights fish oil lamps, candle wicking in the tubes with a slot in the side to push the wick up with a pin as it went down. It would hold about one-half cup of oil. We filled the candle moulds with tallow, melted, filled it over all moulds to the top, hung them away to cool.

(Interviewer's guide.)

I was born in the state of Washington, Thurston co, 1870. My father was David Longmire who came in the first wagon train which

Longmire, Alice Lotz-(add to original- 4

passed through the Yakima valley. That was in 1853. His father James Longmire, was the leader of the train. My grandfather led them over the Cascade, killing oxen to provide ropes of hide to let the wagons down the steep mountainside.

In 1917 the Yakima Pioneer association erected a monument on my father's ranch, commemorating the immigration..

They settled in Yelm Prairie in Thurston county, my father came back to Yakima county. He homesteaded in the Wenas valley. I was about a year old when we came here from Thurston. We helped develop the land in the Wenas valley. As pioneers we organized schools and churches.

I am a member of the Christian church and was born June 11, 1870 at Yelm Prairie, Thurston county. I was married February 5, 1892. I have five children and eleven great grandchildren.

(Interviewer's note: Bright energetic woman, devoted to memory of parents. Lives with husband up the Nile valley)

Supplement:

We came to Yakima county in 1871. People lived mostly in one-room log houses, some with dirt floors. The furniture was all home made. Bedsteads were made with slats and straw ticks for mattresses. Benches and stools were used for chairs, mostly.

My father and mother had homemade chairs they brought with them, ~~from~~ they had rawhide bottoms.

The transportation was lumber wagons or horseback. To cross streams of water, if the water was too high for fording, ferry boats were used.

The clothing worn when we first came to the valley was home made. It was principally calico for the women's and children's clothes.

Longmire, Alice Lotz(2nd add to original # 5

The women carded the wool and spun the yarn and knit socks and stockings for the entire family. The sewing was done by hand.

For several years, they made all the men's shirts. And my grandmother braided straw and made the men's straw hats.

The food was quite simple. Every one had hogs to kill in the fall and cured the meat and also killed beef and had a barrel of corned beef. In the fall the men took a load of wheat to the mill and brought home flour for a year. My folks went to the Dalles once a year and brought home the green coffee by the hundred pound sack, a barrel of sugar(brown) and other things that had to be had and with potatoes that was the principal supply of food. We had no fruit except dried apples mostly and peaches, as a luxury.

We had Indian scares and were fortified up for quite a while at the time of the Perkins murder in 1878. My father, David Longmire, was among the men that helped capture some of the Indians and brought in Chief Moses. There were no schools when we first came to the county in our part of the valley.

The first school on the Wenas and Selah children attended was in Selah in 1873. It was a little log building with home made benches around the sides of the building and a few through the center.

The first teacher's name was Mr. Fleheart ?(spelling not clear) The first school in Wenas was also a log house built in 1875. To this school children came from Selah, Naches, Witanum Cowiche. The games played were ball, drop blove, blind man's buff, etc. They had the old fashioned spelling schools of evenings and almost everyone attended.

There was quite a lot of catastrophies those days, such as drownings. The people in those days were very sociable and on occasion such as the Fourth of July they would all meet and have a big picnic and basket dinner although the transportation was in big wagons and horseback. Mrs. Albert Lotz, Naches. Star route, Wash.(1936.)