

Pioneer Era. Augusta Eastland in 'old By the Pioneers, index of Unpublished Material.

Oregon immigration began in 1830, but the Yakima valley being away from the main thoroughfare, remained a wilderness. White men paddled up its streams now and then but it was still in possession of the Indians long after Dr. Whitman and his wife had paid with their lives for the privilege of being the first missionaries among the Cayuse Indians.

In 1853 the immigrant train led by James Longmire passed through Yakima valley bound for Puget Sound. The same year McClellan was in the valley with his party of engineers making a railroad survey.

Ka-mi-a-kin, the Yakima chief, had gone to Walla Walla in 1847 and asked for a Catholic priest for his tribe. Two fathers were sent the same year to establish a mission on the Ntatum. These two men were the only white men in the valley for years. They left when the mission was burned by soldiers in 1856.

For a number of years the valley was closed to white settlers. in 1859 after congress ratified the treaty made between Governor Stevens and the Indian tribes of Eastern Washington in 1855 the valley was thrown open and settlement began.

"Squaw Men" came first but not many remained. Very few of the settlers were oxteam pioneers, but were children of those sturdy home seekers who had crossed the plains in the long caravans of the forties and fifties. Always wanting more room to expand, feeling shut-in if they could see the smoke from a neighbor's chimney, many of these Oregon settlers pulled up stakes, loaded the old prairie schooner again and crossed the Columbia in search of new country.

Nearly all of these restless, crowded (copy) settlers were stock men, needing range and the Yakima valley was the ideal location. The description of the Yakima valley by Alexander Ross, the fur trader in 1814 tallies with that of the historian, A. J. Splawn, who marveled at its beauty and potential value to the settler, 50 years

later.

As early as 1859 cattlemen began driving in their cattle by the thousands to these rich pasture lands. Many of these men were connected with later history, but at first made no permanent location. Ben Snipes was among them. There were the Allens, Murphys, William Connell, William Henderson and others.

In 1859 F. Mortimer Thorp moved his family and possessions from Polk county, Oregon, into Klickitat county locating where Goldendale now stands. The town was built on part of his calf pasture.

Historians have written in glowing terms of the rugged pioneer who crossed the plains in 1844. He was a typical frontiersman, fearless, hospitable, restless, free-handed, the genuine type taking possession of the wilderness, making it a dwelling place for generations of the Thorps to come. Five generations of the Thorps have looked upon this valley and been content.

He was prominent in Klickitat affairs, being the first probate judge, but the restless spirit of the true pioneer started him out again and in 1860 he drove a herd of fine Durham cattle over to the Moxee valley. The little log-cabin he built for his herders was the first house to be erected in the valley except those by Catholic fathers and the soldiers.

In February, 1861, the first family of the Yakima valley loaded their household goods on pack horses, then father, mother and nine children set out on horseback following the trail over the Simcoe mountains where in places the snow was several feet deep, down the Satus to the Toppenish which they crossed. Over the sage brush plains they followed the trail to the Yakima river, passed through Pah-ho-te-oute (Union Gap) forded the river above the mouth of the Antanum and moved into the little log-cabin built for the two herders.

The stove had been left in the Klickitat, the furniture was crude there was but little room for eleven people, the roof and floor were

of dirt; but there was a mother who met trials and hardships and privation with a smile. Mrs. Thorp was the first white woman to make her home in the Yakima valley. Their nearest neighbors were at least 60 miles away.

A new house was soon constructed, the stove brought in the fall, also some furniture. That year they raised a garden. The Indians gave them little trouble as their first experience with Mr. Thorp taught them to be careful. The misdemeanor was horse-stealing and the punishment was made to fit the crime. A year later he met and vanquished a war party led by Smohalla, after that he was treated by the Indians with wholesome respect.

Charles Splawn helped drive Thorp's cattle to the Moxee; he had come with the Thorps from Oregon and in the fall of 1861 he and the oldest Thorp daughter, Dulcena were married at Fort Simcoe by Father Wilbur, the first marriage in Yakima valley. Their son, born in 1863 was the first white child born in the valley. He died within a year.

There were five Splawn brothers, Charles, William, George, Moses and Andrew Jr. Their father was a pioneer of Missouri and he died there in 1845. The five boys and their mother, a brave and enterprising woman of the genuine pioneer type, followed the Oregon trail in 1852, settling in Linn county, Oregon.

The youngest son, A. J. Or Jack joined his brother, Charles in the Klickitat in 1860 and in 1861 entered the Yakima valley, beginning his career as a cattleman. Through the years that followed he ranged all through the northwest taking in Montana, Idaho, Camiloops<sup>K</sup>, Cariboo and many other places.

His adventures have been preserved in his historic volume, "Ka-mi-a-kin, The Last Hero of the Yakimas." At one time he filed a squatter's right to 160 acres of land but that was no life for the roving cowboy. He sold out in 1872 to John A. Shoudy. The town founded on it by Mr. Shoudy named for his wife, Ellen, so

so Ellensburg came into being.

The hard winter of 1861-62 nearly wiped out the cattle industry, but the Thorps fought desperately and saved every horse and lost only seven of their 300 head of cattle. Everyday the men broke the snow crust so the stock could get to the feed.

The first school in the valley was held in 1862 upstairs in the new two-story Thorp log-house. The teacher was Mrs. Albert Haines, who came with her husband and daughter that year to the Moxee. Her daughter and the Thorps were the scholars.

In 1861 Albert Hensen, neighbor of the Thorps in the Klickitat loaded a pack team with a supply of miner's ~~food~~ equipment and driving a few cows set out with his family to trade with the miners in the Wenatchee valley. Finding that the gold seekers had moved on, Hensen turned back, sold out to the Indians and visited his old neighbor, Thorp. In 1864 he came back and settled near Thorp.

In 1863 William Parker and John Allen drove in a large band of cattle and located in Parker bottom. Parker derives its name from this Pioneer.

Gilbert Pell settled near the mouth of the Satus in 1863. The first settler on the Ahtanum, Andrew Gervais, came in 1864, remaining to become a prominent and honored citizen. Another prominent man, Nathan Olney, the second settler in the Ahtanum, arrived with his Indian wife and children the same year. Nathan Olney crossed the plains in 1843.

The oldest house now standing in the valley was built by J.P. Mattoon in 1864. It is a two-story room log structure with dirt roof. The fireplace is of sandstone. The logs of this pioneer cabin are in perfect state, the dirk chunking still in evident. (Copy) Mr. Mattoon's parents, Abel and Sarah Mattoon, moved from New York to Ohio in an early day. John Mattoon was born in Lucas County, Ohio, Dec. 20, 1834 and came with his family across the plains the year of the Whitman massacre.

J.B. Nelson and family came into the valley in 1864, finally locating in the Naches, the first settler there.

In 1865 Augustan Cleman made the first location in the Wenatchee valley, later acquired by David Longmire, whose father led the first wagon train through the valley in 1853. Mr. Cleman brought the first sheep into the valley.

The first store was started by Egbert French and his Indian wife. It was in Parker bottom and is still standing.

The Goodwins came in 1865, leading an emigrant train and unusual sight. Those people nearly all settled in the valley. Samuel Chappelle, Tanners, Allens and dozens of others who laid foundations in the valley. Nearly all of them settled along the streams thus affording irrigation for their gardens and small wheat fields.

In 1869 the Barker Brothers established a store at the place which became known as Yakima City. Another store was opened by George Goodwin in 1870. The Schannos took up claims and established another store.

On January 12, 1863 the legislature passed an act creating the county of Ferguson. The officials appointed never qualified. Two years later the act was repealed and Yakima county was created. Still there was no organization, but in 1867 Governor Moore named the officials and insisted that they act.

Irrigation was started, or continued, rather, as Ka-mi-akkin had dug the very first ditch in 1847 to water his garden. The Goodwins raised a small crop of wheat in 1866. Under a cooperative system several men brought water from the Naches. That was the beginning of the Union Canal. In 1870 the Schannos dug a canal 18 miles in length, 8 feet wide and 18 inches deep.

Settlement increased rapidly beginning with 1870; stock raising was the leading industry until the severe winter of 1881-1882 when so many herds perished.

Irrigation was opened opening the way to wealth; the railroad was

getting nearer and nearer. Yakima valley has steadily progressed and is now recognized as one of the most productive regions of the state.

Father Wilbur assisted in establishing the first Sunday school in the valley in 1869. It was in the home of William Dland, a Methodist and his wife, Sarah. The little log-cabin has long since been torn down but the influence of that little school on the Ahtanum can scarcely be estimated.

In 1870 Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Tanner and their daughter, Alice, came from Forest Grove, Oregon, to the Ahtanum. The Tanners had crossed the plains in the forties. Alice brought with her a melodeon which was the first in the valley. The children of the Sunday school which met in the Tanner home were delighted with it. This melodeon is still in the possession of descendants of the Tanner family.

In 1873 the Ahtanum Congregational church grew out of this little Sunday school. A school house was built and both church and Sunday school met there. In 1884 the Ahtanum church was built. Woodcock academy was founded through the influence of this church.

The Congregational church of Union Gap grew into the First Congregational church of Yakima as it was started in 1879 and moved in 1885.

In November 1875 Sisters of Providence opened a school at Yakima City. Sister Blandina of the Angels was appointed superior and Sisters Dorothea and Mary Melanie were her companions. They came from Vancouver via Portland to The Dalles. They ferried over to Grand Dalles, taking the stage to Goldendale. At Centerville, ten miles from Goldendale, they stopped at the home of John Kenny, a religious man who had fitted up one room in his house as a chapel where the clergy held mass and the sacrament was administered.

Mr. Kenny insisted that he bring the three sisters to their destination. The conveyance was a heavy wagon, drawn by four horses and it took four days to make the trip.

During the first year of their school, none pupils were enrolled. (Copy) From this first school St Joseph's academy had grown to its

present size.

The first county superintendent of schools, George W. Parrish, made the following entry in his record book: "I was appointed school superintendent by the county commissioners the first Monday in February, 1868. I had not predecessor, consequently no records nor precedent in the county by which to act. "

The annual report of the superintendent of 1868 was as follows: The county was divided into six districts, five of which have organized and reported, the number of scholars is 116. School funds in the treasury are \$477.86. There are no school houses or libraries but it is hoped there will be."

The first flag in the valley was used in a Fourth of July celebration in 1872. It was made of silk ribbons and had 38 states. The ribbon was furnished by George Goodwin, pioneer merchant who had a general store in Yakima City. He was the son of Dr. Goodwin, the very first doctor to settle in the Yakima valley. Mrs. Ruth Lewis made the flag.

A notable gathering took place June 30, 1918 at the farm of Wallace Wiley near Lampico. The place is known as Kam-ia-kin's gardens and thousands of people, whites and Indians, gathered to honor the chief whose early agricultural enterprise brought the first irrigation ditch into the valley.

With imposing ceremonies an iron post was driven to commemorate this ditch. Addresses were made by Gen. Hazard Stevens, Prof. E.S. Meany of the state university and a number of local residents, among them Wallace Wiley.

The old Catholic mission on the Ahtsnum ranks first in historical associations in the valley. The little adobe hut first erected there was the abode of the first white men to establish residence in the valley. No tract remains of that humble shrine, where religious instruction was first given the savages. The church erected later by

Jesuits marks the spot of the first mission.

In the shade of locust and black willow, stands the little log cabin where the three priests lived. The church is a few feet farther on. It was built of huge pine logs, excellently preserved. The pulpit the choir loft, reached by a ladder, offer mute evidence of the zealous untiring efforts of those early-day missionaries.

Through their old garden, past the buildings, can be seen their ditch. It is said that they started the apple industry in the Yakima valley. Some of the trees are standing not far from the church.

Along the highway in front of the mission, a granite monument was erected as a memorial.

St Josep 's Mission. Founded Oct. 1847.

By Oblate fathers Richard, <sup>??</sup>hirouse, Pandosy and Blanchett.

Burned 1855. Re.built by Fr. SST. Onge 1867.

Memorial by Yakima Pioneer association, July 1, 1923.

No. 5 "Westward the Course of Empire. Augusta Eastland. From  
Told by the Pioneers. Index. Unpublished material.

The first step in the building of the West as we see it today  
was taken by their heroic and persevering men and women, who, severing  
all ties, turned their eyes to far western horizons and never  
looked back.

We reap where they sowed. We ride luxuriously over the old wagon  
trails, our eyes beholding the waving grain, the fruitful trees, the  
cattle on a thousand hills, "Linking ocean with ocean, they pushed  
the boundaries of civilization ever westward.

Traders and trappers, missionaries, soldiers, miners, all came,  
tarried awhile, then, their mission accomplished, departed for new  
fields of adventure, service or wealth, each according to his  
desire. Only a handful remained to take root. The true settler came  
with his wife and children, his household goods, his rifle and his  
plow.

Many of these first immigrants left a country where vacant land  
surrounded them, where corn and other grains grew in abundance. One  
of the women wrote in her diary. "The western part of Iowa territory  
contained no white inhabitants. Dotted over the prairies we saw only  
the wigwams of the Indians. There was an abundance of wild fowl."

They turned their backs on comfort and plenty. They exchanged the  
known for the unknown, civilization for the wilderness. Why?

Have you ever saw under the spell of a traveler returned from  
lands afar; listened enthralled to his tales of adventure, his  
glowing descriptions?

Let us turn back the pages of history one hundred years. The  
outposts of civilization had reached the lands on the western shores  
of the Mississippi river. The Missouri was being navigated far into  
the wilds.

Down its muddy current swept fur-laden argosies, bearing the wealth

of forest and stream.

Just as Homer held his listeners spellbound with tales of life beyond the borders of their narrow confines above the Aegean Sea, so those returning voyageurs thrilled the frontier dwellers of a century ago.

Beside their glowing fires during long winter evenings, busy with interminable tasks so symbolic of frontier life, these sturdy sons and daughters of other pioneers discussed the marvelous tales which reached them from Oregon. Neighbor conferred with neighbor, interest and enthusiasm grew until they reached the highest pitch.

It was not so much expansion of territory which they craved. Rather they sought new experiences and greater opportunities in a land where climate, scenery and productive ease lured them on. The opening of a new empire made its profound and everlasting appeal. The green hills of Oregon beckoned. Small wonder that the West was conquered when the vanguard of its civilization was composed of such zealous, courageous determined men and women, the ox-team pioneers.

The idea of colonizing Oregon originated in 1815 with Hall J. Kelley, a Harvard graduate. His idea was more Utopian than practical. He tried to enlist Congress in his plans; failing in this he organized a company and in 1828 was ready to blaze a trail to settlement in Oregon.

Fearing an end to the prosperous fur industry, the traders vigorously opposed the plan. Kelley, like Christopher Columbus, disappointed yet determined to succeed, abandoned his first plan, changing his route from the trails across the plains to more roundabout way.

In 1832 a small party in command of Kelley set out through Mexico and California with Oregon as their destination. They met Ewing Young, a more practical man than Kelley. He decided to throw in his lot with these adventurous spirits so the dreamer and the shrewd Yankee led the little company toward the great river of the

Northwest.

Many disasters overtook them; their ranks were reduced, but eleven men arrived in the Columbia valley. His health affected by all these hardships, Kelley was unable to participate in the success which crowned their efforts. He went to Ft Vancouver where he was kindly treated by Dr. McLoughlin.

Seeing the wonderful possibilities the country offered to the stockman, young established himself in the Chehalem valley. He led a party to California in 1837, returning with 700 cattle. Other members of the party settled in Oregon but Kelley returned to New England, taking another roundabout route by way of the Sandwich Islands. His tales of the country west of the Rocky mountains fired the ambitious home seeker. Kelley's name belongs with those of the great leaders; his untiring zeal opened the way for the great westward movement which was to begin a few years later.

"Two-stepping, single-footing, hard-boiled and easy shooting,

Out come they came from Liberty, out across the plains, whips cracking, oaths snapping....

Hear these banjos wail-----

Emigrating westward on the Oregon trail."

Different enterprises were on foot during the next few years, each one contributing in a small measure to Oregon settlement. The Hudson's Bay Fur Company made it difficult for American settlers to secure a foothold. No less determined than their forebearers who raised the stars and stripes over all the land east of the Mississippi, from New Orleans to the Great Lakes, this handful of bold determined red-blooded home seekers defied the British lion.

At Ft. Vancouver, Dr. McLoughlin, though refusing their requests, was forced to admire their independence. Asking two of them one day for their passports, he was hardly prepared for the answer which was given

with hands on their rifles, "These are our passports."

Dr. McLoughlin was an American at heart, even then; later he became a true American,

In 1843 the Provisional Government was instituted, but the covered wagons were already entering Oregon territory to:

"Free land in Oregon

Though the prairie gale,

"migrating westward on the  
Free land trail.

The first emigrant train to pass through Yakima country was bound for Puget Sound in 1853. One of the leaders was James Longmire, whose son, David, then a boy of 9(?) later settled in the Wenatchee valley. Much valuable information was imparted to ~~Dodd~~ earlier historians by Mr. Longmire concerning that historic immigration.

Mention is also made in Ezra Meeker's "Pioneer Reminiscences" which contains a letter written by George H. Himes, a member of the party who was ten years old at the time of the immigration. Every word of this letter which was written 52 years later, should be read in order to fully appreciate the spirit of western immigration, an epoch of American history never to be repeated, never equalled in heroism and self-sacrifice.

In the Washington Historical Quarterly of January 1917, there is an account of this immigration including the names of the members of the party. There were two sections of the train, one of 146 persons with 36 wagons, the other 39 persons.

In the Grande Ronde valley of Eastern Oregon, they had met Nelson Sargent who had journeyed from Puget Sound to meet his father. He spoke in such glowing terms of that marvelous country that nearly all of the party decided to follow him across the Cascades through the Yakima valley. He had heard that a wagon road had been constructed through the Naches pass so as to induce settlers to come that way.

They were to find that the report had no foundation, that the road had to be constructed foot by foot. They were to find the last lap of their journey more perilous and heart-breaking than any part of the long trail. But they met this stupendous difficulty with the same iron determination which had characterized every step of the way.

At the present site of Pendleton, Oregon, the party turned north. They reached old Fort "alla "alla nea now Wallula, on the Columbia. Not finding a boat, they made one by whipsawing driftwood and ferried their wagons across, hiring Indians to swing their stock. They were then entirely off the beaten trail and gravely conscious of the fact.

They reached the mouth of the Yakima where the old chief, Peo-peo-mox-mox killed a fat beef for them. Peo-peo -mox-mox was the same Indian who fifty years before had helped Ka-mi-a-kin and his mother when they fled from the Nez Perce back to the land of her people.

The chief's brother was hired for guide and the long train rolled up the east bank of the Yakima, followed by hundreds of Indians. Never before had they seen a wagon. Wa-tum-nah had prophesized "that white men will come with canoes on wheels drawn by buffaloes."

By the time they had traveled ten miles they had crossed the river eight times. At the second crossing they buried one of the party, a man named McCullough who left his widow and two children, the youngest having been born on the trail. His was the only death along the whole route.

At the Horn, a place where the Yakima river makes a sharp bend at the point of a mountain they turned north and camped at a place later known as the E.F. Benson ranch, just below the Rattlesnake spring, later to become the scene of the horrible tragedy of 1878. It was a desolate region. It is today. There are miles and miles of sage brush inhabited only by coyotes and rattlesnakes.

Eagles sail far up in the blue just as on the day when Ki-ki-yah rode the sorrel horse in the race and crossed the Columbia to escape his pursuers.

The Indian guide, seeing their bewilderment in this strange land, marked two trails on paper. One led north, the other west. He dotted the end of each trail for soldiers and made dots along the way for camps. There were fewer camps along the northern trail so they traveled north until they came to the long line of white bluffs where the town of White Bluffs now stands. They decided against the perpendicular heights and returned to their camp at Rattlesnake Spring. There they turned west to the present Cold Creek, now the alfalfa district and dotted with artesian wells. They crossed over to Selah through sagebrush often high as the covered wagons. At times they had to cut their way through. At Selah they crossed the river. There they saw the first white man, a Catholic priest. They followed Wenas creek for awhile, crossed the Naches river and on up the valley, crossing the river 68 times.

At the summit they rested before performing the feat which two weeks before arrival of this brave and hardy band, Lieut. George B. McClellan a West Point man and an engineer, had declared impossible. With money and men at his command he took not one step in behalf of these homeseekers, weary and worn after many months of hardship on the trail.

But they were equal to it, even killing oxen to get hides to make ropes to lower the wagons down the perpendicular mountain sides. They made log bridges, forded rivers, crossed foot-hills, trudged on through mud, cold and hungry, ready to drop from weariness.

The incident of that perilous descent here related in full is taken from Ezra Meeker's "Pioneer Reminiscences." (Excerpt covers page and one-half.)

This immigration of 1853 which is one of the outstanding events in the history of the Yakima valley is commemorated by a granite monument erected by the Yakima Pioneer association. It commands a view of the beautiful Wenatchee valley and is inscribed as follows:

Chief Owhi's Gardens. First Emigrant Train, Sept. 20, 1853 .  
McClellan's headquarters. Yakima Pioneer Association. Sept. 20, 1917.

Sharing honors in this inscription is the important survey which was being made under command of George B. McClellan, afterwards commander in chief of the army of the Potomac.

In 1853 Isaac Stevens was appointed governor for Washington Territory. Being politically ambitious, a man of ability and power, he at once made plans for settlement of the vast territory. "Two things are necessary," he declared. "We must build a railroad and make treaties with the Indians."

Demonstrating his usual energy without waiting until he had looked over the field a little, he started westward with his party of engineers, exploring the route from the Mississippi and making treaties along the way.

He sent Lieut. McClellan by way of Panama to begin exploration from the coast. In later years the whole course then outlined became the Northern Pacific route.

Associated with the year 1853 is the remarkable trip on horseback made by Theodore Winthrop, an officer in the U.S. army, later losing his life in the Civil War.....

Six years had passed since the Whitman massacre. A crisis was fast approaching and the Yakima valley was destined to become the scene of many tragedies. The prophecy of Wa-tum-nah was about to be fulfilled, when the son of Ki-Ki-yah and Ka-e-mox-ninth would lead the Yakimas in their last stand against the whites.

From Pony Express to Fleet of Trucks: Wyers Bridges, the Gap. White Salmon served by same man for forty years. By Gertrude Wyers as told to Charles Perrine. From, Told by Pioneers index, unpublished material.

By July of 1934 when the mail routes are once more bid upon and contracted from the government, Teunis Wyers, Jr., my father, will have carried the mail from the town of White Salmon to the outlying districts for forty years. That is a long time to faithfully serve Uncle Sam, regardless of wind or weather, man or beast.

The schedule includes as it did then and has for years, Husum, Trout Lake, Glenwood and Snoden. This covers particularly the whole of the White Salmon valley which begins at the Columbia river and extends gradually northward to the base of the snow capped Mt. Adams.

You have doubtless been thrilled before by the tales of the heroes of the Pony Express, how they rode fearlessly and alone to bring mail to its appointed destination. This enterprise had its beginning in such a fashion. In 1894 when Teunis Wyers was but a lad of eighteen years, he carried the mail on horseback from White Salmon to the town of Glenwood, a distance of thirty-five miles, three times a week. And, it is said that he never missed a day.

The whole of his equipment then was three cayuses. One he secured for breaking two wild colts, one he traded a pig for and the third he purchased for eight dollars.

Soon the valley began to shed its frontier aspect. Others had learned of the fertile soil and likewise came west, to try their fortune in apples, lumbering and stock raising. My father soon had to discard his lone steed and substitute a buckboard rig for about four or five months during the summer and the hack with two horses and sleds during the fall and winter, in 1902. Incidentally in that same year of 1902 he married Olga Lauterback, who is still beside him.

This new arrangement in transportation was a saving in time as well as an improvement in equipment, giving rise to a daily service of goods. These light rigs swung easily over the ribbon of road and the horses knowing well their work need, needed only the crack of a whip or a word of encouragement to keep them going. Under such circumstances I wouldn't wonder that many a passenger thought his day had come.

Always abreast, perhaps a bit ahead of the times, father next thought it wise to inaugurate the use of thorough brace stages, often known as the Rockaway coaches, drawn by four horses. For delivery of very heavy freight six horse teams were necessary. These old coaches which have since become romantically pictured to us were sold later to movie people for use in western holdup scenes and rodeos.

By 1910-12 the climax had been reached. During these years my father had as high as a hundred head of horses in the harness for mail and livery purposes. He always bought wild horses, broke them on the stage lines and often sold them again when tamed for others often making a sizeable profit for his efforts. Besides improving his business he enjoyed matching teams and mating wild steeds he secured here and there. This does not mean, however, that he never used horses again, even today it is often a necessary measure.

Shortly before the war, with the arrival of motor-propelled cars, father found that improved roads and the increased mail and freight required the use of a Ford. But poor Ford didn't last long either for it wasn't long until the business expanded again, requiring the use of heavier trucks and delivery wagons. Up and up stocked equipment. By about 1926-27 father operated five big regular stages, a half dozen delivery wagons and extras for use in case of a breakdown and four school busses.

When heavy snows fell, a common occurrence in these mountainous regions, the motor vehicle became useless. The mail goes on regardless

To insure the safety of his cargo, father has kept his horses and distributes them on his various routes, making sure there are plenty at both ends of the route and at the half way points. He owns a beautiful ranch at Gilmer Flat, located midway between White Salmon and Unionwood, for example and here the driver stops is met by a driver from the opposite end of the route, changes horses, reloads his cargo and returns to his starting point.

This entails the employment of a host of efficient men who are capable of coping with such emergencies and a loyal lot they are. He has among his crew men who have served him for twenty-five years.

Consider what a difference these changes have made to the farmer living within the road area father serves. Years ago that farmer would write to a Portland firm, the nearest large city for a needed article. From Portland it would be sent up the Columbia river by boat to White Salmon, a long, slow process. Here it would be picked up and carried out to his farm.

In the days of service three times a week consider how long it would be from the time he wrote for the material and the time it finally reached him. Now, if the farmer's wife needs a new dress to wear to a dance, she may telephone the White Salmon shop, which may in turn telephone to a Portland firm for the wanted dress. Shipment is made by train to White Salmon, the North bank branch of the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway was put through south western Washington only twenty five years ago, and father will see that it is delivered by state that afternoon.

Though father has adopted motor equipment he still loves to ride a saddle horse and every now and then gives it a work out. Father's one outstanding characteristic is a huge hat he wears, one of those ten gallon hats identified with the west. Even

when he went abroad with his brother, John, to visit his birthplace, Holland, he refused to wear any other head-gear, saying he intended to be himself wherever he went.

Of course he can spin many a yarn about his experiences covering the country on horseback. "To some old-timer friend he need only say? Do you remember the time," and there they go. It is by no means an over statement of the fact to say that he knows the life history of every man, woman and child in the valley, for he is an old-timer himself.

## The Grey Stallion..Augusta Eastland.

From Told by Pioneers, index of unused material.

Smoking his pipe, an old man dreamed in his easy chair. Above his head bees hum drowsily among the locust blossoms. Past his door roll heavy trucks laden with produce from fertile farms in the Columbia valley. Trains thunder across the bridge which spans the mighty river.

The old man sees naught but grazing lands stretching away to far horizons where bands of cattle and horses roam at will, hears only the murmur of the wind in the waving bunch grass.

"Back in the hills," he said, tapping his pipe against the chair leg, "there's where a few ranch houses miles apart; down here there wasn't a fence nor a tree. Every spring we had a big roundup all over the country. Before the railroads came there were big drives of cattle and horses--sometimes to the coast or to British Columbia.

"Horses were driven as far east as St Louis in bands of a thousand or more. We had some mighty good riders in those days, and some horses that no rider could break. No rodeo can compare with everyday life on the range when this country was new; horses bucking, riders whooping like Indians; roping, throwing; but the spring round-up was the real test of horsemanship.

"The big corral where we held the horses until they were shipped down the river on the north side, about halfway between Wallula and Umatilla.

"One spring a rider we'll call 'Joe' " said the old man, his eyes twinkling, was out one day and saw a small band of horses feeding about half a mile distant on a little rise not far from the Columbia river. Joe followed a little draw at the foot of the slope and circled around back of the band. He had covered probably two-thirds of the distance when the horse nearest him suddenly threw