

Dr. G.B. Kuykendall, mscpt.

social Amenities (at Fort Simcoe)

(At fort 1872-1882)

When we went to Fort Simcoe we felt as if we had gotten almost outside of the world. Goldendale was the nearest town between up and the Dalles, it was 45 miles away and there were high mountains impassable ~~and~~ in winter time between. Yakima City was then the only town in the Yakima Valley, it was called at that time "Stomach Bitters" owing to the prevalence of whisky drinking. Ellensburg was a name situated amid sage brush and sand dunes, about the most desert looking place outside the center of the desert of Sahara, was 80 miles away and Walla Walla was 110. There were but few settlers in all the wide range of country. It was distinctly and decidedly an Indian country, that, that many said should have been left in the hands of the Indians, as it would never be anything anyhow. There were here and there scattering over the country a rancher or cattle raiser, living in loneliness, raising stock. The nearest railroad to us was at Portland, save the little Portage road at the Cascades.

There were broad stretches of sage and no timber except slight fringes of cottonwood and willow along the streams, or in the mountains where there was fir and pine. This was the general character of the country, all up and down the Yakima valley, and up the Columbia to the Priests Rapids and beyond.

When we stopped to think of it, we were or seemed to be, clear outside the pale of civilization and sometimes we wondered whether we should ever get out into the "white settlements again.

We found however, a very intelligent refined, social lot of people at the fort, who had been selected, all of them, for their efficiency and morals and with reference to their influence as instructors and Missionaries. We were bound together by the ties of a mutual effort all in one direction, for one object. All of us were away from home, all in a new and strange land, whatever dangers or vicissitudes came to

one happened to all.

We naturally became very well acquainted, very friendly. I do not remember of any personal quarrels or difficulties during the time we were there, ten years. There was a remarkable freedom from friction and we were a model little community. We found it easy to fraternize and be social. Among the lot there were quite a number of good singers and some who played on instruments and most were fond of singing.

There were no temptations to spend money foolishly, and but surprising few amusements aside from what we could get up ourselves, and it surprising too how many amusements people placed in such circumstances can invent. We had many evenings of music, singing being a favorite pastime that helped make the time go, and gave pleasure.

Our agent, Mr. Wilbur was a large hearted, genial man and while he was a strict disciplinarian, he was at the same time a man of marked geniality, and met with us at the social gatherings, and often threw open his own house for such meetings and entered into the pleasures of the evening with as much zest as any of those present. He was a good conversationalist and the many operations being carried on at the mills, farms, shops and in the schools, and back in the timber south of the fort and the work in the gardens, brought all into contact with a great many Indians, in the agency employ, and this caused many amusing and interesting things to happen, and there was sure to be an account of ~~these~~ these when we got together in the social gatherings. That some of the experiences were of a very amusing character, may well be imagined.

Not infrequently some one or two of the better educated of the Indians with their wives were invited to be present for the aim was to get the Indians used to polite society as much as possible. With all of our monotony there was a good deal of variety, and often spicy variety.

On Sunday there was always Sunday school and church to attend, and all were encouraged to go and every one could have a chance to take some part. We found there was no place for idleness and no excuse for being lonesome or of suffering from ennui. There was work or employment for all, and all the time. The Sunday school was a good field for almost any employe. In teaching the Indians, striking and novel methods had to be ~~used~~ introduced, in order to rivet attention, and also to make the instruction plain and easy to comprehend.

Most of the employes made it a practice to go to church and Sunday school and did what they could to help make it a success.

The Indian children were particularly fond of singing and took great delight in it. They sang with more freedom and with less restraint and embarrassment than do the whites, and were remarkably quick to catch tunes. Every day almost, we heard tiny little Indian tots, boys and girls singing to themselves the songs they had learned in school and Sunday school. Their people fitted Indian words to many of the church and Sunday school tunes, and it was really interesting to hear the Indians sing these songs in ~~the~~ their native language. It fell my lot to draw charts and pictures to illustrate the lessons and to give talks about them. Not only the children, but the older Indians were greatly interested in these, for while a chart ~~could~~ could be explained to them, and in this ... while these Indians could not read, they could understand a picture and a chart could be explained to them, and in this way we succeeded in conveying to them a great many lessons, and this made them more friendly to the work of ~~and~~ instruction of the children.

During the summer time, the employes at the post helped to keep up two Sunday schools, one at the "mool mool" as the Indians called the fort and the Stwire church. The ~~St~~ Stwire church was about 6 miles away, where the town of White Swan now is. The School at the Fort was ~~at~~ at 10 o'clock in the morning, and that at the Stwire church was held in the afternoon, at two o'clock. There were nearly always a lot

of horses and mules at the agency barns, and these were at the service of any and all who wanted to go to the churches or to Sunday school. When the weather was fine, which was most of the year, it was a fine outing to hitch up a team and drive to one of the churches. There was always something animating in the going, for often there several wagons or hacks, and one was sure to meet or pass a lot of Indians on the road (sic). Often we would fall in with Indian people who would have some interesting news to tell about what was happening or had happened somewhere on the reservation among them. When an Indian goes to church he generally puts on his best clothes, and not unfrequently all of his clothes.

I have seen a man with four shirts and three pair of pants on, in summer weather. We often met very amusing and grotesque styles among the Indians with combinations that would startle a Parisian modiste.

Ribbons, gewgaws, flaring, flaming, strong contrasting colors, brought together in relations outraging all ideas of harmony, were common. Deep red, bright yellow, bright green, deep pink, take the Indian eye and when they go to church or public place, they put on quite as much as their white friends... and we found it was no very unusual thing to see an old Indian fanning himself in church with the tail of his shirt...

I may say that one of the disagreeables of going to the Indian church in summer time was swarms of flies that went to church with the Indians or arrived contemporaneously. Of all the insistent, persistent insects on earth... the Indian flies or buffalo gnats take the palm...

... There was reading of the Bible, singing, prayers, preaching and interpreting the sermon or talk to the people. Indians were usually good hearers and pay strict attention to what is said. Sometimes an old fellow or a little chubb child would go to sleep, just like his white brother. The singing in an Indian meeting was always interesting and especially when they used their own songs, or words that had to be interpreted into their own language.

"t the Indian meetings all the Indians who prayed did so in their own language. After the sermon or talk the Indians generally were invited to say something.

The Christian Indians spoke of their experiences much the same as the whites. Mostly they expressed gladness that they had been brought to see the light and a determination to remain steadfast. I think I never heard more apparently sincere talks and earnest expression of determination to live good lives, than among these good ignorant Indians. No one could doubt their sincerity, as they told with eyes filled with tears or with countenances beaming with pleasure, of their ~~gladness~~ gladness that they had become Christians, and said they were determined to follow the light," and "walk in the straight roads." When we say that these people, children in understanding, were actually living as best they could according to their light, we felt that effort to put forth in their behalf was perhaps not altogether lost.

Beside the Sunday services and various pastimes we had the regular holidays, which were kept regularly and we enjoyed these things all the more because the Indians made so much of them and appeared to take pleasure in them. Christmas and the Fourth of July were big days, all the preparations for these occasions were entered with great zest by them. We knew how little there was in the home life of the young Indians that was bright and cheerful, and it made us feel all the more ~~good~~ glad when on holidays gave them a taste of what civilization had to offer in the way of pleasure. ... (Three pages, rambling, Fourth of July.)

There was usually a camp meeting every summer and this was a great occasion for the Indians. The meetings were usually held at the fort, in the oak grove just below the buildings. .. People came from the Klickitat valley around Goldendale, from the white settlements along the Yakima and "NO Atahnum, so that when all were gathered in there was a most interesting collection of people. Before the appointed time ministers

Before the appointed time ministers from outside were invited in, and sometimes we had distinguished speakers from Portland and other distant cities.

..The agent killed beeves, issued flour salt and other supplies so that the physical wants of the Indians were looked after and they were put in the best possible mood for giving heed to the preaching and instructions given them. The arrangement of the camp ground seats and preacher's stand were not much different from what was common at the camp meetings of the whites in the western states some years ago.

...We have judged all Indians by the worst of them, and they judged all whites by the very worst and lowest among our people because they came most in contact with that kind. They saw us all as robbers, interlopers, taking their lands and driving them before us, taking their homes and desecrating the graves of their fathers.

We regarded them all as cutthroats and thirsting for blood.

The American people knew nothing of the domestic life of the Indians, of what they were at their homes, of their way of talking and acting, and of their deep feeling for their families, and of their love for their native land. Our whole management of the Indians has been a great reprehensible piece of mismanagement and bungling with too much dishonesty to permit our dealings to bear the light of investigation.

We had on the reservation two regular Indian preachers, George Waters and Thomas Pearne. These were converts under the teachings and preachings of the agent, Rev. J.H. Wilbur. Mr. Waters was named after some white man, I do not remember how or while the other was named for Rev. Thomas Pearne, who was at one time the editor of the Pacific Christian Advocate and was a pioneer Oregon preacher and a very eloquent man. There were some who preached or talked to the people at times, besides them. The head chief of the Yakimas, Joe Stwire, sometimes preached and talked to the Indians.

in the capacity of ~~preacher~~^{the} minister. At the Indian camp meetings there was no organ to lead the music, but there was no lack of song, and there was no hesitancy about starting the music, and when started, the Indians sang all of them nearly. Not all the Indians, or many of the old ones could sing the English words, but all hummed the tune in such way as to make the volume of sound ^{seem} ~~even~~ as ~~it was as if~~ all were using the words and singing lustily. Sometimes there were two interpreters, when there people of a different language or dialect present (sic) and there was always one interpreter to translated what was said to the ~~1000~~ Indians.

...The Indian understands confession to mean confessing to his fellow man. He would scorn at the idea of confessing to God. He often preached what he was going to talk about by saying "God knows my heart," and hence he thought that confessing to God would be a work of supererogation, as God already knew and needed no telling of his sins and misdoings. He was often impelled to confess to his fellows and more than once I have heard them confess to what would be actual crime, or to great wrongs done their fellow men.

When an Indian determines fully to be a Christian he is likely to be frank and go the whole length of baring all his misdoings.

Another things that characterized their meetings was that those who were not Christians would get up and criticize the conduct and lives of those that made a profession. I remember one Sunday when present at an Indian meeting there was a man there who was a herder for the Indians stock. The Indians called him Jim Swillh, while the whites knew him as Jim Swail. After a number of the Indians had gotten up and spoken Jim arose and made his talk. He said, "Some dese here fellahs dat comes to de church here and talks is no good. Dey drink whisky, dey run horses on Sunday, dey gamble, dey steal someboddy's wife. All dem things makes a bad taste on my heart."

Dr. G.B. Kuykendall

Fort Simcoe Recollections

Joe Stwire and the Building of the Stwire Church

While we were at Fort Simcoe Joe Stwire was the head chief, heard about the election that placed in in his position.

It was agreed that the chief should be elected, and that whoever received the most votes should be head chief of all the Indians at the agency. This was certainly teaching the Indians to be like the white in allowing the majority to rule.

Mr. Wilbur and his wife were very anxious to see Joe Stwire elected, as he was a very reliable man, had great natural ability and was favorable to the measures being used to civilize and educate the Indians. The agent knew it was very important to have such a person as head chief among the Indian people. In order to aid in securing the election of Joe, Mrs. Wilbur evolved a very ingenious scheme that seemed likely to help to help in the accomplishment of this end. It was determined to vote with ballots made of small pieces of red and white ribbon. The Indians not being able to read, it would not have been possible to use printed tickets without having some other means of telling who they were voting for, other than the printed names. So a color scheme was chosen. The red ribbon was to be votes for Joe Stwire, and the white for his competing chieftan. It was fairly explained, however, that the white ribbons were for one candidate, and the red ones for the other, and that all voters should choose accordingly. A table was placed in a convenient place, with receptacles for the tickets, and also in which the votes were to be deposited, a sort of ballot box or something answering the purpose. The Indians were to pass up to the table, one by one, take a ticket, red or white and deposit into the designated receptacle his ticket and pass on to be followed by others. There is no doubt but that the Indian liking for the red color had much to do with many in their voting, for when the votes were counted it was found that Joe Stwire had carried by a large majority.

the red had won. I have thought that the color scheme , in some other form, is often worked on the unsuspecting voter, and that perhaps often when he imagines he is voting his own choice, he is but little more than a puppet in the hands of political schemers who are using him to rake the chestnuts for themselves . In this case however, there is no doubt but the plan used ~~on~~ was not only successful in results but was for the good of all concerned. Happy would have it be if those who manipulate the ropes should always have the good of the whole people at heart as fully as was the case in this instance .

Joe Stwire was a large portly Indian with a stately bearing . He had large jaws, black piercing eye and a large head and face that bespoke natural intelligence and force of ~~character~~ character. In his early life he had been like many of his race, addicted to the use of "lum" or fire water, and the amount he consumed in those days was limited by his ability for getting it. According to his account of his previous life, as often ~~related~~ related by him in public, he was a bad Indian. Under the influence of the teaching of Christian missionaries, particularly those of agent Wilbur, he had given up his drinking and gambling and wild life and habits and had become a model of sobriety and honesty. He at that time neither drank ~~or~~ intoxicants nor permitted drinking about him. No man was more severe upon offenders in this line than he, and I know of numerous instances when he visited prompt punishment upon them. If Indians either young or old were caught drinking, or were found drunken, Joe Stwire did his best to land them promptly in the skookum house, the Indian name for jail.

Joe Stwire was a fine specimen of the red man physically and the Indians feared to run counter to his will, in wrong doing, thought he was not quarrelsome or hard to get along with.

There is no question as to the salutary influence of his example and teachings upon his people.

He was not easily aroused but when he was stirred, on any subject he was a man that commanded attention. He advocated any cause he espoused with a convincing eloquence and power. Some have doubted the good effects of Christian teachings upon the Indians, and felt doubts whether any of them were ever Christianized, but there was strong evidence of the good effects of religious teaching upon the Indians as we ever see among the whites. It was my good fortune to have heard Joe Stwire talk upon many occasions and several times he spoke with a powerful thrilling eloquence. On one of these occasions he was telling at a religious meeting on a visit he and the Indian preacher, George Waters and some others of the Christian Indians had made a short time before to the Warm Springs Indians.

They had been preaching and holding religious meetings among those Indians and after a good deal of effort without much apparent results the visiting Indians were becoming discouraged. Joe Stwire was relating their experience and I shall never forget his earnestness and feeling as he with tears in his eyes told with a strong manly voice of their struggles and final triumph. He said in substance, "a short time ago I and some of my brothers here went up to the Warm Spring Agency to hold meetings. We talked to the people and told them about the Bible and Jesus, about God and heaven, but no one seemed to be moved. We came together again and held services, preached and talked, we sung and prayed, but no one seemed to care. After much preaching and teaching there was no one made any move. All their hearts seemed like stone. I had a sad heart. After the ~~next~~ meeting was dismissed, and the people had gone I did not know what to do, or what was the matter. With a crying heart I went into the church and shut the door, and took the church Bible and clasp it in my arms. I could not read it, but I knew it told of Jesus and how we might be saved. I knew it held the words of life. I knelt down there alone in the church and cried and prayed in the darkness and said "O Lord what is the matter with Joe Stwire that these people will not hear and are not moved at our teachings and preachings? Why cannot we

we have any influence upon them? I feel over on my face and humbled myself and clasped the Bible to my heart and asked God to help us and to make the Indians come to the light. The next day we had meetings again and the people began to be moved, and came forward, one, two three and then dozens and we had a wonderful meeting." What I would write conveys but a poor idea of the effect of Stwire's speech. It sent an electric thrill upon the audience, upon all who heard and I saw many weeping, both whites and Indians.

Maj. General O.O. Howard was present and I saw the tears coursing down his cheeks, and when he had an opportunity he spoke of the wonderful effect of Stwire's eloquence and bore testimony to the effect of Christian teaching upon the Indians. Many times I have heard Joe Stwire tell how he, in early life, drank whisky, gambled and fought, and lived a generally disreputable life. He said, "My eyes were blind, it was night in my soul. Then the missionaries came, Mr. Perkins, and others, and then Mr. Wilbur. They showed me the way and brought me the light. I put away my wild ways, I ~~quit~~ quit drinking whisky and fighting. I began to go to church and pray and today I am happy. I am not what I used to be. Things have changed with me. I was poor, lank, hungry, a drinking, fighting, bad Indian. I had no clothes, no house. I did not know the right way. I was like a coyote, like a blind man straying in the dark. Since I came to the light everything has changed with me. I am no longer lean, poor, thin and hungry. I have plenty have a house and home and a wife and we are trying to walk in the straight road and follow the light.

It gives me pleasure to say that as long as I knew him, which was over ten years, he was an honorable upright man and Christian, and his wife, Susan, was also a Christian woman and always to be depended upon to do her best for anything to help her people. Susan Stwire was a large flashy woman, was a good house keeper. Neither Joe nor his wife ever

read though they were people of excellent judgment and good common sense.

After we had been at Fort Simcoe a year or two the Indians down in the neighborhood of Stwire's place began to want a church built in their vicinity so that they would be more conveniently situated as to church advantages and meetings. The agent, Mr. Wilbur, was not opposed to the move, on the contrary cheerfully acceded to their wishes but exacted from the Indians the promise that they would lend help in the work of building and would assist in hauling lumber, stone and other materials needed, and would work on the building during its erection. "Father Wilbur, as we always familiarly called him was probably never happier than when church building, before he became Indian agent, but now to be building a church for a people who were peculiarly his own, so far as religious instructions was concerned, was a peculiarly happy event, but ~~now to be building~~ and he went at it with a cheerful determination and energy that soon made things begin to come to pass. He consulted me as to plans for the building, and as I had some experience in earlier days, in drafting designs, a plan was soon drawn that was adopted.

The work was begun in good season, at a time when material could be easily obtained, and when lumber would be in good condition for working. There was but little sickness among either whites or Indians, ~~and~~ and it was really a pleasurable outing to drive from the agency buildings to where the church was to be built, and render assistance in the work. The distance was about six miles; the location was where the little village of White Swan now is. Joe Stwire lived very near the place where the site of the church was chosen.

The Indians were greatly pleased and ~~and~~ very enthusiastic and worked cheerfully in getting the ~~material~~ material. The lumber was made at the agency mill and hauled about 8 or 9 miles. While the church was being built Joe Stwire and his wife Susan were very industrious and did cheerfully all they could, working with might and main. Susan boarded a

number of men, among them a lot of whites from the f~~oo~~ post. I myself have eaten at the table of Chief Stwire many times and found the food well cooked, clean and appetizing. good progress was made with the work and soon the walls lomed up in the prairie where only a few years before were nothing but bl~~o~~d thirsty savages and wild animals. One part followed another in rapid succession, and so~~o~~ the building took form and was approaching completion. In due time it was finished and ready for painting and for the seats.

It was a proud day for both Mr. Wilbur and the Indians, and I may say for all of us, when the buildings were completed and ready for dedication, for we all had been intere ted in seeing it go up, feeling that it would be very helpful and humanizing in its effect upon the Indian people. I remember quite well the day, in the evening, when the building had been completed and was all ready for dedication.

The door was locked and we left, I drove up in a buggy or hack. It was getting late in the evening, an there came up a terrible wind storm, the wind blew a perfect hurricane and it was with difficulty that I could keep in the road. The wind several times came near blowing the buggy over. The next morning Indians came in saying the church had been blow n over. I scarcely ever say Mr. Wilbur so affected over anyt~~y~~ing. His eyes filled with tears, while speaking of it. We found however, that reports were exaggerated and that things were not so bad as we had feared. We found the east end of the building h~~ad~~o had been slipped from the foundation, and swung over about three feet past the foundation and this allowed the building to topple over and l~~o~~ok badly out of shape. This was Thursday evening that the wind blew so, if I r~~e~~member corr~~e~~ctly but before Saturday evening the building had been straightened up and no very serious harm resulted.

The day of dedication was fine and the Indians came from far and near so as to throng and crowd the church to overflowing.

It was an interesting spectacle to see where one could see the crowd gathering in. From all directions they came, some on foot, many on horseback, some in wagons, hacks buggies and with every sort of conveyance imaginable for such a place. The young Indians and boys came, many of them with horses, many without saddles and with a lariat, or hair rope and a cloth or nothing for their riding equipment. Some of the less civilized or as we called them "wild Indians," came with breech clout and blanket dresses. When the ~~600~~ crowd was assembled it was a curious medley if not a motley group, with all the phases of civilization and savagery as expressed in dress and mode of transportation. They were a democratic set and there was not much thought of class distinction.

When the services began all was attention. There was no buzzing and noise save the buzzing of the flies and they were conspicuous and bothersome. The usual form of church dedication was gone through with except as was necessary to modify it to meet the circumstances.

There was preaching and the preaching was ~~indeed~~ interpreted as usual, to the Indians, by the Interpreter, Stick Joe. There followed dedication services and then a sort of speaking meeting in which there was an ~~invited~~ invitation for general participation. The occasion was an important one, and many took the opportunity to speak, and there was allusion to the new church, to the changed condition of the Indians and the general feeling was one of great friendliness and unity of sentiment. The services were long, naturally. A large number of employees of the agency were present at the dedication and it was a day of great interest.

Sometime when the sermon or talk had to go through an ~~interpreter~~ interpreter I have wondered whether in the transition it did not sometime get considerably mixed or changed. The results there at Fort Simcoe would indicate that if there were something wrong or incorrect interpretations given the Indians in the main got the correct

Dr. G.B. Kuykendall
(Recollections)

(2.0.K.
Pomeroy)

While we lived at Fort Simcoe we did most of our "store trading" at Yakima City, a small town at the mouth of the Antanum creek just at the edge of the reservation outside. At that time the place was known also by the name "Stomach Bitters." There was a postoffice, two little stores and two so called saloons or grogeries, a blacksmith shop and livery stable, all of which were in very primitive ~~ways~~ style. Yakima City was at that time a wild wooley place, where cowboys, Indians cattle and sheep men and horse raisers and a few outskirt ranchers congregated on Saturdays and Sundays and consumed almost incredible quantities of bad whiskey. Some of these denizens became noisy and obstreperous and there were numerous fights and scuffles and an occasional gun play. Drinking, gambling, horse racing with the accompanying betting and carousing were the Sunday amusements and formed the social amenities of the day. This little pioneer town was twenty five miles from the fort where the business of the agency was transacted, and where the Indian Agent and the employees resided. The road from the Fort to Yakima City was very near level, and was fine at nearly all seasons of the year, but in the timber time there was a part of the road became very dusty, the part which ran across the sagebrush plain beyond the Simcoe creek. We found however that by getting a good early start we could get down to town and do whatever business we had to do and return the same day, and in the long in the long days of summer we had abundant time. We aimed to do our main trading at The Dalles where we could get better prices and have an opportunity of having several and larger stores and more variety to select from. But we frequently had to patronize the little town at Yakima, when we ran short of things we could not get at the agency commissary.

At that time the hotel was kept by David Guillard, Mr. G.W. Carey was running the principal drygoods store. Among the people who lived and did business in town and near by were the Careys, Guillands, Parkers, Splawns, Schannos, Lints, Goodwins and many others.

I sometimes in fact quite frequently made visits to the little town to see the sick and sometimes these professional calls require me to stay over night. I remember being called down there to see a case which required me to stay until next morning. After getting to town as I was putting my team up at the stable I noticed that one of my horses, a fine black and a splendid driver, was sick. He had been having occasional attacks of colic and grew better soon and I ~~was~~ did not give a great deal of attention to him. I ~~was~~ kept very busy during the evening and in the night the court house took fire and there was great excitement. There was no water or fire department and everything was dry as powder and ready for a quick and hot fire. It soon became evident that the building could not be saved. Soon the streets were lighted up almost as bright as day and people were running here and there halloing. There were some buildings that were near enough to be in imminent danger of being burned out, and this and that plan was suggested for trying to save them. Amid all the excitement there did not seem to be any authority, not any one who could get the crowd to do anything in any practical way. Seeing the confusion I called out to the crowd and proposed that some go to carrying water from near by wells, and that the roofs be thoroughly wetted down and then suggested that a lot of blankets be procured and thoroughly wetted and that these be hung over the sides of the houses. They all appeared to fall in with the idea and we went to work with all the speed we could and were not any too soon either, for the buildings would soon have been all aflame. With the water on the roof and wet dripping blankets on the wall there was a great stream, but the wood did not ignite. The courthouse, a light wooden frame building, built out of resinous pine soon burned down. Next morning my fine black horse was dead and I not only had to lose him but had to pay for having him drawn off out of town and buried, and besides was left 25 miles from home with my buggy or hack and one horse. I was very sorry to lose the horse

for he was one of the best drivers I ever owned, and I felt condemned that I had not given him more care and done all I could for him. Being kept very busy and the fire coming on, I had forgotten the poor old fellow.

While it was not the plan to allow the physician of the agency to go outside to practice among the whites, yet when there was nothing serious demanding my presence at the office at the agency, I made trips out in the surrounding country and quite frequently to Yakima City. I did a good deal of ~~work~~ work assisting the agent in making up his quarterly reports of the business of the agency, and far more than compensated for all the time I was away.

The Ntatum valley was in the early days very malarious in spots and these were some very severe cases of remittent and intermittent fever, some of which were very severe with a tendency to malignancy. I was called to attend several such. The milder cases of malarial attacks were quite numerous and there were various troubles of malarial origin.

... The settlers on the Ntatum and down the Yakima built little cabins of cottonwood logs "chinked" the cracks with split chinks and plastered the cracks over with mud mortar made of the soil. The roof was not shingled but heavy poles put along from end to end of the building and on these poles were laid brush and then straw so as to form a thatched roof. These primitive cabins were usually without floors, the hard smooth packed earth being almost like asphalt and were really more comfortable than would be supposed. There was generally one window consisting of one sash of small lights, or of one pane of glass, and sometimes just a hole cut in the log wall and thin cloth nailed over it. A few of the cabins had floors but this was an exception and was a luxury in those days. The doors of the primitive cabins were of several varieties but none were panelled and varnished and none had door beels (sic) but the string of the wooden latch hung out in welcome to everybody.

The pioneer ~~suttler~~ settler in the valley had not a very elaborate outfit, but I was once surprised on going to one of the thatched cabins of the early days that had mud plastered walls. It was situated out in a plain with hay stacks about and lowing stock. It was not far from ~~Toppenish~~ where Toppenish now stands. On entering the house I found a carpet on the floor and a piano in the corner, with comfortable but not fine furniture. While the place seemed to be rather crowded and close, yet to me, coming in after a long ride through 16 inches of snow and in the storm it seemed to be remarkably cosy and comfortably, really it was ??

When we went to Fort Simcoe, the larger part of the land in the Yakima Valley was yet unclaimed, and what was claimed was held by squatter's right, and much more land was claimed than could be held legally for the stock men wanted range, and were not looking for farm land. There was none of the sage brush country of the valley and foot hills taken up or what was taken was included in claims taken for watering places or for the sake of small patches of grass land. A large part of the Antanum valley and of the country across north of the Yakima, and out from The Toppenish country to the region in the vicinity of Sunnyside and on over towards Priest's Rapids was one unbroken sage brush wilderness and the larger part was thought to be utterly worthless for anything except for cattle range for the winter. At ~~that~~ that time we had never seen the effects of irrigation upon the sage and sand lands in the world was thought by us to be practically valueless. We could have bought any amount of the best of it from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre, the government price, but would have thought it a wild visionary speculation and wasting. At that time the country was thought to be only good for stock raising and there were few if any who thought of making it a permanent home.

During ~~the~~ our first years at Fort Simcoe there was a great deal of feeling among some of the stock men just off the edge of the reservation

against the Indian agent Rev. J.H. Wilbur, because he insisted on their not poaching upon the Indian's rights and running their stock upon the reservation pasture and hay lands. Some of them, whenever they could, would drive their herds of cattle upon the lands of the Indians and herd them there, and the stock would eat off the grass that rightfully belonged to the Indians. And what was worse they frequently drove off the cattle belonging to the Indians and branded them and claimed them for their own. Then when the Indians claimed their own, the white interlopers frequently roundly abused them, cursed them or threatened violence and sometimes offered violence. The Indians complained bitterly of these things and brought their complaints to the agent. Mr. Wilbur being agent for the Indians, he felt it to be his duty to resist such outlawry. Because he opposed the high handed intrusions of these frontier cattle and horse men he incurred their enmity and wrath. There was for several years a good deal of bitterness against the agent and they circulated all kind of hard stories about him, telling that he was cheating the Indians and was growing rich raising stock on the grass belonging to the Indians. They fomented all kind of ill will, took whisky on the reservation and gave it to the Indians knowing that when the Indians were partly under the influence of drink they could do almost anything with them, by giving more of the bad whisky. The bitterness went to the length that a lot of toughs got together and filled up with forty rod as the bad whisky was called because of its supposed ability to kill at forty rods distance. When they were well filled and had become reckless they proposed to mob Mr. ~~Wooler~~ Wilbur when he came into town. Some of his friends heard of their schemes and went to the roughs and told them that if they made a move there was going to be some bloodshed for there was a crowd of men there who were going to defend Mr. Wilbur since he had not wronged them and was only doing his sworn duty in protecting and defending the Indians in their rights.

The men on the agent's side were very determined and if the toughs had made a move there would have been a bloody time. As it was the insurgents cooled down sufficiently to abandon their undertaking and took it out in more drinking and cursing the Indian agent.

While we were there it was a very common occurrence for the Indians to come to the mool mool making complaints that some of the outside stock men were driving off their cattle or were herding stock on their lands. It is a wonder that the Indians did not retaliate and kill and eat the cattle men's stock. The cow men on the outside did frequently accuse the Indians of this, but there were very few instances of this kind so far as could be learned by close investigation. The cattle men were far more frequently the transgressors, for if their stock had not been on the Indian's land there would not have been the opportunity for the Indians to kill them.

Later the government and the Indian department at Washington made provisions for the Indian police force on the reservation who were kept on duty and whose business it was to look out for the intrusion of the stockmen to watch for thievery and report it, and to also see that whiskey was not brought on to the reserve by the low down whites and the squaw men. After a few wholesome lessons by arrest by mounted and well armed Indian police, the cattle thieves found it better to stay off or at the worst to do whatever they did in a very sly manner. Before cattle men drove off stock openly and defiantly, supposing that public sentiment on the outside would sustain them.

When a white man was arrested he always made a tremendous roar and blustered about and made great threats.