

Came to Washington territory in 1870 from Washington co., Ore. married Joseph Nesbitt who was closely identified with the improvement of Klickitat county serving eight years as auditor, first four under territorial government. He was one of three proprietors of Goldendale flour mills which burned later.

Methodist; Father Wilbur used to bring Indians over to camp meetings. First minister was Rev. J.H. Royal. ✓

One of the country doctors traveling here back through the Oregon country in pioneer days was Dr. Joseph Boyce who crossed the plains with his wife and four children in 1853. The epidemic of small-pox the year before had so terrified the Indians that no firearms were needed when their train was making its slow journey westward.

Dr. Boyce settled in Scio, Linn county where he resided later moving to Hillsboro. The year before a young man named Samuel Miller crossed the plains and settled in Linn county. There he married Dr. Boyce's daughter.

Just before the close of the Civil War when the Oregon militia was organized Samuel Miller was made captain. In 1869 a man drove a band of cattle up into the Klickitat and returned with such a glowing account of the marvelous cattle range in the Klickitat valley that Capt. Miller decided to investigate. The following spring he loaded a camping outfit into his wagon, traded a horse for a valuable dog to protect his property from the Indians and started out.

In Umatilla House at The Dalles he ran across Ben Snipes who tried to persuade him to keep away from the Klickitat, but Captain Miller was a determined man and went on his way. He found conditions even better than he expected, he located a homestead on the Swale seven miles southeast of the present site of Goldendale. There were only two or three settlers.

Bunch grass and rye grass waved in a pasture extending from the Columbia to the foot of the Simcoe mountains. There were many wild cattle on the range and Captain Miller found it necessary to use his revolver more than once.

In 1870 he moved his family over via Portland. Arriving at the Dalles they followed an Indian trail. It was a tiresome journey, night overtook them, the little cayuses gave out and refused to pull the wagon. It was a dangerous route over the hills at night. They decided to walk with the mother carrying the baby and Elizabeth and her brothers placing big rocks back of the wheels whenever the cayuses balked, they slowly proceeded through the long night.

Mrs. Stultz who was then ten years old, Elizabeth, recalls that her father told her shortly before his death long years afterwards that it was her encouragement and resourceful help that enabled him to endure the hardships of pioneer days.

The Millers went to Golden's mill where they spent the winter. He and John Golden and a man named Tolt sawed the lumber and put up a little board schoolhouse, hiring Helen Richardson to teach.

In the spring Captain Miller built a little house and they moved onto their homestead. There was no town in Klickitat county at that time, but the next year John Golden bought the site of the present Goldendale and in 1872 the townsite was platted. A house was built by Thomas Johnson and the front of it was used for a store. Mr. Golden donated the lots. There were no fences at all in those days. At night she staked out her pony so she could ride for the horses the next morning. There was little sagebrush, just bunch grass. The first real trouble the settlers had was when the sheep men came in.

At first people put up log cabins but not for long as there were soon plenty of sawmills operating, supplying lumber for building on

both sides of the Columbia. The wood industry was about the earliest of any. The Chamberlains had a wood yard and supplied wood for the boats. The old blockhouse put up during Indian troubles and a place of refuge during the later scares is now in court house square in Goldendale.

The Millers made friends with the Indians. Mrs. Stultz remembers that the first day her father left them along while he drove to Rockland they hid all day, coming out towards evening and searching the horizon for signs of Indians. All at once, appearing from nowhere apparently an Indian and two squaws stood before them. Mrs. Miller quickly handed them a freshly baked loaf of bread and they went away.

In the spring when the Indians went fishing and camas digging they passed the Miller homestead and again in the fall when berries were ripe the long procession followed the trail the livelong day. When the Goodnees came to the valley Mr. Goodnee came first to make preparations, leaving his bride to come alone. She arrived at the Dalles and found no one to meet her.

She was afraid to stay at the landing at her wits end when an Indian appeared and offered her a ride on his cayuse behind him. She was afraid to refuse and afraid to go with him but finally decided it would be better than staying all night at the landing, so she rode as far as the Burgen homestead.

Elizabeth and her father once went for an outing in the hills when they met an Indian and his squaw. The Indian wanted to borrow Capt. Miller's gun to go deer hunting. The captain told him he would loan it to him if he would be his guide to Soda Springs. This seemed to alarm the squaw who urged the Indian to go. He spoke rapidly in their language and showed signs of fear. But the longing for the gun overcame the Indian's superstitious fear of the Springs and he led the way. When they reached the neighborhood of the springs he spoke

he spoke in a whisper and reached for the gun, losing no time in getting away from the evil spirits residing there.

The brass canon and supplies which Capt. Haller buried in 1853 in Simcoe mountains are still sought by treasure hunters. Traces of the old military road can still be seen. A monument marks the place where Agent Belyn was murdered by Indians.

There were woolen mills at The Dalles. The first winter Golden and Miller bought a whole bolt of brick colored cloth and the girls and women of both families had dresses made of it. These dresses were made just alike, tight waists, full skirts. Later Capt. Miller traded four cows and their calves for a sewing machine.

Never was a Sunday morning that the old mares we ren't hitched to the wagon and we all went dressed in our vest to church, sometimes to Columbus, sometimes to Hickenbetham's home or to No. 2 schoolhouse.

Everybody looked forward to a meeting from one year to another. It was held on Klickitat creek and lasted two weeks. Father Wilbur brought his Indians from Fort Simcoe and they sang and exerted.

Capt. Miller was a very resourceful man. He made harness and fine saddles. Elizabeth was proud of the saddle he made for her. He also made shoes for his family. His father-in-law, Dr. Boyce, brought him a pair of forceps as there was no dentist there near, so Capt. Miller added another accomplishment to the list.

Elizabeth often went horseback for the family supplies, leading packhorses which returned loaded down with flour, brown sugar, green coffee, dried apples and a few other necessary articles.

Mrs. Stultz still has her grandfather's saddlebags. He never practiced in Washington but often visited in his daughter's house, being especially fond of Elizabeth.

Twenty-five or thirty families followed the Millers up to the Klickitat valley and began raising wheat. Captain Miller was one of the first to get seed from The Dalles and plant a little tract. It is much too thin, you will get no crop, he told his son-in-law but when harvest time came and Elizabeth drove the team and her father stood on the reaper's platform and pushed the wheat to the ground to be gathered up later, the tall grain nearly hid the team.

The wheat was taken to a corral where the ground was hard packed and the horses were turned in to tramp it. After this threshing process was completed they fanned it in a small mill which Capt. Miller had secured in barter along with other farm equipment. They sacked 110 bushels of fine wheat which they took to the grist mill at The Dalles and had our flour supply for some time to come. After the grain was hauled to Columbus and ferried in a scow to Grant's station, the shipping point, thousands of sacks of grain were piled at Columbus and teams waited in lines of four or five miles in length. Until the NP reached Yakima and the Kittitas, came to The Dalles and were freighted over the hills. All these wagons passed our door. The stage coach whirled past 80 carrying passengers and mail. We saw the first sawmill being taken to the Yakima valley.

There are hard surfaced roads now where men and oxen and horses used to toil long, long hours over the trail. There are comfortable homes in place of tiny box houses and poorly furnished. But the pioneers made the most of what they had and always envisioned a rosy future of their descendants.--1936.

Theeder Suksdorf was born in Germany, Feb. 25, 1856.

He came to this territory in 1874 from the state of Iowa, county of Scott. He came with his parents and brother, took the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific to San Francisco, boat to Portland and up the river landing where Bingen now stands.

The east end of Bingen is his homestead. His claim or homestead was part of the railroad land which they forfeited. His brother brought the Erastus Jeslyn claim of Mr. Jeslyn himself. It was a 4320 acre donation claim taking in practically all of the river bottom. He hadn't got his patents yet. It was well improved and even had an orchard.

His brothers had the first cheese factory. Mr. Suksdorf helped make the roads. There were only trails through the hills at first.

They raised a little wheat and took it to Martin Johnson's grist mill at the Falls, now Hussum. Mr. Suksdorf is married--1887 and has three children. There were some log houses. There were hardly any settlers for 20 years after they came. Had very little furniture of any kind.

They could drive to Camas Prairie by wagon. They went horseback to The Dalles, following a trail over the hills or ruts. Raised cattle and made butter and cheese shipping by boat. Seldom rode horseback to The Dalles since they could take the steamer.

Butchered their own cattle and sold to the logging camps along the river. There were several saw mills.

They raised their own feed and made own clothing.

Navigation stopped when winter set in so they had to have all their provisions and supplies in by then.

There was no school nearer than Klickitat landing, near Lyle. In 1877

they organized No. 19, a one-room shack with benches. There were par es and dances but people lived so far apart that they didn't get together very often. Mr. Suksdorf is 80 years old and looks and acts much younger. Lives with his daughter.

This interview was given on the side of the ~~first~~ first ranch in the valley, that of Erastus Joslyn, opposite the mouth of Hood River.

There ~~are~~ were 2 boats on the Columbia then, the Daisy Winsworth, a stern wheeler and the Idaho, a side wheeler. It was a foggy night. The boat was loaded with cattle being shipped to the Portland market. In the darkness the boat struck the Cascades, drifted onto a rock and broke in two. Nothing was saved from the wreck. The cattle all perished--1936.

Taylor, George:

My parents crossed the plains from Iowa in 1865. I was born here. They went to Oregon first, remaining for awhile at Umatilla. Then they went to the Puget Sound country, stopping at what is now Yelm where they visited the Longmires. Mrs. Longmire was my father's sister.

Father homesteaded and bought. He had 1,000 acres. I live on part of the old homestead.

I was born August 17, 1867, Yakima county, Wash., Scotch nationality and was married twice, 1888 and Nov. 11, 1903.

Children, Eugene Taylor, 2 children, Selah; Mrs. Claire Sylvester, 1, ~~Wash~~ Yakima; Mrs. Hazel Matson, 2, Selah; Mrs. Dorothy Wilson, Hollywood, Calif.; Robert Taylor, 3, Selah; Gail Taylor, Spokane.

Interviewed March 18, 1937.

I have watched all these changes. The tepees have gone from the groves along the river. Cattle and horses no longer roam at will through miles of waving bunch grass. There are only a few of us left who made this valley what it is today. We had but little schooling, usually three months a year. The little log school first built in this valley is out there among my farm buildings.

My father was in the territorial legislature, helped to make the laws which have made our state one of the best in the union.

Four generations of Taylors now live in the Yakima valley. All were born here. This is our heritage. I was the third white child born here and here I've lived my three score years and 10.

This is part of the old homestead my father took from the sagebrush when he came here in 1866. It was part of the Indian village site where they spent the winters in this sheltered valley, named by them Selah, meaning still water. You can see the river over there and at times there seems to be no movement of the waters.

Taylor, George.2

Over those hills is the Wenas where Chief Owhi had his village. My uncle, James Longmire, stopped there in 1853 with his long wagon train. The chief had a splendid garden and gave the emigrants potatoes. A monument stands on the old garden site. The Longmire train passed over part of the homestead as it wound its way over the hills.

Where the Indian mounds stood year after year, deep hollows were made in the ground. When we first came here the land was covered with these hollows.

My father built a two story log house of cottonwoods growing along the river. I am sorry I tore it down.

This was nothing but a cattle country in those days. We raised a garden by irrigation from a big spring on our land. For the rest of our provisions we drove over the Simcoe hills, a terrible road, to The Dalles, Ore., twice a year. My father brought bolts of cloth to make our clothing. Mother made my suits until I was sixteen years of age.

The whole country was a sea of waving bunch grass as far as one could see. It was nutritious and fattening and we drove the cattle from the range straight to market sometimes to Seattle, at other times to Portland and Olympia. Payment was made in gold and silver, a heavy bag of it being packed on horse or mule for the return trip.

My brother and I spent a great deal of our time herding cattle and horses. Sometimes we fished and hunted. Sage hens and prairie chickens were plentiful, also deer and bear, no elk at that time. With a thousand head of cattle and 200 horses on our ranges we were kept busy herding and rounding up, branding etc.

We put up some wild hay for winter but as usual the stock grazed all winter. The winter of '80 however, most of the cattle perished.

Taylor, George 3

A store ~~000000~~ was started near the mouth of the
Antanum creek in 1869 and we could get some of our provisions
there. This grew into Yakima City, the little village that was moved
four miles through the sagebrush in 1885 and became the thriving
town of Yakima of today.

Thorp, F.M.

Virginia, proud southern state, may have its first families but the Yakima country boasts of its first family, that of F.M.

Thorp who first saw the valley in 1858 and who, three years later became the first permanent settlers.

At that time Mr. and Mrs. Thorp (she had been Margaret "Gundis") came to the south Moxed valley and brought with them their nine children and Indian Harmit with his wife. From that beginning through the 74 years to the present, the Thorps and their descendants have figured largely in the development of Yakima country.

Eldost of the Thorps was Leonard, only 16 when the first family came into Yakima but already a man grown in his strength, his ability to meet wilderness difficulties and his often proved resourcefulness and courage. Others of the pioneer group were Helen, Arnilda, Frances, Ella, Olive, Willis, Bayless and Milton. Clifford, another son, died in infancy and there were also Leonard Thorp, twins who died almost at birth(copy)

Today, also, there are Thorp twins, the wee daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Thorp, who are direct descendants of the first family and who can carry on the Yakima twin tradition started in that very early day.

Thorps, too, are linked with the Perkins murder, the outrage which has shed the whole countryside. Milton Thorp, off on some pioneer errand, disappeared at about the time Alonzo Perkins and his bride were slain by renegade Indians; it is assumed Milton, too, was killed by the red men although no definite proof of what happened to him has ever been found.

Coming to Yakima in the days when the Thorps first found their way here was in itself a gigantic task. The eleven members of the family went from Central Oregon to Portland by emigrant train, then by steamer to the lower Cascades of the Columbia, by rail to

Thorp, P.M.-2

the upper Cascades, by steamer to the Dalles and by wagon to Goldendale, their starting point for an unmarked trail to a home somewhere in the wilderness.

Old Fielding M. Thorp, a man whose soul craved the wilderness, and his elder sons took 250 cows and 60 horses to the Yakima country during the winter of 1860. In the spring they built a cabin, felling cottonwoods and cutting out their own logs and planted a garden. At that time the open lands of the valley were covered with rye grass from four to six feet tall so cultivating any ground was a difficult task, even at a spot so favored as the Thorp homestead at the big spring of the Moxee. Stock and garden thrived and in 1861 the elder Thorp brought his family to the new land which he saw as an empire fit mainly for grazing cattle and but due to retain its vast ranges. By 1868 that wilderness had become so crowded, in Fielding Thorp's eyes, that he moved to Kittitas county where he lived until his death (The town of Thorp takes its name from him)

Then the elder Thorp moved to his new place on Tanum creek, Leonard Thorp was preparing to establish his own home in the Yakima country, in which he lived contentedly until his death a few years ago. In 1869 when but 24, he married Philena, daughter of the Alfred Hensons, and the next year the young couple homesteaded in the Selah. Their five children, Martha, Eva, Dale, Herbert, and Margaret were all born there. Now the youngest, as Mrs. Willis Hawkins, makes her home near Union Gap and can look across to the Moxee hills at the foot of which her grandfather built the first home erected by a white man in the whole sweep of the Yakima valley.

Pioneer Life? The everyday existence of Mrs. Leonard Thorp, a bride at 17 years, a mother at 18 and head of a brood of five

Thorpe, F.M.-3

youngsters when she was but 28 in a day when there were no conveniences, no neighborhood stores, no electricity or running water is in itself a saga of cheerful endurance.

Through the year took her husband kept full pace with the rapidly growing Yakima and shifted easily from pioneering in the sagebrush to pioneering in business. "He did the latter with such success that for many years he served as vice president of the Yakima National bank and also has to his credit public service through terms as county assessor and county auditor.

Mrs. Hawkins recalls clearly her mother's vivid accounts of life in the early days when weather was a big factor in all plans and enterprises. "Back in the "hard" winter of 80-81 the whole valley was covered with deep snow and ice crust. Cattle, held fast and unable to break through to get anything to eat, died where they stood, thousands of them. "One of the heroic pioneer women kept cattle alive by making soup of the frozen and starved to death and feeding it to others which thus enabled them to survive for the tardy coming of spring.

"Mother was cross because she hadn't thought of it," Mrs. Hawkins said. "She used potato peelings to save her cows."

Another winter of which the Thorpes will remember, is the account of the year of the flood, the year the railway was being built through the valley. The young Thorpes paddled over what is now the town of Selah in a canoe. The ice was jammed high at places in the river and when it gave way, the whole lowland was under water. Mrs. Hawkins still chuckles as she tells how her father warned the section hands who were working not to try camping in the yard; in the morning he was startled to hear yells for help coming from the tops of his haystacks. The section hands had camped against orders and had scrambled higher and higher in

Thorp, F.M.-4

efforts to escape the rapid rise of the water.

Mrs. Thorp often told of how the first chickens were brought to the valley. The Hensons had two crates of chickens tied on their pack horse when they came to the Yakima valley. Pilfering Indians got one crate and with it the roosters of the flock. It looked as though there would be no spring fryers. But a few days later while making camp near the river the Hensons noticed a movement in some bushes and found an old rooster tied underneath them. "It hardly sounds possible," Mrs. Hawkins admits, "but that's what happened and that's the start of the poultry industry in this valley."

Housekeeping had its hazards when young Mrs. Thorp, pioneer wife of the valley started out. Goods were brought from the Dalles, and shopping was done at long intervals. Flour, of course, was kept in barrels. Once when Mrs. Thorp reached for some flour she heard a horrifying rattle and barely missed being struck by the rattlesnake which had coiled comfortably inside the flour bin. There were times when she was almost afraid to crawl into bed for fear of the snakes, and no wonder, for one season Mr. Thorp killed 142 of them about the home place.

Visiting in pioneer days? There wasn't much of it. The first winter the Thorps were established their home was 75 miles from that of the nearest white settler in the Klickitat country. They were 100 miles from the nearest postoffice at the Dalles.

Those were the days before the rocks of the hillsides overlooking the present Riverside golf course had been blasted away and wild goats and deer quite often hopped about the rocks to peek at the strange, two-legged creatures who had invaded the lowland.

And salmon! Mrs. Hawkins says, "I remember hearing mother

Thorp, F.M. 5-

telling that one could have used them for stepping stones walking across the river. The fish, fighting to get upstream to spawn would be caught at the riffles and be jammed there like sardines. Many died in the shallows and the stench would be awful. Fish were cheap in those days. The Indians would gladly trade a big king salmon for a little salt or a few matches.

Yakima pear trees are still in blossom; Leonard Thorp was the man who started the pear industry as he did so many others, in the valley. He grafted pear switches brought from the coast onto the wild hawthorn. F.M. Thorp started the valley's pork industry. The hogs along the bottomlands waxed fat on fern roots; at times the porkers would dig holes 10 to 12 feet deep in their enthusiasm to get to the succulent roots. At one time F.M. Thorp sold 500 hogs which averaged 200 pounds, prime stock and proof the pioneer knew his pigs. As another. The first, Thorp was the first man to bring full blooded Holsteins into the state which he did in 1884-the real start of Yakima's modern dairying with its now huge payroll.

"Indians always thought it was funny the way the white men worked, Mrs. Hawkins says. Last They would say "Boston man hi-as pil-ton or "the white man is a great fool. Instead of sending his squaw out to get wood he goes himself. He is a very great fool indeed.

Living under pioneer conditions was never easy and often called for all the stamina and resourcefulness which a Negro man might possess. Such was the case in the winter of 1884 when theaches was frozen from the bottom up. Thorp went out to look after some of his cattle, risking his life in the work. He became chilled and frozen but continued until he fell in the drifts and could not rise. Then he was rescued from the trail where he had been

Thorp, P.M.-6

huddled in a temperature of 36 degrees below zero, he was so severely frozen for a long time his recovery was doubtful. He did lose his toes; there was no such thing as an anesthetic available and the only surgeon available balked at amputating the blackened toes though gangrene was developing. So Thorp did it himself and in later years would point to as clean a job of amputation as the most modern surgeon could have done. Such was the piece of courage and physical bravery of Yakima's first family - no wonder the whole valley rallies to pay tribute to the pioneers in the coming Frontier day celebration. (Yakima about 1936)

Klickitat

Tibbs, Hattie (Tibbs)

Came to Washington territory in 1878 from California, Selanoe. Five years before we had come from Nova Scotia.

There was a Washington boom on. We came on the Great Republic, the third largest ship in the world at that time. On its next voyage it was wrecked.

At Portland father brought a team and wagon, household equipment which he shipped up the river. We drove

We stayed at the Palace hotel the first night and the cracks were so open mother pinned shawls and coats over them.

The Frederick Balch place bordered ours. His sister was our playmate. His Bridge of the Gods is a charming story and pictures this country in the early day.

Father had the first dry land orchard and the first drying shed for prunes and apples. People came for miles to get the fruit.

Father was the first worthy patron of the Order of Eastern star in the state.

Old and young came to our parties. We played post office, hurly burly, cross questions and crooked answers, skip-to malloo ante-over, prisoner's base, town ball.

The first Pine Forest school had one room and benches.

President of Pioneer association.

..I know that N.B. Brooks assisted Mr. Balch very materially in gathering data and in the formation of the book, "The Bridge of the Gods." This is quite another story.

You know I have always felt that the large butte north of Goldendale has been terribly abused as far as a proper name for it is concerned. When Mr. Balch resided here the butte was always known as Balch Butte. In view of the fact that Mr. Balch did bring a decided amount of favorable publicity and historical comment to

this section I believe that an effort should be made to commemorate his name by retaining the original title. 1936.