

[Ward, C.C.]

The following article was sent to the White Bluffs Spokesman by C.C. Ward, member of the first hydraulics survey party in this section. Augusta Eastland. See 'Told By Pioneers' index. Unpublished material.

"I was one of a party of engineers that made a preliminary survey for a canal from the head of Priest Rapids to the head of White Bluffs. We were studying the feasibility of developing power and pumping water from the Columbia river to the lands lying between White Bluffs and the Saddle Mountains.

The engineering crew was in the employ of the Northern Pacific, Yakima and Kittitas Irrigation company, locating and constructing the Sunnyside Canal. The cost of the development and the high elevation to which the water would need to be lifted proved to be too much for the promoters and nothing more was done with the project.

We went from Mabton to Pasco on the NP railroad, then drove by team to Harrison's ranch near the foot of the rapids on the east side of the Columbia river. We were two days making the drive. Sleeping in the open we found ourselves covered with three or four inches of snow on the morning of the second day.

This being the winter following the now famous 1894 highwater we found considerable drift wood along the river bank from which could be collected logs, long enough but of irregular shapes and sizes to construct a raft on which we erected our two tents. As our survey progressed from day to day the raft was dropped downstream. Camp was therefore never far from our work which was completed in about four weeks.

This, I believe, was the first survey ever made for the purpose of developing an irrigation project from the Columbia river. The lands that it was then hoped to develop are still undeveloped and will probably remain so until the Columbia Basin project becomes a reality.

Two incidents of this trip left a long impression on my memory. On the west bank of the Columbia, opposite the Harrison ranch, was an

Indian camp. The ground was covered with snow and the quite water along the river was frozen four to six inches deep. One morning we saw an Indian enter a sweat house, beside which was a small fire with which to heat rocks for his sweat bath. After a time he emerged and in his bare feet, also otherwise bare, waded slowly over the snow for a distance of 100 feet or more to the river into which he plunged.

After his dip he returned to his sweat house and repeated the operation before returning to his camp.

This incident impressed me with the Indian's fortitude of which I had often heard. However, I could not agree with his judgment in talking a dip in the Columbia at this time of the year. This disagreement was strengthened by my experience in the second incident of which I spoke.

We finished our work on the afternoon of a rather raw and windy day. Our camp comforts were such that we were all anxious to get back home as soon as possible. A settler living on the west bank of the river, whose name I do not remember, told us that he made frequent trips to Pasco, floating down the river in his small barge or scow in about six hours. He thought we would have no difficulty in doing as well with our raft.

The nearly full moon was rising slowly early, promising light for the early part of the night. We got away from the head of the bluffs about 4 o'clock. The wind was freshening and ice was forming on the raft from the splash of the water but we were making good time.

One of the logs in the raft was an uprooted tree from which we had not considered it necessary to cut the roots. Rounding a gravel bar the current carried us close to shore and one of the projecting roots hung on the bottom and hung hard. After vain efforts to pry ourselves loose, it became evident that some one would have to get into the water and lift the raft loose. There were two pairs of rubber boots on

raft, one of which fitted Mansfield and the other fitted me. We, were therefore, elected.

The boots were not nearly high enough, a diving suit might have been. After hours of hard work, part of the time up to our necks in the freezing water, we broke the raft loose, only to have it catch again as the current turned it around. Our legs were perfectly numb from our experience. After rubbing and warming ourselves till we had some feeling in our legs, we , because we were used to it, again went into the water. When the raft was loose again the roots on the log were kept in deep water.

It was then too late to continue the trip so we tied it up for the night. The next morning we arrived at Pasco without incident.

I have never taken another raft trip on the Columbia. But if I ever do, there will be no limbs nor roots left on any of the logs, and I still believe that anyone who takes a dip in the Columbia river in the winter is using very poor judgment.

Near where we finished our survey was a road leading up a gulch to the eastward from the river which was no doubt the old White Bluffs trail. Also there was an old deserted log cabin which was probably the Hudson Bay company cabin. None of us, however, were familiar with the early history of the district and it was only a deserted cabin to us.

I do not know of any account of this survey having been published. Even though nothing ever came of the plan it is an interesting record of the early efforts to develop the country.

Klickitat

Ward, W.H.

Came to Washington territory 12 October 22, 1879.

Came from Marin county, Calif.

I was born in Illinois and crossed the plains with my parents when I was six months old.

We landed in Marysville, Calif where my father followed his trade that of ship joiner. My mother died of cholera. I heard so much about Washington I decided to come.

Came by steamer to Astoria, then up the Columbia, portaged around the Cascades in little cars about three feet wide, propelled by steam.

The pamphlets I had read said "Washington had the best land that crows fly over," so I came with the crows.--1936.

Benton county

Warnecke, Mrs. Emma.

Prosser.

I first came to this territory in Septmeber, 1883 with my sister, Mrs. G.W Wilgus and her husand. There was just one white woman, Mrs. Prosser, when we came. Col. Prosser was looking after timber lands for the go rnment and made the first filing. Mail was carried from Ainsworth to Yakima City, paid ten cents for every letter. No papers were delivered.

I rode horseback into the valley with my sister and I taking turns driving the two cows which followed our prairie schooner.

There were so many people crossing at Wallula we had a long wait. Our destination was Yakima City as that was where we expected to get information regarding government land.

Col. Prosser had just finished a house on his homestead. His family had been here only three days when we arrived. One mile west of the Prosser home Jim Kinney had a homestead and was building a house. He was living in a dugout and had been for some time. He kept the stage station and was building to accommodate the traveling public.

The stage was bringing land hunters into the valley in great numbers. We camped that evening on the Kinney ranch. We heard plenty of talk about the Horse Heaven country. That night our horses strayed away and Mr. Wilgus traced them to the top of the hill. He came back with such a glowing account of the land in Horse Heaven as the slope to the Columbia River was, and still is called, that we decided to locate there.

Mr Wilgus, Mr. Haines, a carpenter and I all went to Yakima City to file our homesteads. Mr. Wilgus filed on land near Prosser. Mr. Haines and I filed in Horse Heaven.

I stayed three weeks in the valley, then went back to Cold Spring canyon in Oregon where I had a winter school to teach. I came

back the last of January and was surprised to find such a change.

At Ainsworth where I got off the train they were building a railroad bridge across the Snake river. The hotel where I stopped had 80 boarders from the bridge gang. In October there had been one lone tent where the stage crossed the Columbia. Now the railroad company had several large warehouses and sheds filled with machinery and other supplies; horses and men. They had been grading on the west side of the river. Snow was on the ground and the work had stopped for better weather.

It was evening when we arrived at Prosser Falls as it was then called. Near the Prosser home, about a dozen families were living in tents, shacks and a house or two. There was a general store, two saloons, one restaurant and the promise of a livery barn soon; the horses were there, but nothing with which to build the barn.

One mile west of Prosser Falls they were trying to start a town. They called it Kinnyville. They boasted a hotel, several saloons, two restaurants and one residence.

Our nearest postoffice was Yakima City. We could get letters by asking the mail carrier to call for them but we paid ten cents on delivery. Sometime during the winter a petition was circulated to get a postoffice and Mrs. Prosser's name was sent in for postmistress. The petition asked that the name Prosser Falls be given to the new postoffice.

In the spring word was received that the petition was granted insofar as the postoffice and postmistress was concerned, but the name was to be Prosser; there were so many falls in Washington the name would be confusing. Gilbert Chamberlain was appointed deputy postmaster.

As soon as I arrived in the valley in 1884 people began to talk school. In these days when a school was wanted the community had to furnish a schoolhouse; then they could get money to run the school. Both Prosser Falls and Kinneyville wanted the schoolhouse. An election was held in Kinneyville, March 17 1884 to vote on the location of a school building. It was the first election held in this part of the valley; I think the votes were 7 to 17 in favor of Prosser Falls. Mr. Rich, Mr. Radcliff and another man whose name I've forgotten were appointed to locate a building site. They selected a place not far from where Riverview school now stands. All the people were squatters except Col. Prosser. Kinneyville, not to be outdone on the school question, decided to start a private school. They took the wheels from a covered wagon and fixed it up for a school room. There were only five pupils and one of these, Edna Haines, 14 years old, was chosen for the teacher. She tried it for three days then gave up; said the pupils would not mind her and kept running out and playing during school hours.

I was asked to start a private school in Prosser, having a little knowledge of such a school, but I refused.

The ladies of Prosser Falls took an active part in building the schoolhouse, especially Mrs. Rich and Mrs. Prosser. The ladies committee canvassed the town for money to buy lumber. It was only eight or ten dollars a thousand, which was cheap, but the problem was to get it here. The sawmill was above Dickleton a long haul and poor roads. Messrs Rich, Wright and Warnecke donated the hauling and soon as the mountain roads were passable around the last of May the lumber was brought in. By that time the same reliable committee had located several carpenters that could donate work, also Mr. Cohlman a carpenter and architect who was to superintend the work. He also donated several days work and did the finishing on the building.

The ladies committee was like the ladies aid in the church. When they could get no more money donated they gave a social; only this committee gave a dance. They took in enough money to finish and furnish the schoolhouse. It was not equipped as the schools are nowadays.

About this time Mrs. Wright and her two sons, Theodore and Grant were putting up a building to be used as a hotel.

When the building of the schoolhouse was assured Mr. Nelson Rich went to Yakima City to confer with Mrs. Stair the county superintendent of schools. He was appointed school director with power to run the school until the next school election. He would then be an independent district and run our own school.

Election would be the first Saturday in March, 1885.

I wrote to Mrs. Stair asking for a permit to teach, or should I come and take an examination. I received no answer. As soon as the schoolhouse was completed the people wanted school to begin. Not hearing from the superintendent I objected. Mr. Rich said he would guarantee my money. I asked about a contract; he vetoed that. Our verbal contract was that I should receive \$40 a month and transportation across the river as I lived on the north side and Mr. Rich had a ferry boat for the benefit of the public.

On the south side of the landing was an old cottonwood tree which gave it the name of Lone Tree landing, so the school was called Lone Tree. School commenced about the 20th of June, 1884 (copy). Our furniture was very crude but no complaints were made. Mrs. Rich donated a chair for the teacher. We had a blackboard but no crayon. They sent to Yakima City for it; word came back that they did not handle it, so they had to send to Portland and it took two weeks to get it. A carpenter sent us a piece of chalk to use until the crayon arrived.

I kept a record in my notebook but later that was destroyed. I was hired for a three months term as that was the usual term. I made no reports. There were 21 students enrolled; sixteen local and five came with the railroad workers. Some came three days, others longer then went to the next construction camp.

In August the county superintendent sent me a notice that examinations would be held on August 12, 13 and 14th 1884. I attended them. During the examinations the county superintendent was assisted by Mr. Cook a teacher from Moxee. The first morning was quite an excitement at the schoolhouse where the examinations were being held.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook came to town on horseback and had to swim the Yakima river. Mrs. Cook's horse lost its footing and carried her downstream before he could rescue her. No one was hurt.

During the summer and fall the NP railroad was being built through this part of the country. It was a lively time for Prosser. It was presidential election year too and women were allowed to vote that year in Washington, the law being repealed soon after. The polling place was in the new schoolhouse. Grover Cleveland was elected, James G. Blaine defeated.

After summer school closed I was hired for a winter term of three months. School commenced in December. Fifteen pupils enrolled; later two more came. I received \$45 per month. We lived in town then.

The weather was fine until one week before Christmas then came the worse snow storm I had ever seen. I never saw so much snow fall in such a short time. It was so dark pupils could not see to study. At 3 o'clock Theodore Wright came to the schoolhouse with a horse to take the children home. He put them on the horse

(the little children) and led it. The others lined up and fell in behind to see that none of them left the trail. He left all the children at the hotel that being the first house we came to.

I lived across the railroad tracks and it was quite a grade. He said: "Get on the horse and I will take you over. I thought I could get through but got on and he took me home, then he called on the neighbors and told them where the children were.

We had vacation for three weeks. The river froze over and the skating was fine but few had skates. Many sent for them but by the time they arrived skating days were over.

The winter term would be out in the early part of March but not before election time. The first Saturday in March Mr. Van Antwerp, Mr. Rich and Mr. Chamberlain were elected school directors. Mr. Van Antwerp being clerk of election. He was also the first school county commissioner from this part of the county. At that time this district took in the major part of what later became Benton county. It was called the Lone Pine district, whether officially or not, I cannot say.

The new directors found they had money enough to continue the school two months longer and I was hired for that length of time. That ended our first school year in Prosser.

During the winter of 1884-85 the town of Prosser was surveyed and platted. Miss Clara Ward was our next teacher. Some of the

early day houses are still standing but the Prosser home was torn down and part of the homestead is now Prosser park.

Came to Washington territory in 1883 from Umatilla county, Ore. There were no towns and few settlers. There were a few cattlemen at the mouth of the Yakima. Teammen held claims, Col. Prosser and a bachelor named Kinney.

I rode to Ainsworth once with the mail carrier in a lumber wagon. He had six letters. I was charged 25 cents for a darning needle once. When asked why they were so high, I was told it was the freight.

There was a store loft where we held entertainments.

There was no shade anywhere as the stock kept little trees eaten off.

Augusta Pastland interview, April 23, 1936.

My father, learning the land opened to settlement in Washington ~~called~~ started north in the summer of 1878, having driven up from California with his family the year before. He put all his possessions including my mother and seven children in a swagon and they camped along the way to Albany, Ore.

He located his homestead in the Hartland district in Klickitat county. He built a log house with one room and a loft.

My brother drove the four horse team up from Albany over the old Barlow road. You can still hear that the road is not good even today but they think what it was like in 1878.

It was a mere trail which we jolted along through the dust. Today they hurry along in a car and worry about meeting other cars on the narrow highway.

We were all excited when we saw our new home and began to arrange our few belongings. We had a small stove and pipe. Father had built a fireplace of rock and clay which furnished us with light through the long winter evenings as we had no coal oil, only a few candles which mother guarded very closely, in case of sickness.

Fortunately we had no sickness that winter. The only people we saw were men looking for land. They staked out their claims, usually staying with us, that they would go back for their families. When they paid mother a little for meals. When our provisions would get low and we would wonder what we were going to do, along came another settler, just in time.

Father would then take his pack horse and go over the mountain trail to the Dalles for supplies to last until more settlers came. In the spring Mr. Curtis, father of Leon Curtis, loaned us a cow and gave us the inside of the potatoes he cut from for planting. We had had no butter, no eggs, no milk and no potatoes all winter. We made a garden in the spring so we had a change from sourdough

bread.

"e children had never seen any snow and we waited patiently until February 14 then came a big snow storm which delighted us, four feet of snow. Our parents were not pleased however as they had no feed for our horses.

It soon disappeared and we had a lovely spring with lots of wild flowers and bunch grass. Lots of settlers came the spring.

"e had school the next year with N.B. Brooks as teacher. These were the days when the teacher boarded around. "e looked forward to his coming as we would have pie and cake. Of course our pies were dried apples and cakes were made of sour cream and soda but they were a treat to us.

That year the Klickitat Flour Mill was built at Goldendale by Chatfield, Smith, Marble and DeNelson. The goldendale Mills were built the same year by Thomas Johnson, who had the first store in Goldendale. Goldendale was made county seat the same year, the county property being moved the following year in February.

We were located in what was known as High Prairie. Mail came as far as Lyle. I carried the mail on horseback. My father was the first postmaster at Hartland. My father lost all his cattle during the winter of 1881-82.

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Came to Washington territory in 1878 from Marion county, Ore. Mother crossed the plains in 1851 and married in Calif.

Came to Washington territory in 1864. Came with my mother and brother by boat, Ariel. Father had gone ahead to have a home ready. We went by the isthmus and crossed on the little railroad there. Then took the steamer Orizaba to San Francisco, then took a stage to Senora, rest of the way by train and wagon. We stayed first with the Jenkins who had the Rockland ferry.

My uncle Timothy Chamberlin operated a wood yard at Chamberlin Flat is named for him.

Father homesteaded in Goodnoe hills. Moved to Yakima for awhile when my father ran the mill at the fort.

I taught the first school in Goldendale, I taught at Rockland. When I was 16 I taught in the vale that was the Bungen district.

My father built a scow and hauled lumber to Umatilla, selling it for \$40 a thousand.

- High waters took the Jenkins place and Hickenbotham place away and washed out Grant's station.

I tallied lumber for Nelson Whitney when I was a young woman, before we were married. I took the money and bought a melodian.

I went to Ft Si cee later with my father and took my melodian along. When the Indians heard me playing they came to the windows and doors to listen respectfully.

When I had my melodeon in the church at Goldendale a visiting minister refused to lay his hat on it saying he didn't believe in music in church.

I have a picture of the steamer Yakima, Captain Sampson. I brought my sewing machine from DeChutes in a sailboat.

Rev. J.H.B. Royal built the first house on the present side of Goldendale along the creek. It was a frame house. I boarded

bearded there.

My uncle , Timothy Chamberlin who got out weed for the
beats was the man for whom Chamberlin Flats was named. When his oxen
all died , in 1861-62, so he had to give up his weed yard. The
BQ6 Thomas Burgens settled ther in 1864.--1936.

White Swan. Father Wilbur.

(clip material for supplementary to Father Wilbur, Told by Pioneers)

White Swan-Historical importance far greater than persons realize was connected with the old White Swan Methodist church which burned recently (article in 1936) , residents here said after information about the period in which the church was built was uncovered recently.

The structure was built in 1879 when Indians became the most orderly and industrious they had been up to that time. Father James H. Wilbur, who directed the construction and was superintendent of the reservation at that time informed the government in a report sent to Washington D.C. Dec. 31, 1879.

"The Indians of the agency were never more orderly and industrious than they have been the past month," Father Wilbur's report to the government read, a faded copy shows.

"We have just completed a church 36 by 72 feet with a belfry and a good bell , having a capacity to seat comfortably 650. The church is finished entirely and is a model building,.The new one is erected near the old one and enables the old one to be used for a school room.

"There is a growing effort with the Indians of this agency to be mainly, industrious and Christian. There is peace on all our borders and prosperity that attends our efforts to civilize and Christianize the Indians of this reservation. "

The report was sent to E.A. Hoyt, commissioner of Indian affairs and was concluded in the clear handwriting of the pioneer agent: "I am , sir, your obedient servant, James H. Wilbur, United States Indian agent."

The remainder of the agent's report read;

"I have the honor to submit my report of this agency for the month of December. The first part of the month was pleasant for stock

White Swan-James Wilbur

and cold has required a good deal of labor and great vigilance in taking care of the cattle. Up to this time we have lost nothing.

"The boarding school here is doing well. The Piute school six miles away, under the management of George Waters has done better and the children are more constant in attendance than we could have reasonably expected and are making fair improvement.

"Our shops have been well supplied with material for work and the work in them has been thrifty. Our grist mill is in first rate order and has been occupied most of the month with grinding. We are not running the saw mills in the winter.

The early records of the church were destroyed in the fire which burned the old Indian school, the Rev. R.V.B. Dunlap, pastor, said.

The land for the church was donated by White Swan and Stick Joe, Indians, from their allotments, the Rev. Dunlap said. The structure replaced a crude log building which burned later. The reservation was assigned by the Methodist church for missionary work and Father Wilbur was the first representative.

He demanded attendance of Indians at church and when they failed to show up sent officers after them.

Marriages under white man's laws began before the church was erected, an old book saved from the fire showed, and the first Indian marriage recorded was that of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Stivire (copy) in 1860.

Waters, an Indian, followed Father Wilbur as pastor. Others in the order of their service were the Rev. G.C. Roe, Rev. M.R. Brown, Rev. J.W. Helm, Rev. S.M. Nickle, Rev. A.H. Morton, Rev. M.L. Anderson, Rev. R.T. Holland, Rev. John A. McNees, Rev. Dunlap. The Rev. Helm served the longest.

Although Father Wilbur was proud of the church construction work done on it would not win the approval of present day

"White Swan-James "ilbur 3

builders.

The windows were of different size and the old pews showed the plane marks made by the Indians. They used material cut from timber in the Mt Adams district. All those were lost in the recent fire.

Work on a structure to replace the old building has begun.

Wiley, Hugh

Glowing accounts of the country of Salem, Ore., lured Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wiley from their home in Plainview, Minn., It was just after the Civil War at the time Indians were on the warpath all through the west. Massacres were of such frequent occurrence the "Wileys", instead of joining an emigrant train decided to take the longer, safer route.

In the winter of 1865 with their household goods in sleighs they and their sons, William, Wallace, James and John drove to the nearest railroad station. From there they traveled to Pittsburgh, then to New York where they boarded a ship bound for Panama.

They crossed the isthmus by rail and embarked for San Francisco. It was a long journey. All were seasick but they must board yet another steamer. They went to Salem by way of Astoria and Portland.

They spent two years at Salem when a disastrous fire destroyed all their precious things bought at such expense from their old home. About this time came rumors of the wonderful country north of the Columbia and Mr. Wiley responded to the urge to visit this region and see for himself whether he could make his permanent home there.

Accordingly in June, 1868, he visited the Yakima valley and made a thorough investigation, deciding upon the Watanum where he chose a tract of land to be handed down through generations of Wileys, part of it being the present site of Wiley City.

Settlers' cabins were few and widely separated. Indian villages dotted the great expanse of sagebrush, since transformed into a great farming empire.

"In October of that year I hitched our team to the wagon and with my wife and four sons drove out over the old Barlow road where lay the remains of wagons abandoned by emigrants and piles of bones

Wiley, Hugh 2

marking the spot where oxens had perished in the deep snow. Marks of ropes and ~~chains~~ chains were still seen on the trees of Laurel hill. We crossed the Columbia at The Dalles.

After two weeks spent on the trail we entered the Antanum valley, October 10, crossed the creek and proceeded up the valley. Passing a ranch we saw a woman coming toward us along the trail. She had seen the wagon coming a long way off and had come to welcome another woman to the lonely valley. The woman was Mrs. A.P. Grosno and a life-long friendship between the two families had its beginning that day as we always accepted the hospitality of our neighbors.

I cut down cottonwoods for our first home. It was 18 x 18 with upstairs bedrooms reached by a ladder. Split shakes of yellow pine were used for shingles. Floors were of split puncheon and the furniture was made of the same. We had a stove and the fireplace was built two years later of sandstone from the Lower Naches. We brought food for the first winter. The next winter we exchanged shelled corn with our neighbor, J.B. Nelson, for dried peas, so our fare consisted of potatoes, cornbread and peas."

Wallace Wiley remembers that pioneer women made their own soap using wood lye. There was a sorghum mill in the Antanum, a furniture factory where tables and chairs were made of oak and birch from along the creek.

Clothing for the men and boys was made from "hardtimes" cloth while the girls' dresses were made of "ladies" cloth. They wore big aprons to school to cover their pretty dresses.

The pioneers of Antanum valley were enterprising and progressive. They were mostly farmers and turned their attention to clearing their land, digging ditches and making roads. A school house was built. Hugh Wiley helping in its construction and paying two-thirds of the teacher's salary. He also cut and sawed lumber