

Names

Painted Rocks Septris Patahanum

As for the rocks themselves, jutting from the sheer precipice away up in the blue sky above--cold and emotionless though they are, they sometimes weep for the very sadness of it.

But they do not often appeal to the passer by in this womanly fashion, because that erases the garish paint which tells, in Indian heiroglyphics the story once fresh in the minds of the early settlers of the beautiful Yakima valley but now forgotten in the bush rush of tilling and garnering the sheaves of the harvesttime.

Yet there was never a monument so grand as the Septris Patahanum, which tower in granite magnificence above the seething waters of the Natcheez where poor Jack ~~Don~~ Munroe met his fate; never tears so sympathetically shed as are those pearly drops that trickle down the sides of the wall, seeping through the crannies and chinks of the rocks in mourning for poor Bess Edson--who lost hope and love and life at the base of the boulder now standing in lonely grandeur at the foot of the crags. And even to this day, in the smiling fertile valley through people with progressive yeomanry, advanced ~~in~~ in all the arts of husbandry, the early history of its pioneers are forgotten--the belated farmer passing around the frowning brow of the hill sometimes hears in the whistle of the chinook a mournful wail, fancies the perpendicular walls echos in gluttural tones the voices of invisible warriors, sees before his eyes the painted dancing figures on the stones blazing in phosphorescent brilliancy and with a muttered half frightened prayer for the soul of Gambler Jack, he puts spurs to his horse and gallops hurriedly out of the wierdness and blackness of the canyon.

Churchill's saloon was a blaze of tallow candles that night. Even old Joe Bowser said he never seen the beat.

"Taint jes ezactly like Monty Carlo " said Joe, but it's

tarnal near, tarnal near."

But then Joe was feeling pretty middling tight at that particular moment and the inverted beer kegs around the old deal tables in the corner perhaps took on upholstering bizarre to his spirituously hypnotized eyes.

Churchill himself was well content. Churchill never said much "never spread himself any" as the boys said; yet when he did spread it was high carnival for all concerned.

Tonight he had fairly well outdone himself. And why not. Was it not Christmas eve. Hadn't the dust fairly rolled in for six long days until the canvas bag four feet underground in his cellar was trying to burst the thongs which bound it? Could he forget that hundred head of cayuses that Umtuch had wagered and lost to him, and one short day ago on a great poker play? So Churchill smiled, puffed out his well filled paunch, beamed hospitably upon the crowd and in his mind's eyes counted the "yellow boys" he was soon to jingle in his pockets.

Yet one thing troubled him. He couldn't understand what it was that kept that drunken and shiftless Edson so long in conversation with Umtuch; and where he had gotten the money he had that night been spending? Umtuch wasn't given to wasting time; he usually demanded a cash consideration from the victim of his oily tongue and deft fingers. Half-breed though he was, the white in him predominated--yet with it he added the cunning of his Indian mother. A bad lot was Umtuch in the opinion of every stock man, gambler and mine in the Old Town camp. "Heaven alone knew how many steers he owned--and they weren't a circumstance to those he didn't own he claimed. Woe betide the luckless rancher whose increase strayed beyond the confines of his pasture land; for Umtuch and his redskin cronies were always on the lookout and took but a moment to heat the iron and fix the crossed arrows to the quivering flank of a "slick ear." as he

numbered his cattle he numbered his wives; at least that was his reputation.

Coy indeed the dusky maiden whose blood did not tingle and whose heart did not throb more violently when Umtuch chose to trill his love lore into her ear and did he find one whose heart was given to another, or who could not sanction the ungodly practices of this modern Bluebeard--then to the father would Umtuch go and an hundred horses or a band of cattle soon made a bargain, "willy Nilly " so far as the young klootchman was concerned.

But wavy down in the heart of this Indian Don Juan a mighty revolt was forming. Even that half of his precious carcass devoted to his mother's nature had long ago cried out against his multicaplity of Indian maiden conquests and it was variety his white being craved.

And why not/ He had many acres of pasture land and grain, many head of hard cayuses and much cattle. He was feared by every man in the valley save (and he scowled as he confessed it to himself* Jack Munroe--and he would take good care that shouldn't trouble him long. Arrows fly swift and all unseen by night and a rifle cracks but indistinctly over a cheerless moonlit plain.

That part was easy; but how about Bess? Never mind. Old Edso 's pockets were always empty, his elbow every crooking over the Churchill bar. He was easy game and the wily half-breed began to put his plan into practice.

Truth to tell Edson fell all too easily from feeble remonstrance into intoxication.

"Great hand ejaculated Cherokee Jim as he leaned over Jack's shoulder and watched him deal which won from his sworn protector a neat little shifting heap of yellow dust. Churchill took his eyes off Edson and Umtuch a moment to note the play, then ambled back to the heavy bar to set out a long-necked jug for the thirsty crowd who hastened

to liquidate at Jack's expense.

Untuch motioned to a vacant keg near the table and Edson followed.

"Hyar Jack Munroe," he called, "where's your sand? Me and the Injun aire lookin' for gore; does you want any?"

Jack fell indifferently into the plan.....As for Cherokee he watched the game like an eagle watches her young. He saw Jack's indifference, yet couldn't account for it. Never since the day he had helped in his foolhardy way to dash into a band of howling redskins with Jack and a party of miners to rescue what were only the bodies of three women and two men (tenderfeet) when the smouldering campfire-fire was reached, had he seen his companion so quiet.

There were tears in Jack's eyes when he buried those women; hot tears that trickled into the burning sand scooped from the level of the Yakima plain as the bodies were lowered....

Just how it happened Cherokee never knew. He saw Jack "face" his hand, reach for the money and pull it toward him after a spiritless play.

He heard the quick hissing exclamation: "Damn white man cheat." He saw Jack leap to his feet, heard a sharp report and felt the full weight of his friend's body as it fell across his shoulders while skurrying footsteps edged toward the door and a loud blood curdling whoop which only Indian throats could voice filled the little room.

"Jack, O h Jack called Cherokee as he raised his friend for a chair. " Jack, have you got it cold boy?"

A hasty examination of the wound which showed that the ball had glanced off a rib and done no serious damage; a glass of whisky down the throat of the reviving partner; a quick jump to the door and back again with the statement that the gang was heading for the Natchez gap and then the light at Churchill's went out and a squad of hurrying horsemen rode down the single street of Old Town and out upon the plain.

"Boston man heap memaloose" Umtuch savagely told Edson as they galloped at the head of the retreating Indians.

Therein was the half-breed mightily mistaken though Edson could not contradict him.

The cavalcade stopped at the door of his cabin and Bess answered her father's fall. Then without warning a redskin buried his hatchet in the old man's head, Umtuch threw his arm around the girl's form and drew her to his saddle--and the wild ride began again.

Not soon enough however to drown the frenzied scream that came from the lips of the horrified daughter; not enough to silence the echoes of it; which floated into the still December air, which floated in over the plain and back and brought a heart-broken "my God" from the breast of the man who led the pursuers.

That was all. Never a sound broke from the steadily galloping crowd of determined men, never an answer to the fiendish yell which at times came back from the fleeing band ahead. Only Jim Bowser, as the horsemen dashed by the body of Edson lying white and still near the roadside muttered: "amn sich caryon" While Churchill remembered his fears of the early evening and nodded grimly to himself.

Down the trail went the pursuers and pursued. And even when they felt they were gaining on the painted devils they knew they dare not shoot. That worried Jack more than the sting of his wound. The ground hither in anguish. He thought of Bess' fate should he fail to liberate her. Fail? He'd die at her very feet though a thousand redskins surrounded her before he would fail.

Meantime the girl was suffering a thousand tortures as she felt herself borne along by the flying horse Umtuch bestrode. Grief for her father's death was mingled with a thousand attempted excuses for his apparent duplicity and baseness.

Her Indian captor frequently addressed her, yet she preserved

an obstinate silence. He taunted her with her lover's death, her father's wickedness and he dwelt at length upon the fate in store for her.

Glorying in her despair he rode forward--past the site of the present beautiful city of North Yakima, up the trail to the northwest, out over the valley now watered by the Hubbard ditch, into the little walled fertile basin beyond the Cowychee and spurred up the narrow patch cut in the base of the Painted Rocks--only to be met at its ending with a rushing, swirling boiling torrent of water which effectually blocked his passage; telling him the ford was impassable and that his race was run.

There had been a chinook the day before; and the waters of the Natcheez had been fed by heaps upon heaps of melting snow drifts.

Huge logs tumbled over and over in the mad torrent.

Umtuch was appalled. He wheeled his horse at the brink. Fear gave him prudence in this act. He ordered his men to gallop back over the trail while he followed in the rear and scarcely had the foremost of the riders reached the basin at the Cowychee bridge just beyond the turn where the Septis Patahanum begin when the sharp crack of revolvers and the loud barking of rifles warned him that the settlers had overtaken their enemies and that a battle of extermination had begun.

And it was soon over. The foothills of the Natcheez meet their fellows of the Cowychee in one close triangular point at the place where the conflict was being fought. A narrow trail leads back at the foot bridge over the smaller stream into the Cowychee fishing grounds and through this a few of the redskins escaped.

The others, froned by the merciless settlers, flanked on the one side with a precipitous height which only a goat could safely ascend and at their backs the raging Natcheez, were soon dispatched, fighting stubbornly to the end.

J. B. Nelson with his wife and family of six sons, and five daughters made the first permanent home in the Natches Valley, March 26, 1864.

They were the third family of white settlers in the Yakima Valley.

Mr. Nelson left Virginia in 1843, crossed the plains with ox team and prairie schooner, and settled in Oregon for twenty years. He preferred a life of adventure and pioneering so when civilization began to press to closely at Oregon City, he hitched up his teams, drove to The Dalles and shipped his family, stocks and goods, up the Columbia to Wallula.

As there were no fixed roads at all then, he prepared a flatboat, or scow, loaded his belongings, hitched his mule team to the floating mass, and was off again on his journey.

His sons took turns at driving, and they towed the scow up to the mouth of the Yakima river. From there they drove up to the mouth of the Natches river.

They built a little log cabin below the Painted Rocks and lived there the winter of 1863. But in the spring the high water came right up to the house, frightening the mother and the little ones. Mr. Nelson and the older boys carried the mother and children out by wading waist deep, through the water.

When the water went down J. B. and his oldest son, Jasper, forded the river on their horses and found the beautiful Natches Valley. When they returned home they told the mother, and others in the family, of the green meadows, paradise like, and hi-yu-skookum soil, and that they must move to this paradise valley.

This they did in 1864, building a little log house near a spring, on what is now known as the Nelson homestead.

The little mother was the first one to bring a hop vine into the Yakima Valley. She originally brought it from Virginia and always planted it near her cabin in all the different places where they lived, using the hops to make yeast for her bread. This shows the forethought of a pioneer woman, always to take along a root when they moved on.

The Nelsons set out the first fruit trees. Every year they would blossom but never bore fruit, which was a great disappointment to the family; but not knowing much of fruit raising they did not realize the reason was the lack of bees to pollinize the blooms.

J. B. Nelson was a blacksmith by trade and made everything they most needed in the early days, like wagon wheels, knives and other tools.

Jasper, the oldest son followed the business of freighting between The Dalles and Ellesnburg when a young man, and later he took up farming and stock raising. He homesteaded the farm now owned by E. R. Pence. He was very much liked for his kindly quiet disposition and generous helpful ways.

Daniel was interested in mining, and prospected quite a bit in the cascades. He was one of the discoverers of the Gold Hill Placer Mine in 1876. He went to Nome in the Gold Rush in 1900, but returned to his homestead in the Natches.

Thomas helped his father with the blacksmithing but later took up a homestead near the Painted Rocks, where he lived until his death.

George took up railroading, which he followed until past middle age, when he also took up a homestead, across the road from his father.

John was a stock raiser and took his homestead in 1870. His neice, Mrs. Clara Noble lives on a part of his place now.

Adam the youngest boy died at the age of 16, and is buried with his parents, in the little family cemetery, which at that time joined three of the brothers ranches.

The five Nelson brothers who grew to manhood--Jasper, Daniel, Thomas, George and John all married and raised families. Now they are all gone and their children and grandchildren are scattered, none of them living in the Natches.

The five sisters married and left home, but only two of them are living now, Mrs. Alice Sinclair and Mrs. Louise Dix of Yakima.

Margaret, the oldest daughter married young and spent most of her life in Portland.

Elizabeth married Oscar Van Sykle. Her daughter Mrs. Cora Gardiner was the first white child born in the Natches Valley. Mrs. Van Sykle was a practical nurse and for many years went about helping where there was sickness or trouble. She was a musician, as most of the Nelsons were. She was also an expert needlewoman, and mastered the Indian art of tope-chin, which is reinforcing mens trousers with buck skin.

Alice married Frank Sinclair. She and her father J. B. Nelson were two of the incorporators of the Natches Congregational Church. She taught cooking to the Indian girls at Fort Simcoe when Father Wilbur was there. She still has the organ her father got for her when she was a mere girl. At that time money was very scarce and he traded some horses for the organ and brought it in from The Dalles.

Bell was a very lovable person, jolly and well, liked and considered the best cook in the valley. She loved dancing and was much sought as a partner.

Louise was the youngest and most handsome of the family. She married Charles Dix and has always been noted for her happy disposition and for her hospitality.

The Nelson homestead was used as an inn for travelers between The Dalles and Ellensburg, and was noted for its hospitality. The stage coach stopped there and mail was delivered from the inn.

In 1875 J. B. Nelson was made a Probate judge and held court in the Inn for several years.

J. B. Nelson liked to have his "boys" around him and they always worked together. They built the first bridge over the Natches river near the homestead and the present bridge, which still bears Nelson name.

The Nelsons were noted for their generosity toward newcomers. Their only desire seemed to be to see the country settled, with no thought to the increasing of their personal gains.

2/16/36
Read by Mrs W. H. Arnold.
104 - North 8th St Yak

(Granddaughter)

+ 17 000 water rights
meet with city & governor
august - 1910

CHAS. J. BARTHOLET
Supervisor of the Division of Water Resources
DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION AND DEVELOPMENT
Olympia, Washington

July 10

Charles W. Bartholet, son of Emma Schanno Bartholet and Matt Bartholet, was born in Yakima City (now Union Gap) in the year North Yakima was founded, 1884.

Joe Bartholet Sr., and Charles Schanno, grandfathers on both sides of the family, settled at the site of Yakima City in the late '60's and were pioneers in irrigation development in that part of the Yakima Valley. Schanno, with Sebastian Lauber, constructed a ditch to divert waters from the Ahtanum Creek in 1872 for the irrigation of lands now lying within the Town of Union Gap. Following this, Schanno constructed a ditch diverting water from the Naches River near Fruitvale for the irrigation of additional lands in the same townsite.

A good part of the lands settled on by Charles Schanno were platted into the townsite of Yakima City. At the time the Northern Pacific Railway was being constructed through the locality a subsidiary organization of the railroad company sought to purchase the townsite property but could not reach an agreement on the price with Grandpa Schanno. As a result a townsite was platted four miles north along the line of the railroad and named North Yakima (now Yakima) and as an inducement to obtain settlers coming from Yakima City to the new town, free lots were offered to those who would move their homes, business buildings and churches to the new townsite. This was followed by many taking advantage of the offer. Had an agreement

been reached with Schanno on a price for the townsite property, Yakima City would ^{today} probably be the metropolis of the Yakima Valley.

During the early days in Yakima my father was a deputy sheriff, merchant, county auditor and county treasurer. In 1899 the family moved to Ellensburg where my father engaged in the mercantile business and was mayor of the city during the boom days of the construction of the Milwaukee Railroad.

In 1902 I joined an engineering party headed by Dave Guiland, whose father owned and operated the Guiland House, the first hotel to be operated in North Yakima. This engineering party made surveys for the Kittitas High Line Canal and the Cascade Canal and in 1904 took charge of construction of the latter.

In 1906 I was appointed resident engineer on construction of the Milwaukee Railroad between CleElum and Ellensburg with headquarters at Thorp. Construction work was completed in 1909.

From 1909 to 1913 I was employed by the Land Department of the Northern Pacific Railway Company and worked under the direction of W. R. King, an engineer of Portland. During that period I was in charge of an engineering party in making water power surveys for a power development on the Klickitat River. From there the party moved to the Yakima Valley and made the original surveys of the Roza and Kennewick Irrigation Projects. The Northern Pacific Railway Company should have the credit for bearing the cost of preliminary engineering work in planning and laying out both of these projects. The Roza Project is now practically completed with 64,000 acres of land being irrigated and the Kennewick Project is under construction.

In the spring of 1914 I was appointed Resident Engineer by the State Highway Commission and took charge of location and construction of the Snoqualmie Pass Highway between the summit and Easton. I well recall the difficulty we had in keeping cars off the highway before construction was completed. Several parties camped along completed sections of the road as far as it was open to enable them to be the first to cross the Cascade Mountains on the new highway. At that time ten miles of highway could be constructed for the cost of one mile of recent construction on the same highway. I was with the highway department on this and other jobs to August, 1917.

The State Water Code became effective that year. I was appointed Assistant State Hydraulic Engineer under Marvin Chase, to administer the Act. Mr. Chase, an eminent engineer, was very active in early irrigation development in the Yakima and Wenatchee Valleys and was a member of the Water Code Commission that prepared the Act. The Code is now administered by the Supervisor of the Division of Water Resources under the Department of Conservation and Development headed by W. A. Galbraith, Director.

The Water Code gave great stability to water rights and ended great confusion and conflict causing much litigation among water right owners. The Act has proven itself to be of great value to the State of Washington in developing its enormous water resources as it covers the whole field of water right problems.

I served twelve years as principal assistant, four years as consulting engineer and twenty-one years as Supervisor of the Division

of Water Resources or a total of thirty-seven years which brings my career in this office down to date. During that period I served under nine Directors of the Department of Conservation and Development and six Governors, the first of which was Governor Lister.

Some of my first work in connection with this office was making surveys and obtaining information for the adjudication of the water rights of Ahtanum, Cowiche and Wenas Creeks in Yakima County. A state of chaos existed among water users along those streams ever since early settlers began using water for irrigation. The adjudication of the water rights ended much turmoil and confusion and brought peace among neighbors as the extent and priority of the water rights were definitely fixed by the proceedings.

Beginning in the early 20's our office took an active part in the controversy between the Indians and the whites over a division of the waters of Ahtanum Creek which has recently been settled in the Federal District Court in favor of the whites located on the north side of the stream.

The water resources of the State of Washington, the greatest in the nation, have been an important factor in its phenomenal growth and will be an important factor in its future growth and a great factor in planning national defense through the use of water for hydroelectric power, for the irrigation of lands to produce food stuffs and for manufacturing purposes. The Yakima Valley has been outstanding in this respect. Our Water Code adds to obtaining the greatest benefit of vast natural resource in water as it definitely added stability to water rights. Much of our early water law origi-

nated from the practice of irrigation in the Yakima Valley as this section of the state was outstanding in early irrigation development.

During the thirty-seven years that I served in the office of the Division of Water Resources and since the office was opened in 1917, 17,900 applications have been filed for water rights for uses in irrigation, water power, industrial, municipal, mining and domestic use.

From the above applications up to and including the year 1953, 6,334 permits have been issued and are in good standing for the irrigation of 243,464 acres of land being principally developed through individual efforts within the state.

An outstanding feature of this acreage which holds permits for the appropriation of water, 4,875 of the permits are for irrigation of 130,498 acres West of the Cascade Mountains where irrigation is practiced very successfully notwithstanding the humid climate.

During the long period that the office of Water Resources has been in operation, relations have been very friendly with the officials of the Bureau of Reclamation in obtaining and perfecting water rights in the Yakima Valley for the vast irrigation projects obtaining water from the Yakima River and tributaries. These projects round out about 509,000 acres of irrigated land in the Yakima Valley extending from Easton and Kennewick.

On July 31, I expect to retire from the office of the Division of Water Resources on account of reaching the compulsory retirement age.

April 16, 1954.

Howard County

My father, William Lewis, was born in Missouri March 16, 1834.

At the age of 15, with his parents, he crossed the plains settling near Albany, Oregon. His mother and oldest sister died and were buried on the trail. His father married Nancy Splawn, mother of the well-known Splawn boys of the Yakima valley.

My mother, Ruth McCallister was born September 20, 1840, at Springfield, Illinois. She crossed the plains with her parents at the age of 10 years and settled in Oregon near the place now known as Eugene. My father and mother were married at Albany, Oregon, January 6, 1859. They lived there about nine years and then emigrated to the Puyallup valley where my father engaged in the sawmill business, in partnership with a man by the name of Mace Smith, brother-in-law of the late John Marks, a pioneer settler of the Ahtanum valley.

In 1871, with his family he crossed the Snoqualmie trail in company with John Marks and family, Thomas Hammer, John Hadley, a man by the name of Bell, Joe Keech and his two children. They all located in Yakima with the exception of Thomas Hammer and Joe Keech and family, who located in the Kittitas valley.

Father
My father settled in what is now known as Union Gap and engaged in the hotel business. It was while living at this place that my mother made the first flag that was used at any celebration in this valley. It was used in a Fourth of July celebration in 1872. It was made of silk ribbon and had 38 stars in it. The ribbon was furnished by George Goodwin, pioneer merchant who had a general store in Yakima city. He was the son of Dr. Goodwin the very first doctor who settled in the Yakima valley.

My father was later elected Sheriff of this county. At the expiration of his term in office he engaged in stock raising in partnership with C. A. Splawn and we moved to the Moxee valley. That was the latter part of 1875. We were the only family living in the Moxee valley at that time and for several years after. Our home was a meeting place for all the cowboys from the head of the Wenas to the mouth of the Yakima river. In 1886 and 1887 the winters were so severe that many of the horses and cattle died. My father became discouraged and sold his interest in the cattle to his partner, Mr. Splawn. He retained his share of the horses and moved them with his family to the Kittitas valley. Most of the horses died the first winter we were there with what was then known as mountain fever.

Some of the outstanding stockmen of that time were: the Snipes brothers, Phelps and Wadleigh, J. B. Huntington, Purdy Flint, David Murray, Bill Miller and Andy Burges and his two boys.

My oldest sister Susan was married to George Hull, July 11, 1878. She and her husband, along with some of the Taylors and Longmires, crossed the Naches pass on horseback to the coast and remained there until the Indian uprising had subsided. They then returned to the Selah valley where they lived for the remainder of their lives. That was of short duration for my sister, Mrs. Hull. The tragic death of Susan Hull and her baby daughter and my sister Alma Lewis by drowning in the Naches river is well known to all the old timers.

In 1886, my brother Virgil who was riding range for Nick McCoy was killed by a horse that fell on him. It was about this time that my father sold his interest in the Kittitas valley and bought a farm in the Wenas valley. He later sold it and moved to North Yakima. It was while living there that my brother Ophyr age 11, and my sister May, age 17, died of typhoid fever, just twenty days apart.

My sister Neoma married a man by the name of A. K. Coleman and they now reside at Tiger, Washington. They have one son, Elmer. My sister Lillian married a man by the name of W. W. Canon and they live at O'Brien, Oregon. My brother Will married Gertrude Sisk and they live at Ellensburg, they have six children. My sister Grace married a man by the name of Henry Burgett. They have one daughter who lives in Yakima. My brother Sim resides in Renton.

I was married to Perry Cleman on April 23, 1883 by Dr. J. W. Beck. We went on our honeymoon to the Dalles, Oregon by stage coach, thence to Walla Walla, by train, and returned to the Dalles and back to Yakima again by stage coach. On our return we settled on a farm in the Kittitas valley. Here our family of ten children were born: Virgil, Barney, Flora, Stanley, Otho, Alice, Edith, Charles, ^QHomer, and Andrew, who died October 26, 1899 at the age of three years. Edith age 13, died November 18, 1911. Alice Cleman Wayenberg was killed in an automobile accident October 30, 1929. She left one little girl, Florence Ann.

~~Around~~ ^{In} 1900 we sold the farm in the Kittitas valley and my husband engaged in the sheep raising industry. He later sold the sheep and again engaged in farming near Toppenish. In 1912, he went to Fairbanks, Alaska, to try his luck at mining. At about this time my father and mother came to live with me. My mother died at my home on July 9, 1916. My father died at the home of my brother Will in Ellensburg while there on a visit, February 15, 1920.

My husband returned from Alaska in 1918. He became ill of cancer of the stomach and died at our home in Toppenish January 5, 1921.

The pictures enclosed are a few of my pioneer friends.

Sarah Ann (Lewis) Cleman