

MEMORIES OF WHITE SALMON AND ITS PIONEERS

The beginnings of history are like the sources of some mighty river, hidden and obscure. First, the individual, then the family, the community, the State, the Nation, ever increasing and becoming more powerful for good or evil, but ever partaking in large measure of the spirit and character of its founders.

The little stream is hidden in the mighty river: "Men may come and men may go" but the "Brook" goes on forever. The Pioneers lived, labored and endured, and then went to their well-earned rest, yet how few of them have left for us the record of their lives, other than in the communities where they lived and the states which they founded. It is well for us who remain, who knew these men and women, to put on record what we know of them. There is yet a great deal of interesting unwritten history.

In the fall of 1852, Erastus S. Joslyn arrived at Portland from Massachusetts. With him came his wife, Mrs. Mary L. (Warner) Joslyn, and a young school teacher, Miss Abigail Clark, who taught for some years in Portland and Oregon City schools, and later became the wife of Byron P. Cardwell. They came *via* the Isthmus route, which in those days was something of an adventure itself.

Seth Warner, Jr., a brother of Mrs. Joslyn, had preceded them, but he died I think, before they arrived,—at any rate, it was a sore disappointment and grief to them. Seth Warner, Jr., is buried in Lone Fir Cemetery, Portland. His age was 33 years.

Mr. Joslyn's work hitherto had mostly been in factory or shop; he had had little chance to obtain an education, but both himself and wife were young and hopeful, courageous and ambitious, but with very limited means; they had a good endowment of honesty, industry and common sense, and the great expanse of the Inland Empire beyond The Dalles was theirs to choose from. By the advice and assistance of friends, they decided in March, 1853, to go there and engage in raising cattle and dairying.

With a stock of provisions and seed for their first year, they went by the little river steamer to the Lower Cascades, where everything had to be transferred to the "Upper Landing," with much risk and hard labor. This accomplished, their provisions were loaded upon a flat-boat for The Dalles. Then came long days of waiting for favorable winds. Their cook stove, set up on

deck, under an awning, did double duty for them and another family less fortunate than themselves. Mrs. Joslyn tells of "sharing their potatoes which had cost them three cents a pound, with them", and of "feeding one man who had narrowly escaped drowning in crossing 'Dog River'." Finally, after a long struggle with adverse winds they reached The Dalles,—three weeks from Portland. The first night they slept in a warehouse,—or tried to, but the wind was so tempestuous that they almost feared for their lives. On their way up they had seen something of White Salmon and soon determined to return and locate there.

White Salmon is twenty miles west of The Dalles, on the north side of the Columbia, and the same distance east from the Cascades. At that time the Indians held undisputed possession. The scenery there is unrivalled anywhere else along the Columbia, and its climate different; it being where in summer the rain and the sunshine meet, and in winter the warm "Chinook" and the cold "Walla Walla" winds wage their fiercest battles.

The meadows and arable land here extend for about four miles east and west along the Columbia, varying in width from a few rods at each end, to one-half mile, or even more, at the widest part. A short distance from the "Upper Landing" is a small lake, covering five or six acres. In the early days there were many groves of willows and cottonwood trees, and the open meadows covered with a heavy growth of native grass, the meadow foxtail. In extreme high water much of the lower land was flooded in June and July. It is not strange that the Indians loved their home.

Mr. Joslyn's ideals were high, and he dealt squarely and honestly with white man and Indian alike. He first called in their chief men and bought his land outright, paying them in blankets, flour, cloth and "hyas ictas," "many things dear to their childish fancy". Some of the Indians were good workers and soon found it for their interest to help in improving the claim. So, everafter, the Indians recognized Mr. Joslyn's title to the land, and with a few exceptions remained friendly and loyal during the Indian troubles of 1855 and '56, when the murderous Yakimas drove them from their home and burned their house and barn.

Mr. Joslyn chose for the site of his home, a sheltered spot about one mile west of the present "Upper Landing"; well above high water mark. Here, a short distance to the north, a beautiful stream of pure soft water came foaming down a defile

in the rocky bluff. It is now known as Jewett Creek. At the base of these cliffs in those days was a grove of giant pine trees. This was an ideal shelter for cattle in winter, and the stream gave a never failing supply of pure water at house and barn. In later years these pine trees were cut and a peach orchard planted there.

At that time there were a great many magnificent oak trees here, giving shade for house, barns and corrals.

A little northwest of this place, the cliffs give place to hills up which now winds the road to the present city of White Salmon.

East and north of the Joslyn claim of three hundred and twenty acres is a strip of gravelly soil, which includes the present town of Bingen, the White Salmon railroad station, and the huge warehouses of the orchardists of White Salmon. Recently, it has been found that there is an abundant supply of water underlying this land, at no great depth.

The second white settler at White Salmon was Reverend E. P. Roberts, who came there in 1862 from The Dalles. Mr. Roberts had been a missionary in the South Sea Islands. He occupied the old "block house" at the "Middle Landing" for a time, bought land above Mr. Joslyn's place, and built upon the place later owned by J. R. Warner, a brother of Mrs. Joslyn. A. S. Roberts, of The Dalles, is a son of this pioneer, and was born at White Salmon in 1862.

The extreme western end of the settlement was owned in 1868 by C. J. and G. H. Palmer, brothers, and relatives by marriage to the Bradfords, pioneer transportation men at the Cascades. The Palmer brothers were bachelors, born in Indiana. Both of them took part in the historic defense of Bradford's store in 1856. C. J. Palmer had a small, but excellent apple orchard in bearing in 1868. He became quite helpless in his later years, and was cared for by J. P. Egan and wife, who came to White Salmon in 1880 and to whom he gave his property. Mr. Egan is still living at White Salmon, past 80 years of age—an honest and honorable man, who has served as mayor of White Salmon and county commissioner of Klickitat County. He was born in Australia in 1843.

James R. Warner and his wife Cynthia E. Warner came from Sunderland, Massachusetts, soon after the Civil War. With Mr. and Mrs. Warner came a brother of Mrs. Warner, D. D. Clarke, who afterwards was a well-known civil engineer, and builder of Portland's unrivaled water system. Mr. Clarke died

at Portland, March 2, 1923. Mr. Warner had been a soldier in the Civil War. He soon went into partnership with William Willets, upon the place formerly owned by Reverend E. P. Roberts, and engaged in dairying and stock raising. Mr. Warner was also a maker of good brooms, having learned the trade in Massachusetts. Old residents of The Dalles can vouch for their quality.

Mr. Warner was the first postmaster of White Salmon. The postoffice was established there about 1870 or 1871, and was the third, I think, in Klickitat county; the others being at Rockland, now Grand Dalles, and Block House. In 1868 and 1869 White Salmon was in Skamania County, and mail for White Salmon came to Hood River by steamer weekly, on Saturdays. Mr. Nathaniel Coe, was the postmaster. He died on October 17, 1868, and his son, Charles Coe, succeeded him. The combined weekly mail in those days, for both places, could easily have been carried in two apple boxes.

Mr. William Willets was a western man, a widower, who came to Oregon about 1866, and was about twenty-eight years of age at the time. He and his young wife and infant son were living in southeastern Kansas at the time of the invasion of the State by the pro-slavery men from Missouri. They were often compelled to hide out in their corn field at night for safety. His wife died there, and he left his boy with friends and came to Oregon, after having served some months in the Union army.

For several years Warner and Willets were partners on the ranch. In the spring of 1874 the partnership was dissolved and the land and stock divided. Mr. Willets built upon his own land. On June 28, 1874, he died; no one knows how it happened. He was found in his own yard, a bullet wound in his head, and a revolver in his right hand; stories of accident, suicide and even murder, were rife, but the truth will never be known here. Those who were nearest to his heart, who knew him best, and loved him most, of whom the writer is almost the only survivor, can only believe that it was accidental. He was a peaceable, honest, industrious man and respected by all who knew him.

I was not at White Salmon at the time of his burial, which was upon his own land, not far from the place where he died, now owned by Mr. J. A. Henderson. There was no cemetery at White Salmon in those days. In course of time, the wooden fence and headboard that marked the grave rotted away, Mr. Warner and wife died, and Japanese renters plowed over the grave, not even knowing of its existence. Then, Mrs. Lulu D. Crandall of

The Dalles, who remembered Mr. Willets, A. H. Jewett, and Mr. Henderson, became interested in tracing and verifying his Civil War record, and removing the remains to the cemetery near the Congregational Church. After much correspondence it was found that William Willets enlisted in Company D, 6th Kansas Cavalry, August 10, 1861, and was discharged as Sergeant on May 7, 1862, age 24 years, birthplace, Oakland, Michigan. After much labor, Mr. Henderson located the old grave. On Saturday, October 14, 1922, the remains were removed to the little Pioneer Cemetery near the Congregational Church. The next day, Sunday, October 15, 1922, after the morning service at the church close by, a memorial service was held at the grave. The Reverend Mr. Stillman offered prayer. It was the privilege of the writer to prepare and read a short sketch of Mr. Willet's life. Mrs. A. N. Jewett, who came to White Salmon only a few months after his death, placed flowers upon the grave. Mr. A. S. Roberts and Mrs. Roberts, and Mrs. Lulu D. Crandall, were there from The Dalles. The spot was marked with an iron marker brought by the latter. So, after resting for forty-eight years in a lonely and well-nigh forgotten grave, a just, but too long delayed tribute of respect was paid to the memory of an honest man, a good citizen, and a brave soldier of the Civil War.

During the Indian troubles of 1855-1856, the Joslyns lived near Forest Grove. Their place was used by the United States Government as a base of supplies for the Yakima Indian Reservation. A block house was built, and a few soldiers left there. In 1859, they returned to their claim. The eastern Oregon country was filling up rapidly. The Idaho mines attracted thousands. The Dalles became an important business point, and a fine market. I recall that Mr. Joslyn told me that he "once took a few baskets of peaches there with him, which he sold for \$100," and his dairy was as good as a gold mine. They prospered in their business, but White Salmon and Hood River gained but little in population until about 1871 and 1872. In 1866, Mr. Joslyn became interested with others in woolen mills at The Dalles, and rented his farm for three years to Mr. E. S. Tanner of Forest Grove, Oregon. He left a number of cows on the farm and Mr. Tanner bought more. His plan was to "make all the butter and cheese he could, and raise all the calves he could". I arrived at Portland in April, 1868, one of the greenest of tenderfeet, but I had seen cows before and knew some of their tricks, and a few weeks later—some time in May—I went to work for Mr.

Tanner and remained with him until July, 1859; and later on, in the summers of 1871 and 1873, I was with him, after he removed to the Ahtanum Valley in Yakima county. But that is another story.

Mr. Tanner was born in Litchfield County, Connecticut in 1815. I came from Hartford County, same state. He had emigrated to Illinois in, or about, 1836 or 1837, and lived at Waverley and Springfield, had been a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, and shared in full measure Lincoln's hatred of slavery.

A younger brother, Edward A. Tanner, came to Illinois; later he attended Illinois College, came to Forest Grove in 1866 or 1867 to teach in the College there, but soon returned to Illinois and afterwards became president of Illinois College. But I must remember that I am supposed to be writing history not biography; yet it has been said that "biography is history, teaching by example". Surely the life and character of Elisha S. Tanner was an example worthy of imitation. When in August, 1881, he was drowned in the Naches River, I recall the words written to Mr. Warner by Mr. Z. F. Moody: "He was of the salt of the Earth".

When I first arrived at White Salmon, the June flood was slowly creeping over the meadows, and the hills beginning to turn brown and dry. Of course, this cut short the flow of milk. Two years before Mr. Tanner had taken the dairy cows to greener pastures near White Salmon Falls, twelve miles north—now Husum. There he built a log cabin 14x14, and camped for a time with his family. He also, in order to separate the young calves from their mothers during the day, bridged the White Salmon by felling a big pine across it, then flattened the top, built side rails and gates at each end. The calves were easily trained to march in single file over this "first" bridge to span the river.

The next year, 1867, he decided to go further on to Camas Prairie, twenty-four miles from the Columbia, a lovely valley some twelve miles long and from one mile to four miles wide, and a favorite summer playground of the Reservation Indians. There had been no attempt at occupation by white man. No house, no fence, and no white man had yet spent a winter there. The Indians told of deep snows and terrible storms—to discourage settlers from coming, although the elevation was only 1400 feet above sea level. About half way down the valley, near the south

side, at the foot of the mountain, was a wonderful spring of the coldest, purest water. Here, in 1867, Mr. Tanner built a log cabin 16x24 also a spring-house and corrals; and there in the summers of 1868 and 1869 we tended the stock, and made some thousands of pounds of butter in the old fashioned way. There were no cream separators then. The rise of the Columbia that year was not excessive and Mr. Tanner remained much of the time at White Salmon to attend to the haying and harvesting. Mrs. Tanner and her two girls, Emma and Alice, were efficient helpers and supervised the butter making. Joe Williams, 18, and myself, 23 years old, were herders, milkers, and general "men of all work". In addition a Dalles school boy of about thirteen, on vacation, was with us for some weeks in 1868. His father afterwards was governor of Oregon and thirty years later the young "calf wrestler" became a congressman at Washington, D.C. I doubt his getting any more fun out of the latter job than he did from the former.

On the Fourth of July we had a novel flag-raising, possibly the first on that prairie, and certainly Old Glory has not since floated in that valley from a loftier or more substantial "staff".

Near the corrals stood a giant pine tree. Its lower branches were about twenty feet from the ground. I first threw a rope over the lower one, then putting the flag (a small one) in my pocket, and tying a small straight stick to my belt, I managed to reach the lower limb; from there it was not difficult to climb to the very top, where I fastened the little flag to its staff, and this to the tree. "All day long, that free flag tossed", but not, "Over the heads of a rebel host"; and at nightfall I climbed that tree again and "lowered the Colors". I wish I owned that little flag now, that I might give it to the keeping of the Pioneers of Western Klickitat County.

I have not space to tell all I would like of that memorable summer's experiences; of those hundreds of Indians, with their thousands of horses; their wierd songs and dances, their funerals and religious rites; of their desire to trade for cloth, sugar, flour and a hundred other "iktas" (things); their passion for gambling, and horse racing. All this, along with the, to me, uncouth Indian and Chinook language, was a new experience, as was also the free open air life, the cooking over a camp fire, and sleeping out under the stars at night on account of the musquitos.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Jewett are now, I think, the oldest pioneers of White Salmon now living there from the standpoint of

permanent residence. Certainly, no others have done more to develop the country in a home building and attractive way. They came in August, 1874, and know from experience the toil and privations of the first settlers "on the hill".

Their present home, "The Jewett Farm", was a "haven of rest" to many a tired city man and woman for many years.

At first, the Jewetts engaged in fruit growing and the nursery business; but increasing years have compelled them to give up both that and the "Summer Resort" once so popular. Mr. Jewett was born in 1845, is a member of the G.A.R., having served when quite young in the 133rd Illinois Infantry, and later in the 153rd Infantry from the same state. Mr. and Mrs. Jewett have given freely for the upbuilding of church and school, and he has served many terms as mayor of the City.

John Purser and wife, Mary (Swan) Purser, came to White Salmon in 1876. Both were born in England. They were the first to take up land northwest of the City. Both are now living at Everett, Washington. They were my nearest neighbors and best friends.

J. B. Turner, a bachelor, came in 1876, and settled by a spring near "Cooks Addition"; he is now dead.

John Perry settled about 1871 on the mountain north of White Salmon. He is yet alive, I think. His wife was a daughter of Mr. Crate, whose name is given to Crate's Point.

J. W. Overbaugh and Howard Cook came in 1878, and filed on railroad land west of the city, overlooking the Columbia. Cook's claim also included the land on which was afterwards built the summer resort known as "The Eyrie". Near there Mr. Cook planted one of the first commercial apple orchards. Both of these early settlers are now dead.

In December, 1877, the writer made a homestead entry in section 24, 80 acres, west of and joining the claim of John Purser. The land sloped west and north from the "Bald Hill" and was covered with oak and pine timber and dense undergrowth of small fir and brush. It was sold in 1889, and is now owned by Mr. Balsinger. I lived there eight years.

In 1878, the present site of the city of White Salmon, west of Mr. Jewett, was unclaimed, except a small log cabin near the spring, west of the present postoffice, where a man by name of Charles Cruver, had his home. He was an odd character, a skillful hunter, good natured, indolent, nothing specially bad about him, yet he was known always as "Cultus Charlie". He

had an Indian wife afterwards. He is now dead. He sold his right to the spring and moved on. Herman Hansen and Manuel Larsen, Norwegians, bought it. The same year, Jacob E. Jacobson and R. B. Hansen came, also Norwegians. Jacobson lived just north of the school buildings, and Hansen, half way from the Congregational Church to the present postoffice corner. They owned most of the future townsite and were good neighbors and citizens. R. B. Hansen died about 1884, I think. Jacobson is still living near Woodland, Washington.

A. F. Giddings and family came from California a year or two later and bought the Herman Hansen place, which he soon sold to Jacob Hunsaker, an enterprising man, son of an Oregon pioneer of 1845. Mr. Hunsaker improved the place greatly and opened a general store; was postmaster also county commissioner and the first senator elected from Klickitat County to the first State Legislature. He removed to Everett, Washington, where he died a few years since.

The R. B. Hansen place was sold to R. D. Cameron, who came from Nevada, and invested largely in land beyond the Falls. Mr. Cameron built the first saw mill on the White Salmon River, not far from where the big power station is now. I believe he is now living in Portland.

William H. Henderson was born in Iowa in 1855, came to White Salmon on March 26, 1879, married Miss Minnie Waters, a sister of Mrs. A. H. Jewett. She taught the first school on Camas Prairie in 1879. Both now reside at White Salmon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Shaw came November 12, 1879, from Redwood City, California. Mr. Shaw was a Forty-niner, born in Maine. Mrs. Shaw was a native of California. They settled first on Camas Prairie, and engaged in dairying, along with H. D. Cole, who came with them. Mr. Shaw was the first settler at Glenwood, where he built a saw mill. Mr. Cole is living (1923) on the old J. R. Warner place. Mr. Shaw died some years since. Mrs. Shaw resides at White Salmon. She was for eight years the secretary of the Western Klickitat Pioneer Association. Her daughter, Luella B. Shaw, was the first white child born of pioneer parents, on Camas Prairie, in February 1881. She married John Wyers of White Salmon, and their son, Tunis J. Wyers, born in June, 1901, is the first of the third generation of Prairie pioneers.

There was another man by the name of Cole, whose initials

I do not recall, who was an early settler there, and a justice of the peace.

Joseph Devine and George Watson, trappers, were the first white men to winter there (winter '72 and '73, I think it was). Devine had the cabin built by Mr. Tanner. Watson settled on Panni-kin-nick Prairie, as did also the Bertschi Brothers.

Stephen Whitcome was the first postmaster. The office was called Fulda.

Leonard Stump and Jacob Kline, his wife's father, came from Sauvies Island at about that time, bringing a lot of cows. Stump built an immense barn, 200 feet long, entirely of poles and split shakes. He was a noted hunter, and was accidentally killed some years later while hunting. Noah Chapman was a neighbor of Stump, near the upper end of the Valley, a very energetic man, was justice of the peace and a county commissioner, born in Connecticut, and died in 1892. His wife was a colored woman, a splendid nurse, and one of the best women in the Valley. She died in 1899. Her son and daughter are now living at White Salmon.

Among the earliest settlers at Camas, were R. J. Peales and family, who later moved to Hood River, and Peter Conboy, whose son Peter, is now president of the Western Klickitat Pioneer Association, also came among the first.

I cannot name those who came later, for lack of space.

William Gilmer and family settled on Gilmer Prairie in 1872. His son, George, was postmaster at Gilmer for twenty years.

At "The Falls" (Husum) Matt. Wilkins was postmaster, and Martin Thompson built a small flouring mill and electric light plant for White Salmon.

The first school at White Salmon was taught in 1879 or 1880, in a little shanty at the foot of the hill above Bingen, on the right hand going to White Salmon, by a Mr. Levison, a German. The next teacher was Miss Hattie Eaton of Oswego, Oregon, a sister of the writer's wife, who taught in 1882 and 1883; first, at the same place, and for one term in the new Congregational Church, which was used as a school room. The church was built in 1880, organized in 1879 by Reverend George H. Atkinson. The service was at Mr. Jewett's. Mr. J. R. Warner was the first Deacon and the writer the first church clerk. The site was chosen by Reverend Dr. Atkinson, partly because of its beautiful situation, and also because his prophetic vision was looking far forward to future

years. Before the building was erected open air services were held by Reverend Atkinson under the shade of the oaks.

The work of building was mostly voluntary, and the money came from many unexpected sources. Two years later a bell was given us by a dear old lady in New York who had heard about us, and a belfry added to the building. When it was in place and for the first time rang out its call to worship, there was no church at Hood River, and it was the first church bell to sound along the Columbia, between Vancouver and The Dalles. Reverend Horace S. Lyman was the first pastor, in 1882-1883; a son of the old pioneer home missionary, Horace Lyman, Sr., and fresh from study at Oberlin, Ohio.

In the spring of 1884, Frederic H. Balch was living at Lyle, and having decided to be a preacher he held several services here. We little knew of the fame that awaited him in future years, as the author of "The Bridge of the Gods," but his sincerity and earnestness impressed us, and his genial ways won our hearts. In 1886, he was ordained in the White Salmon church at a conference of the Mid-Columbia Association. He preached here and there, at Glenwood, Underwood, Hood River, White Salmon and Lyle; ever welcome, and gaining new friends. He went to Berkeley to study a while—his mind busy with his book—but his frail constitution could not stand the strain, and he came home to die of tuberculosis in a Portland hospital at the age of thirty years. He sleeps among "The Hills of Lyle" amid the scenes he loved so well. I am glad that I knew him.

I want to write a little of my first winter at White Salmon with Mr. Tanner, 1868-1869. At Thanksgiving time there was a notable company of "Yankees" at the feast. "Auntie Coe," whose husband had died the October previous, and some of her family had been invited. I recall her quoting Genesis 24-27—please look it up yourself—and of thinking it was quite timely; Mr. and Mrs. Joslyn, Mr. and Mrs. Warner and Mr. Willets were there; and Mrs. Tanner and the girls had cooked Thanksgiving dinners before, but never a better one.

There would be no butter making in winter, and the Tanner girls and Joe Williams were to attend school at Forest Grove, Mrs. Tanner going with them as housekeeper. This reduced the white population of White Salmon to four persons, as Mr. Willets was going to Portland and the Palmers were away. Mr. Tanner, Mr. Warner and myself, without a dissenting vote, named Mrs. Warner "the belle of White Salmon," and most graciously

she filled the position. I was chief cook and housekeeper for Mr. Tanner, but we were often found with "our feet under Mrs. Warner's table" at meal time.

The winter was quite mild, 18 degrees above zero being the minimum temperature. We had one hundred and seventy-five head of cattle and thirty horses to feed; not much snow, fed only about twenty-five days all winter. Spring came early; in March, Mr. Joslyn returned and took charge of the place when the lease expired. The cows and other cattle were divided according to previous agreement. Mr. Tanner reserved a small band of his best cows and sold all his remaining stock to William Cornell of Rockland, whither we drove them a few weeks later, a memorable trip of two days over "the roughest trail in the Northwest," as Mr. Cornell termed it. He ought to know, for he had driven cattle for years, to Caribou, and the mining camps of Idaho.

With the cattle disposed of, Mr. Tanner went to Forest Grove for his family, only to face a great sorrow. Emma, the older daughter, a lovely girl, was stricken with fever and died there. On Easter Sunday he wrote me the sad news, and I have treasured his words of faith and hope in my heart of hearts these many years.

The early summer of 1869 was spent at the Prairie, much like the previous one, but in July I started for Connecticut, returning again to White Salmon in April, 1871. Meantime, the Tanners had moved to the Atahnam Valley, Yakima County. I worked for him there that summer and came back and worked for Mr. Joslyn, the winter of 1871 and 1872, and came to know him more intimately. We had a long siege of snowy weather; for two and one-half months snow averaged about two feet in depth; the river was frozen, and boats could not run for one period of seven weeks and one of about ten days. No communication with the world outside; not a letter or a newspaper for seven weeks; no telephone, no wireless, no railroad then; nothing but to wait patiently as we could for a change. Mr. L. F. Moody was in Portland, ice-bound. With great difficulty he managed to make his way home to The Dalles. Finally we got an Indian to go to The Dalles for our letters and a few papers, paying him five dollars. He returned after two days; and a week later, one morning, we heard the welcome sound of the steamboat whistle.

It was during that winter that a little boy was born in a log cabin on the place afterwards owned by Mr. Swan, northwest of Mr. Purser's. Mr. and Mrs. Joslyn and the Warners had no chil-

dren of their own, and I suppose this boy was the first white child born at White Salmon since 1862, when Hon. A. S. Roberts came upon the scene of action.

Early in January, I became crippled by cutting my foot with an axe. Mr. Joslyn proved himself a fairly good surgeon, putting seven stitches in the wound, and better still, they were all so kind to me during the five weeks I hobbled about on crutches that I have ever felt grateful for it.

There were seven in the family: Mr. and Mrs. Joslyn, a half-Indian girl of 13 whom Mrs. Joslyn had raised; Jimmy Cogswell, a little older; Miss Annie Tuck, a niece of Mrs. Joslyn—she was an accomplished singer and player on the organ; Mr. Allison and myself. Allison was a good bass singer, and he helped wonderfully in the music, and enjoyed it. Many a good book was read aloud in the cosy sitting room that stormy winter, Whittier's "Snow-Bound" being one, and Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" was another. Would there were more such homes in our land today!

In 1877 and 1878, a number of German families arrived. Some settled on the west side of the White Salmon River, between Husum and Trout Lake; some at Fulda, as the Camas Prairie postoffice was called. Mr. Joslyn sold his farm to men by name of Suksdorf, from Iowa. There was a large family of sons besides the old father and mother. After a few years the latter died, on the same day, I believe; they were both buried the same time. They were the founders of Bingen; also had land at Fulda. Detlef Suksdorf was the eldest and was postmaster for some time; William was a botanist, at one time in Government employ at Washington, D. C.; Henry was an attorney in Portland; Charles and Frederic were farmers and dairymen. The latter went to the Palouse country. Theodore and Philip complete the number. Theodore now resides at Bingen. Philip, I think, is dead.

I fear that I am making my story too long. I would like to write more of the Indians, who were a never failing source of interest to me. I will only name a few. "Old Jack," their religious leader, died of consumption and was succeeded by "Queemps," who was the personification of dignity itself. "Snattaps," his brother, was the comedian of the bank, a regular buffoon. He was my best instructor in the study of Chinook. His failing was gambling. I think he was about sixty when he died. Old "Jacob Hunt" was quite lame. He died at the age of 112. "Yallup" and

"Johnson" were brothers, and "Christian Indians", and always to be trusted. Once a cavilling white man asked the latter: "Johnson, where do you think you will go when you die?" to which Johnson replied, quick as a flash: "Chee nika memaloose, chee nika kumtux." ("As soon as I die, so soon I know.") Could any theologian have given a better answer? The last time I saw "Yallup," I found him alone with his little grandchild, about six years old. He was over seventy years of age, blind, crippled by rheumatism, crouching over the fire in a log cabin. It was winter. He could not see me, but when I told him who I was, the tears of joy ran down his withered cheeks, as he talked of Mr. Joslyn and Mr. Warner, and of his Christian hope. Poor old "Yallup"! No, not poor, but richer than many a millionaire. I hope to meet him again in the better world.

As I have said before, those first settlers at White Salmon had high ideals and nobly did they live up to them. In religion, in civic affairs, in education; they were foremost, and their influence goes on forever.

Both Mr. Joslyn and Mr. Tanner were intimate friends of Reverend Cushing Eells and Reverend Elkanah Walker; and it is worthy of note that all four of them were upon the first Board of Trustees of Whitman College.

Mr. Joslyn represented Klickitat County in the Legislature Council of Washington Territory, and Mr. Tanner was a member of the House from Washington County, Oregon, one term.

Mr. Joslyn and wife were charter members of the First Congregational Church at The Dalles in 1859; and it was through the efforts of Mr. Tanner and a few others that a church of fourteen members was organized at Ahtannum, Yakima County, Washington, in 1873. This latter was the fourth Congregational church organized in Washington Territory. There are now more than two hundred of them.

Of this last church the writer was a charter member. A daughter of E. S. Tanner, Mrs. Alice Tanner Vivian, was the organist upon that occasion, and she is still living at Yakima, Washington.

I fear this rambling and somewhat garrulous and personal narrative will hardly pass as history. It has been written almost entirely from memory, and I cannot vouch for the entire accuracy of some of the dates given. It has been a pleasure to me to recall these memories of the friends of years long gone. It may

help to keep for future readers the record of these men who "buildd better than they knew."

Let me add this copy of a letter from Mrs. E. S. Joslyn, written in 1880 or 1881 from Colorado Springs, Colorado, to me at White Salmon, Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Joslyn were the first white family that settled at White Salmon in 1853, and the letter relates her experience at the time of the Indian War of 1856:

"I am very grateful to you for awakening so many reminiscences by your recent letter.

"I have never saved by writing or picture any one of those early experiences; but they come back to me vividly, freshly, as I ponder them o'er, filling my otherwise lonely hours with brighter pictures than I find in books, so that I am only afraid of being too lengthy or egotistical.

"Yes, I was there, that 26th of March, 1856, waiting at Mr. Atwell's on the opposite (south) side of the Columbia, while my husband returned to The Dalles on business.

"You may recollect that only three weeks before I had seen our own home (at White Salmon) consumed by Indian fires, and heard their savage yells as the troops attempted to cross from Hood River—but returned to the Oregon side for further orders. So as we heard firing on the north side of the Columbia, at the Upper Cascades, and watched the strange course of the little steamer "Mary," as she staggered in the strong current, dropped down, down, turned and trembled, and finally began to make trifling headway up stream; we were perhaps more calm than some when the hurrying neighbors said 'it was the Indians,' 'the woods on the other side were alive with them.' 'They have killed, will kill, everybody.' Their hideous yells, even now, came across the water. But see, the "Mary" is nearing our shore; we are safe. Mothers hurry their crying children on board; fathers carry wood and rails, anything to burn, for she had burned some of her upper works to get across, and the man at the wheel had been compelled to crouch low in the pilot house to escape the Indian bullets. We gather a little bedding, a few eatables, but think most of escaping with our lives. At another time we might have said, 'What a bare, comfortless boat,' but now it was our only hope. Her every plank meant protection, escape.

"My first greeting was from the engineer, 'Can you do anything for the wounded?' And as I looked around, I realized how

narrow the escape. Only six men on board, four of them wounded while getting her off. No officers but the engineer. The captain, Banghman, was ashore at the time of the attack, and being cut off from the boat saved himself by hiding in the brush by the river. The men who have families on board help as well as landsmen can. We are barely under way when a small boat hails, and a woman with a babe scarcely twenty-four hours old is taken on board.

"On the bare floor of the little cabin one of the wounded ones is moaning sadly while his life blood is trickling through his blanket and staining the boards. We ask, 'Can we help him?' Try to find him a pillow, but he seems not to understand our language and turns away. So we seek for the others. Little Johnnie Chance is in the cook's bunk crying piteously. 'Where are you hurt, Johnny?' 'Oh, my leg.' 'They will cut off my leg,' and then he cries for his mother; but when we take off his boot and find the bullet in it, which had passed through his leg, he was less excited, and seems to believe us when we tell him, 'They will not cut off your leg, Johnny.'

"We find the third man, Jesse, by the engine, holding his shoulder and trying to show the raw hands how to help, and to our query, 'What can we do for you?' says, 'I am pretty bad, but that fellow in Bush's room is worse.' So we go to find Mr. Lindsey with the cold drops of perspiration on his forehead, and his lips closely pressed from excessive pain. The ball has passed through his lung. Can we stanch the blood? We find in the engineer's satchel some cotton and make lint, as we have read, for not one person on board has had experience. We bathe his hands and face, and try to find something to nourish him; succeed in getting a little tea, of which the man in the cabin partakes.

"The sick woman has a few blankets on the other side of the cabin and the children are huddled in the corner, and the women are soothing them as best they can. As the long hours go by, for the boat goes slowly against wind and current, the engineer is now at his engine, now at the wheel, calm, masterful. Mrs. Atwell, I think it is, finds us something to eat, some flour on board and soda, which she mixes and bakes, while doing her part watching the children and sick. She is a brave, true woman, and I feel ashamed when I see her energy and endurance.

"But I cannot stay long from the sufferer in the little room, to die so; can we prolong his life until help is reached? We have

not time to think of the dear old home so lately devastated as we glide slowly past. The night shadows are gathering now, and weariness, and well nigh despair, come over me as I steal over the guards and curl down on the end of the boat. Rumor says The Dalles was to be attacked at the same time as the Cascades. It was just as unprepared; we may be met by hostile foes instead of by our friends. If so, what can we do? No friendly port within reach. We drop back only to meet the foe almost anywhere on either side. There is no outlet over these impassable mountains. We almost hear savage yells as we round the rocky points, or steer nearer shore to avoid swift current. It is quite dark now. The man in the cabin has ceased to breathe. Lindsey is sinking. We forget self as we try to minister to his needs. We can give the cup of cold water, if nothing more.

"How welcome the cry, 'The Dalles. The Dalles.' The lights are burning as usual; all is well. What a crowd of citizens are on the shore; for they have heard by the little *Wasco* of our peril, and probable escape. How precious is kindness now. How keenly we appreciate the upper room made ready for us by Mrs. Suching. Lindsay was carried so carefully to a room and the army surgeon is ready to do all that can be done; and after a long illness he recovers. The engineer has done a brave, grand service, for which I do not think he was ever suitably rewarded.

"Ever your friend,

"Mary L. Joslyn."

I wish to add a few paragraphs as supplemental to Mrs. Joslyn's letter:

Captain Henry C. Coe, the youngest son of Nathaniel Coe, the pioneer, has written a vivid account of the burning of the Joslyn home in February, 1856. Mrs. Joslyn was at Hood River at that time; but when the Indians attacked the Cascades on March 26, 1856, she was at Mrs. Atwell's—now Cascade Locks—as related in her letter.

One interesting incident, which I had from her own lips, she failed to mention in the letter, was that Mr. Joslyn had planted a field to late potatoes the previous summer, which remained in the ground until spring. He was harvesting and shipping them to The Dalles, when the first warning of trouble came. Of course, he said little to Mrs. Joslyn about the rumors of trouble, as he still had great confidence in his red neighbors.

But one day at the dinner table he said to Mrs. Joslyn, "The Indians do not want to help. I think it rather strange."

The Indians were then camped near the mouth of the White Salmon, about three miles from Mr. Joslyn's home, near the foot of the Bluffs, below what is now known as "The Eyrie." After Mr. Joslyn had returned to his work, Mrs. Joslyn concluded that she would ride out to the camp and try to get some of them to help him.

She saddled her horse, being a fearless rider, but when she reached the camp she was surprised to see some strange Indians. The Yakimas were there, emissaries of old Kamiakin. Her reception was not cordial; and failing to secure any help, she turned homeward.

Leisurely her horse climbed the steep trail, and on reaching the top of the Bluff, she rode rapidly homeward, not alarmed, but wondering about those scowling, surly, strange Indians.

There was another trail up from the river farther up stream, which led into the one she was on; and as she neared the junction of the two trails, her horse seemed alarmed and started to run, and, brave and fearless rider as she was, she simply "let him go." It transpired later that Indians were after her afoot upon the other trail—whether to kill her or simply to capture her we do not know.

I am sure that when Mr. Joslyn knew of her adventure he must have given her credit for bravery, if not for discretion; and when, a few days later, she witnessed the burning of her home, she realized how narrow had been her escape.

Among the White Salmon Indians who joined the hostiles, was Chumkully, a great hunter. He was fearfully injured in an encounter with a bear some years later. Before his death he confessed that he intended to kill the Joslyns. But in his last days, Mr. Joslyn forgot all that, and fed and clothed and ministered to his needs.

In Captain Henry Coe's narrative he tells of a man by name of Galentine, and a boy, Woodburn Hawk, who were left at the Joslyn ranch, and who, being warned, fled to Hood River.

On the morning of the arrival of troops from The Dalles, Mr. Coe and Woodburn Hawk had been sent to drive in the cattle belonging to the Coes, and seeing the buildings on fire at White Salmon, they hurried home as speedily as possible.

The coming of the soldiers seemed to be the signal for the attack at White Salmon.

Of Galentine's history I know nothing more. I am indebted to Mr. George H. Himes for something concerning "Woodburn Hawk" and his family. His father, John M. Hawk, came to Portland in 1852. His wife died there in December, 1852, and is buried in an old cemetery near the present site of the Multnomah Hotel. There were six boys, viz: Albert R. Hawk, Wilson, William C., Francis M., Samuel Woodburn and Melvin.

Four of these motherless lads were cared for in the families of some of Portland's best-known pioneers. William C. was taken by T. J. Dryer, founder of the *Oregonian*; Francis M., by William Hobson of Astoria; Samuel Woodburn went first to Mr. John Hobson—how he happened to be at Mr. E. S. Joslyn's in 1856 is unknown. Melvin, the youngest, was taken by Mr. E. B. Comfort, who later was the second postmaster of Portland, and finally removed to The Dalles, where Melvin was always known as Charles Comfort.

In 1854 the father, John M. Hawk, married the widow of Thomas Hawkes and settled near Olympia, W. T., upon a claim joining that of the father of George H. Himes; and thither came the son Woodburn in 1857.

Surely hospitality and kindly sympathy were practiced by the pioneers of those early days.

ALBERT J. THOMPSON.