

## ATANUM VALLEY FIFTY-FOUR YEARS AGO

Fifty-six years have passed since I first heard the name of "Yakima." I was living then at White Salmon, Washington Territory, in the family of Mr. Elisha S. Tanner. He was engaged in the dairy business upon the farm of E. S. Joslyn, the earliest pioneer of that place, who had settled there in 1853.

I remember that even then the name had a sort of fascination to me. Mr. and Mrs. Joslyn told of their being driven from their home, and the burning of their buildings in 1856 by the Yakima Indians.

The Yakima Indian Reservation was at that time in charge of Rev. James U. Wilbur, as agent. Its boundaries were the Atanum Creek on the north, Yakima River on the east, the summit of the Simcoe Mountains on the south, and the Cascades on the west. It comprised an area much larger than my native state of Connecticut.

It was described as a region of "magnificent distances" and "dry climate where irrigation was a necessity" for success in farming. North of the Atanum the few earliest pioneers had taken claims in that valley; and in the Naches, Cowechee and Wenas valleys; and a few had ventured as far as the present Ellensburg in the Kittitas Valley.

The Dalles was the nearest source of supply; one hundred and twenty-five miles distant, requiring a week to make the round trip, via the old Government Road across the Simcoe Mountains. This trail was passable by wagons only in the summer; or via the "Satas Canyon" trail with pack animals in winter and spring.

There was a little frontier store at "Old Yakima" owned by Sumner and O. D. Barker, brothers, but stocks were limited and prices very high. There was a small sawmill at the western (upper) end of the valley of the Atanum, owned by a man named "Spon," if I remember correctly. It was about fifteen miles from the Yakima, and not far from the historic "St. Joseph's Mission" mentioned by Theodore Winthrop in his fascinating book *Canoe and Saddle*. The Mission was a favorite rendezvous of the more turbulent Catholic Indians, and there Kamiakin was planning the Yakima War about the time of Winthrop's visit.

This article is not written with the object of adding much of

historical value to what is already known. Abler writers than myself have already done that. My sojourn in Yakima was of too short duration, only about eighteen months, in the summers of 1871 and 1873. Yet those were important years for that region; years of rapid settlement, of development and transition, and the laying of firm foundations, upon which to build securely in the years to come. The story of those two years must necessarily be more or less personal in order that the reader may get a conception of the men and women of whom I am writing, and the hardships and trials that they endured.

This is, in a way, a "continued story" of the adventures (of E. S. Tanner and family and myself) after leaving White Salmon in the summer of 1869. The "Memories of White Salmon and Its Pioneers," printed in this *Quarterly* (April, 1923) was the first chapter.

Mr. Tanner's lease of the Joslyn place expired in March, 1869. Mrs. Tanner and the two girls had spent the previous winter at Forest Grove. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Warner, Mr. Tanner and myself comprised the entire white population of White Salmon that winter. After selling a large number of his share of the cattle, the remaining cows being cared for by Mr. Warren until the time came to drive them to Camas Prairie, in May, Mr. Tanner began looking for a new location. He made one visit to the "Ochoco" Valley in Crook County, but found nothing suitable there. He then wrote to a friend, Myron Eells, "My wings are spread for flight, but I do not know where I am going to alight."

Sometime in May, 1869, we drove the stock to the summer range, at Camas Prairie, and began dairying there. Often we talked of the future of that still unclaimed and beautiful valley, and, for a time, we both considered making it our permanent home. Mr. Tanner felt that it was too isolated in winter for his family. As for myself, I failed to see that then and there I missed the chance of a lifetime. Moreover, "the girl I left behind me" in Connecticut was waiting my return. So in the last days of June I started east. Before I left, Mr. Tanner had decided to stay at White Salmon, on the C. J. Palmer place, during the next winter. He bought a field of oats from Warner and Willets for hay, and we built a log barn, thirty feet square, on the Warner place, to store them. The logs were cut just north of the limits of the present city of White Salmon, and the barn was used for thirty-six years.

It was torn down in 1906, as it stood upon the right of way of the Spokane, Portland and Seattle railroad.

It will be remembered that the steel rails of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads were joined at Promontory Point, Utah, in May, 1869. A transcontinental trip then was quite an experience. Mr. Joslyn went as far as the Cascades with me. I had planned to catch the San Francisco steamer the next day, but the river boat was late, and as we neared Fort Vancouver we saw the San Francisco boat fast disappearing below the mouth of the Willamette River. At that time there was an interval of a week or more between sailing days.

Mails were twelve and fourteen days coming from New York and were brought by stage from Kelton, Utah, to The Dalles, and to Portland from San Francisco.

There were no railroads in Oregon or Washington except the Portage roads at Cascades and Celilo, although Ben Holladay had begun construction of the Oregon and California a year before.

I decided to go by stage to California. The fare was \$45, plus cost of meals en route. Leaving Portland at 6 a.m., July 1, (my first experience in travel by stage) we arrived at Eugene the next morning for breakfast. On that day I was introduced to a "Pacific Highway" paved with poles and fence rails, as we jolted along over the Calipooya Mountains.

That evening we were at Roseburg. I rode with the driver as much as possible.

At one station we changed to a "mud wagon" and six horses. The leaders were fiery halfbroken colts. I could not but admire the skill and coolness with which the youthful driver handled the "ribbons" and whip. At Jacksonville, late Saturday evening, I stopped off for a much needed sleep and rest. Sunday was July 4th and every saloon in town was full of hilarious miners celebrating.

I went to the stage office to resume my journey on Sunday night. It was in the historic old "Beekman Bank" of early days; small and plain, but over its counters had passed millions of dollars in gold dust. While waiting, it suddenly flashed upon my memory that when I left Connecticut two years before, a former school teacher of mine had said: "Albert, if you are ever in Jacksonville, Oregon, be sure to ask for a Mr. Hayden (I cannot now recall his initials). He is an uncle of my deceased wife. She was his favorite. Tell him of us." There was but one man in the

office. I asked him if he knew a person of that name. Imagine my surprise when he told me that he was Mr. Hayden himself. The next half-hour was all too short for our talk.

The stage from the north came at 11 p. m. Just before daylight Monday morning we were nearing Ashland. The road was filled with a huge flock of sleeping sheep; it seemed to me there were thousands of them.

Soon after the sun rose, we were slowly climbing the Siskiyou. The vision of Rogue River Valley as I saw it that morning still remains. We had dinner at Yreka and supper at Red Bluffs, and on Tuesday afternoon left the stage at Oroville and went on to Sacramento by train.

One day there for rest, and I was on the cars eastward bound. The cheapest fare was \$130 to Omaha. Cars were not crowded. All were common day coaches, attached to fast freight trains which often were side-tracked for hours. We were allowed to ride on top of the freight cars at our own risk, if we wished, which furnished a fine chance to see the scenery. I enjoyed the trip immensely. We spent one night at Omaha, and crossed the Missouri on a ferry. The fare from there to New York was \$36.50. We were attached to the mail train here and made better time. I reached the old home in fourteen days from Portland.

Returning now to White Salmon and the Tanner family. They had decided to go to the Atanum Valley, where Mr. Tanner had purchased the claim of a former settler. It was nearly half-way between "Old Yakima" and the upper valley and "Mission." It was bordered by the Atanum Creek and the Reservation on the south. It was still unimproved, save for a double log house, of hewn logs, containing two fire places. It had a thick flat roof of poles, covered with willow brush, rye-grass and dried adobe mud; rough in appearance, but comfortable, warm in winter and cool in summer. Timber for fuel and fencing was scarce. A splendid spring nearby furnished plenty of the purest water. In March, 1870, they left White Salmon. Hood River Charley, an Indian, and his family had been hired to drive the cattle on ahead of the wagons. The route was through "Satas Canyon," mentioned above, a most difficult route. Very few, if any, had taken wagons over that trail. The first night out from The Dalles, they stayed at the ranch of Mr. Snipes, near where Goldendale is now. Mr. Snipes owned many cattle. J. N. Alexander then lived

a mile or two up from the Canyon, and had a fine farm, where he kept bachelor's hall and furnished food and shelter for the winter traveler. Mr. Alexander had been conspicuous in the defense of Bradford's store at the time of the Indian fight at the Cascades in March, 1856. He was also a county commissioner of Klickitat County, and, I think, was also sheriff. When he was past eighty years of age, he lost one hand above the wrist, while driving a mowing machine. I last saw him in 1884 at the county fair at Goldendale.

Mrs. S. P. Vivian of Yakima has kindly furnished me this account of their trip. "It was about one hundred and twenty-five miles from The Dalles to their destination, about fifty miles of which was in the Canyon. Seven persons comprised the party: Mr. and Mrs. Tanner, their son-in-law, C. A. Raymond, his wife and little son Frederick, of about three years, Alice, now Mrs. Vivian, and Malcolm Moody, thirty years of age, afterwards Congressman from Oregon. Nearly sixty head of cattle were in advance, in charge of the Indians. In many places the mountain came abruptly down to the creek and the wagons must be taken down the bed of the stream until a place was found to drive out on one side or the other. Often long ropes were attached to the upper sides of the wagons, then passed once around some tree on the hillside above to prevent overturning; then, by easing away slowly, they gained safer ground, and finally came out into the more open country beyond the summit, where the sun was shining brightly. It had been raining at Mr. Snipe's the night before. On the distant hillside we were glad to see again our little band of cattle, with their faithful Indian keepers. We camped one night near the Toppenish, where we could see twenty miles away across the Reservation, what is now called Union Gap, not far from the spot we were to call our home. . . Only here and there, at rare intervals, could be seen ancient wheel marks, where some government team, probably, had passed that way perhaps ten years before."

It can be seen that it was a large job that Mr. Tanner tackled in Satas Canyon fifty-four years ago this month. Think of it, you tourists, as you roll luxuriously along over the modern highway, and take off your hats to the memory of the pioneers of Yakima.

I wish that I might now go on to relate a story of prosperity and happiness for my friends in their new home, but it cannot be.

Troubles never come singly. Continuing Mrs. Vivian's narrative: "Very soon after our arrival at the new home my father returned to The Dalles with pack-horses and help to get supplies, for the local store carried only a small stock. Exposure to cold and bad weather brought on illness; on his return severe fever set in. Our friends, G. F. Moody and J. B. Condon, came from The Dalles. On their arrival they said to my mother, 'With your consent we wish to start over the Simcoe Mountains in the morning with Mr. Tanner.' This they did, making a comfortable bed for father and a seat for mother inside the spring wagon. The first night they were at Fort Simcoe, where Father Wilbur and the Agency doctor did all they could to make the sufferer more comfortable. At the summit they were met by other friends from The Dalles, who feared that snow might make the crossing difficult, and came to offer their assistance. The second night they were at 'Blockhouse'; and the third were at The Dalles, where Mr. Tanner remained for almost three months. At times his recovery was doubtful, but careful nursing and the skill of Doctor Brooks brought him through, and they returned to the family in Yakima."

I hope I may be excused for here setting down a few things that happened in Connecticut, while these events were transpiring at Yakima.

Six weeks after my arrival home I was married. My relatives thought that surely I would now settle down, but my wife and I had both felt the "Call of the West." I had decided that Oregon was good enough for me. She had an older sister, married, in central Iowa, and one in Indiana. The former urged us to come to Iowa. We decided to do so, and go on to Oregon later. When about to start, word came from Iowa, "We have sold and are moving 200 miles west; better not come till spring." Like the man from Androscoggin, our faces were to the westward, and we went to Indiana; and later to Illinois, eighty miles south from Chicago, where I was promised work, but times were dull, and work proved hard to get. During the holidays I visited relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Tanner, their brothers and sisters, Edward A. Tanner, who was later president of Illinois College. Illness of my uncle in Connecticut caused me to return there in the spring of 1870 and rent the old farm on which my boyhood was spent. There, in the early summer, our little girl was born, and three weeks later my wife was taken from me, and all our plans were shattered.

In April, 1871, having in the meantime heard of the misfortunes of the Tanner family, I left my little girl with my sister and started again for White Salmon and Yakima. I reached White Salmon April 12, and a few days later I hired an Indian guide, who was to furnish two horses and take me to Mr. Tanner's place for seven dollars. Joseph Williams, my old chum and helper on Camas Prairie two years before, was persuaded to go with me and visit them. We left the Satas Canyon about fifteen miles north of Alexander's place, taking the middle trail on the left, which our guide said was *wake siyah* (not so far) and reached Fort Simcoe in two days from White Salmon.

We arrived there with a strong yearning for a square meal, and were referred to Mr. Egbert French, the agency storekeeper. He went to the door of the living room, saying: "Honey! here are three men who want dinner." A half hour passed, and Honey announced that dinner was ready. Honey was a buxom Indian woman, Mr. French's wife; her dinner of ham and eggs, mashed potatoes, hot biscuit and butter and coffee was certainly very good, albeit the tablecloth slightly resembled Joseph's coat, or the map of the United States, as Williams said.

About noon the next day we reached the summit of the range of hills that separate the Simcoe and Atanum Valleys, and paused to view a scene different from any I had ever looked on before. Behind us were the wide spaces of the Simcoe with Mount Adams in the distance; northward was the Atanum with its border of willows and groves of aspens, the dividing line between white man and Indian. The rude cabins of the early settlers showed their claims mostly still unfenced, save for little garden patches here and there. Away to the northeast could be seen the taller timber along the Yakima and Naches and a wide-spreading sagebrush plain, unclaimed and uninhabited except by coyotes and jackrabbits. To one who looks down today upon those valleys the wilderness has changed to a veritable garden of Eden, where apple trees flourish by tens of thousands and cities have sprung up in the wilderness at the magic touch of life-giving water.

My friends had heard of my arrival at White Salmon, and were expecting me. Mr. Tanner had not fully recovered from his severe illness. Spring was at hand with its rush of work. I was glad to be able to relieve his anxiety and lend a helping hand. A

part of the crop had been sown but there were fences to build, and the dairy and stock to tend; irrigating ditches must be watched. Mrs. Tanner had planted a garden but the drying winds threatened its ruin. We succeeded in getting water upon it from the creek, and later it revived and flourished.

Settlers were coming in rapidly. Some had no shelter but their wagons, or a brush camp. Cold rains were quite frequent. One family of small children with a mother in feeble health was brought by Mr. Tanner to share the shelter of his own rather cramped little dwelling.

At first our mail came to Fort Simcoe fourteen miles away, but soon we were allowed a post office at Atanum. Mr. Wm. Bland was the first postmaster. That summer (1871) a weekly service was established between The Dalles and Ellensburg. The first carrier was an Irishman, Murphy by name. Later George White was the post rider.

The location of the county road that summer caused not a little dissension. Hitherto, in handling lumber, the settlers went pretty much where they pleased. The meeting at which it was finally settled was held in a small log house in the upper valley. It had been used for a school at one time, the first one in the valley. It was about fourteen by sixteen feet and contained no stove or furniture, no windows, and no floor. A pyramid-shaped four-foot square box was fastened to four stout posts some four or five feet long. Its apex was fitted into a hole a foot square in the center of the roof. A shallow box on the ground below the opening was filled with earth, upon which, in cold weather, was built a fire of sagebrush roots. The smoke—more or less—escaped through this primitive chimney.

There were many young people and children in the valley, and a Sunday School was started by Mr. Tanner and Mr. Bland before my arrival. It was held in summer in a small grove of aspens near Mr. Tanner's house, and young folks came long distances to attend. There were many good singers and music was a great attraction. The Tanners had brought with them a portable melodeon, which is still in the possession of Mrs. Vivian, the organist of those early days. It was used again by her in May, 1923, upon the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the Congregational church at Atanum.

In July, 1871, Mrs. C. A. Raymond, an older daughter of



Mr. Tanner, died after a long illness. She was 26 years old. Father Wilbur conducted the funeral service.

An itinerant minister of the United Brethren church was among the first to hold service in the Yakima country. His name was Salee. One would not have taken him for a preacher from his appearance and dress. He usually wore white duck pants, and an army overcoat of the style of the Civil War; had a powerful voice and an insatiable appetite for tobacco. He could sing and chew, at one and the same time, and expectorate with unerring aim without missing a note—or his mark.

When he was about to leave for Walla Walla, in his farewell he said: "If I have done any one a wrong, or cherished ill-will toward any of you, I would ride all over Yakima county in a minute to ask your pardon." A rather large country, considering the size of the county.

The first minister of the Methodist Episcopal church to be sent to the Yakima field was a young man, George W. Kennedy (in 1873). Now, after fifty years of arduous service, he is retired and living with his son at Hood River.

One notable incident of 1871 to me was the Indian camp-meeting at Fort Simcoe in July. Some four hundred Indians were present. There was preaching by Father Wilbur in Chinook, by Rev. C. A. Huntington of Olympia in English, and translated into Yakima by an interpreter and again by Timothy, a Nez Perce, in his own tongue, which was interpreted into Yakima. The singing was especially inspiring, for music seems to be a universal language.

Speaking of music recalls to me an amusing incident. An interesting Yankee had passed through the valley with a wagon load of dulcimers, selling one at nearly every home and teaching the purchasers to play the only tune that he knew himself, which was, "There is a Happy Land."

Following in his wake came the Hon. Seleucius Garfiede, campaigning for a seat in Congress as delegate from Washington Territory. When the silver-tongued orator returned to The Dalles, he declared that he "had been accompanied all the way to Ellensburg by a continuous and unbroken repetition of 'There is a Happy Land, Far, far Away'."

The veteran missionary, Rev. Cushing Eells, then living on the Whitman Mission claim near Walla Walla, was an old friend of the Tanners. I had heard much of him in my boyhood, for

he had taught school and singing classes in my home town while in the old East Windsor (now Hartford) Theological Seminary, before coming to Oregon, and was kindly remembered there by his old pupils. He sold his place at Whitman in 1873; being then sixty-three years old, and went to live with his son Edwin at Puget Sound. We received word that he was to make the trip on horseback alone by way of Snoqualmie Pass, and would stay a few days at Atanum. I think it was late in August when he came, with a good saddle horse and pack-animal. A man of medium size and plain appearance; wiry and active, very precise and deliberate in speech; practical and successful in business matters; economical and yet liberal in giving to church and school. Dr. George H. Atkinson told me later, that before Mr. Eell's death he had given more than \$15,000 for benevolent purposes. He was much pleased that I could tell him of the families he had known in East Windsor, and brought out from his packed bucksin bags (relics of the old missionary days), many souvenirs they had given him—mittens, socks, handkerchiefs, which he had kept for more than thirty-five years. Not so lasting, however, was the rich fruit cake they had made for him, at his request, and which proved both food and medicine when, upon the plains, his stomach had rejected the unaccustomed diet of buffalo meat. See *Life of Rev. Cushing Eells* by his son Rev. Myron Eells. He remained several days, and preached on Sunday in the new schoolhouse. The day came for his departure. He planned to go only to Mr. Nelson's place beyond the Naches that afternoon. Mr. Tanner had an appointment to go to the saw mill that afternoon, and I was sent with Mr. Eells to see him safely across the ford of the Naches. Before leaving we were asked to join him in a brief service of song and prayer. Mr. Eells led in singing

"Guide me, O 'Thou Great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land,  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Guide me by Thy powerful hand."

On the hither side of the Naches we found Tom Nelson at work in his field. He proposed to ford the rapid stream and bring over a small boat, but Mr. Eells would not listen to that. "I have forded worse rivers than this," said he. "I can ride this way if I have to," and he sprang to his knees on his saddle. So Tom rode his own horse and leading the pack animal, piloted him safely across, while I remained on this side, watching them. Just

about seven years afterward Mr. Tanner himself lost his life in that treacherous stream.

The Congregational church at Atanum was organized in May, 1873, by Rev. George H. Atkinson and Rev. Thomas Condon, who came with Mr. Tanner from The Dalles. There were only three other Congregational churches in Washington Territory at that time at Walla Walla, Olympia and Seattle. Now there are more than two hundred. I think there were fourteen charter members, of which the writer was one. James Keeling and E. S. Tanner were the deacons and A. J. Pratt clerk.

Mr. Fenn B. Woodcock and family came to the valley about 1878 and after the death of Deacon Tanner in 1880, the mantle of Elisha seemed to have fallen upon him, and he carried on the work Mr. Tanner had started. Mr. William Bland, J. R. Filkins, H. M. Humphrey, Hugh and Silas Wiley, and their families; W. L. Stabler, Alonzo Durgin, A. J. Pratt and his father and brother, and Mr. Crosno; the Millicans, William and James, were among the pioneers; also Joseph Bouzer, John Polly, Moses Bollman and Mr. Robbins. On the Naches were the Nelsons. In Wenass and Selah valleys were Simmons, Vaughn, Mayberry, and Longmire. Ralph O. Dunbar, later to be for a long term of years Chief Justice of Washington, was reading law and tending his little band of cattle on his ranch in Wenass. Captain Henry C. Coe, son of the pioneer of Hood River, had a claim and cattle in Atanum, and his brother, Captain Frank, a hay ranch on the Yakima below the mouth of Satas Creek. J. B. Dickerson was the government farmer upon the Reservation. His nephew, William, farmed his place at Atanum and married a daughter of William Bland. They are now living in Los Angeles, as is also Captain Henry Coe. Ernest Woodcock, son of F. B., lives at Atanum.

In 1878 a sod fort was built upon the J. B. Dickerson place. There was fear of an Indian uprising, and the settlers took refuge there until the scare was over. When a company of Yakima volunteers captured Chief Moses and brought him in, they felt safer. About that time Robert Bland, son of Postmaster William Bland, was killed by Indians, at his homestead in Idaho, and a young couple named Perkins were murdered between Ellensburg and Yakima. The sod fort was in good preservation when I saw it in 1884, but I am informed that nothing now remains of it. Some suitable monument should mark the site.

The pioneers of Yakima were helpful to each other in time of need. When rough and ready Jo Bouzer met with a bad accident they carried him to The Dalles for treatment. When Mr. Tanner was delirious with a burning fever Mose Bollman hurried to the mountains for ice to relieve him, and Si Wiley rode post haste to The Dalles to bring a doctor. Si had been a cavalryman in the Civil War and made the trip in record time. He returned, smiling, with Dr. Baird, on the third day, despite the muddy trails and raging waters of Satas Canyon.

Once, in harvest time, it was announced at Sunday School, "Millican is seriously sick. His ten acres of wheat is ripe and must be cut. Who will volunteer?" They turned out with grain cradles and rakes and by noon Millican's wheat was safe in the shock, and the wives and daughters of the workers had prepared a dinner fit for a king. Millican was improving, but words failed him to express his gratitude.

In the summer of 1873 settlers came in rapidly. Men were trying with poor success to run logs down the Yakima for ties for Dr. D. S. Baker's Wallula and Walla Walla railroad.

The old town at Union Gap took on new life, especially upon the arrival of fresh consignments of "white mule." The Barker brothers soon built a flour mill. The Schanno brothers came from The Dalles and built a large general store, and later a brewery. About that time hop growing became general and extensive. I think that a Mr. Carpenter was the first one to plant them. A Good Templar lodge was formed which at one time had about one hundred members, the best young men and women in all the country. "Oregon" Dunbar, the future Chief Justice, and G. W. Kennedy, the Methodist Episcopal circuit rider, were prominent among them.

I left the Yakima country in the autumn of 1873. My next visit was in 1875, when I was with a surveying party under the late D. D. Clarke, of Portland. We surveyed two townships, most of them in the valleys of the Naches and Wenass. Besides our chief the party consisted of James Davis and Lee and Philander Kelley of Naches; William Roberts of The Dalles, and Alonzo Durgin of Yakima was camp keeper and cook. Roberts, a youngster then, is now a well known civil engineer. Lee Kelley was drowned in the Naches a few years later. Philander perished alone in a winter storm while hunting stock.

After J. B. Dickerson gave up the position of government farmer Father Wilbur had Mr. Tanner appointed in his place,

and he removed to the Lone Pine farm in Simcoe Valley near the present town of White Swan.

In the summer of 1879 I was sick at White Salmon for a long time, with the ague. I met Mr. Tanner at The Dalles, and accompanied him home. He had now returned to Atanum. On my return a few weeks later he took me as far as Lone Pine farm, where we ate our lunch together, and bade each other a last good-bye. The following year he was drowned in the Naches.

After his death I saw the family again in 1884. It was my last view of the Atanum. Very few persons are now living who were there in the early '70's. The old, and the men and women then in the prime, have, most of them, passed on. The children of that pioneer time are now in the harness. Let us hope that they and their children will carry on, will be as faithful to their tasks, and their duty, as were the pioneers of Yakima almost sixty years ago.

There are many, many incidents of those two summers of which I might write, but they are not of historical value, and I desist. This story is already too personal. I did not know many of the pioneers personally, and hope no one will feel neglected.

ALBERT J. THOMPSON.