

## PIONEER EXPERIENCE IN WALLA WALLA\*

When did you arrive in Walla Walla? The first of October in 1859.

Your age then? Two and one-half years, in care of widowed mother.

Where born? At north-west corner First and Oak Streets, Portland, Oregon.

Your father's name? Ransom Clark.

When did he first see the Walla Walla Valley? He was one of four or five American citizens who came across the continent in 1843 with the exploration company of Lieutenant John C. Fremont. He, with the four or five, left the command at The Dalles, going into the Willamette Valley with the immigrants with whom Fremont had been in touch several times on the way. Some of the immigrants wintered on the left bank of the Willamette River a few miles above the mouth. During the winter and early spring as the weather permitted (it was raining most of the time) the heads of families were out surveying the country for locations. Father and John G. Campbell, also a member of the Fremont party, and a native of Vermont as father was, settled on a tract of land near where the towns of McMinnville, Dayton and Lafayette were afterwards located; the situation was one of the most beautiful in all the northwest. My mother was the eldest of four brothers and six sisters, children of Elijah and Lucinda Crisp Millican, who were of the Burnett, Applegate and Martin company who came into the Walla Walla Valley, and camped four miles below the Whitman Mission for a few days, when they moved down to the old Fort Nez Perce or Wallula where they remained some ten or twelve days building boats and preparing for the trip down the river. Their cattle and horses were left for the winter in care of the Walla Walla Indians at the suggestion of Mr. McKinley, the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company. The animals were all accounted for the next spring and in good condition. Their company was in the valley some two weeks before the Fremont party arrived. Instead of Fremont's being the pathfinder, he was in the rear of the immigrants much of the time. Father and grandfather's

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\*In addition to this unusual experience of pioneering, Mr. William S. Clark has the distinction of being the last survivor of Washington's first Constitutional Convention, held in Walla Walla in 1878. He was Assistant Secretary. Although that Constitution was approved by the people it was never used as the Territory had to wait for eleven years for another Constitution and Statehood.—EDITOR.

claims were only a few miles apart, there was where father and mother met and were married in 1845.

June 26, 1844, the Provisional Government of Oregon appointed Ransom Clark, A. J. Hembree and Joel Palmer commissioners to view out and mark a road from the falls of the Willamette at Oregon City to the Yamhill Falls at Lafayette. A. J. Hembree was Captain of the Yamhill troops in the Indian War of 1855 and was killed in the Yakima country. Joel Palmer was Commissioner of Indian Affairs for Oregon Territory and was a co-worker with Governor Stevens of Washington Territory in the treaty of Walla Walla in 1855. The work of the treaty consumed three weeks at the conclusion of which Governor Stevens, with a small party, went to the country of the Flathead Indians and thence to the Blackfeet tribe where treaties were concluded with them. General and Commissioner Palmer and his escort returned to The Dalles where he concluded treaties with several tribes of Indians. General Palmer was one of Oregon's greatest men, not a financier but a man active in many places for the community's good. Father believed in patronizing the newspaper when there was only one on the Pacific coast. In the *Oregon Spectator* of July 4, 1846, he advertises for sale at his house on the Yamhill River, wheat, oats, corn, white beans and potatoes, also bacon, pork, salt pork, hogs and breeding sows. In March of 1847 he states he has ten yoke of first rate work oxen for sale on his farm and a little later that he will hold an auction sale at his home of five yoke first rate American work oxen, two American cows, 30 head of hogs and four horses. Terms satisfactory, notes payable in wheat after harvest.

Father finally got the gold fever and went to the California mines for a season without getting rich. He returned and went into the hotel business, first in Linn City; few today know of Linn City. It was across the Willamette River from Oregon City and most of this town was washed away during a high water in the early sixties. It was on land that was a part of the land claim of Robert Moore who was of the first party of American settlers to arrive in Oregon in the fall of 1839 or spring of 1840; he was active in the first government framed for Oregon and set aside as not expedient and then in the Provisional Government early in the year 1843.

Father's next venture in the hotel business was in Portland in the old Columbian hotel, corner of First and Washington Streets. But again the gold excitement struck him. Samples of the gold were brought down to the valley by a half-breed from the mouth

of the Pend O'Reille River in the Columbia. Here was a grand stampede starting from all points on the coast, but before they all got to the mines, many were coming back, sore, tired and hungry, reporting the whole thing a fake. Father soon turned homeward. He had gone through the Walla Walla Valley in 1843 and now thought it worth while to again look it over. He soon found and staked off a mile square of land which lays two miles south of the present city of Walla Walla; he went into the mountains to get out logs for a house and while there some five hundred dollars in silver was brought to the Hudson's Bay Company Fort at Wallula to give to the Walla Walla Chief Pio-Pio-Mox-Mox; he refused to take it or to meet the bearer, Colonel Nathaniel Olney, the government agent for the interior tribes. The Governor, the military officers at Vancouver and The Dalles knew that trouble was brewing with the Indians of the upper country over the whites coming into the country. Several white men were killed between the Cascade Mountains and the Columbia River. Nathan Olney, the Indian agent, who failed to conciliate the Walla Walla Chief, at once ordered all the settlers of the valley to leave for The Dalles and below. It being known that father was in the mountains getting out house timbers, word was taken to him that the settlers were all ordered to leave the valley. Before leaving father took the precaution to have a notification drawn up of being ordered from his claim and the valley with a description of his section of land, one of his witnesses was James Sinclair, the Hudson's Bay Company agent at Wallula who a year or two later was killed by the Indians at the Cascades Massacre. The country was now closed to settlers and remained so until after two or three Indian wars had taken place and the Indians finally whipped in the Spokane Country by Colonel George Wright in the summer of 1858. Late in 1858 the country east of the Cascades was opened for settlers and miners. Just as soon as the order was known father returned to the valley and hired a man by the name of John Hely for the winter of 1858-1859 to live on the claim and fence some thirty acres of land between the creeks with a ditch fence between and brush fence along the streams. Father returned to Portland for the winter. The first of March, 1859, he shipped his supplies from Portland to The Dalles and he and his son Charles, a lad of thirteen years, took passage on a boat for the Cascades, where they had horses to take around the falls. At The Dalles they got a four-horse team ready and with a young Canadian, Robert Horton, for teamster, they were soon on the way and on March 24, being delayed several days at Pambruns on the

Walla Walla River on account of high water they reached the donation claim. Father had with him the first nursery stock, apple and peach trees, from the Luelling Nursery near Portland, that was set out in the valley aside from the Dr. Whitman orchard likely planted in the spring of 1837. He bargained with John W. Foster for the logs and Horton and Charley were to plan on the Foster claim at the foot of the mountain to pay for them which came to \$300. The logs were hauled to the claim by a John Foster who took a claim on the Touchet below where Waitsburg now is. Father returned to Portland leaving Charley on the claim with Horton. He took sick on the way home and only lived a couple of weeks. Then mother was in all kinds of trouble, a hotel business on her hands which was a partnership affair. An honorable man and a friend in the person of Judge Shattuck wrote mother that he had a client who would give her \$300 for her claim. He would'nt advise but it might save her a lot of trouble to take the \$300 and come back to Portland. Like John Hely, who worked on the claim during the winter, he took up a claim now a part of the city of Walla Walla, afterward known as the North Willy farm and later the William Green and Green estate farm. He sold one-half of his farm for a cow and sucking calf and the year following, the remainder for \$100—or the man who sold the 60 ft. lot on Main Street for \$12 or the two lots mother bought at \$5 each and sold them shortly for \$100. So the \$300 for the donation land claim of 640 acres may have been a good price at that time.

Mother came to Walla Walla soon as possible after father's death to see her son and look over the situation. She had the company of Captain and Mrs. F. T. Dent, the commander of the post at Walla Walla at whose quarters she spent the first night, a mile and a half from her claim (since passing through the valley in 1843 a girl then of thirteen years). Captain Dent was a brother-in-law of President Grant and after the war was Governor Dent. The boat from Celilo was the *Colonel Wright*, loaded with supplies for Lieutenant Mullan for the Mullan Road work between Walla Walla and Fort Benton. The boat carried her passengers through the mouth of the Palouse and after unloading returned to Wallula. Mother found Charley and Robert Horton occupying the new log house and farm work going on that mother thought satisfactory. After two weeks mother returned to Portland and in August gave birth to a daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Baker now living in Everett, with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Manning. Mother settled her business in Portland and started with her six weeks.

baby girl and me for her new home on the donation land claim in the Walla Walla valley with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Abbott, who had been living in Lafayette and were married in father and mother's home. Mr. Abbott was starting to Walla Walla to establish a stage line between Walla Walla and Wallula. Mother engaged him to take us and our belongings from The Dalles to our claim south of the new town, Walla Walla being established on Mill Creek, its main street laid out on a road from the old cantonment across the creek to the new Fort Walla Walla, a mile and a half distant. An attempt was made to start the town on the military reserve about half way between the Fort and the east line of the reserve on the road but the teamsters, packers and immigrants coming to the valley preferred camping on the creek, so the saloons, the merchant, baker and butcher started the present city of Walla Walla. The first buildings were of split logs driven into the ground and poles laid on and covered with canvas or clapboards. In the spring of 1859, Mr. A. H. Reynolds came to Walla Walla to look over a proposition to build a flour mill, he being a millwright. The millsite was looked over and accepted. It was to be on the land claim of John A. Simms, adjoining the donation claim on the west; Simms to have one-third interest, Captain Fred T. Dent one-third interest and Mr. Reynolds the remaining third. In the issue of the *Walla Walla Statesman* of March 29, 1862, is an advertisement of the Pasca Mills by Simms and Mix which was the mill built by Mr. Reynolds. In 1862, Mr. Reynolds built another mill on the Yellow Hawk on the Ransom Clark donation claim, known as the Frontier Mills. May 23, 1861, there was a double wedding in mother's log house, the participants being A. H. Reynolds and Lettice J. Clark and Robert Horton and Elizabeth H. Millican, mother's sister. In June, this summer, Harry A. and Allen H. Reynolds and Charles W. and Wm. S. Clark, half-brothers, made a trip to Portland to attend the annual meeting of the Oregon Historical Society. While in the valley they inspected sites of early flour mills erected by their father before he came to the Walla Walla country.

The father of A. H. Reynolds was a millwright and when A. H. Reynolds was twelve years old he was apprenticed to a miller in Churchville, N.Y. Later A. H. Reynolds moved to East Aurora, N.Y. and then on to Illinois where he built mills in the forties. He worked in Davenport Ia., for a firm of mill builders for eleven years and when he left to start for the Oregon country he was given a letter of high recommendation which is still in the posses-

sion of the present elder Reynolds. The trip west was made in 1850 to California, and the following year he moved north to Oregon. The first mill he built in Oregon was for Elias Buell in 1853. Mr. Buell had lived in the middle west for twenty years and all of that time had a dream of owning a grist mill. Shortly after, he migrated to Oregon, where he arrived in 1847, the gold rush excitement broke out in California, Mr. Buell made his way south and earned \$2000 one winter, the amount he had decided was required to purchase the necessary machinery for a mill. Upon his return he met Mr. Reynolds and entrusted him with his newly secured fortune to take to New York. The gold dust was placed in a money belt and strapped around the waist of Mr. Reynolds who took ship from San Francisco to the Isthmus of Panama. He crossed that stretch of land and again got a ship for New York. He arrived there safely, bought the needed equipment and shipped it to Portland. There he was met by Mr. Buell and a group of his neighbors with ox teams. Thomas Blair, a grandson of Mr. Buell, was contacted by the Walla Walla party in June on their trip to the Willamette Valley. The Buell mill was built on Mill Creek at Elkhorn in Polk County. The flour ground there was labeled Elkhorn and sold under that name for a number of years. The original dam, flume and part of the foundation of the old mill are found still at Elkhorn. The machinery and timbers of the mill were moved at a later date to Sheridan where the original mill stones are buried under a mill today, it is asserted.

Mr. Reynolds' second mill in Oregon was built in Kings Valley for R. Chambers in 1854. It is still standing and operating in the original building. One of the old burrs used in grinding the grain was found there and it was stated that another was in a park at Corvallis. In 1856, Mr. Reynolds constructed a flouring mill at Grand Ronde for the government. A number of small Indian tribes had been gathered together and assigned to a reservation near Grand Ronde. The mill built there was used to grind flour for the Indians. General Phil. Sheridan later commanded a post near there. While in the Willamette Valley the Walla Walla quartet located John Waushena, 84, a Clackamas Indian who had been taken among other Indians to the reservation when it was established and who was personally acquainted with a number of Indians employed by A. H. Reynolds in constructing the mill race for the Grand Ronde mill. The names of these Indians were found in an old book of the elder Reynolds which is now in the possession of Harry Reynolds. The mill was located on Agency Creek. Mr.

Reynolds was interested in the first woolen mill to be built at Salem in the fifties as well as in numerous flour grinding properties throughout that part of Oregon. Before he came to this country Mr. Reynolds was in charge of the construction of a flour mill in Portland near the site of the present Union Station. Although it is believed that he built a mill at Dayton, Oregon, no substantiating record can be found. After a year and a half in Walla Walla, Mr. Reynolds sold his interest in the Simms-Dent mill to his partners and built the original mill on the site of the present Walla Walla Mill Company. This building burned down but a new mill was built on the site. During the mining flurry in Idaho Mr. Reynolds ran this mill day and night manufacturing flour for the miners.

With Mr. Dorsey S. Baker, Mr. Reynolds built a mill at Union, Oregon, in 1865, which was called the Baker-Reynolds mill. Another early day enterprise of Mr. Reynolds was the operation of the old Woolen Mills at Dayton. He established an early day bank and ran it until the late Levi Ankeny opened the First National Bank when he went in with him. Among other documents preserved by the Reynolds family is an order on their father for flour by Dr. D. S. Baker. That bank check taxes are nothing new is disclosed by this order which bore a two-cent bank check stamp. It is dated Feb. 1, 1866. While in the Willamette Valley the Walla Walla group met a Mr. Chapman whose mother was kidnapped as a young girl from the Whitman mission reservation at the time of the massacre. Mr. Chapman possessed a highly prized rifle which his father had used in the Indian war of 1855 in the Walla Walla country.

Returning to the Simms, Dent, Reynolds proposition of building a mill at Walla Walla, arrangements were made for getting out the timbers, having them hewed and in place while Mr. Reynolds went below for the machinery, etc. Some of the men of the valley at the raising were Jesse Drumheller, known to the old timers as Curly Drumheller, Al Blanchard, James Dewar, William Johnston and others with the help of soldiers from the Fort. When Mr. Reynolds returned with the machinery he brought with him as a miller, Samuel Linkton. After a time Mr. Linkton left the mill to go into business for himself. He built a saw mill in the mountains a few miles beyond the old Willis farm, father of Dr. Park Weed Willis, and his name was given to a mountain there still so called. A little later he built a saw mill on Mill Creek on land now owned by Eugene Thomas; later still he went up on the mountain directly above his mill Creek mill and there put up quite a mill and plant.

At the time of the big fire in 1865, when some \$150,000 in buildings went up in smoke, Mr. Linkton reaped quite a harvest and soon after sold out, going to San Francisco where he operated in mines. He made and lost a couple of fortunes and at last died poor. He was a fine looking man, dressed well and liked to drive a good team of horses.

Mother worked hard those first years on her claim; she directed what farm work was done, milked cows, made butter, for a while made all the flour sacks for the new mill; at a later date mother made some fifty renner cheeses, very likely the first made in the country except those made at some of the missions. Anyway, mother was making a success of her donation land claim, the only one of four such claims in the Walla Walla Valley filed upon by a native American citizen and proved upon by his widow. There came a time when relief from the hard work of the farm was sought by my mother and Mr. Reynolds concluded to rent both the flour mill and farm and move to town. The mill was rented to I. T. Reese, the proprietor of a mill on Mill Creek at the lower end of town for three thousand dollars, the first year. It remained idle during the term of the lease. I. T. Reese came to Walla Walla in 1858. He was the first county auditor, later entering the mercantile business where the Union Trust Company are now located, soon after forming a partnership with A. Kyser and buying the corner lot across the street, putting up a brick building, the first in the city. On moving to town we rented a very comfortable, nice looking house built by Captain A. J. Cain. At this time four of the old cantonment buildings built by Col. Steptoe in the fall of 1856 were still standing on the bank of Mill Creek just back of the Cain house. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Whitman had occupied the house and were now visiting in the east. Whitman was a young man from Boston with all the peculiarities of a Bostonian. He was active in all affairs of the county, a partner of the Baldwin Brothers in general merchandising, a partner in the livery business with Mr. Vandyke, a business in the Oro Fino mines and an owner of a pack train. He was several times mayor of Walla Walla and at one time sheriff of the county. Most sheriffs of the county in mining excitement days failed to hold their prisoners. A man named Bernton killed a man on the Copper, he was brought in and given in charge of the sheriff who gave him in charge of a watchman. He got tired of the care and Bernton walked off. The people of the Copper and Touchet districts were up in arms and asked that Whitman give over the office. Bernton was finally found and

brought in and jailed but soon was out and fled the country. Later some twenty or more murderers were hung by the vigilantes in the Idaho mines, among them our Bill Bernton.

In 1864-65, I attended school in a little log school house at the head of the Colwell Springs, taught by a Mr. Sanders, the forepart of 1866 attended Rev. P. Q. Chamberlain's school on Rose Street just east of Mrs. Thompson's. In the fall of the year Whitman Seminary was opened by Mr. Chamberlain, principal, and Miss Hodgden and Miss Sylvester assistants. The next spring Rev. Cushing Eells opened the seminary for the year. It was a problem keeping the school up on the tuitions received. Mr. Chamberlain was called again to open the school but it was only for a term or two when finally Professor W. W. Freeman and a Miss Earle came to the Seminary and conducted a good school for about two years. He afterwards left us and became principal of the Portland High School. I am not sure but he was superintendent of the Portland Schools. In 1868 we were burned out of the Cain house on upper Main or Nez Perce street and moved to the little house on the present George Drumheller grounds, formerly the home of Dr. Hunter and it was where Allen H. Reynolds was born in the spring of 1869. A siege of small-pox in the city drove us from here back to the old donation claim for a few weeks where we found quarters at the old Fort Walla Walla. The first quarters were occupied by Sergeant Smith, once Quartermaster Sergeant for Captain U. S. Grant at Vancouver. We occupied the second quarters, Charles Russel the third quarters and Judge Wycke and family the fourth quarters. It was only a short time after this that Judge and Mrs. Wycke and the two daughters had passed to the Great Beyond. After a year we moved to the old I. T. Reese house, afterwards the Kyser house on the grounds where our post office now stands. While living at the fort I attended a school taught by B. F. Cross on the grounds where the Catholic church now stands. Later from the new home I attended a school taught by Mrs. D. S. Baldwin at her residence in the southeast corner of Main and Fourth Streets. Mrs. Baldwin was a charming woman, liked by everyone.

From here I attended old district No. 1 taught by Mr. Charles Moore and later by Mr. W. N. Alley. It was he who whipped Charles Blewett for some misdemeanor and a day or two afterward Professor Alley and Judge Blewett met on the Second Street bridge where he struck the professor knocking him down. Blewett himself was a school teacher, having taught at the Union School on Dry Creek and in the Odd Fellows building and later the old Jerry

McCraith building on the north side of Alder Street between First and Second Streets. The next and last school I attended was the Episcopal Boys School taught by Miss Kinnon, first in the United Brethren Church, now occupied by the Condon Bakery, and later in the old Library building that had been moved from the Judge Mix block on Third Street to the south side of Poplar Street between First and Second Streets. Miss Kinnon was a fine instructor and well liked by the students. A part of 1872 and 1873 I worked in Dr. J. H. Day's drug store. Here I became acquainted with many of the town and country folks who have mostly passed to their earthly rest. I am always glad to meet the old timers and hear them tell of the days crossing the plains, building and living in a log house all winter with only the dirt floor, going to the mill and asking for bran instead of flour for bread. Dr. J. H. Day for whom I worked two years or more, was six feet two or three inches tall, somewhat stooped, of large frame and large head, a Virginian, who managed by hard work and industry to get an education. He studied medicine and came west into Minnesota. Dr. John and his brother, Dr. David Day, a younger man, were both members of Minnesota's territorial legislatures. Dr. Day for a time was the government physician on an Indian reservation near St. Paul; he then went to Fort Leavenworth and invested in city property which became very valuable, which during the war lost its value and left the doctor poorer than when they got the property. He came to Walla Walla, practised medicine, established a drug store, bought and assayed gold dust and became prosperous. He also for a period had an interest in the bank of A. H. Reynolds, whose advertisements appeared in the *Walla Walla Union* of September 11, 1869, as "A. H. Reynolds' Bank, Walla Walla, W. T.— Money loaned, coin paid for gold dust, gold bars, legal tenders and County orders. Bank collections promptly attended to. Exchange on Portland and San Francisco at par." This bank was later taken over by Levi Ankeny when he established the First National Bank.

I left Miss Kinnon's school in the summer of 1873 and joined Major Truax's surveying party for the Palouse country. The Major had a contract for surveying some dozen townships besides even more township lines. We commenced about ten miles below Colfax (the town was only started the year before) surveying north and east. I carried one end of the chain the whole time out. The only claims taken at that time were on the creeks or where there was a fine spring and there were parties who would have liked to see the line run angling a little to give them the spring that

was on another quarter section from theirs. There were two parties of us, the Major and his nephew, Edson Briggs. I only know of one other member of the two parties alive today, he being Hon. James A. Hungate, of Spokane, he being an uncle of the Misses Hungate of our city. Mr. and Mrs. Hungate's golden wedding was celebrated during the last year or two. Back about 1865 or 1866, in peach drying time, a nurseryman of the valley asked me if I would save him a bushel of peach stones. I told him I thought I could. He said if I could he would give me five dollars. I had the bushel of stones measured out for him when he came and he handed me a five dollar greenback worth at that time about three and a half. All the money that I knew anything about was the gold and silver. He said that was five dollars all right. I found my bargain for peach stones was not as big as I expected it to be. The next job I attacked I left school for, the last one I attended, being seventeen years of age, father Reynolds and Dr. J. H. Day were going to build a brick building, one for the bank and the other for the drug store in place of two wooden shacks put up in the early days. Father brought a spanking team of bay horses, wagon and harness and told me I could put in the summer hauling for the building which meant tearing down the old building, excavating for the foundation only two feet deep, hauling off the lumber, went up and down the creek, screening the coarse sand and to the country three or four miles for fine sand. Lumber for the building had been purchased from a saw mill up Mill Creek, hauled to our back lot where I piled it up to dry. I then hauled the lumber to the planing mill and then to the building site. I hauled all the brick a mile or more to our building and some for the Day building.

I was again back in the drug store for about a year under good Mike Leverton who had not up to the time been aware of his real name, that of Ryan. Mike concluded he wanted more schooling after his three or four years in the store. Knowing several of the salesmen of drug houses in San Francisco he concluded to go there for a term. Dr. Day had his brother, Dr. David of St. Paul, send out a druggist for him, a young man by the name of Gray, a splendid druggist, a genial, well-liked man. He and I were running the business. One day we were in the cellar back of the store taking stock. I was calling off the articles and amount, weighing, etc. Every little while Gray would go into the assay room between the store and cellar. I soon discovered I had a drunken partner and got him to bed in the little room off the store. For a week he was not fit to do business. On getting over his spree he was the same

gentlemanly man as before. Finally, after being sober for quite a while, a friend concluded he would take him in partnership and start a new drug store. I was to go with them as assistant. They rented a narrow store building between the Schwabacher Bros. store and William O'Donnell's and commenced business. I don't think we were running more than two weeks before our good friend was down again and for days. We got him half sober and shipped him back home. It was all too bad, a friendly man and a good mother he was going back to to be cared for the short life left to him. The store passed into the hands of Henry D. Cook and a druggist who had been well recommended but inside of a month he, too, was going the same way as our friend Gray and the store passed into the hands of H. E. Holmes who in a short time built up a splendid business and some years later became one of the heads of a large wholesale drug house in Seattle.

In July, 1875, a little past eighteen years of age, I thought it time to go out into the world for myself. Meeting Dr. D. S. Baker at the terminus of the Walla Walla and Columbia River Railroad, he wanted to know where I was going. I told him to Seattle. He wanted to know what I was going to do. I told him I was going to hunt something to do. He said I had better stay here and he would put me to work. I told him I had started and was going through. At Wallula I spent the night on the boat, having paid twenty dollars for passage to Portland. My money was disappearing faster than usual. I thought I had better look around here for a job, finally entering the store of C. H. Woodard & Co., on the corner of Front and Alder Streets and inquired for the proprietor. The man at the counter said he was out. I told him I was looking for work, I had spent two years in a drug store. He said he thought Mr. Woodard would be back shortly and he believed he would take me on. I liked the sound of it pretty well and I was not long in returning and sure enough he told me I could go to work. I remained through 1875 and well through 1876, only leaving then on account of a former clerk having gone east and graduated at the New York School of Pharmacy. The times being dull and I thought I was the only man to go. Louis Blumaire was the man and after a few years he became head of the house of Woodard, Blumaire & Co., wholesale druggists.

Home and again in the drug store of Dr. J. H. Day. After a year, the last of my drug store service, I left to accept a position with Dr. Baker's narrow gauge railroad company, going first to the old town of Wallula where our wheat and farm products and

passengers were turned over to the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. Later the Walla Walla & Columbia River Railroad Company extended a line from Whitman Station to Blue Mountain Station. I was sent there as agent and also acted as agent for the Milton Station at the mouth of Dry Creek. About this time, or a little before, the Henry Villard interests of New York had gotten control of the old O.S.N.Co. and had now bought over the greater interest in our valley road, which had been a great property from the time of its half completion to the time of its sale, leaving its projector and builder the wealthiest man in the Inland Empire. Dr. Dorsey S. Baker, the founder of the Baker-Boyer National Bank, was a brainy man, a student of men and affairs. He entered the Oregon country in a covered spring wagon and a span of horses. An immigrant of the same year and the same party told me the doctor drove a span of mules to his spring wagon. He had some money and a diploma from his medical college. He settled in the valley below Portland where he was physician to the country about, was a store-keeper, buyer of grain and pelts from the settlers about. At one time he owned a large interest in the townsite of Portland, was an owner of steamboat interests on the middle and upper Columbia River. In establishing a mercantile business in Walla Walla in 1859 he gave credit to settlers from fifty to two hundred miles away and whom he did not expect to see for a year at least. I have heard Dr. Baker say that he never lost a dollar from giving credit to the settler. Another thing to the credit of Dr. Baker, while the business houses generally were wide open Sundays his was always closed; that does not mean for some emergency he would not open on a Sunday morning.

In 1877, I got permission to leave the drug store to join the volunteers under Thomas P. Page to go to the relief of the citizens of Lewiston. Word came they were in great danger of a raid on them by the Nez Perce Indians who had commenced their warfare on the settlers of Camas Prairie, the White Bird and the Salmon River. The call was made for men to leave immediately. Only twenty-five men could find horses and arm themselves properly. Two or three companies of soldiers were on the way from Walla Walla to Fort Lapwai. We overtook them before reaching Lewiston. At Lewiston we found the citizens apparently secure from the Indians coming in on them and not wishing to return home without seeing Indians we regularly enlisted for an eight days service from Lewiston into the Indian country. We were in advance of the troops leaving Fort Lapwai the next day. We were over

the ground where the first uprising took place, the first murders committed and when the defeat of the soldiers took place with some thirty-three of the company killed. We followed down the divide between the Salmon River and White Bird and came into full view of the Indians across the river a mile away. They were riding and cavorting on their horses and appeared to be moving down the river. A few of our men fired off their guns but that was immediately stopped. On going into camp that night on Salmon River we heard that the troops under General Howard would cross the Salmon in the morning. We got word we would escort the pack train back to Lewiston for supplies. Our eight days soldiering would be up and all but one of the party started for home, that one being Charles Blewett who wanted to remain with the command, and Colonel Whipple said he would take Charley into his own mess and keep an eye on him. It was the day or the day after getting home, word came of the killing of Blewett and Foster. Blewett was only eighteen years old and was my next door neighbor. Foster was a packer and well known in the valley here. It was thought the Indians were not far away and they started off on a scouting trip. Not returning as they were expected to, Lieutenant Rains called for ten volunteers from the troops and started to find the boys. They not returning, the command went out and found Rains and his men had been killed with one volley. Foster was found killed with the Rains' party. Blewett's body was not found for some time. He was brought to Walla Walla and given a military funeral by his comrades and a company of troops from Fort Walla Walla.

H. W. Fairweather, an old officer of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company at Portland, was made superintendent or general manager of the Walla Walla and Columbia River Railroad Company and I suppose interested in a contracting firm on the Northern Pacific as were some others at Walla Walla. He wanted me to become secretary and cashier of the J. B. Harris Company who were then finishing up grading work on the line some fifty miles beyond Ainsworth; this was before there was any Pasco. That was the working end of the Ainsworth division of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. The Harris Company contract was to commence about ten miles from Spokane Bridge, or some three miles west of Rathdrum and extend to Pend O'Reille Lake. The work was to include the clearing of the right of way, the building of the grade and also a tie contract. A few days after the first of the month I would go to Spokane Falls, thirty miles way, for money to pay off the men in camp and then through the uncut right of way

to settle with the cross-tie contractors. On one trip I reached the Lake Pend O'Reille at dark and knew no place to get a bed. I had some money and check books with me. I found only one place and no man in sight. It was a birch bark affair not big enough to be a shanty. There was kind of a bar in front and just back of the bar an overcoat and some blankets. I watered and tied my horse and took possession. After a while a man appeared and I asked him if this was his place. He said it was. I told him I had ridden from one of the camps on an inspection of the work going on and was tired and would like a place to lie down. The bed was not large enough for two but he told me to take it, that he wouldn't need it. I was too tired to be afraid and gladly accepted the bed. In a little while two other men came in and began to drink and play cards. I fell asleep and when I awakened in the morning there were none about that I could see. I got on my horse as quickly as possible and made tracks back through the forest. Everything went well with our company until we got to work on an immense fill not very far east of Rathdrum. When the plows were put into the ground they found all underneath the top layer was large boulders, some as large as a house, that did not show on top. This showing condemned all idea of carrying the work through. Mr. Harris left and was reported sick in Spokane and soon I was ordered to come to Spokane and bring books, etc. On reaching Spokane I found that Mr. Harris had left for San Francisco. The company took over the work themselves. That fall and winter great activities were on all sides around the lake. Little stations looked like old mining camps in the early days. I was glad to be back in Walla Walla.

In this fall of 1878, M. C. Moore & Co. purchased some two hundred thousand bushels of wheat and made arrangements to ship it direct to Astoria on barges from the Cascades instead of to Portland as was the universal rule. They rented two large warehouses, each two hundred feet or more long. Mr. Moore engaged me to go to Astoria and receive the wheat. I received the first and last brought down that fall and loaded the first ship of two thousand tons, the *Alice D. Cooper*. Before another charter was made I got instructions to close the warehouses and come home. I got to The Dalles after the last boat of the season for Wallula had gone. Then it was a matter of going by stage and it was cold. I was without an overcoat and borrowed wraps for the day from the Stage Company. The thermometer must have registered way below zero. A year or two after this I found myself on another cold stage ride

up over the Lewiston hill one of the coldest mornings of the winter. The year of 1878, I made my first investment in cheap land on Eureka flat; purchased a quarter section of railroad land at two dollars and sixty cents an acre, a proved up quarter for \$500, and filed a preemption on a quarter, the purchase price was two and one-half an acre but some years later the half was returned by the government. There have been years when my rental from the three quarters netted five thousand dollars but others were the receivers of it.

WILLIAM S. CLARK