

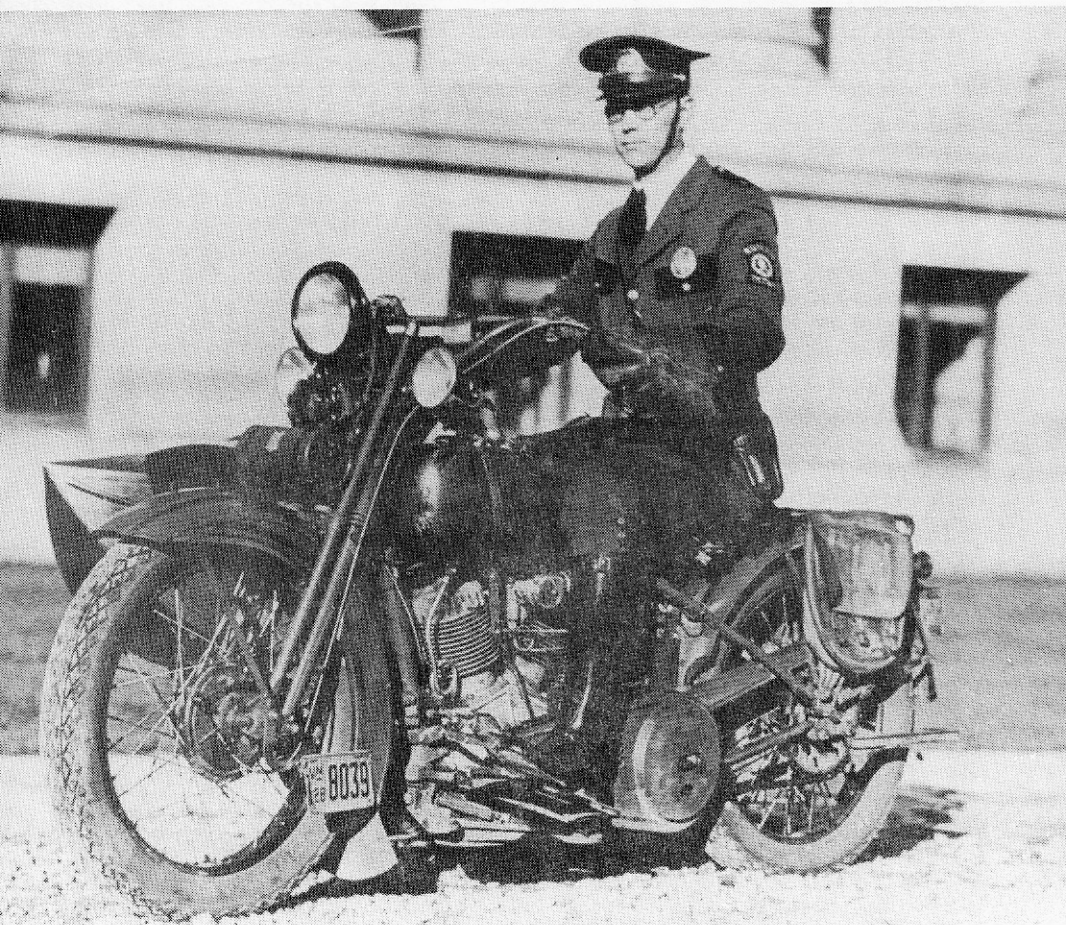


The Bunchgrass Historian

Volume 5, No. 4

WINTER, 1977

Harvey Bartleson Whitman County's First State Patrolman



—Photo Courtesy Evelyn Bartleson

Harvey Bartleson Whitman County's First State Patrolman

By Maxine Weeks Patterson

Harvey Bartleson is remembered by many people in this area as the first state patrolman in Whitman county, covering the whole area by himself, on a motorcycle with a sidecar.

He was born in 1887 in DeSmet, South Dakota in a sod house. A year later his parents, Otto and Elizabeth Bartleson, left there and headed West with a camp wagon pulled by six horses and their milk cow tied on behind. In company with eight other wagons the Bartlesons came to Elberton, where Otto worked in a sawmill until it was sold. The family then moved to Palouse and operated a confectionary store near the bridge for some time. Still later they moved again, this time to Colfax where Otto operated a rock quarry. He did the rock work on the Whitman Hotel and the rock wall on Deanway in Colfax.

In 1900, the Bartlesons filed a homestead claim near Bengie in Adams county. Harvey, who was then eighteen, with a friend, Henry Oaks from La-crosse, had an agreement with the army to break wild horses and were paid the grand sum of two dollars for each horse that could be ridden.

Sunday fun for Harvey and his younger brother, Ray, and the neighbor kids included riding bulls on the farm. Among those who joined in this rugged pastime were Ernie Clegg, Frank Stewart and a McDougall boy.

Harvey left the homestead to live in Colfax where he attended the Baptist college operated by Mr. and Mrs. English.

When he went into business for himself it was to run a livery stable and a horse drawn taxi. One of his experiences with this enterprise was being hired on weekends by a group of doctors and attorneys from Spokane who came to Colfax to sow their wild oats at Dutch Annie's, a house of ill-repute. The twenty-year-old Harvey met the group on Saturday night at the train from Spokane, drove them to Dutch Annie's and since they did not want to miss having a taxi for the trip back to the train Sunday morning, he spent the night in the pantry eating cakes and drinking wine while periodically checking the horses to see that they were covered with blankets on this cold winter night.

Sheriff William Cole of Whitman County deputized Harvey during the hectic days of Prohibition and started him on his law enforcement career at the age of twenty-one. When Bill Cole became chief of the State Patrol and moved to Olympia, he hired Harvey as the first State patrolman for Whitman county. For eighteen years he covered the entire area alone. Finally Harold Boulac was sent to help him and later became his son-in-law, marrying Vesta Bartleson.

Besides arresting speeders, Harvey's duties included weighing trucks, issuing drivers' licenses, breaking up fights, arresting drunks and searching out bootleggers. Harvey and deputy-sheriff Bill Baker covered the Elberton picnics which were sometimes wild affairs with considerable drinking, gambling and brawls.

During Prohibition, many farmers were searched for bootleg liquor, especially along the Snake river. On one occasion Harvey and a deputy went to arrest a bootlegger named Joe Smith. Smith had just purchased a gun at Lewiston because he'd heard hi-jackers were going to steal his cache of bootleg liquor. When the patrolmen came to arrest him, he thought they were the hi-jackers and pulled the gun, aiming at Harvey from the bushes on top of the still, he

pulled the trigger. Since Smith had not put the clip in the gun correctly it misfired and he was taken into custody. The episode did not appear to affect Harvey until he got home and thought about what had happened and he then became mightily shaken.

At Rock Lake, a bootlegger by the name of Babcock operated his still. His method of escaping detection while delivering his bootleg liquor was to put kegs on each side of the saddle and ride his big white horse up the middle of the river so he could not be tracked.

After a W.S.C. football game, Harvey stopped Governor Hartley for speeding. It was a very cold day with a combination of snow and rain, and Harvey was out in the middle of the storm on his motorcycle. A few days after the incident, a touring car was delivered to Harvey from the governor with a note that said "any man who worked so hard shouldn't have to be out in the storm."

During this early period of the State Patrol they were on duty twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week and could be called any where at any time day or night.

Harvey Bartleson married Naomi (Kate) Booth at Elk City on August 14, 1914, and they had two daughters, Josephine and Vesta. The girls remember their mother fixing a big meal for all the patrolmen covering the football games at W.S.C. Before the game, they would gather at the Bartleson home in Colfax, big men with big appetites. Included in the group were: J. R. Gashat, C. L. Ellis, Loren G. "Bud" Ray, F. J. Wold, John Gueden, Dave Riggs, R. H. Hyatt, Frank Renee and a patrolman Griffith. At Convention time, they would load their wives into the sidecars, proceed to Walla Walla and then on to Olympia. A good part of the trip was on dirt roads, not many paved or even gravel surfaced at that time.

The patrolmen were known for their size and stamina and "Bart" was no exception. He called himself a "tough Swede" after coming through accidents and near disasters without hospitalization or even a doctor's care. One such accident occurred at the crest of a hill when he met a car passing a freight truck and hit headon. Harvey flew off his motorcycle, over both the cars, landed on his shoulder and scooted seven feet through the dirt before he got up and arrested the man who had caused the accident, proceeding about his business with only a sore shoulder.

Often the motorcycles were not adequate for the job. "Bart" tried to arrest two men and two women for drunkenness and disturbing the peace one time. One of the women grabbed a crank out of the car and started hitting him on the head and shoulders with it. As luck would have it, the bus came along about then and took them to jail while "Bart" followed on his motorcycle.

Deputy Sheriff Bill Baker of Endicott and Harvey were called to a home to stop a family row, a man was beating his wife. The officers started to take the man out when the abused wife suddenly picked up a huge wash tub filled with hot, soapy water and dumped it on the surprised deputies.

After a particularly gruesome accident in which a woman was killed, Harvey stopped to console her husband who was sitting on the running board in tears. The man informed him that he was not crying about his wife. He said, "I can get another wife, it's my car I can't replace."

A strange and unsavory story came out of the St. John area. Harvey was sent to arrest a man who was suspected of shooting two men who had trespassed on his land. The suspect owned about a hundred head of hogs known to be man-eaters after it became necessary to rescue someone who had accidentally fallen into the pen. Evidence of human bones in the pens led to the suspicion that the farmer had disposed of the trespassers by feeding them to the hogs.



—Photo Courtesy Evelyn Bartleson

Gruesome Accident

Harvey was well known throughout the county. He talked to many of the young people who ran afoul of the law, counseling them instead of placing them under arrest. For some reason he could not explain, the young men at Palouse were a bit harder to control than the ones at Colton, Uniontown or the small towns.

After Kate's death in 1952, Harvey married Evelyn Weeks who was also involved in police work for many years in Pullman, which became their home town a year after their marriage.

He knew the law thoroughly and was fair in his enforcement of it. In the difficult times of Prohibition and the Depression it was good to know Harvey was out there patrolling the roads of Whitman county.

After thirty-nine years as law enforcement officer, Harvey Bartleson retired from active service in 1947. He passed away at the age of 90 on May 19, 1977 at Pullman. □

The Ideal Gift or Memorial—a Membership in the Whitman County Historical Society

Subscriber and Regular \$5.00

Family and Sustaining \$10.00

Memorial Amount Optional

Send Checks to the Society, P.O. Box 424, Pullman, Wash. 99163

The Blizzard

By Ruth E. Ickes

It was the winter of 1922-23. I was teaching my first school in the Glen White District of eastern Washington. I was eighteen years old; in fact, I had had to wait until after my birthday to sign my contract, for one had to be eighteen to be of legal age.

I boarded with a family who lived on a wheat farm and I walked two and one-half miles each morning and evening. The school house stood in the valley of the Palouse River and a crooked road followed a creek bed from the farm land on the plateau, down a dry gulch, to the valley below.

In the Fall the gulch had been a riot of color. I enjoyed the early morning walk. Coyotes often played along the hillside, dodging from log to log but keeping me company, fat ground hogs crossed the road in front of me, moving sluggishly, seemingly loose from their skins. I sometimes whistled or sang as I strode along and the birds answered me.

I left for school about seven o'clock. I built my own fire at the school house and dusted the seats and the old pump organ and then made my plans for the teaching of thirteen pupils scattered through six grades.

But now it was winter and the foliage was brown and the trees were bare and no animals or birds kept me company as I plowed through snow or slipped on icy wheel tracks as I made my way to school. I could ride home with the three children of the family with whom I boarded for in the winter; their father came for them after school, if it was storming.

One afternoon in January, Joe DeLong's father rode up on horse back to pick up his first grader. "You'd best send the kids home early, Miss," he called to me. "There's going to be a bad storm." I went out on the porch and looked around. A threatening purple cloud was rolling in from the northeast and every Washingtonian knew that a northeaster means cold.

Hastily I helped the children into coats and caps, overshoes and mittens and cautioned them not to linger on the way but to hurry straight home. All but three of them lived in the river valley and would be home within minutes. Alice, thirteen; Dorothy, eleven; and Billy, who was five, came from the same family with whom I lived. We locked up the school house and started for home at a brisk pace. Before we had gone ten yards, the storm struck. The snow, driven by a cruel, cold wind, stung our faces and sucked our breath away. I pretended a calmness which I was far from feeling. I only knew I had to get those children safely home. I cheered them on as best I could. It was getting darker by the minute though it was not yet three o'clock. I urged them to hurry, thinking the pace would keep them warm. Alice walked ahead and we kept the other two between us. The road in the gulch was still visible and the walking was not too difficult except for the wind and snow.

We struggled against the wind that was sweeping down the gulch into our faces. Billy began to cry. He was tiring from the rapid pace and he was cold and frightened. I hoisted him onto my back to make better time. His mittened hands, under my chin, further impeded my breathing but we could go faster.

We finally reached the head of the gulch and broke out onto the plain. We had thought the storm was bad before but now the full sweep of the wind almost took us off our feet. There was not a vestige of trail or road, the wind was sweeping the snow across the plain and leaving a trackless white floor. We

FOOTNOTE: Ruth E. Ickes is a native of Palouse and taught in many schools in eastern Washington before retiring to live in Spokane.

still had three quarters of a mile to go to reach the house. The lights from the kitchen that usually greeted us at this point on our homeward journeys were not visible through the storm. We could not see one building to guide us.

We had a choice to make; we could go straight ahead until we ran into the fence and follow the fence around to the mail box and down the lane to the house, or we could go through the fence and cut off considerable distance if we could keep our bearings and cut straight through the field to the house. Alice and I screamed into each other's ears making our decision. We decided to try the short cut. I put Billy down and we held the strands of barbed wire apart for each other and we were inside the field. I got the weeping child up on my tired back and we set off again. If we could only keep in a straight line, we would be alright. Later we heard of a farmer who got lost between his house and the barn in this same storm and froze to death. If I had known that then, we would have followed the fence around.



—Paul Bockmier photo

Scene after a blizzard in the Palouse country.

We walked for about ten minutes, plowing through the fresh snow, gasping for breath, bent into the howling wind and trying to see something without opening our eyes wide enough to have them full of snow. Then Alice who was still ahead, yelled, "Here we are! Here we are!" I thought she was trying to attract attention and I was just about to advise her to save her breath when I saw a dim light ahead of us.

Her uncle, who had come to visit the family, was approaching us with a kerosene lantern in his hand. He had been playing cards with the children's father and mother and they had not noticed the approach of the storm until it got so dark they could not see their cards. How fortunate that he had taken the cut-off route. He took the heavy child from my aching back and gave Alice the lantern to carry since she was the trail breaker and with his cheerful words, our spirits were revived. In another ten minutes we reached home.

Never in my entire life have I ever been so glad to see another human being as I was to see that man with his lantern coming to meet us in the storm.

The storm lasted for three days, the drifts piled up, telephone wires sagged and broke, pumps froze, pipes burst and many farmers strung ropes between houses and barns.

It was another week before the roads were open again. My school board chairman explained to me that the storm was an "act of God" and we would not have to make up the time lost. I had to write my County Superintendent to find out how to fill in my attendance register in such an event. □



N. P. Railroad Train at Oakesdale in 1949 after a winter storm.

Railfan's Paradise

By Rev. Thomas E. Jessett J. S. T. D. (1965)

Three major railroads in a town of less than a thousand inhabitants makes Palouse, Washington, a railfan's paradise. Located in southeastern Washington near the Idaho border, this small town has more railroad tracks situated within its city limits than some large cities. Each railroad has its own station, and there is an exchange yard.

Almost entirely surrounded by a bend in the Palouse river, the town is partly on a high bluff and partly on the river level. Two of the railroads are on the level and one on the higher, although it enters the town limits in a cut over which a bridge permits the major road to have access to the community. A long trestle carries the higher railroad over the other two and also over the river.

Standing on this trestle one can see the three stations, the river and the street bridge over the railroad on the upper level. With homes, the business district and the city park all plainly visible, it is not hard to visualize the days when Palouse was a railroad metropolis. Much has changed since those days but the railroad tracks and buildings are still in place. However, from the state of some of the buildings they will not remain much longer.

The year 1888 saw the Spokane and Palouse Railroad, a subsidiary of the Northern Pacific Railroad, complete its tracks from Spokane to Palouse. The goal was to tap the rich farming and lumbering country as far south as Lewiston, Idaho, which was the other terminal point. For years the line was kept busy bringing in new settlers who rode the immigrant coaches. Each year an increasing tonnage of wheat and lumber was moved out. Palouse itself contained four lumber mills.

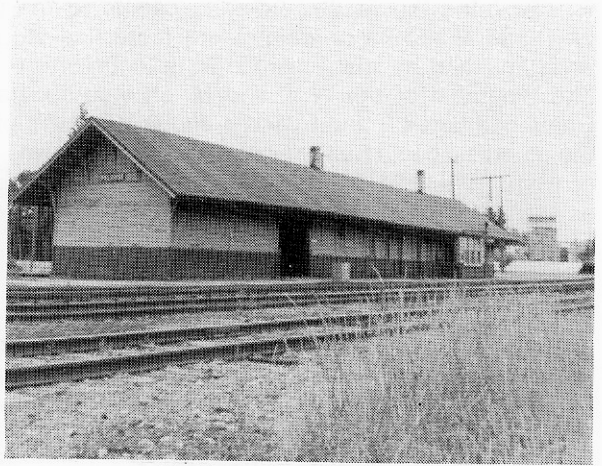
The Spokane and Palouse was soon taken over by its parent company, and the service stabilized at two passenger trains daily from Spokane to Lewiston each way. The usual equipment consisted of a mail-express car, a combination referred to as the "smoker", and from one to three coaches were required.

Early in the twentieth century the Potlatch Lumber Company, a part of the Weyerhaeuser interests, bought one of the mills in Palouse and moved it eleven miles east to the site of a new town to be built by the company and named Potlatch. It is in the state of Idaho.

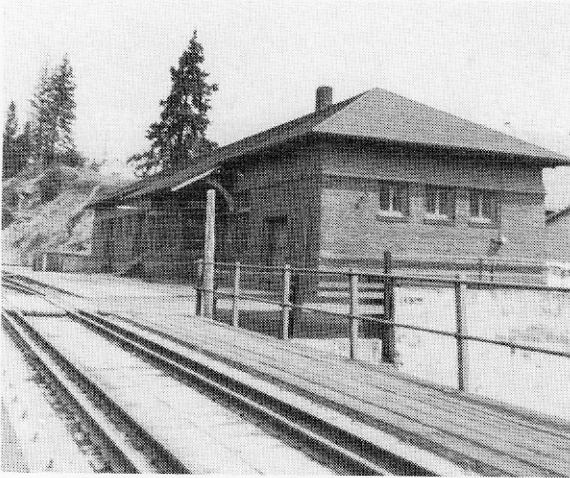
The company suggested to the Business Men's Association of Palouse that a railroad between the two towns was a necessity. It would connect the company's mill at Potlatch with the Northern Pacific. Promising to put its headquarters in Palouse thus providing employment there, the company asked for a free right-of-way in the town. The citizens agreed to permit it to run down Whitman Street. The line was built in 1905, named the Washington, Idaho and Montana Railroad, and put into operation the following year.

Although headquartered in Washington the line's major business was in Idaho, but Montana was only a dream that never materialized. Total mileage from Palouse to Bovill, Idaho, where it connected with the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, was 47 miles. Beyond Potlatch, where the line was built into the mountains to tap the larger forests, stations were established with the names, Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Stanford, Cornell and Vassar. Some fugitive from higher education must have had a nostalgic moment.

FOOTNOTE: Rev. Jessett is Historiographer for the Diocese of Olympia and has written the books **Chief Spokane Gary**, **The Indian Side of the Whitman Massacre** and a paperback on the Illwaco Railroad entitled **The Clamshell Railroad**.



Northern Pacific Depot

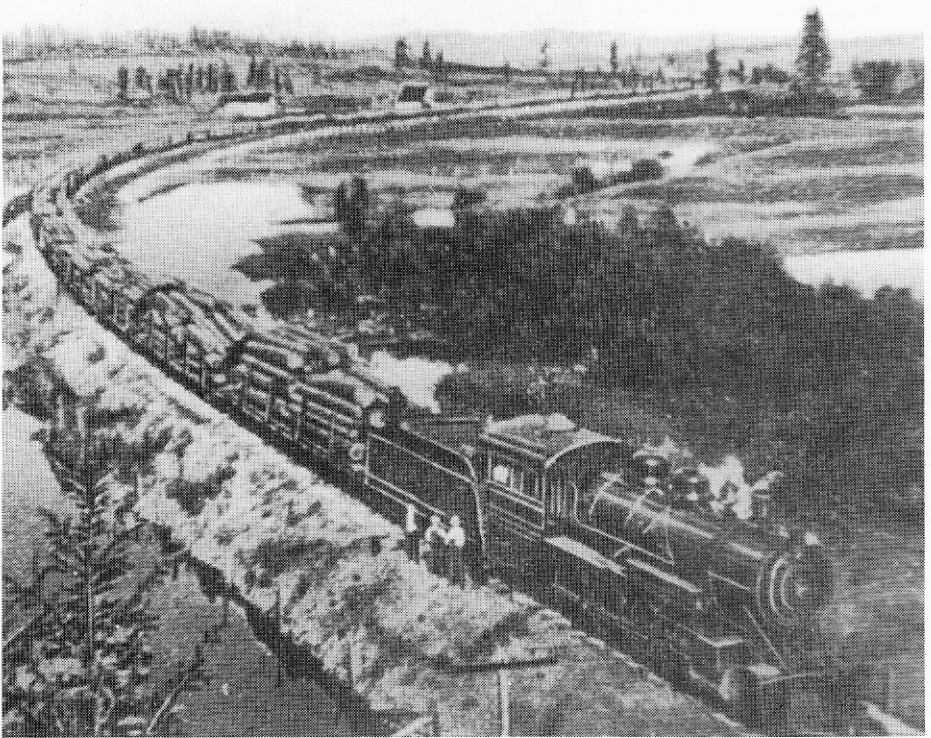


The Spokane & Inland (G. N.) Depot



The W. I. & M. (Milwaukee) Depot

To bring the lumber from its camps to the “university” stations on the W. I. and M., some of which were mere flag stops, the Potlatch company at one time had as many as 23 Shay locomotives operating on its own lines. The timetable of the W. I. and M. showed six trains daily from Palouse, but trains numbered 3 and 5, and 4 and 6, were combined at Potlatch. In actuality the timetable could be fully carried out by two trains. The Number One locomotive of the W. I. and M. is still resting at Potlatch. When running it was referred to as the “Stump Dodger.”



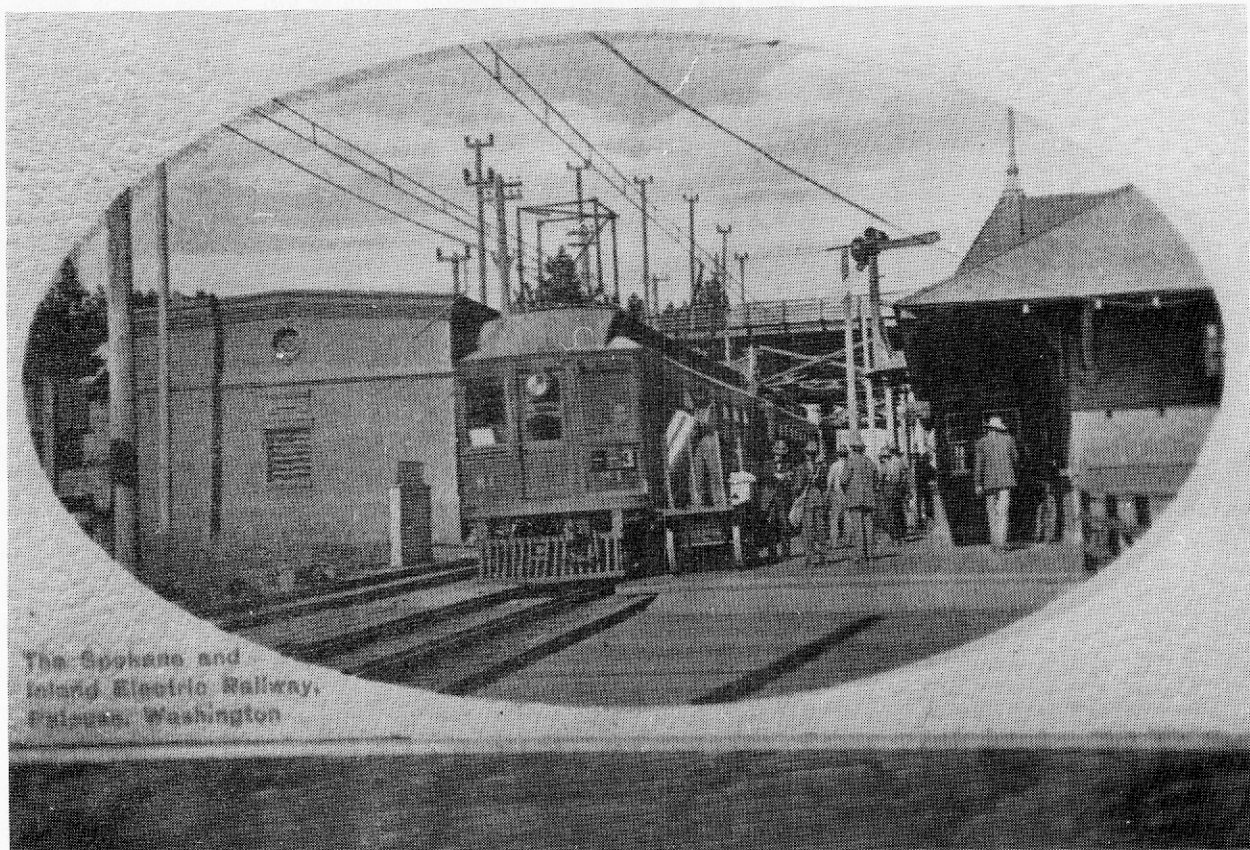
—Photo Paul Bockmier collection

The longest train of logs for the Potlatch Lumber Co. ever shipped. 105 cars, and one mile in length containing 1,100,000 feet of lumber.

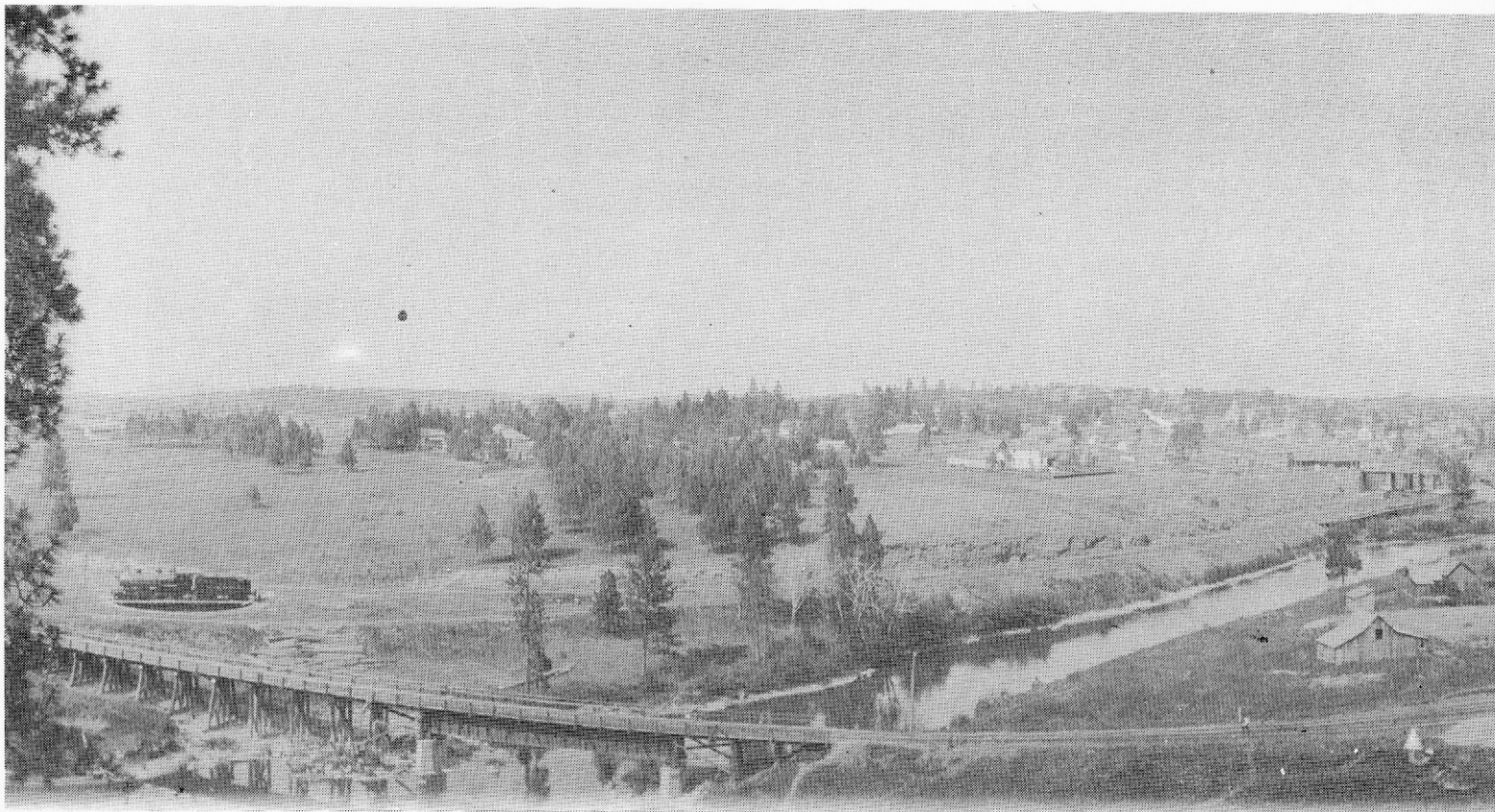
All trains were listed as second class mixed and the fare was five cents a mile. Later a Studebaker automobile was converted into a railbus for passenger, mail and express service. Still later a railcar named the “Potlatcher” took over these duties until the service was discontinued in the 1930s.

Even while the W. I. and M. was building, another railroad, this time an electric line, was wending its way south from Spokane, Washington. Averaging a station every three miles, the Spokane and Inland Railroad as it was called, was designed to serve the rich wheat and dairy country between Spokane and Moscow, Idaho.

The Spokane and Inland reached Palouse in April 1906. Entering the town on the high bluff its station was but a short distance from that of the W. I. and M. Steps were built between the two, while a trestle, 1700 feet long and 24 feet high, carried the Spokane and Inland tracks over the other two lines as well as over the river.



The Spokane and
Inland Electric Railway,
Palouse, Washington



—Paul Bockmier Photo

The above scene shows the railroad turntable in the lower left hand corner and at right center the old railroad trestle is shown in this 1916 photo taken by Paul Bockmier.

This electric line ran three trains daily each way through Palouse. Usually these were made up of two cars, a mail-baggage-express and a coach, but occasionally a combination "smoker" was added. Every Saturday evening a combination called the "Paper train" left Spokane for Moscow with the Sunday newspapers and the Saturday night returnees.

A great deal of switching freight cars went on between the W. I. and M. and the other two lines as the Spokane and Inland connected with the Great Northern in Spokane. To facilitate these movements the three lines built a small exchange yard at the west end of the town served appropriately by Railroad Street. With all of the railroad people needed to serve the three lines, the loggers from the mill at Palouse and the farm hands who came to town in season, it is no wonder that Palouse supported thirteen saloons and a brewery early in the century.

In the 1920's it was a summer day's sport for the youngsters to gather at the Northern Pacific station to watch the trains from Spokane and Lewiston meet there daily at 11:12 a.m. After their departure a quick trip across the river and up the stairs brought them to the Spokane and Inland station in time to meet the train from Spokane due at 11:56 a.m. When it departed they walked to the trestle nearby and looked down as the Washington, Idaho and Montana train was being made up and loaded for a trip eastward. A most interesting hour for young minds.

But all this is yesteryear. Today none of these three original railroad lines exist as corporate entities. The Spokane and Palouse merged with its parent, the Northern Pacific Railroad; the Spokane and Inland became a part of the Great Northern Railroad; and the Washington, Idaho and Montana Railroad was purchased by the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railroad. So it came about that three major railroads serve this community of less than a thousand souls.

Today a Budd Diesel Combination operated by the Northern Pacific provides the only passenger service out of Palouse once each way daily. The company claims this service is losing money and has petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to abandon it. Soon Palouse, like so many places today that once had a large passenger business, will be a freight only stop for the railroads.

Two of the three original stations still remain, the Northern Pacific station was rebuilt many years ago, and all of the tracks are as they always have been. Although Palouse has no lumber mills today it still gives the appearance of a major railroad center, that is, if one confines one's attention to the tracks. But the W. I. and M. station looks abandoned and the Great Northern, the only one of brick, will soon be.

Time brings its inevitable changes, but to one who can remember the first two decades of the twentieth century Palouse was a railfan's paradise. □

Railroad Magnates Visit Colfax

John L. Flowers attended the farmers' mass meeting at Colfax Tuesday returning that evening. He was on the reception committee to meet the railroad magnates and says the affair was a success in every way and that the presidents promised a ten per cent reduction of the freight on grain from all points in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho to the Sound.—**Colton News-Letter**, August 6, 1931.

Early Telephones in the Palouse Country

J. B. West

The first telephone line in Whitman County was originally constructed as a telegraph line by the military. In 1884 a group headed by C. B. Hopkins purchased the line from the government. It connected Colfax, the County seat, with Almota, the nearest port on the Snake River. The first extension was made to Palouse City, and then to Garfield and Farmington. Within a couple of years all the towns in the area were connected by telephone, and the system became a part of a network covering the entire country. It was some twenty years, however, before telephones came into general usage.

In the rural areas farmers formed telephone companies to serve their own neighborhoods. Their first efforts were directed toward utilizing the barbed wire fences. The first known telephone line of this sort was seven miles long and connected the farms of James and John Klemgard. It was believed that since the barbed wire fences criss-crossed the country in every direction, all one had to do was to connect his telephone to a nearby fence to communicate with anyone else who had a telephone.

I can remember these telephone lines as a child, observing that poles had to be used at gates and road crossings to carry the wires overhead. The electric current required came from dry batteries installed in each telephone. With no insulation between the barbed wire and the posts, there was a lot of static on the line, and the batteries would soon lose their charge. This was, no doubt, the reason this method was abandoned for overhead wires.

The first telephone I remember was the one installed in 1904 in the home-stead shack that Father had built by the Ickes Road. On December 31, 1903, a dozen farmers living along this road met to form a company to construct a telephone line for their own use. It was to be about seven miles long, ending in the town of Palouse. George Z. Ickes, after whom the road was named, was elected president. (Harold Ickes, "The Old Curmudgeon," Secretary of the Interior in the Roosevelt Administration, was a nephew, and had visited his uncle's farm as a young man.) My father, George E. West, was elected Secretary-treasurer. Father was a natural-born secretary. His record books are written in a beautiful hand, and his minutes are models of perfection, presenting a clear record of the proceedings of that pioneer telephone company. He kept a meticulous account of receipts and disbursements.

Each of those present at this first meeting contributed \$5.00 toward the formation of the new company, which was launched with a total paid-in capital of \$60.00. Further assessments were to be levied as needed and then added to the capital stock. This stock was designated as "Line Rights." It was decided that the line should be limited to fifteen subscribers. Those who came in later were required to pay an amount equal to the "Line Right" of the charter members.¹ Any member who failed to pay an assessment would forfeit his "Line Right" after one year.

¹The following signed up to become charter members: Dave Woodfin, Henry Brown, R. H. Vermillion, George Spray, Leonard Spray, Joe McClung, John Culton, George Z. Ickes, Joe Franzen, George E. West, Walter S. Gross, Jake Flickenger, Gust Linden, George Prickett and N. M. Swanson.

W. K. Eddy, E. E. Klotts, John Bunch, and Swan Olson were some of the farmers who came in later, although they could have joined at the start. Later N. C. McKee, Clarence Wolfe, and the Potlatch Lumber Co. joined the company.

It was also decided that a member could work out his assessment rather than pay cash, if he wished. The rate set was 20¢ per hour per man; 10¢ per hour for a two-horse team; 20¢ per hour for a four-horse team.

In the minutes of the next meeting, held on January 29, 1904, the following entry appears: "Total assessments of each necessary to build the line: \$83.70; total labor performed, \$147.60; value of "Line Right" this date, \$15.42." The following is a list of expenditures incurred in the construction of the line:

1120 lbs. No. 12 wire @\$ 4.40	\$48.90
1 pr. wire nippers	1.25
25 lbs. nails, 50d	1.25
300 insulators	5.00
5 lbs. No. 14 wire	0.25
242 poles @ 10¢.	24.20
Switchboard and Call Bell	9.80
Publishing the Palouse City Franchise (Ord. No. 52).....	6.50
Attorney's fees	3.50
Northern Pacific Railroad lease for right-of-way	1.00

Other entries indicate that most of the hardware was purchased in Palouse. The 242 poles came from land now owned by the D. F. Langes.

A committee of three was appointed to purchase the telephones for the new company. Each member paid for his own telephone and for the cost of running a line into his own house. Robert Ewing, a nearby farmer, who had made a special study of telephones as a hobby, ordered the telephones at the factory price of \$18.25 each.

I have before me a catalogue of "Telephones, Switchboards, and Supplies," with a net price list, dated January 1, 1903. It was issued by the Williams Electric Company of Cleveland, Ohio. The telephone ordered was described as "Absolutely the most powerful telephone on the market." It was called the "Perfection," and was designed especially for farm communities "where a great many instruments are to be used on one long line."

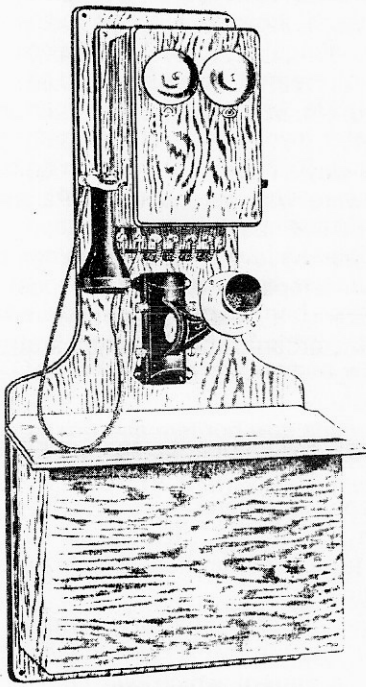
It had an oak cabinet, "Jumbo five-bar generator," three dry batteries, a long arm, long distance transmitter and receiver, and the "Most durable magnetic bells in the world." The generator, "gives off a current which will light up a 110-volt, 16 candle-power electric light." The dry batteries used, as I remember them, were at least six inches long and perhaps two and a half inches in diameter and quite heavy. The list price was 20¢ each, or 16¢ in lots of fifty or more.

In the catalogue is a list of "Party Line Signals," for 50 telephones, from one long ring to five long rings, with all the combinations of longs and shorts in between. A notation assured the reader that once he became accustomed to his own ring he would not hear any of the others. To "ring," one turned a crank, one turn for a short, two, twice (or more) for a long ring. When anyone made a telephone call, all the telephones on the line would ring; hence the need for a powerful generator, not to speak of a strong arm.

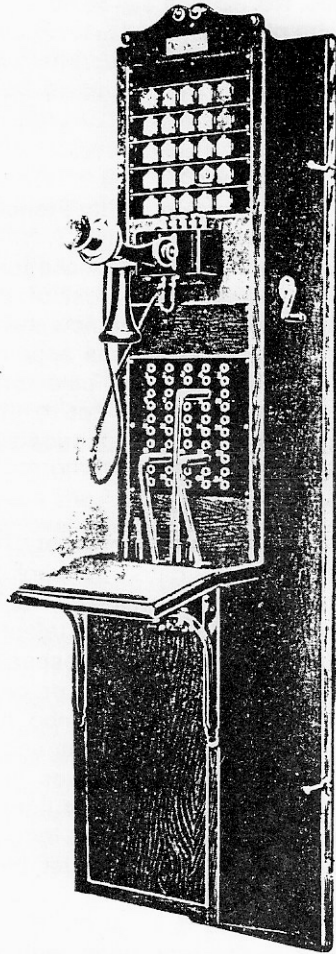
To make a call, one had to take down the receiver, listen to make sure that no one was on the line, hang up the receiver, crank out the required number of long and short rings, take down the receiver, and listen for an answer. This process was repeated until there was an answer, or the caller was convinced there was no one at home, or his arm got tired.

It was not long before the ladies discovered the telephone to be a good source of gossip. When the telephone rang, it was not unusual for a number of ladies to slip their receivers off the hook in their desire to keep abreast of the

latest. The person calling could hear the click, click, click of the receivers as listeners came on the line. "Rubbernecking," as this practice was called, put such a strain on the batteries that voices became weak and indistinct. After a time, as the equipment grew old, the signals became faint and everyone within hearing had to answer to make sure he was not the one being called.



Perfection Telephone



Farmer's Community Switchboard

Telephone Made By The Williams Electric Telephone Company in 1903.

During the first summer we had, I believe, the first broadcast ever made. Joe McClung's hired hand, Sy Hopkins, had a good voice and was a whiz on the banjo. One evening, everyone on the line was called to stand by, and he sang and played into the telephone. Then someone spoiled the fun by reminding us that we were using up the charge in the batteries.

Sy left the country, but I never forgot that broadcast. A few years ago, he attended one of our "Palouse Days" celebrations. Now a prosperous Alberta farmer, he was on his way south to spend the winter. I reminded him about his telephone concert, and told him that he had missed his calling and should

have been on the radio. "Radio?" he replied, "My neighbors and I used to broadcast regularly over a Calgary station." I asked him if the broadcasts were on Thursday nights. When he replied that they were, I was happy to tell him that they came in loud and strong in Palouse and that I considered them one of the best old-time music programs on the air.

While the Ickes telephone line was under construction, other farm lines in the area were being built or were in the planning stages. Our neighbors to the north, along the Eden Valley Road, had experimented with the barbed wire method, but were changing over to overhead wires. Lines were coming into Palouse from every direction, but were not yet connected to each other.

The west end of the Ickes line was at the N. M. Swanson farm. Two miles away, at the George Mood farm, was the eastern end of the Clear Creek line which went into Colfax. The companies operating these lines joined together to build a connecting line, with a call bell set up in the Swanson home to receive the signals from the Clear Creek line. A knife switch was installed, which, when closed, connected the two lines. Later, similar arrangements were made at the Gust Linden farm to connect the Ickes line with the Eden Valley line. Whenever a knife switch was closed, all the telephones on both lines would ring. Since the same system of rings was used on each line, two people would often answer, and one would have to be told to please hang up, as the party on the other line was the one being called.

The minutes record that on two different years, at Christmas, a \$5.00 check was presented to Mrs. Swanson for her services as switch operator. The third year the amount was divided between Mrs. Swanson and Mrs. Linden. Incidentally, Father was presented at one Christmas with a \$2.00 box of "Cuban Blossom" cigars as a reward for his services as Secretary-treasurer. The minutes record his heartfelt thanks for the present.

The east end of the Ickes line was at the corner of Bridge and Church Streets in Palouse. Then, in June 1905, the line was extended to the Palouse General Hospital on West Main Street. Dr. E. T. Hein, who owned the hospital was permitted to join the line without charge if the hospital would do the switching between the Ickes line and the telephones in town. This arrangement was in effect until August, 1906, at which time the Interstate Telephone Company established a central office which served all the lines entering the town. The charge was \$1.00 per telephone, per year (or perhaps, per month; the minutes are not clear in this respect). In a year or two, this company was succeeded by the Pacific States Telephone Company.

The Ickes Telephone Company was in existence for forty-three years. There were so many changes during this period with some families leaving and new ones joining, that there is no way of knowing for certain how many telephones were connected at any one time. It is doubtful, however, that there were more than fifteen. Today, farms are larger, and there are only nine along the old Ickes Road; their telephones are being served by an underground cable. □

Notice on Telephone Subscription Receipts in 1912

The subscriber or any other user shall not make use of Foul, Abusive or Profane Language, or Personate Any Other Individual with Fraudulent Intent Over the Wires connected with his Instruments.

Subscribers on Four-Party Lines are expressly limited to a total average of Ten Calls per day (incoming and outgoing).

NOTE—Single conversations on Party Lines shall not exceed five minutes.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



Andrew Schooley Funston



Sarah Ann Eyer Funston

Funston and Cornelius Families Arrive In Whitman Co. In 1877

Mrs. Richard Robertson

On May 4th, 1880, Judge S. D. Woodward of Colfax, married Mary Ann Funston to Andrew Jackson Davis Cornelius at the Home of the bride four miles west of Colfax. Because of the muddy roads, the judge had to walk to perform the ceremony, after which the young couple took a walk to the Green Hollow schoolhouse. The groom making a parasol to protect his bride from the May showers by using two small trees. The couple later celebrated 64 years of marriage and during that time raised four children.

Mary Ann, daughter of Andrew Schooley and Sarah Ann Eyer Funston, was born at Leroy, Bremer County, Iowa, November 30, 1862. Her parents having resided there since 1856 and formerly 10 years were spent in Cook County, Illinois where Andrew Funston was a justice of the peace and a judge on the circuit court. In Iowa he practiced law and was a surveyor until 1876 when the family moved to Turner, Marion County, Oregon to live near the eldest daughter, Martha Jane, and her husband, W. C. Morris. W. C. Morris' sister, Elizabeth, was married to George E. Cornelius and they all lived at Turner. George and Elizabeth were newly married when they came over the Oregon Trail in 1845 with his parents and brothers and sisters, including a sister who married James Morris, brother to Elizabeth and W. C. Under the leadership of Abe Hackleman, this party left St. Joseph on May 31, 1845 and arrived at The Dalles that October. Here they left their cattle and some household belongings and the family went on down river to Oregon City by flat-boat. They built a sawmill and farmed next to the Mollala river until 1850 when they took up another donation land claim and moved to Turner, Marion Co., Oregon until their deaths. This is where A. J. D. Cornelius was born on December 19, 1855.

In May of 1877, the Funstons came to Whitman Co., W. T. and homesteaded west of Colfax on the Palouse river. Harpole Station, on the Spokane and Inland electric line was located on this land. Here Sarah passed away in 1903 and Andrew then moved to town and lived with his daughter, Kate Weinberg, until his death June 4, 1908. Several of his letters written to his daughter, Susan Funston Jones at Pine City, dating from 1896 until his death have been preserved and are in the care of LaVerna Jones of Oakesdale. Andrew and Sarah raised nine children, the eldest served in the Civil War and another son, with the Texas Rangers, was killed in his early 20s. Two of his daughters married two Cornelius brothers, Eber, who married Sarah Funston and Davis who married Mary Ann. Another Cornelius brother, Green, taught school at St. Maries, Idaho and after his marriage to Cora VonSoehnen in 1891, built a home at Almota where he had the ferry until they moved to Colfax in 1912.

Andrew Jackson Davis Cornelius arrived in Whitman County in November of 1877 and homesteaded in Range 43, three miles west of Steptoe on the Steptoe-St. John road. Here they raised their four children, Ethel Cornelius Jayne, Eyer A. Cornelius, Vernon D. and Clara Pearl Cornelius Freier. The only times spent away from their home was during the winter months that the children attended W.S.C. Later the two boys graduated from W.S.C. While at Pullman, Ethel met Stephen Jayne, a civil engineer—they were married at Pullman and lived at Olympia at the time of her death in 1964. Eyer, after becoming an attorney, lived in Spokane for 53 years until his death in 1957. Vernon, after college, farmed the homestead and lived there until his death in 1964. His widow, Asper, still owns the place. She is now 89 and lives at DesMoines, Wash.



Mary Ann Funston Cornelius
("Maggie")



Andrew Jackson Davis Cornelius
("A. J. D." or "Davis")

near her children. The land is leased out and the home is rented out. Clara Pearl, the youngest of the four children, met H. J. Freier while she was in the first year of college, after that year she quit school and they were married and they lived in Pullman until he received his agricultural degree in 1914. He taught school, being in charge of the Dairy at Shelton until they returned to Whitman County and farmed here for the remainder of his life. Pearl died in 1958.

Before his marriage to Mary Ann, Davis worked for Mr. Swift, a nurseryman near the Palouse river. Here he developed a love for trees and flowers and after his son Vernon took over the farm you could find Davis up at 4:30 a.m. and working until dusk in his yard and large garden. He had seven kinds of oaks and lilacs and also Norway maple, syringas, poplars, Chinese elm, black walnuts, English walnuts, Colorado blue spruce, Br. Oregon junipers, Russian olive, mulberries, flowering quinces and numerous other kinds of trees and shrubs. Perhaps he received his most enjoyment from the thousands of red, white, yellow, purple and old gold colored tulips that made a show place of his yard in the spring. At the age of 84 he was still doing his own yard work and each tool was given a daily cleaning and hung up carefully. The spade he used was always kept just inside the kitchen door and no one else was to touch it, it was kept as shiny as a mirror.

Davis lived only one year after his "Maggie", who died July 10, 1944. He was 89 when he died August 7, 1945 at his home. Their grandchildren and great grandchildren have happy memories of visiting the farm and their gentle, loving grandparents. □

Early History of the Pullman Grange Supply

By Roy H. Davis

I think it was in 1931 that several people joined the Whelan Grange to get a contract to buy gasoline cheaper. Some were from Clinton Garage and some were from Colton who didn't belong to any Grange. I tried to get the Colton people to join Seats Grange which was the closest Grange to them. I went to County and State Grange officers to stop them from joining Whelan so the Colton people organized their own Grange.

In 1932 Irvin King called some meetings to start the Pullman Grange Supply, mostly to buy gasoline cheaper. After a few meetings they elected nine directors—Irvin King, Ben Druffel, Asa Clark, Fred Weber, Harry Johnson, Gordon Klemgard, Rosco Cox, Walter Robinson, and Roy H. Davis. Walter and Gordon Klemgard were only on for a short time. We decided to charge everyone according to the amount of horse power they had. If they had a combine it would be \$10, a 50 cat was \$50 and so on. That way we got a little money to start with. Mr. Ed Wiley wrote the first check for \$10 and I wrote a \$40 check next. Everyone at the meeting bought memberships for the horse power they owned.

We rented a place with a little building across the creek from the present location from the railroad for \$40 per year. We fenced it and bought three tanks. We hired Everett and Hazel Robinson to run it. We got a contract from Standard Oil and trucked in a purple gasoline from Seattle. We saved 4¢ a gallon at first. Irvin King said that if the other oil companies came down in price that we would lock up. I thought that was the best gasoline we ever had.

After a couple years or so we got a Shell contract. People hauled their own gasoline in barrels or in anything that would hold it. People came with trucks and teams to get their gasoline.

I think we operated in that location two years. Our business got so big we were getting crowded for room. We had several meetings and once Roscoe Cox said that maybe we could build out over the creek. We called it Cox's Cow Shed, but it was never built.

I was going to Walla Walla so the board asked me to stop at Waitsburg and order a 12 foot tank like the other three we had. When I got there they had an 18 foot tank with a partition $\frac{1}{3}$ of the length. I could buy it almost as cheap as the 12 foot one and it was ready to deliver so I ordered it. Diesel was just being used and I figured we could use part of it for diesel and the other part for gasoline. At the next meeting when I reported what I had ordered, one of the directors asked what would we do for a stand for the tank. I said I guessed I would have to hold $\frac{1}{3}$ of it up.

The Grange Supply ordered and sold tools, wire, and most everything the farmers needed at quite a savings. At first we operated at 3%.

I think it was early in 1934 that Ben Druffel and I went to the Pullman Council meeting and bought about seven acres of land from the city for \$1000. Then we paid \$300 for fill dirt and stuff to fill part of the land next to the street. The land was a hobo jungle, thorn trees, and brush and junk that had washed in when the creek overflowed. It had ditches and washed holes in it all over. We would take our axes and shovels and cut and burn the trees and brush. When we went to town for gasoline, several of us spent several hours cleaning and leveling it. It was all hand work. The help worked on it when they weren't busy.

There were several hobo shacks made of tin, boards , and cardboard. When a hobo would leave we would burn his shack. We just kept moving down. One hobo who had one of the better shacks asked me one day if we were going to run him out. I told him that we wouldn't but that it was much nicer across the creek. There was a water pipe over there and he could pick up coal and boards for fuel. He moved across the creek and one of the Grain Growers asked him why he moved. He said one of the bosses across the creek told him it would be better over there. I heard that the Grain Grower said, "I'll bet I know which one told him that."

Freddie Seamore worked part time. He used to skip school and come down and work. He was very good help. He could wait on the customers and do most any kind of work. I believe he was one of the best men they ever had. He later joined the Air Force and flew the Hump in World War II. He died a few years ago in California.

After we got the land leveled big enough to build on, we planned the building. Ben Druffel who was President of the Board appointed Harry Johnson, Fred Weber, and myself to the Building Committee. I was chairman. We hired John Wiley to pour the foundation. I wanted to put it where it is now but I had a lot of opposition from the rest of the board. One in particular ran up the hill to the College and saw a man named Jones. He said if it was built next to the creek on our property line it would fill with water. We had several meetings and some wanted to just build without any basement. I said that we would have to dig down to the creek bed for footing anyway. I asked Mr. John Wiley if he could pour it so it wouldn't leak and he said he could. Mr. Olson who was on the Board then said if I would put it cross ways about where the front of the lower building is that he would go with me and put in a basement. I said we are going to build it where it is and put a basement in it. Roscoe Cox asked what I was going to do when it filled with water and I said I guessed we would make a swimming pool out of it.

We hired Frank Snyder to do the building at 75¢ per hour. He worked long days. We also had some common labor at \$1.50 per day and the help worked on it too. When he was framing it he said, "Roy, we could put another story on it for \$240 for material and labor." I was all for it and so were most of the Board but the management and some of the directors said we had more room than we will ever need. I was asked what we could use the extra room for. I told them that if we ever got enough money to finish it we would have a good meeting place. The management said if we did that there would be smoking around the gas pumps. I pointed out that there were gas pumps on every corner all over town. We did build the foundation strong enough to support another floor. We put the pump in the basement just in case we would ever need it. I don't think it was ever used. Ben Druffel and the building board designed the vault. Ben bought the big door in Spokane second hand. We thought we had it so it would be hard to rob. Ben also bought other second had stuff. He got a swivel chair for Hazel that pinched her everytime she turned around in it.

When the building was about completed, we gave a dance. I put a notice in the Pullman Herald for a free dance. When we got there they were selling tickets. I had to buy one. Lots of the town people came down and left. I had quite a time living that down.

After we got to going pretty good, we helped several Grange Supplies get started—Lewiston, Colfax, Palouse, Garfield, Oakesdale, Tekoa, St. John and Dayton. We met with some of them and their Directors met with us. There might have been others. Some we met with several times. One time we took a trip to Yakima and stopped at Grange Supplies on the way. A. E. Olson, Ben Druffel, and Roscoe Cox and I went and I took my Chevy. We stopped at Dayton

and Walla Walla Granges and stayed the night in Yakima. We had a meeting with their Directors and then we came back and stopped at Almira, Wilbur, and Davenport on our way home. The Grange allowed me \$10 for gasoline for my car but we all paid our own way for that trip.

On our trip to Yakima we found that the Grange Supply was delivering gas. They had a 30 mile limit and anyone who lived beyond 30 miles had to meet the truck. Yakima was delivering also, but it was mostly short hauls to the orchards. It was quite awhile before we started delivering.

At the time we were getting \$2 per month per meeting. When anyone was missing we put his \$2 in a kitty to celebrate one.

We were trying to get a wholesale Grange Supply started when we went to Yakima. Later I went to Spokane with Ben Druffel to locate a place to start one. We looked at several buildings. They went out close to the Carsten Packing Plant and they built a building. The directors were from all over the State of Washington. They were there several years and later moved out further where they operated for several years.

We traded with the wholesale. Ben Druffel used to take cattle and pigs to Spokane and bring things back to the Supply from the wholesale or any place he could get it. I don't think he ever got any pay for doing it. We got stung sometimes. A slick grease salesman from Texas had some grease that looked good enough to eat. We called it Panther Grease and we ordered a little of it. He sent four times as much as we ordered and we had quite a time getting rid of it.

They had a big sack of walnuts and it had a little hole in the top. Most all of the Directors would reach in and get a nut or two, so we got a snap mouse trap and set it in the sack. Several got their fingers caught.

The directors used to take inventory. Sometimes it took two or three days. We paired off and one wrote the items down and the other one counted them.

Gordon Klemgard and I are the only ones alive of the nine original directors.□

The Early Day Hot Lunch Program

By B. Leroy Davidson

I don't go back to the "real" pioneers_____ they were my parents and grandparents, but I do have a recollection of the Hot Lunches ____, 1925.

The gentlest horse on the ranch was Old Billy-the survivor of my dad's previously famous six horse team of white draft horses, and Bill was a big one. I started riding him to school before I was six, and he must have been twice that at least. The following year (I was 7 in midwinter) the teacher instigated a hot lunch program through the local P.T.A. (a note sent home with each kid). Once every two weeks, it worked out, each mother got up in the middle of the night and cooked something for about fourteen or fifteen people. What makes this such a lasting memory for me is that carrying this in front of me, tied up in a dishtowl, kept my hands pretty warm on those days it was my turn. On the days it was somebody else's it was pretty cold riding that four and one-half miles to school and back and most of it in the dark.□

Published quarterly in March, June, September and December during the calendar year by the Whitman County Historical Society, at P.O. Box 424, Pullman, Washington 99163 to further an interest in a rich and wonderful heritage by sharing memories of those days of early settlement in the bunchgrass country. Subscription rates are \$5.00 year (plus sales tax for Washington residents.)

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

June Crithfield..... Editor
Roy Chatters..... Layout
Beryl Jorstad Rose Hatley
Marguerite Baer Elsie Collins

OFFICERS

President..... Ed Hochsprung
Vice President..... Thelma K. Miller
Secretary..... Dorothy Matson
Treasurer..... Sherry Partch

Desire for Education Prompts Family Move

Gene Harms, as told to Historian Staff

The Herman F. Harms family first lived on a farm near Almira, Washington which Mr. Harms had homesteaded in the early 1880's about fifteen miles from the present Grand Coulee Dam. A son, Gene, was born there in the homestead shack in 1908. The new father kept the road open for the doctor. This building was later used as a shop, and a new home was built.

Desiring a good education for the family, Mr. Harms came on a scouting trip to the Palouse country in 1919. Members of the scouting party slept on the way near Colfax. Mrs. Harms slept in the car. The second night they slept near Pullman and it rained. Mr. Harms and his son, Gene, slept on the ground and Gene got soaked. The father left before daylight in the rain and he had put the wheel on the canvas to hold it down, but the rain only collected in it and the boy got soaked. This second night was spent on the Barkley farm (near theater west of Pullman).

The family finally decided on the land south of Pullman near the Lewiston highway and began the move from Almira in September 1919. An older sister and Gene came early to enter high school. They boarded out until their parents came around the first of October.

The parents came down with two five-horse teams. One with a wagon header box was pulled by three horses, two wheat wagons trailed with five horse teams and other horses. Hogs, milk cows and household furniture came in an emigrant railway car. Mr. Harms road with the railway car to Pullman. It stopped at a point near the present Hansen self-service station on north Grand Street.

The party coming overland consisted of two men, drivers of the wagons, one regular family hired-man and one neighbor. Mrs. Harms came down with the other four children and Gene driving. They got to Pullman ahead of the other parties. There was a house and barn on the new place and a used seven-passenger Hudson phaeton for Mother and the children and bedding and other things. They had traveled a hundred and sixty miles to Pullman. Coming over they had to stop at St. John and get the horses reshod. The roads were very bad and deeply rutted.

The family bought a Quikmeal stove from the farmer who had previously owned the farm at Pullman. The stove was ten years old at the time but was used by Mrs. Harms from 1919 until 1938. When Gene and his wife sold the farm last year and moved to Olympia, they sold the stove, a sausage grinder and stuffer, lard kettle and cider press to Roger Rossebo for his Three Forks Museum. These items had all been purchased prior to 1910. □