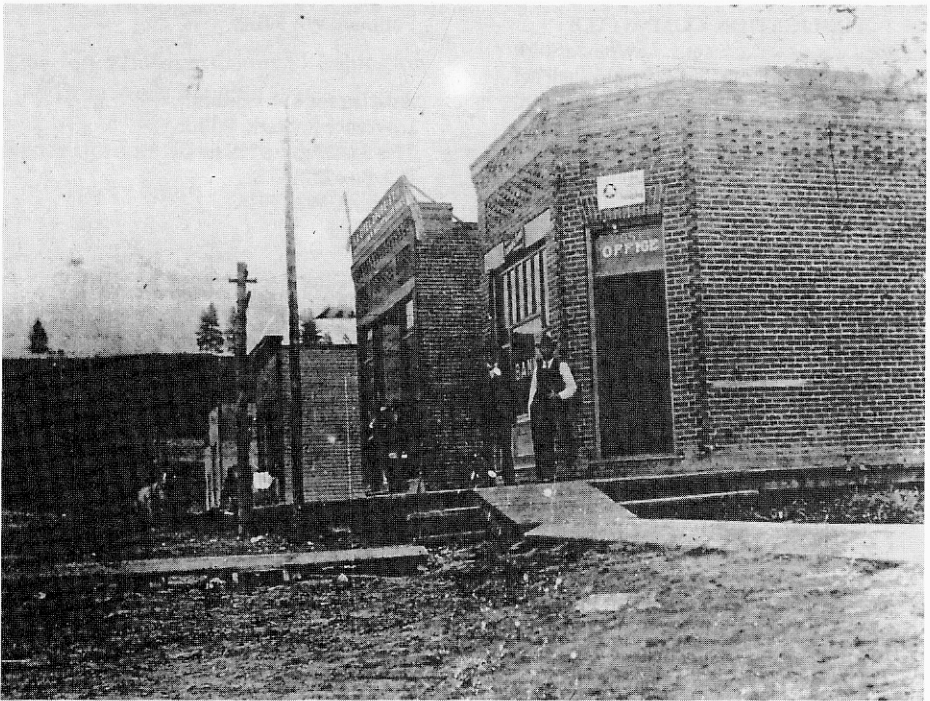


Bunchgrass Historian

Whitman County Historical Society
Colfax, Washington

Volume 22
Number 3
1995



Three from the files

- Pullman Memorial Hospital
- Elberton
- Pine City

Whitman County Historical Society

The *Bunchgrass Historian* is published by the Whitman County Historical Society. Its purpose is to further interest in the rich past of Whitman County.

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Whitman County Historical Society
Colfax, Washington

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COVER

Main Street, Elberton, Wash., about 1900.

FROM YOUR EDITOR

The present issue of the Bunchgrass Historian comes from the files. As no new writing was on hand, the editor went into the files of the Society and found unpublished typescripts of writing and accounts that were composed at different times over the last 20 years. It is a small sample of the materials that have been assembled by the Historical Society's Archives Committee.

The authors, now deceased, introduce themselves in two articles, while the article on the Pullman Hospital was originally a typescript issued as a brief or information piece for the public.

Shortly after the issue was assembled authors submitted new copy and offered more. Thanks need be extended to them; their articles will be in forthcoming issues.



**Memorial Hospital,
Pullman, Washington
by
Hospital Staff – 1993**

**History of Memorial Hospital,
Pullman, Washington**

No hospital existed in Pullman to serve all residents of the city and area until 1951. Prior to that time, a facility existed on the campus of Washington State University, which was built in 1928 by Washington State College as an infirmary for the care of students. The original structure was constructed part with funds contributed the Finch family from Spokane.

After World War II, non-student community formed a voluntary association for the purpose of establishing a hospital to care for all residents. This organization became Pullman Community Hospital Corporation. The Corporation approached the regents of Washington State College, asking to join with the college in the provision of hospital services jointly to students and non-students alike. The Corporation entered into fund-raising, and finally also qualified for a Hill-Burton governmental grant, to construct the south wing to the old hospital. That wing was often called "the Community Wing". It contained within it the obstetrical section which people so much desired, in order that they be able to deliver in Pullman, rather than driving sometimes under hazardous conditions to Colfax or Moscow.

The wing was finished in 1951 from funds raised through Garden Fair, other community events sponsored by Pullman Community Hospital Corporation, and the Auxiliary, as well as the federal matching grant funds. By 1951, an organizational structure had been created between Pullman Community Hospital Corporation and the regents of Washington State College. Each of those entities appointed equal numbers of Board members to the Board of Memorial Hospital, Incorporated; this was called the Operating Board, the coming together of a joint venture of



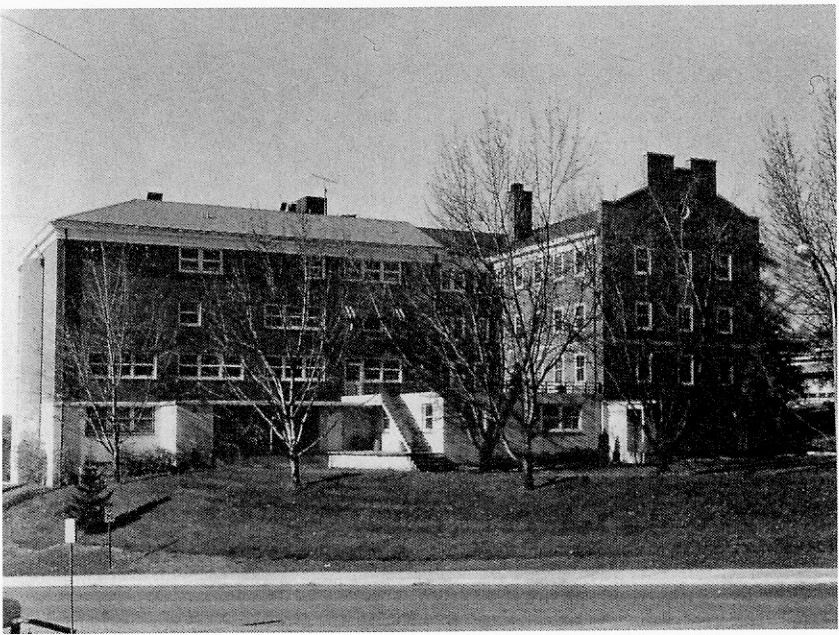
Pullman Hospital C. 1930.

This facade is now completely covered by new construction

the college and the community for the operation of the hospital. This structure existed until October of 1972, when the Eskaton Corporation was provided contract to operate the hospital.

The Eskaton Corporation (of Sacramento, California) was basically brought to Pullman not just to operate the hospital, but to build a new one. They failed in their effort, and by 1975 had returned the hospital and its operation to the community once again. Pullman Community Hospital Corporation was the organization which prompted the departure of Eskaton, due to their failure to build a new building, and once again set out to participate in operating the hospital by reactivation the Memorial Hospital, Inc. Board and continuing to seek a mechanism to build a new building. By this time, Washington State University had learned it could not jointly operate the hospital with private organizations (Pullman Community Hospital Corporation) and so the university divested itself of its operating interest, and the Memorial Hospital, Inc. Board was solely appointed by Pullman Community Hospital Corporation.

Pullman Community Hospital Corporation then set out to organize a Hospital District. The Corporation provided the funds for legal fees (in excess of five thousand dollars) necessary for the organizational process, and Corporation members went amongst the community seeking the petition signatures necessary to get the issue to the county commissioners, to have it placed upon the November 1976 election ballot. The District was formed at the General Election of 1976, and five



Pullman Hospital C. 1955

Commissioners were elected: Betty Shoup, Norman Ingram, John Huberty, Kay Robbins, Gordon Meade.

The Hospital District then was just a District on paper, with a boundary. Memorial Hospital, Inc. continued to operate the hospital, and their Board members continued to be appointed by Pullman Community Hospital Corporation. The Hospital District's official task was to get a bond issue passed by the voters, in order to provide financing for the building project. This took place in November of 1977 when a three point seven million dollar bond issue was passed by the voters, and thus the District came into a position capable to carry out the needed project. This was the trigger point agreed upon by Washington State University and Pullman Community Hospital Corporation, to transfer the assets of the operating hospital to the Hospital District, because it had reached a stage in its development and capability where it now was able to build the new hospital. The transfer of ownership to the Hospital District took place in May of 1978.

Bids were received to construct the new building in May of 1979 and construction began in June. Dedication of the new hospital was held formally in May of 1982. At this point, Pullman Community Hospital Corporation had significantly changed and its role shifted. Pullman Community Hospital Corporation no longer appointed the Board to the operating hospital and no longer held an interest in the assets of the

Hospital District because they had been transferred to the District. Nonetheless, the Corporation did possess significant assets it had received in fund raising and bequests throughout the years, and so it formed itself from a Corporation into a Foundation to act in a stewardship role over the assets it had accumulated, and the fund raising it carried out, for the benefit of the hospital.

Pullman Community Hospital Foundation, the founder of the hospital in Pullman, reduced its Board size and confined its role to providing needed financial support to the hospital on behalf of the community at large.

CHRONOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT

- 1928 Finch Memorial Hospital opened as a Health Center and hospital for students at the State College of Washington.
- 1944 Pullman Community Hospital Association formed, July 25.
- 1945 Association incorporated as Pullman Community Hospital Corporation, January 2.
- 1947 Memorial Hospital, Inc. formed and incorporated on August 29 to operate the combined hospital for the State College of Washington and the Pullman Community Hospital Corporation.
- 1948 Memorandum of Interim Agreement between the State College of Washington and the Pullman Community Hospital Corporation, March 30.
 1. Opened Finch Memorial Hospital to public use.
 2. Pullman Community Hospital Corporation agreed to construct addition to Finch Memorial Hospital.
 3. State College of Washington agreed to lease site to Pullman Community Hospital Corporation for Construction of the addition.
 4. Both parties agreed that at the time the new addition was ready for use and occupancy, Pullman Community Hospital Corporation would lease the new addition and State College of Washington would lease Finch Memorial Hospital to Memorial Hospital, Inc.
- 1948 Hospital Guild organized, June.
- 1950 Contract awarded for construction of Community Wing, July 29. Construction started August 28.
- 1951 Operation of the hospital turned over to Memorial Hospital, Inc. September 1.
- 1955 Hospital Guild affiliated with Washington State Hospital Auxiliary and the official name became Women's Auxiliary to the Pullman Community Hospital.

- 1966 Reinstated Membership Drive as a source of Fund.
- 1966 Board of Regents of WSU and the Board of Trustees of the Pullman Community Hospital Corporation requested Mr. John R. Moore to conduct a study and make a report on both the Student Health Service and Memorial Hospital, Inc.
- 1966 Moore Report received and Ad Hoc Committee appointed a formula for sharing deficit cost.
- 1968 Formation of an Ad Hoc Planning Council for possible new hospital construction.
- 1970 Formation of official Pullman Comprehensive Health Planning Council.
- 1972 Management of present facility assumed by Eskaton, a non-profit Corporation.

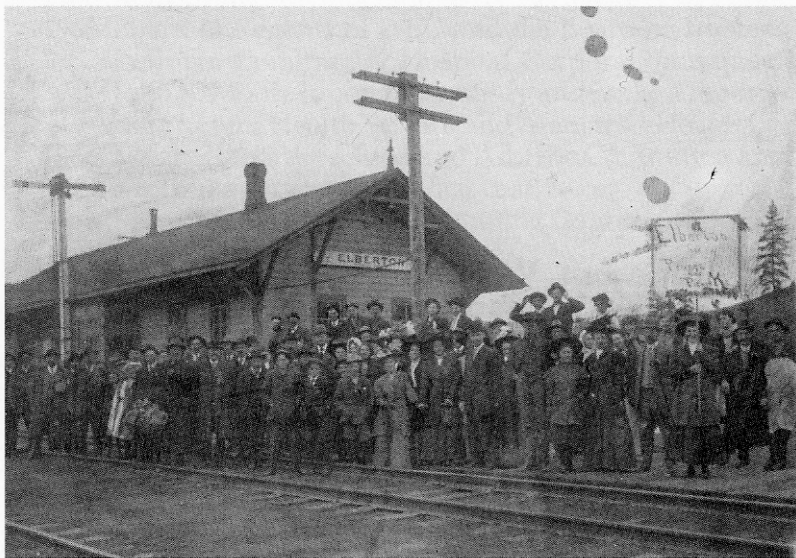


Elberton, Whitman County, Washington Dora Wells Banning

In the early years of the twentieth century, Elberton was a quiet, peaceful little town of perhaps 200 friendly people living in harmony; interested in each other's welfare. The town was situated on a scenic portion of the Palouse River where it had found its way through a group of wooded hills and surrounded a good-sized meadow which Elberton developed as an entertainment ground for the surrounding inhabitants. A yearly affair of three days, known as the Elberton picnic, was well attended. In the center of the ground was a grove of beautiful, tall cottonwood trees that shaded the long picnic tables and benches. An open-sided band stand and a dance pavilion were near. A ball park with gates, bleachers and a covered pavilion for the spectators appeared to be well-attended each day. Carnival attractions were scattered here and there. I remember only a vending machine for popcorn, pink cotton candy, and lemonade. No hot dogs, beer or ice cream cones yet. People brought their own food and ice cream freezers and utilized the tables and benches while they visited.

Around the entire acreage was a racetrack a mile long. I do not recall any fast horse races but always there were surrey races at a fast pace. On the track also the picnickers took part in many different races—fat men, thin men, sack, sizes, ages, etc. Prizes were given. I could never participate because my nose would bleed and ruin my pretty new picnic dress.

The biggest attraction for we youngsters was the merry-go-round which played fascinating music. Each day after our limited spending money for the day was gone, we had many free rides. After all paying customers were seated in the tinsel sleighs or on highly decorated horses the engineer would signal us to get on for a free ride. I do not recall that any of us ever took advantage of the privilege by boarding before he signaled us to do so.



Elberton Station, crowd awaiting town picnic

It was late fall of 1904 when I, seven year old Dora, for the first time rode down the long winding road on the hill north of Elberton with my parents Steve and Sally Wells. Our family had been living in the Dry Creek area of Whitman County where there was only a three months summer school term for my brothers Homer and Virgil to attend. My sister Lula and brother Ernest, along with Pearl and Milton Dunn, had shared an apartment to attend the last term in Elberton. It was to obtain better educational opportunities for their children that Steve and Sally decided to settle in Elberton instead of going on to Oregon as they had intended when they left Kansas by covered wagon in 1898 after suffering through eight total crop failures on their Kansas farm in Kingman County. My parents were impressed with opportunities at the Elberton school, at that time under the leadership of Prof. Iron. I was a very timid, inexperienced, little blond thrilled at seeing more of the world and at the prospect of going to school for my first term. The hill seemed very long and steep with the horsed holding back in their harness instead of pulling, and Papa using the brake and voicing encouragement to old Bell, leader of our team. We passed the Ira Long home on the right, where three boys, Ora, Ray and Alva watched us from the wooden gate that spanned the entrance to their home.

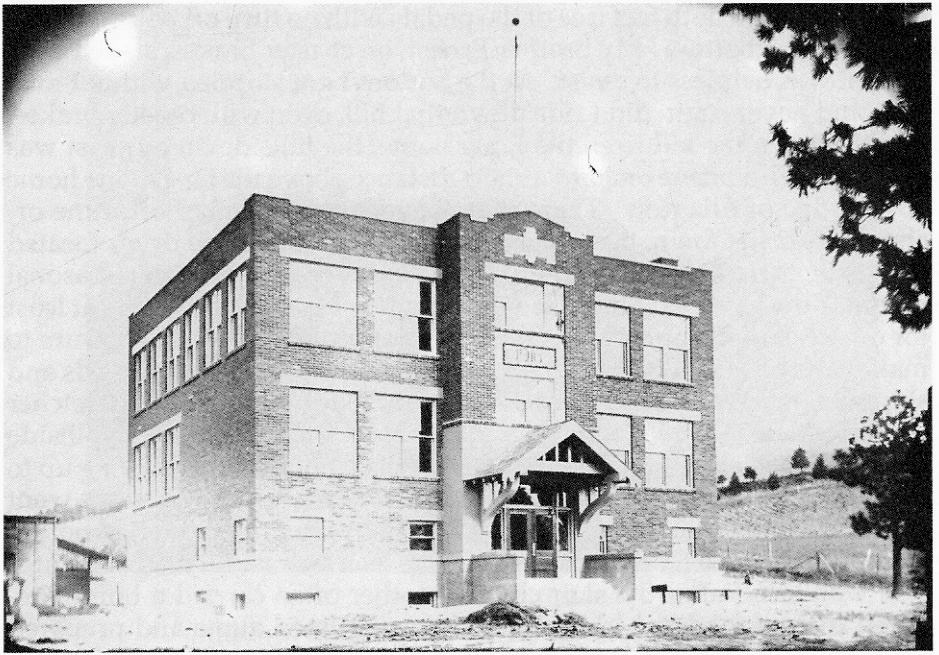
It occurs to me that no doubt the steepness and the length of the North hill is exaggerated in my memory because of a ride I had later on my undersized first bicycle, not equipped with coaster brakes, down the

lower part with both feet free of the pedals with no turn off possible until I reached the bottom. My brother Ernest, on coaster brakes, stayed with me but was helpless to assist. At the bottom I got stopped without mishap, and never again did I ride down that hill, even with coaster brakes.

Down the hill from the Long home, the hillside on our east was covered with a prune orchard a short distance above the Dr. Divine home at the edge of Elberton. There must have been a number of prune orchards near the town, because for many years, the prune dryer located alongside of the O.W.R.&N. railroad tracks operated, furnishing seasonal work for the local residents. Some years later, I had the privilege, at least for one season, of topping wooden boxes of prunes. It was a pleasure to make each box beautiful, with rows of perfect fruit ready for the lids and shipping in the awaiting railroad cars on the side track. Mr. Berkstretcher owned an orchard of many different kinds of fruit on the south hillside and top. Mother and I took advantage of the wooded steps leading up to the Renfrew home for the first steep climb to the orchard when we went to pick various kinds of fruit. My friend, Gladys Renfrew, and her mother always welcomed a brief visit with us. A hammock and a few minutes was wonderful after the stair climb. Mother often carried a home prepared dish of food to Mr. Berkstretcher, who lived alone and prepared his own food. He was always very pleasant, a good horticulturist. He always had time to show me his "wonder" tree which nourished eight different fruits from the same root system. The soil and the climate in Elberton was a joy to those who gardened because no irrigation was necessary. Water at each home was supplied from a dug well. Plumbing was of the Chick Sales variety.

Our first home in Elberton was on the East side of the lower bridge on the bank of the river, "a high bank" just before the rocky cliffs turned the river west toward Colfax. This home had a good well with a pitcher pump in the spacious yard. I remember a beautiful large tree also, which furnished plenty of shade. A picket fence surrounded it and protected a large garden spot. The south side fence formed the north boundary of Charlie Henderson's home. He was the painter of the town. I have been told his house was well preserved many years longer than most because of the many coats of paint on it. The Henderson's only daughter, Leila, was my classmate and friend for many years. When children, we played happily until Charlie came home. The home we were living in was called the Cox place. I assume it therefore belonged to the Cox who was manager of the "poor farm" on a hill down near the R.R. Depot. There were two Cox daughters. Zella was the oldest. Bonnie was a classmate of mine. When the poor farm activity was changed to Colfax, the Cox family were still in charge.

On the east side of the river and west of the roadway which ran directly up the north hill, there were only four homes with a considerable acreage at all but the Henderson home. North of us was the Lawrence place, which was also rental. When my Grandpa and Grandma Wells



School at Elberton

came for a visit from Kansas, they lived there at the edge of the woods. To the west and directly above the river curve and the cliff wall nearly hidden in the woods was the Baker home. Daisy the daughter is the only name I recall.

Our barn and pasture for our jersey cow Heff was in the north-west corner in a few trees. Heff had walked behind our wagon from Boise, Idaho, in 1899, and was a privileged member of the family. She was kind and gentle but would refuse to let anyone but Sally milk her. Once when Mother was ill, other members tried to milk without success, until on the second day, our neighbor Luc Anderson offered to try. She was about mother's height, so she put on the "milk bonnet" and the green wool cape Mother always wore. Heff looked her over and apparently was fooled until Lucy touched her milk bag. Since her feet were tied she simply jumped up and down and whipped the bonnet with her tail. She did not give her milk until mother took it from her. Mother never encouraged me to learn to milk.

Lucy and Joe lived in a small house just west of the Jim Long home. Joe worked on the railroad repair crew. Section hand was the title. We all loved to hear Joe sing and play his banjo on warm summer evenings from the little front porch of their home. The songs were in a foreign language but his voice was beautiful and the banjo well-played. There wasn't much music in our lives in those days.

My brother Ernest played the harmonica. Mrs. Divine played the church organ and sang solos for funeral services. She taught Sunday School. I think I have never known a sweeter person. She and the doctor had a beautiful home on the edge of town on the north hillside just below the prune orchard. Two sons, John and James, were popular with the youths. A daughter born later I never knew and cannot supply the name.

How long we lived in this home I do not know, but eventually we moved across the river and the R.R. tracks to the Hinchcliff home situated at the base of a wooded hill on the south side of the main street in Elberton. The hill was a pleasure to roam and pick wild flowers, but I missed the river view and cliffs to roam over.

The Railroad tracks were elevated on a dirt fill running roughly East and West dividing the business section from the residential. There were two crossings over the tracks in the upper section of town. The first view of the trains from the East was as it crossed the railroad bridge, over the river, with the whistle blowing. The depot was a half mile West. My father's livery business was across the street from our new home. There was a weight scale alongside the barn which I later learned to attend.

Our nearest neighbor on the East was Grandma Long, mother of Jim and Ira. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Penn on the west had several sons away from home that came home frequently. Leonidas was the only one still attending school. On the west side of the livery stable was our other close neighbor, a white haired elderly man named McCose who owned a jackass he kept in a corral next to the livery stable lot. The jackass brayed long and lustily very often and at unexpected times. Mama and Grandma Kent were constantly sending me over to the McCose door with food for him. I am sure he would not have eaten very well without this supply. Milk I delivered regularly to him. If they learned he was ill and not eating, grandma would boil milk until thick and send him a bowl while hot. His place didn't look very attractive but he was pleasant and appreciative. Another livery business was on the same side of the main street and across the side street that crossed the R.R. track. This business was owned and managed by the Marsh family. Five children, Melvin, Dick, Lem, Annie, and Mary. The mother passed away shortly after we moved there. My mother did what she could for the little girls, combing hair, sewing, and mending. The family managed very well caring for each other.

Going to school from this home was a broadening experience for me because I walked through the main part of town while before, I crossed over a small stream, climbed of the R.R. tracks by the big watering tank or, when river permitted, went under the iron bridge and up to the school house on top of the hill. The school house was a two story, four room frame building with an enclosed stairway at each end. Behind was an unattached one story building of one room. Each school room was heated with a large woodburning stove. I don't remember any musical instrument, but we sang songs together. The play ground was divided by a wooden walk from the rear door of the lower floor to the roadway which

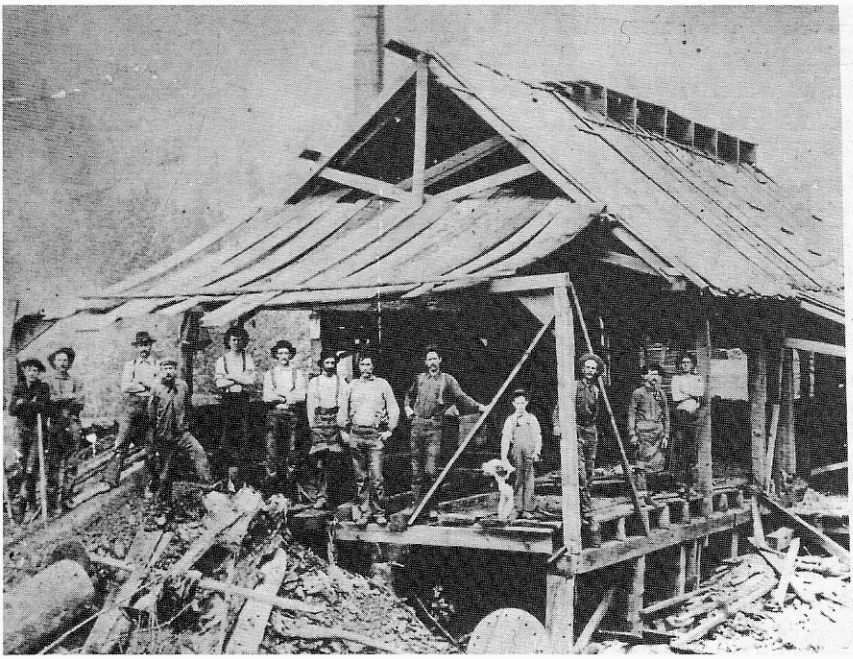
extended on up the hill to the cemetery. May Day we danced around a may pole with pretty colored streamers. The most popular game we played at recess was Blackmans Bluff. It meant much running, laughing and few accidents. Most students went home for lunch but a number brought theirs. Two homes were near the school. Kenneth and Edgar Oliphant lived in one. On my way to school I passed most of the business houses to reach the bridge across the river. After Grandma Long's home, the block was empty on the south side to the mercantile store which was raised above the sidewalk on stilts thereby requiring several steps up to the door. This building and business was owned by the Zimmermans who lived on the East side of town. They later moved away and my father managed the business until about 1913. The post office and bank were in a brick building I think on the next corner. Mr. Peoples was postmaster for many years, and Mr. Renfrew the banker. After Mr. Peoples retired he built a dance hall on the East corner of the next block at the street that crossed the upper bridge. Next to the bank building was the drug store owned by the Eitels, whose two boys Walter and Chester were a part of the young group. Walter helped in the store also.

Next to the drug store was the Henderson hardware store and a pool hall, housed perhaps in one building. A spacious community hall filled the upper story. Dances, lodge meetings, parties of community interest were held there. I was never in the pool hall operated by Lee Worthy or in the last building in the block. From the upper bridge over the wet lands to the hillside pathway that led to the school house was a raised walk way of wood with rails on each side. The walk always seemed unnecessarily high to me, though now I realize it had been raised above the spring flood level, perhaps in years before the river had been dammed above the town, so some of the water could flow along the hillside south of town to the flour mill located below the west crossing of the R.R. tracks.

There were more students on this side. Homes were along the river in both directions from the bridges north end. From the R.R. bridge to the upper bridge were several homes, but I never knew who lived in them. South of the upper bridge the homes were on or near the foothills. Some of the families were the Browns, Lions, Clarks and the druggist Eitel. The United Brethern Church was located in that section. My three brothers attended that church and they had a high regard for Weber and Nora Leed, two of the leaders.

The Methodist Church was closer to the three homes we occupied so it was thought best I attend there, where I could go alone.

West from the South end of the upper bridge more business houses lined the main street on the north. First a low building that may have been a residence-business combination. A butcher shop was owned and managed by a German couple named Metzner. They had no children. Next was the barber shop indicated by the usual candy striped pole. Roy Lindley was the barber. There was some vacant space on both sides of double doors which opened into the Stairet blacksmith shop. Mr. Stairet's



Elberton Saw Mill

family home was in back of the shop. I knew four of the children: Nellie, Ollie, Birdie and Hugh. I think an older brother was away. On the next property toward the R.R. bridge and the river bank, was the Wisley family from Indiana. Alta, my age, was a good friend of mine. Her younger brother Dewey was a tease. There was an older sister Hulda and a brother Ed. They returned to Indiana ere long.

I seem to remember about two more buildings after the blacksmith shop on that side of the street. Across the side street facing the mercantile was the hotel. It was a red brick, two story building surrounded by large shade trees. A bar, lounge, and a dining room were on the first floor with rooms upstairs. The Poffenroth family were managing it for a time before going to California. Their two daughters were beautiful girls. Lela, the oldest had the prettiest head of hair I have seen in a lifetime. It was long and curly and the color of spun gold. This in the days before permanent waves were available so it must have been natural. I wore large round curls also, but they were produced by rolling my locks up on rags. I think this was the last family that ran the Hotel. Perhaps the bar remained open awhile longer. The last time I was in Elberton the building was being used as a church.

There was another story and a half building in that block before the Marsh Home and livery business which also had some trees around them. A family lived at least in the back part and I was there numerous times but can recall no names or personalities.

All businesses and buildings on the North side of main street ended with the McCose Jackass lot and home, at the foot of the R.R. fill. On the south side below the Tenn residence there was only the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Gage who prepared meals for transients. I set her table and ran errands one summer. Usually we set the table for twelve I think. After the dining room at the Hotel closed, theirs was the only public eating place. Over the tracks at the lower crossing was the home of another Gage family with three daughters. Linda, the oldest, was my age. The flour mill was across the road from the Gage place. How many people it required to operate it I do not know. I remember seeing Dave Pickard pass our home white with flour. I think Peral Pickard, a brother, worked there when in Elberton. The water to operate the mill was carried along the hillside in a wooden flume from the dam above town. The wild flowers behind our place thrived on the drip when the mill operated. The prune drier and warehouses were along side the switch yard tracks east of the depot. Minnie Wilson was the oldest daughter of one family that attended school, while I was there. Myrtle Tipler came to school from that section of town. Myrtle married James Divine I understand.

There were no buildings from Peoples hall East until one reached the foothills. On various levels of this hill were the homes of two generations of Irwin and Pickards. Mr. Irwin Sr. commuted to Colfax for work. Their children all attended school in Elberton. They were Archie, Guy, Zada, Harry and Ruby. Zada married my brother Ernest and they spend their years in western Washington. Ernest was an engineer on the Great Northern railroad as was their son Orville, until his recent retirement. Ruby married Dick Marsh. Archie and Guy raised their families in Elberton. Harry finished high school in Elberton then college at Pullman, where he later taught mathematics for a number of years. On top of the hill was the Seigle home. Buelah and Edgar were of my generation and they attended school in Elberton. I think there were two older brothers. Gussie Dodd, a classmate, I think lived in this section with parents and a younger brother.

One of my closest friends was the best student in our class. She and an older sister lived with her grandmother back toward the hill from the People's hall. I can recall only her first name, Josie. Her grandma's yard was a beautiful garden of different shrubs and flowers. It was always so pleasant to play there.

I remember Elberton as a town of board walks. They were broad and sturdy and were along every road and street of importance. Stilts were used to keep them level and they seemed, during the years I was there, always in good condition. Over the railroad fill and crossing there

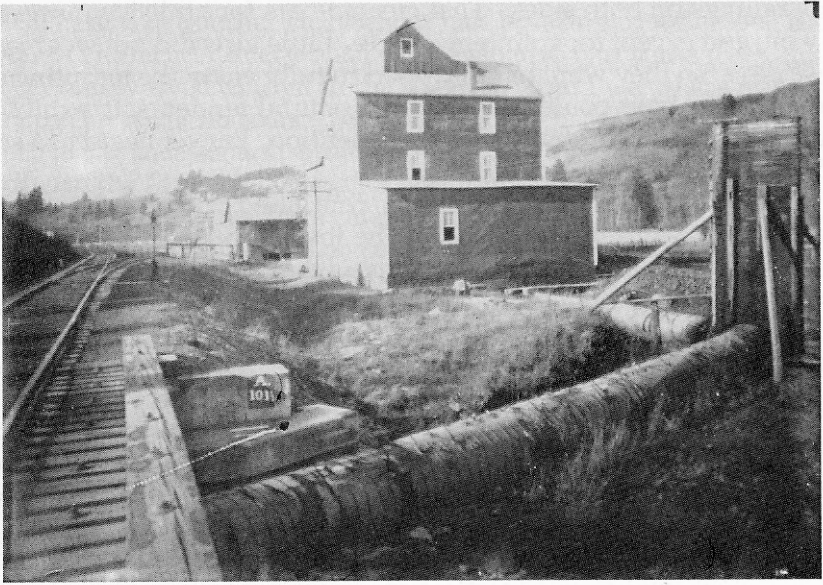
were railings on both sides. That created bars for athletic youngsters to play on; and except for splinters, a slide. Little girls did not wear jeans in those days, so they were handicapped to fully enjoy the tempting sport. Therefore the boys could indulge their natural tendency to exhibit their strength and skill without serious competition. I never heard of a serious accident at this play spot.

The board walk, without rails, continued on paralleling the road, in a large curve to the west end of the lower bridge. Stilts were again used to keep it level and raised above what was probably a wet spot where a group of tall trees stood. In the center of this flat acreage near to the walk stood the Methodist church all alone. Across the road near the gate to the picnic ground was the Parsonage. One lone large pine tree stood at the edge of the low ground at the foot of the R.R. fill.

West of the road, paralleling the track fill and south of the picnic ground was a short street where a number of homes were occupied. Archie and Guy Irwin, I think, both built homes there. There were at least two and a half story's high. The Birchard family of four children lived in one. The children were Edison, Carrie, Carl and Darrel, the youngest, was near my brother Virgil's age. Edison married Ethel Moffit who lived east toward Garfield with parents and younger brother, Harold, also in school. Many years later I visited with Edison and Ethel while visiting in Seattle with my brother Ernest and wife Zada Wells. Other occupants in this section I cannot recall.

The years we lived at the Hinchcliff place were happy ones. We skated on the millpond in winter and toasted our feet in the oven while we peeled and ate pumpkin seeds. I played catch with my brothers unless some neighbor boy happened along to take my place. We huddled around the heating stove in the evening while Mother read out loud to us. I think I enjoyed the ventures of the Rover boys as much as my brothers. The highlights of those years were when Lula or Ernest or both would be home for a visit, with or without some other guests. Homer and Virgil made bobsleds and there were plenty of hills to use them on. Stilts in the summertime, made higher and higher. I think Virgil was the champion high stilt walker. As soon as school was out, Virgil went to the country to be with the Levi Storms family. It was my pleasure to deliver milk, the Spokane Chronicle, and go after cows when he was away. Bubert, our little dog, did all the work of hunting and starting them home. While Bubert went for the cows, I had time to pick nettle plants and sour dock or dandelions along the R.R. track for greens. Our grandmother Kent from Boise, Idaho, joined us and she was very fond of wild greens. She taught me how to gather nettles without getting stung. She patiently cleaned and prepared all I was able to gather.

Mother and Dad bought a home in the North east section of Elberton on four or five acres. Mother was delighted to have her own home, a large rich garden spot, a well-built chicken house, a large barn for here cows. The acreage had a fence around it so the folds immedi-



Elberton Flour Mill

ately planted a number of fruit trees. The pump from the well was situated at the kitchen sink with a drainage system. A sawdust cold cellar was at the back door. There was plenty of room for milk and vegetable storage. The menfolks cut large cakes of ice from the dam and stored it in sawdust in an icehouse near the barn. A woodshed was handy to the kitchen door and to the alley for unloading from a wagon. My brothers gathered wood from the river. In the springtime during high water, loggers steered large floats of logs down the Palouse to a mill site west of Elberton. Many logs would get caught and then float down after the drive was over. My brothers and other neighbor boys became quite proficient at throwing the pike pole into logs and then maneuvering them to the bank where they remained in piles until dry enough to saw and haul to the shed. Days were exciting when the logs were floating by. The drivers put on log rolling contests, testing and showing their skills. Sometimes they taught the local boys who were brave enough to try, but usually the river was too swift for the uninitiated to take chances.

Our new home was about two blocks east across a little stream from the Cox place where we first lived. It was on a hillside below the road to Garfield. Above us across the road lived the Metz family with three small children. Mrs. Metz gave me piano lessons, and I played croquet on their court. Mr. Metz was the last banker in Elberton; they moved to Montana ere long. Adjoining their property on the north was the two story home of Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, who owned the hardware store. They had one son, Floyd. The Divine home was the next

north one. The largest and most impressive home was on the crest, surrounded by a large lawn which sloped in two directions and was completely fenced. Large pine trees were left near the house and made excellent shade and supports for hammocks. Mr. Long owned and managed a farm nearby. There were two daughters Lula and Ina. Both of them later lived in Spokane.

Across the road downhill, the story and a half house was last occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lee Worthy about 1913. At the foot of the hill the Grant Hume home housed a number of children but I no longer can recall more than two names. Lillian and a brother Roy, near my own age. On the same level east of the Hume place lived the Baumgartner family. They had three little ones.

East of our place, the street had two homes on it. Fred Gage and his parents were in the one just south of the Garfield road. Below was the Zimmerman place. A delightful home a little farther east was hidden from view by trees and willow bushes. The stream close to the house formed a natural shallow pond upon which we used to pole rafts when at play. I cannot now recall the names of the occupants.

Harold Moffet, Bill Ringer and, I think, a brother, came to school from farther up Garfield way.

The social life of Elberton was about the same as most small towns of that day in the west. There were church and lodge affairs for members and, occasionally, for the whole community. Dances for the older young people. We youngsters played Run Sheep Run, Hide and Seek, etc., outside in the long summer evenings. In the winter we studied or read or played checkers, dominos, muggins or flinch with special cards. At bedtime, we usually consumed a pan full of apples and maybe popcorn, if anyone had ambition enough to pop it. On Sundays, families from a distance would come to spend the day. Sometimes we would go to Steptoe to visit Mama's cousin, the Tom Sharp family. We also exchanged visits with the John Dunn family in Garfield, friends we had known in Kansas. There didn't appear to be any unhappy families in Elberton.

My sister Lula was an important person in my life. She was twelve years my senior and like a second mother to me. Hers was the ultimate word about my clothers. Mother was a skilled seamstress but I learned that Lula's approval was necessary for the choice of any new additions to my belongings. I was perfectly happy with this arrangement while near the family, but when far away in later years, I found it difficult to do my own choosing and feel pleased with my judgment. Lula worked for Lippit Brothers clothing store in Colfax. She helped to broaden my life in many ways like getting for me the privilege of riding on the Forth of July float in Colfax. When she won a piano in the popularity contest, she placed it in our home and gave me lessons at Colfax, commuting twelve miles on the O.W.R.&R.R. For a short time, I lived with here and attended school in Colfax. All were broadening experiences for a little Elberton girl. I am

thankful for her generosity and love. She married Emory Kilham and they made their home later in Spokane.

My Grandpa and Grandma Wells made several trips to and from Kansas before they came to stay in 1909. They rented the Lawrence home on a hill near us. My aunt Dora and her husband Sam Grindal joined them after selling the Wells mercantile business in Pratt, Kansas. Grandpa, A.L. Wells, drew a number in the lottery conducted by the U.S. Government for the privilege of purchasing one hundred and sixty acres on a timbered Indian reservation after all allotments to the members of the tribe had been completed according to the treaty regulations. Grandpa selected a claim near the R.R. signal stop, called Plummer in Idaho. They moved to Plummer with their daughter in 1910. Grandpa started a hardware store and they built a home in Plummer and on the chosen acres four miles from town. Aunt Dora died in 1912, the first death in the new town. After Dora died, Grandpa had more than he could handle so he asked his son, Steve Wells, to move to the claim with them. My father, Steve, felt it was necessary that he do so. Both he and Mother preferred to remain in Elberton, but against their wishes, they sold their home and moved to a different life in 1913. I have always felt a bit nostalgic about Elberton and the leisure hours I spent in the shaded "Sweet Mary" bed making pictures of the clouds. I always intended to return there to live. Instead, I have spent my retirement years on Finley Point at a beautiful spot on the shore of Flathead Lake in Montana, where I still reside. It has been a pleasure to recall people and events during my age of seven to fourteen years, which were spent in Elberton. I am sure there are much richer historic events of years before and after this time period to be recorded. So many more personalities I remember than I can supply names for identification.

I am pleased to learn that Whitman County is protecting this serene and scenic acreage for all to enjoy.

Reminiscences

by

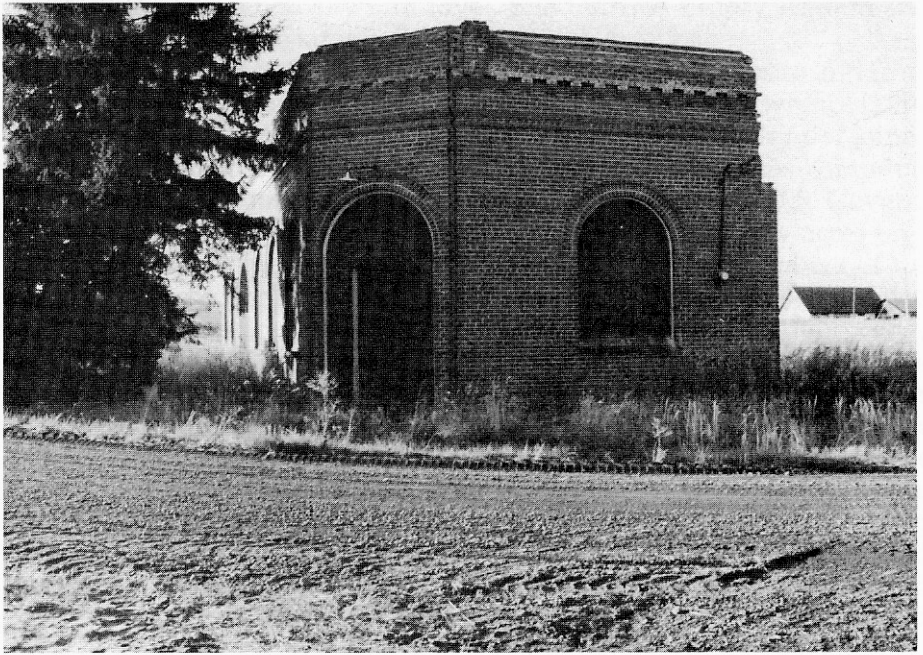
Henry Smith

1975

Pine City

Pine City was of course--in it's beginning--organized about--that it was just a place brought about by the fact that the Texas Ferry road crossed Pine Creek and there was some springs where these fellows would water their horses and they came--and then Dr. Dodson came into the country and he was kind of an energetic fellow and he got some people together and he laid out a townsite. I think it was incorporated into a townsite in 1878. It was the busiest metropolis in northern Whitman County. The mill was located here--the Dr. was located here--there was even a saloon at one time. There was a cooperage shop--where they made barrels to ship butter and meat in. There was a small packing house and it had the two stories and unfortunately we didn't get a railroad like other towns around the country did so it never thrived a great deal but it was a great trading point. People came from all over the country to trade there. There was a blacksmith shop--carpenter shop--all the things essential for carrying on the affairs of the community.

In 1907 the Milwaukee Railroad was built through here. They ignored Pine City--and they were going to kill off Rosalia etc. and Malden was to become the New York of the west. Well they established a Round House and they did their best to try and kill this town off but some of the fellows weren't satisfied with that so they went to the Interstate Commerce Comm. and they put in a siding here. It became quite a wheat shipping point and then they took all the wheat from all the towns--Malden and any located west over here and then we had a lumberyard--we had a barbershop--we had a hotel--we had a butcher shop--we had a

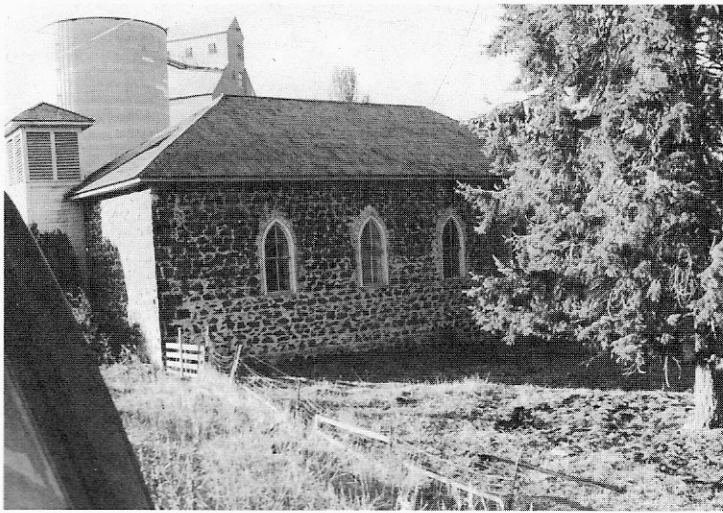


Pine City State Bank, recently dismantled

bank--we had a hardware store--and we had quite a sizable town. It was the largest shipping point and receiving point on the Milwaukee west of St. Paul of any of the small towns on the whole line. There was an immense amount of business done out of here and then of course the country became settled up more. We had a fine school house--a basketball team who were known all over the state and quite a thriving village. Of course it has gone down to nothing now. Just what might be called an old age people's home. That's about it.

My father, A.J. Smith, operated the store and it was one that held all kinds of things from barter--to supply groceries and he would take in this butter that was sometimes a little rancid because it didn't have the buttermilk worked out well enough and so my mother--along with some of her kids--would work that butter over and pack it in barrels and that was shipped to the Coeur d'Alene mines and also my dad--he--in order to get rid of the bran and shorts and such things that didn't go into flour--he raised about 300 head of hogs and he would slaughter those hogs off and he had a packing shed and he would put the meat in big barrels--pork--and that would all go up to the mines. It was hauled from here by wagons to the mines to supply those miners up there. So it was quite a shipping point in it's early day. This Whitman County area filled the tummies of the miners in the Coeur d'Alenes.

The first doctor came in here in 1872 and he was Dr. Dodson and he was here for a few years and then he left here and went down into



Church at Pine City

Oregon and there was another man that came here and took his place by the name of T.H. Swain--a younger man--and he drove all over the country for there was no Dr. in Rosalia and there was no doctor in St. John. There was no doctor around any place so he went from here. There was a book called *The Christless* which sort of featured him and he rode a horse back with his little old medicine bags on the back of the horse. He went any time of the night or day or whenever he was called. He had his pill bags along with him. Later he rode in buggy, for a long time he went horseback. He always wore a long duster.

The first school house was located down below where the old fort was. A fellow whose name was Don Edwards who was a son of the fellow that brought in the first mill wheels to this country. I don't know if he would get any money out of teaching but he would get his board out of it and he taught the first school around the country. They just taught the first 2 or 3 months during the winter. They put up a clapboard school house and of course they couldn't keep the thing warm in the winter most of the time. Then later my father gave them a tract of land over here in Pine City and they put up a big school house. When they moved it up here, it was a wooden building from which I obtained most of my education. It stood there until 1912 and then the community voted to build a brick building which had four class rooms in it. A basement and four rooms. That lasted until about 1924 when my boss told me that I wasn't enough of a community builder so I got to work to have a gymnasium attached to it. I got into a lot of trouble but anyway it was built. It had the gym and four class rooms above that besides the four in the main building. It was quite a school at one time. It had quite a reputation.

At one time--before my time--I believe that the Baptist church met here for a short time and then there was a Methodist for a time and the Christian Church was here for a short time and then a fellow came into the country and he was what they called a Swedenborgen and he built a little church down west of town which was for 75 or 80 people and then in 1900 the Church of Christ which was split from the Christian Church came to be the dominant church in the community. They started meeting regularly and then in 1912 or 14 they turned to the old merchandise store and met there until 1917. There were no other churches in here. Well--there was what they called the shouting Methodist and they had meetings. I don't know that they met regularly but they met and you could hear them for 2 miles when they got to singing and they got pretty enthusiastic--I knew one woman--she just took right up the tent pole to see what was going on.

