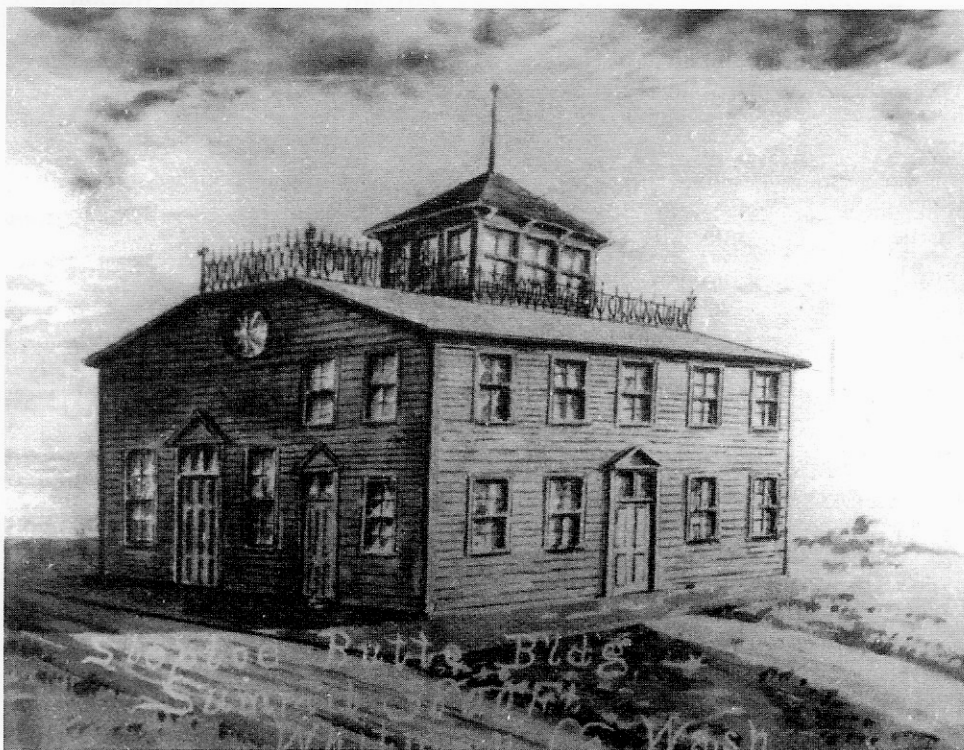


Bunchgrass Historian



Whitman County Historical Society
Colfax, Washington

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- **The Hotel on Steptoe Butte**
 - **Memoirs of a Palouse Pioneer**
 - **Hotels: A Photo Essay**
-

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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COVER

*Drawing of Cashup Davis's hotel on
Steptoe Butte*
Courtesy of WSU MASC



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The Authors

Marc Howard, although born in Long Beach, CA, has parents and grandparents from Whitman County. He is a History Education major and is currently doing his student teaching at Alconbury High School in England. He first became interested in this topic when driving by the Butte, his girl friend said a relative had owned a notorious hotel on the top of the Butte.

Robert Coutts: This memoir was provided by **Steve Ray** of Modesto, California, who writes “my great grandfather, Robert Coutts, was born in Scotland in 1841, and at the age of 30, immigrated to America. Late in his life, he wrote his autobiography that included this excerpt about his time living in the Clinton area about six miles southeast of Pullman. I share it with the residents of this area as a reminder of the times when the early settlers began their lives here.”

The **Photo Essay** is based upon photos contained in the collection of the Whitman County Historical Society. Photos such as these are provided through the generosity of donors who wish to help preserve the history of our County for the use and enjoyment of future generations. On-going donations help enlarge our collection of photos and memories of the County and provide opportunities for a more comprehensive look at our history.

Blanche King and **Lawrence Hickman** have provided their recollection of the Felix Warren stagecoach trip of 1926 in response to the article in Volume 28 Number 3, 2002.



Photo Courtesy of WCHS

This photograph probably represents the opening of the hotel to the public. Note the band members to the left side of the front and note also the unfinished roof balustrade section - in the photograph on the back page this balustrade has been completed. The hotel also lacks the encircling roofed veranda so evident in later photographs.

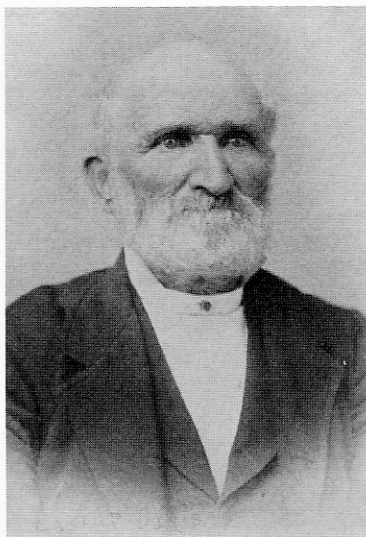
THE HOTEL ON STEPTOE BUTTE

By Marc Howard

Some people are born with a need to entertain; they have a flair for hospitality and an urge to be surrounded by others. James S. “Cashup” Davis was one of these people. The first great hospitality man of the Palouse, Davis was a warm and cordial man known for his lively songs and genial jests. He was usually decked out in a swallow-tailed coat and top hat that may have seemed out of place in the somewhat less formal Whitman County of the 1880s.¹ Yet Davis was best known not for his impractical clothes but for his greatest accomplishment as well as his greatest failure, the hotel on Steptoe Butte.

James Davis was born in England in 1815, where he received an education and built himself a successful career as a stonemason. Despite the fact that he had accumulated considerable wealth, he felt a longing for something more and in 1840 decided to emigrate to America. Being a man of considerable means, James was able to bring with him some of his most prized possessions, including a carriage and horses, his hunting hounds and hunting rifles. He initially settled in Ohio, where he met and married Mary Shoemaker, who would eventually give birth to the couple’s eleven children. The family moved around the Midwest, living in Wisconsin and Iowa, before deciding to make the big move West to Oregon in 1870.

Still restless in Oregon, James set his sights on the Washington Territory in 1872. The Davises built the first house in what is now St. John, where they raised cattle for the next three years. It was then that Davis once again had the desire to move and a “yearning for my own countrymen.”² He decided to move to British Columbia where he felt he would be closer to his roots. When they had set up camp on the first night of their journey, a normally compliant Mary rebelled, saying that they were too old to move again and begging James to stop. Davis, perhaps reluctantly, agreed. They decided to settle near the spot where they had set up camp on their first night, a spot just west of Steptoe Butte that is now known as Cashup Flats.



On the newly acquired land James built a grand 10-room house, which also housed a general store and a recreation hall. According to James, his place had “the biggest watering trough in the upper country.”³ The building, called Steptoe Station, was strategically located on the stagecoach route. Due to heavy traffic along the route, the general store thrived. James would buy the local farmers’ surplus goods, often paying with cash, a rarity in those times. This is how James received his well-known nickname “Cashup,” because he was able to pay people cash up front, instead of the commonly used system of bartering. This was also when Cashup’s reputation as the hospitality man of the Palouse blossomed as he never passed up a chance to play host to the many guests who frequented Steptoe Station. He did his best to treat his guests like royalty and often refused payment for his hospitality.

Unfortunately for “Cashup” Davis, the days of steady business and good times at Steptoe Station were numbered. When the railroads came to the area in 1883, the need for stagecoaches quickly disappeared, and Cashup’s business soon slowed to a trickle. To James it was not so much the income brought by his patrons but rather the company of these visitors that he continued to long for. By 1887,



Photo Courtesy of WSU - MASC

The hotel was known for its elaborate displays of area products.



Photo Courtesy of WSU - MASC

Cashup sits in the elaborate splendor of his parlor. The crowds ceased coming in spite of all the available luxuries and novelties he had acquired for his resort.

however, Cashup had an idea of how once again to attract the crowds he had grown accustomed to during the early years of Steptoe Station. His idea was centered on the natural phenomenon, Steptoe Butte, with which his name would forever become associated. Described by geologists as an island of granite in a sea of basalt, Steptoe Butte rises up out of the surrounding earth to an elevation of 3600 feet, about 1200 feet above the surrounding earth.

Steptoe Butte was Cashup's muse, and he was sure it would be the key to regaining the crowds that the railroads had taken away from him. In 1888, Cashup bought the 800 acres on and surrounding the Butte with the hope of creating a resort on its summit and again attracting the crowds he had once received at Steptoe Station. He hoped that his resort would gain the attention of the Union Pacific Railroad and convince it to put a spur into Steptoe; this he felt would allow the town and his forthcoming resort to thrive.⁴

When Cashup purchased the land, there was no road to the summit and the only way to the top was a difficult hike. His first major project was to build a road to the summit, a feat that many thought couldn't be done. Twelve hundred dollars later

1776. FOURTH OF JULY 1888.

-----AT-----
STEPTOE BUTTE,

The famous landmark and popular pleasure resort of the Palouse Country, to be opened for the occasion,

GRAND DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS

BALLOON ASCENSION. BALL AT NIGHT.

Luncheon Served.

Entrance 25 Cents.

Platform on top for promenaders. Well fenced pasture for horses, and stable for carriage horses. Nothing will be spared to make the celebration a success and an enjoyable day is promised all who attend. A most magnificent view of the whole Palouse country is obtained from the top of Steptoe Butte, and a peep through the big telescope is alone worth the trip.

Colfax Gazette June 1, 1888

On Steptoe's Lofty Summit

Oakesdale, July 7. Special Correspondence. The ball of the season was given by Cashup Davis on Steptoe Butte the night of July 4. Fully 300 persons were in attendance. The entire summit of the butte was covered with people and teams, not more than half being able to get into the house. Music was furnished by a full string band and dancing was kept up until daylight. Steptoe Butte is becoming quite a place of resort, especially on Sundays, being a pleasant drive of eight miles from Oakesdale. Many of the citizens go there to view the country from its elevated position. Many strangers also come by rail from different points, going by team to the summit, where, by the aid of Mr. Davis' fine telescope, they get a full view of the country for 100 miles around.

Palouse Gazette, Friday, July 11, 1890

Cashup proved them wrong when the road was completed up the south side of the mountain.⁵ Cashup then spent a total of 10,000 dollars, the majority of his remaining assets, to create a luxury resort on the top of the Butte.

When completed in 1888 Cashup's Inn, as it would become known, was more grand than anything Whitman County had seen before. On the main floor of the hotel, which measured 66 feet by 66 feet, was a grand hall that measured 40 feet by 60 feet and included a stage for performances. The main floor also contained a kitchen, a private reception room, and a display area where products from the surrounding country were shown. On the second floor were twenty guestrooms, which could accommodate 40-50 people. The hotel was topped by a cupola that contained a reading room and observatory where guests could sit and relax. On the grounds there were stables where guests and visitors could board their horses during their stay. The hotel was lavishly decorated with the finest furnishings available; many items were imported from Europe because Cashup insisted that only articles of the highest quality be placed in the hotel.

The hotel staged many of the major social events in Whitman County, and with Cashup as host people felt welcome and at ease. Patrons would come from miles around to enjoy the various forms of entertainment that could be found at the

hotel. Plays were performed on the stage, and dancing took place on a regular basis. The entertainment also included a “primitive magic-lantern show” that Cashup had rigged up to wow the audience.⁶ Grand balls, such as the one held on July 4, 1890, were frequently held on the Butte. They could attract as many as 300 people, more than the capacity of the hall; when the hall filled up, the festivities would simply spread outside of the hotel. The Pullman Herald’s publisher, Karl Allen, who attended some of these events, said that people, “from Colfax to Spokane Falls, flocked to the dance hall to step the minuet, the polka, the quadrille and the waltz to the music furnished by ‘Cashup’s’ orchestra, known as the best in the new country.”⁷

Many came for the full string band that played until daybreak while the party goes danced; others came simply to experience the hospitality of the man known throughout the Palouse simply as Cashup. Still others came for the chance to gaze through the observatory telescope that was reported to have cost between three hundred⁸ and five hundred fifty⁹ dollars, and was said to allow the viewer a chance to see the dome of the convent in Pendleton, Oregon, a hundred miles to the south.¹⁰ There have also been rumors that others flocked to the hotel to partake in less than moral activities, such as gambling and prostitution; but if these activities did occur, they left no evidence. Indeed, it seemed that Cashup had succeeded in his goal to build a grand and popular resort on the summit of the Butte.



Photo Courtesy of WSU - MASC

Steptoe Butte, with a decaying hotel still on the summit, remained a popular destination. Pictured in this 1904 photograph are, left to right: Lewis Manring, Lousia Bing, Ida Manring Lemon and Virgil Lemon.



Photo Courtesy of WSU - MASC
A group pose with a dog in this 1909 photograph of the hotel.

Although business boomed during the first three-to-four years of operation, the Inn soon fell on hard economic times. The popularity of Cashup's Hotel soon waned due to the sparse population of the area combined with new, more accessible hotels, dance halls, and opera houses in area communities. Davis's initial hope of a railroad spur at Steptoe also never materialized and the resort continued to be an out-of-the-way destination for most people.

Lack of a water source on the butte meant that all water had to be hauled up the steep road; Cashup's attempt to collect rainwater proved inadequate. Furthermore, the depression of the 1890s struck the once prospering business hard; as wheat prices fell, farmers in the area were left with little money to spend on the amusements offered at the Cashup Inn.¹¹ Davis continued to pour money into the hotel, using much of his remaining resources. He continued to hope that he could lure visitors back to his resort on the Butte, but they would never come again as they once had. Still, this seemed to matter little to Cashup who, while often lonely up on his mountain, comforted himself with the memories of years gone by. He spent his remaining years alone on top of the Butte, as his wife, who never shared his dream, declined to live with him there. Often it would be one of his sons who would come

HISTORIC LANDMARK DESTROYED BY FIRE

Pavilion on Steptoe Butte Will Be Seen No More.

**Erected by "Cashup" Davis in July,
1889--Cost \$10,000, and Was
Designed to Be Crowning Jewel
of Great Scenic Resort--Novel
Features Connected With Place.**

Colfax Gazette, March 17, 1911

For the five years following James's death, one of his sons, J. Franklin Davis, attempted to keep Cashup's dream alive and the hotel operating. Franklin put even more money into repairing and remodeling the now deteriorating hotel. But the problems that had plagued the hotel during Cashup's life continued after his death. Few people visited the hotel. Franklin Davis continued to offer visitors a chance to view eastern Washington through the magnificent telescope in the observatory, opening the hotel seasonally even after it was no longer open for regular business.¹³ After five years of steadily dwindling success, Franklin gave up on his father's dream and abandoned the structure, taking with him little more than the telescope that had once sat in the hotel's observatory. Within a few years the once glorious hotel been stripped of anything worth value and had been claimed by coyotes and bats.

On the evening of March 11, 1911, Cashup's dream died forever as a fire, reportedly started by two local boys who had been smoking in the abandoned hotel, burned down what remained of the structure. The spectacular blaze on the Butte could be seen for miles in every direction; the fire was called "the biggest show ever seen by Cashup's public."¹⁴ While those people who had patronized the hotel were saddened by the destruction of the Inn, others were relieved that what they felt was a threat to public safety had been destroyed. For years afterward there was much

up to the hotel to check on, and occasionally stay with, Cashup. He had "attained the happy faculty of hoarding memories, it delighted him to narrate his yesterdays to those who sought him out."¹²

By the time he was in his late seventies, Cashup still seemed to be going strong and showed little sign of slowing down. In 1896, on the Butte that he loved so much, Cashup died suddenly of heart failure at the age of 81. He had wanted to remain on the Butte for eternity, going so far as to dig his own grave on its summit and asking his son to lay him to rest there. For practical purposes the family chose instead to bury him next to his wife in the Steptoe Cemetery, in the shadow of the Butte.

talk about what to do with the land, and some proposed building yet another resort on top of the summit. Finally, in 1945, Virgil McCroskey, another man who had long been fascinated with the Butte, bought and donated the land to the Washington State Parks Department. The Butte became a State Park, which it remains today.

The stories of James Davis and Steptoe Butte intersected for only a brief time; the hotel only stood for twenty-three years, and Cashup was alive for only eight of those years. Yet the association between the Butte and James “Cashup” Davis will continue for many years to come. Cashup’s other ventures fade into obscurity when compared to his greatest success and grandest failure: the hotel on Steptoe Butte. Likewise, the hotel high on the Butte will continue to be its most enduring image.

¹ Keith L. Yates, “‘Cash Up’ Davis’ Love Affair,” Old West, Summer 1967: 36.

² James F Estes, Tales of the Palouse Hills, 421.

³ Margaret Bean, “From Indian to Tourists,” The Spokesman-Review, 18 March 1945.

⁴ Bert Webber, Postmarked Washington, 1987, 310.

⁵ “Historic Landmark Destroyed by Fire,” Colfax Gazette, 17 March 1911.

⁶ Randall A. Johnson, Cashup Davis and His Hotel on Steptoe Butte, 16.

⁷ Johnson, 9.

⁸ S. C. Roberts, Pioneers I Have Known, 1936, 110.

⁹ “Historic Landmark Destroyed.”

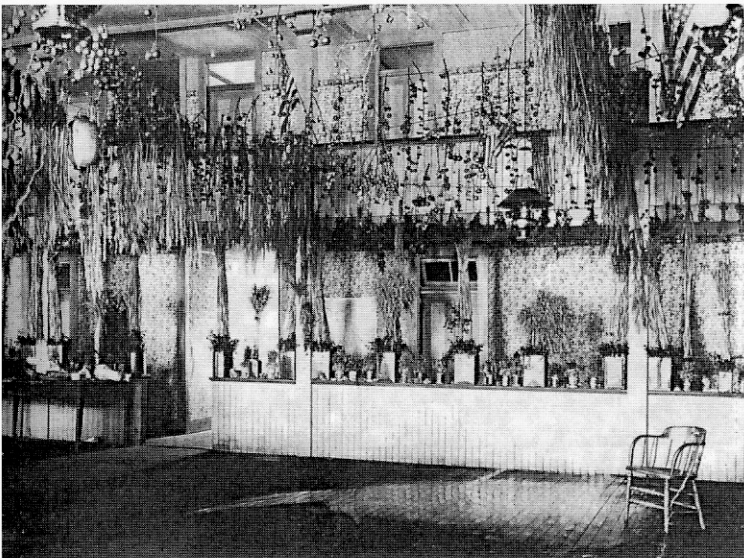
¹⁰ Roberts, 110.

¹¹ Estes, 423.

¹² Spokesman Magazine, Date: Unknown, Clipping From: EWU Archives Collection.

¹³ “Steptoe Observatory Open,” Colfax Gazette, 1 June 1900.

¹⁴ Johnson, 18.



MEMOIR OF A PALOUSE PIONEER

By Robert Coutts

Robert Coutts, age thirty, sailed from Liverpool to New York in May of 1870, an eleven-day trip. After stays in Iowa, Chicago and Colorado, Robert Coutts resolved to "go west" to Oregon. Along the Oregon Trail he met the Wolfe brothers, who were headed to settle in the Palouse country. After a few years in Oregon's Willamette Valley, Robert Coutts made a "trip of observation" to the Palouse country in 1877 to visit the Wolfes.

At Portland I took my first trip up the Columbia by boat enjoying greatly the scenery along the river. At Cascades, there was a railroad portage of five miles and at Celilo rapids another railway portage of 15 miles.

At The Dalles where the boat stopped I entered a restaurant for breakfast there I was waited on by a big fat pot-bellied man. I told him to bring me the same kind of breakfast he ate himself.

I landed at Walula and took the railroad belonging to a Dr. Baker, the track of which was made of wooded rails to Walla Walla. In this small, one street town I counted forty-two saloons and gambling dens.

I traveled on by stage to Colfax, county seat of Whitman County where I met Mr. Carey who kindly took me in his wagon twenty-five miles to the Clinton settlement and to the home of J.C. Wolfe. Next to the Wolfe's farm was a quarter section of land without any improvements. A man had filed a claim on it but abandoned it. On my way back to Oregon, I went to see the man in Walla Walla telling him his claim was jumpable and asked him if he would take a reasonable price for relinquishment. He asked \$15, which I gave him, and we went to the land office where he relinquished his claim. I could not file for six months so at the expiration of that time I hitched Sport and Bidy (Coutts' mule team) to the wagon and started for the Palouse country. We shipped on riverboat at Portland making a five mile railroad portage at Cascade Falls. Sport rebelled at making so many changes but Bidy being not so hardheaded and more sensible than Sport did not mind the changes. Landing at The Dalles, we went overland the rest of the way. Reaching the land I drove in and camped near a water spring. My worldly possessions were a span of little mules, a wagon, a cook stove, and one hundred dollars in money. Sick with the ague contracted in Oregon, I turned the mules out to feed on the rich bunch grass and for several days was so weak that I could just crawl to the spring and drink the pure water of the Palouse country.

I met Dr. Taylor, a half doctor and half preacher who gave me some quinine powders, the only medicine he had but which served for all manner of diseases. I did

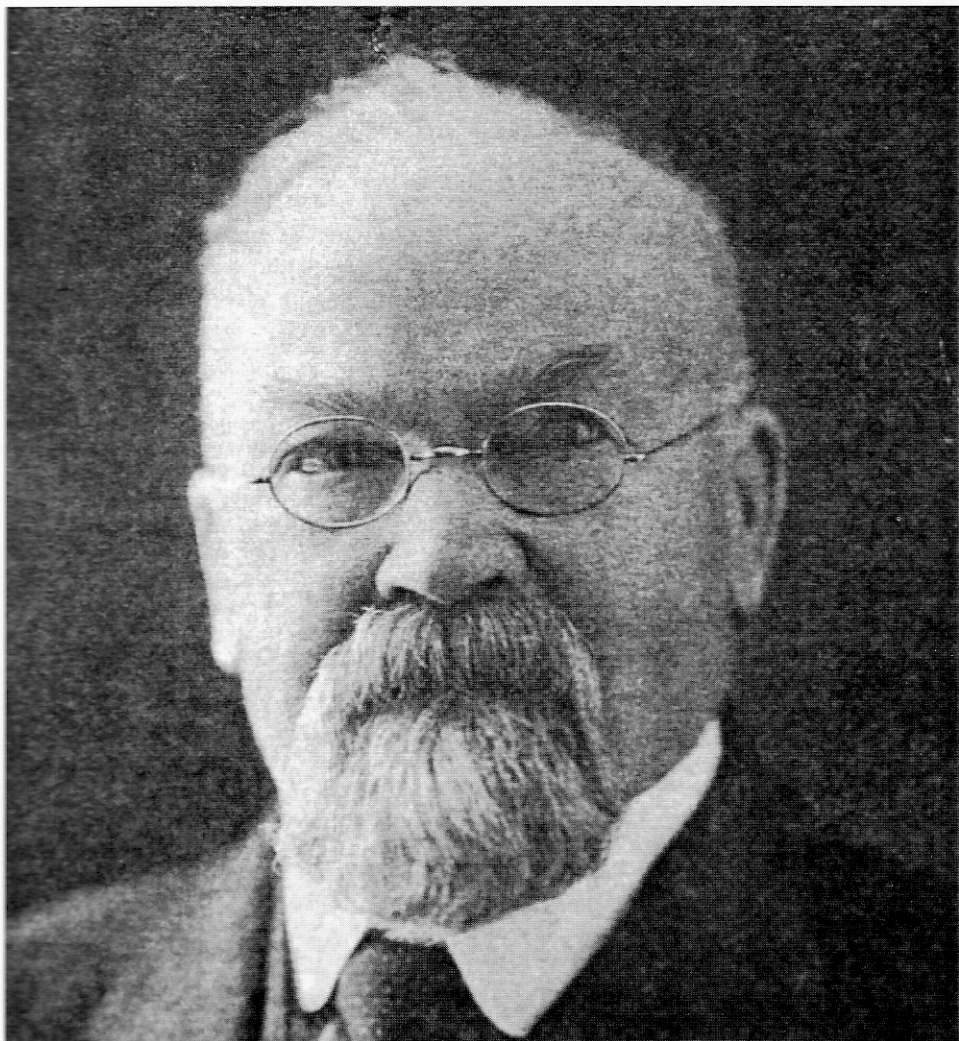


Photo Courtesy of Steve Ray

Not only was Robert Coutts elected Justice of the Peace for fifteen years, in 1894 he ran for Seventh District State Senator against three other illustrious pioneers. Oliver Hall of Colfax, a Republican, won this contest and held the seat for many years. Robert Coutts, representing the People's Party, came in second. L. M. Ringer, a Democrat, who had served in the Territorial Legislature and was a prominent businessman and fruit raiser from Almota and Pullman, came in third. The fourth candidate was Jonathan Johnson, a Prohibitionist, who platted the town-site of Johnson.

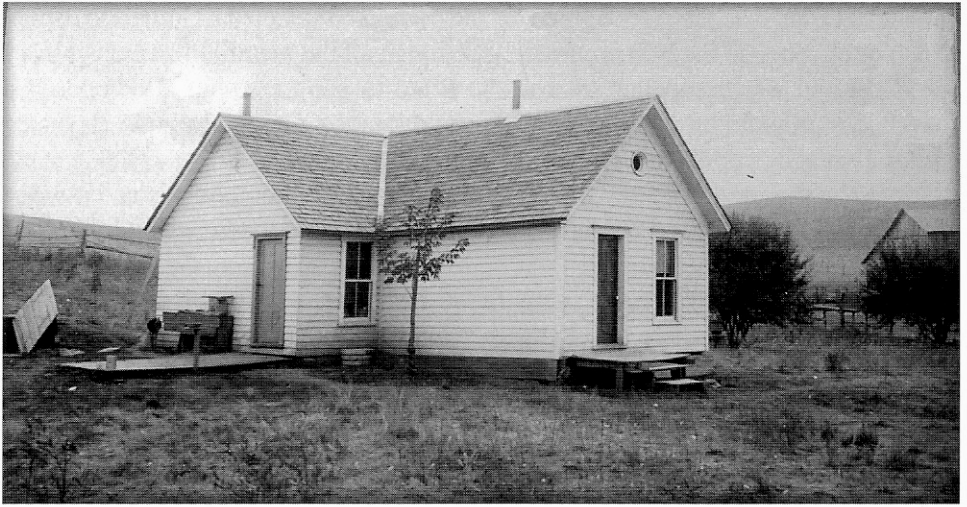


Photo Courtesy of Steve Ray
The house on the Coutts homestead.

me no good and whether I paid him or not I do not remember but any man who will give another such horrid stuff and then demand pay is a thief and a robber.

When I got a little better someone loaned me a saddle and on one of the mules I started to Colfax where there was a land office. Before I had gone very far I was seized with a fit of ague and finding a vacant house I lay in it for two hours until I felt better. At Colfax I was in time to file a pre-emption claim on the land and also my intention to become a citizen of the United States.

The first thing I did on my land was to build a shack for myself and a shelter for my mules. I made a bed, table and a couple of stools. A bedspring I could not afford for a long time. After paying for these necessities my hundred dollars was nearly gone.

About this time the Clinton postmaster wanted to hire a man to carry the mail once a week to Moscow, a distance of six miles, generously offering his own salary as payment which was the value of the canceled stamps, This amounted to about 15 cents a week.

Not having to take any examinations as to fitness, I took the job which lasted until the following spring, then fearing a salary of such proportions would give me a big head, I resigned.

During the winter a debating society was organized for the object of intellectual improvement and entertainment and the old schoolhouse rang with oratory that would put the United States Senate Chamber in the shade.

One day a member by the name of A.L. Green challenged me to a debate on the question – Resolved: That sprinkling and pouring was the best method of

baptism. A time was set, rules agreed on and three men selected as judges to decide which one produced the best argument. I obtained all the material for and against I could get and was compelled to read the Bible to get arguments. I composed a speech, committed it to memory and rehearsed it to the cat who became disgusted with the speech and left the room.

The day and hour for the debate arrived, the schoolhouse was crowded with the early settlers, and the judges took their places on the bench and the great event began.

The decision was given in my favor. I was for the affirmative.

In the spring before I could begin my work I must secure a plow and how to do this with no money was a problem. I succeeded in getting one by giving a note drawing 2% interest per month and before that plow was paid for it cost me about one hundred dollars. With my two little mules and a plow I could not do much but I had read a story about a boy who was seen with only a small fire shovel, clearing a huge snow drift near his mother's door. When asked how he cleared the drift with a small shovel, he replied, "Just by keeping at it." So by keeping at it we succeeded in breaking some land, raising a little flaxseed and hauling it to the Snake River, about a day and a half trip away. I sold the crop for cash, which enabled me to get a start.

The land was nearly all broken on the whole claim when the Preemption expired and being unable to pay for the land, I turned it into a Homestead and after five years more I proved up, thus enabling me to borrow money. Prosperity then began to come.

Soon after this, I was elected to the office of Justice of the Peace for Clinton Precinct, which office I held for 15 years. I never liked the job but it helped

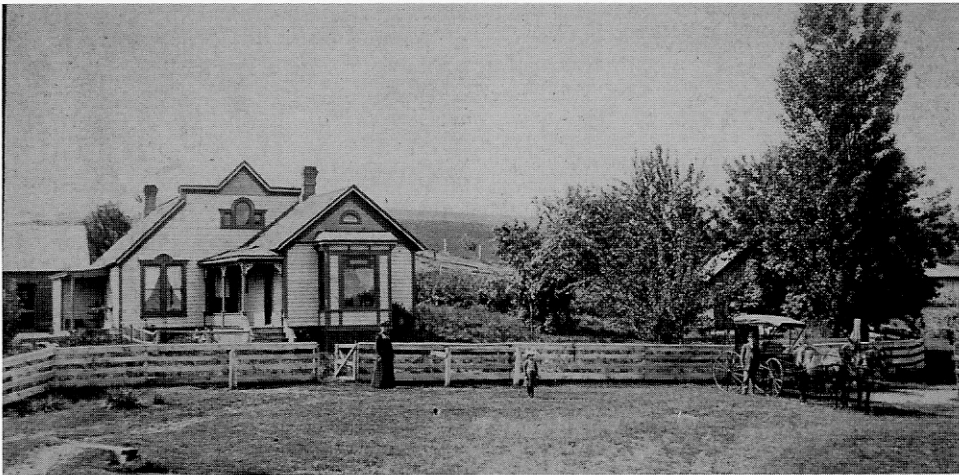


Photo Courtesy of Steve Ray

Coutts home circa 1900 with Mrs. Coutts, daughter Alda, and Robert Coutts by his carriage.

me financially although I lost by it the valued friendship of some of my neighbors. George Wolfe and old man Staley got into a dispute about a fence and the matter came to me for an adjustment. A jury trial was held, the decision being against Mr. Staley. Soon after this, on going to the residence of Mr. Staley on business, Mrs. Staley attacked me with her tongue, would not listen to an explanation and would, I believe, have ordered me from the house had not Mr. Staley beckoned me to follow him out doors where he made the remark that the old woman was on a tare that morning. The incident hurt my feelings and Mr. Staley lost the sale of his cows that day.

While breaking land with the two little mules there was one hill that was so steep on one side that I thought it could never be cultivated, but I lived to see a combine harvester cutting and threshing a big crop of wheat from that hill.

The first night after building a barb wire fence, my mule Sport cut his knee and a friend took him thinking he could be cured but the mule died and his body was left in the fence corner to be devoured by the coyotes and vultures. This I could not stand so I dug a grave and gave him a decent burial. No prayer was said nor tear shed, but I lost a true and faithful friend, although I did not feel the financial loss so much as by that time I had several good horses.

Prosperity continued. An addition to my house was built also a barn and other improvements. A new schoolhouse was built on the farm of W.H. Wolfe and the old school house on my place was torn down.

About this time there came a young lady, Susan Heater, to the settlement on a visit to her brother C.M. Heater, and being favorably Impressed with the country she bought an improved farm adjoining her brother. The school directors hired her to teach the school. I was school clerk at the time and somehow my business with the school and the teacher became greatly increased. One day in March, 1887, it happened the teacher and I had both of us business at Moscow where a Baptist minister tied us together, the best tie for me that ever was made. Before this happened I had told several neighbors that I intended on getting a Heater for my bedroom and when they heard what kind of heater I had, the news spread like a wild grass fire. The next day I took my wife to my lone little home. She was afraid the neighbors might come out and serenade us, so she prepared for them. I feared they would not come but just after dark they came, forty-two strong and loaded with musical instruments. Their music was loud but not inspiring. I asked them in to see my new Heater and after partaking of oyster stew and cigars they wended their way home.

After three years, on February 10, 1890, a boy came to stay with us and when he was eleven months old we took him on a visit to see his grandparents in Oregon, where he took pneumonia and died. We laid his little body in the Newberg cemetery. This was a great blow to us.

Another three years and one stormy winter day on February 18, 1894, the

roads blocked with snow, and the bridge on my private road out to the highway previously washed away, Susan became sick. I hitched my sleigh and going through the fields reached Mrs. Cary who returned with me. A message was sent to the doctor but before his arrival a daughter was born to us, a mite of humanity, two months before her time on only weighing 2.5 pounds. We never thought such a mite would live to grow and become such a help, comfort and blessing to her mother during her long illness and now to me in my declining years, but the mite had the best of motherly care and was carried around on a pillow for months.

When our daughter was two years old, Susan's sister Martha died leaving two little girls. We took the youngest, Myrle Wilson to our home, a sweet little girl of about five years. Although we never adopted her, we always considered her one of the family and partly raised and educated her.

Prosperity continued to smile upon us for several years. Mortgages on both farms were paid, other debts cancelled and improvements made on the farm till we thought ourselves on the way to easy street. One year I had headed and stacked a fine crop of wheat on both farms when it began to rain. It would clear up for a day or two and then rain again until the wheat in the stacks sprouted and when it finally dried and was threshed the wheat in the bins heated and I sold it for hog feed at ten cents a bushel.

The following year a money panic struck the country. The price of wheat went down and I sold my crop for 21 cents a bushel. I became dejected and discouraged and thought of giving up the farm to try something else, but Susan, ever cheerful, never grumbled or complained and drew my attention to the little story of keeping at it. Many of the larger farmers of Whitman County lost their land by foreclosure but I stuck to the little farm and soon the price of wheat began to rise.

I noticed that my wife's health was failing so I rented her farm and part of mine to John R. Brown, a young man full of pluck, energy and good judgment and prepared to enter into the chicken business, a venture that proved interesting and successful. We built two houses large enough for several hundred chickens and named our place "Echo Egg Farm."

From the sale of milk from six cows and eggs from the chickens we a good deal more than made a living, saving also the rent on the land.

After a few years I noticed again that the work was too hard for Susan and that her strength was failing so we concluded to hold a public sale of all our personal property and move to Spokane. We received good prices and all cash. This was in August of 1907.

Robert Coutts died in 1937 in Portland, Oregon, at the age of 96.

TURN OF THE CENTURY HOTELS IN WHITMAN COUNTY A Photo Essay

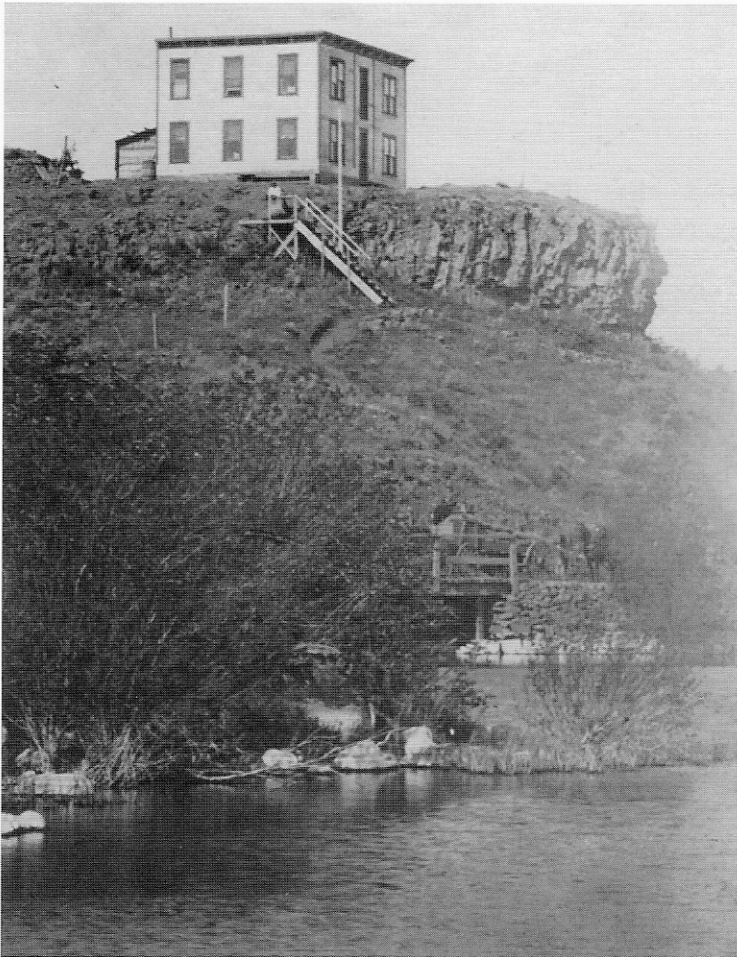


Photo Courtesy of WCHS

Cliff House Hotel

Willis Anson "Dad" Evans built a two-story hotel on a rock ledge above the southwest end of Rock Lake in 1904-05. A cable and pulley system brought a five-gallon can of fresh water from the lake for domestic use. A bed at Cliff House cost 75 cents; meals were 35 cents or three for one dollar. Evans had a 25-passenger excursion boat and for \$1.25 guests were taken to the north end of Rock Lake and back.



Photos Courtesy of WCHS

Uniontown had two hotels. The one above, the Esmond House, was built in 1888, the year the railroad came to Uniontown. Under the name The Commercial Hotel, it operated until shortly after 1900. The Union House Hotel, below, was run from 1882 to 1885 by Daniel Struppler, who sold it to Martin Meuli. Meuli in 1897 enlarged the hotel, joining two buildings together. Before the enlargement, Meuli had built across the street an annex, adjacent to a hog yard and horse corral. Meuli also operated a stage-coach line between the Uniontown train depot and Lewiston, Idaho. Although Meuli sold his businesses in 1898, the Union House Hotel continued in operation until the early 1920's. The house on the left still stands in Uniontown on the corner of Church Street and Highway 195.



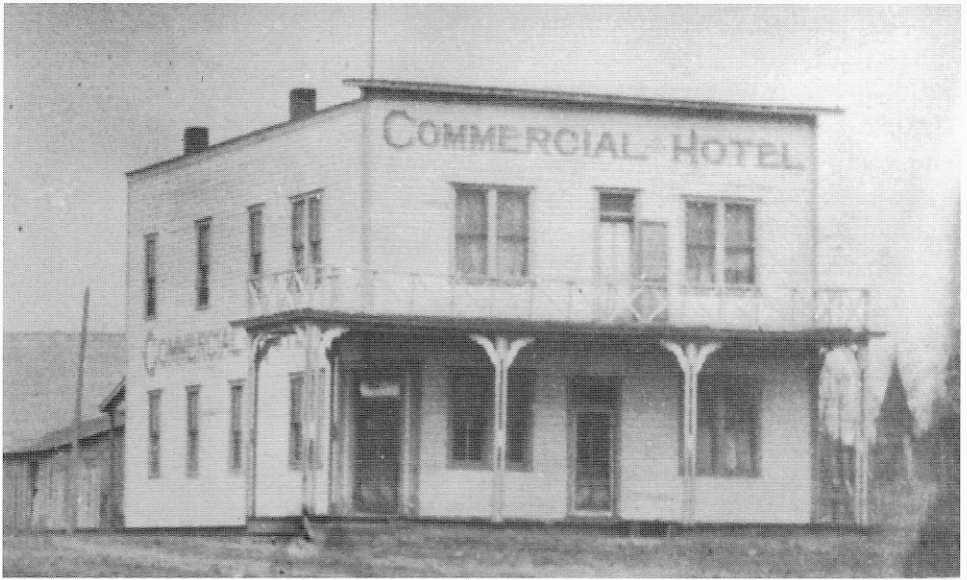


Photo courtesy of WCHS

The Commercial Hotel in the town of Johnson, Washington



Photo courtesy of WCHS

The Hotel Winona in the town of Winona, Washington, contained shops on the ground floor and a hotel on the upper floor.



Photo courtesy of WCHS

The Hotel Pullman stood across the tracks from the depot of the O. R. & N. (Oregon River & Navigation Company, later the Union Pacific) Railroad. That site at North 305 Grand is now occupied by Pullman Building Supply. The hotel was named the Union Hotel when it was built in 1893. It was called the Hotel Pullman from 1894 to 1898 and then the Alton Hotel from 1898 to 1918. It was demolished in 1918 for Standard Lumber to build its store and yard on the site. When Ferry Hall on the college campus burned in November 1897, the hotel was temporarily converted to a dormitory to house 65 students. The hotel was the scene of a murder/suicide in September 1906 when Ed Fenton of Orofino shot his wife in the kitchen and then turned the gun on himself.

Comments from our Readers



The recent *Bunchgrass Historian* with the article about Felix Warren's commemorative mail run brought back a childhood memory. Today I can vividly remember the event, especially the appearance of the regal looking man dressed in Western attire guiding a team that pulled a vehicle I had never seen before.

I was about 9 years old and was attending Connell Public School. It was indeed an exciting time because we were to be excused from class to go down to Main Street to see a "stagecoach." The school was located up on a hill and we raced down the hill through a narrow, dusty, weed-lined path to be on hand to see what was going to happen. Unfortunately we really did not know what to expect or what was the significance of the event. (I wonder if our teacher was any more enlightened than her students).

The stagecoach pulled into town under the escort of Mr. Louie Lindner, the self-appointed town greeter, driving his 1906 chain-driven Oldsmobile. I do not remember how many horses were pulling the coach, but I can close my eyes now and mentally see a man sitting very high up on the seat of the coach with several lines in his hands to guide his team. I remember Mr. Warren as a large man with a beard. I thought he looked very much like the pictures I had seen of Buffalo Bill Cody. In my childish mind I wondered how he could use the lines and his whip to guide and control his horses.

Blanche King

The stage was scheduled to arrive at the Colfax Post Office on the morning of April 2nd. I was fortunate to be standing at the right moment in the right spot at the curb on the west side of Mill Street looking north. Promptly as scheduled the stage coach suddenly appeared on Island Street adjacent to the old courthouse and its Mill Street intersection. Felix was driving the horses at a full gallop in wild west fashion. The galloping continued around the corner and then south on Mill at an increased speed to stop in front of those of us standing at the curb. At the time of arrival one genuine old timer was sitting on the driver's seat beside Felix and another was riding on top of the coach. The people in the welcoming crowd contained a good representation of the genuine pioneers of the neighborhood.

Lawrence Hickman



Cashup Davis is fifth from the right in the top hat.



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