

Bunchgrass Historian



Whitman County Historical Society
Colfax, Washington

Volume 19
Number 1
1991



- **Maley Family History**
- **Fragments: Town of Lincoln
and Story of George Miller**

Whitman County Historical Society

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

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THE AUTHORS

Leslie and Olga Maley reside in the Thornton area of Whitman County. They introduce themselves in the story of the Maley family.

Lawrence Stark, an employee of Washington State University, has been editor of *Bunchgrass Historian* since 1985.

COVER

Threshing, place and date unknown.



From your editor:

With this issue, *Bunchgrass Historian* begins its 19th year. This is a very advanced age for a small historical periodical. So a brief moment of self-congratulation may be justifiable.

Over these years, the editors of *Bunchgrass Historian* have made various changes in its format. Originally the journal combined elements of a Historical Society newsletter and was about 10 or 12 pages long. Later the editors decided to focus on a mix of new writing and the publication of interesting historical documents and memoirs, a basic editorial policy that has endured. At one point, the editors began including reviews of books, appearing from time to time as relevant books were published. In the early 1980s, the cover format was altered somewhat. Throughout, the editors have attempted to include photographs and other illustrations, usually equal to about 20 per cent of the total printed space.

Individual numbers of *Bunchgrass Historian* have varied widely in size. The shortest issue appears to have been a scant eight pages, while the longest reached 36 pages. The average has probably been about 20 pages long, with some 24- and 28-page issues, interspersed in among many more 16-page issues.

The economics of *Bunchgrass Historian* have also varied over time. Originally set on an old "hot-lead" linotype machine and printed with a simple press, it was a fairly labor-intensive operation, but well-g geared to small press runs. With the advent of photocomposition machines and new presses, the printing job moved at a different pace and originally at lower cost. Then the cost of paper and of printing gradually worked upward over many years. In many ways these developments explain why the *Bunchgrass Historian* began as a tiny publication, grew to three-times that size and then fell back a bit.

With the present issue a few more changes have been introduced. The first you will notice is in the cover format; the headline has been redesigned, but with elements of the old continued. More importantly, the Historical Society has decided to go with three issues annually, rather than with the quarterly issues of the past. When doing so, the length of the average issue will be increased, and

the total number of content pages for each year will stay about the same. So why do it? Well, it eliminates one mailing, which saves significantly on postage, and it reduces certain other overhead costs associated with each issue. And, should this arrangement prove awkward, the quarterly format can be resumed when we reach volume 20.

Lawrence Stark, editor



My Family — The Maleys

Narrated by Leslie William Maley to Olga Maley

In a family of nine children, I was born number six with a twin sister. My scrawny, wirey body survived, but my sister lived only about six weeks. My mother was Margaret Elizabeth Ferguson from a family of five girls and two boys. Her parents came from a Swedish background.

My father, William E. Maley, was more of a mystery. His grandparents perhaps originated from Scotland, with the possibility of some Irish or Welsh mixed in. William, who went by the name of Bill, had a sister Mary. She was put into a Catholic convent to be raised as a Sister. A younger brother, Franklin, was adopted by a family named Shires and then raised Protestant. This family moved to California and were there during the first big earthquake in San Francisco.

In 1891 Easterners were ready to invade the wide open spaces of the great Northwest. The government was giving homesteaders land to encourage settlement of the North West. Father William migrated from Stanton, Illinois in 1891 to Coulee City and Dry Falls. He came to find work when the Railroad Builders were commissioning laborers to progress with the construction of the railroads westward. During his three years stay in this area, he met folks that lived in the Thornton, Rosalia, Spangle, and Cheney area. These folks were engaged in raising horses for the supply needed while construction of the railroad was in progress. These same folks also had homesteads in the Palouse area where they raised grain. They encouraged old daring Bill to come to the Palouse to start farming and raise grain and cattle. This sounded like a new and daring adventure, so Wild Bill rented out his land to various people, always keeping his taxes paid on the property. Rumors of a big dam to be constructed in the Coulee City area came to Wild Bill through an acquaintance he made with Senator C.C. Dill's relatives.

While out West, Wild Bill sent courting letters to Margaret Elizabeth Ferguson. He had saved nineteen hundred dollars in the hope all of his courting letters would encourage her to marry him and move out west. Little did he know she had been busy filling two trunks ready and waiting for the day he would pop the question.

My mother was of Protestant faith and my father had to attend Catholic school through the eighth grade. They were married in a big ceremony in a Presbyterian church. Many tears were shed at this wedding. All the family was worried to see daughter and sister Margaret Elizabeth go to the Wild West. They predicted she would be killed and scalped during an Indian war within three years.

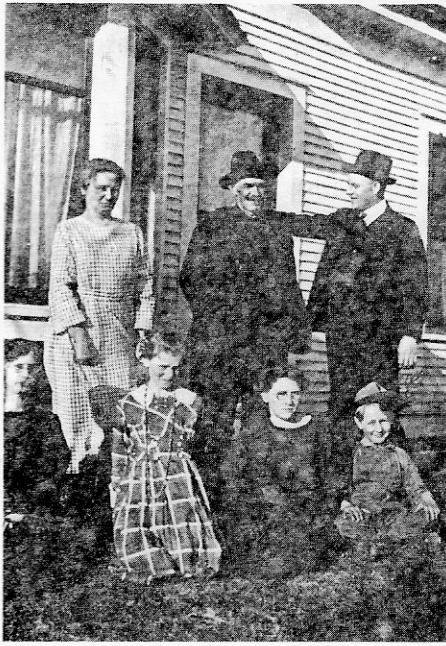
Margaret's father, Henry Ferguson, had the colorful occupation of raising race horses and betting on them. Surrounded by this atmosphere, Margaret Elizabeth became a good horse woman. She could ride and groom any horse. Thank goodness for this because old Wild Bill never did know how to harness a horse!

As a former worker for the railroad, a free train ride brought the newly married couple to Cheney, Washington. They were welcomed by Margaret Elizabeth's McKittreck relatives. One was a school teacher in Cheney, and the others lived at Mansfield on a homestead. Other McKittrick relatives were Uncle Tommy and Aunt Mollie. They lived around Billings, Montana raising registered Belgian horses and registered shorthorn cattle. The Montana relatives wanted Margaret and Wild Bill to come to their area and homestead. In a saloon at Cheney, Wild Bill met a farmer named John O'Broyle, who owned lots of land in the Rosalia area. It was this chance meeting with O'Broyle that decided the future settling of Margaret and Bill in the rich farm lands of the Palouse.

Some of the homesteaders in the area gave up and went back to the East. O'Broyle would buy up the land cheaply from the homesteaders leaving. These lands he would in turn sell to others ready to try farming. Wild Bill borrowed a hack and horses, loaded up Margaret and her trunks and went to work four miles south of Rosalia on some of O'Broyle's land.

He worked from April to November. For his pay, John O'Broyle gave Wild Bill and Margaret forty acres of good farm land that produced wheat. The house, where Wild Bill and Margaret lived, was a typical one room homesteaders shack. A kind neighbor gave them twelve chickens, another neighbor sold them three horses, a foot burner, and a scrub cow. This was the beginning of a heritage rich in farming experience, trials, and rewards.

Life in the homesteaders shack was filled with hard labor and determination to succeed. Margaret's water supply was carried in wooden buckets from a hole in the ground which gave surface water. This same water hole, unfenced, supplied water to the animals. Horses weren't behind fences; they just stayed around the home.



*Back row:
Mother Elizabeth, Father William*



*William (Wild Bill) Maley with
daughter Gladys*

Farming implements were very primitive. A one bottom foot burner prepared the soil. A "Buckshot Seeder", borrowed from the neighbor, planted the seed. A "Thorn Tree Harrow" was then used to level the soil.

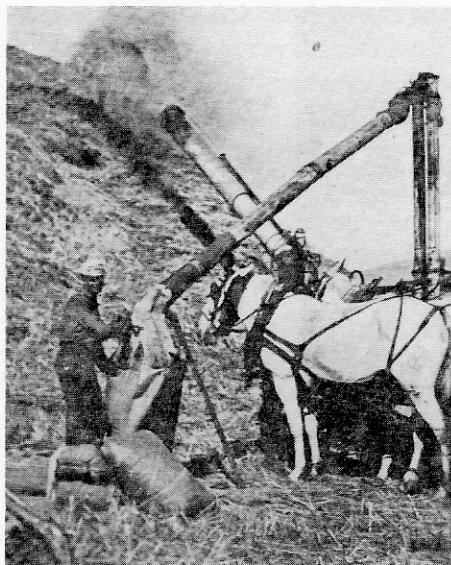
The first child was born in January 1894. The son was named Robert Franklin Maley. He was named after the younger brother Franklin, who had been adopted away. Neighboring homesteaders rejoiced in the birth and brought little homemade gifts.

A second children was born in April of 1895. Little red haired Frances Elizabeth Maley joined the family group.

James Corbin Maley, child number three, was born in September of 1896. Father named him Corbin after the prize fighter.

After the birth of the third child, space in the little shack became more crowded than cozy. Several neighbors got together and moved two more homesteaders shacks next to the first one. The three shacks together gave more living space. Later, several little porches were attached to make the house look more like a home.

With continued pleas from the grandparents in the East to see the grandchildren, Margaret and the three children traveled by railroad for a three weeks visit to become acquainted. Grandmother Ferguson had faith in the



*Sacking wheat and
blowing feed on piles*



Hauling bundles

future of Margaret's life in the Palouse so she gave her enough cash to buy eighty acres of land joining the homestead. This was a buy at thirty-five dollars per acre.

Margaret's brother, William Ferguson, accompanied her back to the farm. He thought this life would be better than being a coal miner. He was more interested in a future as a bookkeeper so studied until he could go to work for a mortuary in Spokane. For Margaret it was a comfort to have a family member living close to her.

A fourth child, Joseph Wheeler Maley, was born in December 1898. This time Wild Bill named his son after a politician.

It should be noted here that Wild Bill having had an eighth grade education, he continued his fondness for books. He continued educating himself from many books in his personal library. At that time his supply of books, including many encyclopedias, was more extensive than the school's library. Mathematics were exceptionally easy for him. A weekly Oregonian paper filled with stock markets, agriculture products and farming information in general, was devoured from cover to cover.

As was mentioned earlier, Margaret was well trained in the handling and care of horses. That was a life saver for old Wild Bill, who couldn't harness a horse. With wife Margaret's help, various of her family members, and hired hands, the fields got planted and harvested.

Little red-haired Frances needed a little sister so a long came Helen Alice on Valentine's Day, 1900. This brought the number of children to five.



*Jim Maley and Helen Maley
filling sacks*



*Jim Maley sewing sacks
Helen Maley filling sacks*

Early in life they learned to be helpful to both mother and father. About this time Wild Bill added registered short-horn cattle to his farming operations. This supplemented his income to help provide for the growing family. There was not much cash available, but the farm provided abundant food to nourish the family. Butchering, egg gathering, soap making, bread baking, canning and preserving the garden products were never ending chores in the battle of survival.

Margaret's parents were eager to become acquainted with the two newest children, Joseph and Helen. A good neighbor and friend of Margaret's came to the farm and cared for the three older children and their father. The big family reunion with grandparents, aunts and uncles included a trip to the Chicago World's Fair.

A year after Margaret's visit, William Cox, who was working for Wild Bill, returned to Illinois to marry Margaret's younger sister Mary Ferguson. By this time the parents could see that Margaret was not scalped by wild Indians so it was safe for Mary to come West. The newlyweds settled at Spangle, Washington.

A year later Margaret's brother, Sam Ferguson, came West to work on the farm, then homesteaded one hundred sixty acres at Spangle.

August 7, 1905 was a big day in my life. My twin sister and I were born. As births those days were delivered in the home, kind neighbors cared for the youngest children. A good friend and neighbor, Mrs. Lee Howell

came to be with the mother and assist the doctor. Dr. Bran was one surprised doctor when two babies came instead of one he was expecting to deliver. Wow! did Wild Bill ever brag to have fathered twins. After “bursting a few buttons” off his shirt, he decided to name me Leslie William after himself and his new daughter for his sister Mary.

Caring for twins added many hours of extra work to Mother’s strenuous life. Mother Margaret was inclined to be very superstitious. This was manifested in her attitude towards me. She was sure that I had only half the strength a man should have because I was born with a twin. I was kept from the normal activities a boy needs to develop self-esteem for maturity and self-worth in adult life. The kinds of household and farm chores delegated to girls were made a part of my chores. It was hard to ever feel that I was as good, smart, or important as my older brothers and then my younger brother. This attitude of my mother’s stayed with me my entire lifetime. I could never feel a sense of real accomplishment or worth.

My twin sister died at about six weeks of age. At this time my father purchased a family burial lot at the new Evergreen Cemetery in Rosalia, Washington.

As the family was getting larger, Wild Bill provided more income by adding more cattle and hogs to his farming operation. Also during this time he would have some of his mares bred to produce mules. These he would sell at horse and mule auctions. The auction sales were great social gatherings, a relief from everyday chores.

Animals were part of the “family”. That meant they had to have names. Some of the teams names were very “colorful”. A few samples: Whiskey and Gin; Gyp and Dinah; Casey and Blue. At the auctions they sold as teams of male and female so they worked together better.

Eleven months after the twins were born, the last son came bursting forth into the world. Wild Bill had run out of his list of favorite famous people so he settled Arthur T. on the new baby.

This big, sturdy, bouncing boy was always given preference to do “manly” jobs while I continued to have to be busy with the everyday tiresome chores of milking cows, gardening, feeding chickens and pigs. My sister Helen and I had to work together most of the time.

In 1909 a farm south of Rosalia known as “The Cooper Place” was farmed by Zachery Taylor Cooper and his wife Jennie Z. My father and mother purchased the one hundred eighty-nine (189) acres for \$9000.00. During the eight years the farm was owned by Mr. Cooper he had a big orchard of fruit trees, nuts, and berries and gardens. The wonderful produce was sold to the local grocery store. When Wild Bill took over the farm, many of the fruit trees were taken out. He used more of the farm for grains, cattle, and lots of potatoes.



1917 - First wheel tractor to run threshing machine (a Case)

1917 - Tractor and water wagon on steam engine which burned straw

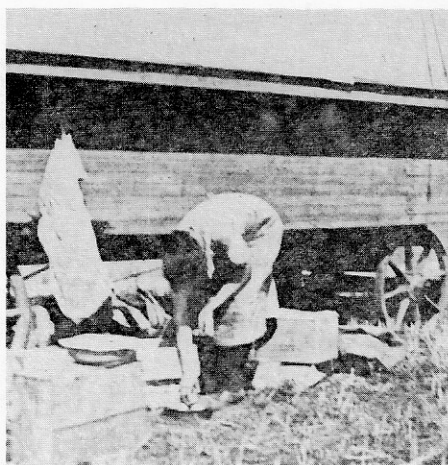
Two years after the Cooper Place was purchased, Wild Bill and Margaret were parents for the last time. Little red-haired Gladys Kathryn was born. Some of the older children felt much jealousy and resentment at the birth of another child. However, the family adjusted to the new baby soon as life has a way of doing.

The Cooper Place has many memories of hours of hard physical labor for me. My sister Helen and I would mount on our horses, Dolly and Molly, ride to the Cooper Place and hoe potatoes all day. Sometimes, when we had to stay several days at a time, we would camp in the house and our sister Frances would be there to cook meals.

My education, as well as that of my sisters and brothers, started in a little country school named Horn School, sometimes referred to as the Fisk School. There were eight grades together in these little country schools. There was lots of mischief among the students from constant teasing to "snitching lunches". Big farm boys usually attended classes from November to March during the time the farm work was slack. From the Horn School we went to Rosalia to finish through the twelfth grade.

Until 1914, when Wild Bill bought a Model T Ford and a Model T Ford Truck, our transportation was all by horseback or horsedrawn hack. Our Model T Ford Truck was the third truck sold in Rosalia.

In 1915 Wild Bill bought 320 acres of land in section 5 in Spokane County. This was known as the Sandsted Land. Wild Bill was still farming with horses when this land was purchased. On this land was the first time



Helen Maley coping with "cookhouse" activities

he had raised peas. The selling price of the peas was 2¢ (two cents) a pound. Horses had to be transported for Rosalia to the Spangle area during the working months. The hay and grain binders were pulled behind the horses. The drills were loaded on wagons. It generally took three to four hours to move the horses and equipment. This land worked in well with the Jennings land of 470 acres which brother Bob (Robert) was renting with his father.

After I was older, farming with the hired help was added to my daily chores. When we batched in the Spangle area we used a portable kerosene stove for our cooking. In later years sister Gladys and Jessie Cox cooked for the harvesting crews and stayed in a house on the property.

In 1916 Wild Bill invested in a larger cattle operation. Not only were the Maley Brothers busy keeping the grain farming going, tons and tons of hay had to be harvested to feed the many horses and cattle. This haying operation took many hours of strenuous labor and lots of hired men.

Wild Bill spent most of his time buying and selling cows in the fall and winter months. After the calving season in May, the cattle were pastured on government land around St. Maries, Idaho. This was the time in history when groups of cattle were moved to pasture in cattle drives. Brother Arthur and I were the younger brothers so we had to ride in the old Model T Ford Truck to go ahead of the herd and keep the cattle from scattering into farmer's fields. The drive started at our Cooper Place, went east to Fairfield, on to Latah, then to St. Maries and Worley, Idaho. The drive took about four days.

We started in the morning carrying our lunches with us. By evening farmers along the route let us hold the cattle in their corrals while we went back home to get ready for the next day's drive. The pasture rent to the government at that time was one dollar per month for a cow with a calf. A down payment was required as they entered the pasture. For every hundred cows it was required to have four registered bulls. Bulls cost approximately fifty dollars to purchase.

Roundup time in the fall looked like a western cowboy movie. Usually in the early part of November, the cows would come down to lower ground and we would be busy separating our stock from the other renters. A good way to start the roundup was to tie a couple of calves to a tree in the corrals. The herd dogs were encouraged to chase the calves around so they would "beller" for their mothers. This would start all the herds coming in with the rest of the calves. After the cattle were corralled, the herds were divided by families according to their brands.

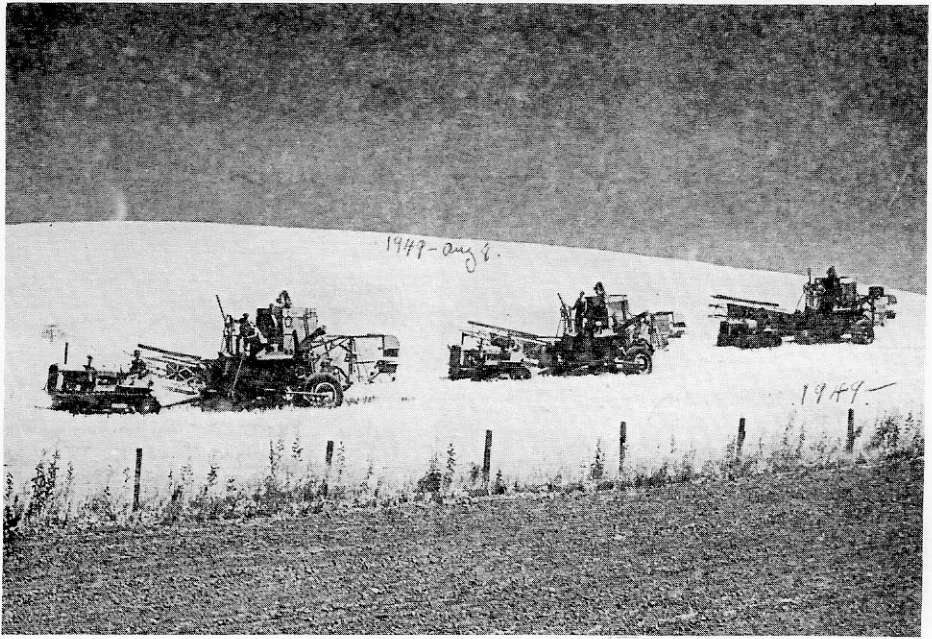
Mother Margaret and our sisters were always ready to do their part in all of the work on the farm. In 1909 a well was drilled on the home place, but the water was still carried from the well to the house in wooden buckets. All the wonderful cooking and healthy meals mother provided were made on a big wood burning iron stove or a portable kerosene stove. During harvest many hours were spent in the "cook wagon" preparing meals "from scratch". I can still taste my mother's wonderful fried chicken, baked bread, wonderful fruit pies and jelly rolls.

Wild Bill was getting "itching feet" again so he invested in a wheat and cattle ranch in Montana. This land was purchased in Toole and Ponderay Counties in 1916. The work was done with hired labor and the farming land in Rosalia kept the Maley Brothers busy. After owning the land for ten years, Wild Bill leased it to renters. The Maley Brothers wanted to do only the farming in Washington.

Different investments were made with neighbor farmers to help keep and store grain products. At one time Wild Bill was part owner of a flat warehouse at Freeman, had interest in the Plaza Warehouse, and Rosalia Supply Co. Many farmers were not able to own separate large machinery so neighbors often shared together. This did not always work out smoothly.

Tragedy came to the family with the self-inflicted death of sister Frances in November 1919. All the family, especially the mother, suffered great pains from the loss.

Wild Bill took an active interest in the Rosalia Chamber of Commerce, Community and County Fairs, and Agricultural Meetings. Farming continued with the use of horses and mules. In 1920 Wild Bill owned part interest with three other farmers in a threshing machine. Set backs in his finances occurred at this time when the Rosalia Supply Company dissolved.



1949 — Les & Art Maley with three pull combines

Another change came on the farm with the purchase of their first wheel tractor.

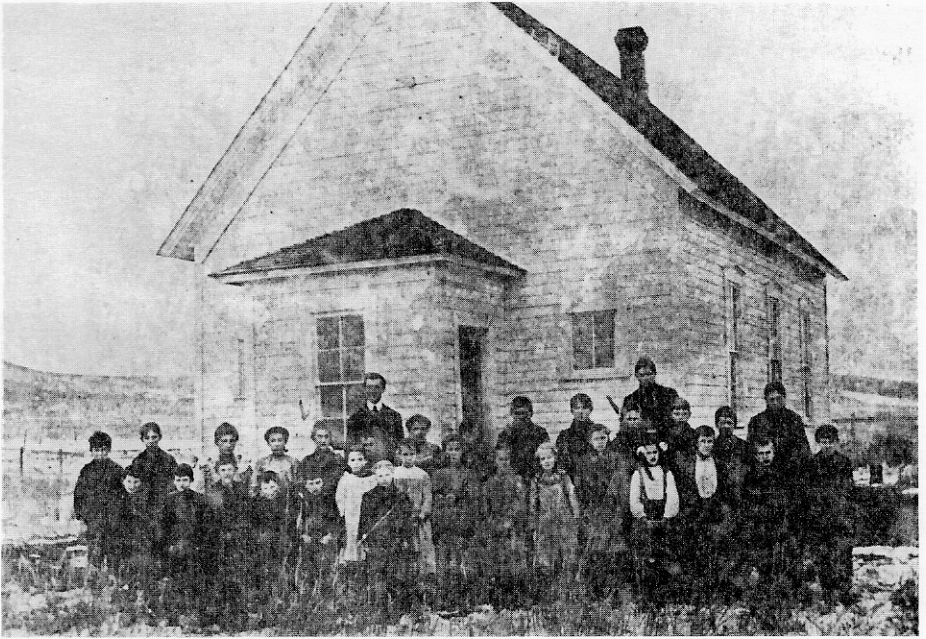
A second tragedy occurred in the family when brother Robert Franklin was killed in September of 1920. He was struck by a train at Balder elevator while crossing in his little Ford car.

Life had to continue. Wild Bill moved the threshing machine and wheel tractor to Montana to finish harvesting the crop there. This machinery was left in Montana. The brothers James and Joseph assumed the leases and financial obligations that were left when Robert Franklin died. These two brothers also rented the home place from their father.

Tragedy struck again; this time in the form of a fire. The homestead house burned to the ground. It was a great loss of family treasures; books, photographs, family letters and treasured handwork on quilts, etc.

After the loss of the homestead house, the family moved into the house on the land which James and Joseph were renting from Mike Meuli. This house is where Robert Franklin was living at the time of his death.

After 1929 crawler tractors were replacing all of the horse and mule operations. That changed farming in a big way. After the tractors came to the farm, more trucks were needed to transport them from farm to farm. Fuels to operate the machinery had to be purchased. The farms were much less self sufficient from this point on. Markets had to be expanded to find the cash to make the necessary purchases.



Horn School — Maley children attended through 8 grades

At this point in time the family was scattering somewhat in different places. They were not all needed to keep the farm work done.

I graduated from Rosalia High School in 1924. As I wanted to become a farmer, I worked wherever someone needed help. In the fall of 1928 I went to Conrad, Montana to work for Elmer Meuli. I hauled water from an open government cistern to a storage tank that was under the house. Inside of the house was a hand pump to bring water from the tank to the kitchen sink. No electricity was in the house. When a telephone call was necessary, we had to drive into the town of Conrad. This year harvesting was not completed until November 11, Armistice Day. Many times we harvested in snowstorms. This was possible because the snow was so dry.

This year of 1928 in Montana and Washington, it was made unlawful to let horses and cattle run wild on the ranges, because they were doing so much damage to the crops. Tractors were replacing the horses.

After this fall in Montana, I came back to Washington in the hopes of being able to start a farming operation of my own. It was a happy fall because I had saved enough money to buy my first automobile. It was a shiny black Model A Ford, complete with four doors, little round tires and running boards. This car had a starter so I didn't have to "crank old tin lizzy" to get going. There were no good springs in the car so I bounced along like I was riding in a farm truck. My Model A cost \$560.00; gas was 15¢ (fifteen cents) a gallon; oil 20¢ (twenty cents) a quart; and a new tire

cost nine to eleven dollars. The top speed I ever made was 35 miles per hour — not fast, but faster than old faithful Abatan pulling the buggy.

In 1935 Wild Bill suffered a severe stroke. From then on he was bedridden for eleven years. The family provided his daily care in the family home.

Brother Arthur and I leased land together for eight years. In 1937 we purchased a quarter of land. Even though we farmed with tractors, we kept one team of work horses. Sometimes they were used to haul wood with the farm wagon or clean barns. Sometimes they were loaned to neighbors when they needed a helping horse. Winter time they were decked with jingle bells while pulling a sleigh full of children.

As our herd of cattle increased, we purchased land in Spokane County to use for summer pasture. This was a great help to my wife Olga, who with her daughters had to keep the hungry, impatient cows in the corrals away from the unharvested fields. On a desperate day, when a cow found a small board loose on the side of the barn, daughter Sandra decided to soothe the cows until feeding time by sitting on the fence strumming on her ukelele while singing soft folk tunes.

Other purchases of land increased our holdings. After many years of farming together, brother Arthur and I formed a corporation called Maley Land & Livestock, Co. As the two sons of mine and three sons of Arthur graduated from high school, they were made a part of the corporation. As is true in many family units, there were too many different approaches to life to continue as a combined unit without many hard feelings. We then split into two corporations. I named my corporation Maley Farms, Inc.; with myself, my wife Olga, sons Leslie Wayne and Raymond William as shareholders.

Sad times came to me with the death of my younger son, Raymond William in 1975. We continued to farm his shares until his first son graduated from high school and was ready to farm.

We have since given Wayne a spin off from the corporation to start his own farming operations.

As the last living child of the nine children of William E. and Margaret Maley, I have seen many changes in farming operations. At 85 years of age, it is good to know that farming is being carried on in the Palouse hills by their grandchildren and great grandchildren.

HALLELUJAH! I'M 85

And still alive

Fragments

by

Lawrence R. Stark

The chronology of early Whitman County has its mysterious and cloudy corners. Bit by bit, they arise and are resolved. Two common types of problems are place names that suggest a history not obvious from the present appearances of the place, and unidentified reminiscence. Two intriguing cases follow.

First is the town of Lincoln, located on the North Fork of the Palouse River, downstream of the town of Palouse. It's on early maps, and property transactions records of it exist. Actually we can find two places of that name in *From Abbeville to Zion*, a place name directory of Whitman County. We are concerned with the more substantial of the two.

The place name directory notes that the town of Lincoln had a post office for a few years in the late 1870s, along with a few other businesses. Its main feature seems to have been a sawmill that was related to the logging activities associated with the North Palouse River. Those few facts almost exhaust our knowledge of the town.

Now a personal memoir has emerged for our use. This short memoir has been known of and available for years. The problem was that the typed transcript of the document refers to the town as "Linden" or "Lenden", and the longhand version is unclear enough to lead to such an interpretation of the word. However, anyone familiar with handwriting quirks can see the word in "Lincoln", and moreover, the location given in the memoir tells us it can only be the mysterious town of Lincoln.

There are some problems concerning the correctness of the memories of its author — note that he dates the town to 1850s, which was of course impossible. But still the basic description seems believable enough to conclude that he is writing of our town of Lincoln — almost, but not quite, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The second case is a true fragment. At the beginning, someone has commented that pages one through seven are missing and that the document is unsigned. The story is a narrative early Whitman County, and it even concerns the Perkins family whose property is now a major historical concern. It mentions people known of from other reminiscences and at places the

account is extremely similar to the account of George Miller, published in the 1937 compilation *Told by the Pioneers, Vol. 3* and once republished in *Bunchgrass Historian*.

To determine the author of this document, both external and internal evidence may be used. The external evidence is that the document exists both in a hand-written form and as typed transcript. It is found among similar accounts, including the story of the town of Lincoln. All these were originally assembled by KHQ Radio in 1931 and turned over to the Washington State University Libraries. It appears that KHQ lost the first seven pages. Those that remain cannot be identified by the style of handwriting or other such clues.

Internal evidence is more productive. Portions do read like the account of George Miller. More over, the author recounts dealing with the same people as in *Told by the Pioneers*. but the author of this fragment continues his narrative, covering a longer period of time. It almost appears that this is an earlier version of the account of George Miller, and that the version published in 1937 was considerably shortened.

The two fragments are being published at this stage of incomplete analysis because they are interesting and present useful historical information. In addition, perhaps their publication will lead some reader to find a solution of these partial mysteries.

Fragment #1:

Story by L. F. Pickell, Ridpath Hotel

The town called Lincoln

In the early years of eighteen hundred and fifty there was a little town in the Palouse country called Lincoln. It lies eight miles from Palouse, six miles from Garfield and eleven from Colfax.

In this town of Lincoln there was a flour mill, a church, a store and a school house. The farmers would bring their wheat to Lincoln and have it ground into flour. On pack horses they would bring it from Pullman and went from the Snake River and the La Crosse country. The town is set in a big canyon and there are two houses on top of the hill. The preacher lived in one and the Miller lived in the other. The house that is occupied now when I was a boy I lived in one of them myself. Just across the meadow from the preacher's house is the Lincoln cemetery and there are two little babies buried there that was the preacher's children. Part of the old mill is still sawing and the church and the store. The house that the miller lived in then was a woman hung herself. There was a fellow lived that he said in early days when he was plowing in the field the coyotes would follow him and stay about forty feet from him. The old mill run is still there are part of the mill dam.

Fragment #2:

I failed to find Crumbaker in Walla Walla so finally resumed my journey alone. At Penewawa I came pretty near losing my dog. He failed to get on the ferry boat and started to swim the river. Out in the middle of the stream the poor brute began going in circles. The two young men who operated the ferry, the Cramm brothers, took a skiff and rescued him.

I got into Colfax about dusk on a Saturday evening. On the edge of town I met a man and inquired the way to the Loomis place. He told me to follow him up the hill. He was on his way home and I would have to go right past his place. His name was Tom Baker and he had a livery stable in Colfax. When we got to his gate, he opened it and said, "Drive in here and unhitch. You mustn't go any farther tonight. I have plenty of feed and you must have supper and breakfast with me."

He fed our horses hay and grain and insisted that we eat with him. The next morning after insisting on our having breakfast, refusing any pay, and urging us to remain over Sunday, he directed us to the Loomis place. A fine man, Tom Baker.

Well, Sid Loomis was pretty glad to see us. He was just a boy, about grown, at the age when the boys of today are completing high school, and he had held down the claim out in those lonely hills during the Nez Perce war.

Monday morning Sid hitched up a span of mules and we started for Colfax. I wanted to get settled for the winter and young Loomis thought a place belonging to an old man named Perkins could be rented. About half way to town we met Sam Crumbaker. I yelled, "Hello, Sam." He didn't know me. That morning I shaved off a month's growth of beard, and it changed my looks.

We told Sam to follow the mule tracks to the Loomis place and we drove on in to Colfax. There we found Jim Perkins and rented his father's claim. The claim was on Dry Creek about 7 miles north from Colfax. I was to have possession at once and was to give one-third of all I raised on the cultivated land and to have all I raised on any sod I broke out.

Back at the Loomis place I told Sam of the deal I had made and invited him to go in on it with me. The next day we rode over to the Perkins' place and cleaned out the house and the next day pulled our wagons over and set up housekeeping, two families in one little cabin fourteen by sixteen feet. We had quite a houseful, myself and wife and two children, Sam and his wife and Harry Lawrence.

By the way the cabin was built of quaking asp poles of which there was quite a grove near by. We were not bothered with much furniture. We had a cookstove, a fireplace at one end of the cabin, a table nailed against the wall, and we made some benches and stools. You may believe we were happy in getting so easily settled for the winter. The trip up from the Wilamette had occupied about thirty days and it was now November.

About forty acres on the Perkins' claim had been planted to wheat in the spring of '77 and had not been harvested because of the Nez Perce war and the unsettled condition of affairs that followed. Accordingly it still remained standing and was the feeding place of thousands of prairie chickens. They were so fat they could hardly fly. This standing grain and the bunch grass, knee high and now cured by the summer sun, rich as any hay ever grown by man, provided abundance of winter feed for our horses. It looked good to us. We selected claims. I took one adjoining the Perkins' place and Sam took one southeast of it, just up from the Palouse River.

The winter of '77-78 was open and mild. We worked all winter, broke out some sod, and built a log cabin on Sam's homestead, one good enough to hold the claim.

Two men, Codd and Sexton, had a sawmill at Colfax. It was a steam power mill. They got their logs along the Palouse and floated them down to the mill. They made pretty good lumber, but the road out of Colfax was a sort of tough proposition. It wasn't really a road. It was a trail up the face of the bluff, winding back and forth to avoid the boulders and brush patches. Accordingly I bought material for my house and sheds from "old man" Wilbur who had a small water power mill about where Elberton now stands. It was equipped with an up and down saw and did not cut very fast. To further complicate matters, the water was rather low and he had to shut down the mill every half hour or so and let another head of water accumulate. These intervals we passed in tinkering with the mill and visiting. The boards were not edged and were of all widths from four or five inches up to a couple of feet.

After we got my claim "shanty" completed we made up our minds to fix over Sam's log house. We at first thought of boxing over the walls but found it was going to cost about as much as to build a new house so Sam decided to build a new one. The great drawback to this improvement was a

financial one. In short, we had very little money. Sam and his wife had two feather beds, and we made up our minds to try trading one of them to Wilbur for lumber, and we did. Sam traded a feather bed to Wilbur for enough lumber to build a house. Then we made the log cabin over into a barn.

The spring of '78 was early and warm. February and March were just like May. The hills grew green, that peculiar gray-green of the bunch grass. Flowers came early and the air was heavy with that perfume that only the early settler remembers. A scent combined of flowers, of miles of drying dead bunch grass, and the new green growth Prairie hens were nesting in every hollow, meadow larks there were by the thousands, wild roses, sweet williams, wind flowers, and yellow bells. It was a wide, wild land. But, man! It was beautiful.

Sam and Martha moved onto their claim that spring along with a baby daughter born in January. We continued to work together, however, putting in a crop on the Perkins' place and breaking out some new sod. Some new settlers were coming in that spring, and we now and then got a job breaking a patch of sod or hauling a load of lumber.

A man named Willis Cronk took a claim in the hills north of us and wanted me to break out his improvement land for him, three acres. I took my team and wagon and went over to do his plowing. I was gone the better part of three days. A lonesome job. During the three days I saw but one person, an Indian squaw, riding across the hills from the Pine Creek country toward Colfax. Cronk paid me nine dollars for the three acres of sod I broke out.

One day Sam returned from a trip to Colfax with big money in sight. Some men had offered him twenty dollars to haul them a load of poles. He took four horses, his own and two of mine, the women cooked him up "grub", and he started out to be gone three days. Three days passed and no Sam. On the evening of the fifth day we saw him coming up the creek riding one horse and leading the other three. He was dusty and tired and he looked pretty blue. I said, "What in the world ever happened to you?" He said, "I broke my wagon. I broke the rear axle tree." I don't know how he got his load of poles delivered. He had the twenty dollars. The repairs to the wagon cost nine dollars so Sam made only eleven dollars that trip.

In thinking back over it all, I have a great respect for Sam Crumbaker and his wife Martha. If ever there was a man of his word it was Sam Crumbaker and there never was a better woman than Martha. The night we were doctoring his sick horse beside the trail, Sam said, "I don't hardly know what I will do if I lose this horse. I owe two hundred and fifty dollars for the team and I've got just sixty dollars in money. You can't buy much of a horse for sixty dollars." Think a bit, a man and his wife with only the

worldly possessions they could haul in an old wagon and sixty dollars in money heading into a new, raw country with winter coming on and trusting the future to the strength of their hands. Well, such were the pioneers.

Our nearest neighbor was Tom Kennedy who lived two miles down Dry Creek. Tom was an "old timer", having been in the country several years, and was county treasurer. His duties as a county official took him to Colfax a couple of times each week. His mother and brother George made their home on the ranch with him. Near us and in sight from our claim was the John Fisher claim and Grandma Kennedy's place. They were vacant, however.

