Leadbetter Point

This area, constantly being changed by the forces of wind and water, is bound together only by fragile vegetation. To preserve the natural beauty, entry is permitted by foot travel only. Visitors who enjoy hiking, photography and nature observation are welcome.
The 49th Annual Pacific County Pioneer Picnic will be held on August 10, 1969 at Bush Pacific Pioneer State Park, Bay Center.

Part two of the Espy Family Story, originally scheduled for this issue, has been postponed.

Our Cover Photo

Leadbetter Point, a recent addition to the Willapa National Wildlife Refuge, is pictured on our cover. The aerial photo below shows the Pacific Ocean on the left and Willapa Bay to the right. The dark area at the lower right is a stand of mature spruce and hemlock, while scattered about the partially stabilized dunes are new growths of lodgepole pine. Between the point and Grassy Island lie unique Salicornia marshes. Both these photos and the Audubon picture on page 23 were furnished by Don Tiller, Manager of the Willapa refuge, in cooperation with the Fish and Wildlife Service, United States Department of the Interior.
Ornithologists have recorded over 150 species of birds at Leadbetter Point. This variety is a result of a diversity of food and cover types. Salt marshes, tidal flats, fresh water pools, sand dunes, grasslands, marshes, and scattered trees combine to produce an area attractive to both water birds and land birds.

The Leadbetter Point Story

The first National Wildlife Refuge was established in 1903 by President Theodore Roosevelt. Today over 300 of these areas form the world famous National Wildlife Refuge System. The one on Willapa Bay was established in 1937, and has recently been increased in size by approximately 1425 acres through the addition of Leadbetter Point, a biologically and geologically interesting area because of its ever changing form and flora and fauna. Preservation of such areas of unique ecological interest has been one of the principal objectives of the United States Department of the Interior.

In the Spring of 1968, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Freidinger of Seattle visited Long Beach Peninsula, where they became curious regarding the name of the point, for her grandmother was a Leadbetter. Months of diligent research resulted in the discovery that she and Lt. Danville Leadbetter share a great-great-great-grandfather. We are proud and grateful for the privilege of publishing this story which reveals a chapter in Pacific County's "ancestry" which was also previously unknown.
Even before the Whitman Massacre and Cayuse War the small band of Oregon settlers had asked for military assistance. The legislative assembly in June 1845, a year before the boundary settlement of the 49th parallel with England, had sent an urgent petition to Congress deploring the domination of the Hudson's Bay Company over the commerce and Indian affairs of the region. In May of 1849, the U. S. S. MASSACHUSETTS steamed into the Columbia, the first troop ship to be sent to assist the pioneers. The United States Government was now acknowledging its obligation to provide military defense in taking possession of the distant Northwest.

The MASSACHUSETTS arrived bringing companies L and M of the First United States artillery, each 76 with additional camp followers, to establish a new army post at Fort Vancouver. They had spent more than half a year in the voyage from New York to Astoria. Although the ship was a combination sail and steam transport, they were ordered to use steam only in the vicinity of the Equator and through the Straits of Magellan, for their supply of coal was limited and they had no authority to purchase coal at stopping places.

The troops had hardly established themselves when the good people of Oregon were clamoring for their removal. The conduct of the soldiers was not to their liking, and the territorial representative in Congress urged the withdrawal of troops and the issuance of munition supplies to the settlers and presents for the Indians. Although it had taken years to get military aid, the appeal for removal of the forces was effective in a matter of months when most of the men were sent South to serve along the Texas and Mexican frontiers.

Besides the two companies of artillery, the steamer MASSACHUSETTS had brought out a commission of army and naval officers to examine the coast of the United States lying on the Pacific Ocean, with reference to points of occupation for the security of trade and commerce, and for military and naval purposes. They commenced their work immediately, sailing into Puget Sound where they remained several months exploring its harbors, bays, inlets and points where fortifications could sometime be constructed. Then they surveyed the coast from Cape Flattery to the Columbia River. The point, on the South shore of the entrance to Shoalwater (Willapa) Bay named "Low Point" in 1788 by the British explorer, John Meares, was re-named "Leadbetter Point" in 1852 by Lt. James Alden of the United States Coast Survey in honor of Lt. Danville Leadbetter, an associate in the survey, and this landmark remains a monument to their work.

Model of the U. S. S. Massachusetts in the Smithsonian Institution Washington, D. C.

—Photo provided by Author, Courtesy of Smithsonian.
Danville Leadbetter was born in Leeds, Maine, August 24, 1811, the seventh of the ten children of Thomas and Eunice (Clark) Leadbetter. He became a West Point Cadet on July 1, 1832, graduating third in his Class of 1836. Shortly after graduation he married Elizabeth Waterman of Canterbury, Connecticut. She was the twenty-nine year old daughter of Nathan and Nancy (Wheaton) Waterman. Although they had no children, Danville and Elizabeth Leadbetter adopted the daughter of her sister, Rebecca Waterman Whiting, who died giving birth to Anna Whiting Leadbetter in 1848. Elizabeth Leadbetter was to die only three years later at Canterbury while her husband was in Oregon Territory, leaving Anna to be brought up by still another uncle and aunt, William and Nancy Waterman.

Leadbetter's career with the United States Army Corps of Engineers took him to all parts of the country for the construction of fortifications. The year that Leadbetter Point was designated in his name, he became a Captain. In December 1857, after twenty-one years of service he resigned his commission in Mobile, Alabama, where he had been occupied for the preceding four years in the construction and repair of harbor forts. He was then appointed chief engineer for the State of Alabama. During his service in Mobile he was married for the second time to Delphine G. Hall on May 21, 1855. They had one child, Alice Elizabeth, born in 1858. Upon ending his military career he and his wife invested in a large cotton plantation in Mobile.

With the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, we find Leadbetter economically and emotionally committed to the Southern cause. Such

—Photo by Wayne O'Neil of Long Beach.

*Men, women and children roam the sand worlds and salt marshes to see nature close up. Ocean edge plant and animal communities here are among the finest of their kind remaining on the Pacific Coast.*
allegiance split the exclusive club of the West Point officer corps. In battles to come, men who had studied together would be opponents often thoroughly knowledgeable about one another’s strengths and weaknesses.

This intelligence of the opposing sides reflected itself in the famous Battle of Mobile Bay and the city’s eventual surrender. Mobile had early been put in a state of defense and its fortifications had been enlarged from time to time under the supervision of Leadbetter, now a Brigadier General with the Confederate Army. It was the Confederacy’s gateway to the outer world whose help was needed if the new country was to live. General E. R. S. Canby, a fellow student of Leadbetter’s and a Southerner who fought for the Union Army (See THE SOU’WESTER, Volume III, No. 2, Summer 1968. “Three Forts Guarded the Columbia’s Mouth,” p. 23; “Canby’s Dead, as Dead as Can Be.” p. 25), planned the expedition to capture Mobile and its forts. This enterprise was undertaken in conjunction with the Navy, and the Battle of Mobile Bay was to become Admiral David Farragut’s greatest victory. Eight months later Canby and the Federals completed the occupation of the city.

Again we have a clash of personalities when some of Mitchell’s Raiders were captured a few miles from the Union lines in Tennessee. Leadbetter had laid out Bragg’s lines at Chattanooga, and was the Confederate commander of the Chattanooga garrison. The captured men were brought before Leadbetter. He looked them over and said, “I suppose Old Mitchell picked and culled over the whole Yankee Army to find the most reckless, hardened men he could—and I’ll be damned if I don’t hang every last one of you.” Lending weight to his words, twelve of the Raiders were suddenly taken from Swimm’s infamous jailhouse to Knoxville for court martial proceedings. “Old Mitchell” graduated from West Point seven years before Leadbetter, but was teaching at the Academy while Leadbetter was a student.

It is difficult to adequately appraise Leadbetter’s services to the Confederacy. Although apparently highly esteemed by such officers as Generals Beauregard, Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, and Maury, General E. P. Alexander felt that the adoption of Leadbetter’s views by Longstreet at
Knoxville "robbed Longstreet of most of his few remaining chances of victory." However, Alexander was a very recent and eager graduate of engineering at the Academy, and said, in so many words, that Leadbetter "being the oldest military engineer in the Confederate service, was supposed to be the most efficient."

Leadbetter served on the staff of General Joseph E. Johnston on the great retrograde movement in Atlanta, and at the close of the war was again at Mobile. No record of his final capture or parole has been found. He is recorded as having gone to Mexico and might have been among the fifty thousand men rushed to the Mexican border at war's end to fight Napoleon, who was posing a threat to our Monroe Doctrine. After Mexico, we find him in Canada where he died at Clifton (Niagara Falls), September 26, 1866. His remains were subsequently buried beside his second wife in the Magnolia Cemetery, Mobile. Delphine Leadbetter had died during the Civil War, and now another orphaned child, age eight years, was to be cared for by guardians.

The Massachusetts Stayed On

It would be remiss not to mention the part played by the U. S. S. Massachusetts in Washington history after the ship's initial voyages around its shores. The threatened Indian outbreak on Puget Sound in 1855 hastened several government vessels to the scene of possible hostilities. Among the fleet was the MASSACHUSETTS, arriving in Puget Sound on February 24, 1856. The auxiliary steam packet was about ten years old at the time, having been built in Boston in 1845. She was barque rigged, of 900 tons, carrying eight guns and seventy men. Under steam, in smooth water, the ship made 9 knots and under sail in favorable winds she did 4 or 5. Her commander, Captain Samuel Swartout, assumed direction of naval matters in these waters relieving the ACTIVE which had been helping the defense works at Seattle.

When Northern Indians proved troublesome, the MASSACHUSETTS severely punished them in what has since been called the Battle of Port Gamble (October 21, 1856). The surviving Indians were then taken aboard and put ashore at Victoria. Some of them returned for revenge and on August 11, 1857, they killed Isaac N. Ebey, at his home on Whidby Island, carrying his head away as a trophy.

In May 1859, the ship was turned over from the Navy to the Quarter Masters Department. Under the command of William Hale Fauntleroy she was used for transport and military duties. She brought guns, ammunition and other military supplies to Fort Vancouver from San Francisco, and other orders took her to Port Townsend, Fort Steilacoom, and Olympia. While in Puget Sound she was told to proceed to Fort Bellingham, report to Captain Charles E. Pickett, break up that post, and land the company on San Juan Island. This was done when General Winfield Scott proposed that an equal number of British and American troops be retained on the island during the two country's dispute over the possession of the San Juan Islands. This was commonly referred to as "The Pig War" because the only contest to occur was a skirmish over a pig. The joint
military occupation continued until the arbiter, Emperor William I of Germany, rendered his decision on October 21, 1872, giving the group of islands to the United States.

For a brief two weeks in October and November 1859, the little MASSACHUSETTS attained the distinction of becoming the Headquarters of the Army when General Winfield Scott, the chief officer of the United States Army had his office and quarters aboard. According to tradition, the ship was an extensive piece of marine architecture, but with small staterooms. Fauntleroy had a partition removed to make two staterooms into one. This to accommodate the General’s great bulk of over 300 pounds.

Later the MASSACHUSETTS again became a naval supply ship and sailed under the name FARROLONES with engine and boilers removed. At the end of the Civil War she was sold to private owners of the West Coast, and as the ALASKA was employed in the wheat trade. In 1875, age 30, she was lost at sea.

Raymond was at first connected with the outside world only by boat and the Northern Pacific Railroad. In 1907, the Raymond Land and Improvement Company, A. C. Little, built a road from the east end of Alder Street, crossing Ellis Lagoon on a high bridge, then crossing back on a trestle out by the Garden Tracts near the old William Ellis house, and connecting up with the County Road at the crossing just outside the City Limits. This was a plank road all of the way, and over the tideland it was about 4 feet above the ground. The road was 10 feet wide, and had a rail on each side and was provided with turnouts.

—Ray Wheaton (1876-1964)
This gesture prompted a shower of telegrams. Charles M. Schwab, new head of the United States Ship Building program, wired: "This is a wonderful display of patriotism," and Sanderson & Porter announced: "We are proud."

The band, organized March 19, 1918, played each day at the changing of shifts, when all employees were present, adding greatly to the patriotic fervour. Band music ushered ships into the water, and special concerts were given to aid fund drives, such as the Liberty Loan and Red Cross. By July 4th, thirty-six men, resplendent in new uniforms, performed at the Willapa Independence Day Celebration in South Bend, where they provided marching music for the morning parade, gave an out-door concert in the afternoon, and played for the street dance in the evening.
50 YEAR REMINISCENCES OF

World War I Shipbuilding Days in Raymond

By GUST BRUSE OF EDMONDS

THE Northern Pacific train was slowly puffing along from Chehalis toward the coast one day in the early spring of 1918. On board that train were six young men recruited in San Francisco, for work at the Sanderson & Porter shipyard in Raymond. (Refer to THE SOU’WESTER for Autumn 1968)

At first, Raymond gave a rather dismal impression, being built mostly on piling over tideflats, with planked streets and sidewalks—and, one wondered how to get accustomed to the smell prevailing at low tide? But after all, we had come to take part in the mighty war effort, to build the ships necessary to carry men and materials to wherever they were needed. Immediately my buddy and roommate, Wm. “Shorty” Ashworth, and I began working on Hull 89 which, at the launching on June 3, became the S. S. FONDUÇO. This was the first ship launched in the yard, and it was an event of great importance and celebration.

After a few days, we were both assigned to the joiner crew, under the supervision of Fred Lewis. This work involved the erection of the ship’s superstructure, cabins, etc. There was a great difference between this type of work and ordinary carpenter work such as house-building, Materials had different nomenclature, and every piece of wood had to be fitted perfectly to the next one. All joints were white leaded and secured with galvanized spikes or bolts, with the heads concealed. In many instances, special tools also were required. This stumped some fellows, who were then put to other tasks.

Decoration Day, May 30, was one of the big red-letter days of that year. The workmen unanimously decided to work without compensation as a loyal and patriotic gesture. This event was commemorated with a photograph taken at the change of shifts at 2:30 p. m. On the next big holiday, July 4, we went on the boat excursion to Tokeland for picnicking and swimming. On Labor Day we went to Aberdeen, where we joined the ranks of the paraders.

Raymond was a crowded place in those days. Hotels and boarding houses of good reputation had long waiting lists. Most of my stay was at the Lincoln Hotel, First and Ellis streets. The lady at the desk of the hotel must have been of a pioneer family, for I heard her mention on one occasion that her father had named three counties in the State of Washington. At breakfast time, we picked up our sack lunches from a table which also held a big platter of boiled eggs. Men in the first rush picked up the eggs, resulting in a round of “horse-trading” in the company lunch room where plenty of hot coffee was available. Later on, I was lucky to get board at the home of Mrs. Holmes: she had a small group and set a very good table.
The meetings of the Carpenters' Union, Local 476, were usually interesting and well attended. Among the more prominent and best remembered officers were Vern English, the president, and Fred Norman, business agent and financial secretary, who was also at that time a member of the Washington State legislature, and later served as a representative in Congress.

The work in the shipyard seemed to proceed satisfactorily, with few troubles or accidents, with the exception of one act of sabotage which caused a stir of excitement. A meeting was called at the change of shifts so everybody could attend. Yard superintendent, G. A. Dickie mounted a platform, holding aloft a railspike on a string. That spike had been driven into a log and ruined a good sawblade. Naturally, a wave of alarm and indignation swept the crowd, and had the culprit been found, he would have been dealt with severely.

Besides working, eating and sleeping, there was little to do in Raymond in those times. But efforts were made to furnish some entertainment for men interested in pastimes other than gambling and drinking. Although a dry state, liquor had found its way in, mostly from California. In July, two gentlemen came to a union meeting, asking for assistance in organizing a local Y. M. C. A., offering to direct and take the lead. They obtained willing help to find and furnish a suitable location, which proved to be a popular gathering place for reading, chess, checkers, etc., during spare hours. These Y. M. C. A. men were very able and likeable fellows who did their best to make life better and healthier in the community. They also led several Sunday outings to gather spagnum moss used by the Red Cross in the preparation of bandages.
Interesting lessons in the building of wooden ships were given once a week by Captain Varney, a veteran shipbuilder. He traveled between the yards from the Columbia river to Seattle, doing his best to stimulate interest and skill in this work which was totally unfamiliar to so many.

After the S. S. FONDUCO had been towed to Eagle Harbor for installation of machinery, some men were sent to Bainbridge Island, including a few from the joiner crew who were to finish up on the woodwork. Being one of these men, I got the first glimpse of Seattle and the Sound, an area which later in life was to become so familiar to me. The work at Eagle Harbor dragged out much longer than expected. The severe spell of Spanish influenza came and delayed almost everything; however, in Winslow we were vaccinated and that seemed to lessen the seriousness of the epidemic, at least in that locality. Sometimes on weekends we took trips to Seattle on the steamer BAINBRIDGE for a little sightseeing.

Seattle was a crowded city, and on the evening of November 11, the day the Armistice was declared, there was not even standing room on Second Avenue, the main business street of that time. Soon after that, we were sent back to Raymond, and the rush in the yard slackened off somewhat. Men quit and left when their help seemed less important, and shortly before Christmas I returned to Chicago. The ships built during the war did not fulfill all the expectations of their usefulness, but that was not the fault of the men who built them. They were dedicated and did their best, the same as in other branches of that great war effort.

Coming back to Raymond, after fifty years, brings a pleasant surprise. The extensive "faceliftings" the city has had were a cheering sight. Especially the project of gathering information of historical value is very much appreciated by this former resident.

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An Appreciation

When the Pacific County Historical Society was founded in 1949, Mrs. Addie Shay was elected Treasurer.

She served faithfully for twenty years, resigning the office only recently for reasons of health. She has served on the committee which is working toward the building of a Museum; the progress has been a great satisfaction to her and a culmination of her years of service. We have many charter members, but none who have held the same office for so many years. And so we salute you, Addie, in appreciation of your devotion to purpose and for the good will of a wonderful person.

—Beulah Alexander.

—Photo by Antilla and Kolez.
Cranberries in the Pacific Northwest

(Part Two)

By Mrs. Robert (Emma) Lindstrom, of Silverton, Oregon
formerly of Grayland, Washington

Cranberry scoops were used during and after the days of hand picking and are used today for harvesting berries along the ditch edges. (See sketch above by Wallace R. Mann of Tacoma).

In about 1930, when it became difficult to find enough laborers to harvest the crops, the first suction pickers were developed. They were made from the regular home tank-type vacuum cleaners. Poles with wire were put up the length of the bog, with outlets at various places to plug in the machines.

It is believed that Chester Watson developed the first suction picker on a larger scale. As can be seen in the picture, the machine was on the principle of the vacuum cleaner, with a hose for picking up the berries. The tanks were lined with sponge rubber in an attempt to avoid bruising. But the berries so picked had to be canned instead of going to the fresh market, for no matter what precautions and developments were ever made on this machine, it still slightly bruised the fruit so it wouldn't keep very long. This is one of the very early ones of the type used up to 15
years ago by the majority of Grayland growers. The fan between the engine and the tank pulls the berries up the hose and into the tank. Those in use now are mainly for picking the tracks.

With the use of the suction picker, growers had to start sorting, for the machine picked them all—good and bad. The fungus-caused cotton-ball berry gave a lot of trouble, for it was just like a good one except that it never ripened and had a dimple in one end. Instead of having seeds inside, it had what appeared like little lumps of cotton. But it was lighter in weight. Sorting machines developed back East were bought through the cannery, and these worked on a bounce principle. Berries dumped in at the top drop down through a long slot in the back, hitting several boards on the way down. Good berries bounce through to the front, while the bad ones drop straight down into a box and are discarded. These sorting machines cost over $700 in the 1930’s, and the same ones are still being used today. There has never been much turnover or modernizing done on the equipment.

Sometimes the cranberries weren’t all harvested until after Thanksgiving, and the women working in the warehouses had to put on any and all clothing they could wear in order to keep warm enough. They even wrapped up their feet, as you can see by this picture.

In 1930, Victor Lindgren and Joe Alexson purchased 160 acres of land from Peterson. This tract started at the Husby bog and went as far south as the Mix Brothers’ place on the front road, and on the Heather road it started at the Erickson (now Hegre) place and went south to the Discher (now Taavola) place. The Lindgren road was planked for quite some time, with a large portion of the planks and work being furnished by Mr. Alexson at first, then the county completed it. The first growers putting in bogs on this 160 acres of Lindgren land were Husby, West, Ekrom, Wenman, Alexson, Filip, Polson, Jacobson, Anderson, Mix, Erickson, Reams, Altonen, Joubert, Heines, Espedel, and Discher.
Still in the 1930's, Joe Alexson bought 80 acres of land from Neils Hansen. This land was located at what is now the Alexson road, and running back east toward the hill. Other buyers of Hansen land at this time were Warness, Johnson Moline, Solinger, Gina Hendrickson, Wilen, Heino, Hammer, and Martin Hendrickson. Mr. Alexson states that electric lights were installed in his home on October 12, 1931. Most of these homes had small living quarters and warehouse in one building. Each of the land owners donated thirty feet of right-of-way in order to get the county to put in roads.

On the East coast the bogs are flooded for protection during the severe winters, but due to the mild weather on the West coast, this is not necessary—but here the weeds never stop growing. At first the local growers were not bothered with insects or fungus, but later as more bogs were put in they started getting fruit and fire worms and fungus such as twig blight and lecanium scale. Then spraying became necessary.

Railroad tracks were laid down the center of the bog land. The rails, purchased from a salvage company, had probably been used in mines. The first spraying was done with a 50-gallon drum and hand pump, with enough hose to reach to each side of the bog; it took several persons to hold it up so as not to drag and damage the plants. Track carts were then used for hauling the spray machines, the harvested berries from bog to warehouse, and for weeding. In the old days these carts were pushed by hand, which was quite a hard job for the wives, especially when loaded! Today, nearly every grower has at least one motorized cart, one powered by an old automobile engine, or perhaps it is an old railroad speeder.

It was about this time that Ocean Spray came into the area, its representatives talking to the growers who got together and sold stock to form the Association. Then the cannery was built at the railhead at Markham. The forming of the Association put new spirit in the cranberry industry of the West. Previously, they had a hard time selling their product, for no one really had the time to get out and find a market.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Tide Turned Against Dad

One hot day long ago, as Dad walked toward South Bend, he spied the beautiful Willapa river and could not resist the urge for a plunge. Finding a conveniently sheltering clump of shrubbery, he slipped nude into the cooling water. It was some time before his thoughts turned shoreward. Then he discovered an embarrassingly wide stretch of open tideland lying between him and his clothes. Casting about for a solution, Dad decided to swim into town, where he concealed himself amid piling under a dock until another high tide allowed him to retrieve his apparel and enter the city in the approved manner. And that’s how Dad learned about tides.

—Harriet Phar Lill of Johns River, Grays Harbor County, daughter of John Franklin Phar.
As I Remember Ilwaco

By Matt William "Bill" Koski of Raymond

I was born of Finnish parents in the Territory of Washington, on November 1, 1889, at Ilwaco, and we lived there until I was about ten years of age. Then my folks pulled up stakes and moved to Cosmopolis, and later to Hoquiam where I became a 6th Grade dropout. There wasn't ANYTHING I hated more than going to school.

I will never forget that fateful day when the folks literally pushed me out of our front door and Dad followed at a short distance nearly half way to school before he turned back. But what burned me up was when Ma was getting me dolled up in my Sunday best she made me put on a shirt (I guess it was) that I had never seen before, and when I asked her what the dickens it was she said "nevair min' you."

That shirt (or whatever it was) was starched so stiff that when I was doing my best to get into it the darned thing crackled like somebody stomping peanut shells. And to make things worse, I'd just about outgrown my best pair of knee-length pants, so that the legs of 'em were always climbing up, while my above-the-knee length black-ribbed stockings were always slipping down. So all the way to school it was push down the
pants legs and pull up the stockings every few yards, which kept me so busy I didn’t have any time to hunt for anything, even after a hanky for my runny nose. I did have a brand new pair of shoes, though, two sizes large so I wouldn’t outgrow them before they were worn out. To this day I think that noisy shirt was something of my sister’s that was too small, or else she didn’t like it, either. Believe me, it took only a couple of days of rough-housing around the schoolyard to get rid of it. But not before I nearly got into several fights because of it.

I gradually got used to school the hard way. But if it hadn’t been for one awfully nice teacher, I don’t know whether I could have made it or not. I have never forgotten that girl, either, after all these years. Her name was Elfreda Colbert (who became Mrs. Roy Herrold): she was my teacher in every grade I suffered in so long as we lived in Ilwaco. I was sure “stuck on her,” but of course she didn’t know anything about that. She was a small woman and very nice looking. There were many times when I gave her a bad time, but in spite of it all she never once lost her good nature. And I do mean GOOD, too. Even though others were included in the deviltry at times, she never once threatened us a beating, nor do I recall her sending any of us to the principal. Whenever I played hooky my sister Lena would write out my excuse and Ma would sign her name in Finnish scrawl: my teacher knew sister couldn't write like that, and she also knew Ma couldn't write English.

Toward the end of the school year, May 22, 1899, there was to be a big public program in the afternoon. I had learned my part, and we had rehearsed for days, but I knew from experience I could not go through with it. I just COULDN’T!

I left home as usual, but instead of going to school I hid under the railroad trestle that was built maybe one-half mile into the Bay and over deep water. This trestle was part of the narrow gauge railroad that ended at a warehouse, while the “business” end of it was on the Long Beach peninsula at Nahcotta. This railroad hauled oysters, cranberries and other freight to Ilwaco and to the river boats which took it aboard for Astoria and Portland. There were several of these river boats on the Columbia and they were always racing each other; should one of them beat all the others of its class, that boat would fasten a new broom at its highest point for all to see, indicating a “clean sweep.”

This particular time when I was under that trestle where it hit high ground and was dry, I settled down for a prolonged stay, as I had my school lunch with me. I was afraid to get out into the open where I would be seen for fear someone would tattle to my folks, knowing I was supposed to be in school. I had gotten by with several hookys over the period of a couple of years, but dumb as I was I knew that there was always the “first time.”

Just about the time I was getting settled, I heard that peanut-wagon whistle of the train in Ilwaco, so I knew that it would be heading for the warehouse at the trestle soon. I was figuring to get out when the train passed overhead. As soon as the train passed, and I could hear it clackety-clicking toward the warehouse, I got back and watched it as it backed toward the end. It had a freight car in front to be unloaded, one passenger
coach next, and the engine was third.

The people always went out of their way to watch the train or the ships as they would come or go along the Columbia. But this time it was different, because when that three-car train was nearly out to the warehouse, the engine and passenger coach crashed through the trestle. The box car stayed on the rails, the passenger coach hung up on a piling which just happened to be there for some tie-up purpose, while the engine landed on its side on the bottom, completely submerged, as there was always some water at that point even at low tide. This particular trip was to meet the river boat at high tide.

How many other people witnessed that crash, I never did find out. But one thing I do know—there were none anywhere near where I viewed it. And another thing, I wasn’t about to brag to anyone as to what I saw on my hooky holiday, as I knew the answer to that one even at my age—half past nine.

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The Bailey Gatzert March

By FRITZ TIMMON, Milwaukie, Oregon

—Photo from the Collection of the Late Gladys Butz Bullard.

Of all the steamboats that plowed the waters of the Pacific Northwest only one ever had a song composed in her honor, and this, coupled with the fact that during her long career she possibly carried more passengers than any other Columbia River sternwheeler, has caused her to linger in the memory of those who were children in her heyday. For the BAILEY GATZERT was an excursion steamer in the summer of 1905 when Portland’s Lewis & Clark Exposition was drawing peak crowds. She was stately and comfortable, with spacious public rooms, and the fare was $1.50 with meals served on board. In Puget Sound, where she was built in 1891 and ran a year before going to the Columbia, she outran the swift GREYHOUND, only to lose the broom to the T. J. POTTER when an exhaust nozzle blew out. Laid up in 1926, her throaty whistle and ornate nameboard are preserved at the Museum of History and Industry in Seattle.
Landing a Salmon With Rod & Reel

By RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-1936)

(In 1889, Kipling, returning to England from India by way of the United States, wrote letters to his friends which were later published as AMERICAN NOTES. We print excerpts from one written while touring the Pacific Northwest.)

Hear now, gentlemen of the Punjab Fishing Club who whip the reaches of the Tavi, and I will tell you how I went fishing, and you shall envy. Imagine a stream seventy yards broad divided by a pebbly island, running over seductive riffles and swirling into deep, quiet pools. I went into that icy-cold river and made my cast. Ah, the pride of it, the regal splendor of it! the thrill that ran down from finger-tip to toe! Then the water boiled. He broke for the fly and got it! There remained enough sense in me to give him all he wanted when he jumped not once, but twenty times, before the up-stream flight that ran my line out to the last half-dozen turns, and I saw the nickeled reel-bar glitter under the thinning green coils. My thumb was burned deep when I strove to stopper the line, but I did not feel it till later, for my soul was out on the dancing water praying for him to turn ere he took my tackle away. The prayer was heard. As I bowed back, the butt of the rod on my left hip-bone and the top joint dipping like unto a weeping willow, he turned and accepted each inch of slack that I could by any means get in as a favor from on High.

There be several sorts of success in this world that taste well in the moment of enjoyment, but I question whether the stealthy theft of line from an able-bodied salmon who knows exactly what you are doing and why you are doing it is not sweeter than any other victory within human scope. He ran at me head on, and leaped against the line, but the Lord gave me two hundred and fifty pairs of fingers in that hour. The banks and the pine trees danced dizzily around me, but I only reeled—reeled as for life. I would rather have died among the pebbles than surrender my right to play and land my first salmon, weight unknown, with an eight-ounce rod. He suffered himself to be drawn, skipping with pretended delight at getting to the haven where I wound fain have him. Yet no sooner did he feel shoal water under his ponderous belly than he backed like a torpedo-boat, and the snarl of the reel told me that my labor was in vain. A dozen times, at least, this happened ere the line hinted he had given up the battle and would be towed in. He was towed. The landing net was useless for one of his size, and I would not have him gaffed. I stepped into the shallows and heaved him out with a respectful hand under the gill, for which kindness he battered me about the legs with his tail, and I felt the strength of him and was proud. He, the beauty, the darling, my Salmon Bahadur, weighed twelve pounds and I had been seven and thirty minutes bringing him to bank! I was lying full length on the sweet-scented grass, gasping in company with my first salmon. My hands were cut and bleeding. I was dripping with sweat, spangled like a harlequin with scales, wet from the waist down, nose peeled by the sun, but utterly, supremely, and consummately happy. That hour I sat among princes and crowned heads greater than them all. It was glory enough for all time.