THE HISTORY OF THE JACKSON FAMILY

AND THE TUCANNON RIDGE

BY: ALBERT JACKSON
POMEROY, WASHINGTON
1972

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MY IMMEDIATE ANCESTRY

History as I remember of the Jackson Tribe from 1850 until 1960, and what I know and have heard of the early settlement of the Tucannon Ridge, the place of my birth.

First I will start with my father, John Henry Jackson, who was born July 6, 1850 in Galva, Illinois, to George Washington Jackson and his wife, Elizabeth. He was one of seven children: Mary, Irene, and Laura, Frank, Richard, Scott and my father. Scott later died in the Civil War. The family first moved to Pella, Iowa and later the first to come west by railroad to San Francisco on the only completed rail line at that time. From San Francisco he came to Portland, Oregon in a small wooden steamer. Father said he never ate during the four or five day trip and nearly everyone else was seasick.

He hired out on a construction job building a railroad from Tillamook, Oregon to Portland. His main job was putting powder under stumps and blasting them out of the ground. Through January and February of that year it rained every day, so that by spring he was ready to move to drier country and came on to Dayton, Washington in about 1876. He found work in a sawmill in the nearby mountains, and took up a timber claim on forty acres.

About that time his brother Frank and friend John Kimble came to Dayton also, in search of land to homestead. At that time the Northern Pacific had a railroad built to Tacoma with a branch line to Walla Walla and then a stage service from Walla Walla to Lewiston, Idaho. The route from Dayton

crossed the Tucannon River at the Old King Ranch, where a barn had been built. Here the stages changed to fresh horses which would take them on to the Alpowa where they would change horses again before continuing on to Lewiston. Imprints of the old stagecoach road can still be seen on Tucannon Ridge, a mile from the place of my birth.

When Frank Jackson and John Kimble arrived in Dayton their first thought was to find suitable farm land before bringing their families who were waiting to join them in the West. They found the Tucannon pretty well settled, as was the Pataha Creek; however, the land between the two was still open for settlement. The three men, including my father, came over to the stage station at the King Ranch and told them of their intentions of taking up land on the Tucannon Ridge. They were told that there was no water in that country and if any was to be had they would have to dig to the level of the Tucannon River, which would be about 500 feet. The men decided it would be wise to check on the water situation before filing on any of the land, so they went up on a ridge and choosing a likely spot they proceeded to dig an open well using picks and shovels and some blasting. At 28 feet they struck good water and the land settlement began. Frank filed on the land with the well, my father filed on 120 acres to the north and Mr. Kimble took 160 acres one mile east.

As soon as rough houses could be built Frank and John Kimble had their families come out from Iowa. Frank Jackson was able to get some sheep to start a sheep ranch as there was no end to free and open range. Wheat at that time sold for 25¢ a bushel hauled to the river below Starbuck, Washington where it was loaded on barges for Portland. At that price no one wanted to raise wheat.

Uncle Frank's family consisted of four boys: Charles, Leonard, George and Fred. Fred was born a cripple and couldn't talk and it was difficult for him to eat, so they kept him in a one room house by himself where his meals were taken to him. In the last five years of his life he was placed in a home.

John Kimble's family consisted of Edward, Bert, Earnie and one daughter, Stella. Shortly after coming to the new homestead Mrs. Kimble died. Mr. Kimble returned to Iowa and married Minerva Grover who took care of Mr. Kimble's first family and raised five boys and a girl of her own. They were Jacob, Arthur, Charles, George, Lawrence and Dora.

Three or four years after Frank Jackson settled his family on the ridge, his wife also died. He hired a housekeeper for his family until later marrying Anna Oliphant. There were no children by this second wife.

In 1855, at the age of 35, my father, John Henry, married my mother, Mary Elizabeth Pyles, who was 25. Mother was born in West Virginia, daughter of Jacob Pyles and Rachel McClure.

There were four daughters and one son in her family: Della, Victoria, Sarah, Mary and Luther. When mother was fourteen the family moved to Oceola, Iowa by covered wagon, a journey that took them across parts of Iowa, Indiana, Illinois and into Ohio. Mother said that people in lots of the towns laughed at their outfit. It seemed they thought it funny to see the girls poking their heads out from under the wagon cover. Twenty miles was considered a good days journey then and when they reached Oceola, Iowa they met the Kimble and Jackson families.

Mother came out to Washington to teach school in 1883, teaching for two years at Mayview, 18 miles northeast of Pomeroy. She returned to Oceola for

a time and later returned to marry my father.

Della and Victoria came to Washington shortly after my parents were married. Victoria married William Chard and had two children, Lilly and Ralph. Victoria died when the children were quite young. Della married Wilbur Hopkins of Dayton, Washington. They had an adopted daughter, Lottie Gibson. The other sister, Sarah, married Steve Matheny in Nebraska and raised four daughters. Sarah died when the youngest was a baby. The two youngest were raised by their Aunt Della Hopkins. The two other daughters and their father came to live in Grandpa Jackson's house on the Tucannon.

My mother's mother died in Ohio and her father came to Washington shortly after. He had a horse, a gun and dog and used to visit from one daughter's home to another. The story is told of one visit to the Chard's when Grandfather accidently dropped his false teeth in the chicken yard. An old hen picked them up and all the other chickens followed in hot pursuit. She would stop every little bit to hit them against a rock, thinking to knock the kernels from what she thought was an ear of corn.

By this time Dry Hollow country and Tucannon Ridge was getting a lot of new settlers. There was a homestead on nearly every 160 acres. A much needed school house had been built on a corner of my father's land, 300 yards north of his house. It was a time when the county had no money for building schools.

The settlers held a school election and made an effort to borrow the money to build. They found a man who had $300 and borrowed it at 25% interest. The school was a frame building about 18' by 32', with two rows of double seats with large seats in the rear and the smaller ones in the front. There was a big cast iron stove in the center of the room and a

large blackboard across the back. I attended the first three grades in this school. The next year the school burned to the ground the first day of school and was a total loss. So that term was held in the old Park's house one-half mile east of the burned location. It later became the Watson place and housed a large family.

Soon after the stage route began from Walla Walla to Lewiston, Idaho, William King, a hot-headed Irishman, was hired as stage driver. That meant driving six horses on a certain section of the route. I don't believe anyone was expected to drive the entire 100 mile route between the two cities. There were no roads in those days. They just tried to stay on fairly level ground so that the coach would not tip over, going up hill and down wherever the horses could pull the load. Creeks had to be forded as there were no bridges, and in high water periods this was risky business. The route came through Walla Walla, Dixie, Waitsburg and Dayton. It was in Dixie where Mr. King became acquainted with the Cantenwine girl. They were married and homesteaded on the Tucannon stage crossing, where they started one of the first farms on the river. Their children included four boys and three girls. They were Harry, Oscar, Edward, Silas, Zorah, Frankie and Alice. Zorah, being the oldest girl, married my uncle, Richard Jackson, when she was sixteen. The other King children stayed on the ranch for the greatest part of their lives, each having homesteads of 160 acres, helping to build up a large farm, originated by their mother and father.

My mother's first year in Washington she was hired to teach three or four of the King children who were old enough to begin school. She lived at the King house and conducted a private school. After the Dry Hollow school house was built, the King children walked up the steep "Jackson Grade" and down to our school, which was a strenuous two mile walk.

By the year 1885 the railroad had been built to Dayton and on to Starbuck and continued on to Pomeroy two years later. This made the stagecoach obsolete. The horses which had been used to pull the stages

were either sold or given away, making the stagecoach a thing of the past. The King family got a few of the horses which gave them a start in a good, tough breed to be used for driving or riding.

The boys were big enough to help in the farming business and they soon planted fifteen acres into orchard with early apple trees, pears, prunes and followed with watermelons. At one time the crop was forty acres. The watermelons were loaded into wagons after first piling two feet of straw in the bottom of the beds. Then they were hauled into Dayton, Starbuck and Pomeroy. With four horses to pull the load, they were off on their journey by 4:30 in the morning to one town or another.

About that time the racoons were thick on the creek, and many coyotes, so the King boys acquired a pack of hounds. The dogs would tear off after the scent of a coyote with the boys, on their saddle horses, in hot pursuit.

It must have been twenty five years after the first King daughter was married before another of the children had time to consider matrimony. The others were married in later life with the exception of Oscar who remained an old bachelor. Alice King Delaney was the last survivor of the large family, passing away in the early 1960's. The Kings were not a prolific family except for Zora, who with her husband, Richard Jackson, had an even dozen children. They were Nellie, Clara, Laura, Ben, Arthur, Walter, Ralph, Richard, Townsend, McKinley, Robert and Lucy.

Like many of the old homesteads which represented a lifes work of blood, sweat and tears, it is no more. The old dilapidated King house burned to the ground, taking the huge old fir tree and the oak trees around the house with it. All the land is now in other hands and the King family is now only a memory in the hearts of those who remember the

long-ago past. At this writing, the Tucannon has no one living from Marengo to the old Henry Jones place seven miles west.

Richard was a strong young man. I have heard my father say that when he arrived in this territory at the age of twenty-one, his sole possessions included a violin and half a pair of suspenders to hold up his pants. But, good fortune was his. He met and married the stagecoach driver's daughter, Zorah, against the wishes of her father, Mr. King, and her entire family. However, he began work with his two brothers, John and Frank, laid claim to 160 acres as his homestead and was soon in the sheep raising business. After three or four years on the homestead he bought a place on the Tucannon, where he raised a family of eight boys and four girls. He built a large, three storied house. The attic was used for a boxing ring at which their eldest, Ben, was an expert. Laura described her home life, "We girls would ask friends home for the weekend while attending Whitman College and prayed to God for snow to cover up all the mess scattered around the yard." The kitchen stove always had a big pot of beans simmering - white beans one day and brown the next.

A sheep ranch adjoining the Tucannon farm of more than 10,000 acres was added. At the peak of production Richard had a total of four bands of sheep, or about 8,000. In the winter of 1918 Richard Jackson was striken with pneumonia and died. The older boys tried to carry on with the business but soon lost the entire estate. It was a sad sight to see the huge old house standing deserted after Ralph and his wife Maggie moved from the farm to Dayton, retiring in the late 1950's. It was finally torn down leaving only a few old fir trees as a reminder of those bygone days. The entire family of twelve children lived to a fairly ripe old age, but as in all families time does take its toll.

MARENGO OF 1885

The Marengo of 1885 was the hub of the community with a post office, which serviced the Tucannon, the Tucannon Ridge and Dry Hollow. We rode the six miles by way of the Kimble Ranch, south over the rocky hill to the Tucannon and about two more miles to Marengo. Like many other towns of early days, Marengo had visions of becoming a city. A main street was surveyed and at one time there were ten families or more living there. The city boasted having a General Store, Post Office, blacksmith shop, a hotel, which was a large house with three or four extra bedrooms and a dining room, and a flour mill, which was used only two or three years. It used a mill race and water wheel for power.

When the railroad was built to Starbuck the people living in Marengo were certain the line would proceed to Marengo, but hope was short lived as the line went to Pomeroy instead. By about 1906 Rural Free Delivery began, thus closing the rural Post Office. People on the ridge and Dry Hollow then had mail boxes at the top of Marengo Grade, which meant a horseback ride of only four and one-half miles. Families began to leave Marengo, but the school continued to function until the early 1960's when school busing took the children to Dayton.

It was at Marengo where I heard my first phonograph and first telephone. The long distance telephone line from Dayton to Pomeroy went through the town, where there was a pay telephone in the Post Office. This was the only phone between Dayton and Pomeroy.

Mail was delivered to Marengo in the morning and to Dayton in the afternoon. This required a twenty mile drive one way for the mail wagon, which was a light hack, as they were called. It was pulled by two horses

and had two seats so three or four passengers could be accommodated as well. The driver would remain in Pomeroy overnight.

The general store used to do a big business in Harter's Bitters, a medicine which came in pint bottles with the promise to cure any complaint. The contents was 65% alcohol with a little flavoring and cherry bark. Some people would consume a whole pint in a day and testify that they felt better after each bottle!

The Post Master and Store Keeper was a very large man by the name of Mr. Short. Mr. Short always wore brown corduroy pants that had to be 56" around the waist. In the summertime during idle hours he could be found sitting in front of the Genrral Store with a fly swatter, a piece of leather nailed to a stick. He would swat flies on his pants or shoes while his pet chicken, a little black hen, reaped the benefit. One night some people camped near his store and the next morning his hen was missing and Mr. Short was a very mad man.

About 40' in front of the store was a tree with a hitching rack built around on all four sides, where we tied up our saddle horses and buggy teams when we came for the mail, which was about twice a week. We subscribed to the Spokesman Review which was delivered on Wednesday and Saturday for $1.50 a year. My folks also subscribed to the Toledo Blade which came from Ohio.

The story was told of my Uncle Frank Jackson telling a friend in Dayton how he might obtain a wife, Mrs. Honeycut, his housekeeper. Uncle Frank would no longer need her as he had married a Miss Oliphant, who would help to raise his motherless children. As the story goes - the man from Dayton drove his horse and buggy over across the Tucannon, a twenty mile trip

over very rocky roads, to church which was being held in the first school house. He asked someone to introduce him to Mrs. Honeycut, and after church he took her for a buggy ride. He lost no time. He told her the road was long and rough and rocky and one more trip was all he would make and that one was to take her to Dayton and make her his wife. She consented, making that the shortest courtship in Dry Hollow.

The road across country from Dayton to Dry Hollow is still rough, steep and narrow. The Jackson Grade, known on maps as Owens Road, was named for a man who resided a short time on it. This road was built by my father, using a horse and plow. This same grade was later to be the route of my own courtship, as Christine was residing in Dayton. However, slow transportation and rough roads did not cause me to follow in the impatient footsteps of Mrs. Honeycut's husband.

In 1855, after their marriage, my parents started up housekeeping on the homestead. Their first house was built by my father and was called a box house, which was built with just rough 1 x 12's on end, nailed to a skeleton frame where the siding boards came together with a 1 x 4 nailed over the crack to keep the wind and snow out. On the inside of the room would be a 2 x 4 laid flat, about 3 1/2 feet from the floor. This was used to nail the siding boards to and, also, made a four inch shelf on all four sides. Then when the room was papered with old newspapers, they were pasted right up over the shelf and it looked real nice. I remember lying in bed, when I was old enough to read, and looking at the ads for Lydia Pinkham's Compound and pictures of Star Tobacco cans, and Carter's Little Liver Pills. Sometimes the paper was upside down making reading difficult. The house, as I remember it, included a kitchen, 10 x 14; a

living room, 14 x 14; and a bedroom, 8 x 14 with an 8" step down. There were two homemade beds with straw mattresses which were big bags the size of the bed filled with fresh wheat straw. The bed tick, as it was called, had a slit in the top and four or five buttons for closing. The straw tick was shaken up to make the bed a little more soft. When the bed was freshly filled, a couple times a year, it was like sleeping on top of a barrel for a night or two.

A second bedroom was added on the back of the house that was large enough for one bed. It was one step lower than the main house. There were no closets so clothes were hung from hooks on the wall. About six feet from the kitchen door was a cellar dug into the hill, in which was kept potatoes, vegetables, apples and there were shelves to store milk to cool. The cellar had two doors, a natural door inside and a 45° outside. It was always fun to slide down the cellar door - though hard on pants.

Father had dug two dry wells near the house and a third one on the south borderline of the place, near Uncle Frank's place and close to the original well that was dug by the three pioneers. He got water, but it was 350 yards from the house, so that all our water had to be carried in buckets or hauled in a childs wagon on wash day, using five gallon pails of a wash boiler. At the well, which was an open well, we had two five gallon oil cans, one on a rope over a pully, so that when one was going down empty the other was coming up full. That was the way we watered the cows and horses in a wooden trough at the well.

However, the lack of water was the thing that drove most of the settlers to move on after the land was 'proved-up', and the land would be mortgaged to the mortgage company or sell it if they could. As no one

had any money the mortgage company took over. Then the company would sell to whomever they could to keep from having to pay the taxes.

My father bought the Fuller Place for $300, as I remember him telling me. Charlie Dodge bought 640 acres for $2.50 an acre, (Section 29). I paid $9,600 for the S. 1/2 of that section in 1929.

When I was old enough to remember, the Shawleys, who live one mile below our place in Dry Hollow, moved away in a wagon loaded with their possessions. When they drove by, my mother noticed that they were taking their cats and said that it was bad luck to move cats. Very shortly after Mrs. Shawley died. Of course, the cats superstition had nothing to do with her death.

About that time, 1897, my father bought 40 acres called the Hawkins Place that joined us on the west. There was a one room house on the place. We moved the house up on the north side of our house, leaving a six foot alley between the two houses, but it made more room for us. Then father bought Uncle Frank's land to the south which was 320 acres and with it he also purchased his brand, (J-), as was done in those days.

Uncle Frank's house was a three room house of rough lumber, so we moved the old Hawkins house again and joined it to the kitchen on one end and the living room on the other. We had to go across an open porch to get from one to the other, but it was our home. In 1906, we built a two story house with a kitchen, living room and seven bedrooms. We still had to go back by the old house to the cellar and the outhouse, so in two or three years a store room was built with a cellar under the new addition. In 1913, a bathroom and hot water tank were installed and in 1940 we put in a septic tank and toilet. My father used a team of four horses to

haul all the lumber down from the sawmill on the Tucannon. After the lumber was all delivered, two horses were given as payment.

In 1900 we had three shallow wells near the house. But with all the horses and cows we had on the ranch, and water required for family use, we hardly had enough to make do. If there was any to spare the neighbors brought their cattle in for watering. Finally, in 1902, father hired a well driller. At 114' they struck water which could not be pumped dry and everything began to look better. A cistern was built and water piped to the house so the shallow wells were no longer used. Only one has a marker to tell where it is today.

After the house was built in 1906, a new barn was constructed in 1907, large enough for twenty-two horses. I was old enough to want to help tear down the old buildings to make the farm look better. This included the old barn, two old grainerys, and the house where I was born. I often wish the old house had been saved as a reminder to future generations of the hardships their ancestors had endured.

I recall father telling of the sheep raising business he and his brothers, Frank and Richard, shared from 1885 to 1896. The sheep grazed on all the tilled land they had and on any government land that was open for settlement, as well as railroad and school land. The sheep were sheared in the spring and about June first they were driven up the Tucannon road into the Blue Mountains, where there was lots of free range. In October the sheep were driven, on foot, out to Dayton where the lambs were shipped by rail to Chicago, the only market place for mutton. The wool was shipped to woolen mills in Boston. Sheep business was fairly good until the fall of 1896. They had shipped a train load of sheep,

about twenty cars, to Chicago. In Trever, Wisconsin the train was held for examination of the sheep. They were put in quarantine for "scab", where the sheep had to be dipped in a solution to kill the disease. The weather was near zero. The animals were fed for several days to make them look better, but by the time they reached the sale yard, the price was down bringing very little more than the shipping expenses. Father came home nearly broke financially. He sold his remaining sheep business to his brothers, who went on in the business. After a few years they decided to divide their interests and each go on his own.

My father turned his attention to farming. He raised barley and wheat, often planting three or four crops in succeeding years on the same ground. Most people had not begun to summer fallow yet. In 1906, he bought a combine harvester which was pulled by twenty-one horses. Before that, all the wheat and barley was headed and put in stacks in the field to wait for the steam thrasher to come along to thrash out the grain. The steam thrasher was a very large outfit, requiring sixteen men or so and usually a cook house. They also had two water tanks to haul water for the steam engine from either the Tucannon or Pataha creeks. The team of horses were driven into the river where the driver would lower a two inch hose into the water and start pumping with a big hand pump, which was mounted on top of the tank. It took a lot of strength to push the long wooden handle back and forth. The wooden tanks held 500 gallons. Sometimes the driver failed to get back to the field before the engine was very low on water, wherein the engineer would pull the whistle cord, and if the tank driver was within three miles he would hurry up to be there before the operation had to shut down. The engine burned straw for

fuel while thrashing and wood on the move from one farm stack yard to another, or as they were called "settings". After the thrashing machine left, the straw was left in big round piles and the grain in square piles of sacks which were stacked five feet high. It then had to be hauled in wagons to Chard Station, which was five miles from the ranch. Using one wagon and two horses, two four hour trips could be made each day. Six horses could pull two wagons. One year, after the grain was headed and stacked, and before the thrasher could get around, the rains came and the barley and wheat rotted, causing everyone to lose their crops. That was in the year of 1893, which was a year of both crop loss and money panic, and was perhaps the worst year Garfield County has ever experienced.

POMEROY IN 1906

Pomeroy was a town of dirt streets in 1906, with wide sidewalks built of 2 x 8 planks with one-half inch cracks between every board. At street intersections there would be four crosswalks about four feet wide made of 3 x 12 planks laid endways and tapered down on both sides so the wagons could cross them with less of a bump. In winter the mud would often be a foot deep, so that someone would have to keep cleaning the mud from the crosswalks so the ladies could cross the streets without getting their shoes all muddy. In the summertime a big team of two horses pulled a sprinkler wagon up and down the street to keep the dust settled.

There were three general stores which sold groceries and clothing and one regular grocery store, three hardware stores, three barber shops, seven saloons, one brewry, a small distillery a mile below town where peach and apricot brandy was made. The Courthouse was already two years old and the six churches held both morning and evening services. There were two livery stables where a team and buggy could be hired for $3.00 or $4.00 for six hours and where farmers left their teams for food and care if they stayed in town through the noon hour. There were two rooming houses, two drug stores, two jewelry stores, and the Revere Hotel which had a big divided dining room, where you could get a good meal for 25¢ in the farmers section and 50¢ in the businessmen's section. The dishes were different, but the eats were all the same.

There were hitching racks in three or four parts of town where one could tie up his team and do his trading. There were public watering troughs for the horses. There was a train that made one trip to Starbuck

and returned every day. It carried freight and had a passenger car and express car. A horse drawn bus with long seats on each side would back up to the Revere Hotel and for 25¢ would take you to the depot which was situated just above the present city park. The train arrived back into town about 6:30 p.m., stopping at the back of the old Seely Opera House (where McKeirnans is now) where passengers would disembark. They could then walk to the hotel. When people in town heard the train whistle they would walk down to the Opera House to see who was coming to town. About twice a week a troup would arrive to put on a show of some sort. The first show I ever saw was "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Our hired man took my sister and me and the neighbors daughter. He drove two horses from a two seated hack. It was a three hour drive which put us back home after 1 a.m., but that was a big thing in our lives. Later the hired man married the neighbors daughter, so we must have just gone along for the ride.

At that time all trading was done on a years credit. We paid our bills once a year, and if the store didn't give the farmer some kind of a present when the bill was paid he was badly put out. My father nearly always received a new hat and sometimes a new suit of clothes.

JOHN HENRY JACKSON

For the benefit of my grandchildren and great grandchildren, I will tell what I remember of my Father's life. He was born John Henry Jackson, July 6, 1850, the son of Geroge Washington Jackson (February 1, 1811 to November 25, 1894) and Elizabeth H. Farr (February 11, 1817 to January 30, 1895), and grandson of Johnathan Horton Jackson and Mary Pennington McClosky.

He was a man of average height and weighed around 160 pounds. He wore a full beard until after 1913, when he trimmed it to a Van Dyke. He always wore a vest. I can never remember him wearing overalls. He was what would be called a "gentleman farmer". Labor was cheap in those days and in one of his time books he has recorded wages of 75¢ a day and $1.00 a day though in the winter months men were quite willing to work for board and room.

Father seldom drove more than two horses, which he wanted to be gentle. At the time he bought Uncle Frank's place and brand this assured him possession of all the horses on open range with that brand. Most horses were turned out on open range, then once a year they were rounded up into different herds and the colts branded and weaned from their mothers by keeping them in corrals.

Along about that time the British were having war with the Boers in South Africa, called the Boer War, 1899 to 1902. The English were buying cavalry horses to ship to the front. There were ads in the local paper for small young horses of about one thousand pounds weight and certain height. Everyone rounded up their horses, breaking the ones to ride that they thought might be bought. On the day of Cavalry Call all the

horses were taken to Pomeroy where they were ridden before a reviewing stand where an English officer would accept or reject them. If accepted, the English brand would be burned on its shoulder. They were then loaded on a stock car and started by rail for New York to be shipped to Africa. I believe the price was about $46.00 a horse, which was a lot of money then. Father usually had four or five to show every call.

Father never went into cattle in a very big way. Some years he bought steers in the fall for about $25.00 for two year olds. In June, if they sold for $50.00 he thought he was doing well. For three or four years, after being sold, the cattle had to be delivered to Starbuck. Then a hired man and I would have to drive them down to the stock yards, starting about five o'clock in the morning, reaching the stock yards by noon and returning home by about six in the afternoon. This required a horseback ride of about sixty miles. Driving horses was easier then as we never met any autos on the road. Most of the trouble occurred when a gate was left open along the road or fences were in need of repair, so that the cattle could leave the road.

My sister, Ola, and I always had saddle horses of our own to ride over the hills in the springtime, looking for coyotes. Whenever we found a good looking den we rode back to the ranch for a shovel and returned to the den to start digging. Sometimes we were in luck, but other times the mother coyote had moved her pups to a different hole, so that all our digging was for nothing. The State bounty on coyotes was $1.00 a tail in those days.

Father was always interested in mining and although he never did any prospecting he did buy shares in several mines. All of the Jacksons

were in on a gold mine up Cummings Creek, where a streak was found which assayed at $200.00 a ton. By a lot of hard work they drove a tunnel back in the mountain, but the streak got smaller as they went and they finally had to give it up. A mine in the Buffalo Hump country in Idaho was another venture which did not pay.

When my folks retired from farming, they bought a home in Grand Forks, British Columbia to be near Ida, my older sister. He was then in a country that was all mines and prospects. There had been a very large copper smelter there which had ceased operation a year or so before. He was soon talked into buying an interest in a mine on Kettle River, which became his graatest interest until he died in 1922 from pneumonia. But, it had given him something to occupy his mind after leaving the farm although more money went in than ever came out.

My mother survived my father, passing away in 1942. She moved to Dayton after fathers death. There she took care of Ida and her three children for about four years.

Mother then married a Mr. Briney, whom she had known back in Iowa. They resided in Salmon, Idaho where his home was. He had raised a family and was a widower. They lived there for about six years when my mother fell and broke her hip. It was a bad break and she ran a high temperature for a long time, which seemed to affect her mind. Mr. Briney was unable to care for her properly, so she was returned to the Old Homestead, and was cared for by my wife, Christine, until she died in 1942. She was never aware of where she was, always wanting to go some place to "be with Albert". It was a great task for my wife, who gave her better care than

she could have had any where else.

So many things happen in a lifetime that one could never tell them all. Ola, my sister passed away in 1960, Ida followed in 1970 after a last visit to her birth place here in Dry Hollow.