

The Life of Dr. John Coe Kellogg

From the Whidbey Island Farm Bureau News, published in installments from January 19 to February 23, 1939.

Written by Alice Cahail Kellogg as told to her by her father Albert H. Kellogg, son of the Whidby pioneer, Dr. John Coe Kellogg

My uncle Grove Terry took a horse and with a pack animal started from Oregon to meet Dr. Coe Kellogg and party and did meet them some distance east of the Blue Mountains. It was a sorry meeting to him, for his wife and daughter had both been buried on the plains.

He thought it advisable to camp for a week and give the cattle a chance to recuperate, for they were thin in flesh. So a stop was made of a week or ten days. But it was a sad mistake. There had been so much sickness, which caused "lay-overs", that the season was far spent. The others of the train went on. When father got to the summit of the Blue Mountains a severe snow storm set in. Mother said that the snow flakes seemed as large as half dollars. They made fires and put blankets on the cattle; but the melting snow chilled them and the cattle all died. Mother said when their good cow, which had given them all milk along the way, died, she had to cry.

Father hired their wagons, ox yokes, etc. hauled down to the Columbia River and from thence to Vancouver, where they stayed all winter. Father said in the spring of '53 a man with a good yoke of oxen got \$20.00 a day hauling piles to the water on Puget Sound.

Father had a little practice, but there was very little pay in it. Mother took in boarders, and only charged \$7.00 a week, and paid \$40.00 a barrel for flour.

Aunt Chloe took in sewing, and sewed for Mrs. U. S. Grant and others. She said that Mrs. Grant was very much dissatisfied with the country and things in general. Capt. Grant would listen to her as long as he could stand it, then he would take his hat and leave without making any reply. He was an expert horseman. I was told by those who had seen it, that occasionally when on parades he would get a good grip on his ever-present cigar, tighten up on his bridle reins, and starting from the far side of the parade grounds, put his horse on a run and made him jump over the gun carriages which were lined up in three rows, with just enough space for his horse to land between rows, making three jumps with the momentum acquired from his run across the parade ground. It, rightly, was considered quite a feat of horsemanship.

In the spring of 1853 Father left the family in Vancouver, and went by river to Cowlitz landing, and started on foot overland for Olympia. At that time Olympia was the leading town on Puget Sound, and was considered the future metropolis by "Mike" Simmonds and other old settlers. When all other reasons had been given why this man must be the case, the clincher was that she "was the head of navigation".

Captain Ruel Robinson told me that when he was a young man, and acting in the capacity of "supercargo" on a sailing vessel loading piles for San Francisco in the late '40's, he was talking with one of the few settlers of "Budd's Inlet" one fine morning when the sun was shining on the snow-covered Olympic mountains, and he said: "You ought to name this town Olympia," and the suggestion resulted in its having the name by which it is now known. Years afterwards, the Captain came to Seattle with his wife and two little daughters, and among other things I recall, that when the Renton coal mine was about to be abandoned as unprofitable, he formulated plans by following which it was successfully worked for many years.

Father located a claim in the woods three or four miles from Olympia on South Bay, and started clearing a place on which to build a house. Later he hired a carpenter, a Mr. Woodward, who built him quite a nice house out of hewn timbers. This was the man who built the flour mill for Captain Crosby on the Tumwater, a water power mill, and now a large water power electric power plant.

Later in the spring Mother, Florence, Alma and Aunt Chloe Terry took passage from Portland on the brig "Cabot", Captain Dryden Master. She made Penn's Cove via Deception Pass. Mr. R. L. Doyle, a widower, with his two little girls, Helen and Emma, were also passengers. Previous to this he had taken up a claim on Whidby Island, joining Mr. Walter Crockett, Sr., had built a house, etc. Upon reaching Penn's Cove he married Aunt Chloe at the home of Colonel Ebey. Uncle Doyle was a printer by trade and the best story teller I ever heard.

After landing Mr. James Busby and family and Mrs. Smith and daughter, Captain Dryden sailed on up to Olympia, where mother and sisters were left with what few earthly possessions they had.

During that summer fruit was very scarce. On Chambers' Prairie strawberries grew in profusion, as they doubtless did in other localities; but communication was far from good. Clams and oysters were very much in evidence, and venison, pheasants, ducks and geese were obtained from the Indians.

Father had neither a cow nor pigs. When blue huckleberries came in, Mother bought quantities of them of the Indians and put them in large stone jars and covered them with syrup, and so kept them fresh for future use.

In the late summer mother took the two little girls and went down to Whidby and paid her sister, Chloe Doyle and all her surrounding neighbors a visit. In those days everyone kept open house. Col. I. N. Ebey had taken up a homestead bordering on the Straits of San de Fuca, just across and within sight of Port Townsend; all fine prairie land, in the fall of 1850. His father, Jacob Ebey, had a claim joining him on the west; W. B. Engle, R. C. Hill and N. D. Hill on the east, and reaching out to the Crockett settlement, most all of which was fine prairie land. The Davis' and Alexanders and John Crockett were on the north. For many years Whidby Island was spoken of as "The garden spot of Puget Sound".

It was quite a revelation to mother, especially when contrasted with land father had taken in the woods, with intention of making a home. Mother made quite an extended visit, and upon reaching home and looking at the tall timber surrounding, said to father "Pa, these trees look very tall to me". After she had told him of the fine open country, with gardens and cattle and horses grazing on the fine grass, the trees began to look tall to him too, and the longer he looked the taller they seemed to be.

It was told that there were thirty acres of open land on Admiralty Head, not pre-empted, which news Mother carried to Father; but there was in reality only twenty acres. In the course of a few weeks father bought a canoe, and with another man paddled down to Whidby, something like one hundred miles. He found a deserted log cabin without a roof. He hired a man to complete the cabin and build a "lean-to" for a kitchen, and make other improvements in order to hold it. He had taken up a 320 acre homestead. Because he had taken up land in Olympia he could not take 640 acres as others did at that time. While there, going through some timber, he saw a deer on an elevated piece of ground. Having his long rifle, which he had brought across the plains with him, he shot and the deer dropped. After bleeding it he was puzzled not to find where the bullet had struck it; but when dressing it, he discovered that the bullet had entered the deer's mouth and ranged up into the brain.

He said that was the only deer he had ever killed without breaking the skin. He went home and stayed on his Olympia claim that winter; but sold the improvements for just what they had cost him, about \$400.00. He said it was his fine garden that sold it.

In the spring of 1854 he moved the family to Whidby. Their house had no floor, and only a fireplace on which to do the cooking. The settlers at that time thought they could make big money raising hogs and letting them make their living on camas and fern roots, of which they were fond. It was impossible to buy a pig at any reasonable price, but time proved it was a failure.

Mrs. Walter (Grandma) Crockett lived a mile or more further North; she was their nearest neighbor, and certainly was kind and considerate.

Mother said that when she went there for milk she would find a nice lump of butter in the bottom of the pail when she got home. Butter was a luxury, which they did not have for some time.

They lived that summer and winter without a floor. The next spring, father bought boards in Olympia, and they were sent down on a schooner, which ran in close to shore and threw them overboard, and he had to pull most of them out of the water. He carried them up the hill on his back, and most of them were 18 inches wide. He bought a yoke of oxen and a wagon of Mr. J. S. Smith, and broke up some land and planted it to barley. As there was no threshing machine he cut it with a scythe and stacked it loose, which he later fed to hogs in the straw.

Mother had brought with her a fine Paisley shawl, which cost her \$40.00. There was a lawyer's wife in Olympia who wanted it and whose husband had a fine large sow, so they exchanged properties. For some reason, unknown to me, the sow didn't accompany the family to Whidby; but was sent down by the "sloop" which carried the United States mail clear through to Whatcom via Deception Pass, some weeks later.

When arriving opposite the present Race farm, the captain ran in close to shore and pushed the hog overboard. Further on his way he sent word to father of the manner in which he had delivered the hog, but it was some weeks before father got the message. As black bear were plentiful there at that time father was much afraid that she had met her death in that manner; but he posted off bright and early to find if she was still alive. After vainly searching for some time, he ran across her tracks, which he followed up and found her in a nice nest under a big log, with ten pigs some two weeks old.

This was some six or seven miles from Admiralty Head and home, and fully two miles through thick timber to the "straits", and one can partially imagine the difficulty of driving the family through the brush and over the logs for that distance; but he made home by dark, and said it was one of the hardest day's work he ever did. You may depend upon it that they all had good care given them.

When the barley, to which I referred, was ripe, he fed them that in the straw. Pigs instead of "turkeys in the straw".

When the pigs were of sufficient size, he had no trouble in disposing of them. Men would come in boats, after buying one, take it to the beach and heat rocks red hot, throw them into a barrel partially filled with salt water, scald and dress them. He got a big price, I think it was about eight or ten cents a pound live weight. He said he was often amused at the guesses prospective buyers would make on the weight of a particular pig, and ask father for his opinion; who would reply that he didn't know, but he had a good pair of scales that would give accurate information. Usually the buyer would under-guess the weight twenty pounds or more.

About this time Indians from the North, principally Queen Charlotte's Sound, many of them in canoes sufficiently large enough to hold forty persons. Some of the prows of the large canoes were over five feet high. One fall Father's smoke house was raided and all of his winter's meat taken.

These canoes were made out of a single tree, with the exception of pieces added to the stern and bow, which were fastened to the main body by means of wooden strips made from the inner bark of cedar roots, passing through holes fastening the two pieces together and done so nicely as to be hardly noticeable. No nails or metal being used, not having augers of any kind, "dowling" was unknown to them.

As soon as it became known that a doctor was located at Admiralty Head, for many years known as Kellogg's Point, men began coming to him from the saw mills, logging camps, and sailors from ships, as well as settlers, he being the only Physician between Seattle and Whatcom.

To properly care for the many sick he soon built quite a large log hospital, and the convalescents were required to help take care of the more serious cases. As many were without money, they in a measure were put to work upon recovery, to pay for treatment and board; but it all put very much extra work upon mother.

Mr. Samuel Hancock, Dr. Kellogg's neighbor, about one and one half miles on the North, had a brickyard, and from him they bought bricks for a brick oven in the yard, as there were so many to cook for. Mr. Hastie of Penn's Cove did the work. Mrs. Kellogg also made her own soap and candles.

The little California quail were introduced on the Island by Walter Crockett. He had several dozen shipped to him from California. Some years later the larger "Bob White" quail were introduced. Fine large pheasants were already there when the settlers arrived. Deer were plentiful. There were a few large wolves on Whidby Island, but the hunters carried strychnine and when a deer was killed the intestines were poisoned and left in the woods. This soon exterminated the wolves.

When Albert Kellogg was about six years old he was visiting Uncle Charles and Grandma Terry at their home next to the Hugh Crockett place. He called his Grandmother's attention to what he thought was a big dog which he saw going across the field along near the woods, but she said: "No, that is a wolf!"

At that time Island County extended to the British line and included what is now Whatcom, Skagit, Snohomish and San Juan Counties.

The Northern Indians made a practice of stopping to camp at Admiralty Head. They caused the families much worry by their frequent depredations.

In May 1854 there was quite a large encampment of Haidah Indians from the north from Queen Charlotte's Sound, on Whiskey Spit, which is just across the narrow strip of water in front of Port Gamble, and the entrance to the large near-by bay. They had been committing various small depredations, and the Superintendent, Captain Keller, wrote the Governor that he wanted them driven away, so the sailing war vessel Massachusetts, commanded by Captain Swartout, came and anchored in front of the Indian encampment and ordered them to leave. This they positively refused to do, and said they would not go until they got ready.

When Captain Swartout sent a boat of armed marines to drive them off, a large number of armed Indians came down near the water and refused to let them land. On the morning of May 21st the vessel was anchored broadside in front of the camp and opened fire, smashing their canoes, houses and killing some twenty-five or more. The Indians took to the woods and stayed there two or three days, but having nothing to eat they surrendered, and the Captain towed what canoes were seaworthy, and took the rest of them on board his vessel and landed them on Vancouver Island. He left them quite a supply of provisions. After a short time he steamed off to San Francisco and left the settlers of Puget Sound practically helpless.

There were several chiefs of the Indians killed, and they had to have reprisals or (sic) these, which they took from time to time.

August 8th, 1854, there were one or more canoe loads of these Haidah Indians camped in front of Father's home on Admiralty Head, and made inquiries for the "Medicine Man", meaning Father. Fortunately he had been called away to court as a witness, and much against his will kept there for several days. The Indians stayed three days waiting for his return; but tired of waiting, they killed a fine fat calf, running with its mother, and paddled down the shore three miles and camped in front of Col. Isaac Ebey's home.

A young man, Thomas Hastie, who was working for the Colonel, in talking with the Indians, told them what a hias tyee (great man) the Colonel was. Mrs. Ebey had washed that day and left the clothes hanging on the line overnight. Some time after dark, the dogs began barking, and the Colonel thinking the Indians were stealing the clothes, opened the door to go and see. As soon as he opened the door he was shot and killed.

Mrs. Ebey with her two boys and little girl, and Hastie, and a man and his wife by the name of Corliss, went out through a back window and through the woods to Mr. W. B. Engle's, and gave the alarm. He, together with the Hill brothers armed themselves and ran to the Ebey house, but found that the Indians had cut off and taken the head of Colonel Ebey and after ransacking the house had gone, and were off on the water safe from pursuit and punishment.

An agent of the Hudson Bay Co. some time later secured the scalp from the Indians and gave it to a U. S. Customs officer, who sent it to the Ebey family. Colonel Ebey had long black hair.

Some ten or twelve years after the murder, Mother was visiting Mrs. Bozarth, who was a sister of Colonel Ebey, and she showed the scalp lock still retaining the long black hair. It was the only thing of that kind I had ever seen, and I remember it caused cold chills to run over me. It was later interred in the Colonel's grave.

Before this time Mrs. Ebey passed away; also her little daughter. If Father had been home when the Indians were there waiting for him he would undoubtedly have been killed, for a "Medicine Man" was a Tyee with them.

Through the devoted efforts of Frank J. Pratt, Jr., a fine stone monument has been erected to mark the historic donation claim of the martyred founder of Whidby Island civilization, Col. I. N. Ebey, on the historic home grounds, known as "Sunnyside" at Coupeville.

Jacob Ebey, father of Col. Ebey, served in the war of 1812 and the Mexican war.

Col. Ebey won the title of Colonel by leading a company of covered wagons across the plains.

After Colonel Ebey had taken up his donation claim of 640 acres, his father, Jacob Ebey took up an adjoining claim known later as Bozarth's Hill. He built four blockhouses and a stockade in 1856. Ellison Ebey, son of Col. Ebey, was heir to half of his father's donation claim. He owned the homesite where his father was slain. His son, Harold Ebey, rose in prominence in the shipping world in San Francisco during the World War.

Sometime later Father had a Mr. Nesbit and his wife working for him. Mr. Nesbit was very much afraid of Indians and on (sic) several occasions when father was called away from home, Nesbit would insist

that mother take the family and sleep in the woods, and so be safe from a possible night raid by the Indians.

On one occasion when they had done so, and were gathering up the bedding in the morning, the loaded gun which Nesbit had taken along with him and hidden in the blankets was found cocked. If the trigger had been touched some of us might have been killed.

Albert H. Kellogg was born at Admiralty Head March 31, 1855. The next year when his sister Alma was six years old, she and her older sister Florence were chased by a neighbor's angry bull. They had been returning home from the beach. They ran hard and barely escaped the animal. The shock caused Alma's death a few days later.

Dr. Kellogg was away from home at the time. The same animal gored to death a fine horse ridden by Miss Susan Crockett, who had left the animal tied at the gate while she visited the sick child.

In 1857 the Indians were so bad that Dr. Kellogg accepted an offer from the Puget Mill Company to move his family to Port Gamble, as company doctor. Here on November 12, 1857, a daughter, Alice Martha, was born. She became Mrs. Rolland H. Denny of Seattle.

At Port Gamble the family became friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. Race and family. They had come from Australia. Mr. Race was a bookkeeper in the mill company's office. During this time, Dr. Kellogg was elected to the Territorial Legislature at Olympia. Later on he moved his family back to their home at Admiralty Head, but the Nootka Indians were so troublesome that the family moved to the large two-story blockhouse or log fort on the Crockett farm near Crockett's Pond. Several other families were living in the Fort at this time. Florence Kellogg, with the older Crockett Children, George Coupe, Joe Alexander, Phenny Power, Mamie Lysle with the Ebey boys and others attended the first school on Whidby Island. It was a private school taught by Mr. John Wilson Lysle, in a log cabin built by himself, and situated half a mile north of the county road in the Coupe field. Mr. Lysle took up the place and sold it to Captain Coupe. Doctor Kellogg attended Mrs. Lysle during the birth of one of her children. After they moved to Bellingham, she returned to Whidby three times by canoe to be confined under Dr. Kellogg's care. His practical common sense, together with his sympathetic nursing made him much sought after by the sick. He traveled many miles in all kinds of weather by day and night either on horseback or in a canoe. He was first a farmer, then a doctor.

In about 1860 he bought a combined McCormick reaper and mower for which he paid \$400.00. It came "round the Horn" to San Francisco. I think it was the first reaper on Puget Sound.

Father had Mr. Sam Crockett help him put the machine together. When the job was finished Mr. Crockett looked it over, and said: "I don't think it will work." The Crocketts and other farmers raised much timothy hay, and in that section it grows very rank, and was hard to cut with a scythe. When father went one round in the hay field with it, and he had quite a number of interested onlookers, they had no more use for the scythe. The reaper was just as much of a success as the mower, for it left the grain in such nice bundles for the binders. Its introduction greatly increased the acreage of grain raised in that whole section, and father was worked early and late in order to do all the cutting required of him.

Father had a small field situated on the Northwest corner of his farm, and behind a hill which was covered with tall trees, it being quite detached and out of sight of his house.

One year he had this field planted to potatoes. At this time he was cutting grain for Robert Hill, some two miles distant from there, and wanting some extras for his reaper he started just at daybreak to go home for them. Before coming to the field just referred to, he heard a man calling his hogs, of which he had a large

number. Continuing on his way and coming up to the potato field, he found two rails slipped out and a block of wood standing on end, taking the place of the rails, which left a good opening for a hog to enter. When the man got close by with his hogs following, father showed himself and told him in very forcible language what he thought of him. Father said afterwards that he regretted that he had not kept out of sight till the hogs were in the field, and then confronted him, but being in a hurry he acted to precipitately and so lost the opportunity of having (sic) the "goods" on the man. It made bad feeling between the two which lasted for life.

Eventually the hogs got the potatoes and spoiled the crop.

About Christmas time the hogs were killed and taken to Victoria in a sloop. It so happened that a still, warm, foggy spell of weather set in, and the boat was so long making the trip that the meat was spoiled when they arrived at Victoria, and the authorities ordered it taken out in the Straits and thrown overboard, which was done.

When father moved over to Smith's Prairie, and had large fields of grain, he used horses on the reaper, and by the time I was ten years old I used to drive them; but it was no trick, the horses had gotten used to it, and worked so well together that I enjoyed it.

The self binder came several years later. The first reaper required a man to ride the machine and take off the bundles. That was styled a "hand rake". Next in order was the "self rake", which saved a man.

When there was talk of a "self binder" being put on the market, Uncle Charlie Terry said that he didn't believe it could be done. He was nearly in the same class with Mr. Crockett regarding the reaper.

Samuel, John, Hugh, Charles, Walter Jr., sons of Walter Crockett, Sr. were the first to start orchards. Apples were a luxury to the other settlers who did not have fruit trees. When Florence Kellogg taught her brother Albert to repeat the alphabet, their father, Dr. Kellogg, was so pleased that he bought a dozen apples for each of them from Hugh Crockett.

John Crockett's children were S. D. Crockett, Sarah, William, Mary, Georgia, Emma, Lizzie, Harvey and Maggie.

The first church in Island County was built on the Northwest corner of my Uncle Grove Terry's farm, and was about a quarter of a mile south of John Crockett's residence and was paid for by public subscription.

The lumber was purchased of Grennan & Cranney at their mill on Cammano Island at Utsalady, the Indian name for "Land of Berries."

Mr. John Izett gave me the origin for the name. Even before the mill was built there was a scotchman and his wife living on the "spit", who had a friend living at Crescent Harbor, and when he heard that his friends had an heir, took his canoe and paddled over, and upon meeting the father asked whether it was a boy or girl. The happy father replied, "Ut's a laddy, ut's a laddy."

Rev. Geo. F. Whitworth and family were living on the farm now owned by Ralph Engle, and I think he was the first pastor, at least he organized a Presbyterian society of which my mother became a member, though a Baptist first, and later joined the Methodist Church when that church was organized, after Rev. Whitworth had moved to Seattle. Rev. A. C. Fairchilds was the first Methodist pastor, I think. He was a young man from Salem, Oregon, and had been a carpenter before entering the ministry, and that was his first charge. That was in 1864 or 1865.

He taught the first school which was held in our community. It was located about one eighth of a mile north of father's house, in Mr. Kineth's field. The school building was paid for by subscription, and had a fireplace. Mr. Cyrus Cook did the carpenter work, and built the desks as well. This was after he built father's large red barn, which still stands.

Rev. Fairchild became quite a prominent member of the Oregon Conference and was presiding Elder for many years. After he was retired he moved to Los Angeles. Mrs. Fairchild was an invalid for many years. He lived to be ninety-two years old.

Rev. Alderson was the next pastor--an Englishman. He taught our school, and when mother and Florence were in "Frisco", he and his wife kept house for father, Alice and me, and later lived in the old house. He drove over from Oregon with a span of mares, hitched to a spring wagon. One of them came of the George stock, and was a great one to buck when ridden. Captain Holbrook bought her and raised from her some of the finest horses on Whidby; but he never worked any of them himself. Mr. Busby took several horses to Victoria, one of which was a fine young horse he bought of Captain Holbrook. This particular one he sold to a liveryman in that city and warned them that he would be ugly; but was told that they would fix him, etc. They put one of those little English saddles on him and had an English jockey mount him. The horse put his head down between his legs and kicked, throwing the rider over his head, and grabbed him by the back and shook him like a dog would a rat. They got pitchforks and drove the horse off, or he would have killed the rider. Mr. Busby discreetly left at this juncture.

A few years later, father and Mr. Gillespie went to Ashland, Oregon, and bought several horses of Mr. Myers, who was breeding the Coburg strain. He had one sire which came from Canada and which weighed 2,000 pounds. Rev. Todd was our pastor at this time, and had served the church at Ashland, and was quite a friend of Mr. Myers. Mr. Todd had been a sea captain for many years before he went into the ministry.

One of the mares father brought home had been bred to a trotting stallion named Capt. Sligart. She had a male colt which father gave to me. He was a fast trotter and when grown father bought me a two-wheeled sulky, and I used to drive him when attending school on Ebey's Prairie. He proved a valuable sire as well. I sold him to a man on Orcas Island when I quit school and began farming.

In going to Southern Oregon, father went by steamer to Olympia, and by stage to Cowlitz Landing, thence to Portland by steamer, where he took a stage which passed through Salem, thence South. The old stage road ran through Harold Jones' farm, leaving the "red hills" and over several miles of "corduroy" road, which was very bad in winter or high water. Ben Holliday owned the stage line which terminated at Sacramento(sic). Four horses to a stage.

I remember well the first coal oil lamp we had. I couldn't have been more than seven or eight years old. Father brought home a gallon can of kerosene, and a lamp with a glass chimney. Up to this time we had been using tallow candles and lamps carrying two round cotton wicks, in tin tubes side by side, and fastened to the top which screwed into a cylindrical glass lamp, which was filled with dogfish oil. There were oblong slits in the "tubes" by which the wicks were raised, after the coal which formed in the lighted end of the wick had been taken by a pair of "snuffers", which had a receptacle for holding the part removed, and were worked like a pair of shears. One side was "snuffed" at a time so as not to put out the light. These lamps gave a very dim light and smoked more or less, and gave an unpleasant odor.

Tallow candles were made in candle moulds [or] dipped, the former were uniform in size, while the "dipped" candles were tapering. It would take mother three hours or more to dip 120 candles after the wicks were fixed on the sticks, six or eight on a stick, and the tallow was melted in a regular wash boiler, which was partly filled with hot water. The tallow being some six or eight inches deep on the top of the

water. A stick holding the prepared six or eight wicks was lowered into the hot tallow and raised with a sidelong motion and then placed on a frame to drip and cool. By the time the whole number had been "dipped", the first were ready for the second immersion, and so on till the candles had acquired the proper size. These candles had to be "snuffed" same as the oil lamps. Of course in cities, wax was used in place of tallow; but the early settlers didn't have wax. The dogfish oil was rendered from the livers of that fish, and was quite a source of revenue for the Indian squaws. Burning the oil in an open dish by means of a cotton wick or string is still practiced by the Eskimos, I am told, and has been for centuries. I wish I had kept our old cast iron "snuffers."

Before blotting paper came into use, father had a fine mahogany receptacle some two inches in diameter, with a flaring hollow top which was perforated with small holes, about four inches high, which was hollow, with a hole in the bottom through which the fine sand was introduced. This was sprinkled on the wet writing and brushed off when dry.

At about this time we had our first white sugar. It came in a cone shape, some five or six inches in diameter, and eight to ten inches high. It was solid and had to be scraped off before it was in a shape to use. Our sugar and molasses came from the Sandwich Islands. Occasionally an empty molasses barrel would have three or more inches of granulated sugar on its bottom.

A Fourth of July celebration.

In the early '60's a Fourth of July celebration was held in a grove in that Valley, where Eason Ebey's house now stands.

We went over in a lumber wagon, and the road was dusty, and my sister, Florence, who was about fourteen years old, got some dust in her left eye and it seemed impossible to remove it. It swelled so that mother bandaged it with a handkerchief. It was a warm day, but shortly after there sprung up a cold west wind and Florence, being thinly clad, caught a severe cold. By the time we got home her eye was swollen shut.

That summer there had been a smallpox "scare" on the Sound, and father being absent, mother had procured some "vaccine" from a scab of Rev. Whitworth's little daughter Etta. Mrs. Whitworth had a doctor book and kept homeopathic medicines. About July 1st, mother vaccinated her three children. In two or three days Florence's arm was badly inflamed (sic), while Alice's and my arms did not take for some days later. At any rate, Florence's eye became inflamed, her arm inflammation disappeared, and she had no "scab" on her arm as Alice and I had. In a short time her other eye became affected. Two years later, mother took Florence to San Francisco, on a sailing vessel, and had her treated by the best oculist in the city.

Some months previous to this, mother had acquired eye trouble; but not of a serious a nature as Florence's. They took treatment for the summer before returning home; but neither of them was ever cured.

Later Father sent Florence to San Francisco again for treatment, where she remained for two years, and then she married an Englishman, James Thomas, and moved to his fruit farm a few miles from San Jose, where she died September 18, 1871. Mr. Thomas brought her remains to the Island and they were interred in our family plot in Pleasant View Cemetery overlooking Ebey's Prairie and the Straits.

Several years later the celebration on Bozarth's hill was held. There were several United States war vessels in the bay at Port Townsend, and quite a number of the officers, and a company of marines came over, the latter stacked their guns, and one of their number went back and forth of a "beat" till the green

grass was worn out and the ground became dusty. The soldier on duty was relieved every hour or so. It was the first time I had ever seen officers of the Army and Navy in uniform.

It was a big celebration. We had a fine diner, free, of course, and horse racing and music by a marine band, etc., etc. I think there was an oration but I was seeing too much to pay any attention to anything as tame as that. Miss Mae Haller and her cousin Nellie Moore were there from Crescent Harbor, and Major Haller who was keeping store in Port Townsend. The two young ladies rode their horses on a fast gallop over the race course, between races, and Miss Moore's saddle girth parted and she was thrown over her horse's head. The Major who was about "three seas over", said before quite a number collected around Miss Moore, "Cousin Nellie, did you fall gracefully?" And not getting an answer insisted on knowing. It greatly pleased father.

Forty-five or fifty sheep had been shipped from San Francisco to Bellingham Bay for food supplies for the Fraser River gold miners. By the time the ship arrived the gold rush was over and no one would buy the sheep. Dr. Kellogg happened to be on Bellingham Bay at that time and purchased the sheep. The captain of the ship delivered them at Charles Crockett's landing near Admiralty Head. They swam ashore. This marked the beginning of the sheep industry on Whidby Island.

In the late '50's Dr. Kellogg sold ten acres of land at Admiralty Head to the Government for the site of a Lighthouse. He hoped this would furnish protection from the Indians. But he finally moved to Smith's Prairie in 1861 before the Lighthouse was built. He had purchased one hundred and sixty acres of land from J. S. Smith; and one hundred and sixty acres of land from Barrington and Phillips. An addition was built on to a log house already there, and the family moved in.

In 1863 work was begun on a large square two-story house in the old Colonial style. It had a square cupola on top and a large bay window in both the sitting room and parlor. The cost was \$4000. Dr. Kellogg bought the lumber of the Utsalady Lumber Co. on Cammano Island. The only planer they had at that time was devoted to the making of tongue and groove flooring. The siding was 1x6 cedar and had to be planed by hand. All the moulding was made in the same day. Father hired Mr. Van Patten, a fine carpenter, and a brother-in-law of J. R. Williamson, who had a sawmill at Freeport, now West Seattle. Mr. Van Patten was a quick expert workman.

In the back yard there was a log some two feet in diameter, and four or five feet long. Father dug out a basin, some fifteen inches long, 6 inches wide and ten inches deep. In this he hung his grindstone which was 16 inches in diameter. Mr. Van Patten used his planes and similar tools so much that he had constant use of the grindstone.

One Sunday, Mr. Van Patton went down to the Straits of Juan de Fuca, two miles from our house. Walking along the beach two miles east of the lighthouse on Admiralty Head, he found a short plank four feet long, three or four inches thick and twelve or sixteen inches wide, left by the tide. It was a dark, fine-grained wood which took a fine polish. Mr. Van Patten, or Mr. Van as we called him, pulled it up on shore, and we went down later with a team and brought it home. When it was thoroughly dry he cut it up and made a fine table, which is still in the family.

Father paid Van Patton \$5.00 a day with his room and board. People at that time thought it an outrageous wage; but he would do as much work as two ordinary carpenters. He frequently worked twelve hours a day. This house and Mr. John Crockett's were the finest residences in Island County. It was burned some years ago when owned by Mr. John LeSourd. There was a deep porch across the entire front, and open fireplaces in four of the rooms on the first floor.

"In the spring of the late Sixties" Mother took sister Florence to San Francisco to have her eyes treated. While there she bought Florence a Hallet & Davis piano, for which she paid \$400 and brought it home with other household furnishings. It was the first one I had ever seen. A year or two before this Mr. S. B. Crockett made his brother, John Crockett's girls a present of one. It was the first piano in Island County. Several years later Charles Phillips bought a Chickering for his wife. It cost \$700.

I think it was in 1870 that a County Fourth of July Celebration was held in Crescent Harbor. Rather than drive around, we hired a large canoe and had a pleasant ride of six or eight miles.

Mother's cousin, Edgar Vrooman, and Charles Kineth accompanied us. I think the Kineth family had not returned from Portland, where they had been living for several years. Mr. Kineth owned and operated a feed store in that city while there.

There were a number of Indian families living on Penn's Cove in front of Captain Swift's place. Billie Barlow was the head man of the settlement, and was a smart Indian. Once when crossing the "Cove" to Coupeville with a load of potatoes, with his squaw and little boy, the Westerly wind suddenly sprang up and the water kept slopping over into his canoe, and owing to the canoe being so heavily loaded it was about to sink. He called to his wife to take a paddle and hold on to the boy. He sprang up on one side of the canoe and tipped it over, spilling the potatoes. After righting it he baled it out; then they went on their way minus the potatoes.

At Oak Harbor there was an Indian settlement of which Tom Squiqui was head man. He and Billie Barlow were far from friends. Tom had a mustache and heavy black whiskers, something unusual for an Indian. He had killed several Indians it was said.

Major Haller had a supply of liquors hidden in a thick clump of brush, and the Indians watched Haller take Captain Swift, Loveland and others there several times, so between times the Indians made visits there and helped themselves, and got pretty full and ugly. (I neglected to say that the Indians were there in full force). I happened to be near Tom and Billie, who were having a heated argument, when Tom pulled out a pistol and was about to shoot Billie. I made myself scarce, but father caught Tom's arm when Mrs. Tom said: "Wake Mesachie, halo polalie, halo polalie". Suspecting trouble on the way over she had unloaded Tom's pistol. He snapped it several times in Billie's face but without doing any damage.

Captain Barrington said that if Billie had been killed they would have immediately hung Squiqui; but that would have been a poor way of ending a "liberty" party.

"Wake Mesachie" meant 'not dangerous', and "halo polachie" 'no powder.'

When the fog horn could be heard across on the Port Townsend side Billie Barlow would say that Uncle Sam's bull was "bellering".

There were large wooden crosses on the William Engle farm and on the Alexander place in Coupeville. The Whidby Island Indians belonged to the Skagit tribe. Their largest encampments were at Snaklin Point, at Long Point, near Coupeville, on Swift's Beach at Oak Harbor and at Skagit Head. Chief Snaklin had two wives. Near the end of the Crockett farm were several long slim cedar poles, used by the Indians for catching ducks. They fastened nets eight or ten feet wide and twenty feet long to the poles. The ducks flew against them after dark.

A great potlatch was held at Long Point. \$&00 worth of groceries, blankets and clothes were given away. The host would call the name of a friend, make a speech and offer a gift. Then the recipient made a speech of gratitude and enumerated the many fine characteristics of the giver. Several hours intervened

between gifts. All were happy and expectant. In this case the host was a seal hunter, who had been lucky at Cape Flattery the summer before.

The storekeeper at Bailey's Bay near the south end of Whidby Island was killed. An upper Skagit Indian was blamed. Captain Hathaway, the sheriff, went to arrest him. He was barricaded in his house. They entered by force and one white man was killed. Others had bullet holes in their clothes before the murderer was killed. Dr. Kellogg dressed the hand of the man who lost a finger.

Captain B. P. Barstow had a store on the west side of Penn's Cove. His brother-in-law, Samuel Libbey, took up a claim on the north shore across from Penn's Cove. Captain Barstow made him a present of a fine double-barreled shot gun, which stood in the corner of his kitchen. One day a number of transient Indians called on him. After they left, the gun was missing. Mr. Libbey ran after them but by the time he reached the beach, they were leaving in their canoes. An Indian shot a bullet over his head. Mr. Libbey lost his gun.

In January 1872 mother took me to Seattle, and introduced me to Prof. J. H. Hall, president of the University of Washington, with whom I was to board and room in the old--then empty--dormitory, save for three rooms occupied by boys attending school. I roomed with Howard Weston until mother sent me bedding, stove, etc. Prof. Hall had some forty pupils in his room, and his lady assistant about an equal number in the lower grade. I think the population of the City was about 1500.

The old side-wheeler steamer J. B. Libbey made a weekly trip to Whatcom. I think my class was about the grade of the present eighth in grammar school. Prof. Hall was certainly a splendid teacher, especially in mathematics, but owing to his dissipated habits this was his last year.

That spring the Seattle and Walla Walla road built a coal dock at the foot of Pike street with a steep incline to the street above, on which a narrow-gauge railroad was laid, and continued on down to Lake Union, where the locomotive and coal cars were to be taken across that lake, and over the narrow strip of land between that and Lake Washington, thence across that body of water on a large scow, towed by the stern wheeler steamer Addie, and up another steep incline where another locomotive hauled the cars to the Newcastle Coal mines, which were several miles distant.

Coal from the mines was shipped over this road in 1872, which was continued for many years, till the road was built out through Renton to the mines. On this latter road, which was built under the management of J. M. Colman, the people all turned out on two occasions and helped grade the road bed. I remember having blistered hands from using a pick and shovel. Of course a fine dinner was provided.

When the first locomotive was on the track on Pike Street the engineer got up steam first on a Saturday, and when he was ready to start, another boy and I climbed on the cowcatcher, and rode up and down the tracks for a short distance. We claimed the honor of being on the first locomotive in the State of Washington, when it turned its first wheels. Coal was shipped over this road for many years to San Francisco and other ports.

Later, Henry Villard, through his Oregon Improvement Company, had acquired the Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad, and all of its interest paying \$350,000 for the road and the Company's land holdings, and \$750,000 for the coal mines, reached by it. This included the Green River mines, etc., as well. This transfer was made in 1883. The Seattle and Walla Walla railroad was started with the hope of building it across the mountains, but did not make it.

Smith's Prairie produced the best milling wheat on Whidby Island. It was the main crop of Cyrus Cook, John Kineth and Dr. Kellogg. In 1877 he planned a trip for his health to the "Sandwich Islands". He took

twenty-five tons of potatoes and a quantity of apples and pears in Captain Thomas Kinney's schooner to Port Gamble, where they were transferred to a sailing vessel, loaded with lumber for Honolulu. He took passage on the same ship. His produce was sold at high prices. In the spring he returned with a draft of \$1,000 for Albert for the potatoes he had raised.

Masters of ocean-going vessels had little respect for inland boatmen. They were always spoken of as "sea captains". A majority of the leading settlers of Whidby were "sea captains". Prominent among them were such names as Captain Eli Hathaway, Captain Holbrook, Captain Morse, Captain Edward Barrington, Captain Howard Lovejoy, Captain Thomas Coupe, Captain Thomas Kinney, Captain P. B. Barstow, Captain Robert C. Faye.

Owing to the frequent return to Whidby of these captains with their ships from the great ports of the world, the Island settlers were kept supplied with modern clothes, furniture and farm equipment, while the inland pioneers found these things prohibitive owing to the difficulties of transportation. Thus Whidby Island was a very progressive community even in the earliest times.

A Pioneer Wedding on Whidby Island

November 1, 1877, Alice M. Kellogg, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Kellogg, was married to Rolland H. Denny, son of A. A. Denny of Seattle. The wedding party left Seattle on Captain Billy Williamson's steamer "Favorite" at six a. m. arriving at Snaklin Point at 1:00 p. m.

The guests were driven to the family home on Smith's Prairie. Rev. Mr. McGill performed the ceremony. Flora Engle played the wedding march on the piano. Miss Eliza Chambers of Olympia was bridesmaid and Mark Ward of Seattle was best man.

Mrs. Keene, a dressmaker from San Francisco, made the trousseau and assisted with the wedding preparations. Guests from Seattle were Belle Payne Thomas, Flora Payne, Mrs. A. A. Denny, Miss Lenora Denny, Miss Gertie Boren, Myra Carr, Charles Denny, Wilson Denny, Mark Ward, Mr. Hughes and Rev. Nickerson. Miss Addie Chambers, Miss Eliza Chambers and Mrs. White were from Olympia.

Island guests included Mr. and Mrs. F. Race, Mr. and Mrs. John Kineth, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. William Engle, Mrs. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gage, Miss Emma Crockett and Miss Mary Robertson, girlhood friends of the bride; Charles Terry and wife; Grove Terry and wife; Mr. and Mrs. James Gillespie.

After the ceremony a sumptuous dinner, under the supervision of the bride's mother, was served. The Seattle guests with the bride and groom left the Island about dark with a head wind blowing, reaching the city about 1:00 A. M. The happy young couple began housekeeping in their new home, the second square house built in Seattle. It was situated on the corner of Front and Union streets.

When the Northern Pacific Railroad tunnel was completed through the Cascade Mountains the company gave an excursion East. Dr. and Mrs. Kellogg took advantage of this opportunity to visit friends they had not seen since 1852. They also tried to locate the tavern and farm which had been offered to them in trade at that time, but the City of Chicago extended miles beyond this farm.

Dr. Kellogg was elected to the Convention in the Legislature which drafted the Constitution for the new State of Washington in 1889.

Mrs. Kellogg died at the family home in Seattle January 9th, 1891, and was buried in Sunnyside Cemetery.

Dr. Kellogg died in Seattle August 31, 1902. Flags at half mast along the waterfront at Coupeville and on the steamer conveying the funeral cortege paid silent tribute to this true pioneer. A large gathering of his old neighbors and friends attended the burial services at Sunnyside Cemetery. For forty years Dr. Kellogg was actively identified with the best interests of Whidby Island.

Additional Note

Dr. J. C. Kellogg served as assistant engineer on a government survey in Southern waters under Captain Raphael Semmes in 1841. (We spelled it Simms in earlier chapters). The Captain later became an Admiral in the Southern Confederacy.

Maria Vrooman Terry was the daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Sammons Vrooman. Her grandfather Sammons started the first salt mines at Syracuse, N. Y. (at that time called Geades).