

# **“STORIES OF MY FAMILY”**

## **From the private papers of**

### **RAYMOND BEVANS**

**August 1982**

This collection of stories of my family owes its existence to a letter written December 29, 1981 from Mrs. Daphne Ramsey of P. O. Box 273, Stevenson, Washington. Mrs. Ramsey wrote to me on December 29, 1981, saying in part:

“The Skamania County Historical Society is trying to get histories of the older families that lived in Skamania County and I suggested that they try to get histories of the Bevans and Nix families. I talked to Edna and Ellen and they said they would try and get something together but I remembered that you have always been very much interested in the history of Skamania County and your family and I wondered if you would be willing to have an interview with Ivan Donaldson who has a tape recorder and has done interviews with many of the old timers. I told him that you lived quite a distance from Stevenson but he said he would like to come and see you. The weather being what it is at this time of the year he probably would not come until later on but they are going to put out a quarterly in March and it would be nice if it could be in that issue.”

“I am enclosing a letter that I wrote to you before I learned that Ivan would be willing to come up and interview you and I asked you some things that I have always wanted to know so jot them down if you know the answers . . .”

Mrs. Ramsey’s enclosed letter asked a number of questions about the Nix and Bevans families who were people who had come to Skamania County very early. She said she had contacted Ellen Nix Richards (my cousin) who said she would talk to Lida Nix Douglas and Edna Main (my cousins). One question Mrs. Ramsey had was about the Kanaka cemetery on Kanaka Creek. She understood that it was Teios and Peikos that were buried there and that the old grandfather Cowlippi is still buried there but that for some reason most of them were moved. In the Stevenson Cemetery there are Johnny and his daughter Alice, Frank and Carrie Peiko and Emma Martineau, whose mother was a Teio. The old Bevans cemetery shows signs of someone being moved.

I think the old Kanaka Creek Cemetery was part of the old Stevenson Cemetery and the the part my grandmother, Samanta Walton, reserved for the Bevans family.

Numerous Indians were buried on the hill west of the old Bevans home. A

Garwood and numerous other Whites and Indians were buried in the old Bevans plat. Some of the Bevanses in the old Bevans plat have not been moved.

Mrs. Ramsey thought all these people died before 1900, some as early as 1880, and she did not think my grandmother gave the land for the cemetery that early. Mrs. Ramsey thought these were the people who were moved there by John Anderson who was a friend of the Kanaka people.

She thought my grandmother must have given the land about 1901. I do not know when my grandmother gave the land. Stevenson Records should give this information. I have heard of the Teios and I have heard of the Kanaka family, mostly things my Grandmother, Samantha Walton Bevans, told me. The Tieos sold their farm to the Lillegards, north of my grandfather Taylor's farm where Stevenson High School sits now.

Another question Mrs. Ramsay asked was if I had any knowledge of a person by the name of Adeline Elizabeth Call who died at Nelson Creek near Stevenson on May 11, 1901? I have no information about this person. Mrs. Ramsey wrote that she was supposedly buried in a little cemetery near Stevenson (the old Bevans Cemetery). She was called Grandma Call and lived with the Babcock family on the old George Nix place. (George Nix was my uncle.) Her maiden name was Harmon.

Mrs. Ramsey went on to say the Richards and Walker families should be written about. Mr. Sam Richards and Mr. Clarence Walker were my uncles.

Mrs. Ramsey's letter encouraged me to put together a number of stories about my family and their life in this area. I have put them together to the best of my ability and memory.

I was born June 11, 1900 on the Old Stackhouse Place northeast of the Old Bevans Farm on Nelson Creek east of Stevenson, Washington. My father was Oscar Bevans and my mother was Daisy Taylor Bevans. My grandparents were William Bevans and Samantha Walton Bevans and Dempsey Taylor and Loyna Johnson Taylor. My Great-Grandfather Bevans is buried in Bevans, New Jersey. My Great-Grandmother Bevans is buried in a cemetery between Medicine Lodge and Kiowa, Kansas. My grandparents, William and Samantha Walton Bevans are buried on the Bevans Ranch east of Stevenson.

Old timers Molly and Bent Geer owned the Stackhouse Place in later years. They had a demijohn of wine which I sampled when I was very small. (It tasted good.) When my sister Della was being born, I peeked in the window. My mother had Mrs. Geer bring me into the bedroom. My mother spanked me and I never peeked any more. The rumor went around the community that Bent Geer was some sort of a fugitive from the Army or something similar.

My father, Oscar Bevans, homesteaded timberland just a little northeast of the old Bent Geer Farm northeast of Stevenson. I was very small then. My dad killed a deer

for meat. He came home after dark, and stuck the head and horns up to the window. I saw it and it scared the Devil out of me.

My dad was a heavy drinker. He was a good-hearted man when sober but wanted to fight when drinking. My mother used to wait for hours in the buggy for him to come out of the saloon in Stevenson. There were two saloons, an Inman and a Pete Peterson below the tracks. We kids were afraid of our dad, too. He told us if he ever caught us stealing he would beat us half to death. We knew that was exactly what he would do. One time he took me to Stevenson. He got drunk with some other fellows. They decided to sleep on straw in my Grandmother and Grandfather's old Bevans Farm home. I nearly froze that night. This was about 1907 and I was six or seven years old.

About 1906 the Northern Pacific SP&S cut my Grandmother's place in two. In blasting the cuts through my Grandmother's firm, sixteen Italian workers were killed by a large blast. They hauled them all in a big box to Stevenson. Men's lives weren't very valuable in those days. I have never forgotten seeing the big box. We went down to Columbia River Bluffs and hid behind rocks when the contractors set off the large blasts in the cuts.

We went to Nelson Creek School. When playing we kids would swing from tree to tree like monkeys. We were good at it.

Charley Sweeney dared me to do a dirty trick at school. I was expelled from school for one week. The teacher whipped me and my dad whipped me. I needed it.

About 1911, I had a nice dog which would tree native pheasants. We had many nice messes of pheasants and once in a while a grouse. Fish boats got overloaded with salmon. They gave the surplus to the natives. I packed many salmon to my mother and she canned them.

When I was about 10 to 14 years old I cleaned sawdust from sawmill chains. I got \$1.00 per day. When I was 12 or 13 years old I greased skids for \$1.00 per day. I got \$1.00 a day and dinner for Cook and Dunne Loggers greasing skis on logging roads`

Convicts from the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla, Washington built the first road around the Cascades. I hunted and fished at Four Lakes near the honor camp down by the Bridge of the Gods. I ate my dinner there many times. They had good meals. I knew Jerry Wright and Mr. Sly, Attorneys at Stevenson. Convict George Burrell let me sleep with him at Bonneville Hot Springs.

My Uncle, Clarence Walkerm, was a sheriff of Skamania County and hung a man for shooting his sweetheart's friend through a window in a Stevenson dance hall. A lot of people at Stevenson wanted the murderer to escape and he was given numerous chances to escape but he was finally hanged. Clarence Walker, who was my uncle, kept the knot. Aunt Lilah and the rest of the family were mad at him for keeping the knot. (My mother told me this.) My Uncle Bert built the coffin for the murderer. In later years the Skamania County Pioneer gave the names of people involved. This report was some time ago.

My dad sold his homestead timber claim north of the old Stackhouse (Bent Geer) farm and went to The Dalles and bought us kids some good clothes and took off to Kansas. Grandpa's nephew, Sherman Bevans, told my dad to get us kids back to mother. We stopped at Cripple Creek, Colorado mines. Herman was smoking!

Tom Royce shot a grouse head off at the top of a fir tree on an out-of-season hunting spree.

The Taylor brothers, my uncles, helped build Cascade Locks. I lived there a short time at Cascade Locks. (One time I hit a kid in the head with a rock — accidentally.) I went to school at Cascade Locks for a short time.

One time on a fishing trip up Rock Creek, a she-bear with cubs took after my dad and my brother Herman and me. My dad told us kids to run (which we did). He stopped the bear by beating on a log with his fishing pole.

There were many rattlesnakes on the Dufer Line Northeast of The Dalles. When I lived there with my stepdad, Marion Allen, and my mother on the farm, my sister, Della, nearly stepped on a small rattlesnake at the barn. I jumped over one crawling across the road when I was bringing the cows in to milk. (This happened at The Dalles about 1908.)

At The Dalles I packed Lela Egbert's dinner pail to school. She rode a horse and I walked three miles. Later, my mother made her pack her own lunch pail on the horse.

I wore holes in a new pair of overshoes skating on ice. My stepdad Marion Allen bought them for me. I surely thought I was going to get a whipping for that. I didn't.

I lived in the Stevenson area until I was 14 years old. There was no stories about Big Foot and so I think it is a myth.

My brother Herman played hookey to work with George Lambden, an old-time sheep man at Touchet.

Aunt May Inman was good to my mother and all the kids.

About 1910 high line and railroad logging with special engines were taking the place of horses. I was planning on lying about my age so I could be a whistle punk. (You had to be 18.)

Grandmother Loyna Johnson Taylor and Grandfather Dempsey Taylor left Wyoming on account of the sheep and cattlemen's war. She said she did not want to raise her children in such turmoil.

Grandmother Loyna Johnson Taylor's brother was killed because another man wanted his wife and his body was found in a swamp.

This was before the 1880's. They came to Stevenson with an ox and a mule as a team. Grandfather Taylor fought in the Indian Wars. I have his pension papers which show he was in the Cheyenne, Arapaho, Kiowa and Comanche campaigns. My Grandfather Taylor owned two farms — one west of Stevenson at Blue Lake and a small one where the high school now is. (I sold it to the school district at Stevenson for \$10,000 in about 1950.)

In 1915, when I was 15 years old, I took a trip to Touchet, Washington (west of Walla Walla). A friend rowed me across the Columbia River in May of 1915 after a man got me a job in harvest for two old-time wheat farmers, Mr. Buckley and Mr. Alderman. I earned \$2.50 per day plus board. This was after I had worked for \$1.00 and \$1.50 per day cleaning out around chains in the sawmill and greasing skids in the woods. This was for Herman Cook and John Dunne, old-time horse loggers. I also fired a boiler at night for a planer mill on the old Joe Handrub place north of Stevenson (near my mother's home).

At least four of my lawyers have become judges in Walla Walla and Umatilla Counties. They are Judge James Mitchell and Judge John Tuttle in Walla Walla County and Judge Kaye and Judge Olsen in Umatilla County.

My wife, Alice Swegle Bevans, was afraid of Indians. One big buck at the Whitman Mission walked into the Swegle home when Alice was a small girl. He didn't knock. He had braids and wore a large hat. Alice's dad said the Indians picked lots of choke cherries along the Walla Walla River and Mill Creek on the Swegle farm at Whitman.

My mother once had a dance at our mountain home at Stevenson., We kids found a beer cache in our spring creek and we stole it. We nearly got whipped by a group of big kids. An Irishman named Joe Barrett defended us and stopped them. Next day we found an old isolated skid road and drank the beer.

I once had a hired man named Chris Rake. One day the police called me as he was at the Wagon Wheel in the Marcus Whitman Hotel in Walla Walla and was showing off by buying drinks for everyone at the bar with \$50 bills. The bartender got suspicious because a robbery had been committed at Walla Walla and he called the police. The police thought he was the robber as he had so many \$50 bills. When the police called me I told them Lutchers had cashed his check, and paid him off in \$50 bills (or large bills).

Mike Haggerty, a runaway boy, stayed with Alice and I. He went to school at Umapine High. He became valedictorian of his class at Umapine. We got permission from Judge Sturgis, Pendleton and Butte, Montana juvenile departments for him to stay with us. He surely was a nice boy.

Recently an old army gun with bayonet was stolen from the attic of my old house behind a padlocked door. My dad gave this gun to me.

I have numerous old guns from the Bevans and the Taylor families plus old guns from my wife's Swegle side. I also have two old foot burner plows which my Grandfather Taylor had on the old Taylor farm before 1900 at Stevenson.

My uncles and aunts were John Bevans (Walter, Wade and Glen's dad), Bill Bevans, Al Bevans, Bert Bevans, and Bruce Bevans. (Oscar Bevans was my dad.) On the Taylor side were Uncles Mick Taylor, Dennis Taylor, George Taylor, and Isaac Taylor. (My mother was Daisy Taylor Bevans Allen.) My aunts were Hattie Nix, Nora

Nix, Laura Lynott, and Katie Clark. These were my father's sisters. My Taylor aunts were Media Richards, Delilah Walker. My uncles by marriage were Sam Richards and Clarence Walker. Clarence Walker knew a lot of Stevenson history and was a relative of the Grenia family who were old-timers around Camas and Bonneville.

I worked on a large wheat ranch from 1916 to 1919. It was owned by men named Bowman and Maurer. They were very good to me.

I married my wife Alice in the old Swegle home which was built on the site of the house where the Whitman Massacre took place. Alice's father was Marion Willard Swegle. An eight-acre tract was deeded to the public in 1897. This tract included the Whitman grave and Monument Hill. In November 1897, the Whitman Monument was dedicated. This was the fiftieth anniversary of the Massacre. Later the title was conveyed to the United States Department of the Interior. The government had bought more Swegle land.

Irish, English, Swedish, Norwegian were early settlers in the Stevenson, Washington area. Most of these settlers liked their whiskey and you didn't need to say many cross words to get yourself a fight. I met an Alvic (Aalvik) in later years and he told me he did not know whether he could whip me now and he still seemed to have a fight on his mind.

I was the last president of the old Hudson Bay Telephone Company before the Bell System took over from the Umapine/Stateline area to Walla Walla.

I remember a log chute killed a man east of Stevenson. They only found his shoe. This was between the Jeff Nix farm and Nelson Creek near the mountains. Once my dad had a logging team at a chute east of Stevenson. One horse broke his leg and my mother said my dad cried.

My grandmother, Loyna Johnson Taylor, had a brother who was killed in Wyoming. She said she did not want to raise her children in such an area and so Grandfather and Grandmother Taylor immigrated to Stevenson about 1880. They came through the Pendleton area. Grandmother and Grandfather later separated. She and her sons immigrated to Canada. Neither ever remarried.

My Uncle, John Bevans, disappeared at a time he was supposed to have a lot of money with him. His boat was found below Cascade Rapids but his body was never found. He had three sons — Walter, Wade and Glen. Aunt Ruby Foster Bevans was their mother.

When my Grandfather and Grandmother Taylor came to Stevenson they had a wagon with one ox and one mule.

My dad worked in a gold mine in Cripple Creek, Colorado in 1906. This was after he took us kids to the old Sherman Bevans farm between Kiowa and Medicine Lodge, Kansas.

The post office was in the old Bevans farm east of the Stevenson waterfront. My Aunt Nora showed me the exact spot. I dug up some old lead bullets there.

In Stevenson Aunt May Iman was the wife of saloon keeper Lou Iman. Their saloon was down on the waterfront. She was good to all kids and down-and-outers.

There used to be a water power grist and saw mill on the east side of Nelson Creek at Stevenson. I played around the mill many times. This was east of the Bevans farm.

Leo Moore packed my brother Herman and I from the old Stackhouse farm (later owned by Bent Geer). Each of us was in a gunny sack over his shoulders. This was in 1906. There was deep snow. He took us from the old Stackhouse farm to the Moore farm on Nelson Creek.

One time Mr. Stackhouse got a letter with a drawn stack of hay and a drawn house on the envelope. He got the letter!

Sam Richards, my uncle, stayed with my Grandfather Dempsey Taylor at the Taylor farm where the Stevenson High School is now. They both died there. Uncle Sam Richards was a veteran and he stayed with my Grandfather Taylor, who was a veteran of the Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Kiowa and Comanche Campaigns. I have his old Colt pistol and pension papers. Granddad Taylor was also a strong Mason. I have his old sword and emblems.

From my recollection there were two Johnson men when I was a kid. One was crippled and his name was Henry Johnson. Another Johnson was a big man, light complexion. They were both about 50 years old in 1914. They were no relation to each other.

One of my Grandfather Bevans' brothers died in the Civil War. I believe his name was Cyrus. He was C. A. Bevans' dad. C. A. Bevans lived in Alaska. We had heard he had gone to Alaska but no one knew where. Aunt Nora Nix said her cousin Brenda Jepson of Hurricane, Utah, told her if you wrote to the Chief of Police in Juneau, Alaska, and asked the Chief of Police he could tell where anyone in Alaska was located.

I wrote the Chief. I got a nice letter right back that he was in the General Merchandise and Fishing Gear business at Hoonah, Alaska. He had two daughters. I wrote to Charley about 40 years ago. He replied and said I was the first Bevans he had heard from in over 30 years. His two daughters wrote to my daughters. Charley Bevans was a real fancy writer. In fact he was so fancy I could hardly read his writing. My daughter Delora and I still have his letters. Charley sent my two daughters Delora and Lois each a pair of Eskimo beaded moccasins. They still have them.

Charles Bevans, in one of his letters, told me that when he went across Montana, Idaho and Washington, he was just three jumps ahead of the Vigilantees. (He was a witty old guy.) Delora asked him why the Vigilantees were after him and he said it was because he could not sing good enough. I have a letter from Rex Beach to Charley Bevans It's in this folder. I also have a book, *Goldsmith of Nome*, written by Sam C. Dunham about Alaska. There are a lot of Charley Bevans' comments in this book.

The Bevans family started scattering from Bevans, New Jersey, to Peoria County,

Illinois, Montana, Salem, Oregon and Skamania County; Kansas; Ohio. We visited Addison Bevans in 1956, plus other Bevans relations at Bevans, New Jersey.

My Grandfather, William Bevans, sold his farm at Kiowa, Kansas, to Sherman Bevans, his brother. Charley Bevans, his son, still owned the farm in 1976. His daughter Marguerite and his adopted son still own it. His adopted son was a nephew of Joe Handrub, an old-time immigrant from Kansas to Stevenson. Joe Handrub was a relation of the Sweeneys.

He farmed about three miles north of Stevenson. I worked for him weeding garden when I was a kid. Mrs. Sweeney was Joe Handrub's sister. A lot of the first people in Stevenson were from Kansas.

I lived with the Royces on Rock Creek about one year. Tom Royce took me fishing up Rock Creek. We stayed all night at Pete Peterson's cabin and fished down Rock Creek. Tom caught 125 trout and I caught 60. Tom was a good hunter, too.

The Gray family were old timers. I believe Mr. Gray was an old-time judge. My Uncle Bert married Mabel Gray. They had four children: Irene, Isabel, Margaret and Billy Bevans. Billy was a World War I veteran and is buried at the Stevenson Cemetery in the Bevans plot. The only cemeteries I know of are the old Bevans Cemetery where numerous Bevans and Nixes, one Garwood, a boat captain and numerous Indians are buried and the old County Cemetery downstream from the site of the old Bevans home. I also knew about the Iman Cemetery northwest of Stevenson. The old Bevans Cemetery is near the old Bevans home. My Aunt Nora Bevans Nix pinpointed some of the graves in the old Bevans home plot. Many old timers including Bevanses are buried in the old County Cemetery.

I got my mother a job cooking for Rogers Brothers, well drillers and farmers, at Touchet, Washington, about 1916. Later she bought an apartment house in Walla Walla.

As I said before, when I was a kid, the settlers were mostly Irish, English, Scotch, Welsh, Swedes, Norwegians, Germans with quite a few part-Indian people. My mother worked for a Mrs. St. Martin at the Springs. She was a girl at the time. A family named Kales went back to England so their child could be born there.

E. C. Hamilton, an old time teacher in Skamania County, was one of the best teachers I ever knew. He taught all eight grades and as many as 20 to 30 kids. He did not hesitate to use a little hazel oil when needed. He blistered my rear once. I needed it. Mr. Hamilton taught at the Richards, Skaar, Handrub and Harris Coverdale School. I was Janitor and swept the floor and built the fire. I was paid \$4.00 a month but it looked like a million to me.

I also went to school just east of the old Bevans place. I believe this was known as the Nelson Creek School and was near the Jeff Nix farm east of Nelson Creek. I believe the Douglas family lived there in later years. Edna Main, Ellen Richards and Edith Iman McCafferty would remember.

When I was small, an Englishman immigrated to Stevenson. He cut wood by the



cord. He fell heir to a large sum of money from England. He bought himself a Ford car and hired a chauffeur. He did not cut any more wood. I don't remember his name but he was a friend of the Frank Kales family.

Most of my memories in the Stevenson are from about 1906 until the spring of 1915. I left Stevenson on the Union Pacific to go to Touchet, Washington. I had a pack on my back and a suitcase and \$10.00 my mother gave me to buy a ticket. I get tired of sobsisters and bleeding hearts saying kids under 16 should not have to work. I worked some since I was 10 years old and work never hurt me.

My Grandfather, Dempsey Taylor, originally owned a small farm at Blue Lake, west of Stevenson. My mother's brothers also homesteaded land in the Red Bluff area in Stevenson area. Uncle George, Uncle Mick and Uncle Dennis Taylor worked on building the old Cascade Locks. They and Uncle Isaac and my grandmother, Loyna Taylor, immigrated to Canada and owned land there near Oroville, Washington and Nighthawk and Osyoos, Canada. Uncle Isaac later came back to Camas and married and had a son, Woodrow, and a daughter, Iris. Both live near Camas.

Some descendants of Uncle John Bevans and Ruby Foster Bevans Moore are Walter Bevans, who lives at Stevenson (he has a deed that he owns part of the old Bevans place), and Wade Bevans, who lives at White Pass, Washington. He was superintendent of the White Pass Division of the Washington State Highway Department. He was the first superintendent to keep the pass open all winter. I have an old newspaper article commending him on a job well done. Glen Bevans lived at Stevenson most of his life and worked for the P.U.D. many years. I am proud of all three of them.

I went to school with Frank Daubenspect at a small school on Nelson Creek, east of Stevenson. In later years he became an owner of a large logging company. He started from scratch and became a millionaire. I remember he was sure a good kid.

Florence Nix Foster, my cousin, was a good woman. When she was a kid on the old Nix Farm east of Stevenson she taught Gus Melonas, a Greek immigrant SPS&R employee, to read and write. He later became wealthy.

Charley Bevans, who lived at Hoonah, Alaska, told me in one of his letters that if I wrote "to the meanest man in Alaska" he would get it. I had a couple of newspaper articles about him, both nice articles.

I have a picture of the Old Court House and Skamania County Pioneer Building. My Aunt, Nora Bevans Nix, and my Taylor uncles were pictured at the old building. The picture was published in the Pioneer. My Aunt Nora Bevans Nix had loaned the old picture to me and I had it reproduced and loaned it to the Pioneer and the Pioneer published it.

Madame Schumann-Heink sang at the Keylor Grand Theater in Walla Walla about 1918. I heard her. She had boys fighting for both Germany and the U.S. at that time. She was a large-bosomed, well-proportioned woman with tremendous lung

capacity. The building quivered when she sang.

The Old Richards, Nix, Bevans, Handrub, Sweeney, and Taylor families controlled a lot of land in Skamania County. Most of these old families came from Barbara County in Kansas, near Medicine Lodge and Kiowa, Kansas. Charley Bevans of Kiowa, Kansas, raised Joe Handrub's nephew. He later gave the old Bevans ranch to his daughter, Marguerite, and Joe Handrub's nephew.

Some of the many old timers I knew before I was 14 years old in 1914 were Joe Barrett, Wessels, Imans, E. P. Ash, the Doumitts, Royces, Lillegards, Aalviks, Skaars, Moors. Up Nelson Creek were Molly and Bent Geer and Dr. Avary. There were also the Douglas family, the Hughes family, E. C. Hamilton (one of the best teachers I ever knew), the Hazards, Lindsays, and Lizzie Fields. I stayed with her when I was a small kid.

I worked for Herman Cook and John Dunne. Ike Foster farmed approximately where Hegewald Mill stood. There was a lady farmer on the mountain between the Moor Farm and Sam Richards' farm. The St. Martins and Baughmans were real old-timers.

Monroe Vallet was an old timer. His son, Bud, immigrated to the Walla Walla Valley. He worked on many farms in the Valley. He died several years ago and is buried at Walla Walla. Bud worked many times for me. I believe Bud's mother was an Iman.

Dewey Hapgood immigrated up here and worked for Whitman College for many years. He passed away several years ago.

When I was a kid liquor was the downfall of a lot of the old timers. Nowadays they call it a disease. I never drank very much.

The Sawyer family lived near the Richards farm. My Aunt, Uncle Al Bevans' wife, lived in Portland. She once told me she had something I would like to have. It was a large Remedy Sheet originally owned by my Great-grandfather, James F. Bevans, who was a veterinary surgeon. I have the original and photo-copies. He also doctored people, my aunt said. Uncle Al Bevans ran an employment office in Portland about 1900.

The Bevans family is descended from Evan Bevans, a Revolutionary War veteran who is buried at Bevans, New Jersey. We visited Addison Bevans and a Bevans who worked for the County at Bevans, New Jersey. We also visited his aunt, whose maiden name was Bevans and his father and mother. They were old people in 1965.

From Bevans, New Jersey, the Bevans scattered to Peoria County, Illinois; Montana; Hoonah, Alaska; Ohio; Barbara County, Kansas, Kiowa and Medicine Lodge, Kansas; Skamania County, Washington; and Salem, Oregon. Daisy M. Bevans was a legislator at Salem. She told me she never married. She wanted a family reunion but we never got together.

I started raising potatoes on rented small acreages when I was about 20 years old. I increased my rental of farm land to 337 acres on a dairy and cattle ranch. I slowly

increased the land I owned to 400 acres and rented land to 1400 acres on the Oregon and Washington side of the State Line south of Lowden, Washington. I kept 17.41 acres of the original ranch which I still own. I worry more about the 17.41 acres now than when I was farming 1400 acres. For quite a number of years I ran 300 head of cattle. During the Depression I sold good white face steers — 900 pound steers which were grass fattened — for \$29.00 per head — not 29¢ per pound. Feeder steers are now selling for 62¢ per pound. Feeder steers generally weigh 450 pounds.

My grandmother, Samantha Walton Bevans, told me when I was a small kid that she was a blood relative of the Waltons, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. I was about ten years old then. My brother and I lived with her just east of Grandpa Taylor's farm where the new Stevenson School stand. I don't know whether the old school still stands. I believe an old-time school teacher, E. C. Hamilton, owned the school or lived in it at one time.

My Grandmother, Samantha Walton Bevans, had two sisters. One married into the Jepson family at Hurricane, Utah. My wife and I visited some of the descendants at Hurricane about 1965.

I offered to give the land where the Stevenson School sits on the old Taylor Place if the directors would name it after May Iman, who was good to many kids in the community, plus many other people. They did not wish to name it after Aunt May. She was related by marriage to the Taylor and Bevans families.

At numerous times the Skamania County Pioneer has published history of the Nix, Bevans, Taylor and Richards families. Aunt Nora Bevans was the first typesetter on the Pioneer.

My Aunt Hattie Bevans Richmond George Nix sent me on a train to live with my mother, Daisy Bevans Allen, at their farm which was about ten miles northwest of The Dalles on the old Dufur line.

My Grandfather, William Bevans, had three brothers. We knew of Cyrus, Matthew and John, all sons of J. F. Bevans, veterinary surgeon. I remember during the Depression two men came by our home at Whitman Mission and said they were hungry. Alice fixed them up a nice breakfast. They went outside and split at least one cord of wood. We did not ask them to do it, and you like to feed people like that. They were on their way to work for E. C. Burlingame, old time irrigation developer. He paid about \$1.00 per day and board. He fed good. Many times he and I worked together on haying and ditch cleaning.

He lived to be 100 years old and I was at his 100th birthday celebration. He never retired. He made more homes and farms than all the banks in the Walla Walla Valley. His grandson, E. C. Burlingame III, bought and now farms my place.

In 1967 my wife and I took a trip down the west coast, across the southern United States to Key West, Florida. We then went back up the east coast to Ocean City, Maryland, and then on to Letcher County, Kentucky, where my Grandfather, Dempsey

Taylor, was born.

The eight years I spent as Umatilla County Commissioner was a good experience. I was very conservative.

Cyrus Bevans was a Civil War veteran. My Grandfather William Bevans' brother was C. A. (Charley) Bevans, pioneer to Alaska. His father, Cyrus Bevans, died in the Civil War. His wife Susan was a Walton, the sister of Samantha Walton Bevans, my grandmother.

I was always able to get my crops up in good order. I have hired many good men. Very few were lemons. We put up as many as 800 tons of hay per year. Later we got pick-up balers and it sure eased up the labor costs. Now they have fast pick-up wagons that even pile the bales. The bale piles don't keep like the old hand-piled bale piles. My hired men liked my wife's cooking. I had some of the best horses in the Valley, mostly Percheron.

I haven't forgotten the Depression in the 30's. One time I started for Portland to try to sell some hay. Bill Berney, business man in Walla Walla, said "Raymond, do you know two banks here won't open this morning?" I said "no." I told Bill that Saturday evening I had deposited a large check from Albers Brothers of Portland, Oregon, for hay I had bought from farmer neighbors in my area. I had already issued checks to farmers for their hay. I immediately got on the phone and asked Bernard Albers if he could stop payment on the check. Bernard wanted to know what was the matter and I told him. He said to give him one half hour. He called me back and said he had gotten the job done. That was sure a good feeling. The Bank President called me and told me payment had been stopped. He wanted to know what I was going to do. I told him to make payment good on the checks, give me enough money to pay for the hay and put the rest on what I owed the bank. He did that and it sure saved my skin. Later, Bill Berney did the same thing. He did business with the same bank as I did. The Old Farmers Merchants or Union Bank and Trust Co. paid out in full. The First National also paid out in full. People rushing on the Walla Walla banks caused the trouble. The farmers and all were in a panic, just like a bunch of lost sheep. President Roosevelt took some drastic action, and the Bank Holiday was one of them, and things slowly got better. We were near a revolution then. We are heading for the same thing again through inflation and high interest rates. Young people are losing their homes and they can't stand it, especially if they lose their jobs. It seems like people, businessmen included, want to gouge the citizens. One example is the big oil companies stealing crude oil from the government and from the Indians. I have been predicting for ten years that we were heading into a high-priced depression. It's here.

We don't have too much information on my Grandmother Loyna Johnson, wife of Dempsey Taylor, outside of what my mother, Daisy Taylor Bevans Allen told me about the outlaws in Wyoming, the claim jumping, the sheep and cattlemen war and the killing of Grandmother's brother.

We survived the Depression. Hogs were 3¢ a pound, good fat, grass fed steers were \$29.00 a head. Eggs were 12¢ a dozen, and butterfat was 12¢, 13¢, and 14¢ a pound.

Charles Swegle and their son, Marion Willard Swegle (my father-in-law), purchased in 1880 the original Marcus Whitman claim and other land to a total of 750 acres. (It was on this land that the Whitman Massacre occurred in 1847.) Marion Swegle lived at Whitman for 50 years, after which he moved to our home and lived with us on our ranch which is believed to be a portion of the old Hudson Bay Trading Post grounds. In 1897 (the 50th Anniversary of the Massacre) my father-in-law and mother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Willard Swegle, donated about eight acres to a group of citizens interested in preserving that historic spot. This donation included the site of the Great Grave and the Memorial Shaft Hill. Other land was gradually acquired and preserved. On January 20, 1940, the Whitman National Monument was formally established. In 1961 an additional 45 acres were purchased by the Government to further develop the monument. In 1962 the Government changed the name of this area to "Whitman Mission National Historic Site."

Charles Swegle, his wife Lucinda, and his father and mother, Matthias and Sarah Swegle, came to the Molalla country by ox team in 1846. My father-in-law, Marion Willard Swegle, says that Charles Swegle's wife's brother, Max Robinson, came at the same time, and that he freighted from The Dalles, Oregon to Canyon City, Oregon. Charley Swegle once batted an Indian over the head for being drunk and accused him of poisoning his dog. (Actually the dog was salmon poisoned.) The neighbors advised Charles Swegle to leave for a while, which he did. The neighbors were afraid the Indians would kill him. This incident happened before my father-in-law was born in the Molalla country.

The first binder that came to Salem cut grain on Charles Swegle's farm. It bound the bundles with wire. Two fellows brought it from Illinois, and cut grain on a piece of land due west of the present Swegle school house. It was a success so far as binding was concerned, but the wire was dangerous to stock. This happened before 1874.

Charley Swegle and Asa Simmons (his brother-in-law) went east in 1872. They went to Portland and took the Oriflamme (Ben Holladay steamer) to San Francisco. Charley got very sick crossing the bar and they went to a hotel to stay all night at San Francisco. It had gas lights, which they had never used before. When they got ready to retire, Swegle beat Simmons to bed. Simmons asked Swegle how to turn the light out and Swegle said to blow it out, which Simmons did. Shortly thereafter, one of the hotel staff smelled gas, and investigated Simmons, who was the weaker man, was nearly dead. The news beat them back to Salem. The people of Salem gave Charley Swegle and Asa Simmons the horse laugh and told them they had traveled extensively and knew the ways of the world.

Charles Swegle came to Walla Walla in 1880, before any railroads were on either side of the Columbia except the narrow gauge one around the Cascades and the narrow gauge line between Wallula and Walla. I have some parts of the Walla Walla narrow gauge rails. They came from old Geo. \_\_\_\_\_, 9 miles west of Touchet. Trains going east and the narrow gauges used wood for fuel. The boats also used wood for fuel.

I have rails from the old narrow-gauge railroad from Wallula to Walla Walla.

There were no railroads in Salem when Marion W. Swegle was a kid. Horse-drawn stages were the only land transportation.

Charles Swegle took his family on the boat Ajax from Portland to San Francisco in 1874.

While traveling from San Francisco on the train, going through Omaha, Nebraska, to Hermon, Illinois, the passengers carried their guns and shot at buffalo and mountain goats, but very few hit anything. They got off the train at Galesburg, Illinois, and took a team and hack out to Harmon, Knox County, Illinois.

Matthias Swegle, father of Charles Swegle, originally came from New Jersey, in April, 1821. M. W. Swegle's mother was born in Ohio in 1828. Charles Swegle, his wife Lucinda, and his mother and father, Matthias and Sarah, are all buried in the same plot in the cemetery at Salem, Oregon. Their graves are in the I.O.O.F. Cemetery. Charles Swegle, 1842 covered wagon immigrant and early Oregon pioneer, was a prosperous farmer, industrious and thrifty. At one time he was rated one of the wealthiest men in Marion County, having large land holdings, which he used and worked to advantage.

It seems some people will steal water when they wouldn't steal anything else. I had an experience about 40 years ago when a neighbor above me on the ditch kept stealing my irrigation water at night. He could not turn the water loose early enough of a morning and I would see my ditch was empty. I got after him for stealing my-water but it didn't do any good. Finally I got disgusted with him and turned him in to our good Water Master. Mr. Mason laid for him one night and caught him. Mr. Mason laid the law down to him and I had no more trouble. This is an arrestable offense in our Umatilla County, if enforced.

One time our Umatilla County Commissioners were talking about eliminating the Water Master post. I called County Commissioner Bud Draper and told him if the Commissioners eliminated the Water Master there would be another killing in this area. I was told by a Pendleton citizen that the first thing Commissioner Bud Draper said when he entered the Courtroom was "Bevans said if we don't keep the Water Master there will be another killing." They kept the Water Master funds in the budget.

Once my Moonshiner neighbor wanted to know if I wanted to take a ride to a well-known ranch. I went with him. We went in the barn. The first person I met was a young man that had worked for me. I asked him what the Hell he was doing in a large barn where a still was operating. He answered me by asking me what the Hell I was doing there. The still owner said one of the safest places to operate was by a preacher.

The owner had at least 25-1000-gallon vats bubbling. I furnished the hay at \$5.00 a ton and the Moonshiner fed it to 500 head of cattle. Three different winters my wife boarded his men for 50¢ a meal. This was in the Depression and cash was very scarce. He always paid me in cash, \$500.00 at a time for the hay for a total of about \$1,500 per winter which was a lot of money in the Depression.

I worked for my wife's dad, Marion Willard Swegle, when I was 19 years old in 1919. He put me to team harrowing some ground with me walking behind the harrow. I did not like to walk behind the harrow. I saw his nice saddle horse standing in the barn so I saddled him up. I was riding along behind the harrow very nicely.

Mr. Swegle came out in the field on foot and asked if my feet were sore. I told him "no." He told me to take the saddle horse back to the barn. I told him if I had to take the horse to the barn and continue to walk behind the harrow I would quit. He let me continue to ride the horse behind the harrow. I told Mr. Swegle I had worked on a large ranch before I came to his farm where we always had a saddle horse or mule or a harrow cart to ride. He was a good boss but he wanted his way. (I won that time by the skin of my teeth — an old saying.)

This is another story on Mr. Swegle. In their haying operation the derrick broke down. Jess Swegle, his son, went to Walla Walla for parts. Mr. Swegle put two men to pitching hay onto stacks by hand. The men did not like pitching onto the stacks by hand. After dinner they asked "Who pays around here?" Bill Swegle said he could pay. Then he asked them Then he asked them what they came out there for and one of them told him "A wise man changed his mind and a damned fool never did." They looked at him mean and he paid them off.

In addition to the gift of eight acres for the Whitman Monument, the Swegles also gave land at Salem for Swegle School. Swegle Road is also named after the Swegles.

We nearly lost the ranch when my wife Alice was terribly burned in 1938. She was canning fruit and cooking supper and the coal oil stove exploded. She had 60% burns. She was in Good Samaritan Hospital in Portland over one year. Today my bills would be over \$150,000. Then a room was \$3.50 per day and now it is not less than \$100.00 per day. When Alice was burned an old banker, Harry Lassater, loaned me over \$15,000 and said "We will get that girl well." He was what I call a real man with a real heart. A neighbor told me he didn't see how I made it. It took me fifteen years to clear up the debt. I told him I just kept plugging.

Alice and I raised two daughters and we lost two boys. The girls helped on the farm. Lois Alice Bevans Schneider has three boys: Kenne, Jerry and Jim. She works for the postal department in Seattle. Kenne works for Boeing and they sent him to England a while back.

Jerry is vice president and an appraiser for Production Credit Association at Walla Walla. Jim owns 1/3 interest in an accounting firm in Seattle. Bill and Delora

Bevans Harpe farm 700 acres at Touchet. She taught school. She has one child and two grandchildren.

I bought my 337 acre place from the landlord for \$15,000. He had paid \$30,000 for it before the Depression hit. I later bought enough to make it 400 acres.

I was a school board member at Umapine for 25 years. I was President of the Hudson Bay Telephone Company for about fifteen years. I was eight years as Umatilla County Commissioner, from 1968 to 1976.

During Harry Lassater's presidency of the Old Union Bank and Trust Company, it closed during the Bank Holiday declared by President Franklin Roosevelt. In a short time the Bank reopened and paid off all the depositors. This bank was responsible for my being a success as a farmer. Mr. Lassater helped save my ranch and also Alice's life after she was so badly burned. There are not many bankers like him any more.

If President Roosevelt had not declared the Bank Holiday, we would have headed right into a revolution as most people were broke and desperate.

I know one well-known farmer owed a grocer a lot of money at Milton-Freewater. The farmer took bankruptcy. The grocery-man went broke. The farmer became a millionaire later but he never paid any of his old grocery bill. I never had much use for the farmer after that.

My cousin, Frank Richards, a crane operator for Broughton Lumber, killed a man loading logs. Not too long after the accident Frank had a stroke or heart attack. Later he partially got better. It bothered Frank a lot until he later died. Frank was a good man and he had a large funeral.

The flume from Broughton's Saw Mill on the mountain east of Stevenson was surely a sightseers wonder.

During the Bootleg days a neighbor was running a still. Curiosity got the best of me and I went in to the thicket to see. A log broke and fell in and popped like a gun. The still operator and two other farmer neighbors took off through the brush. If there wasn't a trail, I think they made three trails.

Before we had Water Masters in this area we had a case of a water right fight near Milton-Freewater. One farmer hit another farmer over the head with a shovel and killed him.

The Bevans and Taylor families immigrated through the Pendleton Country. My aunt, Hattie Bevans, married Charley Richmond and they lived in Pendleton. They had one son, Clinton Richmond, who lived in Portland and was married to Cora Sloat. This was about 1908. Clint later moved to Seattle. I visited Clint in Seattle in the 1930's. Later Aunt Hattie separated from Charley. Charley was an old time wagon-maker. He promised me a hand-made small wagon, but I never, got it. I have an old-time picture of him in a buggy with the old-time Pendleton Courthouse in Pendleton, Oregon in the background. I visited him in 1918.

Some of the older Taylor family settled in the Pendleton area, one of them north



of Pendleton. I talked to one of the Taylors about 30 years ago. My grandfather and grandmother (Loyna Johnson Taylor) immigrated through Pendleton from Wyoming in the late 1880's. She said there were too many killings in Wyoming. Her brother was killed there in the Sheepmen and Cattlemen's War.

Charley Richmond adopted a boy who later worked for the Union Pacific. I visited Charley in 1918 on my motorcycle. He lived in Pendleton, on the east end of the present highway overpass on the south side of the present highway.

I was on the school Board at Umapine. I was never off the board for 25 years. I was the longest continuous board member in Oregon.

The Hudson's Bay Grange and volunteer members erected a monument to the Hudson's Bay Company telling some history of the company. The granite rock came from my ranch.

My wife and I made a very good success of our farming operation even though Alice was terribly burned in 1938 by a coal oil stove explosion. She had 60% burns. She lost a 7-month boy because of the bad burns.

We were badly broke in the Depression but we always had plenty to eat. We raised the food and traded eggs for groceries. My wife and I have two good daughters, three excellent grandsons and one excellent granddaughter. They all married well and are all doing fine. I am very proud of my four grandchildren and their spouses. The oldest, Kenne Schneider, graduated from high school in Seattle and was working for my son-in-law, Bill Harpe, on the farm. He got stuck on a girl in Seattle and they ran off to Idaho (underage) and got married. My son-in-law, Vernon Schneider, told me he was going to have the marriage annulled — they were too young to get married, he said.

I told him if he did he would have me to battle. Now they have three nice children. He is an official at Boeing. Boeing sent Kenne and other employees to England once and recently they made plans to send him and other employees to Japan. Kenne broke his ankle playing basketball with some kids and Boeing cancelled the trip because Kenne could not go. Even though Kenne has only a high school education, he must be very important to Boeing. (He is some sort of a draftsman.) He has worked for Boeing about 18 years.

My second grandson, Jerry Schneider, graduated from the University of Washington in Business Administration. He also was working for my son-in-law on the farm and we were going to make a farmer out of him. A farm loan organization, the Production Credit Association, hired him as an appraiser. He is doing fine. He and his wife have two children. He recently was promoted (1982) and is now a Vice President.

My third grandson, Jim Schneider, works for an accounting firm in Seattle. They told Jim when he passed his Certified Public Accountant examination they would make him a partner in the firm. He passed the exam and now he owns 1/3 interest in the firm. Jim and his wife have two children.

My granddaughter, Deanna Harpe, married Dick Hackman, her school chum. They have two girls. Dick teaches school at Burbank, Washington. Her dad farms at Touchet, Washington (west of Walla Walla) and his dad farms at Touchet, too.

All three grandsons worked for my son-in-law, myself, and numerous neighbors nearly every summer vacation. I think their farm experience helped them to get and to keep their feet on the ground.

I am very proud of the numerous young people that have worked for me. Many are successful.

As I have said before, my ambition since I was a kid was to be a farmer. I finally acquired one of the best ranches in the Valley. It was 337 acres, 120 of it irrigated. I later bought enough acres to have 400 acres. I had it all irrigated by three wells and creek water rights. I sold all but 17.41 acres after I had a light stroke. I am now retired on the 17 acres.

Alice Swegle and I were married in 1921 at the Whitman Mission which the Swegels owned at one time.

I did about everything to make a living after we were married. I rented a small tract of land, bought and sold cattle. I bought hay for Albers Brothers Milling Company and Triangle Milling Company in Portland. In later years I bought some war surplus.

I never done much praying in my life but I prayed like heck when my wife was burned. I most of the time say a little prayer in my own way when I go to bed or most any place or time. Most people would consider me not religious. If people like me have a calamity, most of us will pray like heck.

Alice and I were married by Reverend Liverette of the Christian Church of Walla Walla in the Swegle home at Whitman Mission.

I will admit I never showed religion much but I sure had the Old Lord in my heart.

In my business life I never intentionally cheated anyone.

Our small, one-room school north of Stevenson took the Palmer Method Penmanship for the State of Washington. Our little one-room school also spelled down all the schools in Skamania County. Mr. E. C. Hamilton taught there. He was one of the best teachers I ever knew of.

I believe Ella Skaar Murray was responsible for the school taking the Penmanship Championship for the State of Washington. Ella's daughter or granddaughter worked in the Umatilla County Clerk's office in Pendleton, Oregon, while I was on the Commission.

Fred Wickman, a one-armed man, took us kids in a wagon to see Halley's Comet in 1910. This was at The Dalles, Oregon.

About 1908, coming home from school on the Dufur railroad line, northeast of The Dalles, Ezra Meeker and his wife came along. They were travelling by ox team. Mrs. Meeker wanted my Union Leader tin lunch pail and told me she would give me

10¢ and their picture.” I would not trade her until I asked my mother. The Meekers were historical people.

The Bevans men have served in the U.S. military as long as the United States has been a country.

Evan Bevans (buried at Bevans, New Jersey) served in the Revolutionary War. (I have visited the Bevans family there and visited the graves. We visited Addison Bevans and a Bevans who worked for Bevans County.

Cyrus Bevans was my dad's uncle. He was in the Civil War and died during the war. Billie Bevans, my cousin, fought in World War I. He is buried at Stevenson. Toots Bevans (my cousin) and George Richards (another cousin) also fought in World War I. Toots Bevans died at the Veterans Hospital at Walla Walla. Both Toots and George are buried at Stevenson.

Vernon Schneider, my son-in-law, served in World War II as did William Harpe, also my son-in-law. Walter Bevans (my cousin) was in World War II and now lives in Stevenson.

Wayne Swegle, my nephew, was a Colonel in the Air Force. He was in World War II and is now retired.

My grandfather, Dempsey Taylor, fought in the Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Kiowa and Comanche Campaigns. He was a Private in Captain B. C. Sanders' Company C, First Battalion of the Kansas State Militia. He was born in Whitley County, Kentucky, on March 13, 1840. He enlisted in the Militia in June of 1869 at Lake Sibley, Kansas. According to his pension papers he was never mustered out or discharged from the Militia. However, he lists having lived in Kansas from 1869 to 1884; Rollings, Wyoming from 1884 to 1888; Bear Lake in Idaho from 1889 to 1890; and Stevenson from 1890 on. My grandfather Taylor received a pension from September of 1918 until his death on March 16, 1923. (His pension was \$20 per month.)

I have my grandfather Dempsey Taylor's old Colt Revolver (Serial Number 57576). This was a muzzle loader. My mother, Daisy Taylor Bevans, said my grandfather carried this revolver in the Indian Wars. When our house burned, it was burned, but Doug Martin, a good friend, reconditioned the gun and it looks like new. (He never charged me anything.)

In 1918 (during World War I) I was just 18 years old. I registered at the City Hall in Walla Walla and the Registrar told me I would do. As I wanted to beat the draft, I wrote to my mother for her consent for me to join the navy. She gave it in writing but a few days later the war ended. I still have my World War I draft card in our safety deposit box.

In World War II I had to register again. The Draft Board put me in Class 2C - Essential Farming. Later on they started taking those classified 2C. I went to the Pendleton Draft Board and told them to give me time to sell the cattle and rent the farm and I would be ready to go, but they never called me.

During my eight years (1968 to 1976) as Umatilla County Commissioner, I had many interesting experiences. I enjoyed working with the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers out of Portland and Walla Walla on work on the Walla Walla and Umatilla Rivers. U.S. Representative Al Ullman helped us a lot in getting funds. Mr. Sias, Mr. Tom Tate, and Mr. Duane Downing all did a good job, depending on funds.

My first year as Umatilla County Commissioner, I received a \$25.00 Christmas check, which I showed to four of my neighbors. One of them, Neil Blessinger, exploded. He wanted to know "What the hell was going on." The check had no personal signature on it, it just said "Bridge Fund." A Commissioner is not allowed to accept any county money as a present. I took the check to my attorney at Milton-Freewater, Bill Galbreath. Mr. Galbreath said "Don't cash the check. It is dynamite." I took the check to Pendleton and showed it to a reporter on the East Oregonian, Virgil Rupp. He wanted a picture of the check. I said this was all right and they published the picture on the front page of the East Oregonian. Mr. Rupp took the picture of the check to the District Attorney who turned the matter over to the Attorney General of the State of Oregon. The Attorney General's decision was that all recipients of these Christmas checks had to repay the Bridge Fund. This decision covered all checks written in the previous seven years.

I got a mysterious telephone call while serving as Umatilla County Commissioner. I was told the County Crew was paving a private road. I got a Deputy Sheriff to go with me to see if this was true. The Crew was doing the job, which was against the law. The other two County Commissioners knew about it. I did not know. I raised hell about it and the headlined it.

A man claiming to be a F.B.I. Agent came to me and told me the Mafia in Portland controlled the garbage business there. I have often wondered if the man for the F.B.I. was feeling me out to see where I stood on the Mafia. He soon found out. I immediately called Bennie Stecher of the F.B.I. and told him of the man pumping me. (Bennie formerly taught at our Umapine School of which I was a director for 25 years. Bennie was a good teacher.) I could never get anything from the F.B.I. on what was going on. When you turn information in, you would like to know whether you did any good.

# Raymond Bevans Writes of Early Settlers in County

Enclosing photographs of the first county court house to be erected in Stevenson, and which is still standing and in use as a dwelling, Raymond Bevans of Lowden, Washington, added to the historic early days by information concerning pioneers in this area when the Bevans family appeared on the scene.

The old court house, with its high straight front, was a one-story structure that stood East of the present bank building. In the building, so Mr. Bevans says, Sunday School was held weekly, directed by Nora Bevans Nix. The Bevans family came to the county in 1887 and William Bevans, the family head, died soon afterwards.

People who were here before the coming of the Bevans group are enumerated by the writer in his letter as follow:

Felix Iman, father of Lou Iman, (the latter who still resides here) had been here several years. Walter Johnson, father of Henry Johnson (the latter now 76 years old) was here. Billy Carwood, the St. Martins with Isadore St. Martin, the head of the present family, whose father ran a wood scow. He hauled Dempsey Taylor and family from The Dalles to Skamania county. He also hauled a family named Henderson who went on to the Willamette Valley.

Molly and Bent Geer operated a store at the lower Cascades and later moved it to the old fort south of the Taylor house, Bevans says. Also, Lizzie and Columbus Fields, Creepers, L. Wachter, Dick, Jim and Bill Shepard, Charley Teic, Capt.

John Teic, Capt. Alfred Martinau, Tom Monaghan, Jeff and George Nix came her about August, 1888.

Sam and Mary L. Moore came here in April, 1888. Bob Carr, who was among the early county auditors, was with the group which "stole" the county court house and brought it to Stevenson in 1892 or 1893.

Charley Green was the town's first postmaster, also a clerk in a store in Stevenson. About this time, Joe Mandrub sold his place to a man named McFee and went back to his former home in Kansas. John White was sheriff before 1892. John Fosse was a resident here through all this stirring times and Cap. Poley ran a scow by the name of "Interstate" on the Columbia river and carried 160 cords of wood each trip between Stevenson and The Dalles.

Sam Richards and the Taylors came here about 1888.

Bevans says the Sweeneys came in 1889 and that Capt. McChell, then here, and Capt. Nelson, were both river boat captains. J. B. Jones ran the narrow gauge railroad around the Cascades for the O.W.R. & N railroad for which the Bevans' Bros. furnished wood cut from Hungry Gulch, now known as Nelson Creek.

It got the name of Hungry Gulch, Bevans says, because all they had to eat was beans and bacon for days.

William Bevans died in 1888, he says, and was the first white man buried west of Stevenson in the old Bevans plot.

# NIX FAMILY RECORD

SENT TO RAYMOND BEVANS SEPT. 6, 1982  
BY EVELYN E. DOOLEY, OF PORTLAND, OR.  
SHE IS A GRANDDAUGHTER OF JEFF NIX.

**SAMUEL NIX:** born April 20, 1824 in Kentucky. Married to:

1. Selenar D. Thompson, December 6, 1847; born August 11, 1831; died December 31, 1851.
2. **Nancy J. Wood** August 1, 1852; born September 25, 1833 in George; died October 4, 1872.
3. Gustena Odell, February 14, 1875.

**Children:**

Nancy J. Nix, born December 1, 1851; died December 27, 1851.

Mary J. Nix, born September 23, 1853.

Charles W. Nix, born March 13, 1855

Martha A. Nix, born February 16, 1857.

George Washington Nix, born July 30, 1859; died February 21, 1941.

**Jefferson Davis Nix**, born April 8, 1862; died September 29, 1945; born Pony Creek, Texas.

Sarah M. Nix, born September 17, 1864.

William D. Nix, born November 21, 1866; died January 8, 1868.

Mandy E. Nix, born March 4, 1869.

Florence Bertha Nix, born July 25, 1872; died November 7, 1872.

Netta Nix, born February 26, 1876; died February 24, 1877.

**JEFFERSON DAVIS NIX: Raymond Bevans' uncle.** Married to:

**NORA ANN BEVANS** January 1, 1893; born April 8, 1877 in Des Moines, Iowa; died May 5, 1950; aunt of Raymond Bevans.

**Children:** (all born in Stevenson).

**Florence Ann Nix**, born February 15, 1895.

Lee Roy Nix, born November 19, 1896; died October 24, 1931: Raymond Bevans' cousins and mother of Evelyn Dooley; buried in Old Bevans Cemetery.

Edna Chrystal Nix, born December 1, 1899.

Myrtle Ellen Nix, born April 11, 1901.

Arthur Clinton Nix, born November 11, 1902.

Thomas Jefferson Nix, born July 15, 1906.

Dorothy Lyda Nix, born September 5, 1908.

Arline Agnew Nix, born December 28, 1911.

Mary Avary Nix, born April 22, 1913.

Nora LaRena Nix, born June 7, 1915.

Information on Jefferson Nix is scanty. He came to Skamania County 1892; built the first hotel in Stevenson; was elected county sheriff in 1895. Jeff Nix' picture was in an old Skamania County Court House photo. Aunt Nora was in the picture, also