

# **LOUIS F. IMAN**

## **Son of Skamania Pioneers**

### **Felix and Margaret Windsor Iman**

**Told by THE PIONEERS.**

#### **Reminiscences of Pioneer Life in Washington,**

#### **Volume 3.**

Father came here in 1852 by ox team. There were 37 wagons in their train. They had to get together because they were afraid of the Indians. Mother came west that same year, from DeKalb County, Missouri, but she did not meet father until after they both came to live in the Cascades. Mother was born in Tippicanoe County, Indiana. Her maiden name was Windsor.

When father's wagon train reached the Snake river, they dumped out a lot of their supplies and furnishings and used the wagon boxes for boats to float down the river. But you can't navigate a stream like that in wagon boxes and this they found out.

Father came to this country because there was more opportunity here for work and better pay. Back in Illinois he got paid \$8.00 a month and he was a good carpenter and a mechanic, too. Here at the Cascades he could make that much in one day building boats and boathouses.

I remember a few log houses here as a boy, but most of them were box houses of lumber, upright, with battons over the cracks, and were 16x24 feet in size.

We got around in boats. All boys had to learn to row. Many a time I've rowed a boat across the river here for medical aid. My oldest sister was the first white woman born in Skamania County. Her name is Flora Addia (Iman) Nix. She was 80 years old on the 24th day of March, so she was born here in 1856.

Also, my brother was the first white boy born in Wasco County, Oregon. For food we had salmon, spuds and plenty of wild game.

#### **Indian Stories**

When my father came here, there were fifty Indians to one white man. On March 26, 1856, there was an Indian massacre. I guess the fight was really between two chiefs Chief Chinault and Chief Banahah. Each wanted to be supreme here and control the white man. A half-breed, a Kanaka Tetoh, son of the old chief Tetoh, married the chief's daughter after Banahah's death. A man named Jones told me this. Tetch came to town to get a coffin for his father, the chief, who had died. He said he'd take two coffins. Jones said, "Why is the old woman dead, too?". "No," replied Tetch, "but she will be." And sure enough she did die.

Sure, I can talk Chino, but I have to have an Indian tell me what I'm saying. An Indian can talk English if you have something he wants and won't give it to him, but if you want something from him, you have to talk Chinook.

My father owned a little water-power mill. He and Mr. Sheppardson built the

first school house here, on the Sheppardson donation claim with lumber from this mill; the building being 16x24 feet. It had different sizes of desks in it. My first teacher was Blake. He was a terrible man. Other teachers I had were Coffee, Denver Clark and Bull. In 1880 I was too big to go to school, so I quit. My teacher that year was Isabelle Cleary from Vancouver. She gave me a certificate of excellence for that year. I have it yet.

A lot of people here made their living by chopping wood for fuel for the steamboats. You'd see the banks all lined with piles of cordwood. Horseshoes was a popular game in our school days and still is, for that matter.

The early Indians had bark houses and dougout canoes. In 1886, I saw an Indian making a canoe. He was chiseling it and burning it out. The chips he made with chisel he used for the fire. It must have taken him months to hallow it out.

In 1867 we all stayed at the block house for a couple of weeks because of the Indian trouble.

In 1884 we had a terrible lot of snow. After one storm, six trains were blocked out of here. The snow was over the tops of rail fences. That is the only kind of fence we had here then.

This town was laid out in 1893 on the Sheppardson donation land claim.

The high water of 1894 didn't do much damage right here, but it was clear up in all of these buildings. In 1890 the river was frozen over. No materials or provisions could come in for some time, because the boats couldn't come up the river. I put up ice right down here that year. Three times that year the river froze up. It's dangerous when the ice breaks up. The big cakes float down and get in a jam. The river never freezes over slick like a lake. The huge cakes of ice pile up and the water around them freezes roughly. Hail storms are common here and we have them all the year. Not very large hail stones, though.

The first Fourth of July celebration here was in 1894. W had a big picnic. About 15 or 20 people lived here then.

In 1902 we had a terrible forest fire along here, but right in Stevenson we were lucky. It made a sort of circle around the town, but the smoke was terrible.

We were married here in Stevenson in 1889. After the wedding dance we took to the trail and walked over to a "Black and Tan" dance. I call it that because there were so many Indians and half-breeds there. I used to play the fiddle for dances.

# **MY ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON IN 1852**

## **by MARGARET WINDSOR IMAN**

### **Skamania County**

**Told by THE PIONEERS.**  
**Reminiscences of Pioneer Life in Washington,**  
**Volume 3.**

We landed in The Dalles in the year 1852 and came down the river on a raft to what is known at Sheppard's Point, where Stevenson, the county seat of Skamania County, now stands.

I had come down with mountain fever during the trip and was taken to the hospital which Mr. Isaac H. Bush had erected at the head of Cascade Rapids. He also owned a hotel, and I went to work for him as soon as I was able.

There I met and married Felix G. Iman, who had been sent up from Portland to work on the construction of a steamboat called the *Cosmopolite*, to ply on the river between Cascades and The Dalles. In 1854 my husband built the steamer *Wasco*, owned by him and Captain McFarland. She plied the river between the Cascades and The Dalles. She was the third steamer that ran on those waters between these two points. The iron hull propellers, *Allen*, the first; *Mary*, the second; and the steamer, *Wasco*, the third.

Now the Indians were getting somewhat numerous and were much on the warpath, so my husband sold out his interest in the *Wasco* to Captain McFarland and put up a saloon at the boat landing. There were three saloons a little later on — one owned by Isaac H. Bush, one by Thomas McNatt, and one by my husband. My husband did not like the saloon business, so he sold out to Flech Murphy.

In those early fifties, money was plentiful, but clothing and provisions were high. The coins ranged from the silver half-dime to the fifty dollar sluff, and I will include the copper cent. I well recall an instance of the paper money those days — the common greenback. My husband had fifteen hundred dollars worth of them and had to let them go at forty cents on the dollar, and in ten days' time they were full face value, and, I want to tell you, he never loved a greenback after that.

I will relate to you a fact regarding high prices. My husband and Mr. Sheppard, who owned the donation claim where this little town now stands, went in together to purchase a pound of onion seed, each to bear equally on the expense, and when the seed arrived, they were "only" eight dollars for the pound. A fifty pound sack of flour that my husband purchased at the Lower Cascades, as it was then called, or rather at the end of the little portage line, cost fifty dollars, and it was carried home in the snow, the distance of the lines being six and seven-eighths miles long.

The Indians were getting more hostile and far enough along to assure us of

battle, so my husband decided he would move up on our donation claim about a mile distance. We had hewn logs and put up a house on what is yet known as Powder Island slough. We had decided to stay and try to fight off the warriors. We had carried in lots of wood and water and cut portholes through the walls of our house, making it a kind of fort. We afterwards abandoned this idea as there was a large pile of shavings from the shingles that lay against the house under the shed and on account of the underbrush which was close to the house, this would have been an easy mark for them to have thrown firebrands and cremated us while sleeping.

While we were pondering over the situation, two hostiles put in an appearance about one hundred and fifty yards distant. They were huge and looking fierce and wild. A man named Garter, who was stopping at our house, asked my husband if he had any guns, and he said, "Yes," and went out and brought two.

Mr. Carter took one and my husband the other, each one of the men to name the warrior he was to shoot, at, and Mr. Carter gave the signal to fire after good aim had been taken, but when the word was given my husband's gun made a "long fire" and he did not get his game, but Mr. Carter took his man square in the stomach. The others ran like elk, and as far as we know, escaped unharmed.

They had fox skins filled with arrows and as they stood with the bows on end they were almost as tall as the warriors, who were close to six feet. Mr. Carter got the high bow and the arrows, so after shooting the man they decided to cross the river to the Oregon shore.

I was sick in bed with a small baby at the time of the massacre, March 26, 1856. In the excitement, I was carried from my bed up the river about a mile to where was supposed to be a skiff. The skiff had been taken over to the other side of the slough by a man named Herman, who died at The Dalles later; so Mrs. Simeon Geil, who was at our place, ran the skiff over to where we were. As I was being carried into the boat, it was discovered that my little boy, two years old, had been left asleep in the bed. Mr. Geil, who was young and good on foot, ran back and got him. So, you can see a part only of what I went through in those early days.

I think that day was the worst I ever witnessed on the old Columbia and there have been many, taking it all in all. I don't care to see any more of them — the roar of the small cannon at the blockhouse, the firing of guns, the dead and wounded, the war cries of the warriors in their war paint, the burning of the buildings, with my house among them, the fleeing of the people, and I being all but well. The splashing waters and bounding skiff did not add to the speedy recovery for me, but we landed on the Oregon shore safely and took the steamer *Mary* for The Dalles.

Later, when we returned, I hardly knew the place. There were fourteen of the Indians captured and hanged on a tree about one mile from where we lived. Some of them, when asked to talk, shook their heads, and put the noose about their own necks. Others laughed at those who were hanging.

The horrors I went through during those early fifties would be unendurable to the women of today. The Indian trail passed close enough to my house that the stirrups of the Warriors would drag on the rough board wall all night long. The trail was pretty much hidden by the wild rose bushes and buck brush and other small vegetation as well. Many times I have witnessed this when all alone at night, while my husband

would be out late on some kind of business and would be detained. I'll tell you it was all but pleasant during those olden days of the early fifties.

# **MY ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON IN 1852**

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(Notes taken from the Internet: <http://www.imanfamily.net.narrative/myarrival.html>.)

My maiden name as Margaret Windsor. I was born in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, in the early 40ties. My father moved to DeKalb County, Missouri, when I was about the age of eight or nine years. My mother, who was Martha Compton, had died and my father had married a second time to Mrs. Louisa Short, hence we had a step-mother who ruled over us. She was all but a kind mother to me, so I told father one day I was going to Oregon. He laughed at me and said, "You won't go when the time comes." There was a company of emigrants who were now getting ready to start west. I knew some of them and when they came by I went out and started on my long trip to the west. We were six months on the trip with ox teams and it was a long and tiresome one, too.

On our trip, I think I am safe in saying, I carried a little motherless babe 500 miles, whose mother had died, and when we would go from camp to camp in search of some good, kind, motherly woman to let it nurse. No one ever refused when I presented it to them.

We landed in the Dalles in the year 1852 and came down the river on a raft to what is known as Sheppard's Point, where Stevenson, the county seat of Skamania County, now stands. At the latter end of the trip I had come down with what was then called "Mountain fever" became unconscious and did not know anything. I was then moved down to the head of Cascade rapids near the supposed Bridge of the Gods. Mr. Isaac H. Bush had erected a hospital there for the benefit of the sick and I was soon an inmate of that institution and was placed under the care of Dr. Belford. He being a good doctor, as well as a good, kind man, I was soon on my way to recovery. Mr. Bush also owned a hotel and when well I went to work for him waiting table; but while I lay sick in bed I heard the cries of an infant babe in some part of the building. I asked for it to be brought to me and my bidding was granted. I took it in my arms and tried to play with it, but was so weak and worn I could not. This was the first babe I had in my arms after landing at the Cascades in 1852. This little babe was C. M. Williams, who was born at the Cascades and who was a half-brother to J. F. and J. W. Attwell of Stevenson, Wash., and who was stopping at my house in later years when he died in Stevenson at the age of some sixty odd years. He always loved me as his mother. He rests in the little

cemetery above Stevenson, on the bank of the lordly Columbia.

While I was still employed by Mr. Bush I formed the acquaintance of Felix G. Iman, who had been sent up from Portland to work on the construction of a steamboat called the *Cosmopolite*, to ply the river between the Cascades and the Dalles. He being a skilled workman, as well as a good man, I married him a little later. Portland at this time had but few houses and those were all on donation claims. We had in all sixteen children; nine boys, of whom six are living: T. C. Iman of Napavine, Wash., A. C. Iman of Castle Rock, Wash., George Iman, L. F. Iman and C. N. Iman of Stevenson, Wash., and John W. Iman of Cascades, Wash.; seven girls, of whom four are dead and three living; Mrs. Flora Foster of Stevenson, Mrs. M. L. MacKinnon of Beaverton, Ore., and Mrs. Rosa J. Jones of Satsop, Wash. I have thirty-six grandchildren now living and thirty-seven great-grandchildren.

In 1854 my husband built the steamer *Wasco*, owned by him and Captain McFarland. She plied on the river between the Cascades and The Dalles. She was the third steamer that ran on those waters between the Cascades and the Dalles. The iron hull propellers. Allen, the first, Mary, the second, and the steamer *Wasco* the third.

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In those early fifties money was plentiful but clothing and provisions were high. The cons ranged from the silver half-dime to the fifty dollar slug, and I will include the copper cent. I well recall an instance of the paper money, those days — the common greenback. My husband had fifteen hundred dollars worth of them and had to let them go at forty cents on the dollar, and in ten days time they were full face value, and, I want to tell you, he never loved a greenback after that. No one would sell a pound of flour or other provisions to his neighbor, but would loan him a quantity of it, to be returned when he would be able to purchase.

I will relate to you a fact regarding high prices. My husband and Mr. Sheppard, who owned the donation claim where this little town now stands, went in together to purchase a pound of onion seed, each to bear equally on the expense, and when the seed arrived they were "only" eight dollars for the pound. A fifty pound sack of flour that my husband purchased at the Lower Cascades, as it was then called, or rather at the end of the little portage line, cost fifty dollars and it was carried home in the snow, the distance of the lines being six an seven- eighths miles long.

The Indians were getting more hostile and far enough along to assure us of battle, so my husband decided he would move up on our donation claim about a mile distant. We had hewn logs and put up a house on what is yet known as Powder Island slough. We had decided to stay and try to fight off the warriors. We had carried in lots of wood and water and cut portholes through the walls of our house, making it a kind of fort. We afterwards abandoned this idea as there was a large pile of shavings from the shingles that lay against the house under the shed and on account of the underbrush which was close to the house, this would have been an easy mark for them

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I think that day was the worst I ever witnessed on the old Columbia and there have been many, taking it all in all. I don't care to see any more of them — the roar of the small cannon at the blockhouse, the firing of guns; the dead and wounded; the war cries of the warriors in their war paint; the burning of buildings, with my house among them, the fleeing of the people, and I being all but well; the splashing waters and bounding skiff did not add to a speedy recovery for me; but we landed on the Oregon shore safe and took the steamer Mary for the Dalles.

Later, when we returned, I hardly knew the place. There were fourteen of the Indians captured and hanged on a tree about one mile from where we lived. Some of them, when asked to talk, shook their heads and put the noose around their own necks. Others laughed at those who were hanging. There were fourteen of the Indians captured and hanged on a tree about one mile from where we lived. (*Correction: Only nine of these Indian prisoners was executed. D.A.B.*) Some of them, when asked to talk, shook their heads and put the noose on their own necks. Others laughed at those who were hanging. The device of hanging was one end of a rope tied to a limb, the other to the neck. A whiskey barrel stood on end and one end of a rope about twenty feet in length drawn through the bung hole of the barrel with a knot tied on the inner end, which served to jerk the barrel from under the condemned man. One among them was Jim Tassalo — he insisted he had not been in the battle. My husband, some few days before their capture, while on his way to The Dalles, had met Jim and told him the Indians already had been killing the whites at the Cascades, so he turned his skiff and sailed for the point from where he had come. He wanted those who held him in captivity to hold him, unharmed, till Felix, my husband, came from The Dalles and if



he said he was in the battle, he was willing to be hanged. This they refused to do and so hanged him and asked Mr. Iman afterwards; hence a life was taken from one for the crime he had not committed, for my husband said; "Men, you have done wrong, for Jim, I know was not in the battle."

There seemed to be two tribes of the Indians. Chenoweth was called the chief on the Washington side of the river, and Bannaha on the Oregon side. They were not friendly — the two chiefs — as each wanted to rule both sides of the river. There is some dispute as to the hanging of Chief Chenoweth, but there need be none, for I know he was hanged among the fourteen on a balm tree. The other chief, Bannaha, died a natural death at what was called Greenleaf. Chenoweth told the executors they could not hang him; saying he would yell out for help and that five hundred Indians would come to his rescue in just a few moments; but his yelling did no good, for he was hanged just as easy as the rest of the savages. After the death of Bannaha, Alex Telo, who married the chief's daughter, called himself chief, but as far as I know he was not recognized by any tribe as chief.

The horrors I went through during those early fifties would be unendurable to the women of today. The Indian trail passed close enough to my house that the stirrups of the warriors would drag on the rough board wall all night long. The trail was pretty much hidden by the wild rose bushes and buck thrust and other small vegetation as well. Many times I have witnessed this when all alone at night, while my husband would be out late on some kind of business and would be detained. I tell you it was all but pleasant during those olden days of the early fifties.

After the war was over and the Indians were getting somewhat friendly with the whites, they would often congratulate my husband and tell him he was the Boston Chief and Bannaha the Indian Chief, and if a dispute arose among them they would call on him to settle it for them, and in nine cases out of ten, they were willing to abide by his decision. He had learned to understand their language and could speak it fairly well and I afterwards learned to speak it pretty well, but can't speak much of it now. It disappeared, as did the red man, also.

I will relate a comical occurrence, as well as a painful one, that took place between my husband and the Jim I have mentioned who was hanged. My husband owed him fifty cents and he lived on the Oregon side of the river, here my husband and I had gone for a visit at the Chipman home. After I was there for a day or two I took sick and my husband had brought home for me a pint of whiskey to use as medicine. The Chipman house is the section house at Cascade Locks today, and was built in 1855, if memory serves me right, and a pretty good house today.

It happened that Jim heard we were there and came to get the money, and as he entered the house, he spied the pint of whiskey and my husband offered him the money. He said, "No, give me the whiskey and keep the money." My husband said: "No. Jim, I can't for it is unlawful to sell an Indian whiskey and I have got it for medicine." Whereupon the Indian became very angry, saying, "I will go and get my gun and kill you if you don't give me the whiskey." My husband said: "Go and get it if you like. I am not afraid and will take a chance with you." He ran out of the house and jumped on his cayuse; ran to Mr. Chipman's fence, threw it down and regardless of his field of oats, ran through it, threw the fence down on the other side and ran out.

He had not been gone but a few minutes till Mr. Chipman called Mr. Iman to dinner and it so happened that my husband was facing the door. They had no more than got seated when in ran the copper colored Jim, gun in hand and ready for action. He spoke in English: "I am going to kill you; I told you I would." But my husband, who was a fast man and afraid of nothing, sprang from the table, tore the gun from him, walked to the door facing the river and fired both barrels and threw it fifty feet away, breaking it so that it did not look much like a gun. Then he grabbed the unlucky Jim, who towered above him, and before anyone could pull him loose he had beat the copper colored man most unmercifully and threw him out of the house. At least he was able to drag himself to his wigwam.

After two or three days had passed, Jim sent for my husband to come and see him and continued to send for him for about ten days. So on Monday morning Jim sent for Mr. Iman and Mr. Chipman said "Felix, I would go and see what he wants, but don't go without being armed." So my husband put Mr. Chipman's six-shooter in his pocket and went blue. He entered the house saying: "Jim, I have heard you want to see me; now what do you want?" "I don't want any more trouble," said Jim. "But you have made me blind, and I don't think I will ever see again, and I want you to pay me for it. If I am blind my wife and children will starve to death, so pay me." My husband said: "Jim, you made your own trouble and I will only pay you the same kind of pay if you care for it."

Not long afterwards Jim was up and around and the first place he went for was our house. My husband gave him the fifty cents and they often talked about it and laughed. Jim worked for my husband hoeing potatoes many times.

Another instance that took place between another Indian and my husband was at the time he started to build the steamer *Wasco*. He had gone one day in a skiff across to the Oregon side near the locks to get a large crook he had hewn out to be used as a bow-stem for the steamer *Wasco*. It was pretty large and also heavy and its shape made it pretty long. Some way he got it into the small boat with the aid of Mr. Chipman, or perhaps someone else, and proceeded toward the Washington side. He made his way to what is called the chute, where N. Fields once lived. He then had to tumble out of the skiff, as the boat had grounded on the bottom and he could not land. So he tugged at it and lifted every pound that was in him but it stood upon the two points he could no push it over.

Perhaps one more pound would have overbalanced it and turned it out on dry land. An Indian now appeared upon the sand and walked right up in front of the crook as my husband held it upon the two ends. He was in arms length of it and my husband said: Pull it over - in the Indian's own tongue. He replied to Mr. Iman: "How much will you pay me?" My husband got angry at this — let the heavy missile fall back into the water and ran out after him down the river past a local place and down through the lands to the mouth of the creek, a distance of about a mile and a half. He gained the time on the dark man when he came to the bank which was perhaps twenty feet above water, and as the Indian sprang from the bank to the flat on the other side, my husband bested the jump to the other shore by a good foot. This ended the race, and the Indian won as my husband did not continue it. Both were tired by the long chase. I'm under the impression that it was lucky for the Indian that he was caught!

## **FELIX IMAN DEAD**

**By Thomas Harlau, a Pioneer**

On July 17th, at 2:30 p.m. Felix Iman, who had taken a donation on Rock Creek in 1852, died. The funeral was held Saturday afternoon at the residence, the remains being interred in the family burying ground. The obseques were conducted by Rev. F. H. Walker, of the Locks.

Although Felix Iman belonged to a generation that has passed, he will be truly mourned as a friend lost. Mr. Iman raised a large family of boys and girls, who themselves have married children. He also leaves a widow near his own age. His old-time hospitality was of that kind that followed the frontier from Cumberland Gap to the waters of the Pacific, and has blessed thousands of weary and foot-sore emigrants on the road to their new homes in the valleys of the Mississippi and across the plains.

No stranger passed Felix Iman's cabin hungry. They received the best he had, sweetened with a welcome, which to a real man is the greater consideration. He was filled with charity and good deeds to his neighbors and all men were his neighbors when he could do them a kindness. He belonged to that set of men that include Amos Underwood, Dr. Leavens, James Walker and the Hamiltons. No grander men lived than the pioneers. No greater epitaph could be chiseled upon stone than that, "He was a pioneer."

Felix Iman lived to see nearly all his contemporaries cross the mystic river whence he has gone to meet them, if it be true that when "the silver cord is loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel at the cistern," that the spirit goes to God who gave it, as the Bible so eloquently says.

A month ago Mr. Iman's children and grandchildren brought him to the boat landing to see him go to Portland to the hospital. It was pathetic to see the young people part with their patriarchal father, whom all knew was rapidly nearing the end. His every appearance, his subdued expression, the softness and mellowness of his voice was a prelude to the shadows of the falling night, and reminded one of that passage in Scriptures which reads something like this: "And I looked and beheld a pale horse, and his name that sat upon him was Death."

However, this scene at the boat landing was not distressing. It spoke only of a quiet sunset at the close of a peaceful life. It was the glimmering twilight of a passed day, and only in the sense of having flown.

July 24, 1902

# IMAN FAMILY NOTES

(Notes taken from the Internet: <http://www.imanfamily.net.skamania/index.html>.)

Felix Grundy Iman arrived in the Northwest from Illinois in 1852 as part of a wagon train of 37 ox-driven carts. He was a carpenter, mechanic, and could be a ship-builder. He was serving as a consultant in Portland to an outfit interested in building steamboats for the Columbia when he met his wife to be at the Bush Hotel in the Upper Cascades. Margaret Windsor came from poor family where most of her brothers and sisters were handed off to neighbors. Her mother died when she was only two. The step-mother was a shrew and kept her locked up. She ran away as far as she could with the Wilson family, but was critically ill when she reached the Columbia. She was left there for a good doctor who cared, and was working off her debts at the hotel when she met Felix. They decided to stay in the area, and built several houses in the Columbia River Gorge.

Though Felix could not read or write, he built two sawmills, built a steamship for the Columbia River, started a saloon and built the first school in Skamania County. He and Margaret had 16 children, among the very first children of pioneers along the Columbia.

The Upper Columbia was rugged country with a river full of rapids, a land of great timber. It was also along important Indian trails connecting tribes from far North to the fur trade. Hundreds of natives lived peacefully with the settlers, though tensions grew with heavier immigration and with inter-tribal tensions between local peaceful bands and the more aggressive Yakima Indians.

Felix and Margaret survived the Fort Rains Massacre, but just barely.

# BILL IMAN'S REFLECTIONS

(Notes taken from the Internet: <http://www.imanfamily.net.narrative/history.html>.)

Bill was writing family history when he died at 75.

*(Skamania County Pioneer, Friday, January 16, 1981.)*

*(Note: E. B. "Bill" Iman was the son of Louis F. Iman, 1869-1947.)*

E. B. "Bill" Iman of Stevenson, grandson of early settlers, was working on a history of Skamania County and his family's contribution to the growth of the area when he died last week at the age of 75. Mr. Iman had written extensive notes and had tape recorded many of his recollections. Although his project was not finished, family members hope to complete the records.

Mr. Iman was born here and had spent his entire life in the area. His grandfather, Felix Iman, had settled here with his family in 1852 and had survived the Indian uprising of 1856, known as the Fort Rains massacre. Felix and Margaret Iman had come here from the Midwest and had built a home near the present Stevenson Co-Ply location. When the Indians attacked Fort Rains, the Bradford store and homes in the area, and the Iman home were put to the torch. Felix and Margaret Iman, their small son Theodore and baby Florence, only three days old, escaped by boat.

Theodore had been born on the Oregon side of the Columbia and Florence, familiarly known as Flo, on the Washington side. Both were alive when the Bridge of the Gods was built in 1927 and they were chosen for the ribbon-cutting ceremony. Theodore crossed the bridge from the Oregon side and Flo from the Washington side, ceremoniously meeting in the middle of the span.

Felix Iman operated a water-powered sawmill near the present Eran Howell shop on Hegewald Pond in Stevenson. He had built a dam on Rock Creek above the present Iman property

north of town and water to power the mill came down the hill in in a ditch, traces of which remain.

Bill Iman's father was F. L. "Lew" Iman, born after the Fort Rains incident. He was married to Emily May Eyman, in later years known as "Grannie May."

Lew and May Iman had eight children, only Edith Iman McCafferty (Mrs. F. R. "Mickey" McCafferty) survives.

Lew and May Iman's first child, Frank, died in infancy, and a daughter, Nellie, died at the age of four. Daughter Frae married Conrad Lundy Sr. and is survived by son Conrad "Tonnie" Lundy and daughter Elva Stewart, both of Stevenson. Frae and Conrad Lundy were divorced and Frae was married to the late Jack Reno at the time of her death.

Another Iman daughter, Elma, married George Ainsworth. She is survived by a son, George Ainsworth, now of California, and a daughter, Edith Holian (nicknamed Petay), now living in Mead, Washington.

Daughter Edith McCafferty was the next child, followed by Bill Iman, the late Robert Hahn "Pinky" Iman, and Lewis Felix Iman, who was known as Mike and who died at the age of 20.

Lew Iman worked on the locks at Cascade Locks, now a national historic site, during its construction. He and May and their family lived in a house near the present McCafferty home above Stevenson, and Lew walked down to the river each day. He rowed across to Cascade Locks, put in 10 hours of work and then returned home. He was paid 10 cents per hour, or \$1.00 per day.

Lew operated the old Headquarters Saloon on Whiskey Row near the river in Stevenson, from 1901 to 1916. The family made its home near the saloon for many years. Bill Iman was born there June 26, 1905. He attended school in Stevenson and later worked as a logger and with the Skamania County road department. He purchased the Club Tavern (now Ship Captain & Crew), from his brother-in-law, Mickey McCafferty and ran it for many years before his retirement.

When Skamania County celebrated the nation's Bicentennial in 1976, Bill Iman was chosen to head the 4th of

July parade in Stevenson as it Grand Marshall. He is survived by two sons, Duane Iman of Hood River, and Gary Iman of The Dalles; two daughters, Shirley Ferguson of Carson, and Sherrie Ellenberger of Kelso; a sister, Edith McCafferty of Stevenson; 20 grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren.

# **FAMILY GROUP NO.**

## **Husband's Full Name**

**FELIX GRUNDY IMAN**

This information Obtained From:

1860, 1870, 1880, 1900  
census, Skamania  
Co., Wash.  
obituary notices  
for Felix Iman and  
Margaret Iman from  
the Skamania Pioneer  
newspaper.  
Death certificate of  
Margaret Iman,  
Iman Cemetery tomb-  
stone records.  
Felix Iman will  
letter from Skamania  
Co. Historical Society

Husband's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth	24	NOV.	1828		(MONROE ?)	ILLINOIS	had 16 children
Chr'nd							
Marr.			1851	(possibly nd. Portlandore.)	MISSOURI		11 living in 1900
Death							
Burial	17	JULY	1902	PORTLAND		OREGON	
Places of Residence	to Washington by ox train in 1852						
Occupation	CARPENTER			Church Affiliation		Military Rec.	
Other wives, if any No. 19 (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.							
His Father				Mother's Maiden Name			
Wife's Full Maiden Name				MARGARET W. WINDSOR			
Wife's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth	22	FEB.	1834		TIPPECANOE	INDIANA	
Chr'nd							
Death	28	JULY	1924	STEVENSON	SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON	
Burial	30	JULY	1924	IMAN CEME.	STEVENSON.	WASHINGTON	

Compiler **James Windsor**

Address **804-S. Van Ness**

City, State **S.F. Ca. 94110**

Date **July 28, 1989**

Occupation **HOUSEWIFE** Church Affiliation Military Rec.

Other husbands, if any (to 25) etc.  
Make separate sheet for each marr.

Her Father **JEREMIAH D. WINDSOR** Mother's Maiden Name **MARTHA COMPTON**

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
M	1 THEODORE C.	Birth	23	AUG.	1854	CASCADE LOCKS WASCO	OREGON		1) MARY ANN KIRCHNER
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.				STEVENSON	SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON	SEPT 1, 1901
	EMMA KYLER	Death	19	MAR.	1927	in Napavine Lewis Co., Wash.			SKAMANIA CO. WA
		Burial		MAR.	1927	IMAN CEME, STEVENSON, WASHINGTON			
F	2 FLORA ADELIA	Birth	24	MAR.	1856	ROCK CREEK SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON		2) IRA ISAAC FOSTE
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							3) JEFFERSON DAVIS NIX
	1) CHARLES MORGAN	Death	28	MAR.	1949	STEVENSON	SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON	
		Burial			1949	ODDFELLOWS CEME, STEVENSON, WASHINGTON			
F	3 MARY E.	Birth	c.	1857		STEVENSON	SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON	
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
	Wendy	Death	before	c.	1870		SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON	
		Burial					SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON	
F	4 ELLEN	Birth	(MAY)	1859		STEVENSON	SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON	
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
	Wendy	Death	before	c.	1870		SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON	
		Burial					SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON	
F	5 MARTHA L.	Birth	c.	1862		STEVENSON	SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON	2) OSCAR BEVENS
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
	MCKINNON	Death	DEC.	1948		STEVENSON	SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON	
		Burial							
F	6 ROSE A.	Birth	c.	1863		STEVENSON	SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON	
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
	JONES	Death	living	1924			SATSOP	WASHINGTON	
		Burial							
M	7 JOHN WILLIAM	Birth	APR.	1864		STEVENSON	SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON	
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
		Death	living	1924		in Stevenson			
		Burial				IMAN CEME, STEVENSON, WASHINGTON			
M	8 ALBERT ODUM	Birth	SEPT.	1866		STEVENSON	SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON	
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
	CHRISTINA NELSON	Death	31	DEC.	1952				
		Burial				IMAN CEME, STEVENSON	WASHINGTON		
M	9 GEORGE WASHINGTON	Birth	8	JULY	1867		STEVENSON	SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
		Death	living	1924		in Stevenson			
		Burial				IMAN CEME, STEVENSON	WASHINGTON		
M	10 LOUIS LEWIS FRANKLIN	Birth		MAR.	1869		STEVENSON	SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
	EMILY MAY EYMAN	Death	27	SEPT.	1947	STEVENSON			
		Burial				IMAN CEME, STEVENSON	WASHINGTON		



## FAMILY GROUP NO.

## Husband's Full Name

FELIX GRUNDY IMAN

This information Obtained From:

1860, 1870, 1880, 1900

census Skamania

Co. Wash.

obituary notices

for Felix Iman and

Margaret Iman from

the Skamania River

newspaper.

Death certificate of

Margaret Iman.

Iman Cemetery tomb-

stone records

Felix Iman will

letter from Skamania

Co. Historical Society

Compiler James Windsor

Address 804-S. Van Ness

City, State S.F. Ca. 94110

Date July 28, 1989

Husband's Date Day Month Year City, Town or Place County or Province, etc. State or Country Add. Info. on Husband

Birth 24 NOV. 1828 (MONROE?) ILLINOIS Had 16

Chr'nd children

Marr. 1851 (possibly nd. Portland or) MISSOURI 11 living

Death in 1900

Burial 17 JULY 1902 PORTLAND OREGON

Places of Residence to Washington by ox train in 1852

Occupation CARPENTER Church Affiliation Military Rec.

Other wives, if any. No. 19 (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.

His Father Mother's Maiden Name

Wife's Full Maiden Name MARGARET W. WINDSOR

Wife's Date Day Month Year City, Town or Place County or Province, etc. State or Country Add. Info. on Wife

Birth 22 FEB. 1834 TIPPECANOE INDIANA

Chr'nd

Death 28 JULY 1924 STEVENSON SKAMANIA WASHINGTON

Burial 30 JULY 1924 IMAN CEME. STEVENSON, WASHINGTON

Places of Residence

Occupation HOUSEWIFE Church Affiliation Military Rec.

Other husbands, if any. No. (0) etc. Make separate sheet for each marr.

Her Father JEREMIAH D. WINDSOR Mother's Maiden Name MARTHA COMPTON

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
M	1 THEODORE C.	Birth	23	AUG.	1854	CASCADE LOCKS WASCO	OREGON		MARY ANNA
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.				STEVENSON SKAMANIA WASHINGTON			KIRCHNER
	EMMA KYLER	Death	19	MAR.	1927	in Napavine Lewis Co. Wash.			SEPT 1 1901
		Burial		MAR.	1927	IMAN CEME. STEVENSON, WASHINGTON			SKAMANIA Co. WA
F	2 FLORA ADELIA	Birth	24	MAR.	1856	ROCK CREEK SKAMANIA	WASHINGTON		2) IRA
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							ISAAC FOSTER
	CHARLES MORGAN	Death	28	MAR.	1949	STEVENSON SKAMANIA WASHINGTON			2) JEFFERSON
		Burial			1949	ODDFELLOWS CEME. STEVENSON, WASHINGTON			DAVIS NIX
F	3 MARY E.	Birth	c.	1857		STEVENSON SKAMANIA WASHINGTON			
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
		Death	before	c.	1870	SKAMANIA WASHINGTON			
		Burial				SKAMANIA WASHINGTON			
F	4 ELLEN	Birth		(MAY)	1859	STEVENSON SKAMANIA WASHINGTON			
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
		Death	before	c.	1870	SKAMANIA WASHINGTON			
		Burial				SKAMANIA WASHINGTON			
F	5 MARTHA L.	Birth	c.	1862		STEVENSON SKAMANIA WASHINGTON			2) OSCAR
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							BEVENS
	McKINNON	Death	DEC.	1948		STEVENSON SKAMANIA WASHINGTON			
		Burial							
F	6 ROSE A.	Birth	c.	1863		STEVENSON SKAMANIA WASHINGTON			
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
	JONES	Death	living	1924		SATSOP WASHINGTON			
		Burial							
M	7 JOHN WILLIAM	Birth		APR.	1864	STEVENSON SKAMANIA WASHINGTON			
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
		Death	living	1924		in Stevenson			
		Burial				IMAN CEME. STEVENSON, WASHINGTON			
M	8 ALBERT ODUM	Birth		SEPT.	1866	STEVENSON SKAMANIA WASHINGTON			
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
	CHRISTINA NELSON	Death		31	DEC.	1952			
		Burial				IMAN CEME. STEVENSON WASHINGTON			
M	9 GEORGE WASHINGTON	Birth		8	JULY	1867	STEVENSON SKAMANIA WASHINGTON		
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
		Death	living	1924		in Stevenson			
		Burial				IMAN CEME. STEVENSON WASHINGTON			
M	10 LOUIS LEWIS FRANKLIN	Birth		MAR.	1869	STEVENSON SKAMANIA WASHINGTON			
	Full Name of Spouse	Marr.							
	EMILY MAY EYMAN	Death		27	SEPT.	1947	STEVENSON		
		Burial				IMAN CEME. STEVENSON WASHINGTON			

25.00

177859

**UNITED STATES**  
**INTERNAL REVENUE**  
**DEPARTMENT**

RECEIVED FROM  
*S. J. Simon*

*Twenty-Five Dollars*

**SPECIAL TAX ON THE BUSINESS OF  
RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER**  
UNDER ACT OF OCTOBER 1, 1890

*The sum of*  
*at S.E. Cor. Cascade, Walla Walla, Stearns Co., Idaho*  
*State of* WASHINGTON *for the period represented by the Coupon in*  
*Coupons hereto attached.* Dated at *TACOMA, WASH.*  
*Willard T. Dutton* JUN 28 1912  
Collector. State of *WASHINGTON* Dist. *Washington*

**\$25 PER YEAR**

COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR JUNE.	1913.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR MAY.	1913.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR APRIL.	1913.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR MARCH.	1913.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR FEB..	1913.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR JAN..	1913.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR DEC.	1912.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR NOV..	1912.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR OCT..	1912.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR SEPT.	1912.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR AUG.	1912.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR JULY.	1912.

185464

\$ 25.00

UNITED STATES

INTERNAL REVENUE

SERIES OF 1913

RECEIVED FROM

*L. F. Iman*

the sum of *one hundred* Dollars

SPECIAL TAX ON THE BUSINESS OF  
RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER

UNDER ACT OF OCTOBER 1, 1890

for the period represented by the Coupon for

State of *Washington* Dated at *Dist.*

Coupons hereto attached.

Collector *John D. Jones* State of *Washington*

JUN 28 1913

Statute U.S. 225

PER YEAR

COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR JUNE. 1914.

COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR MAY. 1914.

COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR APRIL. 1914.

COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR MARCH. 1914.

COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR FEB.. 1914.

COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR JAN.. 1914.

COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR DEC.. 1913.

COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR NOV.. 1913.

COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR OCT.. 1913.

COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR SEPT.. 1913.

COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR AUG.. 1913.

COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR JULY. 1913.



180558

# UNITED STATES

# INTERNAL REVENUE

DF 1914

RECEIVED FROM

the sum of  
\$20.00  
Twenty-five

**SPECIAL TAX ON THE BUSINESS OF  
RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER**

UNDER ACT OF OCTOBER 1 1890

11. Stevenson. "Headquarters Saloon" Spa, Nevada

State of <sup>the</sup> Washington for the period represented by the foregoing:

Tacoma, Wash.

*Coupons here attached.*

FIN 24 1914

Collector.

State of



SEVEN PENNYES  
APPLIED FOR NEGOTIATION IN ALL BANKS AND MERCHANTS  
IN THE KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND  
AND IN THE COLONIES

COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR JUNE.	1915.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR MAY.	1915.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR APRIL.	1915.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR MARCH.	1915.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR FEB..	1915.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR JAN..	1915.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR JAN..	1914.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR DEC..	1914.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR OCT..	1914.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR DECT	1914.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR AUG.	1914.
COUPON FOR RETAIL LIQUOR DEALER'S SPECIAL TAX FOR DEC..	1914.

344688

UNITED STATES

INTERNAL REVENUE

SERIES OF 1915

RECEIVED FROM

the sum of *Two hundred* Dollars for

SPECIAL TAX ON

DEALER IN TOBACCO

UNDER ACT OF OCTOBER 22, 1914

at *Altoona* for the period represented by the Coupons

State of *Pa* Dated at *Altoona*

Coupons hereto attached.

Collector *Dist* State of *Pa*

\$4.80 PER YEAR

\$4.80 PER YEAR

Coupon for DEALER IN TOBACCO SPECIAL TAX for Dec., 1915.

Coupon for DEALER IN TOBACCO SPECIAL TAX for Nov., 1915.

Coupon for DEALER IN TOBACCO SPECIAL TAX for Oct., 1915.

Coupon for DEALER IN TOBACCO SPECIAL TAX for Sept., 1915.

Coupon for DEALER IN TOBACCO SPECIAL TAX for Nov., 1915.

Coupon for DEALER IN TOBACCO SPECIAL TAX for Oct., 1915.

D. MEATH,  
TREASURER.

Treasury Department

W. W. SHERMAN  
DEPUTY TREASURER

NUMBER

18864

\$

State of Washington



# ANNUAL STATE LIQUOR LICENSE

Know All Men by These Presents, That

having paid into the Treasury of the State of Washington the sum of Twenty Five & 00/100 Dollars, is hereby licensed to sell spirituous, fermented, malt or other intoxicating liquors at Olympia in said State, from date shown below until June 30, 1915, as provided in Chapter 194, Laws of 1907

Dated at Olympia, Washington,

Edward Meath, State Treasurer,  
By W. W. Sherman Deputy.

this JUL 1 1914

Notice: Transfer of this license can only be made by return to State Treasurer, Olympia.

This license shall be posted in a conspicuous place.

Frank M. Lamborn, Public Printer.

No. 23	
<h1 style="text-align: center;">Retail Liquor License</h1>  <h2 style="text-align: center;">State of Washington</h2>	
Know All Men by these Presents, That L. F. IMAN, having paid into the Treasury of said *	TOWN OF STEVENSON
in said State, the sum of EIGHT HUNDRED	DOLLARS
is hereby Licensed to keep a Drinking House or Saloon in said *TOWN OF STEVENSON	on the following described premises, viz:
LOT 20 BLOCK 1	
at which Spirituous, Malt or Fermented Liquors and Wines may be sold in less quantities than one Gallon for the period of One Year, commencing	
the 1st, day of NOVEMBER	A. D. 1912, and ending on the 31st, day of OCTOBER A. D. 1913
Witness my hand and official seal this 30th, day of OCTOBER	A. D. 1912
	J. B. Gray Clerk.
Attest: of the *Town of Stevenson the sum of Eighty Dollars, being the ten per cent due to the State of Washington as its proportionate part of the license fee charged by said *Town for above License.	
In Testimony Whereof, I have hereto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 1st day of November 1912	
RECEIVED NOV 1 1912 STATE TREASURY	
By W. H. Thompson State Treasurer.	
Deputy.	



No. <u>30</u>	
<h1>Wholesale Liquor License</h1>  <h2>State of Washington</h2>	
Know All Men by these Presents, That	<u>John F. Iman</u> DOLLARS
having paid into the Treasury of said State	<u>One thousand</u> on the following described premises, viz:
is hereby Licensed to keep a Drinking House or Saloon in said	<u>Lawson</u>
<u>Lot 20 Blk. 1 - Town of Stevens</u>	
at which Spirituous, Malt or Fermented Liquors and Wines may be sold in less quantities than one Gallon for the period of One Year, commencing	<u>31</u> day of <u>October</u> A. D. 19 <u>14</u>
the <u>1st</u> day of <u>Nov</u> A. D. 19 <u>14</u> , and ending on the <u>31</u> day of <u>October</u> A. D. 19 <u>15</u>	
Witness my hand and official seal this	<u>11th</u> day of <u>November</u> A. D. 19 <u>14</u>
	Clerk.
Attestd of the <u>Town</u> of <u>Stevens</u> the sum of <u>one hundred</u> Dollars,	
being the ten per cent due to the State of Washington as its proportionate part of the license fee charged	
by said <u>Town</u> for above License.	<u>2nd</u>
In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this	<u>11th</u> day of <u>November</u> 19 <u>14</u>
By	<u>W. H. Sherman</u> State Treasurer.
	Deputy.