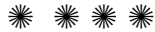


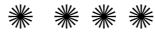
THOMAS McNATT

WOMEN AS PIONEERS

Mrs. Ellen J. Wallis tells the Story of her Trip Across the Plains.



Narrow escape from the Indians, from Fire and from Drowning.



A Long March on feet From the Grand Ronde Valley to The Dalles.



Exciting Times during the Massacre at the Cascades — Later Experiences.



I, Mrs. Ellen Jane Wallis, nee Mark, was born in Fleming county, Kentucky on May 19, 1836, but was brought up in Mason county until 1850, when my people moved to Iowa, and there, on the 29th of December of the same year, I was married to Thomas McNatt. On May 1, 1852, having previously engaged our passage with a family named Nales, we left Agency City, Ia., traveling by the conventional ox-team, and were bound for the "far west," but we had not yet decided whether our destination should be California or Oregon.

By the 8th of the month we crossed the Missouri river, and found many emigrants encamped on its banks, as it was a sort of general rendezvous for travelers, and here parties were often organized. We joined one which was forming, consisting of about 100 people, whose worldly goods loaded some twenty-eight ox-teams. With this party we traveled as far as Fort Laramie. Nothing more worthy of note occurred on the way than a few stampedes of the cattle.

Dissatisfaction with our leader had crept in, and it kept growing stronger day by day, so, on arriving at the fort our party agreed to disperse. We and our old friends, the Nales, agreed to travel on independently. In due time we pitched our tents by the Platte river and here we encountered severe storms of wind, followed by hail and torrents of rain. All our efforts to keep our tents over us were unavailing, and we suffered extreme discomfort from exposure to the elements. Just after the storms passed over, and for twelve days was perfectly helpless; then I began to recover. On the night of the twelfth day of my



Nellie McNatt Wallis in formal dress at her home in Port Ludlow, WA. on March 5, 1911. She was 75 at this time.

illness, Mrs. Nales retired to rest, apparently in her usual health, but in the night, she, too, was attacked by this dreaded malady, and within two hours she expired. Her friend immediately dug a grave close by our wagons and buried her without delay; so all was over by daybreak.

Shortly after this we parted from Mr. Nales and joined another family named Sailor. Mrs. Sailor had been stricken with cholera few days previously and her death left four little children motherless. These children I agreed to care for as far as we traveled together. Our route for some time after this was only too plainly marked by many fresh graves, such ravages had cholera made amongst the little bands of emigrants.

On July 4th we ate our dinner at Independence Rock. On its face many travelers had recorded the fact that they had passed that way. Just after leaving we were treated to an unusually heavy hail storm.

From the Platte river to the Colorado desert our journey was exceedingly trying and very wearisome. We suffered greatly from the intense heat and from the alkali dust which enveloped us continually while on the move. The herbage became so dry and scant that our poor oxen were soon hardly able to crawl along. One after another they dropped down to die, until we had lost four yoke. In order to lighten them we had by degrees thrown away stoves, featherbeds, tents and every other article with which we thought we could possibly dispense. Before entering the Colorado desert we halted for two days in order to rest our remaining oxen and cut grass to carry with us for their feed. We encamped close by some other travelers who had stopped for the same purpose.

One of these days the men had all gone to some distance for this grass, leaving us women, seven in number, alone in camp. During their absence a party of mounted and armed Indians rode up to us, threatening by signs that they would murder and rob us if we would not give them provisions. This we showed them we would not consent to, so one of them pointed his musket at my head and kept it so for several minutes, while I endured the agony of expecting my brains to be blown out any moment, and I dared not move. All the while the Sailor children clung to my skirts screaming with terror. Providentially, at this critical junction, my husband, accompanied by other men, came in sight and for some unaccountable reason the savages gave a whoop, put spurs to their horses and soon disappeared from our view to trouble us no further.

Crossing the desert occupied about twenty-four hours. Several days after leaving it behind we were suddenly surrounded by a band of about 500 Indian warriors. They might have sprung out of the earth for anything we had seen of them before, and our alarm may be more easily imagined than described. Three Indians were out on the war-path against some other tribe and were hideously decorated with an abundance of paint and sundry feathers, while they carried a great variety of weapons, including muskets, swords, spears, tomahawks and bows and arrows. They demanded a share of everything we had in the shape of feed, and considering their numbers, it is needless to say we were delighted to get rid of the "braves" on such easy terms.

In the month of August we crossed the Rockies without adventure worth the recounting. When on the summit we hardly had parted with the setting sun on the west before morning was ushered in on the east.

At Fort Hall, the Snake River was crossed by us for first time, and in order to avoid the lava desert which stretched along the north, we pursued our way on the south side, keeping as near the river as possible, and crossing numerous creeks which all emptied into this river. Our second crossing was just a little way above Salmon Falls. This crossing was the most difficult and dangerous of all the crossings on account of the great swiftness of the current. On arrival at the "Falls," we found a number of emigrants encamped and we were not a little glad to follow their example, as we were both fatigued and hungry. As soon as possible I had a fire of sagebrush (the only available fuel) made and I commenced preparing to cook supper. In the midst of my preparations, I heard cries of, "You're afire! You're afire!" and then to my horror I discovered that it was I who was afire. Presence of mind deserted me and I rushed towards the river. As my dress was of cotton material, I was soon enveloped in flames, but before I had gone very far my husband and some other men met and captured me. They succeeded in getting the flames extinguished and the burning clothing torn off, scorching their own hands severely in their efforts to save me. With my right sleeves (I wore double ones) came the skin from shoulder to wrist, and my right side from the shoulder to my waist was terribly burned. The arm was worse, however, as it burst open in many places when the doctor, whom we found among the travelers, tried to straighten it, so literally was it cooked. For twenty-four hours I was unconscious, but on reviving I suffered excruciating agonies. For almost two years I was obliged to support my arm in a sling. I have little doubt but that I should have been burned to death had I not been wearing an underskirt heavily padded with wool, which effectually protected the lower half of my body.

In spite of my burns we felt it necessary to continue our journey westward as soon as our preparations were completed, for some preparations had to be made to enable us to cross the "Falls". The wagon beds were carefully caulked to make them watertight, and the wheels taken off and packed in with the rest of the freight, and so were ready to be taken over the river. The best swimmers in the company took over a strong cable, each end of which was made secure on opposite banks of the dangerous stream. The wagon beds in their new capacity of freight boats were launched and guided across the current by means of the cable and the hands of the men in charge. The women and children were conveyed over in the lightest loaded of the wagons. Not the least difficult task was that of getting the oxen safe to the other shore, but it was at last accomplished.

We and our friends got over safely, but on the following trip, a heavily-loaded wagon, which had not been well caulked, with two men and two boys in charge, filled with water and sank in mid-river. It happened so suddenly that no assistance could be rendered to the occupants, who were all drowned. We saw one boy's body washed over the falls. Their friends employed Indians to search for the remaining bodies and after a short time they were recovered and accorded decent burial. This sudden and melancholy termination to our strong and hearty lives cast a deep gloom over every camp and roused our sympathies for the sorrowing relations who until that time had been only strangers; so completely "one touch of nature makes the world kin."

Saying goodbye to Salmon Falls and our passing acquaintances, we now started by a new and heretofore untraveled way to find the old emigrant trail, from which we had

deviated some time previously. This occupied almost ten days, as we rested every alternate day, while our guide went ahead to hunt a suitable road. Having struck the trail again, we proceeded on to Fort Boise, where we crossed the Boise river, and on again without accident or adventure until we entered Grande Ronde valley, Oregon.

At the entrance to this valley we came upon a man lying by the roadside, apparently in an almost dying state. We halted to inquire into his condition and circumstances and as well as his failing strength would permit he told us his sad tale. He said his name was Ross, that he belonged to — I have forgotten where — and being rather delicate he thought a trip across the continent would benefit his health. Accordingly he engaged a passage by the orthodox conveyance of the day with a family who transported him to the spot on which he was then lying. Instead of improving on the way, he had gradually become weaker, until at last he was not able to wait on himself and they, refusing to be further troubled with him, laid him out by the road, totally indifferent to what might be his fate. He begged piteously to be taken with us, and as we could not endure the dying creature to be left alone, my husband and I, who, like himself, had paid our fare for the journey, decided to give our place in the wagon and pursue our way on foot. He felt grateful for the sacrifice, the transfer was made and here we parted. Afterward we learned that he expired within twelve hours.

With the wagon we left all our earthly possessions except my husband's rifle, a change of underwear, a canteen and tincup. Before leaving the Grand Ronde valley we purchased from a relief party, which was sent out to assist emigrants, six pounds of flour for the sum of \$6, and it was all they would let us have. We also bought some hardtack, a little salt and a few matches. With this generous provision we set off on our walk for The Dalles, a journey of several hundred miles. Occasionally, my husband shot a squirrel, a rabbit, or a sage-hen, which proved a welcome addition to our humble fare. When night came we went to sleep under the stars without other covering than the clothes we wore and in the morning rose refreshed and invigorated for our usual walk of twenty-five or thirty miles, for what at first seemed very difficult soon became comparatively easy and rather pleasant. In this way we crossed the Blue mountains and so on toward the end of our pedestrian tour. The last two days were very trying as our provisions were completely gone and only one squirrel, or rabbit, I forget which, was bagged. To people whose appetites were sharpened by continued exercise, combined with the pure mountain air, and compelled by force of circumstances to tramp onward or die this was a real misfortune, and on the last day of our march we were almost fainting from want of food.

On October 3rd, we arrived at The Dalles, and after attending to the cravings of the inner man and resting for a short period, my husband engaged a passage for me on a raft going to the Upper Cascades; for this he paid \$6. He helped drive a band of cattle to the same place, in return for which service he received his board. We got to the Upper Cascades on the 7th, and walked across the portage, six miles, to the Lower Cascades, where we remained until the 9th. On the 9th, at 5 o'clock a.m., we embarked on board the steamship Fashion, bound for Portland. The steamer was crowded, and for standing room we paid \$6. The passage occupied the whole of the day until 9 o'clock p.m., and it was one of the hardest days in all my experience. About 4:30 a.m. we had breakfasted on a tip cup of coffee and a little bread, for which luxuries we paid

\$1, and this meal had to suffice until we reached Portland, as absolutely nothing was to be had on board. Want of food and absence of a seat made the day seem interminable. Nine o'clock, however, came at last and witnessed our arrival at Portland. We made our way to a hotel and soon were seated before a supper to which we did ample justice, and for which we expended the last dollar we possessed. On going out after supper my husband ran across an old school-fellow, W. W. Baker, who resided on the Willamette river six miles from Portland. He invited us to go with him to his home, which invitation, considering the state of our finances, we were only too glad to accept. Accordingly, that very night we set off with him in a canoe, but we were not destined to get there as soon as we anticipated for a storm came on which compelled us to put in to shore. We took shelter in Wilder's mill, than not quite finished, and there spent the hours remaining before morning dawned. At daylight, the wind having calmed down, we returned to the canoe and at 9 o'clock a.m. we reached our destination, ready to enjoy the substantial breakfast soon spread before us by kind hands.

At this place we remained all winter. It was one of the winters which are still remembered for their severity, but through it my husband managed to make shingles enough to provide us with food. His health not being good here, we left in the spring of 1853 for Milwaukee, where we stayed for three months. From Milwaukee we sent to Clatsop Plains, where we took up a claim on which we lived for nearly a year. In the summer of 1854 we moved to the Lower Cascades. Here, in the fall of 1855, in spite of the fact that we lived in constant dread of Indian massacre, we opened an hotel. Many times we were alarmed, and on one occasion we spent two nights in the block house. A neighbor of ours, one Captain Baughman, employed quite a number of Indians to row freight bateaux across the rapids to the Middle Cascades. These Indians always came to work early, but on morning, that of March 26, 1856, a day long to be remembered, contrary to their usual custom, not one put in an appearance; so the captain set off to the Indian village about a mile distant, to investigate matters. On arriving in the village he found all the young "bucks" were gone. The squaws said they had gone to Upper Cascades, but Captain B's suspicious were now fully aroused, as before leaving home he had heard a report of a cannon at Middle Cascades, but had tried to make himself believe it was blasting of rock, as work of that kind had been going on. There was no doubt of it now. The Indians were bent on mischief. Before his return from the village, we at the hotel had heard of their rising from a man who, while driving his wagon across the portage, saw a band of them attack the block house. He at once cut his horse loose from the wagon, mounted one of them and sped back to give the alarm.

My husband at once insisted on my immediate departure to a place of safety, if such could be found, so I took my baby, now Mrs. Poole of Ludlow, in my arms and ran as fast as I could about a mile down the river to a place where several families resided, hoping to escape with them. They had already been warned and were just about going on board a bateau as I joined them. Some of the women were in a most excited state. One in particular was helpless, yet none of them had heard the yells of the blood-thirsty savages behind them as I had. When just ready to depart, the same man that had warned us at the hotel and who had carried the alarm down the river, dashed up on horseback and ordered all our men on shore, except six to row our bateau, and

threatened to shoot any one who refused, as his family and friends were, as he believed, at the mercy of the redskins. The men left with him, but as we learned afterward, they could not go immediately to the rescue of those in danger. With our lightened load we set off rowing down river, but a good breeze springing up we were enabled to hoist sail, and so made fine speed to Cape Horn.



Old musket rifle that was used at Fort Rains in the 1850's, along across the western front.

It was steamer day and at this point we met the Belle and the Fashion on their way to the Cascades. We signaled them to stop, and having informed them of the Indian rising, we were all taken on board the Fashion and our bateau in tow. Both vessels turned and steamed as rapidly as possible to Vancouver. We landed before dark and with the least possible delay the Belle started back the same night with a company of soldiers for the scene of the massacre, for such it proved to be, while the Fashion conveyed us to Portland. One in Portland the services of a company of volunteers were secured and the Fashion transported them to Lower Cascades to aid the soldiers in subduing the Indians. They landed between 6 and 9 o'clock on the morning of the 27th of March. On the way up, at Cape Horn, the Fashion picked up my husband, the men who had been taken from our bateau, and some others, about twenty in all. Just after I left my husband on the 26th, a Red river Indian who was friendly toward all the whites, came to warn him to flee, and told him the Indians' plans were to attack the Upper and Middle Cascades first, murder the whites and burn everything they came across, then to treat the pale faces at the Lower Cascades a similar fate, burn the buildings and finish up by killing our cattle and having a big feast. Their plans, except in the matter of killing all the pale faces were really carried out almost to the letter. My husband was rather slow about acting on the friendly Indian's warning, so he came a second time to tell him that he was almost surrounded. This time my husband, with the men who had left us, and who were now in the hotel with him, thinking discretion was the better part of valor, took to the river to try to make their escape in a schooner, on board of which a good many of our effects were stowed away. Attached to the schooner was a bateau, and both were in a strong eddy. Finding it too lengthy a task to get the schooner out, she was abandoned, and all hurried into the bateau which they now cut loose. By this time a large band of Indians was within rifle range, and before getting clear of the eddy the bullets came whizzing thick and fast. One grazed my husband's head, cutting off a lock of his hair, which, like many pioneers, he wore long. Another grazed his wrist and the man who sat rowing beside him had one pass through his hip which crippled him for life. My husband sat on a keg of butter to row, and out of this keg were afterward taken no fewer than five bullets. Without further injury they succeeded in evading the savages and getting safe to the point, where they were picked up by the steamer.

After arrival of the steamers a battle was fought by the soldiers, volunteers and residents against the Indians. The latter were worsted, and fled from the field, carrying their dead and wounded with them. Only one soldier was killed. The soldiers pursued them for some distance. During the heat of the action some Indians were observed running horse races on the outskirts of the battlefield. Amongst these the soldier sent some gape shot from a small field piece, which seemed to be effectual in bringing them to their senses. Soon after their return from the pursuit the soldiers, believing their presence no longer required, left enroute for Vancouver, while the volunteers, reinforced by the residents, some of whom, including my husband, enlisted for a month, remained in the neighborhood to hunt up some Indians who had pretended to be friendly but who were seen in the engagement of the 27th. Sixteen of these were captured and hung immediately. The old chief himself did not hang until he was dead, but was cut down, put into his grave alive and then shot, as Indian allies were momentarily expected. He died as became a "brave", giving the war-whoop with his latest breath.

In the massacre, sixteen whites, including one woman, were killed. One of the saddest cases of all was that of a boy who was riding to seek refuge at the block house, Middle Cascades. The savages saw him and fired. The ball wounded him so that he dropped from his horse, but after reaching the ground he partially raised himself to beckon for assistance, as he was just a little distance from the house. This he did five times, and each time received an arrow in his body, sent only too true an aim, for on the last striking him, his spirit took its flight. The arrows were forwarded to a museum in the east to be preserved as a memento of the massacre of 1856.

The block house just spoken of was well situated to withstand a siege, as it surmounted a steep bank rising high above the Columbia and was open to attack on one side only. At the time of the massacre six or seven families had found shelter within its friendly walls and they, with the lieutenant and seven soldiers in charge, held it successfully against a large band of Indians. A few years later it, with the steep bank on which it stood, slipped into the river and were carried away by the current; so was an end put to its days of utility.

As our home was now completely destroyed and our dread of the Indians not much lessened, we went to reside at The Dalles. Here we stayed until 1858, when we again returned to the Cascades and again opened an hotel, which we built ourselves and in which we resided until my husband's death. This took place after a lingering illness, on the 9th day of May, 1861, and he was buried close to the garrison. During this period Indian scares were of frequent occurrence and many a night we sought and found shelter and protection in the block house, but we never had a repetition of the terrible scenes of 1856.

I remained at Lower Cascades until 1867, when I moved to Seattle, arriving there on the 12th of March. From there I moved in April, 1871, to Port Ludlow, Jefferson county, where I at present reside, and where I met my present husband, William M. Wallis, to whom I was married on the 22nd day of January, 1881.

The facts I have given form but a slight sketch of my experiences on the plains and western coast, and I can certainly vouch for their veracity.

B. B. BISHOP and Wife CONVEYANCE OF DEED TO HEIRS OF THOMAS McNATT

This indenture made on this the twentieth day of June one thousand eight hundred and sixty one by and between Boliver B. Bishop and Luna Bishop, the wife of the said Boliver B. Bishop of the County of Wasco in the State of Oregon of the First Part and the executrix and administratrix and all the legal heirs of Thomas McNatt, late of the county of Skamania in the Territory of Washington, deceased of the Second Part.

Witnesseth:

That for an in consideration of the sum of One Hundred Dollars paid by the said Thomas McNatt in his life time who is now deceased to the said parties of the First Part the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledge have her gained and sold and by these presents do give, grant, bargain, sell, convey and confirm unto Executrix and the legal heirs at law of the said Thomas McNatt, deceased (as aforesaid) and to their heirs and assigns for ever all and singular the following descried Lot or piece of land situated and being in the said County of Skamania in the Territory of Washington and described and bounded as follows, to-wit:

Commencing on the bank of the Columbia River above the Military Reserve at the Lower Steamboat Landing in said river in said Skamania county at a point that separates the Donation Land Claim of the said B. B. Bishop from the Donation Land Claim of Geo. W. Johnson, and running on said dividing line North Thirteen and one fourth (13 $\frac{1}{4}$) rods, Thence running East thirteen and one fourth (13 $\frac{1}{4}$) rods, Thence running south to the Columbia river, Thence West to the place of Beginning, supposed to contain one acre, be it more or less, together with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appurtenant to themselves said heirs of the said Thomas McNatt, deceased, and to their heirs and assigns for ever. To have and to hold the same free from all incumberances and all the right title claim interest and demand of us the said parties of the First Part and of our heirs and assigns and, we the parties of the First Part, do hereby covenant to and with the said parties of the Second Part that we have good right and lawful authority to sell and convey the herein grants ***(forinsis in nearer)sp.*** and from aforesaid and that we will forever warrant and defend the same against all the lawful claims of all persons whom so ever.

In witness whereof we herinto set our hands and affix our seals on this day and date first herein mentioned.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presents of us:

BOLIVER B. BISHOP (seal)
LUNA BISHOP (seal)

W. G. Hunter)
A. M. Clemson)
State of Oregon)
Wasco County)

Be it remembered that on this the twentieth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and sixty one, personally came before me a Justice of the Peace in and for said County, B. B. Bishop and Luna Bishop, his wife, both known to me to be the individuals whose names are signed to and who are described in the foregoing Deed and acknowledged before me that they signed and executed same freely and for the purposes herein mentioned, and the Luna Bishop acknowledged on a private examination by me made apart from her said husband that she executed the said conveyance freely and without any fear or compulsion of him, her said husband.

In witness whereof I hereunto set my hand and seal on the day and date first herein written.

FMB CONDON (seal)
Justice of the Peace
in and for Wasco County

Territory of Washington
County of Skamania

I certify that this is a true copy of a deed recorded in my Record Book A, Page 50 and 54, on this, the 21st day of June, A.D., 1861.

E. C. HARDY
Acting Auditor

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THOMAS McNATT

Territory of Washington,
County of Skamania

Know all by these presents that I, Thomas McNatt, being in poor health and of sound mind and memory calling to mind the failty and uncertainty of human life and being desirous of settling up my worldly affairs and directing how my estate shall be disposed of after my desease while I have strength and capacity so to do, Do make and publish this, my Last Will and Testament hereby revoking and making null and void all other last will and testaments by me heretofore made and as to my worldly Estate and all the property, Real, Personal, or mixed of which I shall die seized and possessed, or to which I hall be entitled at the time of my Desease, I Devise bequeath and Despose of in the manner following, to-wit:

My Will is that all my just Depts. and funeral charges shall by my Executrix hereinafter named, be paid out of my estate as soon after my decease as shall be her be found convenient.

I give Devise and Beqeath Forever to me beloved Wife Ellen Jane McNatt all my worldly estate and all the property real and personal or mixed and all the monies rights and credits and effects of which I shall Die seized and possessed or to which I shall be entitled to at the time of my Death;

And my express Will and meaning is, and I do hereby order and appoint that if any differences, dispute, questions or controversy shall be arise or happen concerning any gift bequeath matter or thing in this my will given and bequeath expressed or contained that then no suit or suits in law or equity or otherwise shall be brought commenced or prosecuted for and concerning the same, but the same shall be reffered wholly to the award order and Determination of my beloved wife Ellen Jane McNatt, and that she shall order, direct, or determine therein shall be binding and conclusive to all and every person and persons therein concerned.

Lasth, I nominate and appoint my said beloved wife Ellen Jane McNatt to be Executrix of this my Last Will and Testament and I further order and Decree that she, my said Wife, be not required to enter into Bond with the Territory for the faithfull performance of her trust as said Executrix, I also wish and decree that my wife Ellen Jane McNatt shall have the sole and exclusive control and guardianship of our only children, Frisco Della McNatt and Lulu Jane McNatt.

In Testimony whereof I, the said Thoms McNatt, hereto set my hand and private Seal this the 17th day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty one.

THOMAS McNATT (seal)

We, the undersigned persons witnesseth that the said Thomas McNatt signed this,

his Last Will and Testament, with his own hand at his residence in our presence in Skamania County and Washington Territory this the Seventeenth Day of February, one thousand eight hundred and sixty one.

The County and Territory heretofore mentioned being our permanent place of residence given under our hands and seals.

E. C. HARDY (seal)
S. M. HAMILTON (seal)

Territory of Washington)
County of Skamania)

Personally appeared before me this undersigned Probate Judge in and for the County and Territory aforesaid on this the 22nd day of May, 1861, S. M. Hamilton and being duly sworn upon his oath says that Thomas McNatt signed this his Last Will in his presence on the date herein mentioned

S. M. HAMILTON (seal)

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22nd day of May, 1861:

E. C. HARDY
Probate Judge

Territory of Washington)
County of Skamania)

Personally appeared before me this 23rd day of May, 1861, E. C. Hardy, and being duly sworn upon his oath says that Thomas McNatt signed this his Last Will in his presence on the date herein mentioned

E. C. HARDY (seal)

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of May, 1861:

SIMEON GEIL
Justice of the Peace

Territory of Washington)
County of Skamania)

I certify that this Will has been proved according to law and recorded in my Probate Record book A, Page 38 to 41. Given under my hand this 23rd day of May, 1861.

E. C. HARDY
Probate Judge and
Exificio Clerk

Probate Court)
Skamania County)

Recorded May 24, 1861.

E. C. HARDY
Acting Auditor

FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTHS.

Kellie Mande Poole. Born July
23rd 1877.

Elsande Augustus Poole, Dec, 12th
1878.

Edwin John Poole, Mar. 31st
1880.

Carl W. Poole, Apr. 29th 1884.
all at Port Ludlow, Wash.
U.S.A.

Hella Poole. Born, June, 10th 1855.
Louis Poole. " Nov. 3rd 1845.

Wallis Family Record -- Births

Nellie Maude Poole, born July 23, 1877, Port Ludlow, WA., U.S.A.

Claude Augustus Poole, Dec. 12, 1878, Port Ludlow, WA., U.S.A.

Edwin John Poole, March 31, 1880, Port Ludlow, WA., U.S.A.

Carl W. Poole, April 29, 1884, Port Ludlow, WA., U.S.A.

Della Poole, born June 10, 1855.

Louis Poole, born Nov. 3, 1845.

FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTHS.

Helen Nancy Poole

Dec 8, 1920.

at Prince Rupert, B.C.
Canada -

Carl Harold Sveta Jr.

August 21, 1942 - at

Port Angeles, Wash.

Bruce Poole Sveta at

Eugene, Oregon June 1st - 1949

grand-daughter
Angela Marie July 8, 1971

Sveta Portland, Ore.

at Vancouver, B.C. Canada

Irene Poole, Brom June 2nd, 1889

C.W. Pooley, Apr 29, 1884
at Ft. Ludlow, Wash.

Wallis Family Record -- Births

Helen Nancy Poole, Dec. 8, 1920 at Prince Rupert, B.C., Canada.

Earl Ronals Suela, Jr., August 21, 1942, at Port Angeles, WA.

Bruce Poole Suela at Eugene, Oregon June 1, 1949.

Granddaughter Angele marie Suela, July 8, 1971, Portland, OR.

Irene Poole, born July 2, 1889, at Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

C. W. Poole, born April 29, 1884, at Port Ludlow, WA.

FAMILY RECORD.

DEATHS.

Claude Augustus Poole, Drowned. Dec,
3rd Thursday - 1896. Aged 18 yrs.

John Poole - Pneumonia. Apr-
8th 1901 -

Della F. Poole - Aug - 25th,
1906 -

Louis Poole - Aug 28, 1906.

Edwin J. Poole - May 5, 1909

Carl H. Poole - March 3, 1954
at Vancouver, B.C. (Wed.) A.M.
Buried in Billingham, Wash.
Aged 69 yrs. 10 mos. + 4 days.

Irene M. Poole - May 25, 1959
at Portland, Oregon. Buried
in Billingham, Wash. Aged
69 yrs. 11 mos. + 4 days.

Maudie (Poole) La Motte - Nov. ^{18,} 1967
Berkeley, Calif. Aged 90 yrs.

Wallis Family Record -- Deaths.

Claude Augustus Poole, drowned, Dec. 3, Thursday, 1896, aged 18 years.

John Poole, pneumonia, April 8, 1901.

Della F. Poole, Aug., 25, 1906.

Louis Poole, Aug. 28, 1906.

Edwin J. Poole, May 5, 1909.

Carl H. Poole, March 3, 1954, at Vancouver, B.C., Wednesday a.m.. Buried in Bellingham, WA; aged 69 years, 10 months, and 4 days.

Irene M. Poole, May 28, 1959, at Portland, Oregon. Buried in Bellingham, WA. Aged 69 years, 11 months, and 4 days.

Maude (Poole) Le Motts, Nov. 18, 1967, Berkeley, Calif. Aged 40 years. McNatt Story:

Wallis Family Record -- Marriages:

FAMILY RECORD.

MARRIAGES.

Louis W. Poole &

Lella F. McNatt.

Married at Port Ludlow, Wash.

Apr. 27th 1876.

Edwin J. Poole &

Grace Lee, married at
Irondale, Oct. 21st 1900.

Earl W. Poole & Irene

Fraser at Vancouver, B.C.

July 3 / 1909

Earl Sula & Helen Poole

married at Port Angeles,

Wash. January 24, 1942

Bruce Poole Sula & Jerice Samson } divorce
June 14, 1969 Beaverton, Oregon June 5/72

Bruce P. Poole June 27, 1972

Lillian Jones Washington, W. Va.

& Borita K. Doylen Portland, Oregon

Louise W. Poole and Della F. McNatt, married at Port Ludlow, WA, April 27, 1876.

Edwin J. Poole and Grace Lee, married at Irondale, Oct. 21, 1900.

Carl W. Poole and Irene Fraser, married at Vancouver, B.C., July 3, 1909.

Earl Suela and Helen Poole, married at Port Angeles, WA., January 24, 1942.

Bruce Poole Suela and Janice Samson, married June 14, 1969 in Beaverton, OR. (Divorced Jun 5, 1972.)

Bruce P. Suela and LuAnn Jones, married June 27, 1972 in Washougal, WA.

Earl R. Suela and Bonita K. Saxton, married Jan. 3, 1973 in Portland, OR.