

**Issaquah History Museums 88-1-2 & 88-1-3**  
**Oral History Interview with Jake Jones, Jr.**  
**1958**

**Narrator:** Jake Jones  
**Date:** 1958  
**Interviewed By:** Willard Krigbaum, Jr

**Disc 1 - 88.1.3c**  
**(9 tracks)**

*Track 1*

JAKE JONES: But anyway, we left here in the morning – Sam and Mother – and Dad packed Sam down at Goode’s Corner [inaudible] down the hill there. And got on a horse wagon and rode over the top of the hill to Newcastle. And when we got to Newcastle, we went over to the ticket office and bought a ticket on the coach of the little narrow-gauge railroad.

They were loading coal and the coach was on behind it – it was a baggage car and then the coach – to Newcastle. We had to wait a long time before the coal train was loaded. And the train started out, went down around Lake Washington on the narrow-gauge, went around by Renton, came into Seattle on a hard trestle wood built out over the mudflats.

And from there, when we got into Seattle, at that time it was dark, getting dark. We’d left here at daylight in the morning [inaudible]. We got in there, and we went up on a wooden sidewalk, somewhere built way up high. And we got up at 7<sup>th</sup> and Lenora quite a while after dark. And I was pretty tired, I guess. I was about 4 ½ years old.

WILLARD KRIGBAUM, JR: It was after dark when you got into Seattle?

JJ: Yes, it was after dark when we got into Seattle.

WK: When did you leave Issaquah?

JJ: Daylight [inaudible] in the morning. And then, we had something to eat and they put me to bed pretty early, I guess. I was tired and I fell asleep. And early in the morning around daylight, I heard a bell, like a sheep bell ringing. And I went up and looked out the window, and it was an old horse-drawn streetcar taking people to work with all its passengers, pulled by one horse, led on a 3’

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narrow-gauge railroad. And the back, the seats were turned out sideways so you faced the side of the small car.

And the brakeman, or the fellow that was running it, he had more uniform badges and buttons and brass on it [chuckles] than a general in the Army!

But anyway, the next day we went downtown. We rode that horse-drawn streetcar. Went from 7<sup>th</sup> and Lenora, by Lake Union, down to 2<sup>nd</sup> Avenue. And they had an extra man with an extra horse to pull up the hill. When the fellow come down and met the streetcar, and they hooked on the head of the horse, and he pulled to the top of the hill and made it go, then it would go down 2<sup>nd</sup> Avenue. He had a brake on it, but there was no tongue or shaft in it. And that was the first streetcar they had in Seattle, in about 1885 ... 1884-85.

And I don't remember how we come back. We came back the same way, through Newcastle, on the train. And old Charlie Smith was a freight man. He run every other day over to Tibbetts's store on the Squak Valley.

WK: Tibbetts's store where?

JJ: Yeah, that was at Goode's Corner. He had a store there. It was the only store in the valley.

So, that was the first trip into Seattle. The railroad was built on trestle wood piling all the way. Now it's filled in, all that's filled in where Sears Roebuck and all that company is all filled in, and buildings built on it. At that time, it wasn't nothing but a big, dumb mudflat.

WK: You went through Renton, then?

JJ: Yeah, we went through Renton, across the Black River. Went along Black River till it comes to the bay [inaudible] followed the beach on this trestle wood. That was the first trip into Seattle. [tape recorder turned off]

*Track 2*

I'll tell you about the old Indian. He was a little fellow – he wasn't very big – and he had befriended the whites. Whenever the Indians got liquor, they [inaudible] No-Good Johnny, and they called him No-Good Johnny because he betrayed them and told the whites when they were coming to make a raid.

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So when the Indians got some liquor, Johnny had to get out and hide out. [chuckles] [*Indian word*], as the Indian says. It means “Kill him!”

And they used to come up in the night, in the evening at dark, they’d come up to my dad and he’d talk to him and find out what’s going on. And Johnny would tell him to bar the doors and watch out. The Indians would drink, and then they might make raids.

My dad, he’d get, oh, about [inaudible] and a couple of quarts of milk and bring him out lunch and hide him in the barn. And next day, Johnny wanted to come. Johnny would go down where he could watch and see if they were still on the warpath drinking. And he held out, and at night he’d come back. Sometimes he’d stay for four or five days. He’d sleep in the barn and Dad would feed him. Bring him out food.

He’d keep him around the place, but very seldom us kids ever saw him. He wouldn’t show up. He’d keep in. He’d see my dad coming and then they’d talk Chinook, and he’d feed Johnny and [inaudible] in the barn.

Well, he done that several times. He come out quite a few times up here, and finally, the Indians made him hunt a lot. Because he’d trade with the Indians and they made him hunt a lot. And when Dad used to give him some [inaudible] – that’s all they had, they used to get [inaudible] in these boxes from China, and they were packed in heavy lead foil.

WK: Lead foil?

JJ: Yeah. He’d give them an old or something, and he’d go out and build a fire by the woodshed, and he’d melt this [inaudible] and he’d punch his off the ground a little, you know, and he’d punch his finger down in the ground to make holes, about the size of a bullet. And he’d pour them holes full of this melted [tea lead?]. And then, Dad would give him a hammer and a block of iron – he had this block of iron there – and Johnny, when they cold enough, he’d take them out of the ground. And then he’d finish them by hammering them around, and put them in a gun. He’d make only about four. That’s all he needed.

And then he’d load up the old muzzle-loader. It had a 36” [inaudible] and a 16” bore. And he’d walk up in the hills, and he’d get a deer. One time, he shot a bear. And he got in trouble with the bear, and the bear come for him and he

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stuck the stock in the bear's mouth to keep the bear off of him. I guess he started hitting him with it, and the bear, he made four big gashes in that stock. That was up here close to the cemetery.

Well, Johnny, one time he didn't get away. And when the Indians got to drinking, they caught Johnny. And a big Indian named Indian Joe, he was pretty mean and he drank whenever he could get it and –

WK: What happened to the bear?

JJ: Oh, he caught the bear. He hit him pretty hard.

WK: He knocked him out with the stock?

JJ: Yeah, but the bear was still alive. And when Johnny come up to him and he stuck the gun stock at him and he bit the stock.

Anyway, this time Johnny didn't get away and old Joe, he cut him across the stomach there, I'd say hip to hip. That was in the early days, and someone told Dr. Gibson. And around 1888, Dr. Gibson went down there and fixed him up, set him all up, and he told the Indians not to give him anything with acid in it. But the Indians evidently give him a [inaudible] of dried berries. And the next day, Johnny died. So that was the end of No-Good Johnny.

*Track 3*

Doc Gibson was the first doctor that came here to Issaquah. He came in about 1888. And he had, oh, he had a big district. He had Carnation, and he had Fall City, and he had the upper valley, and down to the lake, down Inglewood, and North Bend, Snoqualmie and Fall City.

And he had two chestnut sorrel horses that he used to ride. He went night and day, any time. He had all that district to take care of. One time, there was a bunch of shingle weavers, and they cut pretty regular. They'd cut their hands and cut their fingers. Sometimes, they lost their arm.

And Doc had a chair that he used. He put them in that chair – and when he looked around, he didn't have much tools to work with. He'd look around out on the street to get some young fellows to come and help him. And so some of them couldn't stand the sight of blood or anything, and they'd run.

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But he'd get about four of us that he used to get a hold of – sometimes some of those fellows was pretty husky and strong, you know – and he'd strap them in that chair, strap their legs and strap their arms, and he'd start to work on them.

Well, I helped him, oh, quite a few times. And he always give me the ether cap [chuckles] to put on them. And as they'd go out, they'd struggle pretty hard. And boy, they'd make the old [inaudible] and he had the other three fellows to hold them in till they got enough ether to be quiet.

And he'd watch, he'd tell me when to take the ether cap off. And when they'd begin to come to again, he'd say, "Well, you better put it on again." He never got excited. He almost ... in the same way, he never got nervous or anything.

Didn't have much tools to work with. He'd take and trim up their fingers, and cut the flesh back and saw the bones off and put the flesh on. And he took four stitches, two one way and two across. And he'd tie them up.

And he had one great, big shingle-weaver. His name was Bozo, and he was a brother of Bobby [inaudible], the world champion fighter at that time, a heavyweight. And he was a very powerful man. In fact, he cleaned up a whole bunch of them one night. Three of them was going to pile on him and he them all laid out on the floor. [laughing]

But that was the hardest place. Boy, he pretty near turned the till over and everything else with three holding him. And I had the ether cap on him, and finally he got quieted down. Doc fixed him up. He took off the end of two of his fingers and I think his thumb. That was one of his.

Then, the train. There were three men at different times fell off the big trestle here out of town and he took care of them. And one fellow got his foot in-between the railroad coal train and the couplings, the old-style couplings, and smashed his foot up, and then was [inaudible]. He got him in there and fixed up his foot.

And he had lots of outside [inaudible] away from home. He went up to Cedar Falls, and he went to North Bend.

*Track 4*

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And one time, he went up to the hot springs of Mrs. Goldmyer. They were up at the Goldmyer Hot Springs. And he rode his horse to North Bend – awful fine horse – and then he changed horses in North Bend. He got a horse and he went up about 30 miles, in the night. And got up to Goldmyer Hot Springs and he took care of Mrs. Goldmyer.

And then he got, coming back through North Bend, he got his own horse and started home. Well, he hadn't had any sleep for, oh, two, three days and nights. It was long, hard riding, and it was summertime. Well, when he got out here about four miles from home on the old road, the old Immigrant Road, and he fell asleep on his horse. He fell off. Fell asleep and fell off his horse.

So he seen he couldn't go no more, and he tied the horse up. He always had a big overcoat, and a satchel in one hand and the lantern on the other hand. And so he tied the horse up, and he tied the overcoat tight – it was about four o'clock in the morning – he pulled the overcoat tight over his head and laid down to sleep.

Well, he went to sleep and he didn't wake up till the next day about eleven o'clock. And it was summertime, and the sun was straight up, you know, [chuckles] and he hadn't made it home. He was all wringing wet [laughing] with sweat, but he says, "I got a good sleep!" Anyhow, that was his experience on that trip.

He used to go to Fall City a lot, and he kind of thought that the great salmon run at the Raging River there – there was an awful lot of salmon there at that time and there was lots of Indians there – and they used to get feeling poorly. After the salmon run, there'd be a mild epidemic of typhoid – er, not typhoid but ...

WOMAN: Diphtheria.

JJ: Diphtheria. And they used to have them cases up there of diphtheria. And those Indians, when they got diphtheria or whatever it was, he thought it was caused by so many decaying salmon along the banks of the river. And, of course, they drunk that water that was left for the Indians there, so he figured that was the cause of it. And then the whites got it. Many of the whites had it. And they didn't have an inoculation for that.

And the Indians, almost all the young Indians about 14 years of age up to the older ones, was all scarred around the throat – great, big scars – and some

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reached up to the ears and along the side of their face from this diphtheria, or whatever that was. He had quite a fight with that. But I don't remember seeing an Indian, a young Indian, in them days that didn't have the scars across their neck and face.

And he had quite a big district. In some cases on the train, well, they made load them couplings on the coal train; and in linking them couplings, they missed and some of them got knocked down. One over there in town in back of the drugstore, and he turned one over on him, right over the middle of him on his legs. And they didn't move him. They left him there and they sent for Doc.

He went over there and he took a look and he crawled in there, and blood was shooting out of him. And he pronounced him dead, dragged him out from under the cars. That was some of his experiences.

*Track 5*

[inaudible] and he was about 6'2" tall. And every 4<sup>th</sup> of July, why, the Grand Army – there were quite a few Grand Army there and they had a 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebration and parade. And they always got Doc with his fine horse, you know, to carry the flag. And he had that fine horse, and he was a very fine rider, and he always led the parade. That was always his job. He'd carry the flag. He loved the parade. And just because of the fine horse he had, he always led the parade and carried the flag. He was a flag bearer for the parade.

In about 1887 – 1886 or 1887 – they had lots of hops in the valley. And he used to go over to the Indian reservation over at Mukilteo – Tulalip – and he'd contract with the Indians. [tape recorder turned off]

WK: Who's this?

JJ: Lawrence Moore. He contracted the Indians to come and pick the hops. There wasn't enough white pickers here to pick them. Well, he got in two carloads of Indians from Mukilteo – the Tulalip – and they would camp there. And so for some reason or another, Tibbetts, he had hops to pick, and he didn't make any arrangements to get Indians. And he needed pickers, so he raised the price. So he give them a dollar a box. There was 20 pounds of dried hops in a box, which when they were green, they was over 100 pounds.

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So then Moore went to Seattle and he got 24 Chinamen to come out. He contracted for them at the Chinese Counsel. So they came out and were camped along the creek, and then some of the whites, they didn't like the idea of the Chinamen coming in, so they were going to raid them. And they tried, but Moore had a great, big dog and he'd always give the alarm.

They tried to make a raid or 2 before but they didn't make it. This time, they got in and made a raid on the Chinese, and they opened fire on them. And they killed, I think it was three, and they crippled two or three more. And so then they burned their tents and stuff, what there was.

And Moore had the team and he hauled the dead ones and the crippled ones, and the live ones, they left. They went back to Newcastle. [inaudible], he drove the team and hauled them out, hauled them back to Newcastle.

Well, then the sheriff and the prosecuting attorney came up and rounded up these fellows that they figured had been in the raid. And there was several Indians in it and some of the whites. Well, they rounded them up, the Chinese Counsel did.

And Judge [Thomas] Burke was a lawyer. He was one of the old pioneers that come to Seattle. So they had the trial. The trial lasted a long time. And one of them, one of these fellows, he turned state's evidence, and he told all about the whole thing. So they had pretty good evidence on them, so the only thing they could do was lie on the witness stand. So they proceeded, one after the other. One of them, they had on for three days and another one, they had on the witness stand for two days. So it was a long, drawn-out case.

Finally, they'd all told their falsehoods, you know, and crisscrossed each other, and they couldn't quite get much head or tail to it. Finally, they put this old Doctor Bill – Jimmy Zackuse was his Indian name, he was an Indian doctor – and they put him on the witness stand. Of course, he come on down there with the old Indian garb and the moccasins, and they put him on the stand.

*Track 6*

And the lawyer began to question him. And no matter what question he asked him, he'd say, "Uh-huh. Uh-huh." He admitted everything and denied everything. He just had the one answer. And finally, the judge, he became peeved at him, and he says, "Jimmy" –

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That was the name given to him by the whites. His Indian name was Jimmy Zackuse. He had three names. His name was Doctor Bill, Jim Graham and Jimmy Zackuse.

And he said, "Jimmy," he says, "you're lying."

And Jimmy says, "Uh-huh. Everybody's lying here."

So the two attorneys [inaudible], it tickled them so much because he'd really told the truth! [laughing]

But they took him down to one of the best restaurants and they give Jimmy the best feed he'd ever had in his life, and then they proceeded to dress him up. And they bought him one of these big stovepipe hats. They bought him a pair of pants and suit and clothes, you know, and dressed Jimmy up. And he had a big hat on him, you know, and that's the way he come home. [chuckles] [tape recorder turned off]

[inaudible] over in Seattle, and he was going to take a shipment of hops in a scow. And this scow was built by two men at Woodinville, Ira Woodin and his brother, and they lived in Woodinville. And they were [inaudible] boat builders. So they built this 10-ton scow.

And they hauled the hops down with a team, down to what's now the State Park. And they loaded them onto this scow. And they walked on the deck with paddles, with oars. They walked back and forth with these oars till they got down to the slough. Well, when they got down to the Squak Slough, by Redmond, the slough was partly full of logs; and they had to get out and chop them logs up and move them out, to get the scow through.

One day, they worked all day, and they'd only made one mile in the slough. And the slough was very crooked. It's straightened now, but it was very crooked. They finally got down ready to leave Washington, and they had to go to what they called McGilvra's Landing. Freebrug. They called it Freeburg or McGilvra's Landing. And the reason it was Freeburg was the Indians had camped there and had noted [inaudible]. [laughing]

And then they had to be hauled up over the top of the hill. They'd send the team around. Sometimes, they'd get a team in Seattle. There wasn't many teams.

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Quite a few accidents. They'd haul them over to the docks in Seattle, and when they were there, they were loaded on a boat and sent to San Francisco.

WK: They were carried by teams from Lake Washington to the Sound?

JJ: Yeah, Leschi Park now. They were carried from Leschi Park over the hill with a team. It was, of course, a poorer road then. And then they were loaded – they were left on the wharf and they were loaded onto the boats and went to Frisco, most of them.

Then they got some groceries, because they would always bring back a load of groceries. They had an Indian with them to help them. And at night, tied up down on the slough there, they had a little cabin on this with a little stove. But most of the time, it was a heavy load, and you would slip on the deck. And so they got their groceries on, and then they walked on the deck with these oars, paddling their boat. When they got in the slough, they had to use poles to push it.

When they come back, there was quite a frost, and there was quite a bit of ice on the slough. The slough run very slow and it froze. They had to break the ice to get through. And when they got up into Lake Sammamish – Squak Lake, then – there come up quite a little wind. And that boat was hard to handle, so it drifted over and got on the sunken forest. There was a sunken forest, you know, where they'd cut a lot of trees out, and sometimes they were standing out there, and there was one of these boats, it got on one of these treetops, and they couldn't get it off. And [inaudible] was afraid it was going to bore a hole in it.

*Track 7*

Well, they had a bottle of whiskey they brought back with them. But they didn't let the Indian know they had it, because he'd want a drink. And they tried every way they could, and they was afraid they was going to get a hole bored in there. It was night and they had to get out of there. So they offered the Indian [to] give him a good, big drink of whiskey if he'd go overboard and get it off.

He went overboard and he got the scow off the point of this tree sticking up from the lake. And they got loose from that, and they finally got the thing back up into the mouth quick – that's where they [inaudible] – and that trip took them six weeks to go down and back to Seattle. Six weeks for that load.

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[inaudible] over to Eastern Washington to pick hops for the Bushes. The Bushes, they had a racehorse. [Inaudible.] And they had a jockey, and they'd trained up a horse, a pretty good horse.

When the Indians come after they had picked hops for a while – and they had a lot of hops pickers – they made a race with the Indians. And they had a half-mile track through the farmlands. Spent quite a bit of time on it.

So the Indian horse run away from them [inaudible]. So the next day, they wanted to try the Indians for another race. One of the Indians said, "All right." And they had another one. They had an old, scrubby-looking horse they brought out there. They matched them for a race and did some betting on it. This was big horse. The Bushes hardly ever had [inaudible]. It was supposed to be a big racehorse.

Boy, when he turned that one loose, why, he just completely went away from them. And I said to Tap, I said, "What did you do to the racehorse, Tap?"

He said, "I put the harness on him next day!" [laughing]

Say, Ned, he was called to herd some sheep. And he had them across the creek over there. And at that time, I was very sick. I was about four years old. And McCluskey was the only close neighbor. He lived over across the town there. And he used to come every morning at daylight to see how I was.

Well, this one morning this cougar came down there and he was raiding the sheep. He'd killed 11 of them, and the one that had the bell on him, he left to the last. He didn't want to bother the one with the bell on, I guess. And finally, he tackled the one with the bell on him, and he killed that.

And McCluskey was coming over early in the morning, and here he was on the trail dragging the sheep. And McCluskey, he picked up a club and took after him. [chuckles] And the cougar would drop the sheep and snarl at him, and he'd swing at him with the club and bucked him. Finally, there was a log across the creek there part way, and he went down on that log and went over onto the bank. And McCluskey, he took the sheep away from him and brought it up over to the ranch! [laughing] [tape recorder turned off]

All right. I'm going to tell you one about Bill Terry. He was one of the first settlers there. And he had [inaudible] people down there. And he had some pigs

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and he was making his own bacon. They didn't have any flour for three years because it was too far to pack it. He said they had lots of potatoes.

And he put straps on his plow beam [inaudible], and he put straps in the plow beam, you know, and he put the gun in them straps, an old musket, and he was ready for the bear to come down for his pigs.

Well, one day he told me he was plowing away, and his pigs started to squeal. He stopped the oxen and he pulled out the gun, and he went over to the bush where the pig was squealing and the bear had the pig down, you know, and he was chewing him on the neck and his shoulder, you know, biting out chunks.

Bill, he took a shot at him, and he hit the bear.

*Track 8*

The bear went one way and the pig went the other way. He didn't see the pig for several days. He had sort of a small pig corral there. One morning he went out there and his pig was back. He was laying on the pig corral.

But some of the bones were sticking out of his shoulders and neck. Flies had got into it. So Bill, he went and got a [inaudible]. He had some [inaudible], that's all he had, and he poured a little bit of that on him. And the pig did all right.

And Bill said, "You know, when I butchered that pig that fall, I only lost a quarter of it!" [tape recorder turned off]

The first school they had in Issaquah ... there was an old fellow that had a homestead named Thomas Sloane. He was an old bachelor, but he did have a little [inaudible]. I don't know how much, wasn't a great deal.

So they were in the Georgetown School District. This valley belonged to the Georgetown School District. They went down to the Georgetown District, and they had to get a little money. They had four students. It was Mrs. Darst and Mrs. Poole, Tap Bush and Jack Bush.

So they wouldn't give them any, so the people around the neighborhood, they subscribed \$20 apiece and they got, I don't remember how much they got, but my dad give them \$20 and Bush, I don't think he could afford it. He had a student, one of his children.

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And they hired Thomas Sloane, and he taught in Bush's house. He got his board and \$20 a month for teaching the first school. And then after that, the schools were moved. After hop-picking time – they didn't have any schools at hop-picking time and when the hop house was empty, they had school in there for five or six children.

And finally, they had school on the ranch one time. They used to move it around. They had it down in the valley, they had it at the Bushes, and one year at the Wolds.

And finally, they built a little schoolhouse down on the point of the hill there, where the pickers lived. And they got the schoolteacher then, a Miss Kellogg. She was the first schoolteacher they had in that school out at the [inaudible] school. It was a small, split-board shack made out of split boards, out of cedar.

Miss Kellogg taught there, and she taught for one year, or two years, I don't know just what. That was my first school schoolteacher was Miss Kellogg. And she used to say grace, bless the children when she opened the school first thing. And they'd have a little song. I never knew where she went till I read the history of Whatcom, Bellingham, and she was one of the pioneer teachers. She went from here up there. And she taught up there, I guess for quite a few years. The next teacher was Kirkpatrick.

Then, in 1889 or 1890, they established a school up here in town. They didn't have any school building, and they taught in the Knights of Labor hall. They had a union hall, the Knights of Labor, and they used that with one room. And they got a schoolteacher from Renton – uh – Newcastle.

*Track 9*

His name was Isaac P. Rich, a great, big man, in that little school building and that small hall. He had one teacher for 120 pupils on the rolls. And in the summertime, there was bound to be 20 of them in the creek swimming. [chuckles]

And he taught there two years, and then they got a school built. They built one wing of the old building – made two rooms, one upstairs and one downstairs – and they had, I guess, up to 150 students. And they were from the beginners to

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... some of them was 21 years old. Some of them weighed 200 pounds their first year in school.

So the next year after that, they built another wing on it and put a stairway in the middle. And that was the first school; it stood for a long time till they built more schools. There was probably 150 students there.

WK: Was that down at Pickering's Corner?

JJ: What?

WK: Pickering's Corner?

JJ: No, that was right up here where it is now. I think they just tore down that old building. And they dug a well up on that hill, right out close to one side of the schoolhouse up at one end of it. I don't know how far down they went but they got good water. And the water was pumped up to the pump, put in a bucket, and that would set on a bench at the back of the room with a dipper in it. And they drank out of the same dipper. That wouldn't go now.

That was the beginnings of the schools here. [tape recorder turned off]

The first man that they knew come into Squak Valley – this whole country was Squak Valley; the lake was Squak Lake and the valley was Squak Valley, and up above – they settled that in about 1884, and in 1884, that was called Upper Squak so the first man that they knew of coming into the valley was a Hollander named Dutch Ned, and he had down there what's Goode's Corner now was old, was old Dutch Ned. And there was John Adams and Sloane and the Bushes. That was in about 1860.

There was one fellow named [David] Mayhew that had a place further on down the lake. He come a little later. And somewhat later, there was this Casto. He had the Pickering place.

They caught a lot of fish and they tried to ship them out there at the Duwamish River in Seattle. And they had a kind of beginning, and they didn't know how to can them or cook them, I guess, so they salted them. And they made their own barbs, and they used hazel hooks. There was lots of hazels in the valley. And he had a contract for several thousand hazel hooks.

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**Disc 2 - 88.1.3d, 88.1.2e (2 copies)**  
**(8 tracks)**

*Track 1*

JJ: And he had quite a few Indians with him. And he liked a little liquor sometimes, and I guess he let the Indians have a little of it. And an Indian named Jack – a bad one – and two Indians quarreled, and I guess they went back to get a little more liquor – he didn't give it to them – but anyway, they proceeded to massacre him and they came out here.

Then, they went over to attack the Bush family, and met Mrs. Bush. She was going over to see how Mrs. Casto was. And the Indian woman, she told her not to go there, that they'd killed the Castos. So she kind of fainted, and this Indian woman helped to get her home.

After that, the Indians come there and was going to raid them, but they didn't have any – they had powder and caps but they didn't have any lead. So they chopped up some nails with a chisel, and they got enough nails and nail heads and chunks of scrap iron, and loaded up the old gun.

The Indians, about that time, were doing a lot of hollering and they were pretty mad. They had got a gun then. And so the Indians was probably coming in, and old Bush and Wilford Stewart, who was Mrs. Bush's brother, and he just opened the door and let go of these nail heads. Well, a lot of them got a scrap iron [inaudible], you know? [laughing]

They did a lot of howling, and they fired back. They fired back but they didn't hit anybody, but they went away. They got out of there. And later on, Indian Jack, he was coming up along the creek there – and Indian Jack, he was a bad one – somebody shot him and left him there. That was the end of that [inaudible].

But [inaudible], there was Tom Cherry and there was Thomas Sloane, and the Bush family, and Dad, and the Wolds. And the pickers come a little later into the valley.

And old Governor Pickering, he bought up a lot of the valley land, and he had the Snoqualmie Falls – he got possession of that – and he had now what's the town

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of Snoqualmie, he owned a big part of that. But since then, they've lost it and sold it, so he just got his [inaudible] back.

William Pickering, his son – the Governor's son – he [inaudible] Mrs. Furnell and he died. He was buried. I remember that funeral. My dad was getting ready to go and he said that he wanted to be sure to go to that funeral, because they didn't know if they could pull the casket up from the hill.

The son of Governor Pickering, he was buried up on the hill above Tibbetts' gravel pit. There was several more graves there, it was mainly graves for whites. And he was buried there, and he was left there for about 20 years. Mrs. Pickering, she might have [inaudible]. And later on, I don't know just about what time it was, but later on they moved him and took him to Seattle somewhere, where lays the body. That was [inaudible].

Old Dutch Ned, the first man here in the valley, he sold out and was supposed to get around about \$6,000 for his holdings. He sold to Tibbetts', and the Wilsons come in, and the Wilsons were related to Governor Pickering [inaudible] Tibbetts'. So he took this \$6,000 ... He was a hunchback. And believe me, I guess I was told he was a hunchback because he had worked a long time in a brickyard wheelbarrow with bricks, and he was all stooped over. He was quite an old man.

*Track 2*

He went to Seattle and got a vault and put his money in there, and he used to buy County farms. And they was 6% and sometimes there was a discount on them. [inaudible] and quite a few farms, the County would lease them for different types of work. So he bought them, and he got a little discount on them sometimes, and then he got 6% interest. And when they come cashable, he cashed them and bought new ones.

So he come up to see my dad. He was quite an old man, and he had everything laid out. He bought himself – he called it a "crypt" – so when he died, he had everything all in place. Today, he's in Seattle somewhere in a crypt there. He was a bachelor, never was married. But he's in Seattle there somewhere now in that crypt. He had that all figured out on that part of it.

Do you know about the first beginning of Issaquah?

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WK: No.

JJ: Well, there was a fellow named Isaac Cooper, and he had a saloon in Newcastle. And he came over in 1887, in March. He walked over from Newcastle. It was quite a job for him, because it was pretty heavy. And he come over and made a deal with my dad. He wanted to buy an acre.

So they went up to where the center of town now is, where the light is, the section corner. And they didn't have no tape line or anything, so they took a square and they cut a 16 ½-foot around hole and they called it a section corner. And they went north so far, and west so far, and so many rods back south and then out so far, and then back to the section corner.

The railroad wasn't here then, but most of the grading was done and they were doing prospecting – developing – work at the mine. The rails weren't laid and the ties weren't on but most of the ties was cut – in the woods, it was hewn by axe and hauled out.

He built the first building. The building was about, I would say, about 20 feet by 30 feet, and he started a saloon. And he was the first man that built in Issaquah, was Isaac Cooper. Well, then they built up, and they built in Bellevue [Hotel] in 1888.

WK: What was the Bellevue?

JJ: The Bellevue was where Hepler's ... Malone's Garage is. Towards that place uptown?<sup>1</sup>

Well, Ingebright Wold had the other side joining him, so he platted out some of his. He sold out several plats of it first, and then he platted it. After about 1889, I guess he platted it, or 1890. He sold out, and my dad sold his [inaudible] to make [inaudible] near the biggest part of the ... that'd be the southeast corner section, the southeast corner to the southeast corner section.

Then, the people began to move in and the mines began to operate very strongly. It was common for them to send out a train a quarter of a mile long of coal cars. They was from 30-to-50-ton cars. And they had a weigh stand; they

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<sup>1</sup> The Bellevue Hotel was located on the SE corner of Front and Sunset.

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used to weigh them right there on the railroad track at the center of town, and then they'd haul them into Seattle.

But the people began to move in and began to buy cows, and began to buy pigs. And the pigs was turned loose – the pigs just run loose around town – and any building that was built up high enough for the pigs to get under, when they wanted to sleep, they'd get up underneath them houses and they'd sleep. Of course, the pigs would be out there in the nighttime and squeal loud. [chuckles]

I don't know how many they had, but anybody wanted a pig, they couldn't tell their own pig from somebody else's pig, why, they went out and got a pig [inaudible] went out and hunted a pig someplace and he got the pig. [laughing] They had some arguments, but they were going to give him their pig and that settled that part of it.

*Track 3*

And they had 120 cows running loose in town. And some of them was good enough to open any kind of a gate, any kind of a latch there was. And then, there were 25 or 30 horses, saddle horses and some buggy horses. It was quite a time. [chuckles] You had to almost nail shut the gate or the door or they could get it open. Some of them had seven or eight or ten cows all running loose in town.

I don't know what you know about being incorporated, but they finally incorporated the town. It was a long time. They got rid of the pigs first. And then, for a long time afterwards, they got rid of the cows. I counted 120 one time, and about every third one had a bell on [laughing] going up the street!

And they had some loose mules running loose amongst them, you know. They could jump over a fence. You could never build one high enough that they couldn't get over.

The pigs, I understand, used to sleep up under the first church, the old Methodist church. It was built very high off the ground. But when night come, they crawled up under any house that was open. They wanted to go to sleep. They wanted [inaudible] for some little ones and some young ones. Quite a [inaudible]. [tape recorder turned off]

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Now I'll tell you something about some of the early Indians. Now, the Indians lived along the mouth of these tributaries of the creeks – some lived on the mid-creeks – but they stayed in families. And the Indians didn't have names. When the whites come here, there may be a few of the leading Indians, head Indians, that had names, but mostly the ordinary Indian didn't have any name [inaudible].<sup>2</sup> So, the whites named the Indians. One was Eliza and one was Betsy, and there was Johnny and Louie and Dan and Watson.

And, oh, there was a lot of Indians here. And they stayed around the mouth of the rivers where the red fish come up, the salmon, and they dried them. And they went and made the nets that took willow sticks. And cut lots of willow sticks, and then they braided them with the inside of the cedar bark, the inside of the cedar bark, and braided them into the nets. And they had them nets that was about 8 to 10 feet long. And they'd put something across the creek, and lay them nets on there. Well, they'd make a little opening in one side and put a net around the [inaudible], and that was their trap. They wouldn't have to set that more than every third or fourth night, and they'd have more than they could handle. They'd dig a long trench, and then they'd put up sticks and put a rack over it. And they laid these fish on that rack to dry.

But they didn't stay in big tribes, they stayed mostly in families. Families of grandparents and uncles and such like that.

They had their trails. They went through the Patterson Creek, they went through Fall City, and they went through Cedar River, traveled back and forth and clear down on the – No Indian was ever on the west side of Squak Lake, Lake Sammamish. They all seemed to stay on the east side for some reason. They went down from Bear Creek and up to these little tributaries, and went on up the valley.

And they dried their fish and dried their berries, and dried them in the summertime. And some of them had holes dug in the ground as traps to catch deer. They put some – in some places, they dug these holes down pretty deep, and then they put bark over the top of it. But I think they scared the deer in. They got around, when they knowed some deer were there, and a bunch of Indians kind of surrounded them and drove them down this trail; and the deer was scared and he fell into this trap. They had one right up here on this little knob here. There's several holes where they used to catch their deer.

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<sup>2</sup> Local Native Americans had their own names, although whites who employed them frequently gave them names that were easier for English speakers to say and write.

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*Track 4*

But they mostly lived on fish and berries and [inaudible] roots and other roots. They used to dig 'em and dry 'em and cook 'em. They had potatoes they called [sounds like] *hoppatoos*. And they had several names for potatoes. There was *hoppatoos*, and when the Indian tried to say potatoes, he'd say [sounds like] *spaykos*. He couldn't say potatoes, so he says *spaykos*. And [inaudible].

But all celebrations was "July," the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. No matter if it was Christmastime, he said it was July. Gave Johnny [inaudible] one day, and he got up and he started dancing and hollering "July!" It was Christmas! [laughing]

The Indians was scattered out along way. They didn't go in one, big tribe. They had their – oh, you know, their yearly conferences or meetings in one place. They'd go over in their canoes and go down Lake Sammamish and into Lake Washington and over the Cedar River. They could circle the whole thing. And they could go up through Black River and then to Cedar River and then into the Green River and up White River. They had a regular circuit.

The Indian language, the Chinook language, was created and made, I guess, by the Hudson Bay Company.<sup>3</sup> And the Indians in western Washington couldn't talk to the Indians in eastern Washington very good, except those that had learned the Chinook. The Chinook was not the real English language. The older Indians, they had the Indian language, which was much worse.

But the younger Indians, they had the Chinook. And the Chinook, they couldn't pronounce Chinook, and they couldn't say the ... like a horse. A horse, the white man, he sometimes had them little ponies and they'd call them cayuse. Well, the Indians couldn't say cayuse, he said [sounds like] *kiuatan*.

And another thing, when an Indian would meet you, would meet an Indian, a friendly Indian, he'd say [sounds like] *klahowya*. And when he went away, he'd say *klahowya*. That means "hello" and "goodbye" both. [chuckles].

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<sup>3</sup> Chinook jargon was a trade language that Native Americans in the Pacific Northwest developed to facilitate commerce. Words from many other languages were included in the Chinook jargon. Although many Native Americans were also fluent in the Chinook jargon, the native language in this area was Lushootseed, or Coast Salish.

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And [sounds like] *kopalakachocko*. That means “Where you come from?” They may come from Fall City or someplace and meet somebody, and they’d say *kopalakachocko* – “Where do you come from?”

He’d say “Fall City,” but it wasn’t Fall City then, it was [sounds like] *S’Qualmie*, Snoqualmie. And it was the *S’Qualmie* River, the Snoqualmie River. And the Indians didn’t recognize Fall City, that come later.

[Mr. Jones began to repeat the Indian words again and again, which the transcriber did not transcribe]

And the Chinook language become a jargon, and none of the Indians today, I don’t think, understands. They don’t know anything about the old Indian language, but each tribe, each community, has learnt from the whites, and they’ve got a broken, kind of a jargon or broken language that they use.

Now, when the Indians reached the mountains, they couldn’t understand or talk to these Indians, except those that learned some Chinook. They got altogether different.

*Track 5*

When they come to the hop fields to pick hops, they used to come from that reservation over at Tulalip. They brought lots of [ra]coons and piles of dogs – all little, small, black [inaudible] dogs. And the hops fields was full of ‘em.

And they wanted to have to pull the [hop poles], you know, and lay ‘em in the crops to pick. And they had a language partly of their own. The white man understood [inaudible]. They wanted a [inaudible] to come and pull their hop poles and they’d holler [sounds like] *chuckalay*. And when they got a full box, they wanted the ticket man to come and give them a ticket before it settled down. You know, they settled awful fast, and you’d have to put more hops on there. They’d holler *chuckalay*. [laughing] *Chuckalay!* You could hear that a-going all the time. The longer the hop box sets, you know, it sets and the Indians had to put more hops on it.

And they had a whole bunch of coons, I guess them clam-digging coons, they got out there on the beach. And they had ‘em chained on chains, you know. Coons, and then all them dogs.

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And then they'd gamble. They were great gamblers. And they'd get a piece of plank or a piece of a log of some kind, and they'd lay that down. It'd maybe be 10, 15, 20 feet long. And one part of them would get on one side, and the other part of the Indians was betting against them, and they'd get on the other side of the log. And then in the center, on each side, there was two what you might say was the chiefs, or the leaders of the gang. And they'd put all their hop tickets, and anything of any value, any knives that they had or any property at all, they'd put it in a big blanket. Put it all in one, big blanket.

And then everybody had their hammer, and they had two sticks about, oh, 15, 16 inches long, two clubs. And everybody had to keep busy, hammering on that while these fellas that had bone, a little piece of bone, and they would hide that behind their backs. And then they'd look at each other in the face and contort their face to all shapes they could think of, you know. And these other fellas would hammer and holler. Had two notes, a hammer and a holler. And that'd go, you know, and then finally he'd bring this piece of bone out and put it out in his hand, and the other fella would have to guess what hand it was in. If you missed it, the other one kept everything that was in the blanket – hop tickets and money and everything else. Money is [sounds like] *chickamum*. Yeah. And 50 cents is [sounds like] *sitkum dollar*. And then they would rig up another blanket full of stuff.

And then, when an Indian got sick, they had Indian sweat houses. They'd kind of dig a hole along in the gravel, along the bank of a creek. And whatever got wrong with 'em, they'd – when they had this coming over, they'd dig it down quite a ways, and bank the [inaudible] up. And then they'd add cedar bark and make it into a teepee. They'd build fire in there and put big rocks in there. When their rocks hot – they'd get their rocks good and hot – and the Indians would go in there and stayed as long as he could with them hot rocks. And they'd throw water, sprinkle water, on them rocks to get the steam, to get a steam bath. And they'd stay in there until they got pretty much burned up, and then he'd make a run for the creek and jump in the creek. That was his doctor.

I was going to tell you about the Indians, the way they doctored the sick. They believe in an evil spirit that comes to take the Indian. Many of them died here with TB, an awful lot of them got TB, and they would doctor them with these sweat baths and stuff till they weren't able to doctor 'em no more. And then they would start to hammer, like gambling, only there was no gambling there, and that was to keep the evil spirits away. They figured the evil spirits was going to come and take their patient.

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*Track 6*

And sometimes they would keep it up for day and night, day and night. Day and night, you could hear them hollerin' and hear that steady crackin' on that piece of a log or slab or whatever they could get.

They'd stay there till ... sometimes, the Indians would get played out, and they couldn't stay up no more, but they were afraid that the spirit would come, so they'd send for help. And sometimes the Indians, their friends, would come from Cedar River – they'd come up through the valley here and down – and they would help. They would help hammer, while the other ones got some rest. And the patient, the TB patient, you know, would die very slow. It takes a long time. They'd keep it up for weeks, hammerin'. They were plumb played out before the patient died. That was the way of doctoring. They doctored against the evil spirits.

I never knew of them to do any torture like I heard of some, they'd stick their hands in boiling water and put [inaudible]. But I never knew of any of the Indians here to do that.

Then later on – I was quite a good-sized kid, I used to play with them down there – and the Indian agents would begin to gather them up voluntarily to go to the Muckleshoot over here, school, reservation. A lot of them went to the reservation, but some of them didn't want to go. But it was voluntary with them; they could go and try it, and if they didn't like it, they could come back. But lots of 'em stayed and became pretty well educated. And some of them didn't stay only a week, and they'd come back.

Monohon, he wouldn't stay, and some of these [inaudible] wouldn't stay. There was a kid named Jack, and I forget what the other fellow's name was, but they went over when they was 13, 12, 15 years old, and now they've become pretty well educated. They went to school and learned. No white seems to have any true proof, but [inaudible] Johnny, he was a known Indian at that time and so was [inaudible] Jack.

They used to be warring on each other, the Indians, over fishing rights, I guess. And the Indians from eastern Washington, they liked to come over and get some fish. They did come over. A lot of 'em had a trail over where White Pass is now, and they used to come down and fish on the Chehalis River, down below

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[Hanapatosh?] and dry their fish, and then take them back over to eastern Washington.

And some came through by [inaudible] and down through White River. And they used to go clear down [inaudible] and get the clams; and these western Indians, these canoe Indians, they didn't like it and they warred. According to the Indian legend – a lot of the old Indians, many of 'em, told my dad that the eastern Washington Indians, over in Yakima and on the Columbia there, they were going to make war on the Snohomish Indians on the Snohomish River. And about the furthest up the river, small groups of families, you know – 10 to 20 in a group – they fished on Tokul Creek, below the falls.

And the Indians, they came up the Yakima River, clear up to, according to the Indians, into Lake Keechelus. And then they went up the Yakima River as far as they could go, and then they carried the canoes. They had a pass through there, you know, a trail. They carried their canoes till they got into the South Fork – they had [inaudible] canoes there, they had 10 canoes.

And they were supposed to have a guide, and the Indians claimed that it was one of their own western Indians that had betrayed 'em, that they had met them and was supposed to pilot them. They didn't know too much about the falls and the rivers, you know.

Well, the first [inaudible] they had to make was at Tokul Creek. You see, they couldn't come down Tokul Creek in the daytime, because the [inaudible] came into Fall City and clear into Snohomish, and they would be ready for them. But they had this Indian pilot to go ahead, and they was going to raid Tokul Creek at night, then go on down, you see, and take them by surprise.

*Track 7*

Well, the Indians claim – and I don't know whether it's true or not – that one of their own pilots, he was along the shore, walking down the river along the shore, and they knew the falls was there. He didn't warn 'em, and they got down too close to the falls and fightin' the current [sent] the 10 canoe-loads of Indians over the falls. And the Indians tell about walking up to canoes of Indians scattered along there. Because unfortunately, there was a hundred or so Indians in that caravan, or whatever you call it, going over to make the raid. But that's before the white man came here.

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The elk – the old Indians, too, talks about at one time, they had elk here, they had lots of elk. That was along in the [18]50s. And the Indians claimed that a hard winter, there come an awful hard winter and high snow, that the elk couldn't survive the snow. And they said that's what happened to the elk. There was lots of elk that was supposed to be around the Snoqualmie and the Tolt River, all up in that country, and over in the [inaudible] country. There was marks where they'd been. And they found the antlers, old homesteaders found lots of the antlers when they cleared up their land. But there were a lot of elk. That's what the Indians claim - that a big snow came and they couldn't get out and they all perished. So that's that part of it. [tape recorder turned off]

[inaudible] there was a girl, she was about 18 or 20 years old, and they had no schools in North Bend. And J. Borst was the man that had the hop ranch at Snoqualmie, and he married an Indian woman and went into the hop business. And hops, I guess, was 50 cents to a dollar a pound, and they made money to beat the band and become a wealthy man.

So, he married the Indian woman and they had this girl born. Her name was Alice Boyce. And that's the character that this whole [inaudible]. She was born on the hop ranch. But her mother died of TB when she was just a half-grown girl, so her dad sent her down here to Issaquah in about – it was Squak Valley then – in about 1887 to go to school. She was quite a big, she was pretty much grown-up young woman. She went to school here one year. She stayed with the [Barry?] family and then she went back.

And she married. I don't know who the first guy [was] she married. But she died here not too long ago. I think she was up close in her nineties. And her name was Rachor. And I tried many times, and asked them, to know what the [inaudible]. I thought maybe she'd died. And I asked, but I didn't know it till just before she died who she was. She'd been married three times. She had three husbands and they all died. They didn't live too long, those boys. [tape recorder turned off]

The first preacher, he came in here, I guess, in the [18]70s. And he used to come from Seattle walking, and his name was [Andrew Jackson] McNemee. And he used to come to Newcastle. I don't know if he stopped in Renton, but there wasn't much Renton there, there was very little Renton. But he used to come to Newcastle, and he'd hold services at Newcastle. And then he'd walk over and come into Squak Valley, and he used to hold services down at the Bush's.

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Sometimes they'd hold them some other places, but that was about the only family that was here then, so he held the services there.

And then, he'd go to Fall City from the Bush's, and he'd stay there and hold services. Well, he had to get across the river. I don't know how, I guess in a canoe. He'd get the Indians to take him across in a canoe. And then he'd go to Snoqualmie. And then, he'd go up to North Bend [inaudible] and stay. And then, when he got down there, he would start back. And he might hold services in Snoqualmie, and in a few days, he'd come back to Fall City – walking, you know – [inaudible] in one hand and a Bible in the other. And he'd get to Fall City and hold services for a few of the old-timers. And then he'd come up over the hill, and the people along the road, they'd give him – at noontime, those families in-between, they'd give him something to eat and he'd have blessing for them.

*Track 8*

And then he'd go on back and come to the valley, and down to Newcastle, and then back to Seattle. And then in not very long, he'd just start back again. He just traveled that circuit.

And, you know, he traveled that circuit from quite a young man to way up in the eighties. And the train went through to North Bend in 1888, and then he began to travel on the train. But he traveled there for years.

He came here to the ranch one time – that was before I was born – and Dad was a bachelor then in a cabin. So he come up and visited him, and Dad invited him to stop overnight. So he was glad to stop, he was plenty hungry and plenty tired. Dad, he was going to feed him up, give him a good feed. And he put on a great, big mulligan, and they had a great, big mulligan, boy.

And he raised his own tobacco. [inaudible] tobacco grows good here, and they all made their own tobacco. The way they used to dry it and get it all in shape, and then they'd bore a hole in a maple log, they'd make holes, and they'd put that tobacco in there, and then pound it in there with a plug, and drive it in good and solid into that log that was all full of holes. When they wanted tobacco, they'd saw a piece off and spit the tobacco out, and that was their chewing tobacco, smoking tobacco.

But anyway, I guess the weather wasn't good, and Dad had a rack over the fireplace and he had his tobacco hanging up there, the leaves all hanging up

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there to finish drying them. Well, they took great pains, you know, to getting their tobacco cured right. But in the meantime, some way or another, them lamps, [inaudible] not very big, he had an old ship's lamp that swung on a pivot. It was all the lamp he had, and it wasn't very big.

Well, in the meantime, I guess a couple of tobacco leaves fell down in the mulligan pot and boiled. And the preacher McNamee, he was pretty hungry, and he dished up lots of mulligan, and he had a good, big [inaudible] for supper, and he went to bed. It wasn't long till McNamee got sick. But McNamee, he got terrible sick. My dad, he had to doctor him. And he was up all night with him and thought he was going to lose him. The next morning, he felt a little better, so he was with him and helped him along. He was pretty staggy yet and pretty weak. And he got him down to Grandma Bush, got him down there and she doctored him up. It took a couple days to get over it [chuckles] before he could head for Fall City. [tape recorder turned off]

Well anyway, old Martin Bogdan, he come from Poland. And the way he got the money to come here, he was such a big, powerful man, and they had a fair in Poland and they give a big prize for the strongest man. And they had about a 600-pound shaft, and the fellow that carried that the furthest won the prize. So Martin, he got the prize and that's what brought him, paid his way over here.

He took up a homestead up above here in about 18 ... oh, I'd say about 1879. And he worked at Newcastle, so he was wanting to come onto the homestead to do some work. And he brought a stove and a toolbox. And when he got here from Newcastle, he was pretty tired, and my dad induced him to stay all night with him. So he made a big pot of mulligan for him, and they visited, and the next morning, Dad told him when he got some land cleared to come down, and he'd give him some potatoes for seed.

And this toolbox and the stove, he had about 400 pounds of stuff in it. And [inaudible], he brought his supplies from Seattle. And he bought two sacks of flour, and he told Schwabacher store that he'd like to take a couple more sacks, but he didn't have the money. So the store man told him he couldn't pack them. He said, "If you can pack 'em, you can have 'em." So, he had four sacks of flour in that load, a cast-iron stove and a toolbox.

WK: All of this, he had on a backpack?

JJ: All on a pack, yes. But...

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**Disc 3 - 88.1.2f**  
**(8 tracks)**

*Track 1*

JJ: But he was a very big man. He was about 360 pounds and all muscle. He had to have made-to-order shoes and made-to-order clothes. The shirt to go around his neck had to be awful big, you know. Nothing in the ordinary markets would fit him.

Anyway, there was no road up there, no trail. So Martin went as far as the trail was, about up to the mines. And the [inaudible] was built with the mining crew. And then from there, he took up the creek. He went from one bar to the other and went right up the creek, you know. He crossed the creek on the next rock bar and so on up. He made about four miles with that load.

But before he left, my dad told him, "Martin, you come back when you get some land cleared and I'll give you some seed potatoes."

Oh, he said, he probably could take them along now. So they went down in the cellar, and he got a sack, gunnysack, and [inaudible] and tied the top of the sack with a string. Well, Martin got ready to go, and he had a broom on his load, too, so he just picked the sack up in one hand and threw it up on his pack and [inaudible]. [chuckles]

When it came haying time, my dad had him come down to help him pitch hay. They cut the hay with a moon scythe by hand. And he had quite a lot of hay to put in, so he had Martin to help him. And he had made a sled, and this sled, on the front part of it was a sled, and there was two wooden wheels behind. And they made the hay shocks awful big, because they couldn't get it in fast enough, and so they made 'em big so they'd shed the rain better. So they were pretty good sized.

So Martin come down to help him and he was pitching hay. [voice of small child] Martin would stick a fork in it, no matter how much there was, and lift them out of this [inaudible]-like rig. But it broke handles, it broke the fork handle. And then my dad, he told him to lay off, to take a smaller bite with the fork. But he broke three fork handles [chuckles] before he got clear down to the point where he'd

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take enough that the fork handle could stand. He didn't know his own strength. Had his shoes made-to-order. [chuckles]

You know, in the early days, there was a trail, one that they brought wagons sometimes over, but it was much more than a trail. The old McClellan Trail comes from eastern Washington, and they used to drive cattle. The first thing in the spring, before the snow went off, when they could get through, they brought horses over. There would be a band or two of horses come over and they'd set 'em on this horse [inaudible]. They had to kind of break the road.

WK: Who was that, the Indians?

JJ: No, these were the white men. And then after the horses came through and the road was kind of broke, and they'd bring cattle. And they'd have maybe a string of cattle maybe a half-mile long, with riders in-between. And they used to leave some off with the farmers in different places – North Bend, Snoqualmie and Fall City and Squak and over in White River Valley. And the rest would go down to Georgetown. And there, the cattle was butchered as they could use them, and they'd [inaudible] ship to 'Frisco, San Francisco.

And they used to leave them along with these farmers to feed till while they could handle them. And they had a contract. If the animals was weighed in – they weighed them in over a scale, the Puget, they left at each farm, and I think they weighed them out. If they lost weight, if they didn't feed 'em good, then they lost money on 'em.

*Track 2*

If they gained weight, they got a dollar a pound for what they gained, so it was an inducement for the farmers to keep 'em good and fat.

They used to leave quite a few around. And they were pretty mean, some of them. They used to ride ahead and warn the people on the farms they was going through to keep off the road and out of the way for these cattle. They'd stampede pretty easy, too.

This time, up on the Donlan ranch, the animals, the wild animals – cougars and things – came down pretty close. So one of the boys was sent out – they always locked the barn at night. The barn was made out of split boards and had fair-sized cracks in 'em. So one of 'em was sent out to close the barn just about

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dark. And they had a pile of turnips in there. And when he went through this barn and closed the door behind him and went out the other side, there was a big cougar in there. So he had to get through, and he slammed the door shut, barred it, and went in the house and told them there was a cougar in the barn.

And so they got the gun and three or four big boys and young men there. And Mrs. Donlan, she held the lamp. And a young man, he had the gun. And they went there and opened the barn door a little bit. And I guess he had nothing but fine shot, and he shot him with the fine shot. And the contraction of the gun broke the light and they were in the dark. So they got some other kind of a light or something.

And the thing was raising cain around the inside of there and they had him barred it. And John, he had a hunting knife, and one had a pitchfork and one had a moon scythe blade. And they were guarding around, and they'd watch around and this cougar was going around the wall there, and whenever they'd see his hair passing this crack or something, they'd jab him with a pitchfork or jab him with a knife. He'd beat it to the other side of the barn, trying to get out, you know. And they didn't get him down till four o'clock in the morning. [chuckles] They jabbed him full of pitchfork holes and everything else before they got him.

They never had no ammunition for their guns, the old-timers. Douse [sp?], he heard the chickens making a racket in the chicken house. He went out, and he had the gun and his wife had the lamp, and they had a pretty good-sized hole that the chickens went in. And so they held the light down and poked the gun into the hole where the chickens went in. The door was locked, but the cougar went in through this hole, it was big enough. And he saw him in there, and he blasted him away and shut the door and they went back to bed. Well, in the morning, why, he was laying there on the floor, and he'd killed of several of the chickens before they got him. [tape recorder turned off]

[inaudible] only game they have is they make a round willow hook. When they're only four years old, and that's the only game they have. And then they get little spears, and one rolls his hook by 'em, and they'd throw their spears in it. It's quite the thing to see the spears fall down, fall down on the ground. Then they have two more spears, they have three spears, and they got two more throws. And all the spears that don't go into the hook, the fellow with the hook, he takes their spears. And they have to throw their hook. That's the way that they learn to spear salmon, you know. And they start them out about four or five years old, and they practice that way till they become young men. And some of them, you

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know, can throw a spear clear across the creek and spear a salmon clear on the other side.

*Track 3*

And they have a rope with string on it, and the side of their spear would [inaudible] when they went salmon fishing, it would be about 4 or 5 feet long with a spear on the end.

That was the first day of spring they had fishing up there in Fall City on the Raging River. And this Indian here was out and he had his Indian spear – they have a long [inaudible] and it's on a fork, and they have two spears, one on each one of these forks. And that spear is made out of horn, and there may be a piece of steel in there. And these two bridges on it is fastened down there with – it fits on the end of his bow.

Anyway, the river was pretty dirty, and all the steelhead fishermen there were fishing with bait and [inaudible] hooks and everything. The river was [inaudible]. And this Indian come up with his spear pole, and his [inaudible] was exceptionally cold. And he had a gunnysack and he had two steelhead in it already. And he'd walk along the river and take the small end of the pole and feel. He'd feel along in the water and he'd bring it up very slight. And when these fish were resting behind these big boulders, he could feel the slight feel of the tail and could tell they were in there. And then he turned the pole around, and he knew right where they was and he'd spear 'em. And these fishermen, they couldn't see how he could see in that dark water, in that dirty water. They were puzzled.

But that's an Indian trick. They feel with the rod in places with the small end of the pole. And then they'd turn it around and spear these fish. They'd gotten an awfully sensitive touch with the small end of the pole.

And they built skid roads. They hauled the logs through the rocks. They put these skids in about, oh, they was about 6 feet apart. And then they greased 'em with tallow. And they'd take, oh, six, eight and ten oxen lined up to pull these logs down to the river. And then they'd pull 'em down to the river towards where the mill was. And sometimes, they dragged them right into the mill.

And they went up plenty high, because the logs were swelled with water, and they'd go up three or four what they called "spring board holes," they'd be up 8,

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10, 12 feet up in the air and chopped them off. And most of it was chucked in the beginning because they didn't have good saws. They didn't have no way to keep 'em because they was all cutting tools was all they had. [inaudible]

Later on, they went in with the horses. And they used to use all horses, and then they used [inaudible] horses. And they had six or eight on the main line, and they used to have two or three in the woods [inaudible]. They used rocks, and they used mostly manila rope. They didn't have good cables. And the rocks they had mostly ship rigging, they was used mostly for ships. That's all they had. [tape recorder turned off]

The first donkey engine that I ever knew of to come in the country was what they called a "gypsy," and they got it off a ship for loading cargo. And they took that gypsy engine up to what's now Preston, and set it up in the hills. And they mounted it like a sawmill – they mounted it to a stump, and they made a frame, like a sawmill, and set this gypsy on there to haul these logs out that were very big. And many of the big ones, they left. Then they had a chute that went down to where the railroad is...

*Track 4*

...and the locomotive, they had guardrails inside of the rails, and locomotive was to go up and lift these logs from around the chute. And they were dogged together with two dogs, one on each side in there, big hooks, they were great, big dogs. And they would haul 'em down to the railroad. And they'd haul maybe five or six of them logs behind the locomotive.

WK: How large were these logs?

JJ: How big? [inaudible] And they were held them together, and they had a big manila rope, and I guess that rope was 2 inches. And [inaudible] they had a short pole alongside where they had cars, and they had flatcars. They didn't have logging cars at that time, but they had flatcars. And they rolled 'em up and put two big skids up there, and they had a block up on this pole and they loaded them with the locomotive. And they put two logs about 16 feet long apiece on a car – that was the big ones.

And when the smaller logs they took out, they put on three, two small ones on the bottom and one big on top. They never took anything more than three logs.

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They left a lot of them in the woods, you know, that was smaller. It wouldn't pay to haul them. They didn't take anything with limbs on or anything of that kind.

And they got, under the same system, they got a log – I don't know how long it was, but it was loaded on several cars in between to carry it – it was a long log that was squared up. And I don't know what they squared it with, but they took it back to the Chicago World's Fair, they had it back there. And that log came from North Bend.

They also had a big cedar tree up there, a snag, they left. I don't know what the size was, but it was one of the largest trees that there was in the country, and it stood there for years. And the people, the people in the community, they paid the logging company the price of the tree to leave it stand there. It was only a snag. But the wind blew it down and it was destroyed.

The first sawmill in here in Issaquah was long about 1880, 1881, 1882. It was built on a little creek, and they put a dam across. And they built a flume dam and they had their saw going up and down in a flume.

WK: Where would that sawmill be now?

JJ: At Tolle Anderson's.

WK: At Tolle Anderson's?

JJ: Tolle Anderson's creek. And the old train with the barn there is it and part of it is there. But they had a [inaudible] and it was about a 12-foot drop, I guess. And everything was made out of wood, homemade out of wood. There was very little iron. And they had a carriage – a long, long carriage – and the track was on the carriage and the wheels was on the foundation. It's upside-down from what they do now. And they'd put a big log on there, maybe 4 or 5 feet, and they had different speeds of that carriage. And the teeth, you see, the teeth only cut when they came down, they didn't cut when it went up. So they had a ratchet system. But the carriage only moved ahead when the log came down. It probably wouldn't cut ...

WK: What kind of a saw was it?

JJ: It was just teeth on a regular whipsaw, a handsaw and it was a big one.

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WK: And it worked up and down?

JJ: Yeah, it worked up and down on the frame. And they would, well, I guess they could cut [inaudible]. They'd cut off great, big [inaudible] on it. It didn't cut every stroke, and it run very slow, probably quarter of an inch at a cut was all they'd cut.

So they could set that thing a-goin', turn the water on. And they had this counterbalance of core lead. They made big wooden holes for these two connecting rods going out from this frame. And they counterbalanced it with four big holes in it, 4 inches. And so it dug them in [inaudible], and some way, they poured lead in to counterbalance this frame, so it was counterbalanced and it wouldn't be lopsided.

*Track 5*

They could put a log on there, on a big cut, and the two fellas that run it, the mill, they could go home to the cabin, and put on a pot of coffee and have a little lunch, by the time that got through the log. Of course, when it dropped off, it was a great, big cant. It was maybe 12 inches, 8 inches and maybe 3 ½ feet across. And then they had the little saw later, but they couldn't run that. They had to put this cant all along through a 24-inch circular saw.

And they had a flume, a really small flume, running through under the mill. The sawdust went into this flume and the water carried the sawdust away and across the creek. That was the first mill. And his name was Peterson and Creswick. It was the first mill that was ever in the valley – probably, in King County, except Seattle. [tape recorder turned off]

The first saloon, the first building that was built in Issaquah, was the lumber then, they got that – this mill wasn't running. Because Peterson and Olifard Creswick [sp?] had left, and they started the mill – they was interested in the mill down at the lake.

And, in fact, Bush hauled the lumber up for this first building in Issaquah in 1887. And they hauled it all the way up from down where what they call Vasa Park is now. Donnelly's Mill was right there where that little creek where Roy lives now, and he hauled it up from there for the buildings.

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The railroad was graded but it didn't have the tires on yet. And in building the railroad, they had [inaudible] mills. They had a lot up the valley, and they had one under the big trestle. And they moved it to wherever there was a trestle to be built, and they cut the lumber right there for the trestle. They got the logs right handy and sat'em up, and then moved the mill. They did that right on up, and the same thing in [inaudible] and up to Snoqualmie.

When they got the railroad up as far as North Bend, the Snoqualmie Falls was an attraction for an excursion on Sunday. They used to put on all the coaches [inaudible] up the hill up there. And they'd have some attraction up at the Snoqualmie Falls. They'd have a hotel there, and they also had steps or a stairway built down on the south side of the Falls. At the Falls there, they had a hotel and [inaudible], and it was big money for the railroad company to run these excursions.

And in order to have an attraction there, they had a tightrope walker. And they stretched the cable just below the Falls, over the canyon from one tree over to another. And he walked over this. He had a kind of umbrella or something to steady him across on this cable, and he walked across that one Sunday, and that was an attraction. And a Sunday or two later, he walked across again. Well, then he decided he was going to take a parachute and walk out across this cable and jump off, and go down in a parachute. But he didn't reckon with the currents down there at the bottom of the Falls, and he didn't go down very far but these undercurrents got his parachute, and drug him into the rock wall there. And they went down there and picked him up, but he was pretty well smashed up. He said the current drug him down and [inaudible] that it pulled him down into the rocks. [tape recorder turned off]

He used to get the hogs and the calves ready for – to go to market. It was a pretty hard [inaudible] with oxen, so he had to drive them alive. Get someone to go behind, and he'd take the [inaudible] –

WK: Who was this?

*Track 6*

JJ: My dad. He got an Indian to help him. I think he had nine or ten hogs, and he was going to take them to Newcastle. That was the only market there, you know, to sell 'em. So he started up the Newcastle hill, and he had a packhorse and he had two sacks of potatoes on the packhorse. And going up the hill, the

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way he got the hogs to [inaudible], you know. And he got up the hill a ways, and he cut a hole at the bottom of each sack, cut a small hole; and the horse walking would – a potato would drop out every little ways. And the pigs, you know, they'd follow up and get the spud, a potato. Pretty soon, another one would drop out, and he was doing all right. And he had this Indian behind.

And just about the time they got to Newcastle hill, there was a bear or something that had been around there, and the hogs, I guess, smelled that bear, so they stampeded. And they went down the hill and scattered, and he lost a whole bunch of them. All he could do was to go home, and he waited, oh, I guess a week or so, and all the pigs eventually come home, he had 'em all home again. And he tried it again. Got this Indian and started back over. And the hogs was a little dubious when they got up to this same place. The Indian was coming behind, and he had a piece of dried salmon, lunch, you know, coming behind them, and the hogs, they started to stampede and the Indian let out a roar at 'em and [chuckles] they went ahead of the horse. Boy, they went for Newcastle then! They didn't cause any trouble that time. That's the way he got the hogs over. He didn't drive any hogs anymore. That was quite a big job. [inaudible]

In Newcastle, there was a lot of miners there. It was quite large. And it was an early town, I don't know just the exact date of it, but it was ...

See, the Indians told them about the rock that would burn, and they had quite a time to get the Indians to show them where it was. Finally, they come up Coal Creek from Lake Washington, and when they got up there, they discovered this coal. So I believe Bagley was the man that opened the mines.

And coal at that time was [inaudible]. It was the only power they had, to steam coal for the boats and steam coal for the cities. And they had a powerhouse on 7<sup>th</sup> Avenue there, a big powerhouse. In the back, there was seven or eight boilers, and that made electricity for the city. And they also had a pump; they had a pump in Lake Washington pumping water for Seattle, before they got the Cedar River Watershed hooked up.

There was a lot of miners in Newcastle, and they also opened up Renton and Black Diamond, different places, as well as Issaquah. They built a narrow-gauge railroad up there. But Newcastle was one of the first coal-producing. And all these boats coming in, from San Francisco and different places, they had to get their steam coal for their boilers to operate.

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And that's what made Newcastle quite an early town. It was quite a big town, and it was a center of the valley. The only place you could go to get anything was to go to Newcastle. If you went to Seattle, if you went clear around by the slough and Bothell and that way, it was a long way around. So they went over the hill to Newcastle. That was their source of supply and they sold their produce, their spuds and their barley and whatever they had to sell – meat and everything else.

The first railroad down from Newcastle was a narrow-gauge and it had wooden rails, it didn't have steel rails. It run on wood rails. And it went down, but they rebuilt it and put in a couple high trestles with steel rails. And finally, they widened the gauge to standard gauge. But all they had was wooden rails down a narrow gauge. Small cars. [tape recorder turned off]

*Track 7*

The first fellows that settled in Beaver Lake, they walked across the United States. They came from the East Coast; walked across nearly all the way. And they got to Seattle and they finally came up to Renton, and they went to Black Diamond and worked in the mines. And after they worked in the mines a while, they come over looking for land, and they got up around Beaver Lake. They had a handsaw and an axe, and they wanted to locate where was the best place to get land. And they took up one homestead there, right on the south end of Beaver Lake.

But they had a cedar tree, and they trimmed the limbs clear up to the top. And they would climb up in that cedar tree. They left the limbs about 2 or 3 feet long; it was pretty limb-y at the bottom. So they'd go up in there and look around, to locate where they thought was a good piece of land. And when they come down out of the tree, why, the next day, they went over to that place to locate it. And they finally ...

For their food, they didn't have much food with them. And there was two passages between two little lakes, one on each end, and them passages were like a slough between two small lakes. And they had a few steam trucks, and they laid the cedar log across their level, well, just above the water. And they chopped notches in these cedar logs down below the water's line. So they had notches, and in these notches, they'd put the steel traps. And the ducks was swimming up and down. Once they [inaudible] this slough, they'd come to the little place in the cedar log, and they'd try to crawl through there, and they'd catch

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them in their trap, the steel trap that was hanging there. That was where a big part of their living come from. And they couldn't pack much up into there.

Finally, one of them located at the south end of Beaver Lake, and the other fella went down to what they called Laughing Jacob's Lake, [inaudible] Lake, and he located down there. Got his homestead. Then later on, he sent for his folks in Germany; and they come out and they took another part of the land there, he relocated them, and the mother and the dad, they took a homestead in there. The father died, and he was buried up there. He was buried right there on the ranch. Because there was no way to take him out, there was only trails; and there was no cemetery anyway. [tape recorder turned off]

The first shingle mill, the first shingles they made, they cut the blocks about 18 inches long. And they had very good, split cedar, and they'd make a shed, a flatboat shed, where they could get under if it rained. And they had a kind of a horse made, where they'd come out and shoved with their feet to clamp that cedar. And splitting these shingles, they turned the block over each time; so they got them tapered by turning the block. They'd split from one end and then they'd split from the other end, and it'll taper the shingle. And then, they had a drawknife, what they called a shake knife, and they put it in this clamp or rig they had there that they'd push with their feet. And they shaved it off, smoothed it up a little bit more. And that's all the shingles they had. That was the first time making shingles. And they were very good shingles, too. We had them on our house there, and I think they was on there for 40 years and never leaked. But they were very thick.

And same thing with building a house. The house that I was raised in was made out of whipsawed lumber, like [inaudible] this place is.

*Track 8*

The house I was raised in, it was built – the lumber was made right above where we are now, where they found a low place in the ground, and they dug it up and put two skids across. And my dad hauled in the cedar logs with the oxen. And two fellows with a whipsaw, they sawed these logs – one down below and one above. And they sawed these logs into 4-inch [inaudible] – there'd be 8 and 10 and 12 and some of them 14 inches wide, whatever they'd make. And then they took them and hauled them where they wanted the house by the creek. But they dovetailed the corners of them so they'd fit. And the more weight they got on it, they dovetailed. It was quite a job, quite a mechanical job. And every 3 feet,

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they bored holes down with an auger, about an inch-auger. And then they made wooden pins and they drove a wedge before they started. The pin down the hole, they'd split it and put a wedge in it, just started it. And then when they drove the pin down in the hole, that wedge, when it hit the bottom of that hole, it spread the pin. And then they done that about every 3 feet, all around the house. And then they'd put another log on – er, another planking all around. And then they'd [inaudible] and pin them together all the way up about 10 feet. And then they had split rafters they put on for a roof, and the upper joist was all split and the lower joist was all cedar split plane-finished. And then they put flooring in. They put flooring in about 6 feet long. They'd split it out vertical grain, and the one side, they chopped and planed smooth. And then they'd tongue-and-grooved planes, and made a tongue on one side and a groove on the other, and they made a [inaudible] floor. It was about 6 inches. They made them all about 6 inches wide, and tongue and grooved them. But the underneath part, they just leveled [inaudible] the joist down to the right thickness.

And the ceiling, they made it out of 1-by-10 solid cedar. And one side, they planed, and then they put them together and it made a small cloverleaf molding that they put over each joint. And the partitions in there now, they made that out of one planking about an inch thick. And at that time, after they got started working the sawmills, everything went by the inch. If it was a 2-by-4, it was actually 2 inches thick and 4 inches wide. And if you bought a 1-by-12, it was 1 inch thick and 12 inches long. And the early [inaudible] they made in this old slough mill I was telling you about up there, the first one, that [inaudible] was 6 inches made out of floor [inaudible] and 1 inch thick. And now, we've cut them down to somewhere around three-quarters. At that time, everything went by the full inch. [tape recorder turned off]

*Track 9*

When Joe and I started out, we got the garden up and weeded and everything was all up in good shape, and Dad told us we'd better go fishing for two days before the weeds caught up.<sup>4</sup> We started out, and got a gunnysack apiece, and a couple of pieces of rope. We dug some spuds and put them in the gunnysacks, and got some bacon, and we took some flour along to make hotcakes. We didn't take no coffee because we didn't drink coffee. I think we took tea. And we had some flour and we had a loaf of bread, and we started out.

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<sup>4</sup> Joe was Pierre Joseph Settem, Jake's half-brother. Jake and Joe's mother, Mary Anderson, was married to Envald Settem before marrying Jake Jones, Sr.

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WK: How old were you?

JJ: I was about 12 and Joe was about 14. And we got up to Echo Lake – that's where we was going – and we got in an old shack up there. There was an old dugout canoe; and they'd dug it out, but it was so high that it would tip, it was dangerous. We took and chopped the top off and got it down low.

And there was lots of fish then, and we had quite a few fish hooks, and we went fishing. We went up in the upper end, the west end there [inaudible] by a big rock bluff. And we found an old screen that the railroad company had left, but it was in good shape. So we used a lot of that screen, unraveled that screen there – fly screen – for fish line. And we got chubs for bait. There was lots of chubs in there and we had a piece of screen and we'd sprinkle a little breadcrumbs on there till a bunch of chubs would come, and we'd catch them in this little dip net, for bait. And we'd put that down and we'd go down about 20, 25 feet, and them big trout was there about 16, 18 inches long. Every once in a while, we'd pull one in. And at night, we made a box and put these fish in, and we kept these boxes in the water to keep the fish alive. But in the evening, at dark, we fished in the lower end of the lake and we got these small ones fly fishing. We'd fly fish for them. And then in the daytime when it was warm, we went up in the shade of the rock bluff up there.

I believe that time, we took a horse up there, a pack horse, or it was another time we had that horse. But we got two whole powder boxes coming off the old railroad creek, and we put some leaves – a layer of fish and a layer of leaves – and we had a good, big, oh, a [inaudible] for the fish when we get home. Big ones. And quite a few of them jumped out of the box before we knew it. I thought the box was high enough that they wouldn't get out, but a lot of them did get out. We happened to see them jumping out and we stopped then and got them home.

But when we got back another time up there when we went fishing, we was fishing the same way [inaudible]. We caught quite a few fish but we took a notion. We went down-range of them. We followed the railroad grade down through to cross Raging River, and fished in there for a while, and camped. There was an old house of the Johnsons' in there. They had homesteaded and moved out, so we went in there. And we stayed a while, caught fish, and then we started home over the hill.

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We up Deep Creek, crossed over the hill, and we come down by Hobart and come out that way. And we used to cross over. It was much easier to go then in the big timber. The big timber was quite open and it wasn't too hard a-goin'.

**Disc 4 - 88.1.2g**  
**(9 tracks)**

*Track 1*

But we used to travel around there mostly any old place. And, of course, we slept at night. Whenever we'd get tired or anything, why, we just stopped and got us some bark – where there was water – and stayed overnight. We didn't bother. There was lots of bear and there was lots of deer, lots of wildcats. Game. Plenty of birds. All kinds of game was in there at that time.

And the homesteaders, they had quite a few trails. We could travel on these homesteaders' trails quite a bit. We would stay for a week or 10 days, whatever we felt like. We never got lost. Nobody ever hunted us. There was no use to hunt us, because they didn't know where we was anyway.

We didn't have no watch or no clock with us. We didn't know what time it was. When we was over at Raging River, we knew the train come up at seven o'clock, so once in a while, we could hear the train whistle down on the railroad track when we was up at the Raging River, and we knew it was about seven o'clock when that train got up there. Because it got to Issaquah about six, and before it got to North Bend, it was seven. So we know it was close to seven o'clock. That's the only time we had.

One time, we went to sleep and we had a fire in an old stove they left there. So we went in and we went to sleep and [inaudible] comes along. And, of course, kids, you know, can sleep pretty easy. And we were sound asleep in the middle of the night about twelve o'clock. And Joe, he smells smoke. I guess the old broken stove wasn't any good, and the fire got out of the stove and feel down on the floor, and the cabin was on fire. So we didn't have any bucket of water handy, but we had a bucket of hotcake dough. [chuckles] So Joe [inaudible] so he poured the hotcake dough on it and put the fire out! [laughing]

Well, then the wood rats, the wood rats was thicker than [inaudible] in there, and they used to keep us awake quite a bit. And at night, they'd start to work. And we'd pack rocks and apples [inaudible]. And they'd take them up to the top of the

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stairs, and then they'd roll 'em down the stairs. And then they'd run down and get 'em and they'd [inaudible] the stuff, and then hammer all night with their feet, you know, and play on them stairs. And we woke up the next morning and went up in the attic there to see them, and we found three big wood rats' nests. And one of them had young wood rats in it. So we took the nest down. And it seemed as though they were pretty delicate. When we took the nest down, they seemed to get cold, so we heated them by the fire – we had a fire outside, we didn't use the stove very much – we heated them up and put them back. But we went up and looked the next morning and the wood rats was dead. I don't know, maybe we kept the old ones away or didn't feed them, but the wood rats was dead.

Another fellow went up there fishing later on, and he had his boy with him. And he didn't know much about wood rats, and he slept in there overnight. He was going to fish. And he had his shotgun with him, a double-barrel shotgun. Wood rats start to work in the house there at night, you know, and they was rolling these rocks around, and he thought it was a bear trying to get in. So he got up and stood guard all night – he barred the door – set there with a shotgun all night watching if the bear didn't get through. In the morning, he pulled out. Him and the kid got out of there the next morning, and there was nothing but wood rats working there. They make a lot of noise.

*Track 2*

We moved in up there, and the house hadn't been used for quite a while. It was out of order, and I fixed it up some. Got the water turned on, and we got moved in. Finally, we built a piano, and in the evening then, why, Pamela, she played the piano a lot, and she started to play on a piece. And these wood rats was up there in the attic and had been bothering us for a few weeks. She started to play on that and all kinds of wood rats comes out of the wall and over the roof [chuckles] and took off into the hill. And they never came back. That was the only trouble we ever had with those rats! [laughing] [tape recorder turned off]

[inaudible] there was a gentleman with us and he had a whole lot of dogs. We had fox terriers, and he had two fox terriers and a couple of scrubs, and I think he had five hounds. And when we got up to [inaudible] up above Preston, of course, the dogs – there was lots of bears in there and they took after a bear. And kind of got scattered out and they went after two bear, and half were one place and half were in the other. So they was going through by the old Echo Lake

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Schoolhouse, and this bear came around down the logs and he was running away from them. I shot him and hit him, crippled him.

And first, there was only the one dog, but he was a tough guy. He took after the bear and the bear took after him. And the dog was going backwards, and the bear was trying to get him down with his front feet. And finally, the dog fell off the log – he was up pretty high – and the bear went down. And the dog, he beat it out of there and he come to me. Well, the bear was hit pretty hard. Pretty soon, all the dogs come. And he went into a little creek. There was a little stream of water there, and the brush was terrible thick. And vine maples and salmonberry brush so you couldn't see the ground no place, you couldn't get through it.

By that time, there was about, oh, seven or eight of the dogs come there, them fox terriers. And they heard me shoot, and this German and Joe came down there to see what I had. The brush was too thick and I wouldn't go in there, and the dogs were on each side. And the bear would take after them, and he would run a pack off one side, then he'd run a bunch out the other side. And there they were going, back and forth.

Finally, we tried to climb up in a vine maple, to get over him and to shoot him some more. But when I looked back, this part of the vine maple was split and going to let us down. So I told him he had to get out of there. And so we got back, and this German, he got into one of these holes that the dogs had been running back and forth through, you know. And he laid down on his stomach. [chuckles] He got down on his stomach there and he said, "I will fix him this time."

But in [inaudible] was baldheaded. He didn't have much hair on the top of his head. The only hair he had was around his neck, and big, red whiskers. The bear took a dive at the dogs and these hounds and everything else [inaudible] his bald head. [laughing] And he [inaudible] and I says, "Did you get him?" He says, "No, I didn't get him, but I bumped him on the nose!" [laughing]

And finally, he got impatient – and we couldn't get a shot at him because the dogs was so thick around there – he got impatient and *by golly*, he crawled in there. And I heard a couple of shots and I went in there as fast as I could go. I couldn't see the bear for dogs. [inaudible] and with dogs so thick, you couldn't see the bear. [laughing]

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We pulled the bear out and we took the hide off, and left, I think, the hindquarters. He wanted the hindquarters of the bear, so we left him and the hide and we carried him out down to where we had the horse, at an old ranch.

*Track 3*

One of the fox terriers, he wouldn't come. He stayed there. I called him and he wouldn't come, and he still stayed there. And I went back to see what was the matter with him, and the bear had bit him to the breast here, and made four holes there. And I turned him over and raised up his front legs and I could see his heart beating. So I picked him up and carried him out, and carried him down to the place, to the old cabin.

Next day, we was going to go home, and the dogs got after wildcats. It was full of wildcats. So we killed two of the cats, two of the wildcats. We just killed them, and first thing you know, the dogs had another of them up in a big snag. And we got tired, because we wanted to go home. So we just left them. And we didn't go up and kill that one at all, we left him.

Got on down, and by the time we got down to Preston, why, the dogs, they caught up. They'd give up and quit barking and come down. That was one bear hunt. [tape recorder turned off]

And then, later on, he moved away from here. He was still out for bear. He was tough. He was coming home and he had his boy with him –

WK: Who was that? The old gentleman?

JJ: My brother. And he was coming home, and the two boys had been out, and they got after something. He was coming down an old road down there, and he saw a bear crossing the road. And so he took a shot at him, but he shot through a little hemlock tree about, oh, 4 inches or so. And the bullet was pretty well spent, but it hit the bear all right, and the bear went off the road.

So he went on home and got something to eat. And the two boys come back, they come back down. So he thought he'd go back and get the bear. But the dogs didn't come, and all he had was a little shepherd dog, just a pup about eight or nine months old. So he went up there, and the bear didn't go very far. He was pretty sick and he went in the swamp.

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So he told the boys, he said, "You go in there with the shepherd dog and I'll stay over here." And he said, "You chase him out."

Well, suddenly the kids [inaudible] and the bear took after him; he was after the dog, and the kids, they got out of there. But the dog went with the old man, and the bear after him. And the dog passed the old man, and when he got up even with the old man, he [inaudible] right by the knees. And he downed him. And he got him by the ears, and there was kind of a tug-of-war on there, and he said when the bear pulled one way, he pulled the other.

So the boy come up and he says, "Should I shoot him, Pop?" And he says, "Where?"

He says, "Right there. I put the [inaudible] out so you could shoot him."

And he did. But the bullet split and shot two fingers pretty near off, went through the bear's head, and part of the bullet went down his leg. So he got a stick to walk with, because it just about cut the muscle off. He got a stick to walk with – a big, long stick – and he hobbled and got home.

His son-in-law was there with a Model T Ford, and he took him to Eatonville Hospital. He wouldn't take no ether. He made the doctor fix him up just the way he was. He didn't need no ether, and I guess he didn't. He got doctored up, but he dragged his toe always after that. He cut the muscle too bad, so he was kind of crippled. [tape recorder turned off]

We was up picking berries – I was [inaudible] – and we always picked berries in the morning when it was cool. And then when it got hot, why, we mainly went fishing along the river and got some fish. And the dogs got after a coon that had four or five little ones, young, pretty good-sized; they was pretty near as big as the older one. And they were up in a tree, so Albert, he went up, and I stayed on the ground to catch him. Well, if you have a coon by the tail and there's no brush, she can't bite you. She can't turn around.

*Track 4*

But anyway, we got a gunnysack and we got the four young ones. We carried them up, and we had an old bedspring up there in an old logging camp around there; and we got an old box and we put them in there, and nailed a piece of that old wire bedspring – you know them woven wire bunks that they had?

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So we put them on there. And we had a horse and buckboard wagon, and we had the coons on there. And we got down to the Preston Mill, so they seen there was coons on there, and they all got excited, and they left the jobs and all came over to see the coons. And we stopped there by the blacksmith's shop.

So they all wanted to buy 'em. "How much?" "A dollar apiece." [chuckles] We started to sell coons.

And one fellow, he got a nail keg for his coon. And, of course, I knew how to handle them and I'd watch my chance. If the coon was just right, I'd grab him by the tail and put him in a nail keg. About the second one I put in a nail keg, the blacksmith helper, he was there and he reached in the box and he says [inaudible]. And, of course, he just reached in the box and the coon nailed him! [laughing] But we sold all the coons there for a dollar apiece. That was the coon hunt.

But I went coon hunting with this same German. We went up the valley here. And he had a good coon dog. He wasn't a hound, but he was a shepherd dog, a setter. Well, it wasn't long till he got that coon up in a cedar. And pretty soon, we got up there. Oh, it was a cedar with a three-foot bottom and a hundred feet high. And couldn't see him up there in the thick brush, so he said he was going up after him.

Boy, pretty soon he got up a long ways, and he had a pick lamp when he came down in the dark. He had a light, a pick lamp that you use in the mine. And the coon kept going up higher and higher, and finally, was right up on the peak. And he hollered down to me, he says, "Now you won't hear him [inaudible]!" Because he started to shake it when the coon couldn't get no higher. The coon let loose, and he come down through the limbs. He come down headfirst, and he was dragging his feet on the bark. I could hear him tearing the bark as he was coming down. And he hit in the mud hole and the dogs grabbed him.

And I had no light. I couldn't see what I was doing down there. It was dark. And the dogs killed the coon. They were both in the mud hole there, in the swamp. How he bawled me out for not catching the coon! I didn't want to get in the mud hole with that coon. In the dark, you couldn't see what end you was grabbing! If it'd been daylight, I could have caught him by the tail and held him up in the air [laughing] and had my own coon hunt. [tape recorder turned off]

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Johnny, he got a horse, he traded a horse. And he had quite a bit of drink in him, and the horse had an awful tender mouth. So Johnny, he'd pull up on the lines, you know, and jerked the horse in the mouth, and the horse went over backwards. And the saddle and the whole horse's weight and everything hit him on the breast. And he laid there in the road, and the horse got off of him.

And Doc Carson was there, and he said, "There's a dead Indian." And he laid there, and they went out to pick him up, and he set up in the road! The fellows raised him up and got him over on the sidewalk. He kind of was woozy but he said, "Give me a cigarette!" [laughing]

Well, his whole breast was black. Well, he went down to camp and he got Jimmy Zackuse and Dr. Bill to come up and doctor him. And every week, he'd come up and he'd strip Johnny up. He was all black here, the whole breast. He'd strip Johnny off and lay him down here, and he'd suck out all this blood by mouth. He done that for over a month. But Johnny done all right. [tape recorder turned off]

*Track 5*

This is same old Johnny Louie. He was quite a drinker, but he wasn't quarrelsome when he was drinking. But the sheriffs got after him, you know. He was laying drunk quite a bit. They'd say, "Where did you get the whiskey, Johnny?"

They wasn't allowed to sell it to Indians. Of course, an Indian would never tell. You could never get anything out of an Indian.

Johnny says, "Me find it."

"All right, Johnny. Next time we find you drunk, we're going to put you in the stockade."

They had a stockade down by – below Redmond a few miles. Wasn't longer than a week or two, why, Johnny was drunk again. So they took him down and put him in the stockade. He got 30 days down there, you know, to work on the farm. It was a farm down below Redmond that the County owned.

So Johnny stayed his 30 days, and when they let him out, they said, "You can go today, Johnny."

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Johnny says, "No, too far walk. Tomorrow I go, in the morning." If they let him out after noon, he wouldn't walk that far.

He stayed another day. And next day, he left the stockade and he had to walk up to Inglewood. That's where he lived, and he worked in the shingle mill there for Weber. And they [inaudible], you know. Here he come up to the railroad track, and Weber come out to the railroad track to meet Johnny.

He shook hands with him and he says, "Well, Johnny, how'd they treat you down there?"

"Oh," he says, "it was a good place. Pork chops every day." [laughing]

The first settler in the valley was Dutch Ned and he was a [inaudible] and his right name was Jacob Ohm. And he was a bachelor and he settled right where Goode's Corner is.

And then after him came John Adams. And about that time came Tom Cherry. And the Bushes came in '62, 1862. And they was the first people. And Tom Sloane. Tom Sloane was down on the John Anderson place where the park is now. And there weren't only about five or six. Tom Cherry had the place where the park is and Sloane had the other place.

And then Bush came in 1860. And then, in – oh yes, it the Castos, and a fellow named John Halstead. They had what is the Pickering place. And he was the one – the Indians had killed that family in long and about [18]64-65.

So then after that, my dad [Jacob Jones, Sr.], Ingebright Wold and Lars Wold came and they bought this place from – what's known as the well rights – they bought that from a fellow named Welch. And he was afraid. He was getting out. So he wanted to get out pretty bad, and they give him \$1,600 for it. And they got an old flour mill and I think a team of buckskin cayuses and an old wagon.

Then, they dissolved their partnership, and my dad took this place, and Ingebright Wold took part of Issaquah and Dad had a homestead. And about that time, at the same time – shortly after Dutch Ned came here – L. B. Andrews, he homesteaded a coal claim up where the mine is now, up at the mines. And then White, a man name of White, he had a claim there, and he had a cabin just a little above Red Hall's mill. So they was holding down that coal claim.

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And they had two-wheeled cart, and the first coal they took to have it tested, they put it in gunnysacks and they hauled it down to the head of the lake; and they took it in a boat and took it down to Seattle and had it tested, just a few sacks of coal. And finally, they didn't develop the coal mine until 1887, was when they first developed the coal mine.

*Track 6*

But the whole valley here was Squak. It was Squak clear from Redmond – oh, further down than Redmond, it was Squak from down in Woodinville, from Woodinville up to Hobart. It was Squak Lake and Squak Valley, and the upper part was Upper Squak.

WK: Which mine was that? Is that the one that's up by the fish hatchery dam?

JJ: Yeah, that's the mine. Well, that first was opened up by a bunch of Seattle people, and they called it the Seattle Coal and Iron Company. And the first railroad they built in was sort of a private – that was the Seattle, Lakeshore & Eastern, and it was a branch line. It come up, and the main line went up by the mine right across the trestle. And later on, they built it up as far as Preston; and then later on, they went up to North Bend.

They were going to the Pass, but they didn't have enough capital. They weren't going down to the Falls with it at all. They were keeping it up much higher to go through the Pass. But the reason they went down to the Falls was account of the Falls was an attraction, and there was quite a bit of logging and opening up at North Bend, so they kept the grade down in order to get into them places, to get that [inaudible]. They didn't have too much money. But then the first ... it was all scrap. [tape recorder turned off]

And they had a post office, the Bushes. John Bush was the first postmaster, and old Tom Sloane was the first schoolteacher.<sup>5</sup> They belonged to the Georgetown School District, but they tried to get a little money from the Georgetown School District and they couldn't get it. So they subscribed, at \$20 – my dad give them \$20, and this was before I was born – and Tom Cherry give them \$20, and I think Bush put up \$40. He had all the children. And there was four children in there, and there was Mrs. Emily [Bush] Darst and Tap Bush and Jeb Bush, and there was Mrs. Prue – her name was [Mary] Samantha Bush then. That was the first

<sup>5</sup> William Pickering, Jr. was the postmaster from 1870 until 1875, when James Bush became the postmaster.

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school. And he taught school in Bush's house, and he got \$20 a month as his board. [tape recorder turned off]

WK: OK, the three Wolds.

JJ: Well, [Peter Wold and] Lars Wold and Ingebright Wold and my dad – there was four of 'em – had bought Welch out. And they also homesteaded – they had their homestead rights – and my dad took this place here, Ingebright took the place in the upper end of town. And Peter Wold – he was the oldest – he married Samantha Bush, later Mrs. Prue. And they went to Ellensburg. So Lars had the ranch. He had that, the old Welch ranch. And he put in hops in it.

But the land reached to the section line here on the south section line, and he went to center, and he went down the section that he had; and he had two 40s – he had the McCluskey addition of Issaquah, and the next 40 across the creek. In fact, he had from hill to hill; he had from the Cemetery Hill to the [inaudible] Hill. He had a [inaudible] and a homestead. And he had, I think, about six 40s. I'd have to figure them out.

WOMAN: Was that all of the present town of Issaquah?

JJ: No, all except for the main street.

WK: It would be up to the main street.

JJ: Yes. And then Ingebright Wold had the other –

WK: From the main street on, it would be south.

JJ: Yeah – no, east. Went upwards east, clear above the – up past the Catholic Church, and then up over the hill. That 80 acres, Finnegan [&] McCluskey had all that condenser property – not the condenser, but it was across the road from the condenser, where the main road goes through.

WK: Over by the Grange Supply ...

JJ: Yes, yes.

WK: That was part of Wold's property?

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JJ: No. My dad had that, clear down to where the highway, the two highways cross. That's where the line was. And Wold had the other 40 ... below there again. See, that's the center of the section.

WK: On down toward the gravel pit, then, would have been Wold's property?

JJ: Yeah. That right there.

*Track 7*

WK: Wold's property started at Hepler's ...

JJ: ... corner, and went up the section line to the [inaudible], half a mile.

WK: Where is that, about?

JJ: That's the line close to the bunkers. Where the old bunkers is and the fish – er, the dam, the dam up there? And then it went east clear over to the shooting ground, and from there, it came back by the White Swan. But he sold this 40 to the coal company. At the upper part, there was coal on it, and he sold that to the Coal and Iron Company, before they platted it out when they opened up the mines. [tape recorder turned off]

Isaac Cooper. There was some people from Newcastle, and when they started to lay the – uh – build the railroad track and open the mines, he came over from Newcastle – and it was quite a walk for him, because he was pretty heavy and short – talked to my dad. He wanted to get a location, wanted to build a saloon.

So they went up town. And they didn't have no tape lines or anything like that to measure with, and they made a 16 ½-foot pole one rod. And they cut that and measured it up; and they took that and they went up and found the section corner, right clean in front of Hepler's and Andy Wold's and the gas station.

WK: Mobil Gas.

JJ: Mobil Gas. Well, that was the piece, that was the corner. And they measured down and up – down the section line, that would be down Main Street, down north, so many rods; and then they went west so many rods, and then they went south so many, and up the center of that street. There was nothing but logs and brush. And he sold him the acre.

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And he stayed all night because it was too far to go back. And the next day, he went back to Newcastle, and he rested a day over at Newcastle. And then he came back the next day and he give my dad \$50 for that acre – two \$20 gold pieces and a \$10 gold piece. There was no paper money that ... people didn't want paper money then. Raw gold.

Well, shortly after that, there was no – the railroad grades was graded by hand at Greenbrier's and they were cutting ties, hewing ties by hand, around in the woods wherever they could get them and dragging them out with oxen. And Cooper got Tap Bush to haul some lumber in, I understand, from Olney's Mill. That's down by Lewis, what they call the Lewis place now at Timber Lake – there was a mill there – and he hauled it up, through some way or another. And they got up and they built a building about 20 feet wide and about 30 feet long. And he moved over, and then he had a house built, right where Tommy Drylie's is. And he moved over and he started a saloon. And that was the first building. Later on, they built a piece on the back of it, made it bigger, made it twice, three times as big. That was the first building.

But in [18]88, the Bellevue. [Thomas] Francis come over from Newcastle and they wanted to start a hotel. So they bought the piece from Ingebright Wold, right corner-ways from where Malone's Garage is. And they built quite a great, big hotel, and a barroom in the bottom in the front. They all had barrooms in the hotels them days, and the [inaudible] and lodging rooms were upstairs.

WK: Would that be where the Mobil Gas station is now?

JJ: No, you know where Malone's is? Well, that's the place. That was what they called the Bellevue Hotel.

So then, another fellow came named George Davis, and he was going to start a hotel and saloon. And he bought the adjoining property, up on the next corner, and he built a hotel and a saloon.

*Track 8*

And then, [Ingebright] Wold began to sell off odds and ends, you know, chunks here and there; could be an acre or an acre and a half. Where Dr. Gibson was, why, that was an open field he had for hay and he cleared part of it. So that was fenced in, and finally it was sold. They used it for a ball field, and finally Gibson

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bought it. He had about an acre or more in there. And then he sold up two other corners.

Then the next, Dad sold to a fellow named Moore. And that's down where the bank building is. And this Moore, he built a fine, big hotel and a barroom. And there was a lot of single men; and these single men boarded in the hotels, and then they had the big barrooms in the front. And the town began to spread.

And my dad sold out. He sold down to the end of the street – it was a quarter of a mile – he sold it out to [inaudible] and then they cut it up into chunks. And then he began to sell the next, back part. It went pretty fast. So he sold it down, and then the next row of acres was sold. And he left a 60-foot street, and he left a 20-foot alley behind it and then it would be a 60-foot street. But when the people built down there, they decided they didn't want the 60-foot street, they wanted to build up closer. And [inaudible] we just left holes in the deeds, they sold pieces for \$50 or \$100 apiece, you know, for them to build a house on it. That's why it's all balled up.

WOMAN: Is that where White and Jones Street are now?

JJ: Yeah. [tape recorder turned off]

JJ: So that was the beginning of opening the railroad, getting the mines opened up, and that was in 1887. They began to produce coal in about 18 ... the last of 1888 and 1889. It was all water-level digging there. And they got a [inaudible] once it was made.

And then, they built a sawmill up above town, and that was to cut ties. They used most of them. But [inaudible]. But they built a part of a mill up there and they –

WK: Where is this?

JJ: That was up where the shooting ground is, a little more over ... what's his name? [inaudible] They cut an awful lot of ties and [inaudible] timbers.

And then, they built a mill under the big trestle. Man name of West, he had the contract, and he had oxen. And they had a part of a mill, and they built it right under where the big trestle is, and cut the lumber for his big bridge above town.

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They cut all that lumber, and built the bridge. And they built the bridge above that, which is filled in now. They filled it in with dirt and the bridge is gone.

Then, they moved the part of the mill further on up, as they went through to North Bend. And they finally, I guess, wound up with the mill at North Bend, cutting ties and ... well, they had several mills.

WK: Can you tell us where the railroad went?

JJ: Yes. It went up around where the mines, and past where the fish hatchery dam is, and on up across the creek, pretty near a quarter of a mile up there, and swung in by where the bend of the railroad is now. It hooked on there. That was the main line for quite a few years. Later on – they didn't want to go through those swamps up there; they were kind of bad, where the road is now – and later on, they attempted to build that road and they found quicksand in that swamp. And a couple contractors [inaudible], so it was a long time afterwards until they got that road in there.

That come several years after. Do you remember that? [tape recorder turned off]

Bill Taylor of North Bend, he was the first County Commissioner in King County.

*Track 9*

So he did most of the [inaudible], and his wages or his pay was \$50 for a year. So the first gravel known to be put on the roads in King County or anywhere else; they didn't know gravel was any use or any good. And they had the old corduroy or puncheon bridges across the roads across the swamps. They'd lay down two stringers and put these splits – punches – in. There was miles of 'em in the early days, wherever they crossed wet ground. So they couldn't get them to lay down solid so that they wouldn't roll, when the cattle or teams would go over. So they sent for Bill to come to see what they could do about it.

He suggested that they haul some gravel on the top of those punches to see if they wouldn't hold them from rolling. So they did. They added considerable gravel on there, and it served its purpose fairly well. But the gravel went down the trim of the punches – the punches was still loose. But then they discovered the next summer, when they'd dried up a little, that the gravel had gone down and made a fairly solid road bed. So then, they began to haul gravel onto all

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places. And they hauled more gravel on there, and that is the road that's there today, is that old original place.

WK: Where is that old original road?

JJ: Right in back of Cap's, between that little road that cuts through and goes across there.

WK: That's in back of Cap's Clark Garage.

JJ: Yeah. Yes, right there.

WK: Over by Lakeside Gravel Pit.

JJ: That's it. [tape recorder turned off]

The first powder that they had in them days was what they called gypsum. It was a black powder, and it was about like, oh, a little bigger than the [inaudible] coming there in cans. And they even used that in the mines. And they used what they called a squib – when they bored a hole in the coal and they poured this powder into it, they had a tube to make a carriage on it, a stick. And they rolled some paper around this stick, and they made a tubing and they poured this powder in, to make two or three of them. And then, they had a long wire that they run down in there. And they tamped it in with clay or something, and they got this powder in there. And then, they pulled the wire out of the hole, which left a hole down into the powder; and then they had a squib, what they called a squib, about 6 inches long. It was like a ... something that shot like a sky rocket. And at first, it burned slow; and then when it got in there, why, then it shot fire. Well, it would shoot itself down into this black gypsum powder – they called it gypsum – and set the blast off in the mines. They didn't have no fuse. Later on, they got fuse for it.

And they had that for shooting stumps or anything they wanted to use. They put it in a sack, a piece of a gunnysack, and big holes in the stumps and put that stuff in it, which was very poor powder. But later, when they invented powder and got this dynamite powder, it got into the valley here.

And down on John Anderson's ranch, there was a fellow named Peterson – he was a blacksmith – and he said it was no good. And he argued with the fellow that helped him there.

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He said, "Them little sticks couldn't do any good." So he was going to put a stick on the anvil and hit it with a sledgehammer, and the fellow wouldn't let him. He said, "No, don't do that." He says, "If you want to try it, take a little piece."

So he cut him out, oh, probably three or four inches or so off of the stick of dynamite and set it on the anvil. And he had the great, big sledgehammer and he swung at it as hard as he could. And when he hit it, why, his sledgehammer went through the roof [laughing] of the blacksmith's shop! Went right through the roof. He had respect for it! [laughing] That was old [Judd?] Peterson. [tape recorder turned off]

Now, the Indian language, nobody understood in those days, very little of it, the old original language. So the Hudson Bay Company was in here buying furs, and trapping and trading, so they created what they called the Chinook language.

**Disc 5 - 88.1.2h**  
**(6 tracks)**

*Track 1*

JJ: And furring and trapping and trading, so they created what they called the Chinook language. It had something like about a hundred words. And many of them words, the way you used them, meant two or three different things, depending on how you used it.

And the Indians, the younger Indians, they learned the Chinook, and they also began to learn more of the English language than they did Chinook. But not being – uh – they couldn't pronounce the English words very good, so you might say theirs would be part Chinook and part jargon, with the Indians.

When an Indian would meet you on the road, or you'd meet an Indian, he'd say [sounds like] *klahowya*. Well, that meant hello. And when he went after you'd talked with him a while, he'd say *klahowya* again. That meant good-bye. And that's the way, they didn't have many words and they used the same words.

If he had something to sell – he wanted to sell the whites some clams one time – and [sounds like] *nika* – *nika* means either the Indian himself or it means you that's talking to him, or whoever the other party is. *Nika* means either party.

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He'd say, "*Nika tikke* clam." If you wanted to buy something, buy potatoes, he'd call them *hopatoes*. He'd say, "*Nika tikke hopatoes*."

So they accumulated more of a jargon of the white man's language, but they couldn't pronounce the English words very good, so it become more of a jargon with the younger Indians. That was my time then when I associated with them.

They had, well, if it was a bank – but they didn't have no banks then – but they wouldn't accept anything but silver money. And any other kind of money, they wouldn't even take gold. Gold was called [sounds like] *kuldus chickamin*. *Kuldus* is "no good" and *chickamin* is "money." And he'd say, "*Kuldus chickamin*." And if you'd hire him to do any slashing or dig potatoes or anything, you had to pay him in silver dollars. And 50 cents, that was *sitkum dollar*, and the dollar was a dollar.

Same thing if he lost his horse, and you see, for horse, they called them a *cayuse*. They had these small ponies and they called them *cayuses*. Well, the Indian couldn't say *cayuse*. He says [sounds like] *kiuatan*. So he'd say, "*Nika tikke kiuatan*" if he was looking for his horse, or if he wanted to buy a horse. It was the same thing.

And the language was more of a jargon than it was probably Chinook. They would, well, they would use part English – mispronounced part English – and part Chinook. *Skookum* means "good" and [sounds like] *halo* means "no" and [sounds like] *nawitka* means "yes." And that's the words – that's Chinook, *nawitka* and *halo*. And [sounds like] *kumtux* is understand. If he'd say, "*Halo kumtux*," means he don't understand. And "*Nawitka kumtux*" means yes, he understands.

So, they used these words in many different ways. They didn't have many of them.

*Cultus*, as I maybe told you before is "no good." And they, if they slashed, they had to have a sack of flour. A sack of flour was about a dollar and a quarter, maybe. And you couldn't give him \$20 for [inaudible] no sack of flour, but he'd take \$10 for the sack and sack of flour. And the salmon – Chinook means Indian – but the big salmon is *tyee*. *Tyee* means "big." That's the big salmon, and the white man calls it the King. But with an Indian, it was Chinook. And the steelhead, that was "spoon salmon."

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*Track 2*

That come in the summertime or the spring of the year.

And fish, they had the name *pisch*, P-I-S-C-H, something like that was the way they pronounced. [tape recorder turned off]

The jargon language, when the Indians tried to pronounce the English language, they mispronounced words badly.

And there was one here, he called himself "Champion Charlie." Now, he was one time gambling, and evidently, he was [inaudible] and he beat the other bunch of Indians and he was very proud of himself. And instead of saying "champion," why, he went by the name of Champion Charlie, because he come out winner in that game and he was very proud of himself.

Then, there was Dan. Dan used to drink quite a bit. And he had a wife, and they had a son. He used to work around for the whites, slashing and digging potatoes, and he'd get drunk quite often. So he got around a train somewhere, and the train run over his foot, and it smashed all the front part of his foot. And he got over Cedar Mountain there, he was in the camp, and he didn't go to any doctor.

They [inaudible] down to Renton and having the doctor cut it off and fix it up and he said no, he wouldn't do that. And he did all right. But he walked around on that foot for a couple years afterwards, and blood was coming out of his shoe. But he never got any poison or anything. It decayed off and he must have got all right.

But he got him a horse. He couldn't walk very good, and he got him a pinto horse, and he used to ride. And the kid and the wife had to go between Fall City – er, Cedar Mountain and Issaquah, Squak. And he rode that horse, he couldn't walk very good. And he lived a long time. He never went to a doctor at all.

Your dad went in to see him, him and Louie Seaman there, and they wanted him to go to the doctor there. And he wouldn't do it. He lived down here in the camp for quite a long time and worked for Wold.

And another thing, an Indian, when they set up the hop [inaudible], they used to have a big, sharp, pointed thing they called a "dimmel." It was like the end of a

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[inaudible] stop, only bigger and heavier. And some of that ground down there in the summer, it was awful hard. One field, I remember, by place, was pretty hard. And the Indian, they wouldn't work in that field. He says about the ground, he says, "*Cultus* iron hill!" [chuckles] It's too hard to work to drag that dimmel down in that hard ground. [laughing]

The Indian didn't really have any family name. It was Jack or Bob or Jimmy or something of that type, as far as I know. And the [inaudible] he named the biggest part of them. Because one used to go around and work for the whites, cleaning house or washing or something, and her name was Liza.

And then there was old Mary Louie, she was named – she took the name Mary and they adopted some name of Louie. She had three sons, and Charlie Louie and Louie Louie, they died of TB. And Johnny Louie, he was the only living son. And she lived to be over 100 years. They lived down at Inglewood. She used to come up and gather rags to make mats, make rag mats. Walked clear up from down there at Inglewood.

And the whites would give her lunch, you know. And she liked coffee, and they'd make her a big pot of coffee. She was all, you know, all humped over and she'd have a pack of rags and mats on her back and moccasins on. And she'd come to a white place and wondered if they'd buy a mat off her and give her some rags and stuff. They'd bring her lunch, brought lunch out to her, and she'd drink a pretty good-sized pot of coffee.

*Track 3*

She didn't know how to ask for more coffee. She'd take and work with the pot and she'd shake the pot. [laughter] "More coffee!" She lived a long, long time. She hadn't died so very many years [ago].

And then there was Jimmy, Indian Jimmy. And there was Dan and Cultus Johnny – old Joe killed him. Killing, that's [sounds like] *memaloose*. *Memaloose* means "kill."

If an Indian – John Louie or some of them Indians would get drunk around town here in the early, early days and they'd get to be a nuisance. And the marshal put them in – they had a wooden jail there, you know, made out of 2-by-6s. It was quite [inaudible]. They had two rooms in it. They'd put the Indians in there till they sobered up.

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Somebody said to him what they'd done with him, or where he'd been, he said, [sounds like] "Skookum house." Skookum means "good." Well, the Indian meant – they used it in many ways – he meant it was strong. He couldn't get out. It was skookum. It was good.

And if a bank – they didn't have any banks at that time, but if they'd had a bank, it probably would be the *chickamin* house, the "money house." They learned that "house" would be the jargon. They learned some English, and some of their Chinook. [tape recorder turned off]

These Indians that were around here were known as "Sound Indians." They belonged to this particular tribe in the Squak Valley. They reached from the Snoqualmie to the Snohomish. They went down the Snohomish River with their canoes where they could dig clams. And they went up the Snohomish into the Snoqualmie, and they went as far up as [inaudible] Creek, below the Falls. Then, they had from Fall City, they had a trail that come over the Squak. That's this valley. And that's when they didn't use the canoes. Well then, the Indians along the lake here, and along this creek, then they had a trail through, from Upper Squak they went to Cedar River. And from Cedar River, they'd go down the Black River. And they'd get into White River, and they'd go up White River and about – well, they had a trail over the mountains, they went up to Greenwater. And that's where they picked berries and caught fish. But that was about the size of this tribe.

And while they probably got over – some of them got over as far as – they could get over into Stuck[?] River, go into the Stuck and they could come down the – not the Snohomish but the ... what they call Green River now. Then, they could travel around the Sound. They'd go into Black River and go into Lake Washington, and hop the slough and then into Lake Sammamish, and over the hill to Fall City.

And they lived in colonies, or families. They didn't all live in one, big group. They lived about 10 to 15 to 20 in a place. Sometimes they wouldn't be over 1,000 feet apart, but they were separated. And they moved a lot.

And the one time that they gathered together was what they called "potlatch." And they'd have a [sounds like] *hiyu muckamuck*. That was a big feed. If they had a big feed, with lots of fish and clams, and they had a big gathering, that was *hiyu muckamuck*.

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But if things wasn't good, they didn't have much to eat, and then it was *halo muckamuck* and *cultus muckamuck*. The *cultus* was "no good" and the *halo* was "nothing," they didn't have any.

That's about the tribe that we had here, and the Seattle tribe, they belonged to that. And then some of them down on the Sound, they had good enough canoes and they could go out on some of the islands. But they didn't go south to the Columbia River because the Columbia River, to them, was different Indians. Well, they got up into the Nisqually.

*Track 4*

And they'd maybe go along through the Sound and maybe go up the Snoqualmie – uh – Nisqually and fish there. But they didn't go down into the Columbia. The Indians from eastern Washington, they traveled more up and down the Columbia. But they didn't get along.

But the Indians that were down, [inaudible] this tribe was very strong one time, the Seattle or Snoqualmie. They called themselves the Snoqualmie tribe.

WOMAN: Was that all the Indians involved in the territory that went up the White River and all those rivers all the Snoqualmie Indians?

JJ: Yes, they went up in the summer, and dragged fish and pick berries, and they came back in the winter and dug camps, and camped in the lower valleys. And they had their cedar bark teepees made from cedar bark. They just peeled off the cedar bark from the big cedars. And they left a hole in the center and put up poles, and then laid this bark on it. And they laid around on the floor and had the fire in the middle. They didn't, not till the white men come, they didn't do much – well, they did split for – for their big celebrations, they had some split-built shacks but I doubt very much they did before they got these tools that could do that.

They would make their canoes and run 'em out, and for some reason, they put great, big front that stuck way out in the front, and then on that was a fork. There was a fork on the end of them canoes. But they had different kind of canoes for the creek [inaudible]. They were more shovel-nosed for the rivers than they had for the bigger canoes for out in the Sound. But they went across to some of the islands, but they didn't go out very far.

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But the Indians up north, clear up into Canada and North Vancouver Island, they used to come down and sneak on them and war on them. And the east of the mountains Indians used to war on them. They used to fight over the fish. The eastern Washington Indians wanted to get some clams and fish and these fellows didn't want them, and they'd sneak on them. They pretty near exterminated them for a while. They were down pretty bad.

And this is what I was telling you about them 10 canoe [inaudible] come over the Falls, according to the old Indian legend. I guess you [inaudible]. They were coming over to make war on these Sound Indians, and they were up below the Falls at [inaudible] Creek. They had to sneak on them first, because there were these little colonies they had to clean up as they went. [tape recorder turned off]

I have to tell you about the baseball game between Issaquah and Fall City. Fall City challenged them for a baseball team, and at that time, they had a family, there was nine boys, and they were wonderful ball players. And they challenged any family in the United States to play a family.

But there was three or four of the boys that was there on Patterson Creek, and they had a homestead, and the folks was there. And then they had a lot of the fellows from Fall City, the [Bloomsten or Broomstram] and Fred Payne . And amongst them was a man name of Leitz, a great, big fellow, he was over 6 feet and weighed better than 200 pounds, by far. And big, black whiskers. And he had a pair of bibbed overalls on. He took his shoes off and he was in his socks feet. When he got up to the bat in this game – they'd already lost one ball, and there was a few of the boys around there, they were looking for it down there.

So when it come Leitz's turn to get up to the bat, the first one that came along, the first strike, he swung at it, an awful swing, and he missed it. That was one strike on him. Pretty soon, another one or two come along, and finally Leitz got one and he knocked it clear down practically into Patterson Creek, among the thistles.

Well, all of them that was on bases, they went home. And finally, Leitz, he made the home run, and everybody was a-whoopin' it up and a-hollerin'.

*Track 5*

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But they had to shut the game down temporarily to go down and find the balls. The spectators and all went down there and they hunted around the thistles and they found it, found the balls. And they come back and some of the other batters got up and struck out, and some made first base. And then it become Leitz's turn there in another inning or two. He got up to the bat and began to get ready to swing for another home run. [chuckles] And somebody said they ought to look see what he had. And they come to discover, when they examined him, he had a with [inaudible] with the iron end cut off for a bat. [laughing] It was about 4 or 5 feet long!

Well, Issaquah got badly beaten that day. [tape recorder turned off]

In 1870, my dad being an old prospector, he had a lot of experience. So one Sunday, he took a group up on the east fork of the Issaquah Creek, oh, about half a mile above where the town is now. And he dug around and found some rocks in all different places, got a few colors, and went on up a little bit. And finally, it turned out – he [inaudible] about it all Sunday – finally, he got a lucky strike. He got about 50 cents apiece [inaudible].

So he had to go to Newcastle in about a week to get groceries, [children yelling in the background, hard to hear] and when he did, he went over to the saloon there and got to talkin'. And he showed the saloon people that piece of gold. But he told them not to make any stampede there because it was just a lucky strike and it was nothin' but [sod road].

But when the miners came in and the bartender told them, they came over the hills in big droves. I guess about half of Newcastle came over, and saw him and asked him where he found it, and he told them. They went up, they started up panning and went clear on up to the head of the creek. Some of them went up Raging River and some of them went down, and some of them was gone a couple of weeks. And they came back one by one, straggling back. They were about half-starved to death and played out. [chuckles] They went back to Newcastle and that was the end of the gold rush. It lasted maybe three or four weeks. [tape recorder turned off]

The first bees, they had fruit trees here, the early farmers, but they never got any fruit on them. Some advocated, they were told [inaudible] they needed iron, and they needed this and they needed that. And nobody seemed to know what to do.

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So there was a Mormon elder came out from Utah – this was about 1890 – and he was quite an agriculturist, one of the fellows that knew more than anyone else about agriculture. So he sent and got some colonies of bees, and he had the [inaudible] placed there. He gave a few colonies away and sold a few. But as soon as he brought the bees, why, the trees began to produce fruit. Because there wasn't any wild bees here, or not enough of them if there was any, because no one had brought them here until he brought them.

So people began to get bees, and he instructed them on how to handle the bees when they swarmed. So one old fellow across from town, he didn't know anything about them. But he got two hives. And he was told when they would light on his arm that they would light on a branch, and the thing to do was to put the box down on the ground, one of them, and cut the branch off and shake them off in front of the hive and they'd go in. But this swarm lived on a fencepost.

*Track 6*

So he went to work and got [inaudible] a gunnysack, and he cut holes in it for the eyes and put that over his head, and that [inaudible] the eyeholes. And then he went up and got – to shake them off, he took the axe and he hit the fencepost. Instead of going into the hive, a big bunch of them swarmed on him and went into the eyeholes of the gunnysack. And they put him in pretty bad shape.

So he sent his oldest boy over to get some of us to go over there. When we got over there, the old man was in bed. He was in a bad way. And they'd lit then on a branch. So Joe, he got a handsaw and sawed off the branch and shook 'em in the box and covered them up and it was all right. But they didn't want any more bees on the ranch. [laughing] That was enough bees for 'em. [tape recorder turned off]

There was an old fellow lived up the valley there, and he was going to buy a Model T from an agency. And in them days, the bargain was they had to learn to drive. And he was a very large man and very strong. So he started out learning to drive, and they hadn't gone too far till he kind of lost control and ran off the side of the road from [inaudible].

And the pedals were pretty close together for his big feet, so he asked where the closest telephone was and the salesman, he told him it was up quite a little ways. And he wanted to know what he wanted with a telephone.

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He said, "To get their wrecker to come up from the agency shop and put it on the road. "

And he says, "Ah, I don't think we need a wrecker." He says, "You ain't very heavy." So he got ahold of it on the front end and he lifted it up towards the road a little. Then he went on the back and hoisted the back up some, and around the front. After a while, he put it on the road. And the salesman, he figured he didn't need much help, and that he could pull the car on the road himself.

So after a couple of weeks, I saw him one day and I says, "How're you making out with the Ford?"

"Oh," he says, "pretty good." He says, "I run into the barn but I had him on full charge." [tape recorder turned off]

**END OF INTERVIEW WITH JAKE JONES**