

THE JOHNSON FAMILY
and a
SELWAY RIVER HOMESTEAD
as remembered by
HELEN E. RIDLEY

THE JOHNSON FAMILY

Edward William Johnson was born in Warrenton County, Missouri, February 8, 1879, the oldest surviving child of James and Ellen Johnson. Early in his teens he left the farm and school for the city, where he worked at various jobs, usually in the printing field. Eventually, he owned, edited and probably succeeded out the Warrenton Banner, a weekly newspaper in the county seat of his home county. It was while here that he married and had his family.

Adelia (Dee) Payne Prongue was born in St. Charles, Missouri, February 17, 1876, the youngest and only surviving child of Charles and Esther Prongue. She was given private schooling until she entered St. Charles College, a small Methodist school, from which she graduated, valedictorian of her class in 1894. After college, Dee taught in a one room country school for several years and then in the St. Charles school system until her marriage to Ed Johnson in 1906.

Charles James Johnson (November 17, 1906) was the first child; he is now a construction engineer in Portland, Oregon. Jeannette Dean was born January 31, 1909 and is now Mrs. Gail C. Willis of St. Charles, Illinois. Third was Helen Esther, March 21, 1911, now Mrs. Grant Ridley of Plymouth, Michigan.

Ed was suffering from what was then called printer's poisoning and the family doctor advised a change to a more open air life. His family had moved to Kooskia, Idaho, and it was decided that this son would join them.. The father, James Johnson, had died in 1911 and is buried in the Kooskia, Cemetery.

Ed Johnson died in Portland in 1942. Adelia Johnson died in Michigan in 1955

TRIP TO THE HOMESTEAD

The February train ride from Missouri to Spokane, Washington, was taken in a tourist car in which there was a stove on which to heat food. The snow through Wyoming and Montana was impressive. Jeannette was train sick and was helped by a doctor on board. With a baby in arms, a sick two year old and a very active five year old boy, the five day trip must have been quite an adventure. After a two day visit in Spokane, they continued to Lewiston from which they took a 'Tonerville Trolley' to Kooskia.

Having stayed with Grandma Johnson in Kooskia, the Ed Johnsons started the first of April, 1912, for the Homestead thirty miles upriver. There was a wagon road to Syringa, where they spent the night with Mr. and Mrs. Strites. The next fifteen miles was trail with everybody and everything, including the kitchen range, on horse or mule back.

This was Dee's first experience in wild country. There were the high mountains on the one side and far below on the other the Clearwater River in which she could see the trout swimming in the cold waters. The hillsides were covered with ferns and flowers, trilliums, lamb-tongue, violet, shooting stars and tiny others. Blue climatic vines grew to the tops of tall trees with their beautiful blossoms showing through the branches. Deer moss hung in festoons from one branch to another. To Dee it was fairyland.

At the Homestead, they found the log cabin, eighteen or twenty-four feet, with one room and a loft to be reached by a ladder. There was a door at the front and a window on either side, with a window in each end of the upper room. There was some homestead furniture and a few improvements made it livable if still primitive. Under a trap door in the rough pine floor, was a fruit cellar where Dee later stored her many jars of canned fruits, vegetables and meats. The Selway River, some forty or fifty feet in front, furnished clear water, but in hot weather cool water was brought from the spring located between the trail and the river near the Goddard Bar Line.

It was at the spring that Helen, better known as Tommy, had a memorable experience when she was about three years old. She had gone with big brother Charles to get water and insisted on throwing rocks at a snake in the pool. Charles warned her, but she fell in with a good splash. Frightened and angry, he pulled her out and through the dust to the cabin. Of course, she was not hurt nor did she learn to mind Big Brother.

The forest animals were slow in realizing that 'progress' was coming to their area. Bear were often seen drinking on the other side of the river, and deer were not hindered by fences. There were frequently herds in the yard in the morning and sometimes they sought refuge in the woodshed. When a garden was started, the deer would eat the shoots as soon as they came through the ground. Dogs around the place kept the animals at a distance, but it was always a game for the deer to see how much they could get from a spring planting. Dee was certain that the eagles wanted to carry off the children and was afraid of them.

WOULD BE MOUNTAIN MEN

Relics of the Jim Bridger, Joe Meek, Mountain Man tradition loved the back woods area and visited the Johnson homestead, sometimes making it their headquarters. Legends of 'black sheep of a rich Eastern family', avoiding the law, and leaving unhappy family situations were easy to build around some of these characters. Ed was frequently away earning cash money at some job where he was more efficient than cutting timber and would hire some of these men to do the clearing at home, usually on shares. First of these was a man named Groucher, short, fat, and with a terrible temper; it was thought that he had found city law too warm for him. 'Smoke' Kawolski was kind, hard working but uneducated; he cut posts, kept the wood pile full and helped in any way he could. H. O. Taylor, large and raw boned, talked too much and ate more than he worked.

A picture-book prospector was O'Harra. He came up the trail one day, leading a thin mule with a pack. He was dressed in a ragged suit, blue shirt, a worn out felt hat and carried a pick on his shoulder. He never found his gold but lived on what he could kill and the wild fruit he could pick. He and his mule were found dead in a trapper cabin.

One year two young men, who were cutting telephone poles, lived in a shake cabin on the west side of the creek. One day a man stopped at the homestead cabin door and asked Des if he could earn a meal. He was so bedraggled, tired and weak that it was obvious that he needed food before he could be able to work, so Des fed him. As she prepared the meal and he ate, he talked of history and Lewis and Clark. When he had rested, Des sent him down to the boys who hated doing their own cooking. The only name he gave was 'Happy Jack' and with Ed and the other men he gave the impression that he could not add two and two. He was neither a good cook nor housekeeper but the boys did not mind until he disappeared in the middle of the night with most of their provisions and a good share of their clothes. A posse trailed him to a corn field some ten miles downstream where he was shot. It was found that he was an escapee from the criminally insane prison at Deer Lodge, Montana. How such a greenhorn found his way across the mountains was a mystery that was never explained.

The most important of the 'mountain men' to the Johnson family was Tom Allison and his son Willie. Tom was born in Humboldt county, California, probably about 1860, of Scotch-Irish and Cherokee parents. He had married and had at least two sons, but civilization was not for him. He was working in the mountains as a 'government hunter', trying to clear away predatory animals to make the forest safer for grazing herds.

Tom was the special friend of the small girl, Tommy. He let her 'help' repack his provisions when preparing for trips into the mountains, and she dogged his footsteps wherever he went around the place. His dog, Phoebe had loose hound skin that made a good handhold for a child learning to walk; then as the child wanted to wander, Phoebe put herself between Tommy and the river or other danger and gently guided her back to her proper place. Phoebe's son Lion must have been sired by an Airdale; he was black and tan, more stocky than his mother and not given to human friends other than his man, Old Tom. Both dogs came to

Eventually there was a second cabin built behind the original to use for storage, attached to this was a woodshed and then the chicken house. Further toward the hill was the privy, a cool walk over crisp snow on a moonlight night. A barn was made of whipsawed lumber near the hill and down river from the cabin for the horses, mules and the cow. In the hill was built a root cellar of logs split in half with dirt in between to make three or four foot walls. The door was also insulated with dirt so that the temperature kept even and fruit and vegetables could be stored summer or winter.

INDIAN FRIENDS

A few days after the family was settled in the homestead cabin, Ed had to return to Kooekia for more provisions and the children and Dee were left alone. That same day some Indians camped in the lower part of the clearing. Dee had read much of the horrors of Indian ways on the Frontier and was very frightened. She locked the door and took the children upstairs. Soon there was a knock at the door and after waiting awhile, she decided that she might as well open it. A very pleasant smile greeted her and the man asked if he might borrow some coffee. He was so polite about it and after thanking her, he said that he would bring some trout, which he did. She learned later that it was a habit of these Nez Perce Indians to ask to borrow as a way of learning if a homesteader was friendly.

The man at the door was Mr. Dixon, the minister of the Indian Presbyterian Church and a Yale graduate. He was accompanied by his wife, also a college graduate, and his mother who did not speak English. A friendship of many years was built on that exchange of a little coffee for some fish.

This spot had been a camping place for Nez Perce for many generations and they returned regularly on the hunting, fishing and berry picking trips. They brought gifts of beaded bags, gloves and moccasins. One older lady, who did not speak English, asked by signs for some corn husks; the next time they came, she returned the husks in the form of a bag, which, with some of the other things, is still in the Johnson family.

One fall evening Mr. Dixon asked if the family would care to join in the customary prayer meeting. After a service in the cabin that was very satisfying to Dee, the children went out to play tag and such games in the cleared garden under a full harvest moon. The groups stayed in amvisited and sang both religious and popular songs, in English and Nez Perce. Since the Johnson youngsters seldom had other children to play with and Dee seldom had educated and religious people to talk with, this was a memorable evening for all.

Among these people was a family named Silas Corbett, as of 1971 Mrs. Corbett was still living in Kooekia and active in preserving Nez Perce history.

and quantities of meat and vegetables prepared. One such day, she had dish towels drying on the fence and when she took one, she was stung by a bumblebee; grabbing the towel in the other hand she was stung there, too. Both hands immediately doubled in size, but with the children's help, she had the meal ready when the crew arrived.

From the produce of the garden and the woods, Dee canned seven or eight hundred quarts of fruit and vegetables each year, besides jams, jellies, and pickles. Even venison and elk went into the Mason jars. She preferred the neck of an elk for her incomparable mincemeat.

For a time the Johnsons had an experimental garden for the government. The soil was good and well irrigated and most things did well with the exception of watermelon, peanuts and sweet potatoes. This research was intended to help the Interior Department decide if more of the Idaho country should be opened to homesteading or kept as National Forest.

Although staples such as flour, sugar and coffee could be brought in by pack train, once the garden and orchard started producing neither meat nor vegetables were a problem. Fish was always available in front of the cabin and deer and elk were readily available. No doubt several dinners ate 'beef' at various times of the year with no complaint. The spring brought relief from canned food with dandelion green and 'squaw lettuce'. A special treat from the packs was peanut butter.

The Jersey cow supplied quantities of rich milk and cream that could be rolled off the pans.

DEE AWAY FROM HOME

Dee's teaching experience led her to correspond with the Portland, Oregon School system to obtain courses of study to follow in teaching her children. As she baked, washed or cleaned, Charles and Jeannette did their lessons. Helen started to study, but on the advice of the doctor in Stites, she was turned loose and had to start over when the family moved to the city. Dee also substituted in Kootkia and Harris Ridge schools, especially during the flu epidemic after the war.

Grandma Johnson made regular summer visits and when Dee was away she was in charge. Her values and discipline were not the same as Dee's and the youngsters gave her a very bad time. For instance, they were in the habit of eating raw vegetables direct from the garden. She considered this injurious and forbade it. Tomay cut her finger peeling a turnip and had to submit to first aid. All were punished but were just more careful afterwards.

ED'S TRAVELS

As has been implied earlier in this narrative, Ed was frequently absent from home for varying lengths of time. This was partly due to the need for cash income, but could also be explained by his interest in people and places.

For a time he worked for the County Assessors Office, checking on size and place of herds grazing in the mountain forests. This gave him the opportunity to spend weeks with packhorse and saddle, meeting a variety

bad ends. Lion was shot in the hind leg by a city hunter who mistook him for a bear. He recovered from that wound but went three-legged from then on. He was on the trail of a bear one day. Tom found both bear and dog tracks going into the river but only bear tracks coming out. Later Phoebe went in too fast when Tom shot a buck elk and the animal tossed his antler into her lungs. She bled to death in the old man's arms and was buried in his best blanket somewhere in the hills they both loved. One year Tom collected bounty on 32 bear, 25 cougar, a number of coyotes and many smaller animals.

One spring morning Tom found cougar tracks near the cabin. He sent Charles and his dog, Jack, to meet the girls who were exploring the irrigation ditch toward the creek. Tom and his dogs followed the cougar down the ditch, where he shot her. The dogs backtracked to the den where they found some very young kittens. It was probably her first hunting trip after birthing her litter and she was looking for easy food.

Loosing both his dogs seemed to break old Tom. He had a fight with Willie in the Johnson barn, trying to kill his son with a butcher knife; whether liquor was involved is not known. Willie got away and when Tom came to his senses he went downriver. He was in trouble later and probably spent some time in either a penitentiary or an insane asylum. Later he went to the Oregon coast country where he died at the age of seventy six.

As Tom Allison was packing to leave the homestead for the last time, he gave Dee a Bible inscribed to him from his sister, Ida B. He said, "Perhaps this will do you more good than it has done me." It served her well and served her daughter as a study Bible for many years.

Most of these would-be mountain men had no respect for the trappings of civilization, but they had great respect for Dee Johnson as a lady. They tamed their language as best they knew how for her and avoided her regular school and Sunday school times for the children. Neither, of course, did they ask to participate in any of her educational efforts.

NEIGHBORS

The nearest family home was that of the Clevelands about four miles downstream. They were an older couple who had bought a few acres to live on in semi-retirement. Their son, Guy, was a barber in Kootkia. Mildred, the older daughter taught school in Spokane and Babe, who probably had a real name, lived with her folks when not competing in rodeos such as Pendleton. Babe was a sharp shooter and trick rider, who could delight her small audience by emptying her six-shooter into a card on a tree while riding full speed on her beautiful horse. Charles gave Babe Cleveland the ultimate compliment of a boy by naming his mule colt after her. (Later a Bert was bought to make a mule team.)

On a nice summer day the Johnson family would walk down the trail to visit these neighbors, usually followed by dogs, lamb and even the cow. These walks were through the natural forest where the only man made change was the trail. On such a walk Tommy watched a snake shed its skin in the rocks of the creek bed, from the bridge which was some twenty feet from bank to bank.

The Goddard Bar Ranger Station was across the fence at the upper end of the garden but was usually occupied only in the summer and fall. A Mr. Agnew was Ranger for a time. The Forrest Service maintained a telephone line, allowing private parties to connect until personal conversation interfered with business. One year a movie company came to the Station to film for a picture called 'Told in the Hills'. Dee was shocked at the behavior of these people and forbid the children to have any thing to do with them, but she was not averse to selling them produce.

For a short time a couple by the name of Bock had a cabin up river, but they were burned out and did not rebuild.

HERDS

Each early summer herds of cattle and sheep were brought up river for grazing in the Forest. The cattle were considered dangerous. From the creek to the Ranger Station the trail widened to wagon road width and the herders seemed to push and crowd the beasts so that they would not break into yard or garden. The long horns clashed and the cattle bawled. It was an exciting and fearsome sight for the children crowded in the door of the cabin.

The sheep were gentler but they respected no fences and each person at home when they were coming was posted somewhere to shoo them along. These flocks could number as many as six thousand animals. When one drive was expected there was a total eclipse of the sun. The sheep bedded down and would not be moved until it was light again. From this herd Tommy was given an orphaned lamb which she raised with a bottle and named Nancy. Tommy and Nancy roamed the clearing and got into various types of mischief. Poor Dee would shoo the lamb out the door and turn around to find that she had come in through a window. When the family left for the city Nancy had to be sold and Tommy was heartbroken.

BEN JOHNSON

Ed's younger brother, Ben Johnson lived with the family off and on, especially after he came back from World War I. He was young enough to be fun for the children but old enough to be a help to the adults. It was his regular task to go on snowshoes to Lowell for the mail once or twice a week. The catalogue was the means of shopping and some of the packages were pretty heavy. Ben, himself, ordered a Victrola and records which gave him some trouble but the family much pleasure. In the evening dusk he was on the way home with the Victrola on his back when something landed on his pack. He thought it was a wildcat and made record time reaching the cabin. It would be fun to know if it were a cat or a branch load of snow.

MEALS AND FOOD

In summer and fall there were a good many men on the trail into the mountains, city hunters, fire fighters and trail improvement crews. The Johnson cabin was the last family home up the trail, so they all liked to stop for a woman cooked meal. When this became a burden, Dee started charging for meals. A message could come by phone that a group of up to twenty would be coming. Bread and pies had to be baked

people. He happened to be on hand when one of the Corbett children died and helped with the burial. He made friends easily and was always willing to help where needed.

One spring Ed and another man were caught above the Selway falls by the spring thaw runoff. They could not get horses and gear by the falls and camped with short rations for several days. Running out of grub, they speared salmon to be boiled and eaten without salt. Ed never cared much for salmon after that.

Another year, Ed took over the newspaper in Stites for a short time. This time the family spent the winter in town.

CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES

At a very early age Charles was a dependable helper and ready and willing to work. He started his own trapline at the age of nine and from which he took weasle, martin, silver and red fox, bobcats and lynx and at least one skunk. That skunk had to be taken from the trap, but its skin did not pay for the clothes that had to be buried or the soap it took to deodorize Charles. Young Charles was an adept hunter and fisherman and could supply the table with venison, pheasant and trout. He was proud to be the man of the house when his father was away.

Jeannette was a much more quiet child and spent many happy hours with her dolls and crayon and paper. (Later she attended Art Schools in Portland and San Francisco and became an artist, especially in pottery.) As a child she was capable of helping in the house and with some cooking chores.

Helen early earned the name, Tommy, and was much more apt to wander the clearing, cuttingbroken ferns to be hauled in matchbox wagons as the men did the trees, or ~~as~~ laying on a big stump overlooking the irrigation ditch watching the water rush by. Her use for dolls was limited to making a target for throwing rocks. One wooden doll survives and, with battered face, is now available for grandchildren to play with.

Perhaps the youngsters missed the companionship of other children, but they learned to live with and appreciate natural things, not only the beauty of nature but the dangers which lead to love and respect for open spaces of the world. The variety of people that touched at the H Homestead also left an influence of understanding and sometimes acceptance of peculiarities in humanity.

LEAVING

In the fall of 1919, it was decided that the Johnsons should leave the Homestead for Portland, Oregon. Charles was ready for the eighth grade and it was thought that it would be better for him to be in a school. Ed made a trip to Grangeville to make arrangements and was late getting back, so that it was nearly Christmas before they were ready to start out. Provisions were low, a storm was brewing and the temperature was thirty degrees below zero, so they left everything but the absolute necessities. Mr. Cleveland took Dee and the girls across the river at Lowell in a boat, but the horses and men had to ford through the ice and water. By horseback they reached Springs where they again stayed

the night with the Strikes. Next day, in a borrowed sleigh, bedded with straw and hot rocks, they went on into Kooekia. Charles was riding in back and his father discovered he was getting very sleepy; his legs were almost frozen and he was made to run for awhile to warm up. It was one of those trips that too often on the frontier turned into tragedy, but the Johnsons came out all right.

They spent the rest of that winter in Kooekia and moved to Portland in June, 1920.

Ed had returned to clean out the cabin and store some things at Cleveland. When the Cleavelands had a fire a year or two later, the Johnsons lost the Victrola, many books and other probably notvaluable things.

Another postscript to the story of the Johnson Homestead story was made by Jack, the collie dog. He was brought to town but returned upriver. Brought back again, he left a second time and was shot by a sheepherder.

In 1926, the Johnson Homestead was sold.

Helen E. Ridley
Flynouth, Michigan
June, 1972

The Tragedy of the Eagle-Nest Pine.

By Ben Hur Lampman.

Not long ago, beside the tide flats of Siletz bay, I met with a great bald eagle, and the bird had little fear of man. This eagle permitted me to approach until the snowy head and throat, the immaculate whiteness of the tail, were evident almost to the least tracery of feathering. By the dress I knew the bird to be an adult, not less than three years of age. He gave me an imperial glance before he soared freely away across the marshes. It is said that eagles such as this are common in Alaska, where there has long been a bounty on them. But I cannot understand the term. How might such a bird ever become common?

And then, on coming home, I talked one afternoon with Mr. Johnson of the prooffroom, and presently he was telling me of two—no, three—eagles he used to know when he was homesteading up in northern Idaho, or something of the sort. He said he often had wondered, on the warrant of what he there observed, if it could not be possible that these great birds actually communicate one with another, and make known their needs, and their sorrows, quite as people do. And this is the story he told me:

There was a pine not far from his place, and the tree was set in a position of command. It was a sort of landmark. Since years beyond recollection, for the birds had been there when the first settlers came, the first trappers and woodsmen, the tree had been known near and far as "the eagle-nest pine." Each season two splendid bald eagles reared their hungry young amid its branches, and the great rough structure of their nest was timelessly fixed far above the ground. And from this tree went forth, to swing and circle above other mountains, other meadowlands, the wild brood of the eagles. But it was there they came downy from the egg, and there they learned the effortless, epic flight that belongs only to their kind. People in that part of Idaho, though people were few, held the eagle-nest pine in affection. It meant something to them, though what it meant they never troubled to determine. It was enough that it meant something. And they would not kill the eagles. They were hunters all, but they had no least wish to kill the eagles.

You could look toward the eagle-nest pine and see the parents swinging wide for the hunt, or coming home with their captures. You might be far from your cabin, miles and miles, and a shadow would fall on the fern—the shadow of a great bird circling. And you would look up at the bird as at an acquaintance, as almost one looks at a friend, thinking "There's one of the eagles from the old pine." It may have been this sensed companionship that endeared the huge birds to the settlers—but really it doesn't matter what it was.

In a certain season, many years ago, the eagles returned to their domestic affairs in the eagle-nest pine. They repaired the structure of the nest, the eggs were deposited, and brooding began. Then such men as chance brought that way, and who were of the country, used to pause beneath the tree and listen for the clamor of the hungry eaglets. And presently they heard this clamor and knew that the eagle-nest pine had another brood in its keeping. The tradition was being kept. It was still a good country, and not wholly tamed. Though each had pledged himself in part to tame it, and though it was for this reason that the settlers came, yet they were glad that it was not wholly tamed, and that the eagles still reared their eaglets there.

But before the young had learned to scramble forth from the nest, strangers came to that part of the region, and these were hunters from the city. It is quite characteristic of certain hunters from the city that they are forever looking for targets, for any sort of target. And what a target an eagle affords, to be sure. So they fired eagerly at one of the great birds, perched in the eagle-nest pine, and the body of the eagle crashed downward to dangle from a forked limb. A single flight feather, such as eagles ply to bear them beyond human vision, faltered down to earth. Then the hunters from the city went away, pleased with having killed an eagle, and caring not at all that the bird was now mere carrion beneath its hungry young.

When Mr. Johnson passed, going outward from his cabin, there were no eagles in the tree, save that dead body dangling. He heard the querulous, fretful, hungered cries of the eaglets in the nest far above him. And when he passed again, the eaglets yet were crying, while of no eagle was there any sight. "I must bring my rifle," he thought "and riddle the nest with bullets, that the young eagles may die an easier death than that of starvation." But he forgot his rifle when he came that way again. The cries of the eaglets were constant now, but fainter, and he reproached himself. "Tomorrow," he said aloud, "I will surely bring my rifle."

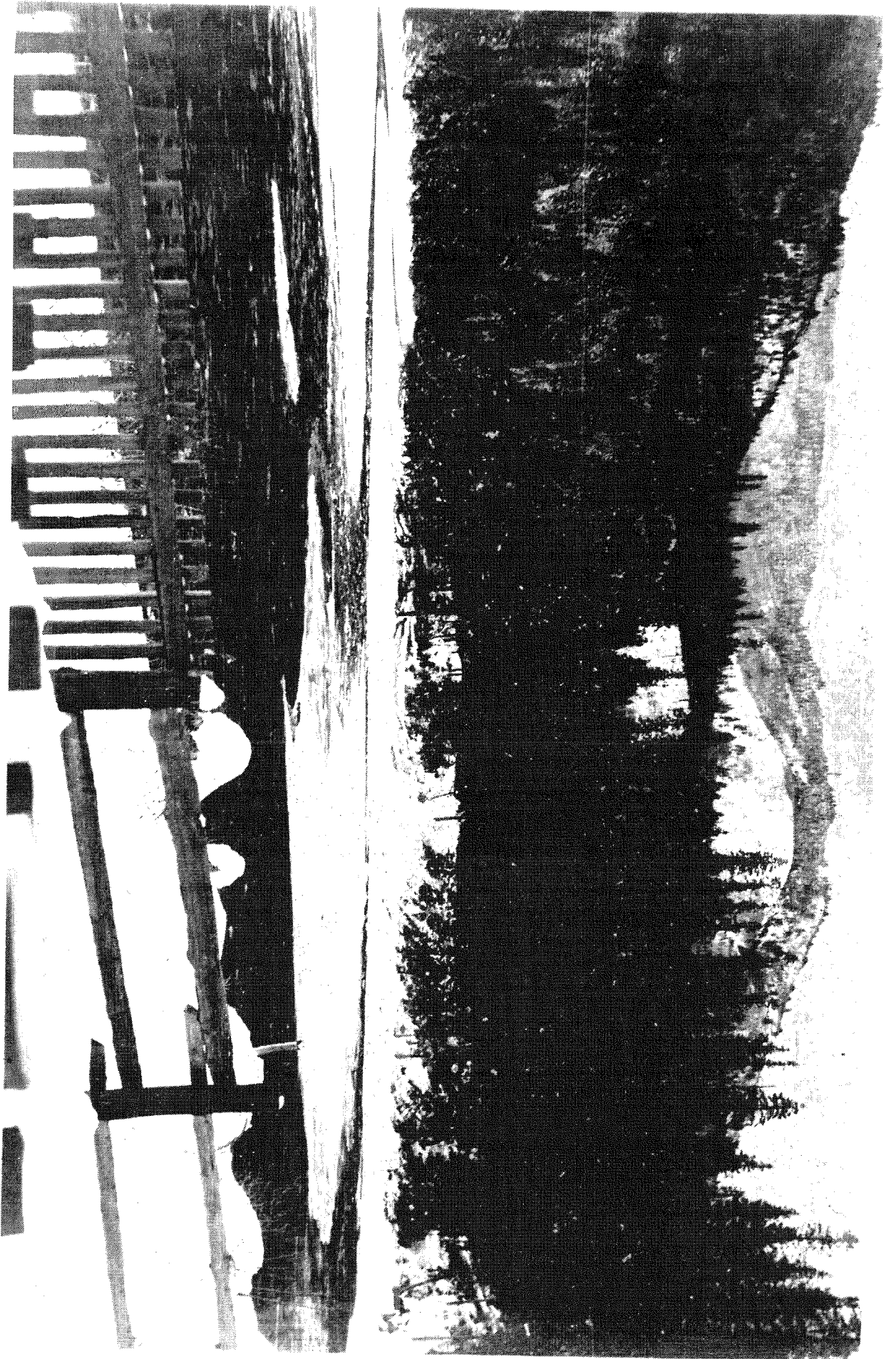
Now, here is the curious part of the story he tells of the eagle-nest pine. Judge of his astonishment, when he came with his rifle, to discover two eagles in the tall pine, caring for the brood as eagles will. One of the birds was, of course, the surviving parent. But the other? How had the other eagle been summoned? How had the need been made evident to this stranger bird? How had the tragedy of the pine been told? He doesn't know. Nor do you. Nor does anyone.

He went homeward with his rifle, not having fired a shot. And he was rather happy to reflect on what he had seen.

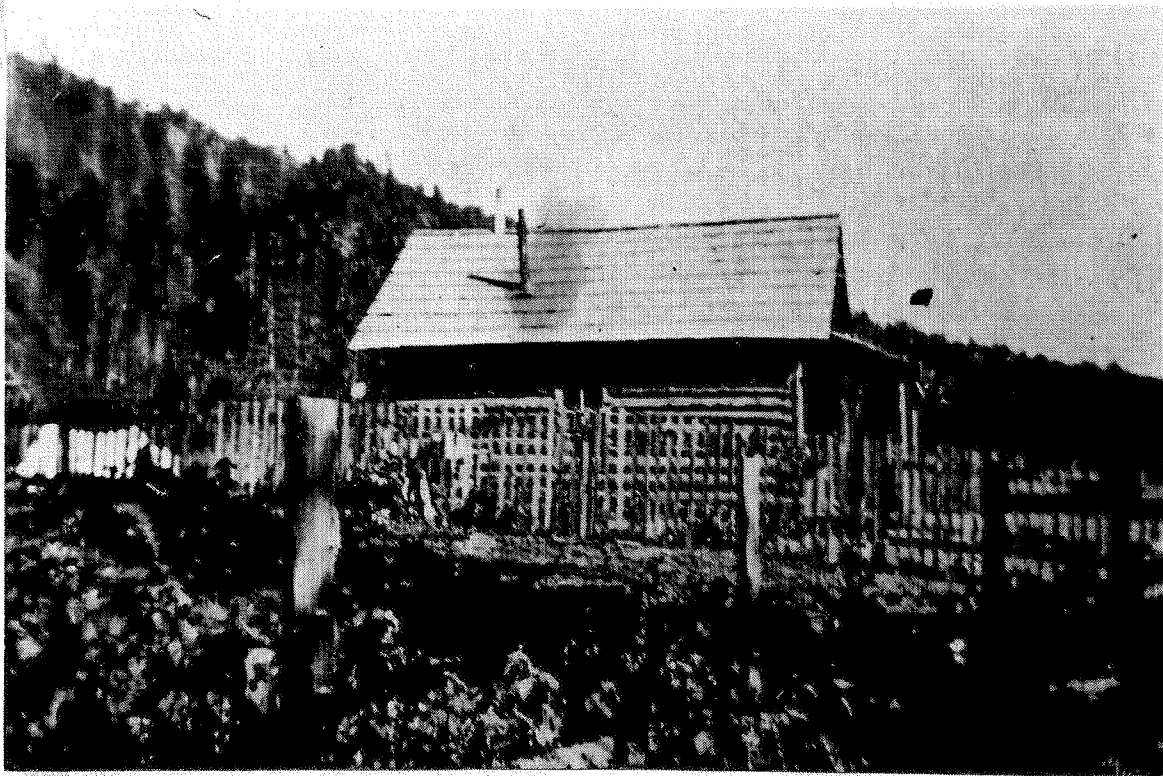
The two eagles tended the young. They brought game from the forest and fish from the streams. The young grew lusty and self-confident. They crowded out of the nest and to the tree limbs to scream a welcome to the older eagles. They made the first half-fearful essays at flight. They flew. They saw the province of their parents as these had seen it for so many, many seasons—and as one would never see it again. And then they flew away, wherever it is that eagles go when they have found flight and no longer are chained by any vicinage. And people said that it was all right, despite the cruel killing of the eagle. They said that the nest in the pine, in the landmark, would have its broods again.

But in this they were wrong. The nest weathered and fell apart. And the eagles never returned to the eagle-nest pine.

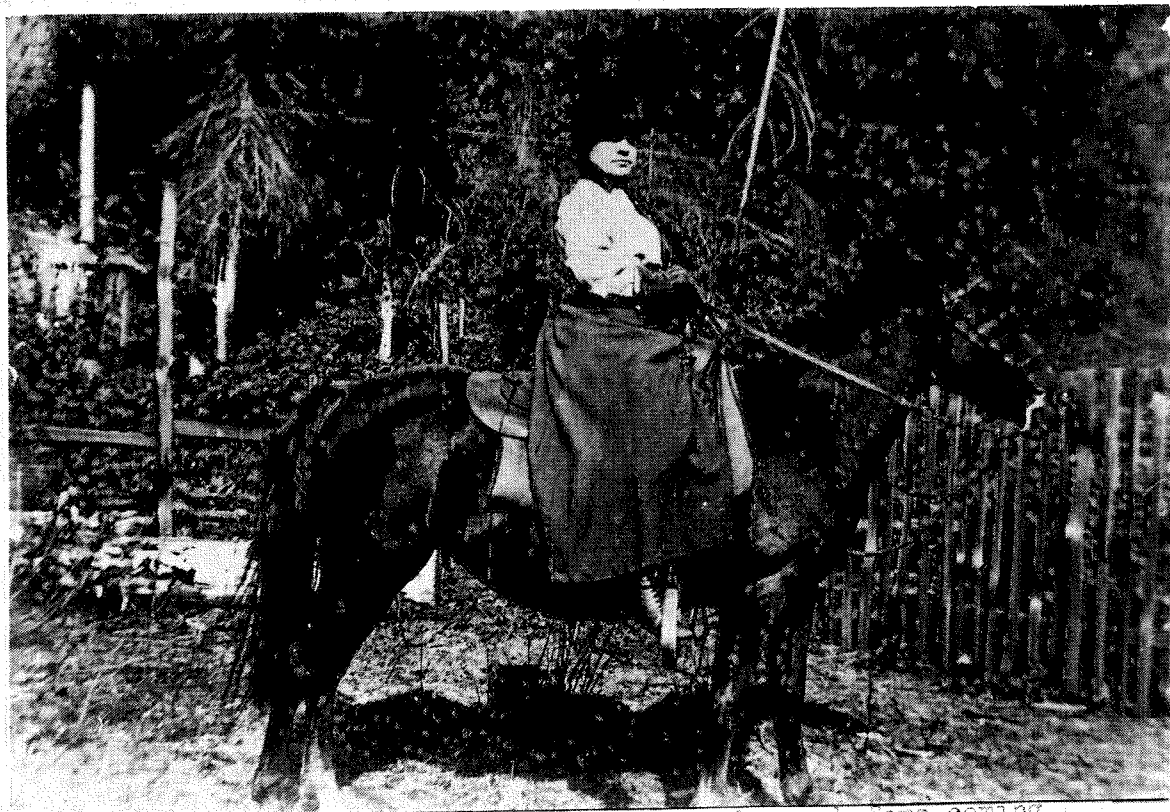
From Portland Morning Oregonian.
This tree was below the creek and between the trail and the river. A woman and four children tried to hold hands around it and could not reach.



Selway River from porch of the Johnson cabin



The Johnson Homestead cabin as it was when they arrived. One stovepipe was for a heater and the other for the cookstove.



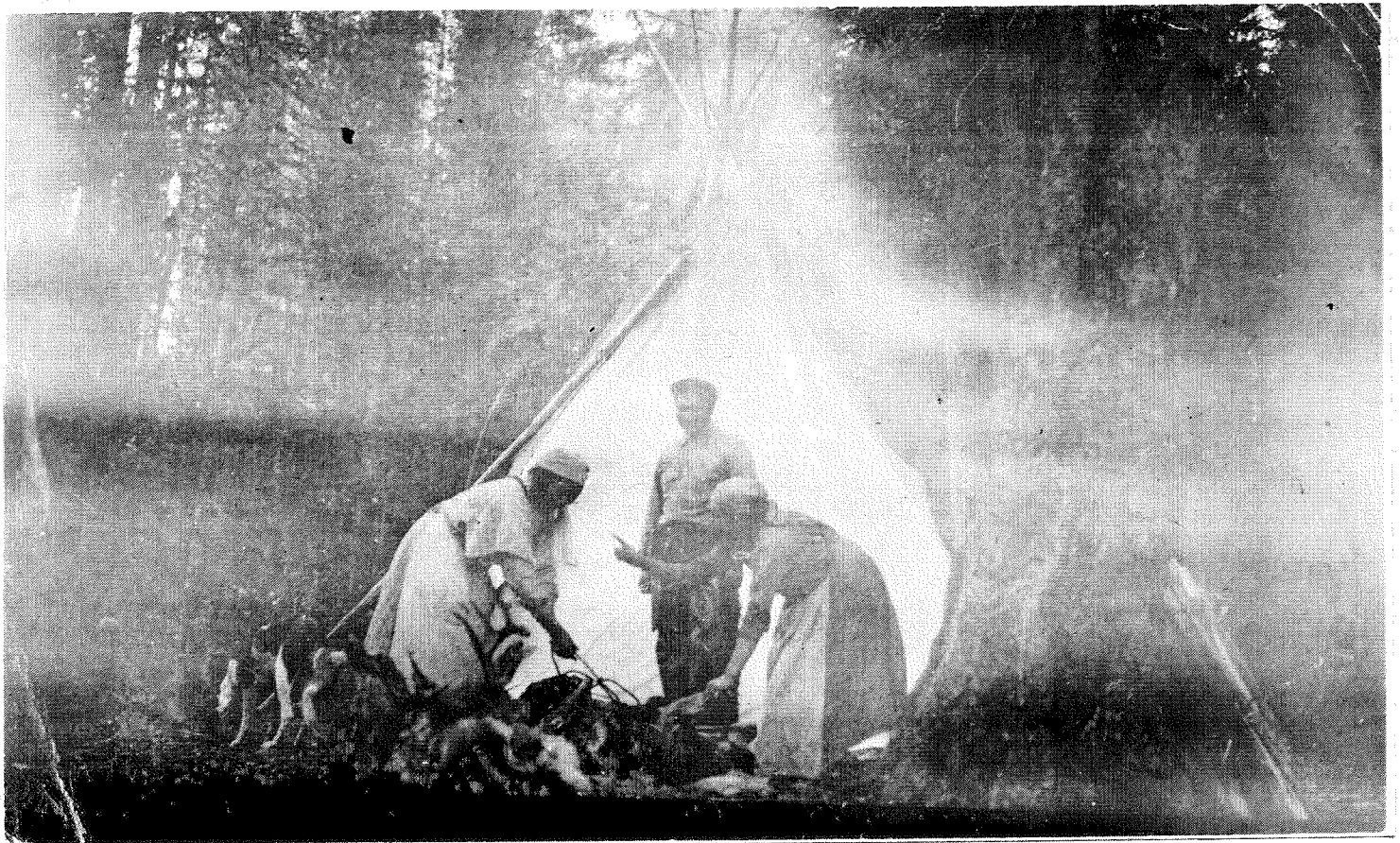
Dee Johnson had probably never ridden a horse before coming to Idaho, certainly not astride. She not only learned to ride but also to shoot a twenty-two rifle and bring a pheasant out of a tree when needed for dinner.



Goddard Bar Ranger Station from hill back of Johnson place.



Johnson garden with Goddard Bar in the background. The pine tree on the river bank gave an observation post for the kingfisher and also needles for weaving small baskets.



Some Nez Perce Indians camped regularly near the cabin.



Tom and Willie Allison with the skins from a year's catch of Bear.



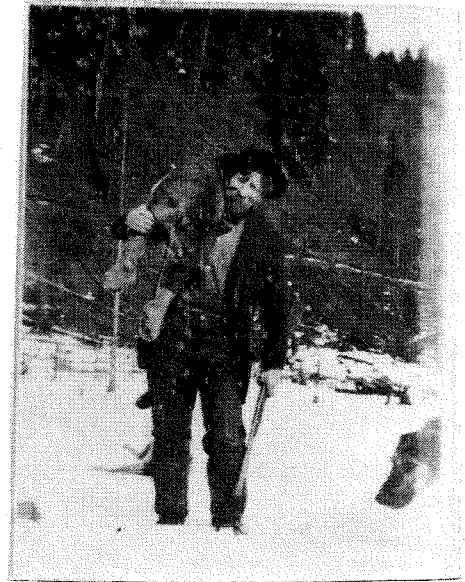
Unidentifiable bear hunters.



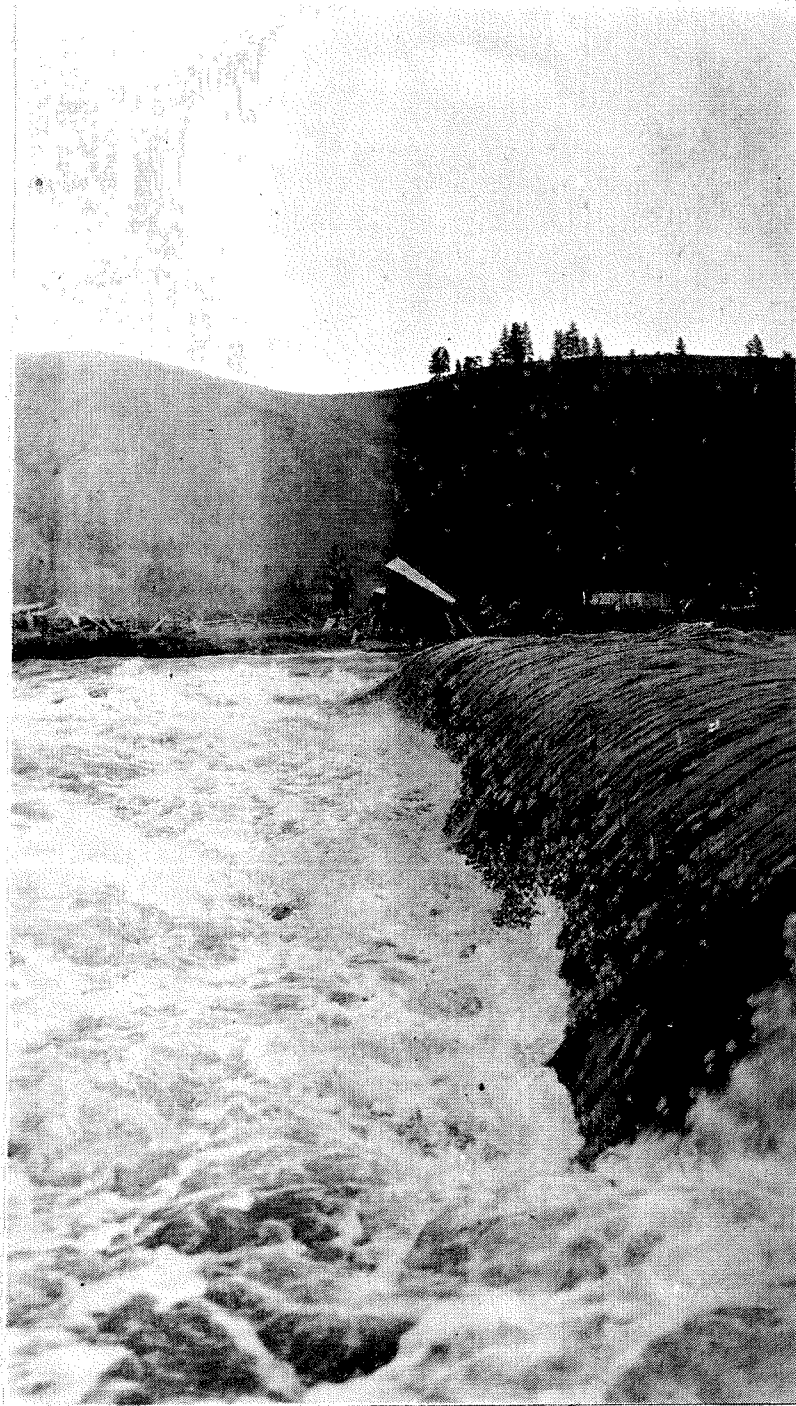
Spearing salmon at the Selway Falls.



Charles with his first fox.



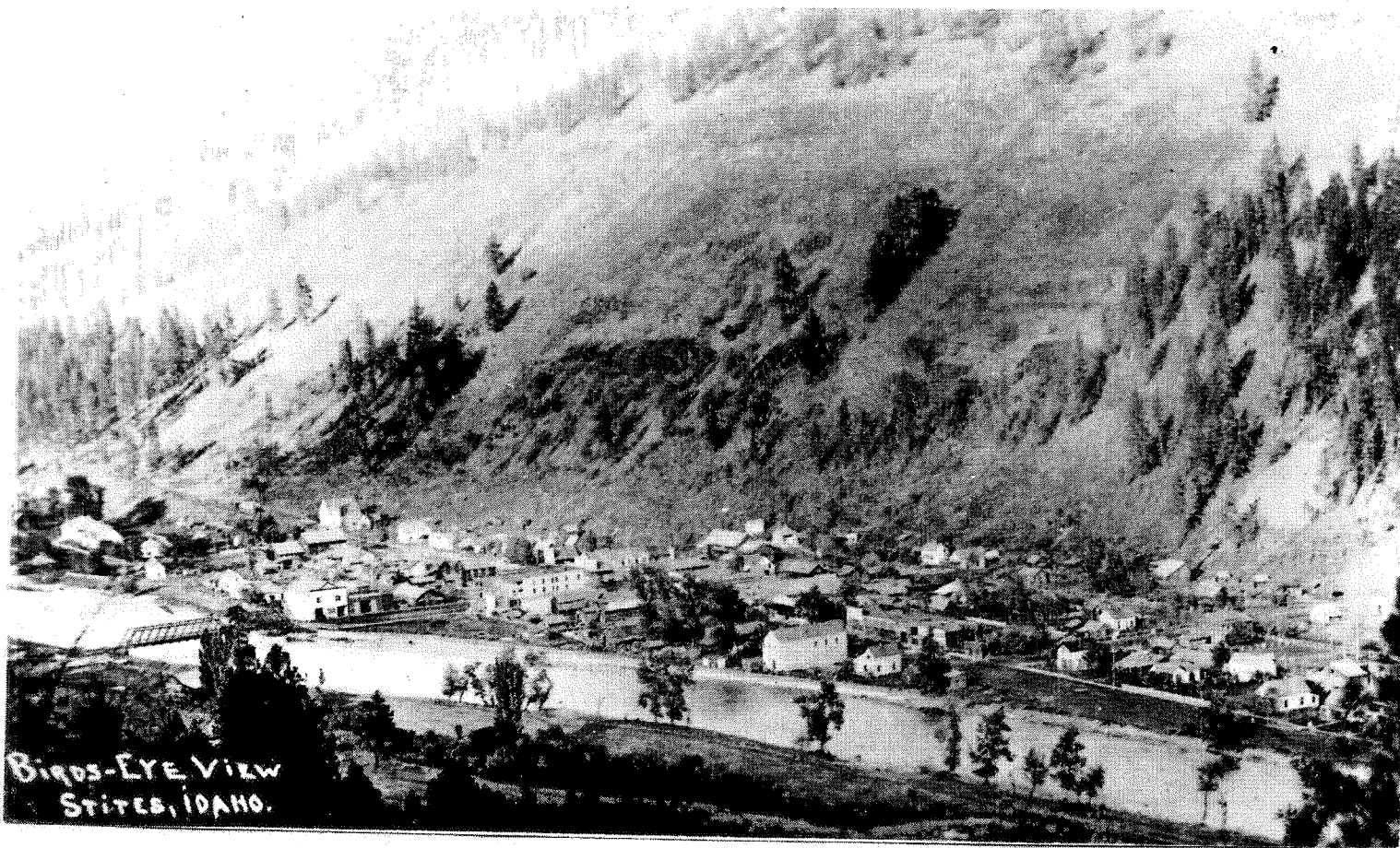
Ed Johnson, Tom and Willie Allison and a cougar killed behind the cabin. Tom's dogs, Phoebe and Lion backtracked the cougar and killed her kittens in the den. The line across the hill is the irrigation ditch edged in snow.



Kooskia Falls



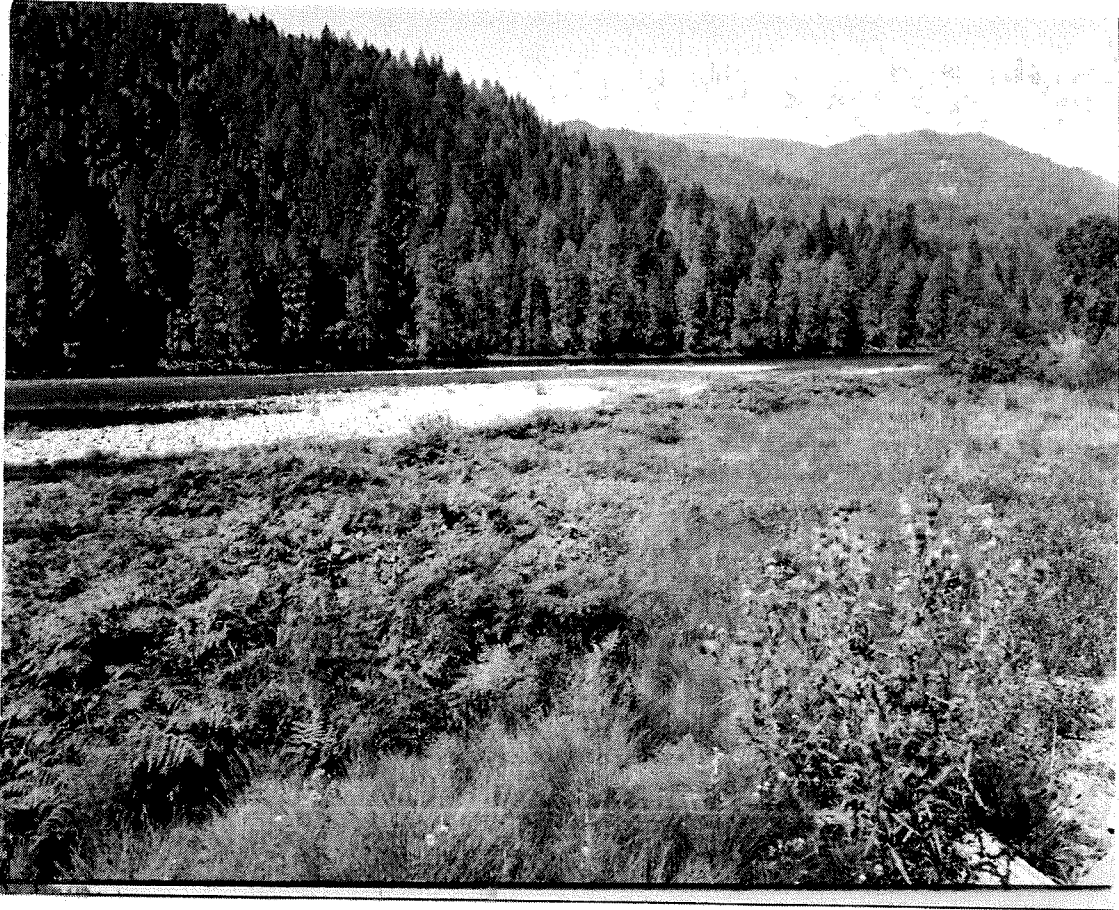
Kooskia and Stites. The brown and white house in lower left corner is Grandma Johnson's.



BIRDS-EYE VIEW
STITES, IDAHO.



Dee revisited the homestead area in 1946. This is from a postcard, described as Fenn Station earlier known as Goddard Bar.



The area looked quite different when visited by the Ridleys in 1971.