

## JOURNEY TO SEATTLE AND PIONEERING AT PUGET SOUND

By A. B. Moe

My father, I. B. Moe, left Fredrikstad, Norway in the spring of 1880. His destination was Minneapolis, Minnesota. The rest of the family, mother, sister, and two brothers, was to come the next spring. When my father went to America I went to sea. I was then 16 years old. In the fall of 1880 the steamship lines were cutting rates and father sent for the family. I couldn't come at that time as I was at sea in the Baltic.

When father came to Minneapolis he got a job in a lumber yard at \$1.50 a day for 10 hours a day. I came to America the next spring, 1881. I got a job at 50 cents a day in a sash and door factory.

In the fall of 1881 father went out to the Red River Valley and took up a homestead. Later in the fall he went back to Norway, stayed there that winter and came back to America in the spring with his brother, brother-in-law and a few more of his friends. They went to the land he had taken as a homestead and looked for land for his friends. They hired a man with a team to take them there but they found the whole prairie a lake. Father came back to Minneapolis, and he decided to go farther west to Puget Sound.

We hired out in St. Paul to work on the Northern Pacific Railroad in Montana in the spring of 1882. Besides our family there were eight men who had boarded with us in Minneapolis, who went with us. Among them was my cousin, Olaf Otterson, father of Alf and Harold Otterson.

We landed on the Fort Keough Indian reservation about three miles west of Miles City in Montana. We had to sleep on the ground with a tent over us. We worked there that summer cleaning up material yards for the railroad company. That fall we hired a team to take us to Helena, Montana. There we took a contract to cut and haul 1500 cords of wood for

the Gloster gold mine. We went up on a mountain and built a cabin in the side hill. We had to build it of logs and split the timber for the roof, which we covered with brush and dirt. It was all right in the winter, but when spring came and the snow melted, it began to leak and the water drove us out of the cabin so we had to move. We had to melt snow on the stove for water for the horses and ourselves.

We came all the way from Billings, Montana, to Seattle, with horses and wagons. It took us from the first of July to September to go from Helena to Seattle. When we found good pasture, we spent a few days washing and cooking. We went over Bitter Root Mountain, which was only a cattle trail where they were driving cattle to Puget Sound. The roads were sometimes covered with trees and rocks, which we had to clear away. At one place we had to put ropes around the wagon axles, and to turn around the trees, we snubbed the teams and wagons down the rocks. Before coming to Cour d'Alene, Idaho, on Bitter Root and Cour d'Alene Mountains we encountered some Indian trouble. One night we had camped and started fire when a band of Indians came and told us to move along or, as we understood them, there would be a fight. Then one of the Indians as leader showed us blood on his clothes, and we supposed it meant that we would get the same treatment. Before we left they went into our wagon and took some clothes and shoes. Of course, the Indians were all on horseback.

A night or two later we had camped and started fire, when we heard an awful racket a distance below us. We put out the fire and rode into the woods as that country hardly had any underbrush. We stayed that night and they didn't bother us.

We crossed the Cour d'Alene River 36 times in one day and the last couple of crossings water went upon the wagon beds. From Spokane we

went to Cheney and then to Sprague. From Sprague to the Columbia River there was no road at all. We followed the railroad survey stakes. For about 50 miles from the last town before coming to the Columbia River, we had no water for ourselves or the horses. We had used up the water we had put in all the kegs and utensils we had with us. We crossed the Columbia River at a town named Ainsworth, now named Pasco. We crossed on the railroad company steamer. We then went to Yakima City. As I went over the road a few days ago, I don't understand how we made it, but we were a crowd of stout Norwegians.

We were the first to cross the Cascade Mountains over the Snoqualmie Pass with horses and wagons. The people on the east side of the mountains told us it was impossible to cross with wagons as there was a large lake near the summit which was impossible to get around with wagons but father had figured out how to do it. When we got to Lake Keechelus, we started to cut and haul timber to the lake and made a raft. We hewed out stentions and cars, put five wagons on the raft and rowed it along the lake. Two wagons had joined our party, who had tried to cross the lake but had turned back. Father told them to come along with us that we would get across. We drove the horses around the lake on a pack trail. The lake was not half as large as it is now.

When we arrived in Seattle, I went to work with the teams to help grade streets in Seattle. I remember that we bought a salmon for 25 cents; it weighed about 25 pounds. Now we have to pay 60 cents a pound for salmon. We landed first where Manzanita now is, then called Mosquito Bay. We were there a couple of months before we started for Dog Fish Bay, now called Liberty Bay.

I brought horses to Poulsbo to start logging. People made fun of us for trying to log with horses. All the logging was done with oxen. They said they would tangle themselves in the brush and we wouldn't get them out again. But we made it all right that winter. We brought the horses to Poulsbo by loading the horses and wagons and some hay and feed on the steamer Addie, which belonged to the Port Madison Mill Co. When we got up the bay, father had made a float of snags and logs he had found on the beach to carry the wagons and feed. The horses jumped over-board and swam ashore.

I went to Seattle again the next summer to work with the horses. I had the first team on the road between Renton and Black Diamond when that road was begun in the fall of 1883. In the fall of 1884 I went home with the horses to log. I never went out to work for anyone else again. I hauled out logs from which Mr. Jorgen Eliason built his first house. He took the logs to Port Madison Mill and had them sawed into lumber. The house is still standing on his old place.

About a year or two later my father bought 80 or 160 acres of land back in a little valley and in a fraction along the beach where the town of Poulsbo is now located he laid the land out in lots.

He applied for and got the post office in 1885. He named the place Poulsbo after his home in Norway and was the first postmaster there. I was the first mail carrier. Adolf Hostmark, father of Captain Hostmark, was the first man to start a store in Poulsbo in 1886. Since we lived about one mile from Poulsbo, father turned over the post office to Mr. Hostmark.

The first school house was built on father's land in 1886. I was one to help incorporate the town of Poulsbo in 1907. I was also

the first mayor of Poulsbo.

In 1883 we were the first in Washington, then a territory, to haul out logs by horses. We had the first steam donkey. We also had the first railroad locomotive to haul logs in Kitsap County in 1906.

There could be much more added to this, but I don't remember. I left Poulsbo in 1924, living there 41 years.