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J. J. ANTHONY: PIONEER INVENTORY

AND MACHINIST

MOSCOW IN THE '20S





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ABOUT THE FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

Some people touch your life briefly, but their vivid personalities and unusual abilities make them impossible to forget. Such a person was Mr. Anthony. His life was filled with hard work and meager monetary rewards, but he never ceased to educate himself or to think sparkingly with his inventive mind. His daughter, Gladys Anthony Johnson, gave us this glimpse of her father's life in Moscow.

The late Lucinda Tuttle Jenks lived in Moscow for some 50 years. During 1978 she had written her family recollections and had offered a copy to the Latah County Historical Society for its local history collection. We feel privileged to print an excerpt from her manuscript.

Photos in this issue are by courtesy of Gladys Anthony Johnson and the family of Lucinda Jenks. They were copied for the Society's collection by Clifford Ott.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH: J. J. Anthony at age 88. Late in life he sometimes had to cobble his own shoes because of crippled feet.

J. J. ANTHONY

Compiled by Jeanette Talbott

Finding a newspaper clipping in my grandmother Myrtle Otter's old scrapbook made me want to know more about a remarkable man, J. J. Anthony. Communication with his daughter, Mrs. A. L. (Gladys) Johnson, was rewarded with a promise that she would write a biography of her father and send some family photos. Permission was granted to use the material in the *Bulletin*.

John Jay Anthony  
by  
Gladys Anthony Johnson

John Jay Anthony was born at Morrison, Whiteside County, Illinois, February 8, 1864, to James Daniel Anthony and Magdalena Clay, his wife. The following year the little family moved to Marble Rock, Floyd County, Iowa, where five other children were born. He received his early education in the Marble Rock schools and learned carpentry from his father. He attended the university at Iowa City for two years.

About 1889 he went west to seek his fortune, arriving in Spokane, Washington, where he found carpenter work. He sent for his sweetheart, Cora Nettie Drake, to join him there, and they were married there, November 13, 1890. Their first child, Florence Gladys Anthony, was born in Spokane, October 28, 1891. Shortly after, John heard of work in a planing mill in Moscow, Idaho, went there, built a two-room dwelling near the university campus, where the wife and child joined him. He helped in the construction of the first Administration Building. He was not afraid to work at heights, and eventually he carried, by ladders, the huge metal ball and placed it on the top of the spire.

He attended classes at the new University of Idaho, graduating in June 1898. He attended the University of Minnesota on a scholarship, 1898-99. He earned a

Ph.B. degree. While at the U. of I. and on his return from Minnesota, he taught classes in trigonometry, shop work, and carving. The students dubbed him, "Professor Chips."

About 1894 he had enlarged the two rooms to an eight-room, story-and-a-half dwelling. For a newel post at the foot of the stairs he had taken a ten-inch square piece of some kind of hardwood and carved a dog's head for the top of the post. That house had disappeared by 1974.

About 1902 they sold the house and three lots, and he constructed a small shop at the corner of Main and Seventh Street in which to do iron and wood work. Along one side were rooms in which the family could live. To this he later added more space for iron-working and wood-working machines. He did all kinds of wood work for the construction of homes. One year he built the house used as the Presbyterian parsonage. He loved to design house plans and did amass a large collection. He sold paints, varnishes, and wallpaper for house decorating. In the metal working he designed and made tools for himself and did a huge amount of work for thresher men. Many was the night he toiled all night making repairs for some thresher owner [whose equipment] had broken down and needed speedy repairs.

Over the years he added more shed room till the building covered the entire lot. In 1909 he added a second floor to the front half of the building and covered that part with metal roofing and metal shingles to make it more fireproof from the outside. He had saved choice pieces of fir finish lumber for many years, and now he used them for window and door casings and a sizable bookcase in these upper rooms.

Sometime near 1908 two men came from near Grangeville with ideas for building an engine-driven grain combine and asked Mr. Anthony to construct one and draw up the plans for a patent. The three men worked for a long time on that. He spent an entire summer in Washington, D.C., trying to get the attention of the Patent Office.

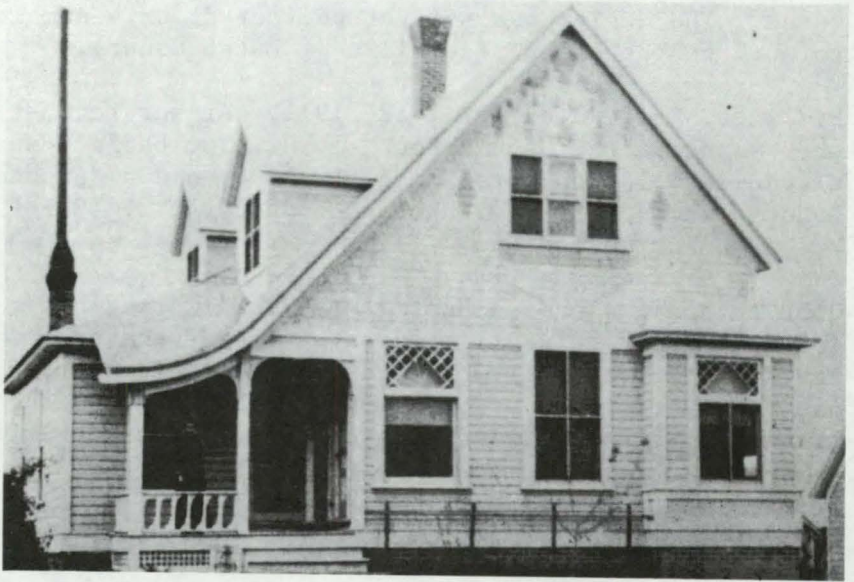
They did not listen. The machine was never manufactured. The design was not yet perfected for a combine to work on the steep side hills of Latah County.

His wife, Cora, died April 12, 1911. At her request she was buried at Marble Rock, Iowa. Two babies--an eleven-day old son born March 31, 1894, and a daughter, Evadne [who] died at eight months January 12, 1901--are also buried in Iowa.

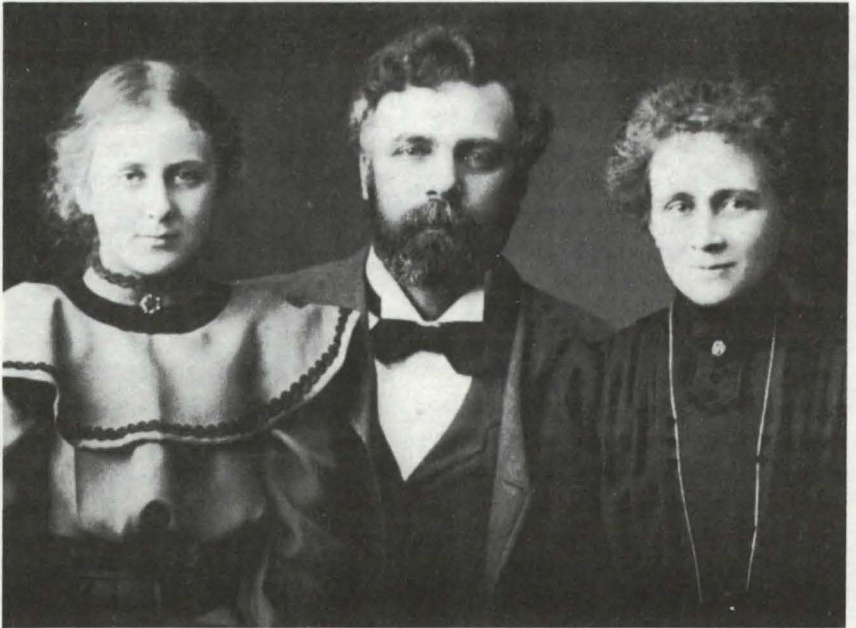
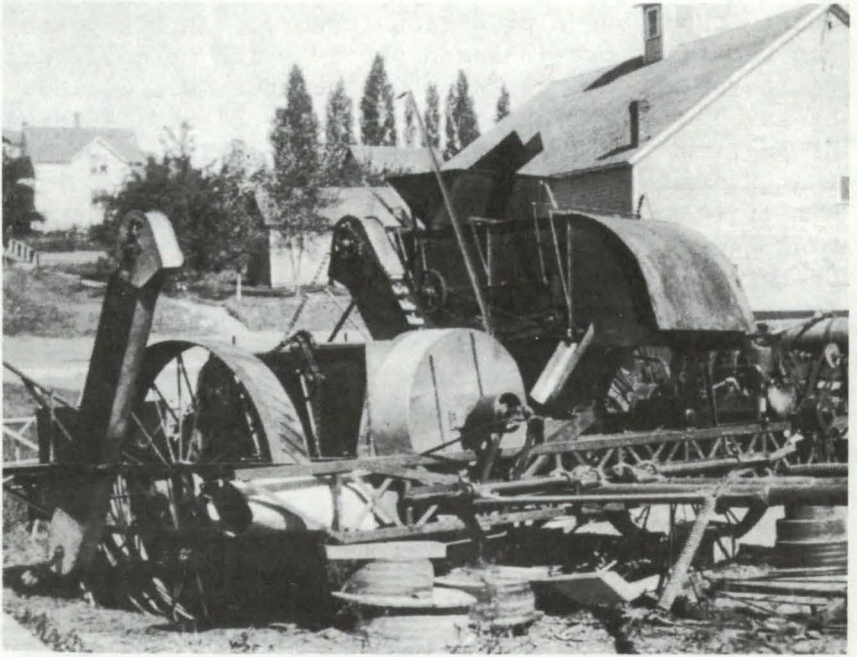
John Anthony was not a businessman. He worked hard, for which he received little pay. From standing for hours and hours, daily, in the cold shop his feet became very crippled, and his hands became knotted and twisted. He had married his second wife, Maude Merri-man, November 27, 1912, in Moscow. She was his companion in the later years.

In 1937 he sold the lot on Main Street, so that a service station could be built there. He tore down the old building and hauled the materials to a lot on West Third Street, near the railroad tracks, where he constructed a shelter for them. Due to failing health, he could no longer do excellent work. He often fell and injured himself. He began inventing oil-burning stoves and constructed many models. In 1943 one of them caught fire, resulting in much damage to the building and its contents.

Daughter Gladys and family had been farming in Montana since 1924. Mr. Anthony had visited them three times between 1926 and 1946. In 1947 son-in-law Albert Johnson, with son Neal, took a truck to Moscow and moved their possessions to Harlem, Montana. John Anthony and wife, Maude, traveled by train to spend their last years in Montana. Maude Anthony died May 6, 1951. In the spring of 1952 John Anthony had a yearning to return to his loved Moscow and perhaps see old friends. He left Harlem by train May 20, 1952. In Moscow he developed pneumonia and died in hospital there June 1, 1952, age 88 years. A friend had phoned Gladys that her father was ill, and Gladys arrived in Moscow before her father passed on. He had visited with his long-time friends, Clarence and Eunice Talbott, and Mrs. Talbott visited him at hospital, which visit was a comfort to him.



Above: Home near the university which Anthony designed and built for his family  
Below: Combined home and workshop on the northeast corner of Seventh and Main; Gritman Hospital at far right



Above: The Anthony combine

Below: Anthony at age 38 with his wife and daughter

John Anthony had a prodigious memory. In his youth he had memorized orations and poetry which he could still recite at age 88. After the banking crisis of 1893 he gave much thought to financial problems. Eventually he published a pamphlet on "Public Banking"--Government Banking--and talked of it to all who would listen. A religious man, he was a member of the Moscow Christian church for fifty years. On special occasions, as Christmas, he wrote rhymes and jingles to his friends. In the last years he could not walk very well on the crippled feet, so whiled away time with reading all French books which he could borrow, and he spent hours working calculus problems.

In the last years in Moscow he drew a design for a steam turbine engine and made the component parts himself. It never had an outer cover or casing, and he never found anyone to finish the project. [When he returned in 1952 he brought his papers and engine parts and consulted with Homer Dana, head of engineering experiment station, WSC. Too soon Anthony's death ended his dream. --Ed.]

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An article from the *Idahonian* written at the time of the Anthony's Moscow departure in 1947 adds to our information. Bracketed corrections are Mrs. Johnson's.

Pioneer Machinist-Inventor Leaves Scenes  
Here of Half Century of Work  
by  
Roy Brown

As the 10:30 northbound train left here yesterday morning a gray-haired couple looked lingeringly--perhaps for the last time--at the community which was passing from view. After more than a half century, 83-year-old John J. Anthony and his wife are leaving for Harlem, Mont., to take up residence.

They will live with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Johnson, on a large ranch, according to Johnson, who has been in Moscow for several days arranging for the move.

Known widely by farmers throughout the area for his



"workshop of a thousand inventions," Anthony spent years experimenting with steam engines and powered saws in an old sheet-metal building on West Third. He indulged in heavy machine experiments requiring special forms and castings, which he made himself. [These experiments were all in the building on Main Street.] The past five or six years he has tinkered with 80 various stove models. One of them caused a fire a few years ago which almost destroyed the two-story frame building.

#### Master Carpenter

Anthony came here from Minnesota [Iowa] in 1891 and was a master carpenter in the construction of the original University of Idaho Administration building. He graduated with a degree in philosophy here in 1898 (his records were destroyed in the fire which leveled the Administration building in 1906) in the second or third graduating class. He was an instructor at the university for several years before opening his own machine shop at Main and Seventh.

Anthony's son-in-law arrived here from Harlem by truck with his 18-year-old [25-year-old] son, Neil, to pack up "Grandpop's" shop for the move. The elder Johnson graduated from Idaho in 1918 with a degree in agriculture.

Monday "Grandpop" was supervising the packing and loading of the equipment and tools which he values much more than the material things in life. Young Neil Johnson smiled and remarked, as Anthony passed him a small steam turbine: "He wants to be sure we don't leave anything important to him behind."

#### Still Has Ideas

But the man who has been described by some who know him as "a mathematical and mechanical wizard" couldn't take it all with him. Johnson reported that 52,000 pounds of scrap iron had been sold, more than 10,000 feet of scrap lumber burned, and hundreds of tools and small parts disposed of.

Anthony's retort to a question as to whether he would

quit his work with the movement was a definite, "Certainly not."

"I'm going to work on four different engines that I've been experimenting with," he said. "There are a few things I want to work out before I die." The tall, stoop-shouldered man's steel-blue eyes were sincere.

One of his latest gadgets was a small steam-powered car to be used for run-about-town transportation. The car is about the size of a motorcycle passenger carrier, but looks like a miniature Sherman tank to the casual observer.

His inventions include an automatic saw gummer, a hydraulic power press, and a steam turbine engine. The latter was a success but another patent beat his to the market.

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When conversation about old-timers stirs memories of Mr. Anthony, many people have a bit to add. Clarice Sampson remembers that he built a very useful combination bureau and desk for her father. The Talbotts speak of Mr. Anthony's chess-playing abilities--mostly he won. Clifford Ott recalls that Mr. Anthony worked out the plan for the roof trusses in the building which now houses Baldwin's Music Room and the Magic Mushroom. The decorative wooden panels in the McConnell house living room and parlor are his work. Gladys Johnson mentions in her letter that her father "hammered out dozens of metal drawers to hold large collections of screws, bolts, cupboard catches, hinges, etc. Many drawers are with us yet here in Harlem."

Many of his friends and relatives received their greetings for Christmas and other special occasions in poetic form. Mrs. Johnson shares some of these with us.

#### Birthday Greeting

I've got an unused street-car fare I would  
Be willing to bet  
You will tickled be these lines from me,  
Your daddy old, to get;

Which I trust won't prove so bad a verse  
It could not be a trifle worse.  
I would make of it, if I knew how,  
A verse so swell it would be a wow.  
But that I scarce can hope to do;  
Since my old head can no longer woo  
My muse to furnish me with rhymes,  
As she used to do in the good old times,  
When I was a bright young popinjay,  
With a plausible tongue and a lot to say.  
But you'll be pleased, I have no doubt,  
To learn that I'm still holding out,  
And have a chance of pulling through  
For another dismal year or two.  
Now there's but this much more to say:  
I hope this finds you blithe and gay  
And that, until your race is run,  
And all your earthly work is done,  
You'll find in it a lot of fun.

--Palavering Pater

### A Stormy Night

Dear Toots: I ought to be in bed  
A-resting my dumb drowsy head;  
But first, I'll pause awhile to write  
And let you know this is some night.  
Above, the tempest moans and mutters.  
Below, the water runs in gutters.  
Across the sky, in lurid flashes,  
And white-hot streaks, the lightning dashes.  
And through the dun clouds cuts great gashes.  
Whilst overhead, with fearful crashes,  
And claps and peals, the thunder smashes.  
'Twould seem as though old Neptune thrashes  
His boisterous progeny and lashes.  
Whilst on the windowpane and sashes,  
In spats and dabs, the rain it splashes.  
  
'Tis grand, upon such nights as these,  
To stand out in the fitful breeze,  
And watch the swaying of the trees,  
As to the storm they bend their knees.  
In proud, majestic hautiness,

They seem to bare their angry breasts,  
And toss and wave their lofty crests.

How mightily it stirs the soul,  
To listen to the thunders roll  
And crash and peal from pole to pole;  
To hear the raging winds contending,  
And see the fires from heaven descending  
In a confusion never ending.

--Palavering Pater

In remembrance of his mother he writes:

#### Mother's Day

'Tis Mother's Day, and far away  
Beneath other suns and skies,  
Beneath the sod awaiting God,  
My dear, old mother lies,  
In peaceful sleep, profound and deep,  
That angels supervise.  
Although her mouldering form may lie  
Within earth's cold embrace,  
Methinks, sometime, in other clime,  
I will see again her face;  
Her radiant smile shall me beguile,  
And all my griefs efface.  
I know not when that time shall come,  
Or how long her sleep shall be;  
But surely but a meager part  
Of vast eterniy.

--Son John

Even political matters inspired Frank Fuzzywit:

#### The Dying Year

The year is dying. Soon it will be lost in dim  
past obscurity.  
It is with regret we see her leave us. That she  
must do sore doth grieve us.  
We bid goodby to her with sadness; yet welcome  
the new year with gladness.  
If that fool thing called NRA--or New Deal, if  
prefer you may,  
Would likewise do and fade away, our lives might  
be a bit more gay,  
And we enjoy some pleasure.

It would be a source of much delight, if I could  
say to her tonight:  
Goodby, you stupid cracked-brain thing. You  
never stood a chance to bring  
Us aught but greatest measure  
Of discontent, unrest, and grief, and applications  
for relief. Upon my word,  
I never set eyes on more unlikely child. Your  
daddy must have been one wild  
Or else most woefully beguiled, or else just was  
not clever.  
He must have been a derelict; and as such should  
have been well licked;  
Or rather, maybe, have been kicked where his few  
brains he carried.  
For surely they weren't in his head; but further  
to the south had fled,  
And in that region tarried.  
Before you came our backs were breaking with the  
load of tax the law was taking.  
Now here you come with your fool faking, all  
sense of decency forsaking,  
And set the law new taxes making. You ought to  
have a damned good shaking.  
So get you gone. Don't stand there quaking.  
And don't go round a-bellyaching.  
You ought to head straightway for Hades, where  
the proper place for your dumb shade is.  
Instead of running around loose boasting, you  
ought to be down there a-roasting.  
It would be a cause for feeling gay, if I could  
see you on your way.  
I would most surely deem it fit were you to make  
a quick exit.

--Frank Fuzzywit

In concluding her letter Mrs. Johnson writes, "My father was disappointed to not have a son who could grow up. With my father his branch of the Anthony family died off . . . [but] from me my father as of November 1978 had 104 descendants. My father did enjoy his grandchildren."

Creighton's
Jackle Jewelry
Bakery
Bolles Shoe Store
Hagan and Cushing Meats and Groceries
First Trust Bank

MAIN STREET

Second Street

Restaurant		
The Parisian		
Sherfey's Books and Music		
Mitten's Confectionary		
Corner Drug	Jewelry Store	Jerry's

Star-Mirror Office	Blore Motors		
	Table Supply Grocery	Movie	Oberg Brothers Store
Bon Ton Confectionary			

Washington Street

THIRD STREET

First National Bank

Collins and Orland Hardware

Hodgins Drug Store

The Palace of Sweets Confectionary

Barber

Moscow Hotel



David's Store

Movie

City Hall

Fourth Street

Grocery Store

Schroeder's Bakery

Queen City Printing Co.

Third and Main Shopping Area in the 1920's

prepared by Lucinda Jenks



Muriel, Lucinda, Ruby  
and Mary Jenks.  
In front: Bobby Hargus  
Muriel's step-daughter



Clarence and  
Lucinda Jenks  
June 24, 1934



Misogynist Club  
Front row: Henry Botten, Clarence Jenks, Wayne  
Snook, Carl Cunningham  
Back row: Francis Nonini, Allen Ramstedt, Dr.  
Schuette, Alton Corneilson, Téd Correll



## MOSCOW IN THE '20S

By Lucinda Tuttle Jenks

The first time I saw Moscow, Idaho, was a little before noon on June 20, 1920. On that day the Tuttle family moved to Moscow from Fairfield, Washington. Earlier that spring Mamma and Papa had made a trip down here and bought a house. They were determined that their four daughters should have a university education. As their two older girls, Ruby and Muriel, were graduating that May from Fairfield High School, it was time to move to a university town. I was then thirteen and ready for the eighth grade. Mary was five but would be six soon enough to start first grade in September.

Mamma and we girls came by train to Pullman, where we changed to "The Bug" and continued to Moscow. "The Bug" which shuttled between the two towns at that time was great fun to ride. It was not so crowded as the other train had been, and while riding in it we could breathe the good fresh Palouse air. Furthermore, we were almost to our destination.

At the station we looked around for a means to get our belongings up to our house. A one-armed drayman appeared. He had a hook on his short arm and made quick work of loading our trunks and boxes onto his old wagon. Not wishing to be separated from our possessions, we, too, climbed into the wagon.

Mamma and little Mary sat on the seat with the drayman. We three older girls sat on the boxes in the back. The address Mamma gave to the drayman was 724 East Seventh Street. So he proceeded right up Seventh, which proved to be very steep. In fact, it was so steep that we in the back quickly shifted to the floor of the wagon, letting the boxes slip and slide where they would. At that time about the only paved streets in Moscow were Third and Main. Besides being steep, Seventh was rough and full of puddles from a recent rain. We came to another hill where the street seemed to branch. The drayman was wondering which way to

turn, when here came a delivery man also driving horses through splashing puddles. Yes, he knew the empty house number 724. Yes, we should go up the hill, then east a little over a block, and there we were!

Eagerly we explored our new home from top to bottom. Then suddenly we were very hungry! Out came the lunch we had packed early that morning way back in Fairfield, and we ate our first meal in Moscow off packing boxes in our front room.

Along in the afternoon Papa arrived. He and Shorty, the man whose truck moved our furniture, had left Fairfield very early that morning with our good old Jersey cow tied on behind. Having walked every step of the way, poor old Jersey must have been tired out. For that matter, all of us were tired. So after unloading the truck, we ate our supper. Then we put up our beds and slept. I remember that my bed was in the dining room that night.

Our Moscow place was one whole acre on the northwest corner at East Seventh and Lynn Avenue. As it had not been occupied for some time, the grass was tall, and the picket fence sagged in places. Papa cut the grass and removed the fence entirely, also some old buildings back of the house. Then he built a garage and woodshed, a new chicken house, and next to the kitchen, a utility room with a cement basement.

Our new neighbors were friendly. Mr. Johnson told us that this part of town was called Swede Town. His son, Walter, worked in the office at Davids' store. On the other side of Johnsons were the Sampsons. Harry and Clarice Sampson also worked at Davids' Store, in the grocery department. The groceries were in the back where the shoes are now. Across the street from us lived the John Ramstedts. John was bookkeeper at the creamery. Southeast of us, down on Lynn Avenue, were the Victor Ramstedts. Victor worked at Creightons. East of them were the Obergs. The Oberg Brothers Store was on Third Street across Washington from the post office. Their groceries were in the back where the Spot Shop used to be, and in the front were ready-

to-wear clothing and fabrics.

One of our first callers was Myra Moody, who lived on Lynn with her father, who had the monument works. Myra and her sister, Clarice, invited us to Sunday school at the Presbyterian church. We accepted that invitation. How thrilled we were that first Sunday morning when the bells began their musical chiming and clanging from the many church steeples! Later on we could identify the different bells: the Methodist on Third, the Lutheran on Second, the Christian on Jefferson, the Baptist from way over on Jackson, and the Presbyterian on nearby Van Buren.

When the month of September arrived, Mamma laughed at how well our family was represented at the various schools in town. On the first day of school I took Mary to her first-grade room in the old Whitworth building across Third from the Methodist church. Then I trudged alone up the long hill to the old Irving School, which stood where the Russell School is now. Miss Ellen Peterson was principal there. She met me in the hall and directed me to the eighth-grade room. To my delight, Anna Mortenson sat near me, and from then on through high school and university we were best friends. Our room teacher was Grace Carithers, sister of Dr. Carithers, who had the Inland Hospital on Jackson and West First Streets. She was an excellent grammar teacher. Miss Peterson taught the reading, and Bernice Cornelison taught the history and civil government.

At the university in 1920 registration fees amounted to about \$25.00 per semester. Muriel took home economics and Ruby the B.A. course, majoring in history and English. They were together in a French class. A tall, slim fellow sitting in front of them in that class answered to the name of Loren Messenger.

One noon when rain was streaming down and they were hurrying home for lunch, Loren Messenger overtook them in his dad's Chevy with side curtains on. He stopped and offered them a ride, so they scrambled right into the back seat.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"Up on the hill on Seventh in Swede Town," said Muriel.

Ruby quickly added, "But we always go up Eighth Street and cross over at the top because Seventh is terribly steep and oh, so muddy!"

"This car can go anywhere," said Loren. "Dad calls it Elijah because it goes up on high like the prophet in the Bible."

Wordlessly Ruby and Muriel looked at each other in the back seat as they sped right up Seventh with mud flying in all directions.

That fall of 1920 also saw a change of presidents at the University of Idaho. President Ernest K. Lindley had announced his resignation in June. President Alfred H. Upham from Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, came to take his place. He was a tall man with a big smile. He named the walk from the Ad Building entrance "Hello Walk," and told the students to greet each one they met with a friendly "Hello." He said, "I shall greet you in this way whether you follow suit or not." And he kept his word.

When September 1921 rolled around, Anna and I started our freshman year in Moscow High School. Fulton Gale was just beginning as principal there, and Phillip Soulen was superintendent of the Moscow schools. He decided to save money for the school district that year by doing without a music teacher. He said that in the grades the room teachers could take care of the music. As for the high school, he would lead singing sessions at assemblies.

One gray morning he appeared in front of the assembled student body with Lucille Ramstedt at the piano. Some boys were passing our paper-covered community song books. When we were all settled and ready, he cleared his throat, "Cuh-cuh-cuh-HEM! Cuh-HEM!" Then he told us to which page to turn. It was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Lustily we sang, "Mine eyes have seen

the glory. . . ." After once through, he signaled us to stop. He called our attention to the rests at the ends of the second and fourth measures in the chorus. That meant we were to cut those hallelujahs short. Very well, we sang it through again, this time paying attention to the rests. "Jah," then not a sound. Then on. It soon developed that in anticipation of cutting the "jah" short, we found ourselves overemphasizing it. By the time we finished the fourth verse and swung into the chorus, the boys in the back row were hitting those "jahs" so hard nobody could keep a straight face. At another session we sang "Jingle Bells." That went well enough, but for some reason the boys in the back row had to clear their throats pretty often and quite loudly, "Cuh-cuh-cuh-HEM!. Cuh-HEM!"

That winter of 1921-22 had a lot of snow for coasting. We took our sleds to the Sampson hill. On school mornings following a heavy snowfall, a man with a horse-drawn snowplow would be out early clearing paths for the school children.

In Moscow old and young alike take an active interest in the university football and basketball games. In the early '20s a victory was announced by means of the fire siren. We heard that siren often during the basketball season of 1921-22, also 1922-23. David MacMillan was then coach, and Rich and Al Fox were on the team. On March 5, 1922, they defeated Washington State 31 to 20, thereby winning both the Northwest and Pacific Coast titles. The next year, even though Rich Fox had graduated, they again won both titles. This time they had to defeat the University of California Bears twice. On March 5th the score was 28 to 20, and on March 6th it ended up 29 to 25. Also, Al Fox was named on the All-America first team.

The 1923 basketball season at Moscow High School was exciting, too. The state basketball tournament was held in the old gymnasium on the university campus. Of course our boys were given the usual Old Clothes Day rally. My autographed snapshot of that team shows Virgil "Tuffy" Estes, Milford "Mif" Collins, Oliver "Ollie" Hall, Bill Frazier, "Coney" Estes, Ellis

Anderson, and Walter Robbins. And standing at the end of the back row, Coach Ben Comrada. He was also our beloved geometry teacher.

By Saturday night, at the tournament the two undefeated teams were Moscow and Rupert. That poor old gym was packed to overflowing. The university Pep Band played, the high school bands played, we gave fifteen for the team, and the gym became quiet. The whistle blew, the ball was tossed, and the boys were all over the floor. Our team was good. But that Rupert team was good, too! They had Darwin Burgher for their center. When the gun went off the score was tied. The play-off would be Monday after school.

Monday the gym was empty except for the teams, the officials, and the Moscow students. This time when the gun sounded, Rupert was ahead. So Darwin Burgher limped out to the center of the floor and accepted the championship cup. The runner-up cup still sits in the M.H.S. trophy case.

Commencement time on the U. of I. campus in 1923 saw the presentation of the historical pageant "The Light on the Mountains." It portrayed in drama, song, and dance the history of our state. To the measured beat of Indian drums a giant horse and rider in silhouette placed on the arboretum hill was shown at the beginning, the end, and at intervals throughout the presentation. Abe Goff of football fame was the man on the horse. After the exploration episode with Lewis and Clark and Sacajawea came the pioneers. Muriel rode on the seat of one of the covered wagons in this episode. A wind came up and flapped the canvas covers of the wagons. Real thunder and lightning added interest to the cowboy and Indian skirmish, and during the mining episode the Idaho City false front was blown flat, exploding the gambling cowboys inside. That was the first and best pageant at the university.

The university years for the Tuttle girls had no frills. They studied hard and worked to earn money for expenses at every opportunity. Their main social times were with the young people at the church. We often walked

across town to the university auditorium on Sunday afternoons to the excellent programs put on by the faculty and students of the music department. Ruby is our Phi Beta Kappa, and Muriel was a member of the national home economics honorary called Phi Upsilon Omicron. After graduation in 1924 Ruby taught English in the Kamiah High School, and Muriel taught home economics at Ashton, Idaho.

In the 1925 summer school Ruby started graduate work. We soon discovered that she was having quite frequent dates with Loren Messenger. After supper on a Friday night when she would put on her pretty dress and dab some perfume behind her ears, we would tease her about "looking for Lor'n." Before the end of that summer she was wearing his Sigma Nu pin and planning a wedding for the following summer.

When Anna and I walked to classes on the campus in the fall of 1925, the Science Hall was new, as was Forney Hall. Lindley Hall, built in 1920, was still the only hall for men. The Music Hall at that time was a little old house that had been moved to the clump of trees near the tennis courts in front of the Ad Building. The student post office was in the U Hut. The Eldridge family lived on the corner now occupied by the Campus Christian Center. Where the Student Union is we had a little two-story brick building with a dance floor on top and a cafeteria below. It was called "The Blue Bucket." The few cars on campus belonged mostly to faculty members. We walked everywhere, and in winter we wore galoshes unbuckled and flapping.

The week before homecoming the freshman boys in their little green caps were busy collecting scrap wood and any burnable materials for the bonfire down on the fairgrounds (which were then down by Paradise Creek and the railroads). After they had a large pile, those same freshman boys had to guard it night and day lest someone from across the state line might set it on fire before the rally. On the evening before the homecoming game students would gather on campus for the pajama parade. They serpented through halls, sororities, and frat houses singing and chanting!

"Your pep! Your pep!  
You've got it, now keep it,  
Doggone it, don't lose it.  
Your pep! Your pep!"

Then in single file we serpentine down across Main to the Faculty Club on Third and Van Buren. Finally, together with the Pep Band a rousing rally was held on the corner of Third and Main. Then to the fairgrounds and the bonfire! After that, a dance on the campus.

The historical pageant "The Light on the Mountains" was given a second time in the spring of 1927. This time the sophomore girls' dancing class performed "The Dance of the Waters" in the episode portraying the coming of irrigation to our state. Up on the arboretum hill, wrapped in our coats, we waited. As the preceding episode was drawing to a close, some of the girls dressed in bright-colored costumes to signify blossoms but concealed in dark coverings silently slipped through the darkness to their places on the field. Each knelt and covered herself to remain unnoticed until the proper time. As the orchestra began playing our music, we shed our coats and unfurled our glittering scarves. With the spotlight in our direction we made our way down the hill waving our sparkling scarves from side to side. Still swirling our glistening scarves, we danced round and round the kneeling figures while they laid aside their covering and gradually rose to full height in their many-colored flower costumes. The sparkling waters had made the parched desert burst into bloom! That is all I can remember about that production.

In about 1929 some of the young business men in Moscow liked to get together just for fun. They decided to call themselves the Misogynist Club. The dictionary defines a misogynist as "a woman-hater." One verse of their doxology went like this:

"Now, girlies dear, just listen here  
And don't you ever feel blue.  
But just act shy, as we pass by  
And we'll do the same to you."



If a member of that group stepped aside and got married, he had to treat the gang along with their girl friends to a movie followed by refreshments. The following were members: Elmer Anderson, First Trust Bank; Henry Botton, jeweler; Alton Cornelison, shoe store; Ted Correll, teacher; Carl Cunningham, salesman for Bloor Motors; Charles Flatt, First National Bank; Floyd Higgins, service station; Clarence Jenks, printer; Francis Nonini, teacher; Bill Mortenson, Brier's Clothing Store; Allen Ramstedt, Creightons; Dr. Schuette, dentist; Bill Simpson, Western Union; Wayne Snook, display manager at Davids'.

The '20s were a happy time. We had no war, no epidemic like the flu in 1918, and the depression did not come until 1933. We were not in such a hurry then. We are glad we lived those golden years in Moscow, Idaho.

\* \* \* \* \*

LUCINDA TUTTLE JENKS  
1907-1978

Mrs. Jenks was born May 25, 1907, at Govan, Washington, the daughter of Myron and Etta Tuttle. She came with her parents to Moscow in 1920 and was graduated from Moscow High School and from the University of Idaho in 1930.

She taught at the Evergreen school near Moscow Mountain for one year and at Orofino High School four years. Her husband, Clarence Jenks, before his retirement in 1970 was part owner of the Queen City Printing Co. Two of their children, Ralph and Ann Jenks Mathewson, continue to live in Moscow. James lives in Moraga CA.

Mrs. Jenks was a member of the Moscow Presbyterian church, where she taught Sunday school 30 years. She had a deep and caring concern for children, including her five grandchildren, and was the author of a number of children's stories.

## Elected Board of Trustees, 1979

President	Donna Bray
First Vice President	Lillian Otness
Second Vice President	Gerald Ingle
Secretary	Margaret Jenks
Treasurer	Thomas Berg
Three Year Trustees	Leora Stillinger
	Lucille Magnuson
	Kathleen Probasco
One Year Trustees	Richard Beebe
	Mildred Burlingame
	Gloria Utzman
Immediate Past President	Leonard Ashbaugh

## Research Project Underway

The Society's highly respected oral history project has been brought to a successful completion, and with the beginning of the new year another project which we hope will be just as successful has begun. In 1978 the Society applied for and received a CETA Project Grant to hire for nine months a historic preservation researcher. Shortly before Christmas a search committee hired Karen Gaunt from among several highly qualified applicants. Karen has served ably as a Society volunteer on several projects, and in the summer of 1978 completed a successful internship here. The search committee was pleased to find such a competent researcher.

During the next nine months Karen will be working on a wide range of preservation activities. She will extensively research the history of the McConnell Mansion and the people who lived in it. In addition, she will also develop a restoration plan for the Mansion, so that sometime in the future, if the Board of Trustees so chooses, it will know how each room looked in the past and can restore the Mansion accordingly. Such research has many practical applications. For example, it will aid tour guides in answering questions from visitors; when the Board has to make a determination, such as it will shortly, as

to what color to paint the house, the answer will be known; as we look to future expansion it will be necessary to restore the upstairs rooms presently used for exhibit and office space, and the Board may be able to go to the restoration plan for advice.

In an effort to be of service to the entire community, Karen is also developing a preservation library dealing with many aspects of historic preservation and restoration, including "how-to" information, which will be housed at the Society and be publicly available for use here. She is also working in conjunction with the State Historical Society to coordinate workshops this coming summer on historic preservation. Lastly, she will compile a *Guide* to preservation resources available in Idaho so that all state residents will know where to turn for information.

This project has the potential to be of great service not only to the residents of Latah County, but the entire State of Idaho. The Society hopes to develop a thorough written documentation of the McConnell Mansion as a result of the project. Those with information concerning the Mansion, or former residents of the home, are encouraged to assist Karen in her project. Those who know of individuals with homes or businesses they are interested in restoring are invited to refer them to the Society. It is possible that through the Library, the *Guide*, the workshops, or Karen's knowledge of the subject, we will be able to be of assistance.

LATAH COUNTY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
110 South Adams St.  
Moscow, Idaho 83843

Non-profit Organ.  
U.S. Postage Paid  
Permit No. 161  
Moscow, Idaho

### FILM RECEIVES RECOGNITION

Friends of the late Mary Louise Perrine will be pleased to learn that the film *Nannabah's Friend*, which is based on her book of the same title, was chosen recently as the best short subject in a competition sponsored by the Council on International Non-Theatrical Events. The award to the producers, Norman Nelson and Keith Patterson of Boise, was announced at the Cine International Film Festival in Washington, D.C. Production of the film was made possible by a grant from the Idaho Commission on the Arts and Humanities. Winning films were chosen from more than 2,000 entries to represent the U.S. in film festivals throughout the world.

*Nannabah's Friend* has been shown several times in Moscow, and the LCHS is hoping to be able to show it again during Latah County Historical Society Week in May.

### COMING EVENTS

Wednesday, April 25: Half-day workshop on oral history sponsored by the Idaho State Historical Society. McConnell Mansion, 1:00 to 4:30 p.m. For further information telephone 882-1004.

May 19-25: The Latah County commissioners have designated this period as Historical Society Week. A white elephant sale and a road race on May 19 will open a week-long program of events and exhibits in Moscow and in towns throughout the county. Watch the local media for more details.

# Latah County Historical Society

## Newsletter

Volume 2, Number 1

February 1979

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### Historical Society Week

The County Commissioners have declared May 19-25 to be "Historical Society Week" in Latah County. This is an opportunity for the Society to better acquaint area residents with the services we offer, and also should serve as the key to the year's fundraising activities. Some projects tentatively planned include taking exhibits to the University, Deary, Genesee and Troy as well as having exhibits in several Moscow business windows; a local history essay contest in the high schools; a white elephant sale, antique automobile show, fashion show and race as the basis of fundraising activities. Volunteers are desperately needed if these activities are to be successful. In the coming weeks we will be mailing to members an outline of the many areas where volunteer help is needed. Please assist with any time you can spare. In the meantime, start saving those "white elephants" for our sale.

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### Grant Received

On January 24 word was received that the Board of Directors of the University of Idaho Alumni Association, Inc. had awarded the Society a \$168 grant to do a photographic history exhibit of the University. This exhibit will be part of the University's 90th anniversary celebration, and will be featured in the Student Union Building from May 7 through 20. After that, the exhibit will become part of the Society's permanent collection and will be shown in other locations.

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### Report From Publications Committee

At the publications committee meeting on January 22 Lillian Otness, one of the committee's original members, announced her resignation. Since Kenneth Platt's resignation as chairman of the committee, Lillian had been serving in the leadership capacity. Over the years she has worked on the publication of the Society's first five local history papers as well as the oral history booklets. While her assistance will be greatly missed, Lillian plans to remain as active as ever in the Society, but in the future will be doing more research oriented projects.

Society President Donna Bray announced several new changes on the committee. Jeanette Talbott, also a charter member of the committee, will serve as chair until June. Dorothy Clanton and Herman Ronnenberg were appointed as new members.

Homer David's recollections, to be published under the title Moscow at the Turn of the Century, will be the committee's Local History Paper No. 6, and will be ready to take to press shortly.

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### Potlatch Exhibit

After many months of planning and gathering materials, the exhibit on the town and company of Potlatch is now open in the museum. The exhibit will run until mid-June at which time it will be dismantled and portions taken to Potlatch for summer viewing. The exhibit was made possible because of a grant from the Potlatch Corporation. Visitors are always welcome.

## By-Laws Change

At the annual meeting on January 13 the membership voted to make the following change to Article II of the by-laws. "Section 6. Executive Committee. The President, First Vice President, Second Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer shall constitute an Executive Committee which is empowered to make decisions on minor matters on an emergency basis when time does not permit such matters to be considered by the Board. Three members of the Executive Committee must concur on the decision."

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## Museum Guide Update

We received several favorable comments on the Guide to Museums published with the last Quarterly. However, it has come to our attention that at least one area museum was omitted. The Forestry Building at the University of Idaho has ten exhibit areas which change several times each year, an aquarium, several permanent exhibits and art work and periodic visiting exhibits. In addition, building tours are offered upon request, and the building houses a herbarium. For more information contact James R. Fazio at the College of Forestry, 885-7911.

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## Quarterly Bulletins for Sale

As you have no doubt noticed, the format and content of the Quarterly Bulletin has changed rather dramatically in the last few issues. There is much local history needing to be published, and the "new" Quarterly serves as an excellent vehicle for seeing this done. Anyone who would like to send issues of the Quarterly to friends can purchase a gift membership in the Society, \$5.00 for individuals and \$9.00 for families, or individual issues of the Quarterly may be purchased at Bookpeople of Moscow or at the Society for 75¢ each.

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## Interns

Two University of Idaho museology interns will be assisting the Society during the spring semester. Stan Phipps is a graduate student in history and Richard Waldbauer is a graduate student in historical archeology. They will be working on improving storage areas, accessioning, cataloging photographs, assisting in the historic preservation research project, and developing the photographic exhibit on the University. As always, we look forward to the intern program to help us to catch up with some of our backlog, and hope we are able to provide a valuable training experience for those participating.

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## Works in Progress

Dr. Lalia Boone, author of the article on Latah County Post Offices in the last Quarterly, has been working for many years in compiling research on Idaho place names. She would appreciate receiving any information on Latah County and Idaho place names and post offices. She may be contacted at 519 N. Grant, Moscow, 882-4267.

Herman Ronnenberg is researching the history of the brewing industry in Latah County and Idaho. If any former employees of Idaho breweries or any people who have information on the history of Idaho breweries would like to share their information with Herman it would be much appreciated. He can be reached at 222 N. Lieuallen St., Moscow, 882-5791.

For several years Marilyn Chaney has been researching the history of the Viola area. A condensation of some of her work will appear in the next Quarterly. Marilyn would appreciate hearing from anyone who has reminiscences or records concerning Viola area history. She may be contacted at Rt. 1, Viola, 882-2089.

The Palouse Genealogical Society will be compiling records of Latah County cemeteries in the spring. Since many old cemeteries have been obscured, the Society would like to receive information about any county cemeteries, especially their location or information about who might still have records or plot maps. Please contact Kathleen Probasco, 204 S. Howard, 882-1309.

Are you working on a local history or genealogical project? Let us know and we will try to be of assistance, or will attempt to put you in contact with those who can help.

### Year-End Highlights

Most of the Society's programs showed improvement in 1978. Membership increased by over 50 people. Cash donations increased by over \$1,500, while 55 people donated museum objects. Sales of publications rose by more than \$2,000. Presentations made to outside organizations doubled, and 452 museum items were accessioned, an increase of nearly 200 objects. Miscellaneous income rose by over \$1,000, thanks largely to the success of the Historic Homes Tour and the Ice Cream Social-Old Time Crafts Fair. The Historical Series, instituted in 1978, drew nearly 300 people to the Mansion for seven programs. An average of 13 reference questions were answered each month as the new local history research library received increasing use.

The Society changed its name to the Latah County Historical Society to more accurately reflect its variety of services. A funding increase from the county from \$9,000 to \$17,500 was received. A new logo was developed, and new stationary and envelopes making use of the name and logo change printed. New slide projector equipment, a new typewriter and new shelving for the storage areas were purchased. Two Local History Papers, Westward to Paradise and Pioneer Families of Cedar Creek Ridge were published, the latter becoming the fastest selling of the Society's publications. Pamphlet and photograph cataloging began, and book, archive and genealogical cataloging continued as the Society opened its library on the main floor of the Mansion. Seven new exhibits were assembled, and two slide programs developed. Six professional workshops were attended by the staff or members of the Society. Three grants totaling nearly \$10,000 were received.

While 1978 was a most successful year in many ways, there is still room for improvement. While group museum visitation--largely school groups--increased slightly, total visitation was down, which is a disappointment. We must find a way to circulate the word of the museum so that visitation will increase. We will also have to redouble our fundraising activities in the future if we are to continue our present programs and expand into new areas.

Statistical highlights from 1978 follow:

Visitors: 1788 (down 161)

Door receipts: \$422.03

Donations, memorials and house usage fees: \$2,657.50

Sales of publications: \$3,735.87

Number of items accessioned: 452

Number of first class correspondence sent from Society: 1,253

Number of bulk mail pieces sent from Society: 2,218  
 News releases sent: 139  
 Reference questions answered: 156  
 Outside presentations made to groups: 17  
 Membership at end of 1978: 144 regular memberships; 106 life members; 9 sustaining members; 10 honorary members; 1 business membership

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#### Lumber and Names Needed

The Society will have its annual membership drive in late summer and early fall. Last year's drive was very successful, and we are hopeful that this year's will be even better. Do you know of people who have an interest in Latah County history who would be prospective members? If so, please let us know their names and addresses, as we are starting to compile a mailing list.

For an upcoming exhibit on early stores in Latah County, the Society will need approximately 30 eight-foot 1 x 8s, or 55 eight-foot 1 x 6s for an exhibit background to simulate a store interior. These need not be good quality, and in fact weathered boards would be preferred. Anyone who would like to donate such lumber is asked to contact the Society at 882-1004.

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#### Gifts

Since the December Newsletter the following individuals have made gifts to the Society. Their assistance is greatly appreciated.

Dora Sturgill, "The Reminiscences of Dora Sturgill." Manuscript for Library.  
 Herman Ronnenberg, "The Life and Death of the Brewing Industry in Moscow, Idaho." Manuscript for Library.

Charles Flatt, 1920s era Burroughs bank posting machine, stand and light.  
 Kenneth Hedglin, Saddle, spurs, rug sweeper, pair of logger's clogs, stamp machine, and 1961 Idahonian historical supplement.

Moscow-Latah County Library, 25 back issues of Pacific Northwest Quarterly, to go with the Library's current subscription to that journal.

John B. Miller, 285 aerial photographs of Latah County taken in the 1930s.

Kathleen Probasco, "Births, Deaths and Marriages in Moscow, Idaho area, 1915-1917." Manuscript for Library.

Robert and Nancy Hosack, cash donation.

Kenneth and Elizabeth Dick, cash donation.

Jack and Jeannette Petersen, cash donation.

Mildred Burlingame, cash donation.

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#### Workshop a Success

The Society-sponsored Idaho Association of Museums workshop held on January 27 and 28 proved to be most successful. Forty-two people from throughout the state and eastern Washington participated. Three workshop sessions concerning fundraising, public relations and care of collections were held.

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#### Donna Bray Elected to State Museum Board

It was announced at the Idaho Association of Museums meeting held in Moscow on January 27 that Society President Donna Bray had been elected Secretary-Treasurer of the IAM. She will serve a three year term on the executive board of the Association, and was elected along with four other individuals from around the state in state-wide balloting.