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# LATAH LEGACY

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF THE LATAH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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The Uncovered Wagon continues in this issue  
Part 2 (Chap. 4 - 12)



Alma Keeling's childhood home. Mother in the swing, brother Ralph, Dad and Alma.

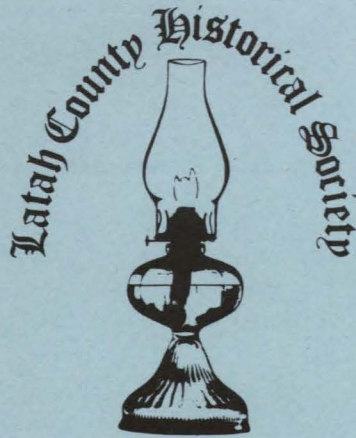
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## THE UNCOVERED WAGON

by Alma Lauder-Taylor Keeling

(Part 2)\*

### CHAPTER 4: UNINVITED GUESTS

According to her own admission, this little pioneer girl who became my dear Mother a quarter of a century later, was deathly afraid of the Indians! When the family first arrived from Chicago that fall of 1871, the whole flat south of the town near where the present Chinese Village (once the old CCC camp) now stands--land on which William Taylor had filed as a homestead--was covered with Indian teepees, a sight these curious children from the city had never seen before. It was camas-digging time and the Indians as usual were laying in their supply of camas for the winter. The men were the hunters, bringing in the meat, but it was up to the squaws to dig the kouse and the camas. How kouse was prepared I do not know, but the camas, a small potato-like bulb was not too deep down under the surface. The bulb was dried in the hot sun and later ground into a sort of flour by their stone pestles. We are told that when roasted whole over hot stone in pits in the ground--Indian style--the camas tasted much like roasted chestnuts. Not bad!

While the squaws were busy with this annual chore, the braves were having a wonderful time horse racing and gambling! There was a regular Indian race track out eastward toward the Tomer's Butte area and south of our present cemetery.

Mother once told me about a white settler who became angry with an Indian over something, and, not being able to speak the language, blew off steam (as we say) by striking the Indian's pony with his whip, thus expressing his displeasure. There were angry mutterings among the Indians present, who immediately called a powwow to consider the insult. The settlers fairly held their breath, fully expecting a reprisal. When the powwow obviously decided against it, the settlers breathed a sign of relief. But such an unwise act was never again repeated.

Often the braves of the Indian encampment on Grandfather Taylor's place would drop in at the most unexpected times to invite themselves to partake of Grandmother's good cooking. In the Indians' code of conduct this was considered a compliment. How they could so accurately gauge the time, Mother did not know. Perhaps their keen ears heard the ringing of the hand bell which summoned the men in from the field. (That same bell has come down to me as part of my pioneer inheritance.)

Often, about the time the food was on the table, and hungry men were washed up and about to sit down, the kitchen door would open and in would walk a string of braves, preceded by their obvious leader, and, amid grunts of approval, seat themselves at the long table. They evidently enjoyed Grandmother's Pennsylvania Dutch cooking, which was no doubt a welcomed change from the camas bulb concoctions which their squaws prepared for them. When they had cleared the table of everything eatable, they would

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\*Part 1 appeared in the Summer 1983 issue.

solemnly rise and seat themselves in a circle on the floor, beckoning Grandfather to join them. Then, the pipe of peace would be passed around the circle. When each had taken a puff, they would as solemnly rise again and march out, with grunts of satisfaction--which probably meant "thank you" in the Indian way of expressing gratitude. (How they ever lit that pipe without civilized matches I never thought to ask.)

If, when they had departed, there was anything left in the pots on the stove, the hungry men, and equally hungry children, could content themselves with that. If not, Grandmother would have to start from scratch all over again, while the men just rested or played checkers. I do not wonder that my little pioneer Mother was not especially fond of the Noble Redman.

However, there are usually compensations for all our woes! When the Indians had broken camp and departed for warmer wintering on the river, Mother and the other children would roam the hills to see what they could find that might have been dropped accidentally by the camas-digging squaws. Often, Mother told me, she would discover some pretty bright-colored beads that were a real joy to her beauty-starved soul. However, (alas) the children often picked up other things from the tall grass that were not desirable! Many times she and other children appeared at the log schoolhouse with their hair plastered down to their heads with that dreaded turpentine and lard--the stock pioneer remedy for chest colds and lice! I once mentioned this to Mrs. Lillie Woodworth, Moscow's oldest living pioneer, and she smiled broadly and said, "Yes, that was the usual procedure." I did not ask if she knew from experience, but I could guess!



Taylor-Lauder Brickyard - Moscow's first! Picture taken in 1896, but bricks were made as early as 1886. It was located between Elm and Ash - south of 6th St. This plant furnished brick for Latah County's first Courthouse, the first U. Administration Bldg.; first building on the W.S.U. campus; and all of Moscow's first brick buildings. In the town beyond: Old Red "Standpipe," big white Jay Woodworth Pioneer home, and the Irving and Russell Schools before the latter burned. Also showing is the brick building which still houses Ward's Hardware Store and The Owl Drug.

## CHAPTER 5: THAT NERVE-SHATTERING EARTHQUAKE!

I have wished many times, and told my Mother so, that a certain old cowbell that once hung in the attic of her early pioneer home had come down to me. Mother had recounted a little story about that cowbell which intrigued me; but I did not know until I found an account of the earthquake, quoted from a Lewiston paper of that day, that this happened when she was only seven years old--the year after they arrived here at the log cabin.

It seems that sometime in the night when they were all in their first sound sleep, that cowbell began setting up an unearthly clamor that brought them all "to" in a hurry. As they were thus rudely awakened, they realized that their beds were being violently shaken! They were, of course, experiencing an earthquake shock, very rare for this part of the country. So, our Moscow, too, has had its earthquakes as well as California and other places--and one within my own recollection not many years ago. I, also, was awakened in the night feeling my bed quivering under me, but I realized at once that we were experiencing a mild earthquake shock. (The next day I read about it in our local paper.) But to be violently shaken out of a sound sleep to the tune of a wildly ringing cowbell must have been frightening indeed to a bunch of small children who probably had never before heard of an earthquake. They could well have believed that the end of the world was upon them!

The big book already mentioned, History of North Idaho, quotes the following from an old Lewiston Signal, preceded by the writer's own comments about this frightening experience:

An incident in the year of 1872, well remembered by old settlers throughout the entire Inland Empire, was the earthquake shock of December 14. The seismic disturbance was very general, being felt over at least all of Washington and Oregon, as well as North Idaho. The story of the shock experienced in Lewiston and vicinity was described by the Lewiston Signal as follows:

On Saturday evening last, at twenty minutes past ten o'clock, this region of the country was visited by a series of earthquake shocks. The violence of the first shock was followed by another ten minutes later, but of lesser force. Persons who were up at the time ran into the streets, and those who had retired were suddenly awakened, feeling their houses swaying! Clocks were stopped, crockery and glassware jingled, and frightened chickens flew around as though possessed with the devil! Dogs howled, cattle lowed, and all nature, animate and inanimate, was much disturbed.

The violence of the first shock created considerable alarm among those who had not experienced such a thing before. From what we can learn, the greatest force of the shock followed streams. . . . At Paradise Valley the shock was so severe as to make everything dance! In this place, as elsewhere, the shock was greatest on the margin of the streams.

Grandfather Taylor's cabin was built only a short distance from the banks of the South Palouse. No wonder that cowbell in the attic rang so furiously for awhile! Why do I wish this bell had come down to me? To donate, along with its story, to our Pioneer Historical Museum!

## CHAPTER 6: "HOG HEAVEN?" I SHOULD SAY NOT!

The year after the influx of settlers in 1871, an important citizen of Lewiston rode through here to Spokane Falls (or Spokane Bridge, as it was sometimes called) securing names of the settlers to a petition for a post office here. This was finally granted by the government and a woman was made temporary postmistress. Of course, the post office had to be named, so a decision must be made by the settlers. The place was already dubbed "Hog Heaven" in jest, because some who were raising hogs discovered that the hogs knew by instinct what the Indians had long since learned by experience, that small camas bulbs just under the surface of the soil made excellent food. When severe winters prevented hauling in feed for cattle, these often starved to death. In fact, A. A. Lieuallen, Mrs. Jay Woodworth's Father, who was a stock man, lost thousands of dollars worth of cattle the third winter after he came here in 1871, because an unusually cold winter of deep snow prevented hauling in feed from distant Walla Walla. His cattle either starved or froze to death! But those who were raising hogs found that these came through the winter in fine fettle. So, unofficially, the valley was known as "Hog Heaven" by outsiders. But now that a name had to be decided upon for the new post office, the men rather facetiously suggested one to another that they might as well accept the name outsiders were already giving them and call the post office Hog Heaven. The ladies, upon hearing this, rose up in arms.

"Not so!" they stormed. "We're not having our mail come to Hog Heaven!" So, as usual, the ladies had the last word and this name was dropped, but another had to be decided upon. It is recorded that a traveling man going through on horseback, when looking out over this beautiful valley, remarked, "It reminds me of my Paradise Valley back home." When this got around, the ladies, most of whom had come from refined backgrounds, all agreed that Paradise Valley would be a very acceptable name for their own valley. So Paradise Valley Post Office it became.

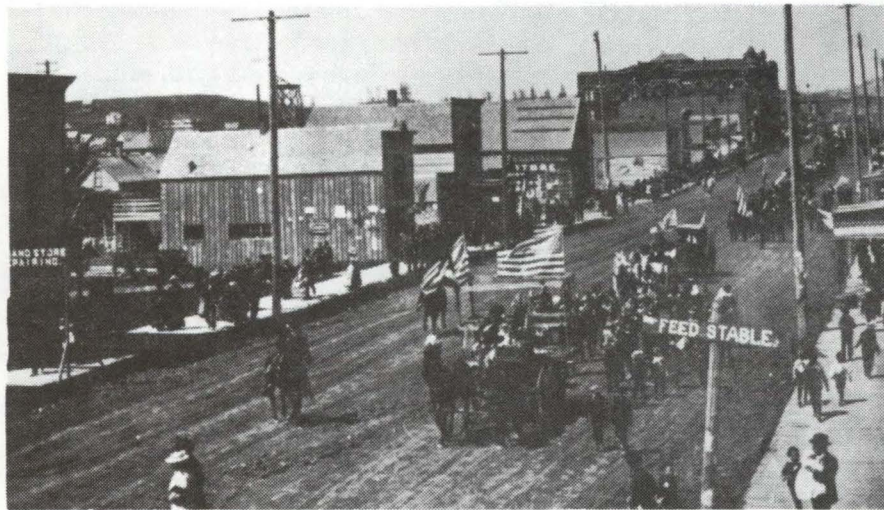
For about three years this name was the official designation, until the post office was moved farther westward to be more centrally located, and the name was changed to Moscow. Paradise Valley proper was about two miles east of our present Moscow city center, out toward what was known in my growing-up days as the "Sandpit," where small boys went to swim!

With many families arriving with their children in the spring and summer of 1871, next to building themselves homes in which to live, the first order of business should be a school in which to educate their children!

That very summer, George Washington Tomer (for whom Tomer's Butte is named because his homestead included most of this small mountain) with encouragement from others who had children, circulated a petition among the settlers which besought the "powers that be" to form a school district here. This was granted and School District Number Five was organized. The site for the school was chosen on the L. Haskins place, northeast of our present Moscow. It is reported that Haskins, Tomer, and the Lieuallen brothers hauled logs from the mountains and built the log schoolhouse. Since no lumber for the floor was available this side of Walla Walla, a week's journey, the men handpacked the dirt floor. Benches for the children were made of split logs with pegged legs, and no doubt the teacher's desk was made of such material as could be rounded up from among the settlers--perhaps a packing box turned upside down!



Our Cement-block house built by Dad when I was 12 - & in which I still live! I cherish this picture for the big red and white barn, built when I was 5 - in which we camped while the brick house was being built. The view of Moscow to the N.E. shows the tall red "standpipe" over Moscow's lone well. Tall white pioneer home of J. Woodworth family, Irving and Russell schools, and brick building now housing Ward's Hardware and Owl Drug are visible.



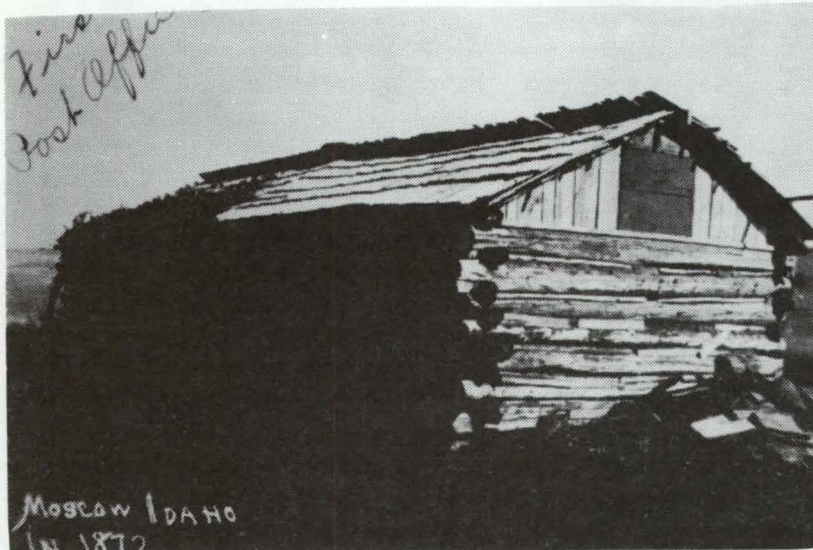
University students and civilian volunteers in parade down Moscow's Main St. before debarking for duty in the Spanish-American War in 1898. Taken from the balcony of the Gritman Hospital. Hotel Moscow is at left rear.

Noah Lieuallen, brother of Almon Asbury Lieuallen, city founder, became the teacher. He was also the first Baptist minister here. Noah Lieuallen had married a Haskins girl, which accounts for the school being located where it was. The school burned down in 1880, but obviously had done real service.

This, I know, was the same log schoolhouse in which my Mother started to school as a small girl, and at which she often appeared with her hair plastered down with turpentine and lard after the Indians had passed through camas digging! It was several miles from her home, but school children then were not allergic to walking, as they are now. In fact, everybody walked, as there were no cars.

The Latah Pioneer Association was organized in 1891, and in a speech before them the following year, R. H. Barton, who came here in 1877, displayed the only piece of "furniture" which had been salvaged from the fire when the first schoolhouse burned. It was the teacher's chair, made from a slice of log which had been sawed in two (with a straight front) and pegged with three smaller logs as legs. This chair, it was hoped, would be preserved for the edification and the amusement of future generations of teachers and school children seated in comfortable desk-chairs and at nice little private desks. But, no doubt, some householder along the way from then to now had exclaimed contemptuously, "Why keep that old thing around, cluttering up the place?" and it has probably been cut up for kindling or firewood. What an interesting little piece of furniture it would have been to have on display now in our Pioneer Museum!

When I was a young girl in high school, a representative of the Idaho Historical Society called on my Mother at my present home on Deakin Avenue extension, telling her he had been directed to her as one of the earliest pioneers of 1871, and he was seeking something which had been her Father's to be put on exhibit in the Boise Museum. She gave him a handmade chair with a woven, rawhide bottom, which her Father had made. I assume this is still in the Idaho State Historical Museum. Two of these chairs had come down to her, so I have its "twin" for our own County Museum.



Moscow's first Post Office (called Paradise Valley) built in 1872 after influx of 1871 settlers. Customers helped themselves to their mail from boot box on counter. P.O. was about 1 mile east of present city center.



This schoolhouse on the Haskins place was, at first, the only public building for a meeting place of the early settlers, where social affairs were often held. At such meetings the need for a well equipped store closer than Lewiston or Walla Walla was being agitated. Also, the location of the store was frequently discussed. Some favored the Paradise Valley location, but others whose homesteads were farther west (such as the Taylor's, the Deakin's, etc.) thought the store should be more centrally located. Asbury Lieuallen settled the matter himself by buying the homestead rights and small store of Samuel Neff, and opening a store of his own at what is now the city center of Moscow. His stock of goods consisted of two wagon loads of general merchandise from Walla Walla. Soon after the opening of the store it was thought best to move the post office to the store for the greater convenience of the settlers. The mail was kept in a common boot box, where each helped himself when he came to buy. Mr. Lieuallen was appointed the postmaster, although he was of a different political persuasion than the party in power at the time.

Why the name Paradise Valley was not satisfactory for the post office in its new setting has been a puzzle to me. I can understand about Hog Heaven, however, and have been thankful when I have made out papers giving the place of my birth that I didn't have to put down Hog Heaven!

Nevertheless, a change in the name seemed to be preferred, by the men, I assume, who may have thought Paradise just too "religious." (Maybe, too, by that time there were a few "little devils" invading the community, and Paradise was certainly no place for them!)

After considerable discussion pro and con, one of the settlers suggested that he grew up near a town named Moscow in the East, and why not a Moscow "out West," too? Moscow, Russia, was a name of honor for that city's great beauty, and had no red label on it then. Samuel Neff, who loved history, said the root meaning of the word Moscow was "holy city," which seemed quite appropriate for the name of the town in Paradise Valley! So Moscow as the name of the already budding community was adopted and is still with us.

There have been so many conflicting stories on how Moscow got its name that I almost hesitate to add this version to it. But this came to me direct from the daughter of the man who had, perhaps, as much influence as anyone here in choosing the new name. That was Mrs. Lillie Lieuallen Woodworth, whose Father, Almon Asbury Lieuallen, bought Mr. Neff's small store and opened up the first real general merchandise store in Latah County. I assume she heard the story of the naming of Moscow many times as she was growing up here, and should know.

Contrary to the assumption of some, there were no Russians living in the community at that time. But, Mrs. Woodworth said there were some men of Russian descent living in the "backwoods"--way up in the mountains somewhere--who cut and hauled wood to the settlers from time to time. Mr. Lieuallen, who was now both storekeeper and postmaster, often had them haul wood for him. They were dubbed "woodrats" by the more refined element of the community and certainly had no part in the naming of the town. However, they probably felt flattered at the name chosen, especially if they had relatives back in Russia.

## CHAPTER 7: HOW SOME STREETS IN MOSCOW GOT THEIR PIONEER NAMES

It has been suggested to me that the naming of some of our streets in Moscow might be interesting, as a few of these date far back into pioneer history. So I will mention the few I am familiar with.

As I have previously mentioned, Taylor Avenue near our campus was named for my Grandfather, William Taylor, as it was the boundary of his original homestead in 1871, which extended east to South Main Street.

The homestead joining his on the north was owned by James Deakin, from whom the regents bought the land for our first beautiful Administration Building, which burned down in 1906. (Taylor Avenue marks the south border of the present University campus.) Deakin's homestead extended northward as far as Sixth Street, so the City itself named the street, from the bridge over Paradise Creek to Taylor Avenue, Deakin Avenue. It once ended at Taylor, but the City Fathers have christened the short rocky road to my own house from Taylor, "Deakin Extension."

Lauder Avenue, which begins at Taylor on the hill and meanders south and east to Main Street, was named for my Mother when she dedicated it to the city after my Father's death. At that time she owned most of the property north of the road to Taylor Avenue, and quite a bit south of the road.

This was all a part of her Father's original homestead. I inherited the property after her death and sold some of the lots on which now stand nice homes and apartment houses for sixty-five dollars a lot!

The downtown streets from Main Street east were named by the early pioneers for the United States presidents, in consecutive order, beginning with George Washington. Thus we have Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Van Buren, Polk, etc. (A good way for our modern kids to learn the names of our first presidents!)

An interesting bit of enlightenment came to me while preparing this little pioneer history. I had known some of the downtown streets most of my life, as I passed by a few of them every day from the time I started to school. (Oh, yes, I walked as every other school child did! There were neither cars nor school buses then and I never minded the walk. It was, in fact, good for me.) As I visited often with Mrs. Jay Woodworth while I was getting much helpful information for this little history, she once mentioned how these familiar streets happened to be named.

This particular section of land west of Main was her father's property, so visualizing a city here some time in the future, he wisely laid it out in blocks, divided by streets. But the streets had to be named. No doubt he named the first one Jackson, after Andrew Jackson, whom he may have admired. But what about names for the rest of them? While discussing the matter with another settler, the suggestion was made that he had three names himself, so why not name them after himself? That seemed to settle the problem, so he called one Almon, one Asbury, and one Lieuallen. When he came home one day announcing his decision, up piped a red-headed young lady, his daughter, saying, "If you are going to name streets after yourself, why not name one after me?" He replied that that was a good idea and he would do just that! So he named another street Lilly, for her.



Mrs. Lillie Lieuallan (born c. 1875), daughter of pioneer "City Founder," Almon Asbury Lieuallen. I received much valuable information about early Moscow days while visiting her. I felt honored but humble to be asked to conduct her private funeral a few days before her 97th birthday in 1972. She was a real lady of "the old school." Mother of Mrs. Lillian Woodworth Otness (H. Robert), retired English teacher at the U. of I. (Picture by Cliff Ott at Latah Co. Convalescent Center where she spent her last several years.)

Mrs. Woodworth also told me an intriguing little story of how she got that name. Although she was not Latah County's first baby born here, she was, indeed, the very first red-head! She was quite a curiosity to the Indians who came to trade at her Father's store.

When she was born her parents, who had ordered a son, had a good supply of boy's names on hand from which to choose. But they were not prepared for such an emergency as their "boy" turning out to be a girl! When Samuel Neff dropped in to see the new baby while at the store for his mail, he asked what they had named her. Receiving the reply that they hadn't decided yet, he asked, "May I name her?" Trusting his wisdom, they replied that would be fine with them. Looking down at this tiny bit of humanity with such golden hair and fair skin, he said, "She looks like a lilly to me! May we call her Lilly?" So it was agreed. (Later someone changed the spelling to Lillie, but Lilly Street is still with us.)

Mrs. Woodworth also amused me by telling me how fascinated the Indian squaws were with this red-headed white child and always wanted to hold the baby when they came to the store, much to the distress of her mama! But she dared not refuse for fear of offending. However, after every such encounter, that tiny, delicate infant got a thorough scrubbing--just in case! The Indians were noted for the little creatures they carried around in their clothing!

## CHAPTER 8: INDIANS ON THE WARPETH--1877

Mother was not yet twelve years old when news began to trickle in here that the hitherto peaceful Nez Perce Indians were on the warpath! It seemed incredible to the settlers, for they had always enjoyed the most amiable relations with the Indians. These were the same Nez Perce Indians such as had camped on the flat at Grandfather Taylor's place and had smoked the pipe of peace with him after inviting themselves to eat at Grandmother's table.

But, puzzling as it was to understand, word had come through of a killing rampage on Camas Prairie where lone settlers had been brutally murdered by some Indians fortified with the white man's "firewater," and their cabins burned to the ground. The community leaders among the approximately thirty families here at the time decided to call a pow-wow of their own to discuss what should be done in case the rampaging Indians came this way. It was agreed among them that a large stockade should be built into which they could rush their families if the war extended in this direction.

John Russell, for whom our Russell school is named, was a prominent leader in community affairs, and promptly offered his land on which to build the "fort," as the pioneers called it. Men hastily felled and hauled logs from the mountains, six miles distant, and these logs, from six to ten inches in diameter, were set upright in the ground close together with just enough room between them for a rifle to point.

This site of the stockade was near Russell's own home, on a hill where one could look in every direction to spy the approach of the "enemy." A narrow platform was built along the inside of the four walls, where men on guard could stand during the night. Bedding and camping equipment were brought from each home, and, of course, food. Here the settlers with their wives and families spent the night, but those who lived some distance away remained during the day. Others, close by, went about business as usual.

Mrs. Woodworth, then tiny, red-headed Lilly Lieuallen, told me personally that the children, quite unperturbed by any "war scare," had a wonderful time playing together inside the fort for a month. But to their parents this was a time of tense anxiety, not knowing at any time when a band of Reds might be seen approaching, intent on taking their scalps and running the white man out of the country! Of course, there were no telephones to give advance warning, so they must remain on the alert.

However, William Taylor was not one of those who moved his family to the fort. Piling them all into two wagons with such necessities as would be needed for an indefinite period away from home, he locked his house, turned loose his cattle and horses to fend for themselves, and took off for Walla Walla! After all, it was a very familiar journey by now as he had been passing this way at intervals for the last six years. But I am sure that long, slow trip of many days held some tense moments for all the family! Who could know if they might not at any moment meet a band of Indians on the rampage?

Of course, the safety of his family was uppermost in his mind, but I am sure Grandfather Taylor also had no desire in his heart to point a gun at Indians who may at one time have smoked the pipe of peace with him. If he returned to find his home burned to the ground, as had been reported elsewhere, well, that was that! At least his family would be safe and he could start all over again.

One question I never thought to ask my Mother (and I am a bit too late now) was whether or not her Father stayed in Walla Walla with his family during all this war scare, or if he returned home to look after things on his farm. I can easily assume that he did remain in Walla Walla, as this was in summer when his farm crops were in the growing season, which he could do nothing about anyway. Whether his crops that year were lost for lack of harvesting, I do not know. However, I am sure that Grandfather wasted no time while in Walla Walla, because his trusty trowel could always find plenty of work to do in that rapidly expanding community.

When word finally came through that the Federal troops were chasing Chief Joseph, the intrepid leader of the Nez Perce, toward Canada, the settlers all breathed a sigh of relief and returned to their homes. And Grandfather Taylor returned to find everything just as he had left it in his hasty flight to safety.

It is recorded that pioneer George Washington Tomer, when reminiscing later about the "war scare," once remarked, "We fought the Indians to a finish without the loss of a man or the death of an Indian!"

However, the settlers later learned that a band of angry Indians, from Lapwai, had passed uncomfortably near here on their way to Coeur d'Alene with the intent to enlist, if possible, the Coeur d'Alene Indians in their mission of running the white man out of the country! The head of the Coeur d'Alene tribe had always been in cordial relations with the white man, and through his influence and that of Father Cataldo of the Catholic Mission, the Coeur d'Alenes were held in check, and the Nez Perce Indians returned disappointed.

It is also a known fact that at one time during the stockade episode, the settlers thought their time had come when they saw a great cloud of dust rapidly approaching in their direction. Men hurried to the fort to be ready for the emergency. Suddenly the cloud of dust veered off in another direction, and it was discovered that this was not a band of painted warriors intent on the kill, but a bunch of happy horses on the loose!

This, then, was the "war scare" of 1877, and our people here were fortunate to have escaped the tragedies others had suffered. A large boulder bearing a bronze plaque stands in the curbing at 810 East "B" Street, here in Moscow, to commemorate the place where the big fort once stood. It was placed there by the history-minded members of our local Daughters of the American Revolution and bears this inscription:

Site of the Russell Stockade  
Nez Perce War--1877  
Erected by Eliza Spalding Warren  
Chapter, D. A. R., 1930

## CHAPTER 9: CHIEF JOSEPH

I had not at first intended to more than just mention Chief Joseph in connection with the Indian "war scare" here, but since he was a contemporary of my Mother and her family it seems appropriate to give a little more background of what brought all this on. Not having gone into the matter much, I always assumed that Joseph was a "blood-thirsty savage" who rose up in arms against the whites' invasion of their country and determined by murder and pillage to run them out of the country. Nothing can be farther from the truth! Joseph himself was a man of peace. The fact that he had a Bible name and not a typical Indian name made me ask myself why. The facts of his background given here are from the most unbiased, objective book I have read on the Nez Perce Indians. It is by Francis Haines, a white man, and was the result of long and patient research to get at the truth, as he prepared it for a doctoral dissertation at the University of Oklahoma, which he was attending. The book is entitled simply, The Nez Perces, and was published by the University of Oklahoma. It can be found in our Moscow City Library. This is what I found in his account:

Joseph's Father had been a convert to Christianity under the Spaldings at Lapwai, and had, in fact, been a leader of the church there. Later when the Catholics sent their own missionaries into the region, a great deal of rivalry and downgrading of each other grew up between the two groups. This a recently converted heathen Indian could not understand since they both claimed to be Christians. The confusion grew to disillusionment and disgust, which resulted in his throwing the whole thing overboard and withdrawing his family to the Wallowa district in Oregon. In this atmosphere Joseph grew up. When the Father, who had become a leader of the Nez Perce Indians in Wallowa, lay dying, he called young Joseph to him, knowing that the mantle of leadership would soon fall upon him. Here he bound Joseph to a solemn promise that he would never "sell out" their beautiful Wallowa country to the white man. This promise Joseph intended to keep, come what may. So when other tribes were accepting money for their land from the United States government and going onto the "reservation" prescribed for them, Joseph held out stubbornly, and to every proposition made him by the Indian Agency he answered, "No!" Finally, exasperated beyond measure, General Howard of the Federal forces, in Lapwai to "keep the peace," sent him the ultimatum that if he did not get out with all his people "within 30 moons" he would bring his army and drive him out! To avoid war Joseph finally persuaded his people to go on the reservation, although he knew that by now all of the good land had been taken by the "treaty" Indians who had preceded him. On the 30th day Joseph sadly began to move his people to reservation life and bondage. It was a totally unreasonable request by the Indian agency and General Howard, because it was April and the rivers which must be crossed to get back to Idaho were swollen, muddy, and turbulent at that time of year with the melting snows from the mountains. The Indians made rafts by rolling dried buffalo skins and tying them together. On these primitive ferries their wives, children, and old people were conducted across the rivers and creeks, but many of their horses were carried downstream and lost when they attempted to ford the swift currents. Many more had to be left behind in the Wallowa country because it was impossible to round them up from the mountains in the short time allotted the Indians to evacuate. These were, of course, immediately appropriated by the white settlers who poured into the country as soon as the Indians were gone--which was, of course, the reason for ordering them out in the first place. Our government's dealings with the Indians is not a chapter in our history of which we can be proud. It still is not!

In the meantime, while Joseph was away for a short while, some drunken Indians not of his band had gone on a killing rampage on Camas Prairie in revenge on some white men who had shot some of their relatives. The people of the Prairie became panic-stricken and sent word to General Howard to get troops at once to protect them, which he did. Others tried to get word to him that Joseph was not involved in this, but Howard took the word of one man against theirs and started his troops after Joseph, who now became the pursued rather than the pursuer. It is recorded that at one time Joseph's train of followers numbered 1,000 persons, but of this number only about 200 were able-bodied warriors. All the rest were the families of these men. That Joseph was a great strategist cannot be denied, as well as a spiritual leader of his people.

Greatly outnumbered by the Federal troops with their superior weapons, and hampered by his train of women, children, and old people, Joseph led the troops on a zigzag, hide-and-seek course through the rugged mountains that has come down as one of the most dramatic in history. The Indians knew their mountains, and means of survival in them; so for many weary months they outmaneuvered the Federal troops, and at long last made their way over the rugged Lolo Pass into Montana, with Canada as their goal. Weary of the chase, and saddened by the loss of many of his people, and having far outdistanced the bedraggled Federal troops, they paused to rest for a day or so at Bear Paws Meadow in Montana, only some 30 to 40 miles from their destination. Realizing that he had been outmaneuvered by Joseph, General Howard telegraphed Colonel Miles at the Indian agency in Lapwai, ordering him to intercept Joseph in Montana. Taking a short



Chief Joseph of Nez Perce War of 1877. War missed Moscow but worried settlers hastily built "Russel Stockade" at 810 B. St. where Plaque on Boulder still marks the spot!

cut which by-passed General Howard, Miles succeeded in reaching Bear Paws Meadow on the very morning Joseph was rounding up his horses and people to proceed on their journey to safety. Some, including his own daughters, were already mounted for the journey, and these managed to escape across the border in the confusion which resulted as the Federal troops came thundering into their camp. Others not so fortunate fled to the hills. Joseph himself could have escaped, but he would not desert his people. Realizing that he was hopelessly surrounded, there was nothing to do but surrender. White men who knew the Indian dialect were sent to talk to him, and it is reported that the man who delivered Joseph's message to General Howard--who had now caught up with Miles--did so with tears in his eyes. Joseph's surrender speech has come down to us as a classic.

Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before, I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our Chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. It is the young men who say yes and no [in the powwows]. He who led the young men [Looking Glass] is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills. No one knows where they are--perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many I can find. Maybe I shall find them all dead. Hear me, my chiefs, I am tired. My heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever!

Two days later Joseph, with bowed head, rode slowly up the hill to General Howard, his men walking beside him. He proffered his gun to the general, who indicated it should be given to Colonel Miles. Joseph and his people were taken into custody and sent far away from their native West to a dry and barren reservation in the midwest. Years later he was returned to the West, but not to his beloved Wallowa as he had been led to believe. He did not know that that country was now fully occupied by white settlers.

Parenthetically, I learned something about typical Indian names which I had not previously known after I was married and living in Kamiah, down among the Nez Perce Indians. Once while returning from visiting my parents in Moscow, I stopped for a short time in Lewiston and met on the street an old Indian acquaintance from the Indian Village in Kamiah. This man was waiting for the train to take him back home. Since that was yet several hours' wait, I invited him to ride back with me in my car. To my surprise he accepted the invitation, and that became an interesting experience for me. All the way home--up the long Culdesac grade, through Nez Perce and Craigmont on Camas Prairie, and down the steep, twisting Kamiah grade--he entertained me with Indian lore. I was especially intrigued by his account of how the early Indians got their names. He explained that at a very tender age a child was sent into the woods alone and was instructed not to come back until he had seen something that had impressed him to tell his parents about. Then what he had seen became his Indian name. For instance, White Bird may have seen a white owl, or Looking Glass may have picked up a piece of broken mirror, or Red Eagle may have spotted an eagle flying. How authentic this is I do not know. I only know what the old Indian told me. Since then I have wondered about such names as Sitting Bull, because I didn't know that bulls sat!



## CHAPTER 10: TO WALLA WALLA AND LEWISTON--THE HARD WAY!

Back to the old home just demolished and those earliest pioneer days.

It was from this home that William Taylor took those long, hard trips to Walla Walla by team and wagon, often over almost impassable, muddy roads, to lay in necessities for his large family--flour, salt, sugar, the many things we find it hard to live without. Also, the needed equipment for his growing farming operations. Mother once told me that often for weeks at a time they lived on practically nothing but boiled wheat and milk while he was away. But, so what! Boiled whole wheat is a tasty cereal, and babies still thrive on nothing but milk! But I suspect such a diet--"perfect food" as it is--would become a bit monotonous for too long at a time. I am sure all the family looked forward eagerly to the return of the head of the house with many necessities and a few luxuries!

From this pioneer home also, William Taylor, when not cultivating, planting, or threshing on his large farm, took those precarious trips to Lewiston on horseback where he plied his trade as a stone mason. I have been told by those who knew him that he helped lay up many of Lewiston's early brick buildings, some of which are probably still standing--unless, they too have been bulldozed down to "make way for Progress."

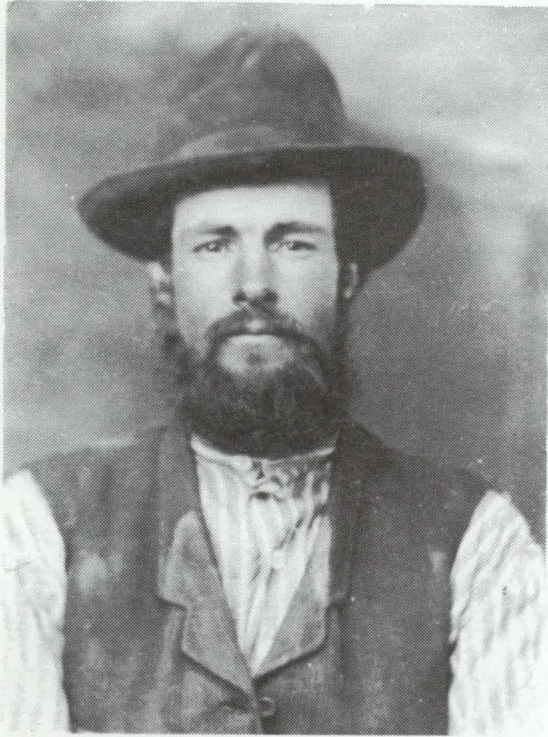
There was no scenic, spiral highway then to go whizzing down by car in fifteen or twenty minutes, and, indeed, no cars! There were only Indian trails so steep and dangerous, and often impassable in the muddy season, that sometimes the pony mail-carrier and his rider could not make it up the hill for weeks at a time. We have been told that the news about the assassination of President Garfield was two weeks reaching here. A traveler going through brought the word and it was passed from settler to settler.

But during Grandfather Taylor's slack season on the farm, he made that trip to Lewiston every week with his sure-footed horse. On Saturday nights, after a day's work of ten or twelve hours, he would ride back up the hill to see that all was well with his family. Then again on Sunday afternoon he would return to Lewiston to be ready to start early Monday morning on another hard week's work.

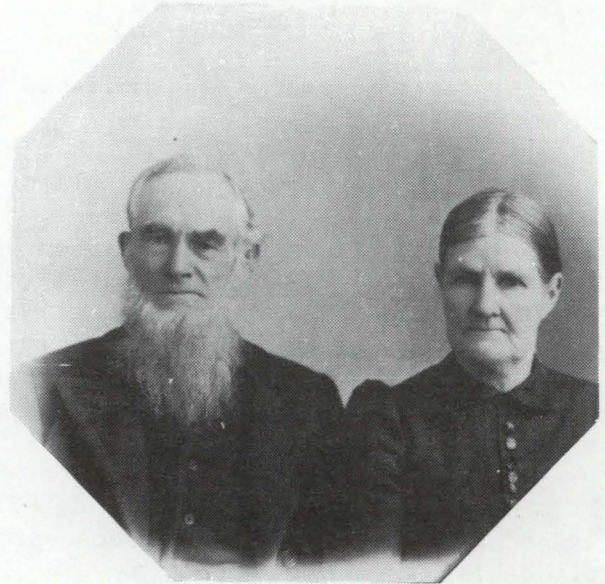
My Mother often went around our house singing in her sweet soprano voice as she tended the household chores. Besides the beautiful hymns I was brought up on, she would sometimes break out with some of the popular songs of her youth, many of which I still remember. For instance:

Can she make a cherry pie, Billy boy, Billy boy,  
 Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy?  
 Yes, she can make a cherry pie  
 Quick as a cat can wink its eye,  
 But she's a young thing and can't leave her Mammy.

One song which I especially was impressed with as a child showed clearly that "Labor" was getting rebellious about these long working hours, even back then. I remember only two lines of it, but they tell the story: "At half past six I'll lay down my bricks, and I won't work a minute longer!"



William Taylor (from an old tintype), 1820-1911. He was the fourth white man to settle in what is now Moscow, in 1871. He was past 50 with a family of 7 children when he left Chicago, traveling in a wagon-train seeking a new home "out West." He was a Scotch-Irish stone mason, a native of County Armagh, Ireland.



William & Priscilla Taylor--"getting along." She was a brave pioneer too, arriving here with a month old baby born in Walla Walla - 150 miles from their log cabin destination.

Priscilla 1830-1913

I am sure that if a brick layer, or any other common laborer, had to work now from six in the morning until six-thirty in the evening he would think he was fairly "killed." But those were Grandfather Taylor's hours, often in a roasting Lewiston sun, before he made that long, tedious trip up a rocky canyon every Saturday night!

While working in Lewiston he was associated in some way, probably on the job, with a young Chinaman who later came to Moscow to live with the Taylor family as one of the household. These Chinese men had been imported from China by the boatload to work in the early mines as cheap labor. I assume they were young, unmarried men, who, when the mines shut down, preferred to remain here in America at whatever work they could get.

This Chinaman who lived with the Taylor family was very fond of little, blue-eyed Minnie, and I am sure she was always nice to him. He often brought her little trinkets to please the heart of a child. But the gift which remained for the grown woman to cherish in a home of her own was a pot-bellied stone whiskey jug from his native China. The small opening at the neck is just large enough to take a medium cork, so

it could only be used as a bud vase for some of Mother's choice flowers from her garden. This Chinaman died while still living at the Taylor home and is buried in our lot in the Moscow cemetery.

Regarding the perilous descent and ascent to and from Lewiston in Grandfather Taylor's day, I quote this from History of North Idaho:

Lewiston was closer than Walla Walla, but was reached by the worst roads one could imagine. . . . Notably among the old (stagecoach) highways is the road from Genesee via Uniontown down the Snake River breaks to Lewiston, where a descent is made from an elevation of over 2,500 feet to an elevation of 600 feet in about four miles.

Yet, travel on one of these precarious roads was a bi-weekly chore on horseback for Grandfather Taylor while he worked as a stone mason in Lewiston.

#### CHAPTER 11: A SANCTUARY FOR WEARY TRAVELERS

I cannot remember my Mother making any special mention of this, but I have been told by other pioneer history buffs, who got this from their own pioneer parents, that the Taylor place was a real haven of rest for travel-worn families going through. I can well believe this, for the location was ideal, and the owners of the place would assure them a cordial welcome. Here they could find green pasture for their horses, sparkling water of little South Palouse running through (where has it gone now?), and a grassy mound upon which to set up a tent for a few days or weeks, or even months.

Many of these travelers were on their way elsewhere and were transients passing through, perhaps needing a stopping place for just over night. Others were coming here to make this their permanent home, so it was necessary to tent out for the summer while their homes were being built, and Grandfather Taylor was a builder who could assist them in getting settled. I know that Grandmother would have been very happy to have a woman close by to visit with, for the pioneer homes at first were few and far between.

I know also that many a horse-weary traveling man with his portable store from which to supply the immediate needs of the few pioneers here, always found a welcome room and satisfying meals at Grandmother's long table. How good that plump featherbed over a straw tick must have felt after a long day in the saddle!

Mother told me of one such traveling man who gave her an orange when she was a little girl, and it was such a rare and precious gift that she carried it around in the pocket of her dress--taking it out now and then to smell and admire--until it dried up! (You know, you can't have your orange and eat it too!) Oranges were a rare treat in those days and I doubt if this child had ever seen one before, since she was so young when she left Chicago. Even years later--before the days of refrigerated cars, waxing, and other present methods of keeping fruit--if a child got an orange for Christmas it was considered a precious and wonderful gift.

I can see Grandmother's spare bedroom yet, off the kitchen, where I left my wraps as a child, which I realize now was reserved just for the occasional visitor, known or unknown, passing through. I didn't think anything about it one way or another then, but now I recall that it was never occupied by a member of the family. There on the wooden bedstead was the soft featherbed covered with one of Grandmother's beautiful silk quilts with its artistic, embroidered stitching between each block--often between

each piece of these so-called "crazy quilts." On the stand-table beside the bed was a colorful coal oil lamp. The old-fashioned bureau was covered with a linen scarf with its beautiful ends of Grandmother's "netting," made from number 50 sewing thread on very fine knitting needles. There was always the high-back rocker, with its soft cushion, in which to rest after a hard day in the saddle, and on the wide plank floor were Grandmother's 8-strand, hand-braided rugs. I still have some of her beautiful crazy quilts and lovely linen dresser scarves which I grew up with in my own home.

Grandfather Taylor often bought a generous bill of goods from these traveling men passing through. One lovely Irish linen tablecloth, about ten feet long for large families, I still possess. It has a woven "Turkey red" border, bright as when new, and hand-knotted fringe at each end. It was seldom used and is in that "good-as-new" condition, for only on very special occasions, when a long cloth was needed for a number of guests, did it find its way to our dining room table. Grandmother must have given it to Mother when she established her own home.

I also have reason to believe that a fifteen year old boy bought from one of these traveling men a beautiful pair of green glass vases for his favorite little sister, thirteen year old Minnie. This pair of long-stemmed vases has graced the top of our more than 80 year old ebony piano all of my life, and I was very careful in dusting them as a child. Tucked in the neck of one of these is this little note in Mother's handwriting: "Given to Minnie by her brother Tom in 1878." Brown-eyed Tommy and blue-eyed Minnie were very close as brother and sister. Mother once told me that they two, of all the large family, were the only ones of an affectionate disposition which, of course, drew them together in a close friendship that lasted through life. She said she never saw her Father kiss one of his children in all her life. But if he was not naturally affectionate, he was certainly generous.

Once when visiting Mrs. Earl Clyde (Lola) at her country home, the conversation turned to pioneer days and our pioneer forebears. She told how Earl's grandmother had often spoken of her arrival here in an immigrant train, and how thrilled these new pioneers were when they arrived at the William Taylor home after a long and weary trip, and saw Grandmother Taylor and other women relatives standing on the long veranda of the Taylor home (the one just liquidated), waiting there to greet them as their wagon train rolled in. I asked her to write it down for me, so she graciously submitted the following which she has given me permission to quote:

One of the large wagon-trains into Moscow was the one of 1877. [Note: The year of Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce War.] It originated in Kansas, leaving there in May and arriving here in early September. Among the members of this wagon-train were the M. M. Snow family, the Finney family and the William Zeitlers. I have often heard Mary Jane Zeitler (Earl's grandmother) tell how when they reached the William Taylor place the Stewart family were waiting there to meet them. Mrs. Finney and Mrs. Snow were sisters, and they were Stewart girls. "Uncle Billy" Taylor [Note: as he was affectionately called by his friends] had come here in 1871 and had a lovely garden of carrots, onions, potatoes and other vegetables. His new orchard was just coming into bearing, and how the children enjoyed the apples. He had an abundance of spring water.

With real pioneer hospitality, he invited the new arrivals to circle their wagons beside Tin-et-pan-up (South Palouse) and make his place their headquarters while they searched for land to homestead. Many of those settlers stayed there for six months. They were royally treated and partook of the abundance of "Uncle Billie's" garden. It was often said in those days that William Taylor ran a free hotel for those early-day wayfaring men.



William and Priscilla Taylor on the porch of their pioneer home built by him and in which he died at 91 - in 1911. This was the house in which little George died of diphtheria; in which my Father and Mother were married; and where I had my first remembered photo taken when I was two and a half years old. It was "Grandma's House" thru all my childhood.

A.L.K.

The M. M. Snow here mentioned by Lola was Madison M. Snow, grandfather of Harold and Orval Snow (cousins), our Idaho State Representative and Senator, respectively.

Not long ago while visiting Zelma Mallory Snow (now Zelma Wilcox), she told me a little story over which we both had to laugh. I have known Zelma since I was a child, when both our families homesteaded as near neighbors on Moscow Mountain. She had married Arthur Snow, my Mother's cousin, and father of Harold Snow, thus becoming Harold's stepmother. Arthur was then our State Representative.

She recalled rather vividly the time, when Harold was a young College-age student, that his Father had said to him: "Harold, you ought to get into politics!: you'd learn a lot down there in the Legislature." Nope! Not Harold! He opted to be a big wheat farmer in the Palouse country instead. But the seed was sown. As of this writing, Harold has become a sort of legend in Latah County Republican politics, and has for some 22 years represented us in the State Legislature! He is so much taken for granted because of his able service that even potential candidates for the opposite political party have declined to run against him.

[Harold has recently died (leukemia and stroke): his dates are 1910-1975.]

## CHAPTER 12: MASTODONS IN MOSCOW?

Evidently, yes. But quite some time ago! One of the attractions which brought settlers for miles around to the Taylor homestead was the then famous mineral spring under the willow near our South Main Street Highway to Lewiston. This willow, near the bridge over what was once a clear, beautiful stream called South Palouse, has been standing there all this time and looks quite healthy even yet.

Once when I was at Ace Welders on a little errand, I mentioned the mineral spring to the owner, whose bungalow now sits on exactly the same spot where Grandfather Taylor's original log cabin once stood. He said yes, he had heard about the mineral spring a number of times, and had even dug down for some distance trying to find it. I told him I had recently read in the local paper that the water level in the Moscow-Pullman area had dropped fully one hundred feet from where it was when our pioneers first came. So I presumed the mineral spring had gone down with it. But in Grandfather Taylor's day it was welling up freely.

However, with so many coming with their jugs for this allegedly healthful mineral water, Grandfather decided to dig the spring out deeper so as to have an abundant supply for all. As his shovel went down into the soft mud he struck something hard, but evidently not a rock. When he brought up a shovelful of mud, there on it lay a very strange object. When he washed the mud from it he discovered that it resembled a gigantic tooth! This he decided it must be--the tooth of some great prehistoric animal! There was much excitement in the village when the word got around, and thereafter everyone who came with his jug for the mineral water must go to the house to see this famous tooth. It was indeed a find!

Even the root is plainly visible. I say "is" because this relic of a dim and distant past has come down to me from my Mother to whom her Father gave it many years later. It now rests in Mother's curio cabinet in the den, awaiting its final resting place in the Latah County Historical Museum. On it is pasted a typed slip from my Dad's own typewriter, which reads: "Supposed to be a mastodon's tooth, dug out of the mineral spring on William Taylor's place in 1875." I understood from Mother that Dad had gotten that information from the University here some years before. But I was not satisfied with "supposed to be," so one day I took it in hand to do a little researching of my own.

Having been directed to the head of the Zoology Department at the University, I luckily found him in between classes and presented by prized possession. "Yes, it is a mastodon tooth," he smiled, "and I can show you some others just like it." He took me into his inner office, unlocked a glass-doored cupboard, and took out an almost identical tooth which might have come from the same mouth! I had to admit that my education on prehistoric animals had been sadly neglected, but that now since my interest was aroused I would probably make a trip to our University Library and read up on mastodons. This I did a few days later.

I found, to my astonishment, that mastodons were fur-covered elephants, of all things! They were described as being much like the Indian-African variety, familiar to us, except for their fur and a very different type of tusk. Instead of the short, sharp tusks of our circus elephants, the mastodon tusks were long, blunt, shovel-like appendages with which they shoveled up their food from the ground. It was not made clear what kind of food that was, but I understand elephants are strictly vegetarian. I assume that in the winter time they shoveled under the ice and snow to find what vegetation might be buried there. (Maybe camas bulbs, as the hogs did.)

Now I could eliminate the "supposed to be" from Dad's typewriter, but I think I will leave it just as he wrote it and add a little note of my own for the benefit of some interested person of the future, who may be as uninformed on the subject of mastodons as I was. In a recent issue of our local paper I read that a modern highway construction project near Pocatello had turned up bones of elephants, camels, etc., calculated to be about 30,000 years old. That makes Grandfather Taylor's mastodon's tooth the more interesting!

(To be continued)

## THE EARLY GENERAL STORE

by George Fallquist

Before the turn of the century, apparently little attention was paid to customer service. This was especially true in General Merchandise Stores. These establishments stocked mostly flour, sugar, coffee, canned goods such as condensed milk, canned tomatoes, fruit, beans, baking powder, etc. Very few items required refrigeration and the beautiful produce sections of today's supermarkets were undreamed of. The hard candies came in large five-gallon wooden buckets. My mother made good use of these wooden buckets by filling them with eggs and carrying them three miles to the nearest store. They paid her three cents per dozen which she used as cash to buy calico for my sisters' dresses, baking powder, Arbuckle Bros. coffee, salt, and other such necessities. No one ever suggested transporting her to the store or back again. And never would the store have thought of delivering purchases to the kitchentable!

Thus it seemed like Super Service when we moved to Moscow and found the various stores competing for our trade and offering charge accounts and free delivery. Several even went beyond that and sent a salesman to call on customers each morning soliciting orders with delivery well timed that same day. Now, what service that was! Gradually the number of delivery rigs increased to a point where there was too much duplication of service. Several different stores made deliveries to the same house. Sometimes several times in one day. So in due time a wise

man by the name of Smith started a Union Delivery System. All the merchants offering delivery service joined the one system. They made two deliveries per day except on Sunday or holidays. This meant a fine saving in delivery cost and proved very popular. Mr. Smith bought good horses and designed efficient wagons and hired capable delivery men. The system worked nicely until the truck replaced the horses.

About that time I enlisted in the U.S. Navy for service in World War I and never returned to Moscow. What took place from then on I cannot tell you but I can vouch for the excellent service provided by Smith's Union Delivery. I recall three of the drivers: Harve Heath, Oscar Odenberg, and Gus Runigan. The team of Heath's rig was one I shall never forget. They were beautiful horses and so smart. Heath had trained them so perfectly that they obeyed his whistle or spoken word completely. If he had several packages to deliver in one block he simply put them in a special bag he had made and walked from house to house making the deliveries. The horses came up the street with him or stood where they were all on his spoken word or whistles. They were really something to watch! I became acquainted with Heath by working his route during his vacation time. I was in high school. Of course the horses did not know me like they knew Heath so I did not expect the same obedience but they were a real joy to work with.

## BOOK REVIEWS

From A to Z in Latah County, Idaho: A Place Name Dictionary. Lalia Phipps Boone. Moscow: Lalia Boone, 1984. 120 p. \$7.95. Paper. Available locally from the Latah County Historical Society, 110 S. Adams, Moscow, Idaho 83843. Add \$1.00 for mail order copies.

George R. Stewart wrote in the preface to his classic book on the history of American place names, Names on the Land, "People ask me how long the book took me. I might, with some truth, reply, 'I began in 1941, and finished in 1944.' I am likely to say, with more literal truth, 'I spent all my life on it!' For, if some are born great and some with a gift of laughter, others are born with a love of names, and I believe that I am one of them."

Dr. Lalia Boone could just as truthfully have written a similar introduction to her fine new book, From A to Z in Latah County, because one does not browse far in this volume without noting that she, too, is a lover of place names. She is also a lover of history and of folklore, and her book is destined to become an indispensable volume for all those interested in Idaho's past. While it is coincidental that From A to Z was published within four months of Lillian Otness's A Great Good Country: A Guide to Historic Moscow and Latah County, the two volumes make outstanding companions. Without doubt they represent some of the best writing ever done on the county, and deserve to sit side-by-side on researchers' shelves and the front seats of tourists' cars. Both reflect the finest in local history--interesting topics, soundly researched, presented in attractive volumes.

Like George Stewart, Lalia Boone spent many years on her place name project. In fact, it first began as a personal hobby when she moved to Moscow in 1966 to take a position in the English Department at the University. The hobby soon turned into a scholarly endeavor as Dr. Boone uncovered numerous obscure sources in her

search for the backgrounds to Idaho place names. She also directed many undergraduate and graduate students in similar place name research, and the shelves of the University Library contain several Master's theses on the subject, thanks to Lalia's "hobby." She is presently writing a larger place name dictionary for the entire state.

The title of this book is a bit misleading, for From A to Z is much more than a dictionary with a brief listing following each of its over 600 entries. In fact, many of the listings are longer than a page and contain succinct histories of given localities. For example, here we can learn that the University's Shattuck Arboretum is the oldest in the Northwest; that most of the students of Aurora School were from Norway, Germany, and Denmark; and that Bedbug Creek area rooming houses, hotels, homes, and churches were infested with the insect which gave the place its name.

Readers will enjoy learning about Latah County communities that are no more, places with lyrical names like Advent Hollow, Ceylon, Hoodoo, Rue, and Tin Bell. They will probably be surprised, as I was, at the county's large number of registered farms, like Cloverdale and Riverview, and at its richness in recreational sites, some of which no longer exist, such as Camp Kenjockey, Dingle Bell Orchard, and Tarryawhile.

When there is some dispute over how a location received its name--such as Beals Butte and Moscow--Dr. Boone, in the best fashion of the serious folklorist, has provided us with various interpretations. There are numerous place names for which Lalia was unable to find an origin, but the places are listed anyway and the book is a better resource for it. Thus, while we don't know how Milbo, near Bovill, got its name, we do know that a post office was established there in 1890 and was disbanded in 1893. The book is also valuable in that not just "historic" sites



are listed as Dr. Boone has informed us about numerous contemporary place names like the Logos School, Kibbie Dome, Rotary Park, and the School of Practical Christianity. Further, Lalia has even provided lists of special attractions for many county towns.

Any book, no matter how meticulously researched, contains errors, but this one has very few. Laird Park was not donated by Allison Laird, for whom it is named. The donation was made by Potlatch Forests, Inc., after Laird's death. The town of Potlatch had three churches, not two. And most scholars now agree--the Appaloosa Horse Club notwithstanding--that Nez Perce Indians bred horses for speed and stamina, not for distinctive spots. But these are minor, and readers can be assured that the material presented by Dr. Boone is highly accurate, based on sound research, and is much fun to browse.

Further, Lalia has done a fine job of debunking several local place name myths, and is to be particularly congratulated for laying to rest the idea that the term "Palouse" comes from the French word "pelouse," which means "lawn" or "grass plot," indicating a manicured landscape, hardly an accurate description of the wild bunchgrass-, sunflower-, and weed-covered hills when the first whites came through the area. It is too much to believe that this book will change the minds of the many people who cling to this local legend, but at least serious researchers will now have more evidence that the term actually came from the name of the primary village of the Palouse Indians.

The volume is greatly enhanced by its twelve indexes, ranging from towns to mines, and from gulches to promontories. Dr. Boone has also included a very helpful bibliography.

This is a book the author can be most proud of. It will long serve as a standard reference on Latah County. We are fortunate to have had someone with the skills of Lalia Boone spend so much time --and money--documenting our past. The

book's modest price makes it a true bargain that should not be passed by. Lalia has also generously provided that a percentage of sales from all the books purchased at the Historical Society will be donated to the Society's endowment fund.

--Keith Petersen

Keith Petersen is book review editor of this magazine, and Secretary of the Historical Society's Board of Trustees.

Burnt Ridge Memories. Troy: Friendly Friday Club, 1983. 310 p. \$20.00. Cloth. Available locally from The Friendly Friday Club, Burnt Ridge, Troy, Idaho 83871.

It was during World War II that a group of neighboring farm women met and founded the Burnt Ridge Friendly Friday Club, organized primarily to sew for the Red Cross. Although the women claim they spent much time running around in circles, it is to this ambitious group that credit should be given for chronicling the history of the Burnt Ridge area of Latah county. The reader soon learns that this book was put together with tender, loving care.

Burnt Ridge is described as "a short, dead end ridge, about six miles long, located between American Ridge to the west, and Little Bear Ridge to the east." Township maps from 1914 and 1983 with the names of the landowners help one visualize the area, and locate it as a bit southeast of Troy. The first several chapters are devoted to various activities and places of interest on "Bean Ridge."

A history of the Friendly Friday Club (which might meet any day of the week!) is included. A review of farming is presented from the days of the pioneer when horse power meant just that and harrowing was done by dragging thorn bushes to cover seeds--to today with the use of power equipment, chemical fertilizers, and weed sprays.

The reader is grateful for modern conveniences when he reads of the trials and tribulations of the early homemakers. But he also feels a sense of loss at never having enjoyed the camaraderie and good times that those early pioneers had as they gathered for community affairs at the Burnt Ridge schoolhouse--from spelling and arithmetic "bees" to basket socials.

The earliest settlers were Swedish and many spoke no English. Thus they were anxious to have a good school where their children could learn English. The site of the building changed several times, but the school, regardless of its location, was the center of the community and held sessions for some forty years. It was truly an end of an era when the Burnt Ridge School consolidated with Troy District #284 in 1944--an era that started with a log cabin (allegedly burned by an irate father who thought his children had too far to walk) and included as many as 60 students at one time. Records show that the first teacher was paid only \$45 per month in the year 1904. "Teacher" often boarded with a Ridge family and went to her own home in a town close by on the weekends. The children and their families faced much sorrow when the lives of many young people were taken by an epidemic of "quick consumption." The removal of the familiar water bucket and dipper used by all seemed to help.

The children on Burnt Ridge were fortunate in having what must have been one of the first "hot lunch" programs. There was always a steaming dish for lunch during the cold winter months to go with the cold sandwich brought from home in the lard pail. The mother of one family might send a big pot of baked beans, or the teacher might make a pot of soup from ingredients contributed by the students. The older girls were pressed into duty as dish washers and to help with the younger children.

Transportation was of a varied nature depending on the season: on foot, on horseback, or on sled. The need for communication in case of emergency encouraged Alfred Kellberg to organize the Burnt

Ridge Telephone Company. It started in the early 1900s with three hand-cranked phones and used a barbed wire fence for the line. The coming of the telephone was a help for business affairs, but also a source of getting news first hand, even if it involved "rubbernecking" on other people's conversations. In 1979 the Burnt Ridge Telephone Company was sold to the Troy company.

The first dwellings were mere shelters to protect the family from the elements. As time went on cabins were improved; frame homes were built that provided needed room for growing families. These later homes featured a "front parlor" kept immaculately clean and unlivable in except when company came. There was always a large pantry where staples were kept and housewives prepared meals. In some pantries stood the cream separator which was a luxury for a farm wife.

The major part of this book is devoted to the life histories of pioneers, their descendants, and current residents of Burnt Ridge. Many of these were written by members of the family. In many cases descendants of the early settlers who had moved were traced and asked to contribute information about their families. The organization of these histories follows a map of the area from the 1914 atlas. The farm sites are numbered, starting at the north end of the ridge and proceeding eastward and southward.

The family histories are sandwiched with brief stories about various activities, problems, and amusing happenings on the Ridge. One such deals with the "Burnt Ridge Ladies Semi-Annual 'Frolic'": each spring and fall the ladies set out for Spokane to visit the millinery shops. They each selected a suitable "bonnet" for less than \$3, and, in addition, got a card punched for the purchase. When a lady had bought ten hats she was entitled to one free. It is reported that every lady in the group received her free hat!

For the family historian researching the Burnt Ridge area, this volume is a dream

come true. With most of the pioneers included, some whose birthdates go back to the early 1800s, tracing family lines would be a joy. However, one would certainly miss an all-name index which would make the book much easier to use. An index of residents of Burnt Ridge and also of Friendly Friday Club members not living on the Ridge does appear on page 44, but is far from being a complete index to the volume. The residents from 1914 and the current residents are listed on page 40 by site numbers which refer to the township map on the opposite page.

This book is well illustrated throughout with many photographs, including early farm scenes as well as treasured photographs from family albums. A picture of "unknown men drinking unknown beverage" is only one of many interesting photos. Burnt Ridge Memories, with its very legible print, is easily read and is well bound in hard covers. It is a good source of information for the newcomer who seeks to learn some of the history of Latah County. For the long-time resident it is inevitable that he or she will find much entertaining information about friends who grew up on, or even yet live on, Burnt Ridge.

The end papers of this book are fine reproductions of an early day threshing crew taking their "coffee break." In the pages between these end papers is found a delightful addition to the written history of Latah County. The Friendly Friday Club is to be commended for the effort they put forth to produce such a volume.

--Dorothy Viets Schell

Dorothy Viets Schell, a resident of Latah County for 35 years, is a co-founder of the Latah County Genealogical Society with Sheryl Hanson, of the Burnt Ridge area. Dorothy is a past president and current editor of that society's quarterly. She has published a history of her direct Viets line and is currently working on a more complete history of the Viets family.

A Great Good Country: A Guide to Historic Moscow and Latah County. Lillian Woodworth Otness. Moscow: Latah County Historical Society, 1983. 186 p. \$10.00 (\$8.00 for LCHS members). Paper. Available locally at many stores. Add \$1.00 postage for mail order copies from the Historical Society.

Latah County has recently received a superb book about its historical landmarks. A Great Good Country: A Guide to Historic Moscow and Latah County, Idaho, by Lillian Otness, is itself a landmark: a work that is brimming with the authority of the past, appearing at a time when there are still people who can recall, through their personal experience and memories, the beginnings and early life of the area. Considering that communities throughout the region are at about the same point in their historical development, the publication of A Great Good Country may prove in the long run to be as important for the inland Northwest as it surely is for the local scene. Those readers who care about Latah County will be glad for the opportunity the book gives them to delve more deeply into their history. For other readers it can be an example of the best kind of community history, and perhaps an inspiration in planning guides of their own.

One's first impression of the book will likely be that it is lovely to look at. From the hauntingly evocative scene on the cover of a farmstead whose fields are dotted with hundreds of stacks of hay, to the choice of type faces, the quality of the photographs and drawings, and the thoughtfulness of the overall design, A Great Good Country visually meets the standards of leading American publishers. Yet it happens to be the result of an entirely local effort. As Lillian Otness makes clear in her acknowledgements, the preparation of the volume has involved the work of many hands. Its attractiveness is indicative of the collective care that has gone into every phase of the project.

The real test of a work such as this lies

in its usefulness as a guide. People have to want to lug it along with them when they are walking or driving, and they have to find it worthwhile to take the time to pause and match the scenes before them with the material the guide provides. A Great Good Country is conceived carefully with this principle in mind. It is organized into tours which follow paths one might naturally take in exploring the county, and it is packed with the sort of historical and architectural information that makes places spring to life with new meanings.

The first tour, for example, is of Main Street, Moscow. It begins at D Street where Rosauer's parking lot is now. This, it turns out, was originally the site of the first flour mill in the area. To see it built, in 1880, the farmers are said to have subscribed 16,500 bushels of grain. After getting a brief description of the mill and its operation, we learn that it burned down in 1893 and that the site was then used as an athletic field by the university and local baseball teams. In 1909 a group of businessmen headed by Jerome Day, Moscow's first millionaire, built the Idaho National Harvester Company plant on this site and manufactured the Little Idaho Combine until changing economic conditions brought the enterprise to an end in 1918. In 1923 the university bought the building and turned it into an engineering shop. Quite a lot to be learned about one spot! And it is only the first stop on a leisurely walk south on Main Street through the heart of the business district. By the end of the tour, at the railroad sheds and turn tables near the Main Street cut-off to Troy, the guide has covered sixty-five separate locations.

Each of the thirteen tours in A Great Good Country is carried out with the same meticulous treatment. Walks down Third Street and along a zigzag west of Main Street complete the circuit of the historic commercial district. There is a tour of the University of Idaho campus, three tours of the residential district east of Main which include most of the town's historic residences, and a tour to the east of the

city that crosses the earliest sites of settlement in the Moscow area. Then there is a tour which covers the town from a different angle, by surveying places important to the life and novels of Carol Ryrle Brink. Four other tours, each originating in Moscow, explore the main branches of the outlying county, especially the towns. One goes through Potlatch as far as the White Pine Campground; another, through Troy, Deary, and Bovill to Elk River; a third, to Kendrick and Juliaetta; a fourth, over back roads, to the Genesee Valley. The first three of these rural tours were compiled by contributing writers who have special knowledge of each area.

The guide incorporates a number of aids to make identification of the landmarks easy and rewarding. The sites are labelled clearly and keyed to handy maps of the individual tours. When needed, additional directions are provided. The heading for each site gives the first significant name or use it had historically. Business locations are further identified by the name of their current tenants. An index of all proper names and a glossary of architectural terms are appended to the text. Architectural information is a vital part of this kind of record. Many entries include descriptions of the distinctive features of the structures, often placing them within particular turn-of-the-century building styles and noting subsequent remodelings.

The writing itself is extremely good--spritely and succinct, yet rich in factual knowledge. Lillian Otness has thoroughly reviewed newspaper files, business directories, fire insurance maps, historic photographs, county records, and published histories of the area, and she has rounded out these sources with recollections of oldtimers who know about particular sites. The documentation is remarkably complete.

Still, there can be no doubt that as Mrs. Otness sifted through the welter of raw data she had to make countless choices about what to include and to leave out,

and about where and how various points ought to be stated. She had to create a new synthesis of history, guided by her own research and her sense of local tradition, supported by the research of others. Her most subtle success is that in the course of shaping the hundreds of capsule histories of individual sites she has also been able to write a single, well-proportioned history. This becomes apparent if, instead of leafing through the guide to find out about one site or another, the reader reads it like a book. Then certain broad themes establish themselves and continue to develop with little redundancy as the entries unfold. One such theme is the earliest period of pioneering. Another is the tremendous commercial expansion of downtown Moscow in the 1890s, for which there is the corresponding theme of the building of elaborate homes in the residential section by the most successful citizens. There is very rapid turnover of many of the early enterprises, and eventually the development of others as local institutions both large and small. The rural settlements each go through their own curve of growth, and many of them sooner or later experience an inescapable decline. In a general way these themes are well known. What A Great Good Country does is to ground them in the places where they were actually enacted, so that today's residents can feel the saga of the past in their own public spaces.

Consider, for instance, what is probably the best known fact about the origins of Moscow's commercial district: that four early pioneers started it by setting aside land meeting at the corner of their homesteads for the purpose. My guess is that many more people are aware of this than can name the four homesteaders, the directions in which their holdings lay, or the amount of farmland they set aside--the sort of information that is routinely given by the guide. More interesting is the question of how many of those who have heard the story also know the location of the four corners. To discover that it is at the intersection of Sixth and Main is to invest that familiar spot with a spe-

cial significance, which for me, at least, is reinforced with the realization that the jog I have often noticed when driving on Sixth across Main is there because it marks the four corners. The guide performs the same service for other widely disseminated stories. No doubt many are aware that the first store and post office--named Paradise Valley--were established to the east of what is now downtown Moscow; yet few know that the location is the southeast corner of Mountain View and Hillcrest Drive, where there is now a stand of poplar trees, or that the land reputed to be the first claimed in the valley, by A. A. Lieuallen in 1871, as well as the site of the first valley school, are nearby. Precisely identified, too, is the location of the spring where in 1855 Isaac Stevens camped overnight and recorded the first written comments about the area.

A Great Good Country records many firsts and other important undertakings, but it also has ample room for the telling detail that makes the history of a place or a person stand out vividly in the fabric of the whole. The McConnell-Maguire Store was a very big operation during its brief existence between 1891 and the panic of 1893, but who would have thought it employed twenty seamstresses in the dress-making department? In the 1910s the building was occupied by Williamson's Store, which proclaimed its (and Moscow's) greatness by means of a kaleidoscopic ornament rising above the roof that was visible to travellers as far away as the summit of the Viola grade. When The Moscow, as the Moscow Hotel was then known, opened in 1892, a special train ran from Spokane for the celebration. Then there was the Pastime poolhall and lunch room which served as an informal hiring hall and was open twentyfour hours a day--when it was sold no key could be found, because the front door had never been locked. George Albright stayed abreast of the times by giving up his Moscow Bicycle Works to build the town's first auto shop; he had sheer poetry in his advertising slogan, "We repair everything except a broken heart and the break of day."

To this small sampling of nuggets about early Moscow, let me add a few from the rest of the county. Camp Grizzly was originally named Grizzle Camp, after John Griswold, a squawman who made it his wilderness home and fled when it became a raucous jumping-off point for the Hoodoo mining claims. Nob Hill, where the management of the Potlatch Lumber Company lived in Potlatch, was called Snob Hill by some. The name Troy, according to a local legend, was suggested by a Greek railroad worker who offered a free drink of whiskey to anybody in town who would vote for it. Juliaetta once had more than fifty businesses thanks to the many patients that the Foster School of Healing drew to the town. Part of the barn adjacent to the Genesee Valley Lutheran Church is all that remains of Our Savior's Lutheran Church, which was hauled to the spot when two congregations finally merged, ending more than thirty years during which one pioneer community maintained two Lutheran churches only a quarter of a mile apart.

In its devotion to historic preservation, A Great Good Country is aware of the continuation of the past in the present. The press of the Kendrick Gazette, we learn, dates to 1905 and is one of three remaining hot lead letterpresses in Idaho. The Elk River drugstore has been operated by the Morris family since it opened in 1911; sodas are still served across the marble-top fountain which was part of the original equipment. At the gravesite of Winifred Booth, whose tragic and controversial death was incorporated by Carol Brink in her novel Buffalo Coat, fresh flowers appear every year on Memorial Day. In the course of the entries we also encounter numerous instances of grassroots preservation initiatives by groups and individuals. Buildings and houses are restored or maintained; museums are assembled and opened with free admission; parcels of land are donated to the public as memorials; churches no longer active are tended with care and

used on special occasions; annual reunions are held by communities to celebrate and remember; books are written to record past times.

There is already much active interest in history throughout Latah County. A Great Good Country documents this involvement, just as it hopes to stimulate more; and it happens to be a strong work because those who have contributed to it themselves have longstanding commitments to historic preservation. The process of historic preservation always builds on what has been done before. It is cumulative, complicated, and in some respects hard to measure. There is no way of imagining what effects this guide may have in increasing local or regional awareness of the past, or what ramifications this may have for history in the future. But then, no one could have imagined that, more than a hundred years after A. A. Lieuallen founded the town of Moscow, Lillian Otness, his granddaughter, would write a definitive review of the local heritage.

A Great Good Country is at one and the same time a comprehensive reference for the study of county landmarks, a historical chronicle, and an inventory of local historical resources. In 1887, the Reverend W. B. Carithers, boosting the area for potential settlers, wrote: "Now is the time to secure a good home in a great, good country." For the people of that country, here is a book to match their land.

SAM SCHRAGER is the co-founder and former director of the Latah County Historical Society oral history project, and is also a former Society Trustee. He has recently completed his Ph.D. in folklore from the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, where he currently teaches. He wrote his dissertation on the oral tradition of logging life in north Idaho, utilizing the interviews he gathered for the oral history project.

Letter to Lillian Otness from Jim Armour:

For one long absent from A GREAT GOOD COUNTRY, your work lends solace and insight to old familiar places of my youth. With each turned page memories were rekindled, nostalgia assuaged, and a previously unknown knowledge concerning history of buildings and landmarks answered. Truly a literary tonic for this distant wanderer, your book is a must for regional readers, and others.

Thanks for refreshing memories of Gram's house, sugar cookies and big barn; pony cart rides with Carol Brink and a basket lunch where some black-eyed susans grew; Jack Kitley's initials everywhere in town; the smell of the old Vinegar Works; slugs for my sling-shot sifted from the floor of the Harvester Works; Mark P. Miller's "palace" to a sunburned, disheveled, towheaded, wide-eyes one wishing for a peek inside; the smell of the murky Pastime and "Posey" sitting in the corner as the dinner-plate-sized hot cakes sizzled on the greasy grill; "Tin" Anthony's shop in disarray and my awe of the bearded

one's many skills; hills of shocked wheat and my beloved dogs; buttercups, lambs tongues, grass widows and fragrant yellow bells and violets in the Springtime.

A GREAT GOOD COUNTRY--heart warming as the first Chinook wind!

Congratulations, Lillian.

Note from Lillian Otness:

Jim Armour, a native of Moscow, is a cousin of Carol Ryrie Brink. Their grandfather, Dr. W. W. Watkins, was the inspiration for a central character in Mrs. Brink's book Buffalo Coat. "Gram," mentioned in Jim's letter, was Dr. Watkins' wife, Caroline, whose stories of her childhood became the basis of Mrs. Brink's Newbery award winning juvenile book Caddie Woodlawn.

Jim Armour grew up in Moscow but has lived in Pennsylvania for a number of years. His letter is printed by permission.

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PICTURE CREDITS:

All pictures from The Uncovered Wagon. Courtesy of Ray K. Harris, former Band Director in the Spokane Public Schools, who helped Mrs. Keeling by selecting and editing the pictures used in the publication of the original edition of The Uncovered Wagon. Mr. Harris is retired and living in Spokane.

LATAH COUNTY  
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In 1968 interested individuals organized the Latah County Historical Society to collect and preserve materials connected with the history of Latah County and to provide further knowledge of the history and tradition of the area. Every person, young or old, who is interested in the history of Latah County and who would like to assist in its preservation and interpretation is cordially invited to become a member. Subscription to this journal and a discount on books published by the Society are included in membership dues. Dues for the various classes of membership are as follows:

	Member	Friend	Contributor	Sustainer	Sponsor	Patron
Individual	\$ 7.50-15	\$16-30	\$ 31-75	\$ 76-150	\$151-499	\$500 up
Family	12.50-25	26-50	51-100	101-250	251-499	500 up
Business	25-50	51-100	101-250	251-350	351-499	500 up

Privileges are identical for all classes; the higher dues represent a much needed donation to help the Society's work. Dues are tax deductible.

The Society's services include conducting oral histories, publishing local history monographs, maintaining local history/genealogy research archives and the county museum, as well as educational outreach. The Society wishes to acquire objects, documents, books, photographs, diaries, and other materials relating to the history of Latah County. These are added to the collections and made available to researchers while they are preserved for future generations.

The Society is housed in the William J. McConnell Mansion, 110 South Adams, Moscow. The museum is open from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. Wednesday through Saturday. Visits to the museum or research archives are welcomed at other times and can be arranged by calling (208) 882-1004.