

# LATAH LEGACY

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF THE LATAH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This Issue

Warren Meadows

The Uncovered Wagon (Part IV)

Latah Vignettes

Book Reviews

A letter from the past



The Bovill Hotel as completed. c.1910. The buildings (house and store) have been joined and the porch extended.

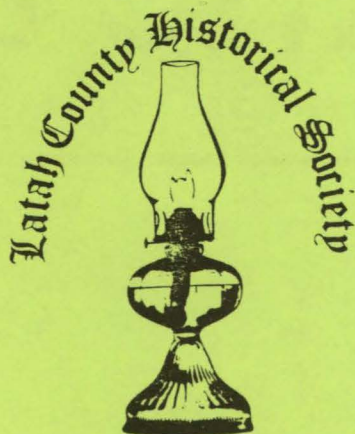
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## WARREN MEADOWS

by John B. Miller

Old pictures, I believe, generate livelier interest about the history and development of our communities than any other thing. They are also a great source of information.

The early pictures of facilities built by the Warren family and Hugh Bovill at Warren Meadows (now the town of Bovill) show a spread of buildings more extensive than is generally imagined. Through analysis of these photos, I have constructed a map which shows the position of most of these, and relates the positions to the present street system.

While the building placements are somewhat less than exact, the general plan is right. For positions, I measured angular relationships and distances of separation on a key photo--the panoramic view from the meadow. These were plotted in relation to known locations of central buildings. Then I looked, on other photos, at physical features such as background and hillslopes, recognizable tree groves, and the entry way along what is now lower Main Street.

Both Warren and Bovill added buildings through the years, one by one as needed and as time permitted. This, among pioneers, was always the way. First, there had to be a preliminary dwelling and generally a small barn. A fence was needed for a corral or pasture. Improvements and additions came later.

Bovill, of course, came to a homestead already established by Warren. Starting only with the concept of a ranch and store, he had to adapt to a quick tempo of change which included the introduction of a vigorous logging industry and the building of two railroads. Perhaps he envisioned this change just a little, but surely not his place in it. Six years after occupying the place, he incorporated a town.

Relative to Francis Warren and his main cabin, the order of construction is partly revealed by building detail as shown by the photographs. Beyond that, judgment on Warren's work is bound by the stated premise that, for the pioneer, elementary needs are satisfied first. It is evident in the cabin that the low, southerly part and possibly the adjoining open shed were built first. The higher part of the cabin (with the dormer windows and breezeway) were built as additions.

In the panorama from the meadow, a low log structure is seen at the south end of the open shed. Torn down sometime before the town was built, this building has never been mentioned in my hearing, and surely is gone from all living memory. There is the early date of the photo and association with the other Warren buildings to suggest it was built by Warren, not Hugh Bovill. The building might have served as a first, temporary living quarters, but I think not. It is windowless, at least on the west. It probably was used for storage or possibly for the shelter of fowls or animals.

It appears that all of the photographs--quite an array, all told--were taken during the time when the Bovill family were on the place. A dozen or more of them help to establish and roughly date distinct stages of work. The addition of a porch, a railing, a fence, or the removal of a tree or tree stump are useful in placing things in sequence.

The stages are dated beginning with an uncertain bench mark in time, about 1903. In the earliest, the Bovill store, quite newly built, is still a crude and unfinished structure. The Bovill girls, Dorothy and Gwen, appear to be about 7 and 9 years of age. They are in a number of the photos, and a progression in their growth into the early teens for Dorothy and to the threshold of the teens for Gwen is apparent.



The dating procedure uses logic, and the results necessarily must fit history. One knows building as a seasonal thing, best suited to fair weather and ill-suited to winter. The two sections of the Bovill house--three dormers each--surely were built in different years. One can sense, in the building succession, the demand for more and more space as an increasing number of vacationers, timber cruisers, railroad people, and loggers made use of the Hugh and Charlotte Bovill hospitality.

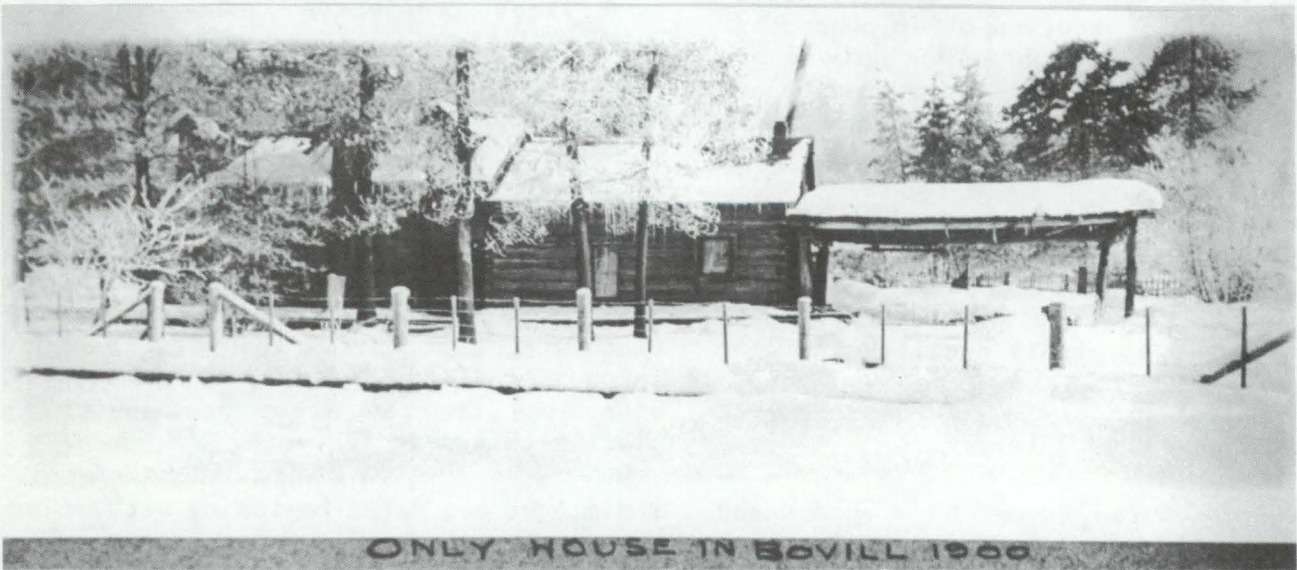
My book, The Trees Grew Tall,<sup>1</sup> errs in stating that the "cottage" (Fosberry cabin) was occupied first by the Japanese servant, Tamaki. A letter from Gwen (Bovill) Lawrence dated August 24, 1971, says, "The log cabin (in the picture) was where Lillian (Fosberry) was born. On the left, behind the log cabin is the building the engineers occupied. Later on it was the quarters for Tamaki and his wife whom the folks helped import after Tamaki had been with us some time." I draw the conclusion that Tamaki did not

live in the cottage until he and his wife moved in after the Fosberrys had moved to their ranch north of town.

The log building that provided residence for the engineers and Tamaki was, by custom, called "the bunkhouse." It evidently was built either in 1905 or 1906.

The main barn, its position quite closely located by the map, was at a location a little northeast of the present post office. The location of the shed south of the barn is inexact, and its size may have been smaller than shown. The location of the barn or hayshed west of the residential buildings, in the area of the present town park, is also somewhat inexact. The map ignores some small, unimportant structures seen east of the shed in the view from the meadow.

The designation "pasture" is placed on an area south of the entry road because it is enclosed by a fence. The piece of ground east of this, designated "hayfield," may not have been effectively confined be-



The Warren cabin consisted of two parts. Construction details show the lower part, at right, as older, and the higher part which includes the breezeway built as an addition. In the higher part was an upper floor of half or three-quarter story type, which was lighted by three dormer windows facing westward. This photo probably dates from about 1900 when the Warren family occupied the premises.





The Bovill store about 1903. This is the first section of what later became the Bovill Hotel. At this early date, the porch was still merely a floor, and its understructure was still exposed. The walls of the store, seen here as hewed logs, were later sheeted over with lumber. Charlotte and Hugh Bovill stand in the doorway. The other people are unidentified except for the Bovill girls, Gwen seated on a lady's lap at left, and Dorothy among the group at the right.

cause no means of closure is evident near the main buildings. The photographs show the harvest of hay in both areas, and both certainly were used as pasture ground. However, the fenced "pasture," without doubt, was used (probably alternately with some other fenced area) to keep animals close at hand. There would be a special need to confine the horses, because horses would be disposed to take off vigorously along a roadway even through the forest. They would be familiar with it and accustomed to use it. But neither the horses nor cattle were likely to go far into thick, untracked forest, where almost no forage would be found. Therefore, while critical places along the edge of the woods would require fencing, no continuous fence may have been needed along the more solid forest boundaries.

Three roads led outward from the Warren-Bovill premises. Parts of two of them--the westerly road to Troy and Moscow and

the northerly road to Collins--are presented in the present street system, and their routes in and near the town are still apparent.

The third road, leading to the Horse Ranch and Ruby Creek, traversed at first through meadowland. Just as its tracks have disappeared, so also has memory of its exact route through the townsite. Only by chance would much of it have coincided with the eventual layout of streets. The photographs suggest it did not pass the main barn. It may, for a way, have gone almost southward, but the most likely route, shown by the map, is southeastward from the Park Avenue and Main Street corner, and thus almost directly into the segment of the road still to be seen a little south of town. There it follows along the west side of a junk-cluttered area which was once the town dump. In the town area, it may have skirted a small area of seasonally wet ground along the





The first section of the Bovill house, with a large collection of animal trophies including deer heads, antlers, and large bear skins. The photo was probably taken in 1904 or possibly as early as 1903 as judged by the sizes of the Bovill girls, Gwen at far left and Dorothy (uncharacteristically without her hair ribbon) who is standing by her mother. The other three people, two children and a young woman, are not identified.

creek near Second Avenue and Cedar Street, or crossed this ground over a few yards of corduroy pole matting. Whatever its exact route, it emerged from the townsite area at or just west of Third Avenue. It would have passed among scattered and clustered black pine trees which grew along the low rise in ground at Alder Street.

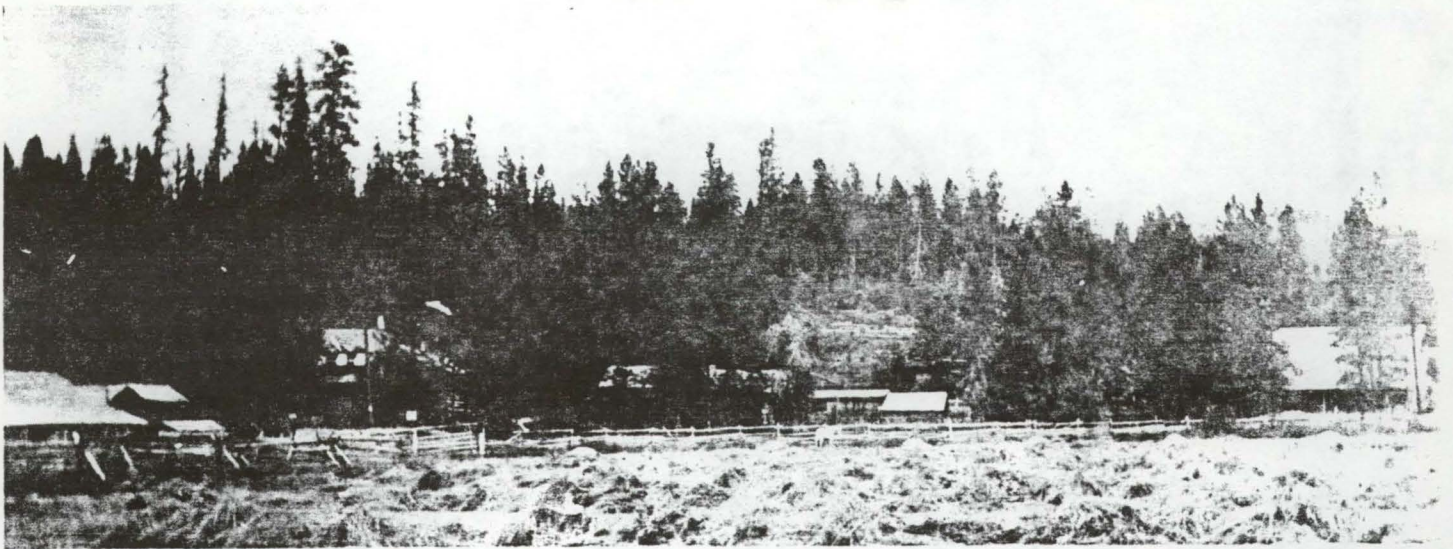
All roads, of course, lead two ways. For the settler, the Moscow road primarily was the way into the area as a precedent to the way out. Over it, by repeated trips, he brought his family, his possessions, livestock, and supplies.

The road had its start as a trail, with branches to creeks, meadows, and mountains through the region. As a rule, these were first the paths of Indians.

Especially in the 1880s they were put to use by prospectors and gold miners. Not until about 1890 did settlers come so far into the woods--a sparse few at first, with Francis Warren among them. Almost on their heels came the land surveyors, bringing axemen and equipment for several years of work in laying out townships and section lines.

Probably before 1890 there was already a primitive road extending eastward past the Helmer area. It ended in a circular area beneath tall trees, and, cleared of undergrowth, perched on the Potlatch Canyon rim about a mile northwest of the Potlatch Forks. Called "Wagon Town," this served miners headed for claims on Ruby Creek and in areas far to the east as a place to leave their wagons.<sup>2</sup> The steep descent into the canyon was the





The Bovill estate as viewed from the meadow. Seen from left to right are a large shed-like structure (probably a hayshed) and some small out-buildings in the area that is now the town park; the Fosberry cabin in construction, still without a porch; the first section of the Bovill house; the Bovill store, its porch now with an upper deck; the Warren cabin with the southerly porch structure and an adjoining low, log cabin; partly hidden by trees at far right, the barn. Newly cut hay, raked into winrows, is seen in the foreground. Note the rail fence at left and in the distance, with a gate at left center.

first obstacle and wild country beyond a second obstacle to taking wagons further. They continued their journey with pack animals only.

Along this early road, still barely more than a trail, rolled the homestead wagons --up and down slopes, along ridges, slanting on hillsides, and splashing through streams. A mile past the Russ Lawrence homestead near Helmer they branched onto a trail bearing to the left, which would pass Hog Meadow. Undergrowth and down timber were cleared, as needed, and occasionally a tree cut low to allow the wagon running gear to straddle its stump. One can imagine turning the vehicles aside sometimes to seek an easier passage.

As the chosen way developed to permanence, cuts were made into hillsides to flatten a roadbed; bridges and culverts were

added; the sides were shallowly ditched and dirt thrown to the roadway; deep and persistent stretches of mud were remedied with corduroy. As public use of a road advanced and became general, county funds were allocated to improve and maintain it. Residents who used it were still expected to do a yearly amount of road work (which was in their own interest), but they might also be hired for short periods and receive a small wage.

Almost as soon as a road reached Warren Meadows, it probably was extended to Collins. As evidence of activity around Collins, an official post office was put in there in 1895, twelve years before an equivalent mail handling service was established at Bovill.<sup>3</sup> The southward road to Ruby Creek, an addition to an expanding system, possibly was not in use until about 1900. The need for this road





This view of the Bovill premises, taken in 1907, shows the roof of the bunkhouse behind the Fosberry cabin, and at extreme right the newly added post-office lean-to at the side of the store. The Fosberry family is seated on the steps of their cabin, and the Bovill family stand on the store porch. The other people in the photo are not identified, although the figure standing between the house and the store wears an outfit suggestive of a Japanese shirt and overgarment, and might be the house servant Tamaki.

was less immediate because settlement was so sparse and there was, probably by the middle 1890s, an access to Ruby Creek and its mines by a completed southerly route past the Potlatch Forks. Nevertheless, wagon tracks doubtlessly went southward for the first quarter mile as early as 1895 before turning eastward to the John Frei and C. O. Brown homesteads. (John Frei and a man named Scribner were mentioned in the 1896 records of land surveys.<sup>4</sup> William Scribner, it turns out, was a brother-in-law of C. O. Brown.<sup>5</sup>

From its beginning and through most of the years when it was occupied by Hugh Bovill, the Warren homestead was used primarily as a stock ranch. After the arrival of the logging interests, except for the part occupied by the town, railroads, and cedar yard, the meadow continued to be used by the Potlatch Lumber Company as pasture for horses and cows, and it continues mainly as pasture ground today.

Warren's occupancy of the meadow predated the land surveys. Warren had, at first, no immediate neighbors, and land boundaries were therefore not yet a problem. I have not checked his land title, but evidence suggests he resolved his claim to the northeast quarter of Section 36, Township 41 N., R. 1 W. Hugh Bovill expanded ownership to at least 240 acres. His townsite extended into section 25, and also eastward across the Boise Meridian (which bisects the town) into section 31 of the adjoining township.

The town was tastefully laid out at a site of considerable natural beauty, very evident as one approaches either from the west or south. These qualities remain even as the town ages, suffers the loss of its older structures, and undergoes other changes good and bad.

The Warren cabin was moved many years ago to a location near the base of the hill,



some 200 feet northeast of the site where it originally stood. There it was rebuilt, on lines that did not include a second floor with dormer windows. The cabin remains are now in ruins. The Fosberry cabin was torn down two years ago. Its companion structure, the "bunkhouse," survived a much shorter time, I think only until about 1940.

Of all the structures predating the actual town, only the Bovill Hotel remains. In the store section it still preserves the hewed beams of pioneer workmanship. The hotel bears no official "landmark" status, but stands nevertheless as a local monument to the hardy time of its origin.

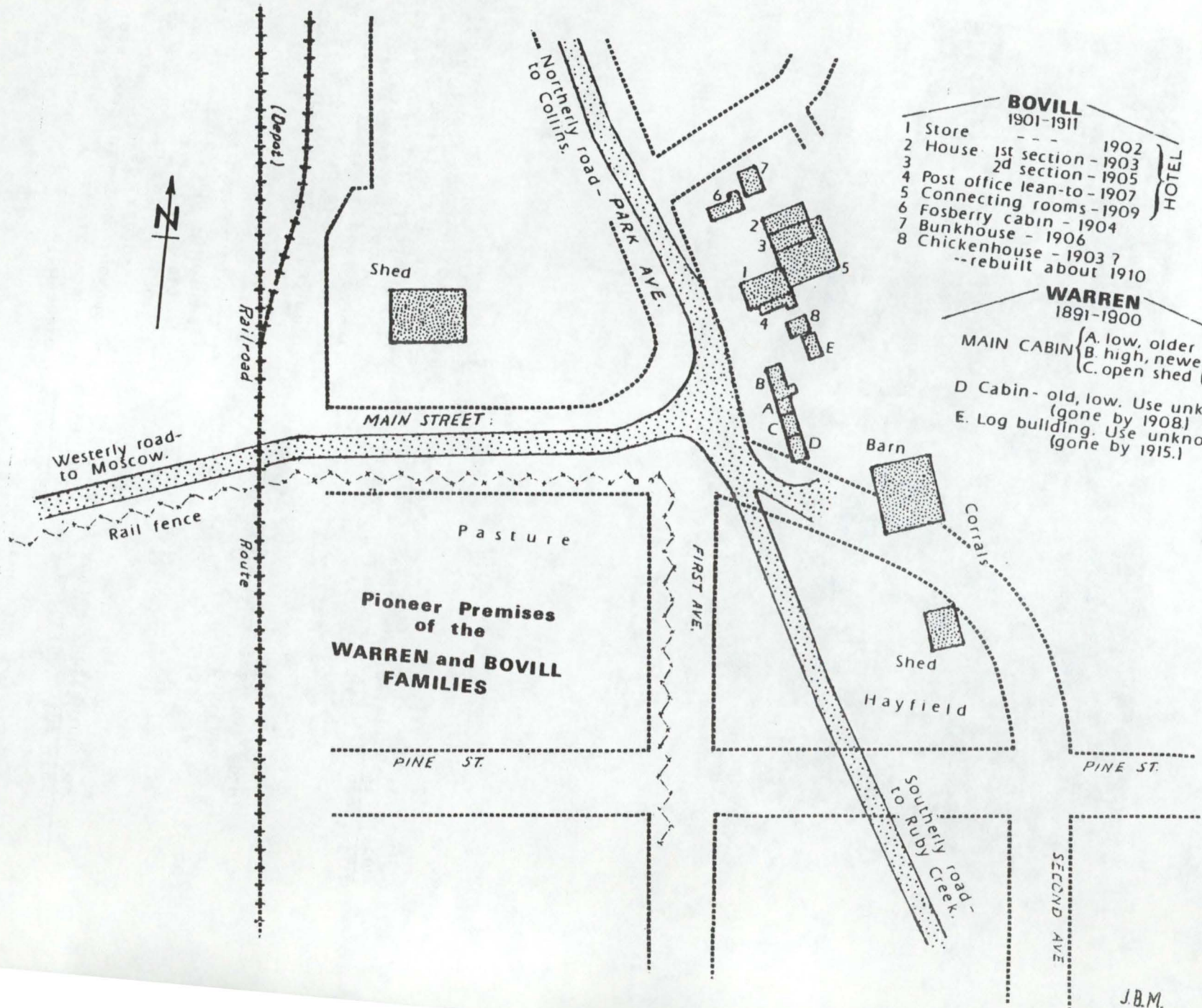
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1. Miller, John B. (1972), The Trees Grew Tall, News Review Publishing Co., Moscow, p. 41, photo caption.
2. Ibid., p. 15 and 61.
3. Boone, Lalia P. (1978), "Post Offices of Latah County," Latah County Historical Society Quarterly Bulletin, V. 7, No. 4, Moscow, p. 27.
4. Miller, op. cit., p. 8.
5. Space, Ralph S. (1972), Pioneer Timbermen, Printcraft Printing, Lewiston, p. 10.



The Bovill barn during haying time. Note the mast which supports the track-end for the hay-lift.









An example of the early road system. This scene, taken perhaps about 1918, is on the main road which went between Harvard and Deary. There is a gentle hill sloping toward the right. The only grade and roadbed was built from dirt which was thrown from the low embankment and shallow ditch cut into the slope of this ground. Much of the work evidently was done with a shovel. Considering the proximity of the stump, not even a common plough could have had more than limited use.



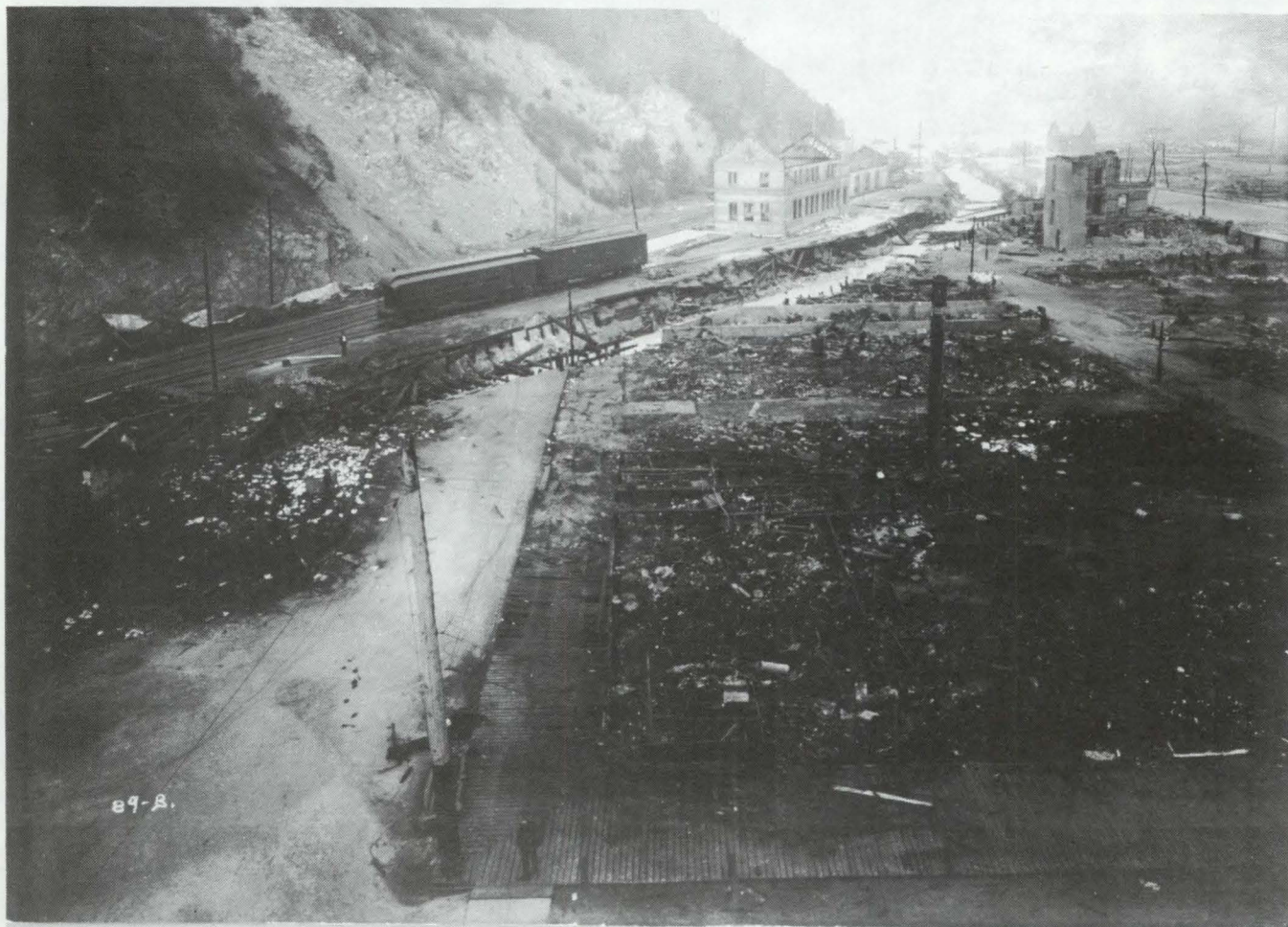
## LATAH VIGNETTES

by Keith Petersen and Mary E. Reed

Idaho's forests mostly escaped the fires this year. Montana got the brunt of them. "Our state is literally on fire," said Montana's governor Ted Schwinden during the height of the fires this summer. "You don't fight a fire like this. You simply get people out of the way and wait for the winds to die down." The Montana fire destroyed nearly a quarter of a million acres.

Seventy-four summers ago Idaho was not so lucky as it was this year. Few of this state's natural disasters have had such a devastating impact as the great forest fires of 1910. The Northwest suffered one of the worst droughts in its history in

1910. Forests were dry by early spring and the fire season was longer than any since then. The first fires began in late April, and by June fires were burning in many areas in northern Idaho and western Montana. During the season over three million acres burned, culminating in the gigantic Idaho fires of August 20 and 21 that spread clouds of smoke bringing early nightfall to places as far away as Minnesota, Wisconsin, Denver, and Kansas City. It came to be known as "The Big Burn." And while the conflagration largely bypassed Latah County's forests, many of this area's residents were affected. Some of their stories have been recorded in the Historical Society's oral history collection.



The western third of Wallace was completely wiped out by the Big Burn



A strong, dry wind began blowing in the Idaho panhandle on the afternoon of August 20. The temperature was 89°. A fire broke out near Elk City, in the Nez Perce National Forest. It quickly moved east and became unstoppable, creating its own powerful wind, knocking down trees, and consuming all in its path. Other fires in the area raged out of control. Within 48 hours, 85 people were killed, thousands of board feet of lumber were ruined, and several small towns and much of the larger community of Wallace were destroyed.

Before the massive destruction of late August, the long fire season had brought a boon to some people. Early that month, 100 to 150 men were being recruited each day to fight the blazes. Frank Rowan was in Spokane that summer and remembered the scene. "When we went out of Spokane, you couldn't hardly find an idle man in there, and jobs--you could have anything you wanted to do. The billboards in them days was on Main Avenue, the big blackboards up, you know, jobs here and there, so much money and everything."

Axel Anderson was one of hundreds who found a job on the fire lines in north Idaho in 1910. "We could hear the roar of it when it went by," he explained about the fire. "You couldn't talk. We had to shout. Get right up and shout in a man's ear to make him hear us. Half of the trees twist in the fire to make its own draft, when you get a big fire. That makes its own draft and when that hits towards the top, its lot of power in it. It just twists them trees and breaks 'em off and takes the top and goes, and that'll carry it for hundreds of feet. And that throws the fire."

Most of those who lost their lives were fire fighters. But the big burn had a tremendous impact on settlers in the area as well. Naomi Parker was only a child when the fire broke out, but remembered helping her mother and brother dig holes in the garden to bury silverplate and other family valuables so they would not burn.

Ione Adair was proving up on a timber homestead near Clarkia when the fires

came. She was recruited to serve as a cook for fire crews and was paid forty dollars by the government for forty days' work. The men ate a lot of potatoes, she recalled. "They give me a bucket, and I'd take it down to the creek and scrub these potatoes and bring them up and hang them over the hooks on the fireplace and boil the potatoes. And sometimes there'd be bacon and gravy or anything you could get. Can of tomatoes was awfully good out that way."

Firefighters, camp cooks, and settlers all had to be constantly aware of wind shifts because the fire could change directions so fast people became trapped. Adair remembered the precautions taken when a fire began to suddenly race towards her camp. "They said, there's only one thing to do that we can tell, and that's to take your blankets and go down to the stream, and if the fire comes close, get into the water and cover your head with the blanket, leaving an air space and stay until the fire is passed over." While she was in the water, the wind changed again, forcing the fire in the opposite direction. "So we were fortunate that time. I thought I'd said good-bye to everybody."

Those who experienced the holocaust of 1910 will never forget it. While it was a frightening time it was also, as one stated, "a great deal of excitement because you never knew when you got up in the morning whether the wind was bringing the fire your way or taking it some other way. And you always had guards out. And in case the wind changed, they'd come back into camp and notify us, and we'd have to cross the river and stay until the wind had changed its position so they felt that we could go back to the other side, where we had been before."

Some physical reminders of the 1910 fire, such as large blackened snags in the woods and a few hills that to this day cannot support vegetation beyond a few shrubs and grass, still remain. But only the eyewitnesses to the big burn really understand what it must have been like in that summer 74 years ago. Most of the forests and the towns have recovered, but those





This year is well-known in Idaho to be one of the worst years in the history of the state. This photo was made from a snapshot. A great deal of North Idaho was burned that year and there were so many fires that no one knew just where they were. No telephones, no radio, of course, in those days, and men stumbled onto fires any place they went into the woods. This is in the Beaver Creek area of Clearwater and this fire as did the others burned until the fall snow came.

who were there remember what it was like. "Well, if you've never heard the roar of a terrible forest fire, it's worse than any thunder. Two or three times in my life now I have seen the sky all red. When a fire is rolling, jumping from one place to the other, it doesn't even touch the ground for quite awhile. And I know those sparks, I can remember that, if they hit you they burned. You know, those things make an awful impression on a child. There's things that you don't remember, but something like that you remember."

Sporadic fires continued to burn after August 21, but the worst was over. Winds died down, eventually rain came, and the area went back to normal. Rowan passed through Spokane again and saw a different scene from what he had noticed in mid-summer. "The rains started then, and by gosh, Spokane, oh Lord, them streets below there, they was just black with men in there all the time. And you couldn't get a job no place."

It took decades for the forests of north Idaho to really recover from the 1910 fire. Foresters say that "fire breeds fire," and much of the damage from the 1910 disaster came not that year but as the burned area, heavy with snags and dead timber, bred innumerable smaller

fires in later years which destroyed additional acres. Heavy rains following the fire caused erosion in places that scoured once-rich top soil down to bedrock. The fire also fostered a serious bark-beetle epidemic which in 1914 resulted in the loss of millions of feet of pine timber. On a more positive note, the fire forced the nation's foresters to realize that a better system of fire control was needed and the 1910 fire was greatly influential in shaping this country's present forest fire policies.

For more information. People interested in learning more about the 1910 fire should see Stan Cohen and Don Miller, The Big Burn: The Northwest's Forest Fire of 1910 (Missoula, MT: Pictorial Histories Publishing Co., 1978); When the Mountains Roared: Stories of the 1910 Fire (Coeur d'Alne: U.S. Forest Service, Idaho Panhandle National Forests, 1982); Michael Lapinski, "The Year the West Burned," American Forests, April 1979, pp. 26-8, ff.; Julian S. Marshall, "The Idaho Fire of 1910," The Pacific Northwesterner, Summer 1963, pp. 33-42; and various oral history interviews in the Latah County Historical Society collection, especially Ione Adair (nos. 1 and 5), Axel Anderson (no. 2), Naomi Parker, and Frank and Lottie Rowan (no. 1).



BOOK REVIEWS

Plodding Princes of the Palouse. Written and illustrated by Nona Hengen. Woolrich, ME: TBW Books, 1984. 175 p. Illustrated. Paper. \$14.95. Available at several locations in Spangle, and Palouse area bookstores. Mail order information is available from the author, Rt. 1, Box 10, Spangle, WA 99031.

This is an interesting, well-written, beautifully illustrated, and descriptive novel about horses, farming, and the Palouse country in the post-World War I period. The book's major character is Jim Holman, a Spangle bachelor and farmer. In 1926, after having worked for many years in wheat farming and having saved his money, the 28-year-old Jim attended an auction in nearby Waverly and purchased two Clydesdale horses, the novel's other major characters. During a heavy rainstorm Jim rode one home and led the other, having named his horses June and Queen before reaching Spangle. This was actually the time when the horse interlude in the Palouse was ending, these "plodding princes" being replaced by tractors. But Jim loved horses and could not be dissuaded from his goal of owning some. Dr. Hengen's book revolves around these two beautiful, huge horses, threshing, and farming. The novel also follows the life of Jim and his neighbor friend Tom Buford as they play baseball in Spangle and participate in other typical small-town activities.

Hengen is especially good at descriptive writing with many vivid images. For example, as a child Jim enjoyed seeing the steam threshing machines, bundle and water wagons, and the cook wagon, with its pans and kettles tied to the outside, as the harvesting crews traveled to his parents' farm. Dr. Hengen captures the flavor of such scenes, and at the same time introduces non-farmers to descriptive images of farm equipment, such as

spring tooth harrows, with their "teeth" made to drag over the ground.

Hengen also weaves significant local historical events into her story, such as the dry years of the 1930s, and the local impact of the Agricultural Adjustment Act. As another example, she deals at some length with the "Wobblies." During the early 1900s the Industrial Workers of the World, or Wobblies, were prominent in Spokane, where Spangle farmers went to hire men for their threshing crews. One poignant episode in the book is devoted to the Wobblies and how they allegedly, through an act of sabotage, caused an explosion which nearly put Jim's neighbor out of business, badly damaging his two prime black Percheron horses. Jim convinced his neighbor not to destroy one of the badly injured horses, and he and Tom led it home where they tried to save it by bathing it with carbolic salve. Jim's mother made coverings for the horse out of flour sacks to keep flies off the raw flesh, and to keep the winter's cold off.

Queen and June, though, are the true horse heroines of the story. Both were great pullers, and were the champion pulling team at the town Fourth of July wheat pulling contests. Readers cannot help but become attached to these fine animals, for not only are the pages filled with excellent writing about them, but the book is generously illustrated with Dr. Hengen's beautiful original art work depicting Queen and June. In fact, Hengen is known in the Northwest primarily as an artist and has had many one-person shows. The drawings in this book are a tribute to her recognized skill. I am not a horse lover, but there are now a few tear-stained pages in my copy of the book, and the next time I am at a county fair I will be on the lookout for Clydesdales to equal Queen and June. Some people eagerly anticipate the last page of a novel, but I found myself hating to see this one end.



This is a most handsome publication, printed on good quality paper. The type-setting is large and very readable, and the drawings reproduce beautifully--each is suitable for framing by itself. I can strongly recommend this book to all: farmers and non-farmers; Palouse residents and non-Palouers. I think it will also be especially popular as a gift book.

Dr. Hengen has made a significant contribution to the literature of the Palouse region. Her love of the area, fondness for horses, and feelings for the land are readily apparent and are relayed to readers in a most enjoyable, enlightening way.

--Jeannette Petersen

JEANNETTE BENNER PETERSEN was born and raised in Spangle, Washington, and now lives in LaCenter, Washington. Dr. Hengen's mother, Esther, was one of her grade school teachers, and the Hengen farm adjoined her aunt and uncle's property. Jeannette's father, Warren, was a grain buyer in Spangle for the Belfour Guthrie Company for 32 years.

Historical Reference Guide to Kootenai County, Idaho. David Osterberg, Compiler. Coeur d'Alene, ID: Kootenai County Historical Project, 1983. 151 p. Paper. NOT FOR SALE. Available for use in regional libraries.

Idaho and Inland Empire historians should take note of this significant new research guide, which was compiled as part of a project partially funded by the Association for the Humanities in Idaho. It is by far the most comprehensive publication of its type available for area researchers.

The guide provides an annotated bibliography to over 1,200 entries concerning the history of the Inland Empire. While the title states this is a guide to Kootenai County, it actually encompasses a much broader geographical area and can profitably be used by anyone studying in Latah County or any other part of the Inland Empire. The guide contains citations to significant published as well as unpublished materials. The entries are arranged alphabetically by author, and a subject index is also provided. Thirty-seven records depositories throughout the Pacific Northwest were searched by the compiler, including university libraries, public libraries, and historical societies. A code is provided for each entry to inform researchers at which depository or library the item mentioned can be found.

Only a limited number of copies of the guide were printed, and none are for sale to private individuals. However, free copies were made available to most regional research libraries, including the Latah County Historical Society, the University of Idaho, and Washington State University. Researchers can utilize the guide at these locations.



THE UNCOVERED WAGON (Cont.)

by Alma Lauder-Keeling

PART 4 (Chap. 16-18)

CHAPTER 16: MEMORIES OF GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDFATHER TAYLOR

As a child, I often went with Grandmother to the log barn and watched her milk the cow. (This had once been the original log cabin home of 1871, a good picture of which I now have, showing "contented cows" out in front.) I remember watching with unconcealed admiration as Grandmother sat on the three-legged milking stool and directed those long streams of milk into the pail at her feet. I never did fully appreciate what a real accomplishment that was until I tried milking a cow myself when down on our Oregon homesteads after I was out of high school. My brother's foot had fallen into a badger hole as he was hurrying home in a blizzard snowstorm that winter, and he had gone on over, badly spraining his ankle. I had begged him before to show me how to milk, but he had scornfully assured me that was "no lady's job." Now I had to don the coveralls and learn the hard way. Hard, that is, on the cow! I could get only a reluctant trickle from poor old Daisy, who kept looking back at me between mournful "moos" and vicious swishings of the tail. Then only did I realize what a real accomplishment Grandmother's milking was!

I can still almost smell the warm milk from the foaming pails as I trotted along beside her to the house, and then watched her strain those pails of milk into the big, flat, tin pans that found their way to the shelves in the underground dirt cellar. What delicious yellow cream rose to the top of every pan! I also remember doing my small bit at running the wooden dasher up and down in the big stone churn which turned out such beautiful golden butter. (Somehow, it was more fun to churn at Grandmother's than it was at home.) She was the official milker of the Taylor household, and I have since wondered why, when there were so many men on the place--"women's work"--I suppose, like the camas digging of the squaws. Mother said Grandmother once warned her never to learn to milk, so she wouldn't have to. She never did.

Speaking of foaming pails of milk, I had occasion years later to discover what a really awe-inspiring thing subconscious memory is, even in the case of long-forgotten odors. It sometimes surfaces at the most unexpected time and place! I discovered this when on a trip with my parents in 1930 to the world-famous Oberammergau Passion Play in the Bavarian Alps.

In this little village of what was then less than 3,000 inhabitants, there was but one hotel to accommodate the 400,000 people who flocked into the village from all over the world that year. (The Play was given from mid-May to middle September, twice a week.) My Mother and Father were quartered in this one hotel, "Die Gasthaus Zum Weissen Lamm"--or "guest house of the white lamb," in plain English. It is so named because of a picture painted up under the eaves of two little boys, Jesus and his cousin John, playing with a white lamb. These painted houses in Oberammergau are one of its Old World charms.



I was sent to a native home just behind the hotel, for which I was glad. As smiling, brown-eyed Mathilde showed me to my room upstairs through the trap door in the ceiling above the sitting room, I seemed to detect a familiar odor which I could not pinpoint. After a little rest on the plump feather bed, with another pulled over me--for it was cool there in the Alps, even in July--I decided to go on a tour of inspection. When I went downstairs again through the trap door (left open to let the heat up from the ceramic-tiled wood stove in the living room) I passed the kitchen door. There, I saw Frau Schuster busily turning the handle of the cream separator, while Herr Schuster sat by the kitchen side of the stove smoking his meerschaum pipe. Then I realized that I had arrived at the evening milking time and that the familiar odor which I could not pinpoint was of warm milk! It is a far cry from the pioneer log barn of my childhood to another barn up in the beautiful Alps halfway around the world! But the odor carried me clear back to the foaming milk pails of my childhood. Having bought all our milk in glass bottles for many years, it had been a long time since I had smelled warm milk direct from the cow! When I returned to my room again through the trap door, I realized that the room was up over the attached barn, which was separated from the house by only a small hallway. (Note: this house-barn comb is necessary in the Alps because of the deep snow in winter.) That night as I snuggled down under the feather cover, I went back in memory once more to Grandmother Taylor and her foaming pails of warm milk.

One of my earliest memories of Grandfather Taylor is of seeing him sitting in Mother's gilded wicker rocker in the parlor of the brick house, my early childhood home, and hearing him sing an old Irish ballad which ended with the bloody refrain, "We'll cut off his head in the morning." Always somewhat repelled by the sight of blood, even my brother's frequent nosebleeds, that song made me shiver! Poor fellow, I thought. I do not now remember what crime the culprit was guilty of which should have brought him to such a bloody end, but I can still sing that refrain.

In his boyhood days in North Ireland, Grandfather was an ardent Orangeman before he sailed for America at age eighteen. With all the goings-on I have been reading about lately between Catholics and Protestants over there, I am inclined to wonder if the unhappy victim in Grandfather's ballad may have been a "Greenman" of one kind or another, since he sang the song with such apparent relish!

In the den beside my fireplace sits an old chair which my Mother gave her Father in his later years. The carved dog-head arms are of solid walnut, but the right one was beginning to wear smooth with Grandfather's hand upon it for so many years. He sat in that chair a long time, as Mother said he retired from farming when in his early sixties, and he lived to be almost ninety-one. But he was by no means inactive, as there was always plenty to do around the big ranch.

As a child I watched with awe and admiration his skill in catching flies who dared to invade his private domain there by the kitchen range--when he was not smoking his pipe! Of course there was always the roll of "sticky flypaper" suspended from the kitchen ceiling, and sheets of the same here and there, but some of the bolder flies sought out Grandfather--and usually came out the loser.

Concerning that pipe, Mother said that as long as she lived with it she never got used to it. She often remarked that she was glad she married a man "who didn't smoke and stink up the house." She was always a fresh air enthusiast. Often when I would get up in the morning on the chilliest day, she would have every door in the house open with the wind blowing through--"to air out the house," she said. I would shiver and shut them in a hurry!





The log barn with horses

I have some interesting pictures in my Kodak album to remind me of my grandparents and the old home in which they lived. Many of these were taken by my brother, Ralph, in his college days; but I also have a little picture album of my Mother's with many pictures taken by her in the days of my childhood. Besides being a wonderful cook, flower-gardener, oil and watercolor artist, and "fancy worker," she was also a first rate photographer. I have boxes of her glass plates from which she printed many beautiful, shiny, sepia pictures. One of these pictures which I am especially fond of is Grandfather in his later years standing in front of the long veranda of the old house, his arm in the crook of the willow tree beside it--a tree which was still standing until the last time I visited Latah Convalescent Center. Here he is, an old man in his eighties, with a long white beard.

Another interesting picture to me is of two old ladies seated on that porch, Grandmother Taylor and her sister, "Aunt Mary" Stewart. Aunt Mary was the grandmother of our long-time county treasurer, Edna Theriault. She was the mother of George Stewart (Edna's Father) and Pete Stewart, who together owned the Stewart livery barn on North Main Street across from the old Idaho Hotel. The livery barn has been remodeled into the headquarters of the Eagles' Lodge. Aunt Mary was also the Mother of Drusilla Stewart Snow, who had six children--two girls and four boys: Laura (Zumwalt), Ella (Collins), Arthur, George, Ed, and Bill. She was the grandmother of Harold and Orval Snow, our State Legislators.

In this picture of these two old ladies sitting on Grandmother's porch we see them in their long black dresses clear to the ground, topped by their long aprons--a part of the costume in those days. For church, town, or other dress-up occasions, Grandmother always wore her black sateen apron with its feather-stitched hem, but I never knew her to leave the premises without that beautifully shirred black sunbonnet! It had no religious significance such as Aunt Mary's small plain bonnet of the Church of God whose cardinal principle then was plainness of dress. Even the men would not wear ties, for that was considered "worldly decoration"! But Grandmother belonged to the Christian Church in which a woman could dress as she pleased so long as she was modest about it. And Grandmother's attire was certainly modest to the "nth" degree. I thought nothing about her rather distinctive garb as long as I knew her, for I had always seen her like this and she would not have looked right to me in anything else. (Imagine a bejeweled, miniskirted "grandmother" of today along beside her!)



One of my real regrets, which still lingers, is that after I was married and had left home I came back one day to visit Mother and was casually informed by her that she had given Grandmother's beautiful silk sunbonnet, her feather-stitched black sateen apron, and her beautiful black "Dolman" cape-coat to Professor Blanchard, then head of the dramatics department at the University. (Oh, no! I could hardly believe it!) The background is that before I was married I had been acquiring a few more credits at the U. of I. by taking some art and drama courses, and in the process had borrowed some of Mother's old-fashioned things for my costumes. Mr. Blanchard had gotten on to the idea that Mother had a lot of such things--for she never threw anything good away! (Her pioneer background, of course.) So when I was no longer in his Play Production class, he often came personally to see Mother to find out if she might have this or that for some play he was putting on. She had loaned him many things, which were always conscientiously returned. But when he seemed so genuinely appreciative of those clothes of Grandmother's which had been carefully packed away for many years, she up and gave them to him outright! I guess she thought here was one useful purpose they could serve, so why not? When she told me, I was quite sick about it, but the deed was done, so I said nothing. She did not know that these distinctive clothes of my grandmother had a real sentimental value to me, as I had never mentioned it. I wish it were possible to extract these from the University Dramatics department's extensive wardrobe, but I suppose that is too much to hope for. I know of a much more suitable place for them--the Latah County Historical Museum!

Another picture which I prize very highly is one which my brother, Ralph, took of Grandmother and Grandfather Taylor in their later years seated in Ward Gano's first car at the conclusion of their first automobile ride. Grandfather had been very contemptuous regarding "these new-fangled contraptions" which were beginning to invade our peaceful community, scaring horses right and left! He dubbed them "the devil's go-wagon." (Perhaps if he were here now, and read of the slaughter on our highways, he would think he had named them well!) So, because of his utter contempt for these new-fangled contraptions, no one was more surprised than we when he accepted Ward's invitation to "take a little ride." (And, of course, whatever Grandfather was willing to try, so was Grandmother!) They had known Ward in a casual way because he was Ralph's best friend in high school and on into college, and they knew he was steady and dependable. So they were willing to trust their lives in his hands. I have a sneaking notion that the old "do and dare" pioneer spirit of this once venturesome young man was welling up again in an old man in his eighties!

Ralph and I went along as chaperones, and it was quite a thrill to me also as this was my own first ride in an automobile. (How little I dreamed then that someday I would be driving my own automobile from San Diego to Vancouver, B.C., alone, over all kinds of snowy, icy roads, through the Siskiyou Mountains with never a qualm!) We took a leisurely trip out toward Troy that day, at about twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, I would guess--and we would have a flat tire! I can see Ward yet out there by the side of the road pumping up that tire! But we got back home safely, and Ralph went for his Kodak to get a picture of the old folks still sitting in the car, Grandmother in her black sunbonnet and Grandfather with his long white beard. We never did hear what Grandfather thought of that ride, for he was a man of few words, but I have a suspicion that he really enjoyed it! Anyway, we never heard him speak so contemptuously again of these new-fangled contraptions, the devil's go-wagon. But I am sure he would have felt much more at ease with a wagon and a four-horse team!

Although Grandfather had retired from actual farming himself, he was active to the last until he was suddenly bedfast! The day before his activities ceased because of an unfortunate accident when he was eighty-eight years old, he had walked to town by



way of our house. It was a long, steep climb up that lane of trees which he himself had planted years before, then a shorter but much steeper descent down a pathless hill to our house. Here he visited with Mother for a while, then proceeded on to town to attend to such errands as he had in mind. After that another mile and a half along South Main Street back to his home. I well remember that day, and what a shock it was to us when a messenger came the next morning telling us that he had fallen and broken his hip! While dressing he was standing as usual to pull on his trousers when his foot caught in his pants leg, tumbling him to the floor. Old bones are pretty brittle at eighty-eight! There were no surgical pins in those days to hold broken bones together until they healed, so when one broke a hip he just had to lie there until death released him. It was hard on a man who had been active all his life. It was hard on everyone else, too!

Mother, the faithful nurse, trekked over that long hill every day to help Grandmother care for him. It was not easy to lift and care for a helpless old man as heavy as he was, but somehow we seem to have strength given us for every necessary duty. But with Mother it was never a case of "sacrificial duty" when it came to caring for her own. The great Love Chapter of the Bible tells us that "love feels no burden." (1st Cor. 13.)

Her Father lived for two years in this helpless condition and died in 1911--just ten months past his ninetieth birthday.

Grandmother herself lived two years longer and died of what now would be called "the infirmities of age." I have no recollection of anything in particular which took her away. She had lived eighty-three wonderful years, a pioneer herself in her own right. Mother again trekked over that hill every day to help Aunt Fannie care for her. What a wonderful nurse my frail little Mother was!



Grandmother and Grandfather Taylor after their first automobile ride, the date, 1909. The baby is Josephine Taylor.



CHAPTER 17: "LOVERS!"

After my marriage--somewhat later in life than most girls because of a health problem since childhood--I went to live as "mistress of the manse" in the Kamiah Valley down among the Indians on the Clearwater, where my husband was pastoring the Community Church. He was officially a National Missions pastor under the Presbyterian Board of National Missions, but to the white community rather than the Indians, who had their own "missionary" to supervise all the work among the Nez Perce Indians of that section.

I had been married about a year when my beloved Father came down with a severe chest cold that he could not shake and that finally ran into pneumonia, which took him away. Up to that time he had been supervising his own warehouse and construction work as usual, and at seventy-eight had been walking up and down the streets of Moscow "as straight as an arrow" in body, and "as clear as a bell" in mind. He would not let Mother call me to tell me how sick he was, as he knew I would be home in a few days, anyway, and he didn't want to worry me. But my neighbor across the street felt I should be told, and wrote to say I had a very ill Father and he thought I would want to know. Indeed, I did! I happened to be at the little Kamiah post office that day when the mail came in from the train, which has just gone up the line to Stites, the terminal only sixteen miles away. I am sure I never packed a suitcase so fast in all my life! I roused my husband out of bed with the "flu" and our old car made it to the depot just as the train pulled in! I have never ceased to be grateful to Otto Turinsky, Jr., formerly on our University staff here, who alerted me to this situation, for I was able to be with my Father for ten precious days before he finally left us. The last words he ever spoke were to me as I stood by his bed. We buried him on the hill beside his son, Ralph, and that night it began to snow!

All through the month of that February, 1936, the snow piled higher and higher, until we were literally snowbound! The city of Moscow was not bothering then to plow out the rocked lane which led to our house, as the snowfall had been terrific all over the country, and they were plenty busy. After about a month I was able to call a cab to take me to the train for my own home in Kamiah. A lovely widowed friend of Mother's had volunteered to come and stay with her for a few months while she was making her adjustment to a new way of life. Mother had always depended upon her husband, but now everything was up to her. She proved equal to it!

Although Mother was not alone, she was as helpless as any widowed woman could be to look after the many things in connection with her husband's business. She lived a half mile from town and had no car--and couldn't have driven one if she had. After Dad's death I had taken the car to my own home, as it was of no use to her now, and was, indeed, my own little "Chevvy" which my Father had given me as an ordination gift a short time before I was married. (Our old car in Kamiah was about to fall to pieces.)

I managed to get home about every other week to do what I could for Mother, paying her bills, getting armloads of books for her from the library, and trying without much success to collect the many outstanding small bills owing my Father. Strange is the reasoning of some people! Now that my Father was dead, many of his debtors felt very much disinclined to think they owed this money to my Mother. One man even refused her offer to take one dollar a month on the eighteen-dollar bill he owed. He said flatly that he "just didn't have it." He never did!





Mr. & Mrs. Wylie Lauder in 1927



Mary McCallie Moore in 1970

Those weeks I spent with Mother did help her a lot to make her adjustment, but I marvelled that she took to her widowhood so calmly. She had always been timid about staying alone nights, but she rallied to the inevitable, like the little soldier that she was! Or, should I say, like the little pioneer that she was?

On one of these long trips from Moscow to Kamiah--much longer than now, as the highway up the Clearwater from Orofino was not yet completed and every trip meant three long grades to negotiate--I once had as my passenger a very interesting person who entertained me all the way there with stories of her own parents and mine. This was Margaret McCallie Moore, "Maggie" to me all my life, whose father, Dr. J. H. McCallie, was Moscow's first dentist.

Margaret herself had grown up in Moscow from a very small child and she knew all the old-timers and much of Moscow's history that I didn't know. She was overflowing with stories of the early days. She could be very dramatic, too, as she herself had once been a teacher of elocution after she was graduated from the University of Idaho, in 1898, and became its first librarian.

One story which intrigued me was about my own Father and Mother before they were married. She said she was out riding in the hack with her Father one Sunday afternoon on South Main Street when they caught up with, and passed, a young couple holding hands, and leisurely strolling along toward the Taylor home. "Lovers!" said her Father tersely. Maggie was fascinated and could not resist a backward glance. She was then a romantic young lady of twelve!

And lovers they were, all their fifty years of married life. How wonderful for their children to have had the privilege of growing up in such an atmosphere! The following biographical sketch of my Father appeared in An Illustrated History of the State of Idaho (Chicago, 1899). (I am very indebted to my old friend, Raymond K. Harris of Spokane, for calling my attention to this sketch: See Chapter 3 above.)



WYLIE A. LAUDER

Among those who have been distinctly conspicuous in connection with the substantial upbuilding and legitimate progress of the attractive little city of Moscow, the county-seat of Latah county, very definite recognition must be given to him whose name initiates this paragraph. It was his fortune to be on the ground when the town practically had its inception, and with every advance movement he has been prominently identified, being recognized as one of the leading and most enterprising business men of the place and as one who has contributed liberally and with enthusiasm to every cause which has had as its object the growth and prosperity of Moscow.

Mr. Lauder traces his ancestral line through many generations of sturdy Scottish stock, he himself being of but the second generation on American soil, since his father, William Lauder, was a native of bonnie Scotland, the fair land of "brown health and shaggy wool." Wylie A. Lauder is a native of Canisteo, Steuben county, New York, where he was born in July, 1857, the son of William and Mary (Cameron) Lauder, the former of whom was born in Scotland, as has already been noted, while the latter is likewise of Scottish ancestry. William Lauder came to the United States in the year 1845, locating at Duanesburg, New York, where was eventually solemnized his marriage to Miss Mary Cameron. In the year 1869 they removed to North Carolina, where the father of our subject devoted his attention to agricultural pursuits until the fall of 1885, when he made a visit to Moscow, Idaho, becoming so impressed with the attractions of the place that when he returned to his home in the south he determined to dispose of his property there and to make his home in the little city where his son had located. Accordingly, in 1891, he closed out his interests in North Carolina and came to Moscow, where he passed the residue of his days, his death occurring on the 24th of November, 1897, at the age of seventy years. He was a Republican in his political proclivities, was a man of strong intellectuality and so ordered his life as to gain and to merit the esteem and confidence of his fellow men. His widow is still living, having reached the venerable age of seventy-six years, and makes her home in Moscow, where she is accorded the utmost filial devotion by her children, who are three in number.

Wylie A. Lauder, the immediate subject of this review, was the second in order of birth of the three children, and his educational discipline was secured in the public schools of North Carolina. He was placed in charge of the store, when in 1883 he came to Colfax, Washington, a store which furnished supplies to those engaged in the construction of the line of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. When the line had been completed to Moscow Mr. Lauder determined to make this his permanent abiding place, foreseeing that the natural advantages of the location would in time make it an important point. His confidence in the future of Moscow has been justified by results, and his faith in its still greater precedence is unwavering. His first distinctly local business venture was made in company with Fred S. Clough, with whom he became associated in the manufacture of brick, in which important line of enterprise they were the absolute pioneers in the place. They made the first brick ever manufactured in Moscow, and supplied the material in this line for all of the many fine brick structures which have made the town so attractive and substantial in its upbuilding. The first building erected of brick was the Bank of Moscow, and for this the firm supplied the material, as well as for all other structures both public and private. The association of Messrs. Lauder and Clough continued for three years, after which, in 1886, our subject entered into partnership with his brother-in-law, T. J. Taylor, who is now sheriff of Lemhi county, Idaho. They continued the manufacture of



brick up to the year 1895, conducting an extensive business in this line and also in that of contracting and building. The firm erected the building for the Washington State Agricultural College, at Pullman; the splendid building of the Idaho State University, at Moscow; all of the public-school buildings of this city and all but three of Moscow's fine business blocks. They manufactured more than twelve million brick, having shipped over a million to Spokane, and the firm had a reputation for the highest integrity and for scrupulous honor in every business transaction.

When their business was at its height, the general financial depression of 1893 began to make its influence felt in this section of the period. The loss entailed to the firm was such that they were compelled, though with great reluctance, to discontinue the business which they had labored so assiduously to establish. In 1892-3 they had brought about the organization of the Builders' Supply Company, of which Mr. Lauder was president. Quite extensive investments had been made in real estate, and with the depreciation in values and the slight demands for investments in realty, resulting from the unsettled financial conditions of the country, they met with heavy losses.

Mr. Lauder is not however a man to be easily disheartened or discouraged, and he soon turned his attention to other lines of enterprise, confident that energy, careful methods and hard work would insure success, even with many obstacles to be overcome. He accordingly organized the Idaho Fruit & Produce Company, of which he is manager. The company deals largely, at wholesale, in hay, grain and other agricultural products, and also handles fruits of all kinds in large amounts. The enterprise supplies a distinct need in Moscow, and excellent success is attending it. The producers find here a ready cash market for their products, and to Moscow is thus attracted the business of a large tributary territory, practically comprising the entire northern section of the state. The value of such an enterprise can not be overestimated, and in this way Mr. Lauder is contributing to the progress and prosperity of the city while promoting individual success. He is public-spirited in his attitude, and is at all times ready to lend his aid and influence to whatever concerns the well-being of his home city.

In the year 1886 Mr. Lauder was united in marriage to Miss Minnie Taylor, daughter of William Taylor, the pioneer settler of Latah county, to whom specific reference is made on the other pages of this work. To the article mentioned the reader is referred for a detailed history of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Lauder are the parents of two children--Ralph Emerson and Alma. The family home is a most attractive residence of modern architectural design, located on a ten-acre tract near the grounds of the State University, and here a gracious hospitality is extended to large circles of friends. Mr. Lauder is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, while Mrs. Lauder holds membership in the Christian Church. Our subject is one of the trustees of his church and was prominently identified with the building of the fine church edifice. In his political adherency he is arrayed in support of the Republican party. An energetic, upright, and enterprising business man of Moscow, Mr. Lauder is one of the city's honored and representative citizens.



CHAPTER 18: "I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD ALL THE LIVE-LONG DAY!"

So my Father could have sung back there in the early 1800's, if that song was around then! He did help to bring Moscow's first railroad, the O. R. and N., into our budding community at that time. I didn't know the year he first came, as I had never inquired, thinking it was not at all important so long as he was here. As I have said in my foreword, I was not much interested in pioneer history in the days when I had my parents with me, so never inquired into the details of who came when, etc. Now I wish I knew, for as I delve into these incidents of the past I find the subject very interesting. The only definite information I have about my Father's coming was recently discovered in a previously mentioned little paper-back at the University Library, published in 1897, where the author in discussing the businesses then in town mentions that W. A. Lauder "came fifteen years ago." That sounds as if he came in 1882, and seems very reasonable, as I know he and Mother were married in 1886, and the railroad came tooting in with a bang in the fall of 1885! The History of North Idaho gives this account about the coming of the railroad:

The O. R. and N. reached Moscow about the middle of September, and the first cars crossed the Idaho-Washington line on the 23rd of September. There was general and great rejoicing. The results following the completion of the railroad can never be estimated.

As a young man of only twenty-one, Wylie Andrew Gifford Lauder, usually known as W. A., had been widowed by childbirth back in Ruffin, N. C., where he had lived since he was twelve years old. After his young wife's death he had moved in with his parents on their farm. His Mother cared for his baby girl, Lelia, from the day of her birth. His older brother, William C., had heard the call of the West some years before and at that time was engaged in superintending a crew of workmen building the railroad lines into this part of the country.

Uncle Will's crew was in the habit of going on a "spree" every Saturday night as soon as the weekly checks came in. Will wrote his younger brother, Wylie, to come West and work with him, appointing him in charge of the Saturday night payroll. He knew Dad didn't "indulge" so the money was safe with him!

It was while he was helping lay tracks to the roundhouse near our South Main Street bridge over Paradise Creek that he noticed an attractive young lady passing every day uptown with her little tin lunch pail. On inquiring about her, he learned that she was Minnie Taylor, daughter of the owner of a large farm just south of town. The young man watched her as she passed by, but I doubt if modest little Minnie ever glanced in the direction of those dirty men laying tracks--unless out of the corner of her eye! Young Wylie made a mental note that when he was through with this track-laying business he would drop in at the Taylor ranch and see if they might be able to use another hand! This he did some time later.

Having made a good impression by his clean-cut appearance, although all men, young and old, wore mustaches in that day, he was immediately hired. Now he had a fine close-up view and a chance to see this young lady in her natural habitat. He also could learn by personal experience what a good cook she was! Being a good cook in those days was a prime requisite of every girl who looked forward to marriage and a home of her own. And this little Minnie Ellen had plenty of practice all her life cooking for a large family. She told me once she was so little when she started washing all those dishes that she had to stand on a chair to reach the table! She hated it as a child, and it is no wonder. She always tried to save me from the same obsession.



Although young Wylie was becoming increasingly more interested in her, it was some time before Minnie evidenced any interest in a "second-hand" man, especially one with a ready-made child! But as months passed and she saw what a clean, kind, and considerate young man he was, she found herself leaning more and more in his direction. (And certainly she had the hearty approval of her parents.) They were engaged for a year and were married in the front parlor of that old home just demolished. Such things as "church weddings" were unthinkable in those days, when a girl's home was the central thing in her life! The marriage was performed by the Reverend W. B. Carithers, one of the early pastors in the Methodist Church here, of which Wylie was a member. This was September 1, 1886, the date engraved within the lid of the beautiful gold watch which the groom gave his bride for a wedding present. Her wedding ring was a plain gold band to match the watch. She never had an engagement ring, but perhaps such was not the custom in that day. When we were in London forty years later, she bought herself the diamond ring she had always wanted, and laughingly said that was her "engagement ring"--a few years late! She earned the money for it herself by keeping a couple of boarders for a year--her pastor and his wife.

She had planned to be married on her birthday, September third, but that fell on Friday and her Mother had some real superstitions about Friday being a "bad luck day." So, to please her Mother she set the date up to September first, and was still only twenty for two days. Dad was nearly eight years older.

The bride's wedding dress was a draped gray wool and was made by Moscow's first milliner, Mrs. S. Jennie Deal. It was in her shop Mother had been working when the young railroad track-layer saw her going up town with her little tin lunch pail.

The groom did not have enough money to buy himself a new suit for the momentous occasion, but he later laughed and said "Mama" was something else. He bought her the nicest watch he could find!

After their marriage they lived for about six months in a small shack out near the mountains, but knowing my Mother's artistic ability, and her talent for "making something out of nothing," as she called it, I am sure that even that temporary little shack became a real home in every sense of the word. She always made a happy home for her husband, and he for her. In fact, if it had been possible to choose my parents, I think they were just the ones I would have chosen!

Going back to the coming of the first railroad, I read this interesting bit of history in another account:

A financial chill which had settled over the country had delayed the construction of the feeder lines (railroad) to this community. And, although there were abundant harvests following a year of disaster, there was no way of getting the production out to market except by team and wagon to Wawaii or Walla Walla--an expensive and tedious method. So the coming of the railroad was a time of rejoicing for the whole community. In 1885, the financial panic was lifting and conditions made it possible to extend the line as far as Moscow. (The company's men built the bridges and laid the tracks, and the depot was built by local carpenters.)



On the eve of the day the track was completed, the first train, Number 20, steamed into Moscow amid the long tooting of whistles, the booming of canons, and general rejoicing of the people from all over the countryside. An enthusiastic program had been arranged, with speeches by the train conductor, the construction engineer, some Moscow attorneys, and others. [Note: I am sure William Taylor was there, for this railroad was going to mean much to him in getting his farm produce to market. I am equally sure my Father and his brother, Will, were there, for had they not helped to bring this railroad to Moscow?] The celebration lasted two days, and on the evening of the second day a grand ball was put on, to which the whole countryside was invited, and hundreds of people attended.

It was indeed a time of great rejoicing, not only for the farmer and business man, but for the ordinary citizen as well. How wonderful to be able to hop a train now and go places! From then on Moscow began to boom. I am sure my Father was glad he had had a small part in making this possible.

END PART 4 -- TO BE CONTINUED

### MOSCOW'S "CAMAS VALLEY"

(a letter from the past)

Office Indian Agent  
Nez Perce Indians  
Lapwai, Idaho Territory  
July 1st, 1872

Hon. F. A. Walker  
Com. Ind. Affs.  
Washington, D. C.

Sir

I would respectfully submit this my report for the month ending June 30th, 1872.

The drought which prevailed here during the month of May has continued through this month and this, together with the ravages of the crickets has damaged our crops very materially. Some of the fields of grain belonging to the Indians on Lapwai Creek, also on the Clear Water and its tributaries have been totally destroyed. At Kamai they have been more fortunate. The crickets did not make their appearance in the valley and having copious rains during the first week in June everything took a start and they will have very good crops to harvest. Our wheat, oats and corn are badly used up. The oats are not worth cutting. Potatoes are doing well.

The Indians are generally quiet. Large numbers of them are off on the Camas grounds digging roots. While at the Camas grounds immediately north of this Agency and beyond the Clear Water river, a party of Nez Perce living on the Snake River together with some "Coeur D'Alenes" and "Spokanes" made some threats against some white settlers who tried to get up quite an Indian scene. They (the Settlers) sent a messenger in hot haste to Fort Lapwai for troops but by mistake or rather through ignorance the messenger delivered his message to me. Knowing the circumstances and being acquainted with causes of trouble in former years, and also knowing all the leading men of the three tribes I decided it was the wisest course to go myself and investigate before al-



lowing troops to be sent. I left here on the morning of the 22nd June and arrived on the grounds about 5 o'clock P. M. Distance travelled 40 miles. The Indians were expecting me having by a messenger of their own heard I had left the Agency. I immediately sent for the head men of the tribes to come and see me. They readily obeyed the summons. After talking a short time with them I ascertained that the settlers were as much if not more to blame than the Indians. This Camas ground is about 30 miles due north of the Agency and outside the Reserve and open to settlement. In former years the Nez Perce. The lower Nez Perce living on the lower Snake River. The Coeur D'Alenes, Spokanes and Umatillus and others from the Columbia River. Annually gathered on this ground for the purpose of digging Camas. An interchange of friendly feeling and to have a general good time racing horses and other amusements. They had made a race course in the valley nearly two miles long where they were wont to run their horses. Settlers coming in last fall had taken up this ground and when the Indians came around this year they found their course fenced up, but did not interfere with the fence until some of the

settlers told them they would like to see their horses run and that they might let the fences down and run over their old tracks. No sooner was it said than down came the fences. The consequence was that large bands of horses and cattle got into the enclosures and destroyed some of the crops. The Indian women went down into the fields and began their work of digging Camas, tramping down the grass. The fault was with the settlers in the first instance, giving permission to take down the fence and encouraging the racing. After talking to the Indians a while they agreed to drive off their stock and after the races for the day were over they would lay up the fence for the night and after remaining for two days longer would break up camp and leave. I have heard no complaints since. Most of the Indians there are not under the charge or control of any Agency and never have been. What authority I assumed regarding such I based upon your letter of Instructions, date May 16/72.

Very Respectfully, etc.  
Yours Obdt.  
Jno. B. Monteith  
U.S. Ind. Agt.

#### LATER ABOUT THE THIEVES.

News comes from Lewiston that four horse thieves who have been hanging around Lewiston for sometime past were hung last week in a canyon, southwest of Lewiston. Some persons going that way discovered the lifeless bodies hanging by the neck from an impromptu gallows. This kind of medicine ought to discourage the balance of the horse thieves located in and about the Potlatch who are already spotted as connected with the gang.

Moscow Mirror  
14 May 1886, p. 3

The fellow who stole the false teeth from Dr. Mulkey about two months ago slid a twenty dollar gold piece under the Doctor's door yesterday with a note stating that they fit so nicely that he thought it mean to take them without paying. He did not give his name.

Moscow Mirror  
14 February 1890, p. 3



NOTICE

To the public in general.

We, the undersigned, are looking for someone to love.

The following gentlemen, to wit:

One Frank Holbrook is a gentleman of light complexion, and is a man of fair means. He is a stockholder in the Idle Hour restaurant and pool hall.

One Walt Peterson, who is a very intelligent young man is a first-class barber.

One Dr. E. E. Grannis, who is a first-class veterinary surgeon and an excellent hand with horses. He is now manager of the Deary livery barn.

One Albert Ball, who is one of Deary's leading young men and who conducts the largest roller skating rink in Latah county.

One Joe Kern, who broke the record peddling confetti during Deary's celebration and who is a first-class Dutchman by trade.

One Bert Newcomb, who used to be manager of Newcomb Bros. Show and was so successful that he is now the largest insurance man in the State of Idaho.

Address all applications to the Deary Boosters.

All applications must be made before August 1st, 1909.

Signed:

FRANK HOLBROOK  
DR. E. E. GRANNIS  
BERT NEWCOMB  
W. L. PETERSON  
ALBERT BALL  
JOE KERN

Star-Mirror

15 July 1909, p. 6, cols. 1-2

A WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt not have any other wife but me, nor shalt thou, in thy sleep, dream of other women.

2. Thou shalt not take unto thy house any beautiful or brazen image of a servant girl to make love to when my back is turned, for I am a jealous wife.

3. Honor thy wife's father and mother, and wear a smile when thou meetest them.

4. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbors, but outshine them in dressing thy wife and babies.

5. Thou shalt let thy wife have the last word in every row.

6. Thou shalt not get drunk or go to bed with thy boots on.

7. Thou shalt not say nice words to other women in my presence, nor praise them in our privacy.

8. Remember I am a jealous wife.

9. Thou shalt not stay out after nine o'clock at night, nor snore at my side, or kick in thy sleep.

10. Remember thou benedict these commandments and keep them holy, for they are gospel.

Moscow Mirror

4 October 1889, p. 1



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

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ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

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.