
LATAH LEGACY

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF THE LATAH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This issue:
The Settlement of Woodfell
Early Day Threshing
Abe Goff - a vignette
The Uncovered Wagon (part 5)

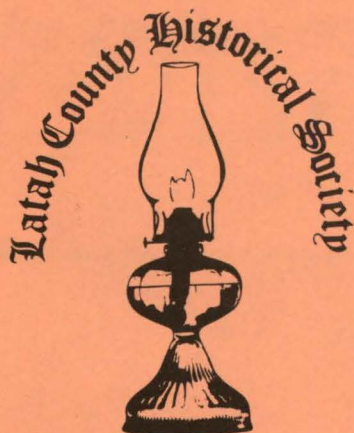


The Harvard Grade School, 1904. Frank Herzog
in First Grade, first row on the right. Pansy
Herzog, third from left in back row.

1984

Fall

\$1.50



Published quarterly by the Latah County Historical Society, 110 S. Adams, Moscow, Idaho 83843. Subscriptions included in annual membership dues.

Vol. 13, nr. 3

CONTENTS

THE SETTLEMENT OF WOODFELL AND SURROUNDING AREAS by Meg Falter.....	1
EARLY DAY THRESHING by George Fallquist.....	10
REAPING AND THRESHING: A PHOTO MINI-ESSAY.....	11
THE UNCOVERED WAGON (part 5) by Alma Lauder-Keeling.....	18
LATAH VIGNETTES--ABE GOFF by Mary E. Reed and Keith Petersen.....	26

Latah Legacy

Editor: Stan Shepard
Assistant Editor: Mary Reed
Book Review Editor: Keith Petersen
Compositor: Kathleen Probasco

Newsletter

Mary Reed

The Latah County Historical Society

President: Duane LeTourneau
First Vice President: Lillian Otness
Second Vice President: Leora Stillinger
Secretary: Keith Petersen
Treasurer: Leonard Ashbaugh

Director: Mary Reed
Curator: Lorraine Micke
Librarian: Chris Talbott

THE SETTLEMENT OF WOODFELL AND
SURROUNDING AREAS ON THE
HEADWATERS OF THE
PALOUSE RIVER

by Meg Falter

INTRODUCTION

During the latter half of the nineteenth century, the Palouse land was being explored as a choice place to make a living, and people began making claims here. One such man was named John Jake Johnson, "J.J.," who lived along the banks of the Palouse River headwaters. As miners came to the area that encompasses the area today known as Laird Park, Johnson began to build a respectable community that thrived upon the local mining activity as well as catering to the needs of the local farmers. He constructed and supervised a post office, a school, and his homestead, among other things. He called his community Woodfell, and everyone in the region knew its name. However, by the early 20th century there was neither a school nor a post office at Woodfell. Most settlers had moved away, so today, only the eyes of the local historian may light up at the mention of Woodfell, and this person will inquire, "You mean you actually know something about Woodfell? Please tell me!"

This is a familiar story for many "once upon a time" communities in the Palouse. What made them disappear, when other communities like them, such as Harvard or Princeton, have survived? These are questions this paper attempts to answer.

Little is known about the Woodfell community and historical records are few and far between. Therefore most of the information obtained for this paper has come from oral interviews with residents of the Palouse who have lived here all their lives. The writer owes special thanks to Marilyn Stevens, Vladimer Kinman, and Frank and Mabel Herzog for taking the time to share their experiences and memories,

and to historian Lalia Boone for her help. I also appreciated the companionship of my aunt Bonnie, who resides in Charles Wagner's cabin on Graves' Meadow, as we wandered about the hills of the Woodfell region exploring abandoned cabins and the Woodfell cemetery.

INTEREST IN THE EARLY PALOUSE

Mining

North Idaho was relatively unknown until European immigrants began to hear tales of a rich mining country here. Gold was first discovered in Idaho in 1860 by Captain E. D. Pierce on Orofino Creek, about 60 miles southeast of Woodfell.¹ The discoveries of other mines throughout the region that constitutes Idaho today snowballed from Pierce's finding. In 1862 the Hoodoo Mountains in Latah County were suspected to hold a great repository of wealth. People flocked to the area with hopes of extracting the opals, mica, silver, and gold from the area.² Later, in 1893, Idaho opals from Latah County were exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago.³ The Hoodoo Mountains became established as the Hoodoo Mining District on the headwaters of the Palouse River, and it held the principal placer gold mines of Latah County. The gold occurred mostly as coarse dust and flakes as big as rice grains. Placer mining is simply a method of extracting the gold where water is run over rubble, washing it away and leaving the gold behind.⁴ This is why ditches were dug on the hills in order to channel creek water to mining sites. The ditches appear as dry gullies today, and Strychnine Creek is one such example. At any rate, mining got off to a roaring start in the Palouse. Lalia Boone says that mining claims were made one on top of the

other in such an unorderly fashion that if someone had ever dared take legal action, "he would have been in court from here to New York!"⁵

Mining activity soon expanded from the Hoodoo District to encompass all the surrounding hills. Claims were made on nearly every ridge where water could easily be routed-in to wash the site clean of rubble. Gold was discovered in 1870 on Jerome Creek, for example, and miners' cabins then mushroomed along the banks of the stream.⁶ Mining on the North Fork of the Palouse River was quite popular, and many cabin remains can still be seen there along the creek bottom.

Mining lured everyone in the 1880s, including the Chinese, who were subjected to much abuse in this region. They mined only those areas that had been previously picked over by white miners and finally abandoned as worthless claims. But, amazingly enough, the Chinese did retrieve a fair amount of gold from these sites. This greatly angered the white prospectors, who then manifested even more cruelty toward the Chinese, who held tenaciously, in fear and trembling, to their little piles of gold. One such incident illustrates the harsh feelings toward the Chinese. It concerns Strychnine Creek, which was actually a ditch that channelled water to Excavation Gulch, a site where the actual mining took place. White prospectors put strychnine in this ditch used for sluicing, drinking, and cooking, thus killing nearly every Chinese there. This enabled the prospectors to scout the area in search of the gold extracted from these "worthless" sites that the Chinese had hidden. But their efforts were hardly fruitful. Little gold was found, and to this day there is believed to be quite a stash of gold somewhere in these hills.⁷

Bluejacket Creek also owes the origin of its name to the Chinese, who could be seen lined up and down the creek daily, each man in a little blue jacket.⁸

Agriculture

Farmers and cattlemen then settled this rich region that only a few years earlier was not considered to have much arable land. But in 1891, Idaho had the highest wheat yield of any state in the union.⁹ These people thrived on the business of selling to the miners the crops that they raised. They were self-sufficient people living off the land, with but a long, once-a-year haul to Walla Walla, and later Lewiston, for such staples as coffee and sugar. Yes, the Palouse was becoming more civilized; but it was still pretty much a wild frontier, and people still relied on services a big "city" such as Walla Walla had to offer. Another important hub of activity was Lewiston. The miners had certain provisions and tools packed on horse from Lewiston, and they then packed their gold back there--the nearest trading post accessible to them¹⁰

The Panic of 1893 lured many more people to the region.¹¹ The depression drove many families out of the city without a penny. They had only one place to go, and this was "out West," where there lay an abundance of free land offering a fresh start and new opportunities. It is evident that this time period was the tail end of the great Westward Movement.¹²

JOHN JAKE JOHNSON AND THE ORIGIN OF WOODFELL

John Jake Johnson beat the "depression crowd" to the Palouse, for the year 1887 saw him bring his family to settle near what is now Harvard. But he came for the same reason as everyone else--"free land."¹³ His cattle roamed the banks of Cow Creek, and wild cats (i.e., bobcats, cougars) were a constant threat to his herd. Johnson was the prime example of a successful pioneer. All his accomplishments were approached with such zeal that it is these accomplishments that oldtimers still remember today. The way he built a healthy community--and nearly a town--is a story that may be applied to

hundreds of North Idaho communities. Some of these communities still exist today, but others struggled unsuccessfully to survive.

Upon his arrival, Johnson saw the evident need for a system to transport goods from the farmers of the area to the miners in the Hoodoo Mountains. So J.J. became a mulateer. Until about 1900, his mule train shuttled freight on the Hoodoo Trail between Grizzle Camp (known as Camp Grizzly today)¹⁴ and the Hoodoos. Wells Fargo deserves some credit in his operation, too.¹⁵ It deposited freight at Grizzle Camp three times a week from the town of Palouse.

Secondly, Johnson was concerned about the education of his four children. But as he saw things, there was only one person to resolve this problem--he himself. Before long he had constructed a one-room log school, of which he was the teacher of the first term. People from the neighboring homesteads sent their children to this school, which required attendance during six months of the year. These six

months were divided up into several-week sessions placed between harvest and planting times.¹⁶ Within a couple years, J.J. had "retired" as teacher, and "school marms" came in to teach in his place. Already, people termed this tiny beehive of activity the "Johnson Community."

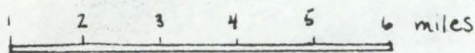
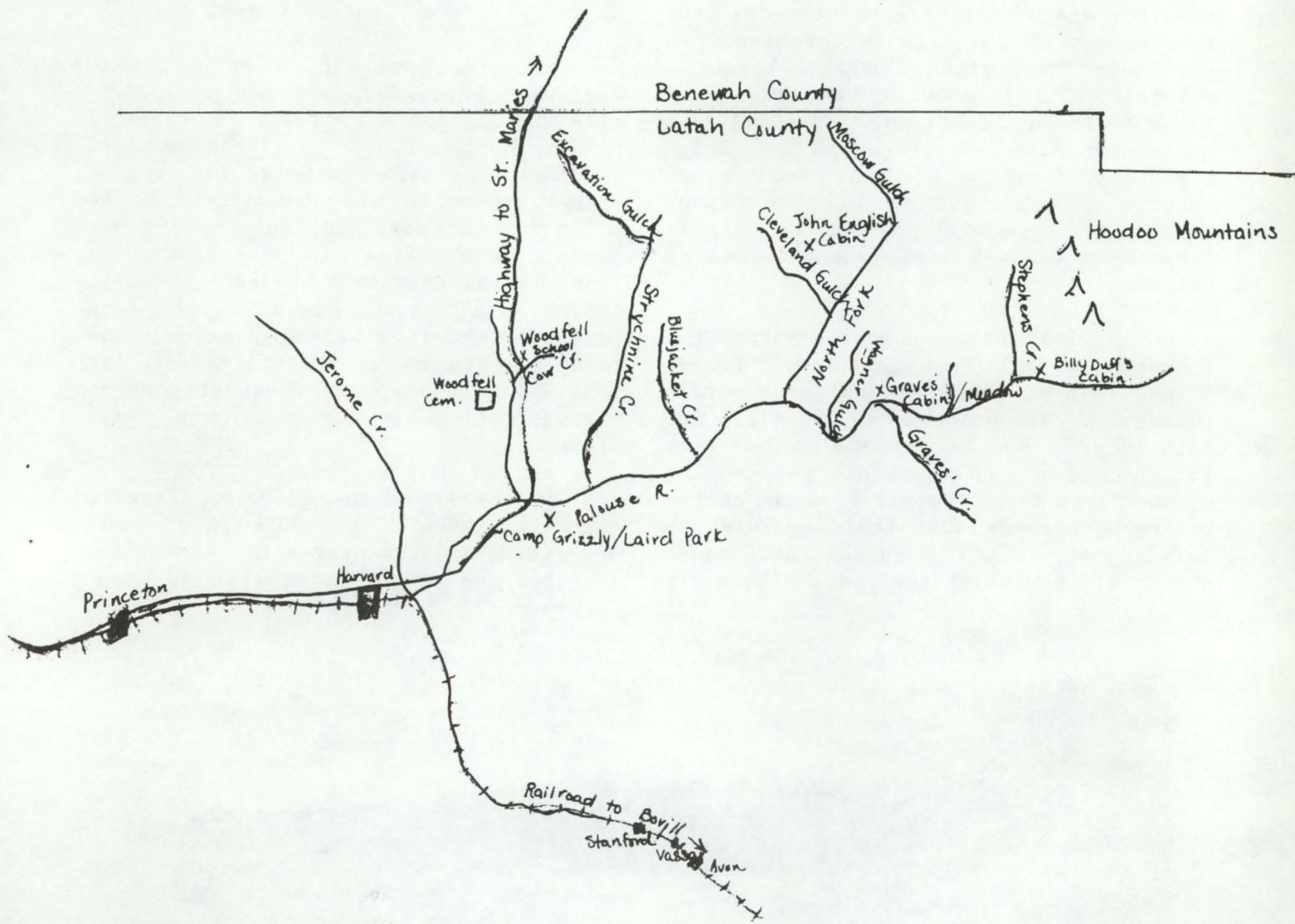
Meanwhile the Hoodoo post office, which had started in 1890, was having a trying time staying on its feet; in 1898 it finally bottomed out.¹⁷ Johnson saw this as a prime occasion to bring the post office business to his community. He applied for the position, submitted a name for his post office, and was granted the right to maintain this business, probably in the little schoolhouse. Lalia Boone believes that it takes special qualities to be a postmaster. The postmaster, like John Jake Johnson, was frequently an important motivating force of the community.

The early postmasters were, first of all, pioneers who wanted good communities and advantages for their families and others around them. Today



This cabin used as a Post Office in Woodfell, Idaho.
Built by J. J. Johnson about 1900.

Headwaters of the Palouse R.



DRAWN BY MEG FALTER

we would call them civic-minded citizens. Not only did they get behind movements to bring advantages to the community, they pitched in and gave land for townsites, schools, churches, and cemeteries; actually built roads, bridges, schoolhouses, churches; taught school; and plotted new towns--all in addition to being postmasters. Often the one named as postmaster was also the one who applied for the post office.⁸

In 1903 the name Woodfell first made its splash across local history records.¹⁹ No reason or story, such as that for naming Strychnine or Bluejacket Creek, has been found as to why Johnson chose the name Woodfell. But the name remained, and people from no more than a dozen homesteads around the area now had a community to which they could belong.²⁰

WOODFELL SETTLERS

The cabin of the John English family can still be seen up Cleveland Gulch. An old miner and road supervisor by the name of Billy Duff lived on Stephens Creek. He "bragged about having the same broom for twenty years. They said you could sure tell it."²¹ Billy Duff died in the Hoodoo Mountains at the ripe old age of 86.

Hans Lund came to the Hoodoos in 1898 to mine. He also worked on road-building and served the Potlatch Lumber Company for a time.²² There is an unmarked headstone in the Woodfell cemetery next to the other old miners of Woodfell, and this is thought to be his.

Pete Duffner was another miner at Woodfell, and he is remembered as equally for his dirt floor as he is for the luck he had in finding gold in these hills.²³

The cabins of Charles Graves and Charles Wagner (although the latter cabin was moved to its present location approximately 30 years ago) rest in Graves' Meadow today. Residents of Harvard today remember Charles Graves as a "nice old man who farmed hay right on the creek bottom in the meadow."²⁴ He probably



(L) Emery and (R) Frank Herzog

supported himself by selling his hay to mulateers who packed supplies in and out of the mines.²⁵ There was also a Graves' Mill in the meadow, although today only a couple of moss-ridden posts reveal evidence of this "once upon a time" saw or lumber mill. The mill was probably not used extensively in the region. "There was a mill at every pothole" in those days, says Marilyn Stevens, for "cleaning the land" of brush and trees in order to farm.²⁶ Incredible as it may seem, Latah County was once blanketed with forest everywhere, and much of the farmland and fields one sees today had to be cleared of all trees and stumps.

Frank Herzog, a resident of Harvard, explained that boys didn't have the time to romp and play about as little boys do today; they helped clear the land, although herzog did tell me about trapping bears on Bear Creek with his friends when they were 10 or 12 years old. The black bears

they caught were skinned on the mountain, and the youngsters brought back the hides for a reward of some pocket money.²⁷

Frank Herzog's family moved from Pennsylvania to the region near Woodfell in 1901, when he was two. His father was advised to do so in order to relieve pains in his back. The change in climate did wonders for his health, despite what one so often terms the "back-breaking work" of clearing land and farming! His family also contributed to the making of Harvard.²⁸

HARVARD AND THE FALL OF WOODFELL

The origin of Harvard can be traced back to the beginning of the logging industry at the turn of the century. Men became aware of the great wealth of timber resources here. Camps appeared everywhere along the Palouse River where felled logs could be floated down to the Potlatch Mill. The Potlatch Lumber Company sent a man by the name of Canfield to lay out a lumbering town for them. Princeton, a supply and communication center of the district,²⁹ was already well established. Thinking of the college towns back east, Canfield named in jest this lumbering town Harvard. Later some college boys came out west to work on the road crew in search of a little adventure. They gave names to such towns as Vassar, Stanford, and Avon in recollection of other college towns to revive this old joke.³⁰

The boom in the lumber industry prompted the expansion of the rail service which was built to serve the town of Palouse in 1890.³¹ In 1904 the Washington, Idaho, Montana Railway (WIM) extended 49 miles from its Northern Pacific connection at Palouse to Bovill, the new logging headquarters for the budding Potlatch Lumber Company. The Chinese played a significant role in the building of this railroad.³²

A glance at the map reveals how this railroad, by going through Harvard, totally bypasses Woodfell. The railroad was found to carry and distribute the mail very efficiently as it did lumber. In addition, the Rural Free Delivery Act of 1896 began

to take effect; thus the mail service was greatly expanded.³³

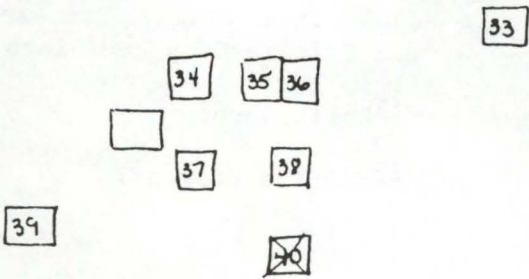
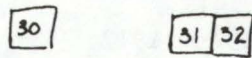
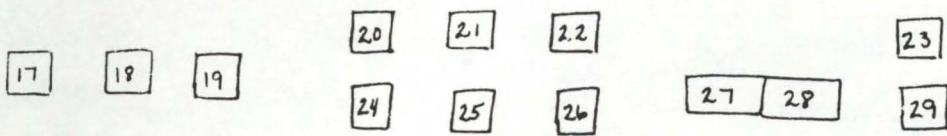
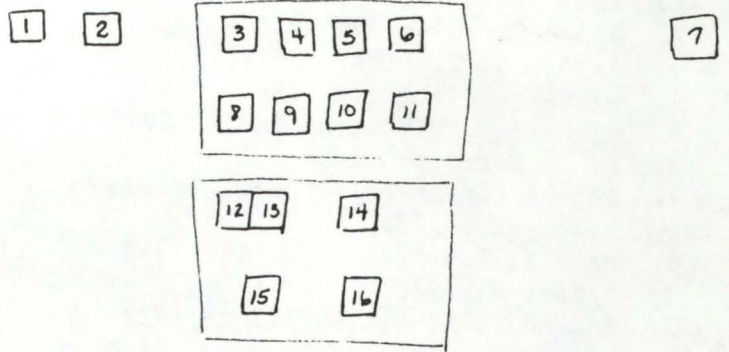
Although appearing to be a paradoxical event, the expansion of the logging and railroad industries actually caused many community post offices, once great hubs of activity, to become obsolete. This is what happened to Woodfell. It enjoyed a lifespan from 1903 to 1916, when it ceased to distribute the mail to local settlers.³⁴ By 1919 there were not enough children going to the little one-room schoolhouse at Woodfell, so it too closed. This is accounted for by two circumstances: road improvements made transportation to a larger school at Harvard easier, and people moved closer to the railroad stations.³⁵ The fact that Woodfell School District had twenty students enrolled in 1913 was just a memory now.³⁶ This happened all over Latah County. There were once 140 schools in Latah, around the turn of the century. Today there are only five school districts.³⁷

The most significant remnant of Woodfell today is the Woodfell cemetery, started in the winter of 1910 when J.J.'s daughter Marion died at age 15.³⁸ The snow and cold made travel so difficult that the young girl's body could not be transported to the Harvard cemetery. So, on a knoll which is overlooked by the Johnson house (still standing today), Johnson started a new cemetery to represent the people who lived there, and represent them it does. The cemetery is full of Woodfell oldtimers, including six men who made a living mining the surrounding hills over which their spirits now reside in peace.

Because the cemetery is the only apparent evidence remaining, it is hard to believe that Woodfell was once an active community, thriving before the town of Harvard ever existed. But it was, like hundreds of other communities in Idaho, which have served their inhabitants, and have disappeared in the sands of time. However, for the period of time during which it existed, Woodfell provided that sense of community so sorely treasured by pioneer settlers in their new land.

↑
N

Woodfell Cemetery



Johnson House 1/2 mi. →

_____ Road _____

_____ Highway _____

WOODFELL CEMETERY HEADSTONES

NOTES

1. Isaac Forshrom 1864 - 1926
2. Isaac G. Forshrom 1894 - 1969
3. Arthur N. Tibbitts July 13, 1935
4. Winnifred Tibbitts 1866 - 1935
5. Richard G. Tibbitts 1879 - 1947
6. E. E. Morrison 1886 - 1957
7. Steven Lee Merrell Dec. 22, 1955 -
July 20, 1981
8. Mary A. Tibbitts Apr. 16, 1849 -
Nov. 6, 1928
9. Edmund F. Tibbitts 1886 - 1932
10. Minnie M. Tibbitts Aug. 31, 1884 -
Oct. 30, 1972
11. ? [illegible]
12. George N. Horby May 7, 1867 -
Apr. 22, 1925
13. Alice Carey Hornby Nov. 28, 1873 -
Aug. 31, 1937
14. Lewis C. Hornby 1894 - 1966
15. Edwin Edson Sept. 28, 1881 -
June 4, 1924
16. Elizabeth Smith 1852 - 1934
17. Doroty Keiser 1917 - 1931
18. Effie Opal Keiser 1911
19. Sylvia Mae Queener 1915
20. Charles C. Wagner 1863 - 1939
21. G. Conner 1842 - 1915
22. Joseph Roberts 1857 - 1912
23. Baby Apted 1914
24. William H. Duff 1859 - 1933
25. ? [illegible, but probably Hans
Lund]
26. Patrick Flynn 1839 - 1920
27. Harold C. Rounds Nov. 2, 1933 -
Jan. 8, 1984
28. Jean M. DeMerchant Rounds Mar. 1,
1936 -
29. Baby Hengen 1923
30. Gladys Hamburg 1918 - 1922
31. Albert F. Hamburg 1882 - 1963
32. Emma J. Hamburg 1887 - 1940
33. George C. Crocker 1875 - 1918
34. Marion Johnson June 25, 1895 -
Jan. 26, 1910
35. John Jacob Johnson 1851 - 1922
36. Elizabeth M. Johnson 1864 - 1940
37. Fannie F. Harrison 1862 - 1917
38. Jane Parker July 20, 1837 -
Jan. 27, 1925
39. Anna Marie Whitcomb Feb. 14, 1914 -
Apr. 9, 1952

¹Marilyn Stevens. Resident of Potlatch
(Potlatch, Idaho, 25 June 1984).

²Simon Benson. History of North Idaho:
Latah County (Provo, Utah, 1973), p. 85.

³Marilyn Stevens.

⁴Ibid.

⁵Lalia Boone. Historian of Latah County
(Moscow, Idaho, 1 July 1984).

⁶Marilyn Stevens.

⁷Marilyn Stevens.

⁸Ibid.

⁹Ibid.

¹⁰Lalia Boone.

¹¹Ibid.

¹²Ibid.

¹³Ibid.

¹⁴An English family by the name of Gris-
wold settled at what is now Camp Grizzly.
The English pronunciation of Griswold
sounds like "Grizzle" to Americans, so the
name Grizzle Camp came into being.

¹⁵Lalia Boone.

¹⁶Marilyn Stevens.

¹⁷Ibid.

¹⁸Lalia Boone. "Latah County Post Of-
fices," Latah County Historical Society
Quarterly Bulletin, vol. 7, no. 4 (Octo-
ber 1978), p. 14.

¹⁹Lalia Boone (interview).

²⁰Ibid.

²¹Marilyn Stevens.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- 22 Ibid.
- 23 Ibid.
- 24 Vladimer Kinman. Resident of Harvard (Harvard, Idaho, 22 June 1984).
- 25 Lalia Boone (interview).
- 26 Marilyn Stevens.
- 27 Frank and Mabel Vassar Herzog. Residents of Harvard (Harvard, Idaho, 22 June 1984).
- 28 Frank and Mabel Herzog.
- 29 Marilyn Stevens.
- 30 Lalia Boone (interview).
- 31 Marilyn Stevens.
- 32 "Life in Potlatch Was Different," The Pacific Northwesterner, vol. 20, no. 1 (Winter 1976), p. 1.
- 33 Lalia Boone, "Latah County Post Offices," p. 10.
- 34 Marilyn Stevens.
- 35 Lalia Boone (interview).
- 36 Marilyn Stevens.
- 37 Lalia Boone (interview).
- 38 Marilyn Stevens.
- 39 Lalia Boone (interview).
- Benson, Simon. History of North Idaho: Latah County. Provo, Utah, 1973. pp. 85-86.
- Boone, Lalia. "Latah County Post Offices," Latah County Historical Society Quarterly Bulletin, October 1978.
- Boone, Lalia. Historian of Latah County. Moscow, Idaho, 1 July 1984.
- Herzog, Frank, and Mabel Vassar. Residents of Harvard. Harvard, Idaho, 22 June 1984.
- Kinman, Vladimer. Resident of Harvard. Harvard, Idaho, 22 June 1984.
- "Life in Potlatch Was Different," The Pacific Northwesterner, Winter 1976, vol. 20, no. 1, pp. 1-16.
- Stevens, Marilyn. Resident of Potlatch. Potlatch, Idaho, 25 June 1984.
- Meg Falter is a Moscow native and a student at the University of Idaho. She recently composed this article as a class assignment in History.

EARLY DAY THRESHING

by George Fallquist

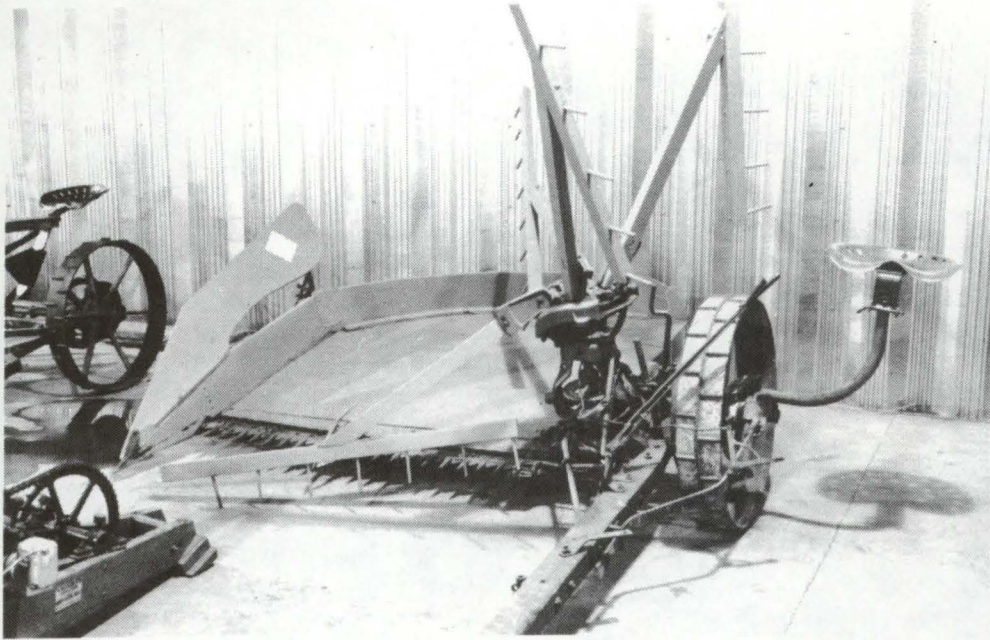
The first threshing rigs I observed as a small boy were a far cry from the combine of today. The steam engine required for power was not a traction type. It would not move itself and had to be pulled by horses from one setting to another. Likewise the separator that did the threshing had to be pulled from one setting to another by horses. Then there was the cook house, the trap wagon (containing oil, greases, belting and repair parts) and of course the bundle racks in varying numbers. The bundle racks picked up the bundles to be threshed and brought them to the separator. At the machine they were unloaded into the feeder where they started through the separator. This machine shook and chopped the bundle. The straw, being lighter in weight than the grain, was blown off into a sack, while the grain was carried away to a tube feeding into sacks manned by sack sewers. All the grain was thus put into burlap sacks and tightly sewn--then lugged to a sack pile usually about 12 or 14 feet away. These sacks weighed 150 to 160 pounds each and required real skill to sew and strength to lug to the sack pile.

It can be understood that sack sewers became the elite circle of the threshing crews. They were skillful and strong and drew top pay. Typical wages were: sack sewers \$5-7 per day, bundle haulers \$2.50, engineers \$8, separator men \$8, and cooks \$2 per day. And what a day! The whistle for the crew to get out of the straw stack and to the cook house blew at 5 a.m., start work 6 a.m., sandwich lunch 10 a.m., lunch 12 to 1, supper 6 to 7 p.m. Shut down for the day's work around 8 p.m. to as late as 9:30 when there was a chance to clean up the setting. A setting was the spot used to thresh everything within

logical reach of that area. Harvesting or threshing was hard work and long hours but there was a certain appeal to it. For one thing, clothing, school costs, and things in general were very low priced. So a good run of say four weeks harvesting would provide sufficient money for a year of college. Enrollment at the University of Idaho for my freshman first semester was only \$5 and that included free admission to all athletic games.

Going back to the threshing machines--not many years passed before the steam engines became traction engines and could not only move themselves but also pull the separator and even more if necessary. Likewise, all equipment constantly improved until today three men can do a more efficient job than dozens in the olden days. A couple of years ago I was privileged to observe harvesting on my wife's nephew's wheat ranch in Alberta. The combine used cut a 20-foot swath, the operator rode in an air-conditioned cab with telephone connections via wireless. The machine was equipped with high power lights and operated 24 hours per day if so desired. The machine delivered the wheat into 500-bushel trucks driving alongside the combine. When loaded the trucks drove over to storage bins located on the farm property where the grain was dumped into an elevator that put it in the storage bin. No sacks and no labor by hand. The machine even stops itself if a rock or some object gets into the feeder. Two truck drivers and the operator was all the manpower needed and they were the owners. No union troubles. The machines ran smooth as silk. No troubles?? Oh yes, there were! That kind of equipment cost \$250,000.00!! Anybody want to start farming??

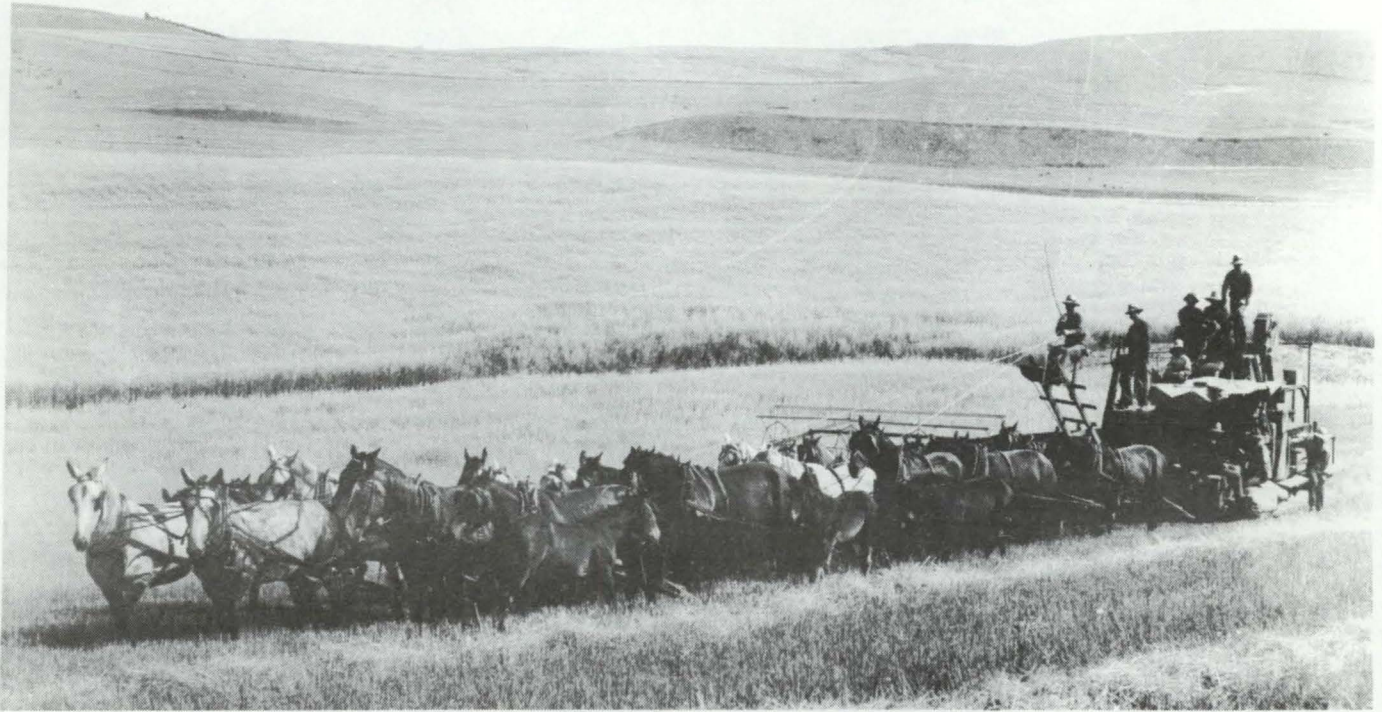
REAPING AND THRESHING: A PHOTO MINI-ESSAY



An original McCormick reaper. This machine was shipped around Cape Horn to San Francisco, then by boat up the Snake River to Lewiston, Idaho. It is in the Lion's Club Museum, Cottonwood, Idaho. Joe Dvorak photo. This reaper won the prestigious Council Medal at the Great World's Fair in London, in 1851. The London Times said the reaper was worth the whole cost of the Exposition, "the reaping machine from the United States is the most valuable contribution . . . to the stock of our previous knowledge that we have yet discovered" (during this Exposition).



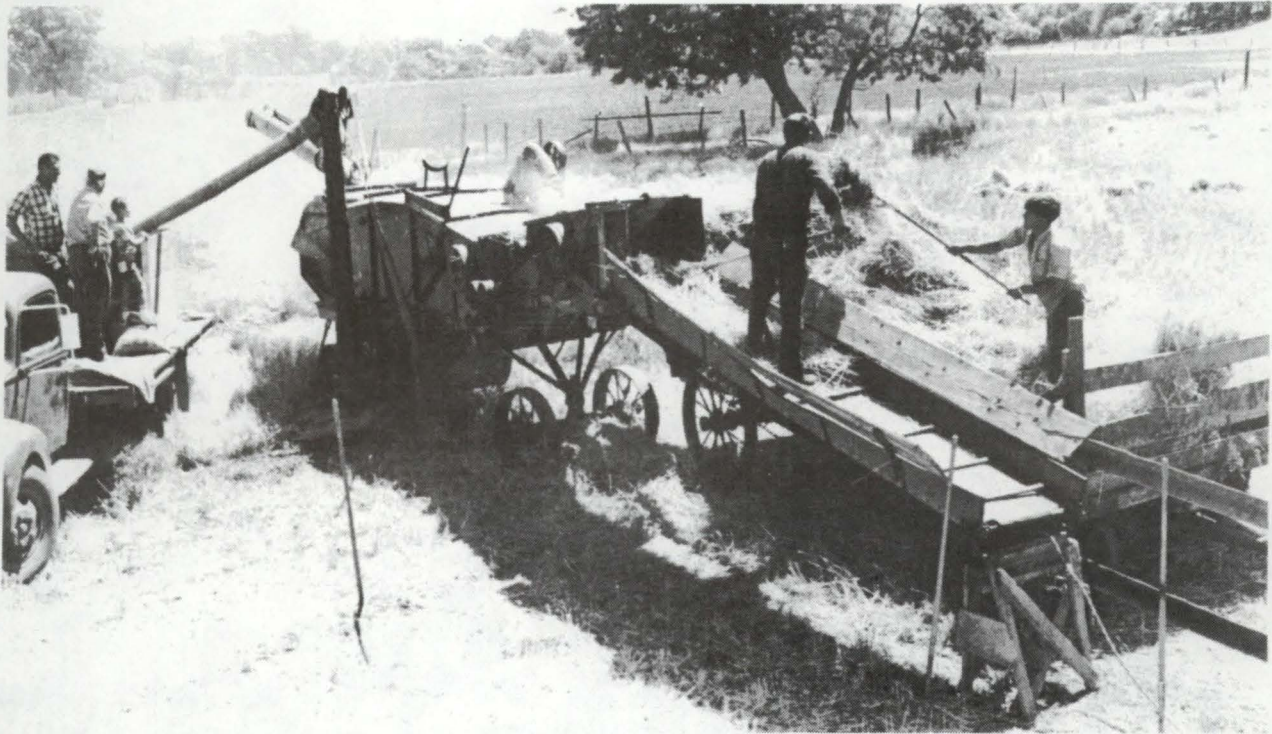
A reaper owned by Albert Klein in operation in 1908. This machine had an improved sickle and a reel that would slide a bunch of cut stalks over the rear of the platform. Bundles were dropped behind the reaper and picked up and tied with stalks by bundle-tiers.



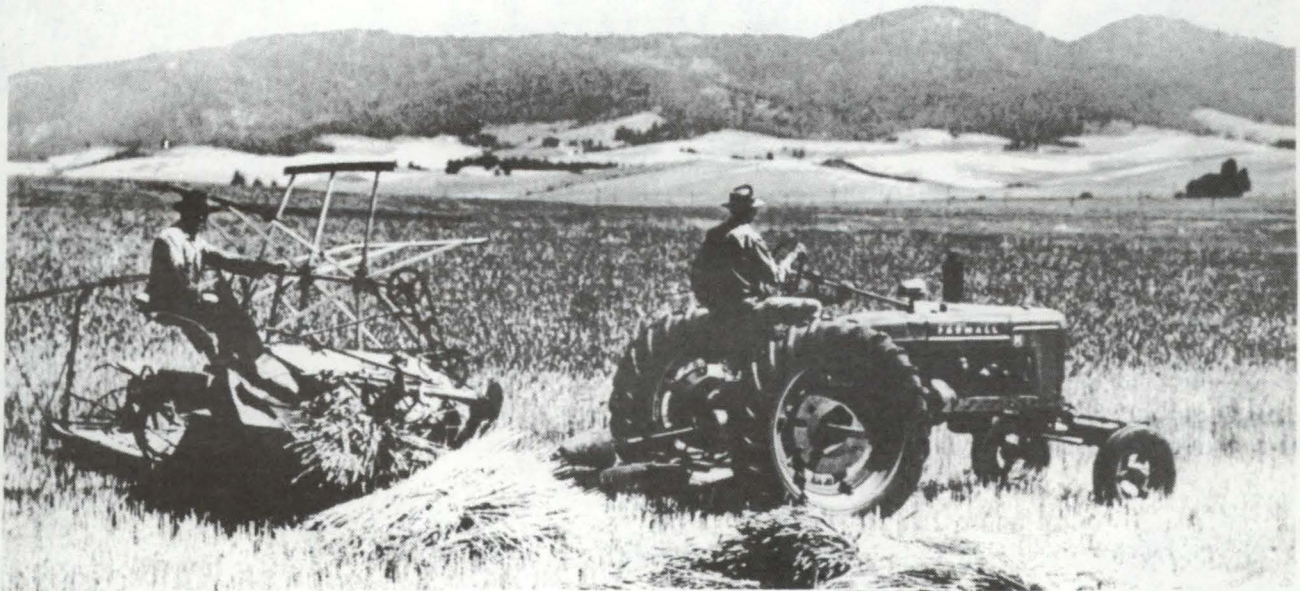
Thirty-two horse team, 1900. This 20-foot ground-powered combine was owned by Charles Arthur Snow and Ed Snow near Moscow, Idaho. Leather-tugged harnesses were used on the wheel (or rear) team and the next three 6-horse teams. Butt chains were used on the 2-horse lead team and the following six horses. This was about the time of the introduction of butt chains. Butt-chain harnesses were more convenient for big teams because they required less time to hitch and unhitch. This combine team of 32 horses was driven with two lines. Mothers of colts were always hitched on the side of the combine opposite the reel and sickle. If the mothers were hitched on the reel and sickle side, the colts would be in the uncut grain and would interfere with the operation of the sickle and reel. The crew was composed of a driver, mechanic, headerman, sack sewer, and sack jig. The sack jig filled the sacks. The mechanic was the boss of the operation. This machine was cutting an oat crop in a rich lowland area. The harvesting of oats increased the work of the sack sewer and sack jig. Oats have more bulk per unit of weight than wheat and the sacks are filled faster. Courtesy of the Library of the University of Idaho.

Ed. note: All photographs courtesy of the University of Idaho Library. T. B. Keith donated all photographs from his book The Horse Interlude to the library. Photo captions are quoted from the book courtesy of the publisher. The book is still available from the publisher or your local bookstore.

Keith, Thomas B. The Horse Interlude. University Press of Idaho (Idaho Research Foundation), Moscow, 1976. \$10.95.



Bundle-thresher of 1915 (shown here in a 1969 demonstration). This is a Case separator with a vertical-fan blower used to remove the straw from the machine. The feeder of the bundle-separator was located parallel to the drive belt. The feeder draper was not in operation.



Pull-Binder operated with the power take-off. A six-foot pull-binder pulled and operated by a Farmall tractor. The binder is operated by a tumbling rod which extends from the tractor to the binder. The tumbling rod operates the sickle, drapers, reel, and the bundle-tying attachment.



Steam-powered thresher ready to move. The fact that the feeder is folded beneath the front of the separator is evidence that this was a separator for threshing bundles. We also know the engine used wood or coal for fuel because there is no straw wagon shown in the picture. This combination of equipment made it possible to move the separator without horses, which was unusual for steam power.

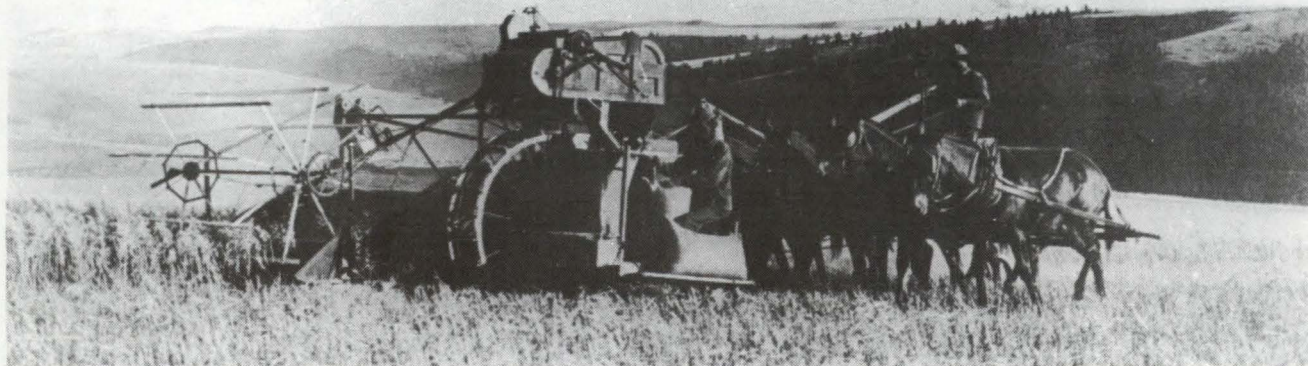
Beginning to turn the Corner:

*Note the clean draper;
the cylinder never
stops.*

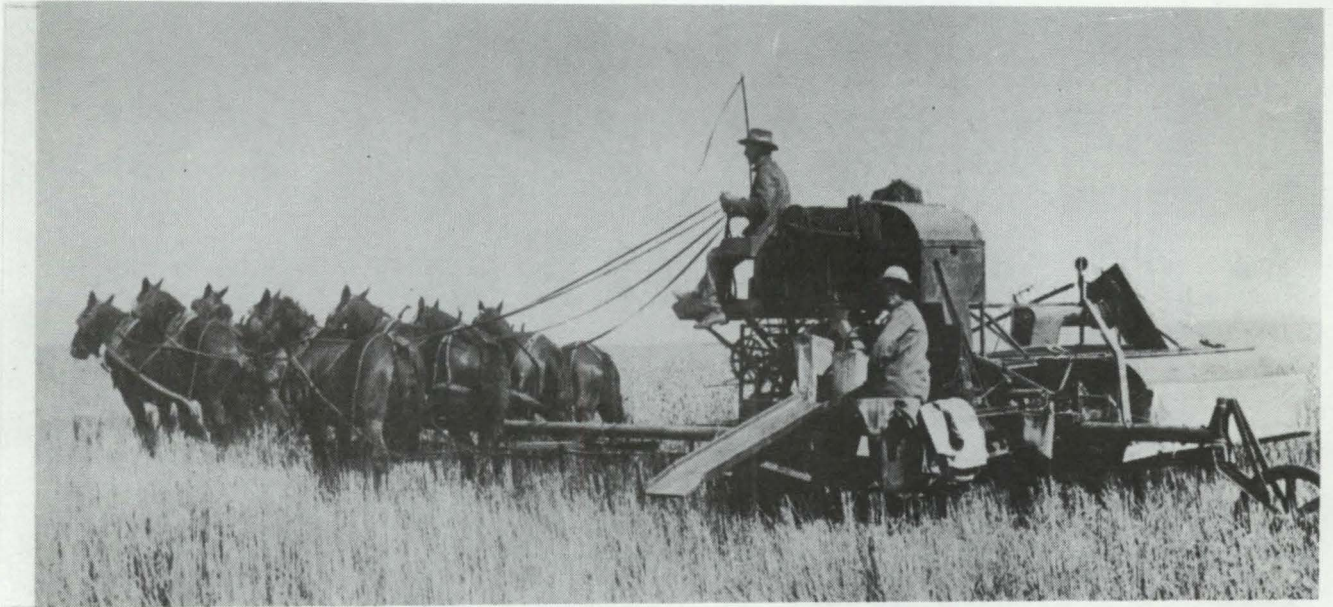


Procedure used in turning a push combine. The left-hand, or swing, team is directed to the left as soon as the machine has completely finished cutting the swath. The right-hand team is crowded toward the beam.

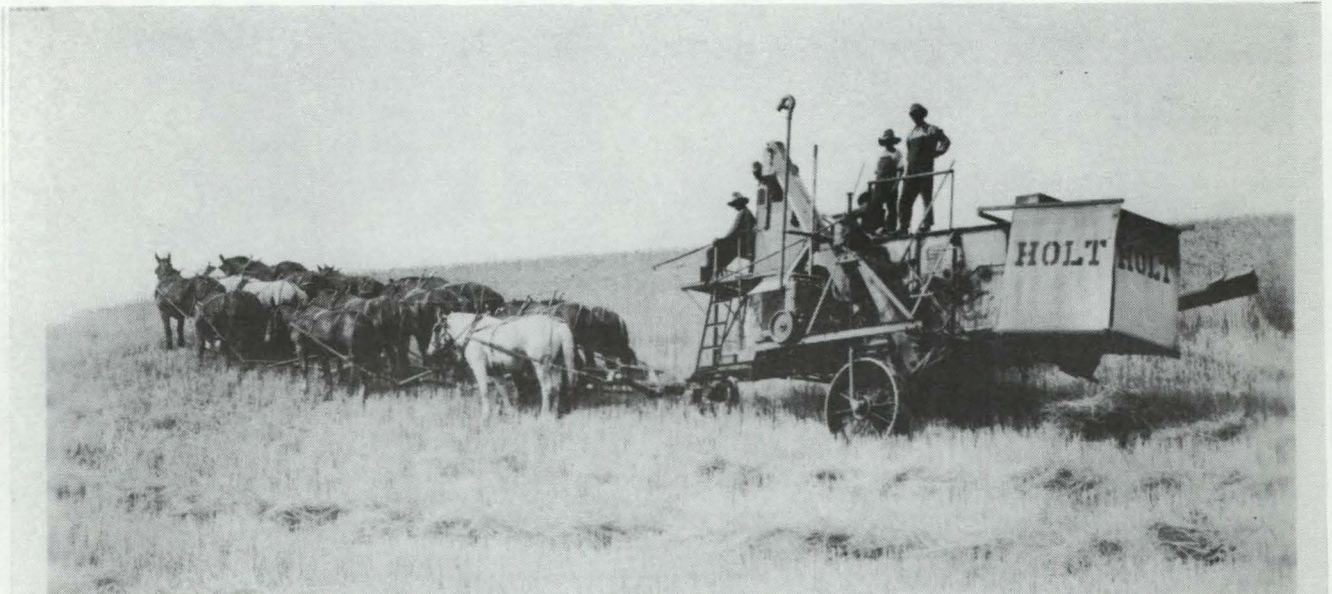
*Completely turned and ready with the full
swath.*



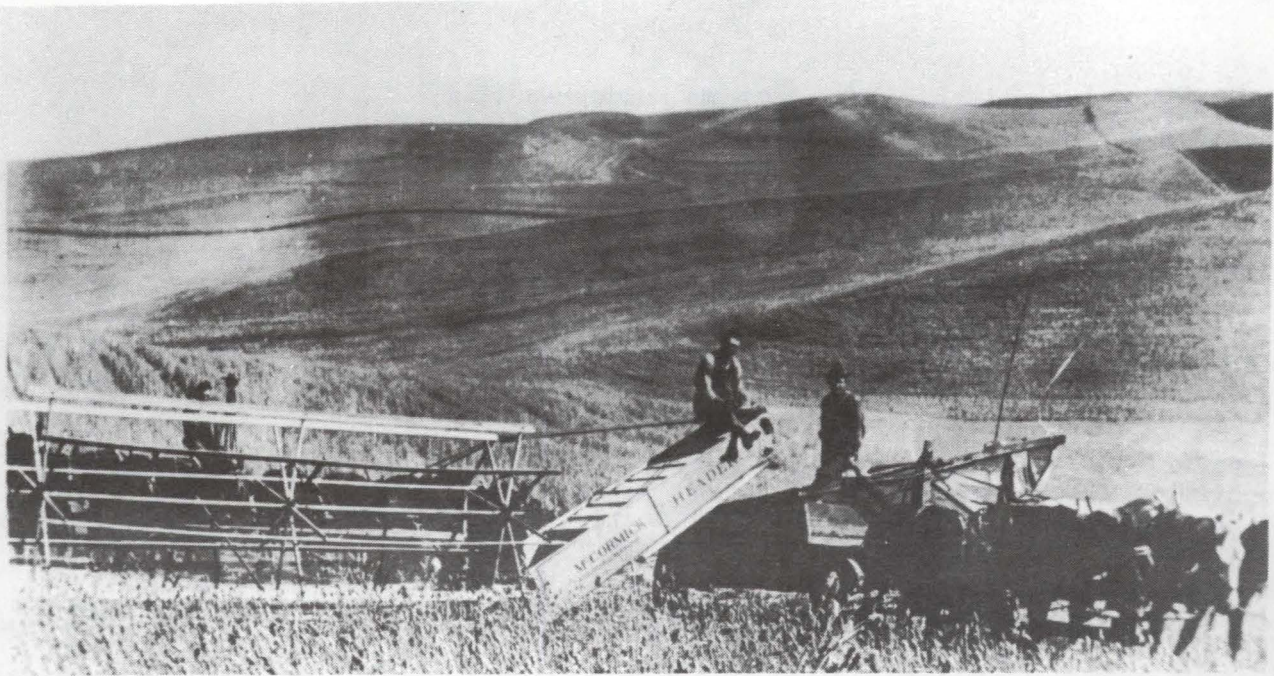
Turned and ready with full swath. As soon as the machine was in line with the grain, the left team was pulled to the beam. The right team was allowed to adjust to the right.



Pulling instead of pushing - Idaho harvester. Eight horses were pulling the 8-foot Idaho National Harvester originally constructed to be pushed. The beam used to push the combine was converted to a tongue. This was necessary for control of the direction of the machine.



A view of a Holt Combine near Moscow, Idaho, during the 1920s. The 14-foot sickle bar combine requires 14 horses and four men for its operation. The duties of the men are: teamster, header man, sack sewer, and machine mechanic. The machinery is operated with an auxiliary engine.



McCormick header with header box, 1921. The header was commonly used for harvesting in the steep hills of the Palouse area. This header was operating near Mockonema, Washington. It was owned by T. B. Keith's father, A. N. Keith. T. B. Keith is the header puncher. Eight horses were used to push the header and four pulled each header box. In the photo, the header box had pulled under the elevator spout. If the hills were not too steep, the loader climbed on the top of the elevator during the change of boxes. He began loading the front portion of the box, where he put the butts of the straw in an upright position. He finished loading the rear right-hand corner of the box.



Twenty-seven horse team, 1926. Twenty-seven horses hitched in tandem of four sixes and three leaders are pulling a gas-engine combine in the Palouse hills near Moscow, Idaho. Even though the combine operated with an engine, horses were still needed to pull it over the steep hills.

THE UNCOVERED WAGON (Cont.)

by Alma Lauder-Keeling

PART 5 (Chap. 19-21)

CHAPTER 19: THE TAYLOR AND LAUDER BRICKYARD

After Wylie Lauder married that ambitious little pioneer girl, Minnie Ellen Taylor, I do not know how he earned his living for a while. Since he was no longer needed to help lay tracks to bring in Moscow's first railroad, and after he had spent two years on his future father-in-law's farm getting acquainted with his marriageable daughter, the next time I hear about him is at Pend Oreille. But I have no idea what he was doing there. In fact, the only mention my Mother ever made of that place, to my knowledge, was when she told me about her frightening experience in a boat on that lake. She did not say it was her first boat ride, but I can easily guess it was, for there was no water around Moscow to go boating on!

As I recall it, she had just been rereading the New Testament story of what is called "The Stilling of the Tempest." As the disciples of Jesus were crossing Lake Galilee in a small boat after a busy and exhausting day in that hot climate, one of those sudden squalls, so characteristic of that lake region, came sweeping down the draws, whipping the water into fury. It must have been an especially bad storm, as these men were hardy fishermen who all their lives had earned their living fishing on this same lake. But now their boat was filling faster than they could bail out the water. The account says that Jesus, quite unperturbed about it all, was "asleep on a pillow in the hinderpart of the boat." Shaking him awake they cried desperately, "Master! Don't you care that we perish?" Then we are told that Jesus arose and, stretching His hand out over the sea, said, "Peace! Be still!" And immediately there was a great calm! No wonder the awe-struck disciples said one to another, "What kind of man is this, that even the winds and the waves obey Him?" They were only just then beginning to realize who He was.

As Mother read this story, she could easily relate to those frightened disciples on that other lake, for the memory of being in a small boat on storm-tossed Lake Pend Oreille had never left her; obviously it was the same kind of sudden squall as descended upon the disciples of Lake Galilee, and she and her companions barely made it to land! I suspect that it was this frightening experience on Lake Pend Oreille that planted in her a deep-seated fear of the water. She was always dreaming that one of her children was drowning. And, sure enough, many years later one did--her beloved son, Ralph!

The special "backward look" supplement of The Idahonian (put out 9-1961) says that the history of the first brickyards in Moscow seems to be in doubt, and that all that can be known positively about them is to be found in old copies of that paper in their files. These tell us that the first ad about a brickyard was by a Mr. Simmons in July, 1881. According to W. G. Emery's History of Moscow, that was a year before Dad arrived here, as he was undoubtedly then working on the railroad that would eventually bring the line to Moscow. The next ad found, indicates that my Grandfather, William Taylor, was making bricks from clay found on his farm south of Moscow, and that he

supplied the needs of many Moscow business houses. Dad was living at the Taylor home then, and undoubtedly helping Grandfather in the brick business. In 1885 the Mirror carried an ad by Lauder and Clough to the effect that they would process 200,000 bricks during the coming summer, "furnishing them at reasonable prices." (Note: This was the year before Mother and Dad were married.) This ad also tells us that they not only handled brick but also lumber, shingles, lime, glazed windows, and doors of Eastern manufacture as a sideline. One account says, "They were not only brick dealers, lumber merchants, and building hardware suppliers, but building contractors as well.")

In September, 1886, the year of my parents' marriage, the first ad for William Taylor and son appeared in the weekly paper. I do not know if this may have been Uncle Tom Taylor, who later became Dad's partner, or one of his other older sons. Perhaps there was room for two brickyards here then--both Grandfather Taylor's and Dad's.

But finally, in 1888, we find the first ad for Taylor and Lauder. That was two years after Dad and Mother were married, and the Taylor in this case was, I know, my Mother's brother, Tom.

I once asked my older cousin (recently deceased) Margaret Gerlough--daughter of my Father's brother Will--if she knew where Dad's brickyard was, and she wrote back from California that I should "investigate" back of the Beta house on Elm Street where a dug-out bank shows evidence of excavation for clay. I didn't have to investigate, as I had seen it many times when driving down Elm Street. Margaret, herself, lived within sight of it through all her high school and college days, and later when she was a teacher at Moscow High School and lived at home.

Anyway, it was this brick plant of T. J. Taylor and W. A. Lauder that furnished the brick for Latah County's first courthouse, built in 1888-89, which stood for almost seventy years until it was bulldozed down to make way for the fine new building we now have on the hill overlooking the city of Moscow. The county's growing needs had made this new building imperative.

I remember that once as I stood in a long line of Johnny-come-lately's waiting to get my last-minute car license at the old courthouse (why do people do that?) I happened to glance up at a gilded marble plaque above the courtroom door and saw my name! (Having borne the name Lauder for many years, I could spot my name afar off.) The plaque bore these words: "Brick furnished by Taylor and Lauder." When the old building was torn down, the plaque was preserved with other souvenirs of Latah County history to be housed in our Pioneer Historical Museum just up the block from the Stone Methodist Church here in Moscow.

I still recall what a shock it was to me when driving over the courthouse hill one day to see a pile of rubble where the old courthouse had stood. I stopped the car and got out to pick up one of those bricks to take home with me. Who would want an old lime-covered brick? I did! I remembered that my Father had made those bricks before I was born. This old brick now rests in Mother's curio cabinet in the den in my home, and may some day find its way to the Pioneer Historical Museum to rest alongside the marble plaque from the first Latah County courthouse.

Once when speaking about Washington State College in Pullman, now Washington State University, Dad casually dropped the remark that he and Uncle Tom furnished the brick for the College's first administration building on the campus, built in 1893. This building, still standing, is now called the Foreign Language building.

CHAPTER 20: OUR OWN UNIVERSITY AND THE DISASTROUS FIRE!

What has interested me most about my Father's brickyard is the fact that he and my Mother's brother, Tom Taylor, also furnished the brick for our own beautiful Administration Building on the University of Idaho campus. Dad once mentioned this in speaking of some incident of past years, but it meant little to me at the time. I found verification and amplification of this not long ago in the already mentioned little paperback at the "U" library by W. G. Emery, published in 1897. A note attached to this rare little history of Moscow (the only one in existence so far as anyone knows) informs us that the book was found in a wastepaper basket by Clifford M. Drury and sent by him to the library to find its place in the archives of University of Idaho history. Even the note was interesting to me, for Dr. Drury had been a personal friend of mine during his ten years here as pastor of the Moscow Presbyterian Church; in fact, he had been a witness at my wedding in 1934. I am sure that when his eye caught those words, "Moscow, Idaho," he fished that little book out of the wastepaper basket in a hurry!

In this book, under the heading of "Moscow Businesses," we learn that the author himself was a local photographer. Bert Gamble, brother of Mrs. Earl Clyde and son of Daniel Gamble, who organized the first Presbyterian Church here, told me personally that when he was a small boy he used to "run around with" the son of W. G. Emery. That is all I know about the author of this book, but I found in it several interesting bits of Moscow history, some about my own Father. For instance, about the building of the first Administration Building on our campus this is what Emery says:

When bids were called for by the first regents for laying of the foundation in 1891, the contract was let to Taylor and Lauder for \$10,000.98. The foundation was to be of native granite, six feet wide at the base, and laid with Portland cement on hardpan.

He adds that when this was completed bids were again called for, for the building of the west wing, on July 8, 1892. He says, "The contract was again awarded to Taylor and Lauder, a well-known firm of builders in Moscow."

There is a definite discrepancy in this date which was probably an error made by the printers and not noticed until after the book was published. For, on the face of it, one could hardly expect a complicated first wing of such a large building to have been begun, completed, and ready for occupancy from July 8, to October 2, when its doors opened to receive students in the fall of 1892!

Another account discovered elsewhere speaks in believable detail of the building of the first wing. This account says that the work of building the wing was well on its way when an early and extremely severe winter descended on this part of the country, which brought all building operations to a standstill. The deep snow did not melt away until an unusually late spring, when the building was again resumed. The wing was then finished in time to receive students the following October. However, there was yet no furniture nor a single textbook in sight when the first students arrived. The faculty consisted of the president, Franklin B. Gault, and one teacher! Some thirty students from various parts of the state sought admittance, but none of these was of "academic standing." So, our University really started as a preparatory school. The term "Prep School" was very familiar to me when I was in high school. But students were now arriving from fully accredited high schools all over the state, so the Preparatory School, now no longer needed, was discontinued. The first University graduates numbered four, and the first College Commencement exercises took

place in June, 1896. The exercises continued through five days! As someone has said, "These four students were the vanguard of thousands to come."

When the University opened to admit students that fall of 1892, the building itself stood in the middle of a plowed field on land bought from Jim Deakin, one of the first pioneer settlers of 1871. Deakin Avenue, on which I now live, was named for him. This plowed field, our original "campus," became beautiful vegetable gardens in the spring and summer of the next year.

This new building, when completed, was destined to stand but fifteen years from the time the foundation and basement were started until it was destroyed by a disastrous fire in 1906! I remember the building, as we lived only a few blocks from it and there were then no houses between it and our big brick house, now the John Talbott home. So, from the time I was five years old until the fire destroyed it, that beautiful building was all I could see as I looked north-westward from our front lawn. I especially loved that tall spire pointing heavenward! At the spire's base, high above the building, was a lookout platform which extended all around it, upon which one could stand and admire the scenery in every direction. There, one could look out over waving fields of grain in summer with their lovely shades from green to organdy, and the purple mountains beyond soon to be covered with snow in winter. And, just below, the rapidly expanding little city of Moscow. Mother once told me that the first baby carried in his Father's arms to that lookout tower was my own brother, Ralph. The tower was reached by a wrought iron spiral staircase from the first floor.

I was a small child at the time, but I well remember the day of that disastrous fire! My Father was away, accompanying a carload of red-cheeked Idaho apples to some Eastern market--apples that had been packed by his own Idaho Fruit and Produce Company with the fast and efficient help of my Mother. Being always timid about staying alone when Dad was gone on these selling trips, Mother had invited her two children down from their own private rooms upstairs to sleep in the same bedroom with her until he should return. That particular morning as she was getting breakfast while her two small fry were dressing, for some unaccountable reason Ralph went to the west window and looked out toward the University. It was a rather strange thing to do, for ordinarily there would have been nothing to see but our orchard out of that window, but what he saw was almost unbelievable! Clouds of black smoke were rising from a burning building, covering the landscape. Excitedly he called to Mother through the connecting bathroom, "Mama! Come quick! The University is burning up!" Doubtless thinking it was a small boy's scare tactics, she didn't at first respond. But the urgency in his voice when he cried the second time, "Come quick!" made her drop everything she was doing and come running! The sight of that burned out, blackened shell of a building was almost incomprehensible! The smoke was rising in a great cloud from the interior and the tower had already fallen in. Luckily it fell inward and not outward to endanger the lives of the crowd now gathering. Word of the disaster had passed quickly from mouth to mouth, but there was no fire siren then to alert the general populace, so most of Moscow slept right through, even as we had. It was reported that there were pistol shots down town that awakened many who hurried to the fire.

As Mother and Ralph and I stood by that window almost in tears, can you guess the first sad thought that went racing through the mind of this little girl? "My beautiful white owl, all burned up!" That owl had been the main attraction to me on our rather infrequent trips to the University to attend some entertainment or elocution contest.

On each side of the corridor at the head of the long steps to the front entrance were glassed-in specimens of Idaho minerals which had been given to the University following their exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair, and in simulated natural habitat as in our country's great natural museums were specimens of all of Idaho's native birds and animals. This was very interesting to a child, but the glaring eyes of those stuffed bobcats could make any imaginative child feel those fierce mountain creatures were about to jump right through the glass at him! But not so my lovely white owl across the corridor under its protective glass dome. Like my Mother, I love beautiful things, so I loved the owl for its sheer beauty. Now it was no more!

The mystery of that disastrous fire has never been solved, but arson was suspected when slashed hoses were discovered in the basement after the heat of the fire had died down and the building could be entered. Who would want to do a thing like that?

On that evening just before the fire a debating contest had been held between the University of Idaho debate team and one from the University of Washington, which was well attended by the townspeople. A student night watchman, sleeping in the building, was awakened in the early morning hours by the suffocating smell of smoke and rushed to turn in the alarm. By the time the hand-drawn hose carts from the University's shed nearby had reached the scene the fire was already roaring up the stairs from the basement in the east wing and the horse-drawn hand-operated hose carts from downtown were too late to do anything to save the building. It is recorded that when the water pipes burst from the intense heat, and the water pressure died down in a hose in the hands of one volunteer, he stood there and cried. He was not the only person who was moved to tears that fateful morning, for many precious and irreplaceable exhibits painstakingly acquired over the years went up in smoke! Miss M. Belle Sweet's valuable library of expensive books was now only a heap of ashes.

Many volunteers essayed to help rescue important records from the burning building, but were driven back by the heat. Dr. MacLain, president at the time, shouted to would-be helpers not to enter the building. But some students did enter the president's office and rescued the beautiful "Silver and Gold Book" which had been exhibited at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. The lovely book-shaped jewel box, made of silver, gold, opals, and rubies--all products of Idaho--is now in librarian Charles Webbert's private office on the second floor of our wonderful University Library. I had heard of it before, but only recently was I privileged to see it there.

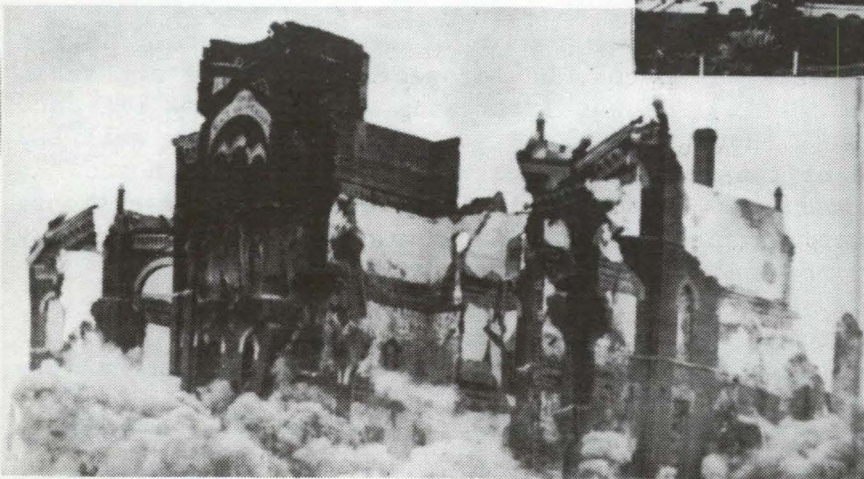
We are told that J. G. Eldridge, then the young dean of the faculty, and registrar, succeeded in locating a tall ladder which was placed against the side of the burning building near a window in his office, which, luckily, was not locked. He was able to enter through the window and hastily remove the drawers from his desk which contained current records. Shouting to the men below that he was throwing them down for them to rescue, he was able to save many records that would otherwise have been destroyed. I was interested when I read this in Rafe Gibbs' history of our University, Beacon for Mountain and Plain, as I had known Dr. Eldridge very well in his later years, having been a neighbor of his next to his Camp Kenjockety in the mountains, for a number of years, and we were very good friends.

Following the fire, the people of the community gave all possible help to keep classes going, opening their churches as temporary classrooms. The new city Carnegie Library, being completed but not yet stocked with books, also became a classroom. Rallies and speeches all over the state helped to lift the pall of discouragement that had fallen, but the loss of this \$200,000 building was a great setback to the

state's finances for a long time to come. Plans were immediately taking shape to replace the building with a new one, and this was finally accomplished. I understand that the tower of our present building was shortened by many feet because the state ran out of money! It has always looked "dumpy" to me, but I did not understand until recently why it was not built according to the original plan. It is a good, substantial building, but to those of us who knew and loved the first one it could never take its place in our affections.

It was a worthy project by the class of 1901 when they undertook to gather up the original granite steps to the old building, which had been scattered "hither and yon" after the first, and re-assemble them as nearly as possible like they were in the beginning. I am sure most students never give them a second thought as they stand there now on a hillside leading to the flower garden above. But, they mean something to me personally for my Father and my Mother's brother, Tom, furnished them in the first place! They were part of that "daylight basement" and foundation for which the state paid \$10,000.98 in 1891. Here on these steps many activities around Commencement time take place, and I have seen the May Queen crowned there many a time standing on those steps when the annual Mother's Day celebration took place in the past. The steps are solid granite from our own Idaho hills and will be there as long as our University stands. A bronze plaque added in recent years reads: "Old Administration Building Steps, Reconstructed by Class of 1901, Dedicated by Class of 1908" --the class of our friend and long-time Moscow business man, the late Homer David, whose picture, sitting on these steps by the memorial plaque, recently appeared in our local paper the day of the dedication ceremonies.

Right: First beautiful University of Idaho Administration Building, built in 1891, and destroyed by fire in 1906. The Taylor-Lauder Brick Plant furnished the bricks, and native granite steps leading to the first floor.



The shell of the building after the fire. A wrecking crew is demolishing, for safety reasons, the remains of the walls.

CHAPTER 21: THE IDAHO FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMPANY

W. A. Lauder, Manager

The above caption appears in W. G. Emery's History of Moscow, 1897. The University library is so anxious to protect this book that they do not let it out to the public, but I understand they have made a copy for loan purposes. I sat one day in the library and copied verbatim from this book. As a child I had heard of the Idaho Fruit and Produce Company and had seen letter-heads with that name on them around home. I thought nothing of it, only supposing this was some business Dad was connected with in some way, by which he earned his living. That it was his own company I did not even know until I read the following in Mr. Emery's book!

In a community where the cultivation of soil is to a great extent given to fruit growing, the wholesale and retail produce store becomes a prominent necessity of every important trade center. [Note: So Moscow must have been considered an important trade center even back in the 1890's.] Add to this the fact that this section is the largest producer of grain and forage in the Northwest, and it will be seen that the trade of a wholesale house like the subject to this sketch forms an important fraction of the sum total of the city's business.

It is not alone as a leading business house of Moscow that this one is deserving of favorable mention, but, as well, because it offers a cash market for so large and valuable a product of the farmers of the Palouse country. It should be stated that the Idaho Fruit and Produce Company is in no sense a commission house. Hay, grain feed and produce are bought and sold upon the market in carload lots and less or more cash payments being the basis of all transactions.

The Idaho Fruit and Produce Company was established in 1896. It was organized by W. A. Lauder, the present manager of the company. An important part of the business of the company is done in hay, grain and feed, and their facilities for handling these commodities are unsurpassed in the Palouse country.

In the fruit and produce department of the business, their trade this year will exceed any similar concern in the city or county. An idea of the extent of their fruit business may be gained from the fact that this year the company's large warehouse on Main Street has been devoted to the storing and sorting for shipment of this fruit. The Idaho Fruit and Produce Company is a ready buyer of well preserved fruit in any quantity, and ships fruit to all points in British Columbia and Montana.

Mr. Lauder, the manager of the company, is a native of New York state. He was one of the early business pioneers of Moscow, having settled here fifteen years ago. [Note: That would be in 1882.] He was interested in the Moscow Tile and Brick Yards for several years. [Note: Until he went broke!] He is well and favorably known to the people of the country commercially tributary to Moscow as a thorough and energetic business man, prompt and reliable in all transactions. Farmers and fruit growers consigning produce, fruit and grains to the company may be assured of honorable and correct business methods.

Well, thank you, Mr. Emery, for those kind words about my Father! Of course his daughter knew this, and more but it is nice to have one of his contemporaries "way back when" say so too!

LATAH VIGNETTES

by Mary E. Reed and Keith Petersen

ABE GOFF: MEMORIES OF A YOUNG LAWYER DURING PROHIBITION IN LATAH COUNTY

The recent death of Abe McGregor Goff marks the loss of a distinguished Idaho Statesman, lawyer, and community leader. There is no satisfactory way to summarize anyone's life in a few paragraphs, and the life and contributions of Abe Goff make this task particularly difficult. The obituaries in the local newspapers contain facts that could be expanded into a proper biography. He was a former member of Congress, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, a colonel during World War II. He was cited for setting up judicious policies and procedures as head of the war crimes section in the office of the Judge Advocate General. After other military distinctions, Goff returned to Moscow to practice law and assume many duties at St. Mark's Episcopal Church. Here in Latah County he may be best remembered as an accomplished athlete and a self-made man who worked his way through law school. At the end of his public career he turned down offers to stay in Washington, D.C., preferring to return to Moscow where his old time friends were, and where, as he remarked later, "the people are industrious, law abiding, God fearing and patriotic."

Instead of a detailed life history, we offer a vignette of the young lawyer discovering life and morality during prohibition days in Latah County. Through two interviews conducted by the Latah County Historical Society, Goff revealed his experiences with law enforcement during this tumultuous period, as well as his personal convictions about prohibition.

Abe Goff first visited Moscow in 1911 as a young boy. He traveled with his parents on a special train from their Colfax home to hear Theodore Roosevelt address a crowd at the University of Idaho administration



building, standing on a platform of wheat stacks. Goff was tremendously impressed with the oration and with Moscow. In 1918 he returned as a cadet, living in temporary barracks on campus. He missed action in World War I because of the armistice, but he decided to stay in Moscow and attend the University. From 1912 to 1924, when he graduated from law school, Goff worked at various jobs ranging from being a hod carrier to serving as a lay minister at Colfax. He was also a member of the University football team. Then, as the youngest lawyer among a company of "old-timers," Goff accepted an offer to join the law practice of C. J. Orlund. He had his own office and use of the law library for only ten dollars a month rent. With that important beginning behind him, Goff began his law career by defending indigent

Lt. Col. Abe Goff as Provost Marshall, escorting Madame Chaing Kai-shek and her niece. Madame Chaing had accompanied her husband to Cairo, Egypt where he was to meet with Roosevelt and Churchill - November 22-26, 1943.



The oral history interviews with Abe Goff which provided the material for this article, are from the oral history collection of the Latah County Historical Society. This collection contains over 250 taped interviews, most of which have been transcribed. All are indexed, and there is a guide to the collection. Those interested in the oral history interviews can call the Society at 882-1004.

bootleggers and moonshiners as a court-appointed lawyer. Some of these lawbreakers were sent to Moscow from Clearwater County and Lewiston to be tried in the U.S. District Court. Goff's clients also included "ordinary" poor moonshiners, often woodrats, who lived in the densely timbered areas of Moscow Mountain. They operated small copper stills in the backwoods, and the Latah County sheriff's force occasionally brought them in. The big and successful bootleggers who brought in liquor from Canada could afford to hire their own lawyers. Moscow, because it was a university town, and Latah County, as Goff remembered, represented the most law abiding part of Idaho. "We had a sober, high class, law abiding citizenry here," he remarked. But prohibition also meant good business for the county which received funds to take care of the bootleggers and moonshiners who constantly filled the jails. The enterprising Goff wrangled himself a job as night jailer, replacing the regular deputy who had married and did not wish to spend his nights there. Goff made good use of that experience:

So that gave me a fine chance, so I moved into this room that was infested with bedbugs. We didn't have all the things to kill 'em you have now . . . and my quarters were full of bedbugs. But I fought 'em with hot water and powders and finally cleaned 'em out. . . . And one of the great advantages then was that the night jailer . . . fed the prisoners in the morning and fed 'em at night. So I got to eat the prisoners' food in the evening and I could get my breakfast in the morning, so that was a wonderful stay for a while. But of course, after I got started practicing law I couldn't very well be the night jailer so I had to give up that job.

On one hand, Goff could sympathize with the "noble" motivations of the evangelical churches that spearheaded prohibition in Moscow. They believed, according to Goff, that by eliminating the evils of drink, men would not spend money in the saloons, taking their unspent money home to their families. Members of the other

churches agreed, but as Goff pointed out, "the purpose was good but the trouble was that liquor became a forbidden fruit. . . . Immediately [after] it became illegal then people had to have it . . . and instead of emptying the jails, it filled the jails."

In Goff's days as a young lawyer, any woman who drank hard liquor was thought to be on the way to damnation. Women might drink something on a doctor's orders, drink sweet wine after dinner, or imbibe a bit during a holiday. Young women did not drink at all. Now that had all changed, and, as Goff saw it, changed for the worse. Worst of all, people began adding denatured alcohol to liquor and some people drank anything that smelled like alcohol--sometimes with the consequences of blindness or paralysis. Other people turned to home brewing by legally buying malt and hops or dehydrated grapes. Although Goff strongly supported the prohibition laws and did not drink during prohibition or afterwards, he was not a crusader. In fact, by the time he became prosecuting attorney for Latah County, he would notify the hostess of a dinner party that he would be late so that the guests could enjoy a pre-dinner drink before his arrival. "I just preferred to have nothing to do with it," he stated.

On another occasion he disappointed a delegation of "very earnest, very fine women" from the Women's Christian Temperance Union. They wanted him to take a pledge that if he were re-elected as prosecuting attorney he would enforce the prohibition law above all others. Goff declined. "Ladies, I don't believe I can sign that," he asserted, maintaining that he was bound to uphold all laws equally. The ladies expressed their disapproval of his attitude "very politely," and proceeded to campaign against his re-election.

The consequences of prohibition, as seen by this teetotaling member of the legal profession, was illegally earned money, congestion in the courts, and drinking among women, girls, and college students. Prohibition also made the drinking estab-

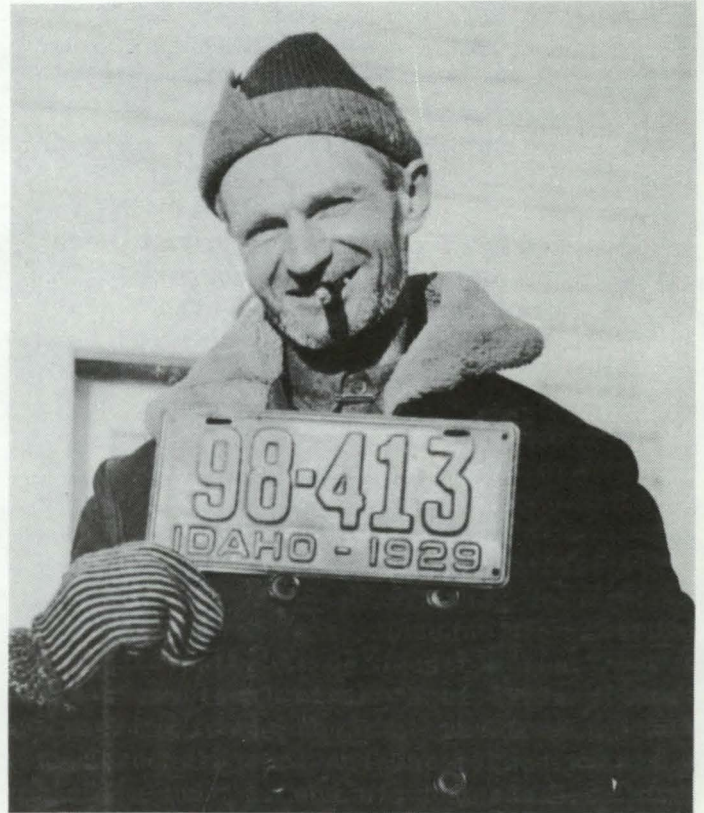
lishment respectable. "The old saloon was bad enough but it was confined to men and the good citizen didn't like to be around a saloon very much. A banker did not want to be seen too much in a saloon and it was confined to the men." As a fair-minded man, Goff realized that there were clear distinctions between those who brought in liquor and made a large profit and those like the woodrats on Moscow Mountain who sold small amounts to the lumberjacks. The lumberjack "who bought a bottle and got drunk and was making a disturbance" was usually not given a severe fine if Goff and others in the sheriff's office were convinced "that he had nothing to do with the financial gain in the thing."

One popular story Goff related concerned the famous Pat Malone, Bovill's Marshall. Goff recalled how Pat had caught some lumberjacks with bottles of illegal liquor and was transporting them to Troy:

On the way down they had some whiskey that was seized and one of them said to Pat, "Why Pat, why don't you let us have a drink? We're caught now, and let's have a drink." Well, Pat was a good natured Irishman and he let 'em have a drink. Unfortunately by the time they got to the Justice of the Peace, they drank up all the liquor [i.e., evidence].

Other small-time moonshiners explained to county sheriffs that the mash was used to feed the pigs, and they didn't know how the sugar had got into it. "And the crushed corn, that they'd got it to feed their stock, and all that. It was a great old game as far as the moonshiners were concerned."

The other part of the game was catching the moonshiners. Sometimes a stranger would be hired to make a "buy" where the sheriff would be watching. "And then," Goff pointed out, "in a small county like this if somebody was in the liquor business locally the word got around and it'd get to the sheriff's office." Goff remembered that "there was plenty of good,



Hap Moody, posing as a lumberjack, is participating in a local "sting" operation against the moonshiners in 1929. FBI, turn green!

sound citizens strongly in favor of the prohibition act who would tip the sheriff of. . . ."

Abe Goff was relieved when prohibition ended. By the mid-1930s he began moving up in his career, as a member and then president of the state bar commission, state senator, then as an officer in World War II. After a term as United States Congressman in Washington, D.C., and more law practice in Moscow, Goff left to accept an appointment as General Counsel for the U.S. Post Office. He finally returned to Moscow in 1967, to the Palouse country which, as he said, "I had always loved and where I wanted to spend the rest of my days." That he did, enriching the days and memories of many others.

LIFETIME MEMBERS

Michael Anderson, Bozeman, MT
 Mrs. Oscar Anderson, Moscow
 Leonard & Jean Ashbaugh, Moscow
 Beulah Baker, Moscow
 Mary Banks, Moscow
 Ray & Lura Berry, Moscow
 Patricia Brocke Bloomster,
 Gearhart, OR
 Willis Bohman, Moscow
 Margie Green Brocke, Troy
 Earl & Lola Clyde, Moscow
 Robert Earl Clyde, Moscow
 Louis Cormier, Moscow
 T. H. Correll, Lewiston
 Leon Danielson, Genesee
 Mary Williamson d'Easum, Boise
 Mary A. Embry, Clarkston, WA
 Margaret Fanning, Moscow
 Larry French, Potlatch
 Mabel Gano, Moscow
 Mrs. Henry Gauss, Austin, TX
 Florence Goff, Moscow
 William & Janet Greever, Moscow
 Elizabeth Hagedorn, Moscow
 Nellie Tomer Handlin, Moscow
 Gordon & Grace Hauck, Portland, OR
 Dorothy R. Henrikson, Moscow
 Charles Horgan, Moscow
 Robert & Nancy Hosack, Moscow
 Kathryn Collins Howells, Moscow
 Mildred Humphrey, Moscow
 Mrs. King Ingle, Kendrick
 Agnes Jain, Lapwai
 Audrey Pleiman Jain, Genesee
 Jess & Pearl Johnson, Genesee
 Mabel Otness Kayler, Seattle, WA
 Alma Lauder Keeling, Moscow
 Cora M. Knott, Moscow
 Dorothy Green Korn, Yakima, WA
 Agnes Pavel Kottke, Moscow
 Marguerite Ward Laughlin, Moscow
 Gladys Love, Palo Alto, CA
 Patricia Thompson Lowe,
 Huntsville, AL
 John & Rowena Luedke, Genesee
 Vaughn P. McDonald, Moscow
 Gladys Jain Magee, Lewiston
 Sophia Marineau, Moscow
 Boyd A. Martin, Moscow
 Vesta Cornwall Martin, Boise
 Beth Mickey, Moscow
 John B. Miller, Belmont, CA
 Gainford Mix, Moscow
 Mrs. Ed Morken, Sr., Genesee
 Charlotte Dimond Morrison,
 Boulder, CO
 Moscow Business & Professional
 Women's Club
 Moscow Historical Club
 Luzelle Musch, Bovill
 Dan & Susan Nelson, Genesee
 David Nelson, Moscow
 Nina E. Nelson, Moscow
 Francis & Ruth Nonini, Moscow
 Agatha Tierney Norvick, Kelso, WA
 Ella Olesen, Moscow
 Clara Otness, Boise
 Gertie Otness, Seattle, WA
 H. Robert & Lillian Otness, Moscow
 Robert Jay Otness, Redwood City, CA

Clifford & La Vera Ott, Moscow
 Arnold W. Paul, Moscow
 Kenneth B. Platt, Moscow
 Ross Reid
 Malcolm & Carol Renfrew, Moscow
 Ruth Dimond Riedesel, Longview, WA
 Clarice Sampson, Moscow
 Mrs. W. F. Schedler, Portland, OR
 Henry & Mabel Schlueter, Genesee
 Carrie Schnell, Moscow
 Mr. & Mrs. Bruce Shelton, Moscow
 Vivian Snow, Moscow
 Leora Stillinger, Moscow
 Eugene Thompson, Moscow
 David & Dorothy Wahl, Genesee
 Elizabeth Wahl, Pullman, WA
 Jennie Waterman, Moscow
 Charles Webbert, Hendersonville, NC
 Grace Jain Wicks, Moscow

BENEFACTOR/SPONSOR*

Inez M. Blanck, San Francisco, CA
 Mary Ellen Hansen, Genesee

SPONSORING/SUSTAINER*

Florence L. Cline, Moscow
 Robert J. Heidenreich, Moscow
 Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Nielsen, Moscow
 Judith Nolan, Brooklyn, NY
 Johanna Keane Shell, Wallowa, OR

SUSTAINING/CONTRIBUTOR*

Mr. & Mrs. Harry Dailey, Lewiston
 Mrs. James Debnam, Chesterfield, MO
 Mrs. David Gaiser, Spokane, WA
 Mary Kiblen, Moscow
 Phyllis & Duane LeTourneau, Moscow
 Ann Mathewson, Moscow
 Terry & Irma McNeff, Moscow
 Robert M. Moore, Troy
 Don Morton, Moscow
 Jay & Charlotte Nelson, Genesee
 Warren & Pauli Owens, Moscow
 Jeannette Petersen, LaCenter, WA
 Keith Petersen, Pullman, WA
 Jeanette H. Platt, Moscow
 Kathleen R. Probasco, Moscow
 David C. Rice, Seattle, WA
 Jean C. Rudolph, Moscow
 H. I. Strong, Tumtum, WA
 Patricia Kennard Watson, Fresno, CA
 Amos Yoder, Moscow

CONTRIBUTING/FRIEND*

Terry Abraham, Potlatch
 Mr. & Mrs. Sherrel Anderson, Potlatch
 Nancy Atkinson, Moscow
 Laura Bartell, Moscow
 Edith Betts, Moscow
 Richard Bingham, Moscow
 Lalia P. Boone, Moscow
 Donna Bray, Moscow
 Frances L. Brouse, Moscow

Edward & Lillian Burke, Moscow
 Russell Chrysler, Moscow
 Delfred D. Cone, Princeton
 Helen Cunningham, Moscow
 J. L. Cunningham, Spokane, WA
 Edith Driscoll, Moscow
 Robert Dudley, Moscow
 Lois Dullanty, Tahuya, WA
 Mr. & Mrs. Sam Fleener, Pullman, WA
 Ella Fountain, Moscow
 Wallace Fraser, Calder
 George & Fae Gagon, Moscow
 General Telephone Company, Moscow
 Ruth Handel, Bellevue, WA
 Mildred Axtell Hensley, Clarkston, WA
 Thomas & Barbara Hipple, Moscow
 Dwight & Melva Hoffman, Moscow
 C. R. Hoidal, Seattle, WA
 Grace Warren Ingle, Kendrick
 Robert & Arlene Jonas, Moscow
 Loris Jones, Genesee
 Mary Kawula, Moscow
 Mr. & Mrs. James Kraus, Moscow
 Gard Langley, Moscow
 Elisabeth Lapeyre, Moscow
 Carol Naylor Lemke, Lewiston
 Linda Scott Lilles, Pullman, WA
 Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Lyle, Moscow
 Arla Marousek, Moscow
 John McDonald, Bovill
 Louis McGuire, Seattle, WA
 Ronald & Barbara Meldrum, Moscow
 Fred H. Meyer, Oakland, CA
 Isabel L. Miller, Moscow
 Beverly Morris, APO New York
 Mr. & Mrs. W. E. Murphy, Moscow
 Guy & Verla Mae Nearing, Moscow
 Norman & Alcie Nethken, Lewiston
 North Idaho Security, Moscow
 Richard A. Ogle, Houston, TX
 Ruth Ogle, Moscow
 Sandra E. Ogle, Meridian
 A. W. & Leila Old, Albion, WA
 Margaret A. Olson, Deary
 Ray E. Osterberg, Cheney, WA
 Rollo Perkins, Princeton
 Elizabeth L. Peterson, Payson, AZ
 James M. Peterson, Mercer Island, WA
 Vernon & Verla Peterson, Genesee
 Roland Portman, Spokane, WA
 Jim Prall, Moscow
 Mary Reed, Pullman, WA
 Bruce & Diane Reilly, San Gabriel, CA
 Susan B. Roberts, Moscow
 Ron & Nancy Rowley, Wenatchee, WA
 Dorothy Schell, Moscow
 Marilyn Scott, Moscow
 Rose Marie Sharp, Moscow
 Marguerite C. Smiley, Moscow
 Glen & Ester Summerfield, Moscow
 Steve & Chris Talbott, Moscow
 Judi Thompson, Moscow
 Paul H. Tobin, Jr., Potlatch
 Mrs. David C. Valder, Moscow
 Charles Whiteley Family, Troy
 Hazel K. Wiese, Moscow
 Keith Williams, Pullman, WA
 John F. Williamson, Pullman, WA

*1983 dues category/1984 category

*1983 dues category/1984 category

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

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

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

8/85--M
DAVID L HOOD
643 N CLEVELAND
MOSCOW, ID 83843

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.

Historic Preservation To Be Topic Of Annual Meeting

This year's Annual Meeting will be held on Saturday afternoon, January 12th, in the American Legion Cabin, on Howard Street between Third and Fourth Streets. It will begin with a noon potluck followed by a business meeting at 1:15. The program will begin at approximately 2 p.m. This year Henry Matthews, an architectural historian, will be our featured speaker. He will give a slide presentation, Historic Preservation in the Palouse, with examples of architectural styles and local adaptations. He will also discuss the reasons for preserving our architectural heritage. Professor Matthews is also a member of the Palouse Main Street Project. The potluck, meeting and program are open to members and non-members. We encourage members to bring a guest - this is a good way to introduce people to the Historical Society.



History in a Suitcase Premiere at Russell School

Christi Jackson delighted Janice Johnson's fourth grade class at Russell School with a demonstration of rag curlers, a flat iron, a boy's union suit and a variety of other historical artifacts on December 18th. Inviting the children to an Adventure in the Past, Christi recreated a school child's day in the early 1900s with objects used to prepare for school and those used in the school room. There were also historic photos of Lena Whitmore's 1942 class and classroom groups of earlier years. They listened to a lively recitation by Lola Clyde on tape and learned how schoolchildren used to recite and participate in spelling and ciphering bees on Friday afternoons. After the program the children painted copies of historic art lessons using tin Prang watercolor boxes. Russell School

videotaped the presentation for later use in a documentary. Teachers Janice Johnson and Sandy Lambacher helped Christi with the project which will be used this spring in educational work at LCHS with schools. Hearty thanks and congratulations to Christi for all her research and work on this history program. She developed it through an internship with LCHS as part of her graduate studies at the University of Idaho Home Economics Department. Christi is still in need of some items for the history program, including long woolen stockings, garters worn by children, an old-fashioned dipper, and a paint set, crayons and chalk used in grade schools around 1915. If you have these or similar items to donate or loan, please call us at 882-1004.



pig



rōpe



wāgon

This illustration is taken from an old "Werner Primer" that was given to Clarice Moody (Sampson) by Sara Headington.

The Past and Future Uses of Pest Controls Discussed at Speakers' Series

How did crop dusting begin, and why and how is it used today? These questions were discussed by a panel of four expert at the second Speakers' Series program held November 29th at the Moscow Community Center. Despite an unexpected snow storm, a good crowd turned out, including reporters from the local newspapers. Hugh Homan showed a 1930s film of crops dusting with horses when rotenone dust was spread on pea plants using long canvas drapes. Gainford Mix, who first worked with pesticides on his father's farm on the outskirts of Moscow, commented that there is no way to describe how bad the pea weevils were. He remembered DDT as being a Godsend to farmers and noted that the same pesticides now under attack are often found under the kitchen sink and commonly used in our gardens and yards. The founder of Fountain Flying Service and a pioneer in aerial spraying, Pete Fountain described how aerial applications began on pea crops in Walla Walla and Lewiston before they were used in the Palouse. Pete remarked that over the years the pilots have evolved from sawshbuckling types to dirty old men driving airplanes,

and are no longer as popular or romantic as before the 1960s. Loris Jones, columnist for the Idahonian, remembered how she had stood in the fields as a spotter for crop dusters during the days when no one worried or knew much about the chemicals. She commented that pesticides in use today are much safer than the old ones. All the panelists agreed that like it or not agricultural chemicals are now a necessary part of farming. Most of the audience agreed with this viewpoint, and comments were heard that it was refreshing to have a clear presentation of the issues and the farmer's side. Following the panel, LCHS hosted a reception at the McConnell Mansion where the exhibit is on display.

The panel was part of a project partially funded by the Association for the Humanities in Idaho. Interviews with farmers and Pete Fountain are being transcribed, and will become part of our oral history collection. The exhibit will be here for a few more months. Suzanne Myklebust, the project researcher, has written an article that will appear in the next issue of Latah Legacy. We hope to continue our work on agricultural history. Do you have ideas and suggestions for future projects?

A Victorian Christmas at the Mansion

The sounds of Christmas carols, fragrance of gingerbread, and the glow of candles greeted visitors to the McConnel Mansion on Wednesday afternoon during the annual open house. Those who arrived early heard Wilma Frankovich's choir from Moscow High School sing "The Night Before Christmas" and other seasonal songs. Some stayed to lead group singing of favorite Christmas music. Flutists Conseulo Weitz and Rosie Craig played classical pieces, and following them, the talented Voxman family trio filled the hosue with the sounds of cello, clarinet and violin. The final musician was Carol Perkins on violin accompanied by Chris Talbott on piano.

The open house was a time to meet old friends, and for many who had never been to the Mansion before, an opportunity to discover how beautiful the house looks with its Christmas trimmings. The decorations included a beautiful fir tree

donated by Everett Hagen and decorated by Mary Blanton's high school classes. The students also decorated the bannister and mantlepiece with greens, ribbons and candles. Our neighbor Barbara Knuff loaned two of her delightful gingerbread houses (one is a Swiss chalet). Upstairs an exhibit of old-fashioned dolls, teddy bears books and toys delighted visitors of all ages.

Many thanks to all those who baked cookies, played and sang Christmas music, served our guests, and helped make the open house a great success.

LCHS to Undertake History of Potlatch

At its December meeting, the Board of Trustees approved a fundraising plan that will enable the Historical Society to publish a history of the Potlatch Lumber Company and the company town of Potlatch. This will be done in celebration of that community's 80th anniversary.

The Board plans to have the publication subsidized by contributions from individuals, businesses and organizations. All proceeds from sales of the book will be "profit," and will be invested in LCHS's Endowment Fund. Fundraising has already begun and will continue until June. At that time LCHS will write a grant to the Association for the Humanities in Idaho proposing to have the funds already raised to be matched. Former LCHS director Keith Petersen will author the book and be in charge of fundraising. More details on the project will be forthcoming in future newsletters.

New Staff Member at LCHS

Lorraine Micke is our new curator. Participation in a historical society comes naturally as she has been a member of her hometown society in Yreka, California, for most of her life. Being raised in a family that had a great interest in history and "old" things has given Lorraine a good working knowledge of items used in years past. Time spent getting a B.A. in theatrical costuming and working in the cataloging and loan departments of a library have added to her organizational skills. Since moving to Moscow four years ago, Lorraine has taken several classes at the University of Idaho in textile preservation and conservation, and she has worked extensively with the

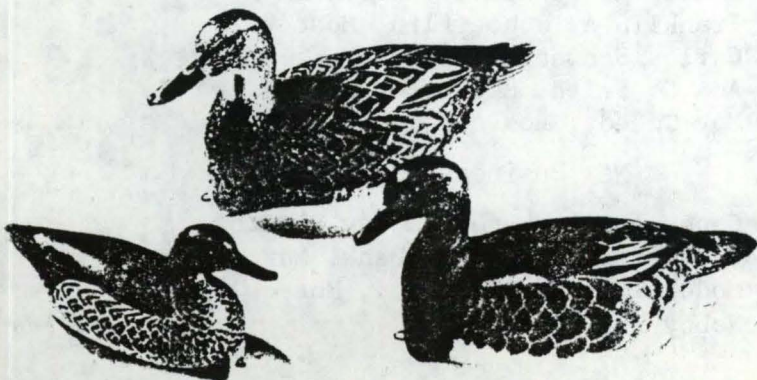
Leila Old Costume Collection in the Home Economics Department. She has also spent many hours as a volunteer in the textile room here at the Mansion and gave a workshop in the conservation of textiles last spring.

Lorraine also works as a seamstress with a speciality in reproducing historical clothing. She is starting a historical clothing pattern business called Heirloom Patterns. Her main hobby is muzzleloading rifle shooting which combines a "living history" re-creation of America's past with friendly firearms competition.

If you have questions about textile conservation or a curiosity about LCHS's collection, Lorraine is the person to contact. She also needs a volunteer to help with cataloging new donations. The work is not complicated, but it is very interesting and rewarding.

Folk Art of Idaho New Exhibit at U. of I.

"To be an Idahonian is to be linked to a rich and expressive tradition of folk arts. Our families, our communities, our rural landscape are all enriched by the talents of folk artists past and present." Idaho Governor John Evans expressed these sentiments in the preface to the book accompanying the new exhibit on Idaho Folk Art that will open at the University of Idaho and Prichard Art Galleries on January 18. The book and exhibit feature examples of folk art from the LCHS collection: the silk star quilt made by Rose White in 1933; a miniature cupboard made in 1891 by a miner for Almira Moody; a carved handle walking stick; and a crazy quilt made by Priscilla Mitchell Taylor in 1903. Moscow is also represented by the meticulously crafted duck decoys of Frank Werner. Frank has exhibited his decoys



at our ice cream social for the past few years. His decoys are realistic, working models and not the decorative ones common today.

The exhibit is a culmination of a two-year project to research folk art and folk artists throughout Idaho. The exhibit contains a rich assortment of items made by various cultural and ethnic groups. The folkart spans the past to the present, but it all shares the common thread of being a living folk art tradition in Idaho.

Steve Siporin, the curator of the exhibit, will be giving a special presentation on February 13. Please call us for further information. The exhibit will be at Cheney Cowles, Spokane, March 21 to April 14, and at North Idaho College in Coeur d'Alene from August 1 through September 12. Be sure that you don't miss it!

New Exhibit Planned at LCHS

A special exhibit on counted thread stitchery is scheduled for January 22 through February 15th. There will be a reception on Jan. 22, at 7:30 in the McConnell Mansion. The sponsors of the exhibit, Greta Lindborg, Marian Manis and Phyllis LeTourneau will be on hand to discuss the examples of old and new counted thread needlework.

Endowment Drive Update

Donors since last report:

Terry Abraham
Richard Beck
Mr. and Mrs. Willis Bohman
Helen Cunningham
Richard & Sally Fredericks
Mr. and Mrs. William Greever
Leslie Howells
John and Florence Jabbora
Sophia Marineau
Boyd Martin
Keith Petersen and Mary Reed
Bruce and Diane Reilly
Dorothy and Stewart Schell
Elizabeth Wahl, in memory of Tom Wahl,
Ben and Lou Jain

Memorials

Donna Bray, in memory of Maude Pearson
Keith Petersen, in memory of Abe Goff

From the Librarian

During the past few months we have purchased the following books to add to our collection of local history.

Guide to Railroad Collections in the Intermountain West, edited by Ronald G. Watt, 1984. For the enjoyment of railroad buffs.

Idaho's Vigilantes, by Joyce Lindstrom. The author has combined twelved chapters of William McConnell's reminiscences written in 1913 with other material assembled from the writings of early newspaperman James Reynolds. This book gives the most complete picture to date of "citizen justice" during this brief controversial period. Published by the University Press of Idaho in 1984.

Pioneer Preacher in Idaho, by Rev. James Hedges, Ye Galleon Press, 1981. Eye-witness account of a pioneer Presbyterian missionary who came West from Chicago in 1898 and spent 40 years in Idaho. It includes accounts of the Kendrick flood and fire and other events in the Juliaetta-Kendrick area.

Chief of Scouts Piloting Emigrants Across the Plains of 50 Years Ago, by Capt. W. F. Drannan, 1910. This is a sequel to Drannan's other book, *Thirty One Years on the Plains and in the Mountains*, which is in the LCHS collection.

Donations to the Archives

- Lillian Otness, 1974 promotional booklet, *Moscow, Idaho, USA*.
 Irma Mitchell, 1894 Moscow High School Commencement card
 Ed Grieser, photo of Jacob Kambitch of Genesee
 Ilene Frey, photo and negative of 1904 Norwegian Independence Day celebration at the Tweedt House, Genesee
 Marian Wise, photocopy of *The Genesee News*, May 20, 1904 article about the Norwegian Independence Day celebration.
 Lola Steensma, photo of Genesee with threshing outfit in foreground, ca 1900.
 Clarice Sampson, Boy Scout memorabilia; information on Davids store; Moscow Cemetary District Maintenance Handbook and 1975-76 budget and reports; William Cornell, *It has Been Fun*; loan notes from the Permanent Building and Loan Association.
 Paul Rossi, 1902 Latah County court records
 Ed Burke, two-page report, "Mineral Resources of Latah County," by Paul Bockmeier, Sr., 1929.
 Ralph Renner, *A History of the Family of Clarence and Hilda Whitley*.

Kathy Probasco, *The Jernberg Letters*, a family history. Contains letters written from Moscow 1912-1926.

Recent Donations

- Ken Hedglin: toy typewriter; child's union suit; ruler from Sherfey's Book and Music Store.
 Mike Fritz: 20 trade tokens from Latah County businesses
 Elvera Klein: Flannel fork case and waiter's jacket from the Hotel Moscow, formerly owned by Elsie Nelson.
 Clarice Sampson: clothes brush from David's and a letterpress printing cut depicting David's around Christmas of 1950.
 Stan Shepard: homemade wooden wheel.
 Edith Driscoll: Medicine bottle and apron worn by her mother in 1894.
 Ken Hedglin: toy helicopter; ashtray from Kendrick's tavern, Bovill; ashtray from Elks Club; Korter's milk bottle; and other advertising material from Delta Ford Sales and Williams, Inc.
 Robert and Nancy Hosack, monetary donation.
 Palouse Patchers, monetary donation for our textile collection.

New Members

- Willard Barnes, Moscow
 Shirley Neely Brueggeman, Yakima, WA
 Colin Campbell, Moscow
 Marilyn Chaney, Viola
 Michael, Caludia & Paula Dambra, Moscow
 Michael & Thelma Dwyer, Genesee
 Penn Fix, Spokane
 Russell & Margetta Foster, Deary
 Montie Helm, Troy
 Waldo G. Hennen, Des Moines, WA
 Mr/Mrs Donald C. Holmes, Pullman
 Dolores Janiewski, Moscow
 Reba Leigh, Moscow
 Dorothy A. Martin, Pullman
 Nancy Renk, Sandpoint
 James & Bettina Sanberg, Moscow
 Philip H. Schnell, Carmel, IN
 Franklin A. Schoefflin, Moscow
 Carlos Schwantes, Moscow
 Ada C. Smith, Moscow
 May Tweedy, Los Angeles, CA

New Business Memberships

- General Telephone Company, Moscow
 Idaho First National Bank, Moscow
 Modern Way Thrift, Inc., Moscow
 Nobby Inn, Moscow