

# LATAH LEGACY

The Quarterly Journal of The Latah County Historical Society



Moscow school children of the 1940's on board the revolutionary Seagrave Aerial Ladder truck of 1936.

Winter  
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# "THE BRAVEST"

## A History of the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department

by Steve Leonard

### I. THE EARLY YEARS

*Autumn 1889* Harvest was under way on the Palouse. At the end of another long, arduous day, area farmers began putting away their equipment for the evening. Tomorrow would bring more work, yet for now there was time for rest and a warm meal. For some, however, their work had not yet begun.

Early in the evening, three quick gunshots broke the stillness of the cool autumn twilight. Recognized as the signal for a local fire, the shots could be heard for miles, and the volunteers of Moscow's frontier fire brigade responded en masse.

Tired farmers rode bareback horses into town at a full gallop. Merchants and businessmen ran toward the downtown district, dressing as they stumbled along the dark streets. In the heart of Moscow, orange flames rose ominously from the Barton House Hotel, casting a haunting glow over much of the small town.

Organizing several bucket brigades, the volunteers were soon applying water to the blaze, if only in hopes of containing the spreading fire. On this night, however, fate would not smile on the volunteer firefighters. Within two hours, the town well was dry, and the firefighters fled the now raging flames. What began as a small fire quickly spread into a conflagration, and before the night was over, most of a city block lay in ruins.

Luckily, no lives were lost. Nevertheless, the property loss was substantial, and the town council faced the growing dilemma of inadequate fire protection for the emerging rural community. Moscow needed a fire department, but none could exist until a new municipal water system could be constructed.

Winter came and went, and with the spring thaws came renewed aspirations for the water system. Work began on the new town wells, and three supply pumps were in operation by early May. Town workmen replaced the badly encrusted iron water lines with new wood mains and installed 52 fire plugs throughout the community. The new water system was impressive, with adequate pressure in all areas of town, and enough available water to prevent a recurrence of the Barton House disaster.

*Monday, June 2, 1890 7:30 p.m.* On an otherwise lazy evening in early June, sixty men gathered at the Town Hall in downtown Moscow. Members of the town council announced the organization of the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department, and the purchase of three pieces of spanking new firefighting equipment--ornately designed horse-drawn carts.

The volunteers formed three companies of twenty men each to operate the carts, and each company was assigned to a strategic location within the town. Capitol Hose Co. 1 constructed a shed at the corner of First and Main Streets to house cart number one, while Neptune Hose Co. 2 placed their cart into service from W.F. Zumhoff's blacksmith shop in the 500 block of South Main (between the present-day location of the Nuart and Kenworthy Theaters). Summit Hose Co. 3 located the third and final cart at the intersection of Third and Howard Streets.

A marvel of modern technology on the frontier, each piece of apparatus carried 500 feet of rubber hose, a fire axe, prybar, two nozzles, a lantern, and a pair of brass spanner wrenches. Painted a deep English Vermillion

with gold-leaf designs, the carts stood over five feet in height, with large, brass-hubbed wheels.

The days of the bucket brigade were over. New technology brought new opportunities to Moscow, and firefighting took a leap forward with the purchase of the hose carts. At first, the fire department was only a loosely knit organization, but the individual companies flourished, holding regular meetings and conducting organized training sessions as often as the weather allowed. George Langdon, the department's first fire chief, realized the limitations of his authority, and urged the town council to adopt a city ordinance to legally organize a town fire department.

*May 3, 1892* At the urging of Fire Chief George Langdon, the town council of Moscow passed City Ordinance No. 107, which legally established a town fire department. The ordinance recognized the Chief Engineer, his First and second Assistant Engineers, and a department secretary and treasurer, while absorbing the three fire companies and making allowances for additional companies which could be added to protect the growing community. Langdon would continue his role as fire chief.

During the first years of the department, many men held the office of Fire Chief. In 1893, the first department elections took place, with each hose company selecting candidates for the higher offices. With those first elections, Chief Langdon surrendered his position to fellow Capitol Hose member George Webber, a local farmer. At the next election, Summit Hose member L. Stannus won the office of Fire Chief, holding the post until 1897, when Webber regained control of the fire department.

By the turn of the century, signal bells were located at various stations throughout the town, alerting firemen with three piercing gongs that a fire was in progress. Seeing to the placement of the new bells was recently re-elected fire chief George Langdon, who ushered his department into the first four years of the twentieth century.

In 1904, attorney Frank L. Moore won the title of fire chief, and was joined in office by assis-

tant engineers Dr. J.F. McClean and George Webber. Moore held office until 1907, when Neptune Hose member Thomas Tyndall assumed the position of chief engineer. Tyndall organized the first public solicitation of funds in 1907, and helped celebrate the first Fireman's Ball on New Year's Eve in 1908 "to provide an orderly way of meeting unforeseen department expenses and for the welfare of the community."

Of the stories that have survived the years, one in particular has humorous significance for the fire department. While responding to an incident in 1900, Neptune Hose Company's cart became mired in deep mud near the Hotel Moscow. A well-dressed young man, just off the stage, stood on the boardwalk and watched as the firefighters struggled with their cart. Eventually noticing the gentleman, one of the firemen stepped aside for several minutes and "gave the man a good cussing-out" for not helping. The young man put down his bags and helped the men free their cart, even assisting in efforts to return the cart to its shed after the fire. The "well-dressed young man" turned out to be Dr. James F. McClean, the new president of the University of Idaho, a man who eventually served as the fire department's first assistant engineer for several years.

## II. EXPANSION

As the community of Moscow continued to grow through the turn of the century, the need soon arose for additional fire protection. Three hose companies could not adequately protect both the city and the expanding University of Idaho, and the fire department recognized the changing needs of the people. On the night of March 27, 1905, West Side Hose Co. 4 adopted the articles and by-laws which governed the other companies and joined the department, locating a new hose cart on University Avenue in the Life Sciences Building on the college campus.

On February 24, 1906, Rescue Hose Co. 5 met in the office of William M. Morgan at 7:00 p.m., approving sixteen members and electing Morgan as company president. The new company put their cart into service at the corner of Logan and Eighth Streets. For the next seven years, the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department

enjoyed the best of reputations, with nearly 100 firefighters protecting the young town of Moscow.

During the years from 1905 through 1915, the hose carts truly had no technological equal. Although the automobile existed in Moscow, it had no practical application in firefighting. The automobile lacked the reliability necessary to operate in an emergency situation and could not yet be trusted with the lives of human beings. Many believed that the future of firefighting existed in the form of horse-drawn hose carts. This was not to be.

John C. Stillinger was a man with a vision when he became fire chief in 1908. He did not foresee the aging hose carts in the future of his fire department, and began searching for alternatives shortly after his election. Stillinger's quest came to an end five years later.

As the downtown business district continued to expand and mature, Stillinger realized that many buildings were beyond the reach of the hose carts. He urged the department to consider purchasing a specialized piece of apparatus: a horse-drawn hook-and-ladder cart equipped with the latest in firefighting gear. After several months of heated debate, the department ordered the next cart, scheduling it for delivery in late 1912.

Discussion began shortly thereafter concerning which of the five hose companies would assume responsibility for the new hook-and-ladder cart. Most members felt that one of the three charter companies--Capitol, Neptune, or Summit Hose--should operate the cart, but a majority decision could not be achieved. The argument was settled, however, when J.C. Stillinger resigned from his company, Summit Hose, and formed a new company, Hook-and-Ladder Co. 1.

The new company brought together many of the younger, second-generation firefighters, including an outspoken young maverick from West Side Hose who would someday command the destiny of the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department, Carl Smith. Hook-and-Ladder Co. 1 placed their new cart into service on January 20, 1913, from a storage shed at the intersection of Fourth and Washington Streets.

The dissension caused by Stillinger came to a head during the elections of 1913, when Rescue Hose candidate James J. Keane soundly defeated him for the chief's position. By the end of Keane's term, Stillinger again began campaigning, this time for a motorized piece of apparatus. Members of the other companies resisted, but Stillinger prevailed, and near the end of 1915, a new American LaFrance Chemical Truck was ordered for the department.

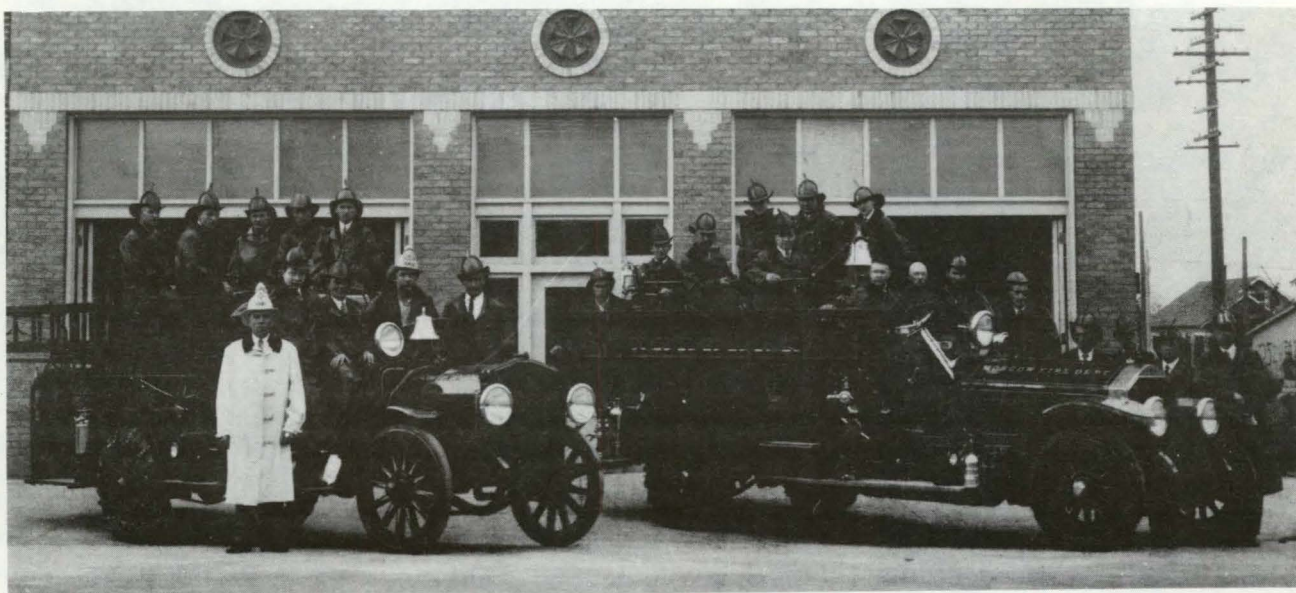
When the elections of 1915 took place, Joe Mordhorst of Neptune Hose won a close race over Stillinger and Keane, and was joined in office by First Assistant Engineer Carl Smith of Hook-and-Ladder Co. 1. Shortly after the elections, Smith took the train to Spokane, and returned with one of the country's first pieces of motorized fire apparatus.

The \$3,500 truck was delivered to the hook-and-ladder company, which is turn disbanded, reforming as Chemical Co. 6. After selling the old hook-and-ladder cart, Co. 6 expanded the shed at Fourth and Washington and placed the new truck into service from that location.

The new chemical engine soon became the mainstay of the fire department, responding and arriving first on the scene of nearly every incident. After only seven years of service, the truck required a total overhaul of its engine and chassis. Unable to match the performance and reliability of the chemical truck, the aging hose carts fell into a shocking state of neglect and disrepair, signalling the decline and, ultimately, the demise of the great hose cart era.

### III. FIGHTING FOR TIME

Twilight settled over the hose companies in much the same manner as it had on the bucket brigade thirty years earlier. For more than three decades, the hose companies operated and thrived in the community, but as Moscow continued to grow and change, the fire department had to adapt to meet the needs of the people. What had once been a tradition in the small rural community would soon become another fading memory. Across the nation, the new fire engines were being greeted with fierce skepticism, but in the years to come, they too would become an American tradition.



At the dedication of the new fire station in 1927. Chief Carl Smith in the white coat, in front of the 1916 chemical truck. The 1922 pumper truck is on the right.

Neptune Hose Co. 2 was the first to dissolve, and the members held their last regular meeting on May 28, 1918, shortly after Carl Smith became the department's ninth fire chief at the annual fire department meeting earlier in the month. Mainly a social fire company, Neptune Hose was loosely organized, and met only once each year prior to disbanding the company.

By the early 1920s, a declining Moscow water table threatened the existence of the four remaining hose companies. To counteract the resulting loss of hydrant water pressure, the town council purchased a second piece of motorized apparatus for the fire department: a top-of-the-line American LaFrance pumper truck. The new engine was the most modern firefighting vehicle available, and featured a 750 gallons-per-minute (GPM) pump, a 300-gallon booster tank, and a variety of other valuable tools and equipment.

When the pumper arrived on the train in 1922, a new company had already been organized to operate it, and Engine Co. 7 became the department's first pumper company. Shortly thereafter, Co. 6 and 7 separated from the hose companies and formed a second Moscow Volunteer Fire Department. The motorized apparatus companies were soon recognized as the town's premier source of fire protection,

although the hose companies continued efforts to provide firefighting services to the community.

Since the town council could not afford to provide storage for the new fire engine, the department purchased a lot and shed at the southwest corner of Sixth and Main Streets, charging the town of Moscow \$110 per month to house the \$13,500 vehicle. Chemical Co. 6 abandoned the shed at Fourth and Washington and joined Co. 7 in the new fire station. With the addition of a second piece of motorized apparatus, the fire department could respond quickly to any incident, and the obsolescence of the hose carts was soon apparent.

By the time the new fire department had incorporated on April 15, 1924, Capitol Hose was the only remaining hose company still operating in Moscow. One by one, the others had disbanded, following the lead of Neptune Hose Co. 2. On April 28, Capitol Hose became the last hose company to dissolve, and thirty-four years of tradition came to an unceremonious end.

Some of the members of the hose companies joined with the new engine companies; many more did not. Never again would the old hose carts rush down the dirt-road main streets of downtown Moscow. The rolls of Capitol Hose,

Neptune Hose, Summit Hose, West Side Hose, and Rescue Hose would soon become just another dim memory in the annals of the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department. An era in the history of firefighting had come to an end, and a new one was just beginning.

#### IV. GROWTH AND EXPANSION

Carl Smith had been fire chief for six years when the fire department incorporated in 1924; already the longest consecutive term in office by a chief. He guided the department through its most traumatic and tragic period, and the end result was a stronger, more unified Moscow Volunteer Fire Department. A demonstrated leader and thoroughly popular man, Smith was re-elected in 1925, and no one was surprised when he was re-elected as chief again in 1926.

Later that same year, construction began on a new fire station: a two-story brick structure to replace the worn shed purchased in 1922 to house the department's motorized equipment. Work continued for more than a year, but on November 10, 1927, Chief Smith and the men of the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department celebrated the dedication of Moscow's first firehouse.

The \$16,000 structure contained two truck bays with folding bay doors, an upstairs recreation area, the chief's office, and living space for six bachelor firefighters. To add a finishing touch to the new fire station, contractors installed a 20-foot brass fire pole, linking the second floor with the truck bays. As a dedication gift, department co-founders W.F. Zumhoff and Major Collins presented a fireman weathervane to the department. The little fireman kept watch over the city for many years from his post atop the northeast corner of the fire station.

By 1933, Smith recognized the inevitability of the impending growth on his department, and urged the members to consider acquiring another building for possible future use. Following the advice of their chief, the Board of Directors authorized the expenditure of department funds, and purchased the structure adjacent to the fire station. The Board, however, tabled plans to remodel the building for an indefinite period of time, choosing instead

to lease space to Co. 7 member Wilson Rogers, a local ice cream vendor.

A few years later, while recuperating from a critical illness, Rogers had a vision of an emergency first aid unit in Moscow. After being released from Gritman Hospital, he assembled fourteen other interested volunteers from the department, and the group received first aid instruction from the Pullman fire chief. Carl Smith's 1935 Packard sedan served as the unit's first ambulance, but within four years, eight of the original fifteen members had resigned because the city refused to purchase a response vehicle for the unit.

Rather than risking valuable funds on the new first aid unit, the city council chose instead to purchase a new fire truck for the department. With multi-story structures under construction in locations throughout the city and the college campus, the fire department needed a truck which would access the tall buildings for rescue and firefighting purposes. Unable to obtain such a vehicle from fire apparatus dealers, the department contracted the Seagrave Corporation in 1935 to design and build a specialized piece of apparatus to meet the specifications set forth by the Board of Directors.

When completed, the \$14,725 truck was the only one of its type, and was the main attraction at a fire apparatus fair in Seattle in 1936. Equipped with a 65-foot hydraulic aerial ladder, the Seagrave Junior Aerial ladder truck carried 1,500 feet of 2-1/2-inch hose, 250 feet of 1-inch hose, and 252 feet of assorted ground ladders. The popularity of the new aerial was astounding, and, within months, the Seagrave Corporation received 36 more orders from across the nation. Destined to become a classic piece of aerial apparatus, the Seagrave Junior Aerial would influence the design of ladder trucks for years to come.

Bringing together selected volunteers from the other companies, the department formed Ladder Co. 8 to operate the new truck. Several members of the new company traveled to Seattle to represent the department at the apparatus fair and, afterward, to supervise the delivery of the ladder truck to Moscow. The aerial arrived on the train from Seattle in the early autumn of 1936 and, according to a 1938

magazine article, contributed significantly to firefighting and rescue efforts almost immediately.

In 1940, the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department celebrated a half century of active service in the city: fifty years of growth and prosperity; fifty years of tragedy and triumph. The hose carts upon which the department depended for so many years were only a dim and fading memory. On the eve of the Second World War, the members of the fire department celebrated a steadfast devotion to duty. In five decades, the department had grown from a modest collection of farmers and businessmen into one of the best-equipped fire departments in the state of Idaho. As Carl Smith entered his twenty-third year as fire chief, his progressive style of leadership ensured the continued growth of the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department far into the next half century.

## V. THE WAR YEARS

The outbreak of war in 1941 shocked the citizens of Moscow and the surrounding region. The needs of the armed forces severely depleted the ranks of the fire department and, as the war effort increased, Carl Smith stood by as his department suffered through a ninety percent turnover in personnel. The fire department began depending on the six bachelor firefighters-in-residence for equipment operation and maintenance and, by the war's end, the married men of the department were taking rotating overnight duty at the fire station.

Luckily, only two firefighters, Craig Shampine and Jack Weber, died during the war, and, by 1945, the fire department again maintained a full contingent of sixty firefighters. The city celebrated in grand fashion for the returning heroes and, in a moment of unforgettable history, mannequins of Hitler and Tojo were burned in effigy from atop the towering 65-foot ladder on the Seagrave aerial. World War II was over, and the people of Moscow were confident and happy once again.

The manpower shortages suffered during the war were a matter of great concern for Carl Smith and, when tensions increased again with

the advent of the Cold War, he instituted a controversial new program which he hoped would prevent such situations from recurring in the future. When classes reconvened at the University of Idaho in the fall of 1948, six students from the college would call the fire station "home." The students would provide firefighting services on a 24-hour basis in return for a room. Chief Smith's program was very popular on the campus, and, within months, he established a lengthy waiting list of prospective student firefighters, gathering enough applicants to man the fire station well into the next decade.

During the years before the war, training had become a priority concern among the fire companies. In addition to regular department training, the men began actively seeking special training. Whether attending fire schools in Spokane or studying emergency first aid in Pullman, the firefighters of the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department set the standard for fire department training in Idaho.

Upon returning from the war abroad, the men made the decision to train both more frequently and more intensely. In order to better facilitate rescue efforts, the department constructed a three-story training tower in 1946, located on a piece of donated land in Ghormley Park near West Park Elementary School. Used primarily for ladder and lifeline practice, the tower served as the focal point for fire department demonstrations and public relations activities for nearly twenty years, when it was replaced by a permanent structure near the Latah County Fairgrounds in 1965.

In 1946, the old American LaFrance chemical engine was in need of replacement, and, for a total cost of \$5,000, a new 1-1/2 ton Ford pumper was purchased from Gray's Auto Shop in Lewiston. The new Co. 6 truck came equipped with a 200 GPM pump and a 290-gallon booster tank, and carried 500 feet each of 2-1/2-inch and 1-1/2-inch hose. Old number six, once the mainstay of the original Moscow Volunteer Fire Department, was removed from active service and retired to a salvage yard on the outskirts of town.

During the late 1940s, the residents of rural Moscow began making plans to organize a



rural fire commission to investigate the availability of fire protection outside the city limits. In 1948, the Moscow Rural Fire Protection Association was formed, and, by 1949, district commissioners had finalized agreements with the fire department Board of Directors to store and operate any rural fire equipment. Initially, the Association purchased a one-ton pickup equipped with a 200 GPM pump and a 300-gallon water tank, but within a year a second truck had to be ordered for more serious firefighting. The Moscow Rural Fire Department's (Moscow RFD) first fire engine was a massive, class-A, four-wheel-drive pumper equipped with a 500-gallon booster tank, 1,000 feet of cotton-jacket hose, and a 750 GPM main discharge pump. A 200 GPM auxiliary rotary pump was also installed for drafting from ponds, creeks, and other rural water sources.

Two years later, war erupted for the second time in a decade. For the Korean conflict, however, the armed forces did not draw from the manpower reserves of the fire department and, by 1952, Carl Smith was preparing his organization for a second phase of major growth. Early in the new year, the Idaho Survey and Rating Bureau improved the department's fire protection rating from a class VI fire department to a class V, and the MVFD joined Boise, Caldwell, Lewiston, Pocatello, and Wallace as one of the best-equipped fire departments in the state. On April 1, the Moscow JayCees presented a rejuvenated first aid unit with a new ambulance: a \$2,100 GMC panel truck (the unit's first ambulance, a late-model Willy's station wagon, failed miserably its first run in 1939 and was subsequently retired from service).

However, the highlight of the year did not occur until December 4, when the members of Co. 7 gathered at the train depot to accept delivery of a new piece of apparatus: a 1250 GPM Seagrave (REO) pumper. Historically referred to as an REO Speedwagon (named after the designer, R.E. Olds, founder of the Oldsmobile line of automobiles), the new engine carried 2,000 feet of 2-1/2-inch hose, 200 feet of 1-1/2-inch hose, and came equipped with a 300 gallon booster tank and a variety of ground ladders and specialized firefighting gear. At a total cost of \$25,517, the

truck was an excellent example of classic apparatus design.

The good times of 1952 were still a vivid memory when a disastrous fire wept through a portion of ten downtown business district during the early morning hours of January 31, 1953. Only a remarkably heroic effort by a group of determined firefighters prevented the stubborn blaze from spreading into other areas of the city. Nevertheless, nearly half of the 200-block of South Main was destroyed, leaving only the smoldering ruins of what had once been flourishing businesses. The property loss was substantial, exceeded only by the catastrophic Barton House Hotel conflagration of 1889. Ironically, investigators located the seat of the fire in a building on the street corner opposite from the Moscow Hotel, which was built in 1891 on the original site of the Barton House.

Better days were on the horizon and, in the month of September, the department accepted a \$20,000 bid from Commercial Builders, Inc., of Spokane to construct an addition to the fire station on the site of the adjoining building which was purchased in 1933 for just such a purpose. Using a unique method of construction, the company erected the shell of the structure with huge, pre-cast concrete slabs which were lifted into place with a crane. The outside of the building was to be finished to resemble as closely as possible the exterior to the existing fire station.

Construction continued for more than a year as the volunteers donated time and labor in an effort to speed up completion of the project. Fourteen months and 1,280 man-hours later, the building was finished. After waiting through two wars and the Great Depression, Carl Smith could gaze upon his fire station with a renewed sense of pride. The Moscow Volunteer Fire Department was growing up.

## VI. THE END OF AN ERA

Carl Smith was a man who typified dedication. Since the office of fire chief was not a full-time position when he was elected in 1918, Smith took the first opportunity to move his Texaco dealership closer to the Co. 6 shed at Fourth and Washington. When construction was com-



The disastrous Main St. fire of January 1953.

pleted on the fire station in 1927, he built a new garage next door to the firehouse. Nevertheless, it was not until 1950, after almost thirty-five years as fire chief, that Carl Smith finally began receiving pay for his services.

By 1956, life had returned to normal at the fire department. During the first days of April, three new alert sirens were installed in the city--atop the Mark P. Miller elevator, the UI heating plant, and the Idaho First National Bank building--and, on April 9, department custodian Earl Estes began the tradition of testing the fire sirens each weekday at noon. Earlier in the year, the city had purchased a second response unit for Co. 6. The \$23,000 GMC Roney was outfitted in much the same manner as the Co. 7 Seagrave, and served the company until being retired in 1974.

During the summer months of 1956, the department acquired a second ambulance for the first aid squad for \$450. Several years of out-

standing community service had bolstered the reputation of the squad, and, for the first time in their short history, the aid unit could not keep pace with patient demand. Donations of money and equipment soon became commonplace as Captain Wilson Rogers' Moscow Emergency Ambulance squad set the standard for first aid response units throughout the region.

The year continued quietly until mid-October, when a series of suspicious fires on the University of Idaho campus sparked concern among local officials. On October 12, an unknown arsonist set fire to the Willis Sweet Hall lounge, causing \$1,500 damage. The next night, a similar fire in Chrisman Hall caused \$2,000 damage. Over the next several evenings, arson-caused fires appeared regularly on the small campus, forcing the college to begin a student guard patrol in hopes of discouraging the "fire bug" before someone was injured by another of the fires.

Unfortunately, the arsonist could not be stopped, and on the night of October 18, he set fire to the second-floor lounge in Gault Hall, destroying most of the upper West wing and causing the deaths of three young men. Had it not been for the combined heroics of both students and firefighters, many more lives might have been lost in the 2 a.m. blaze.

For the first time in his lengthy fire service career, Carl Smith felt the bitter sting of frustration. Not only had three innocent people been burned alive in the meaningless fire, but the arsonist was still free, and he could strike again at any time. To make matters worse, no one had witnessed the crime, and conclusive evidence was, for the most part, nonexistent. Even federal arson investigators were unable to unravel the tangled web of the campus pyromaniac.

Slowly, almost imperceptively at first, clues began to surface. Within three weeks, investigators had assembled a list of suspects and questioning was in progress soon thereafter. Of all the suspects, only one, a college freshman from Kellogg, fit the description of the arsonist, and he could be placed at or near the scene of each of the incidents. On November 20, 1956, Paul Matovich confessed before police and fire investigators to the series of deliberately set fires. He was quickly arraigned and charged with first-degree murder in the deaths of the three University of Idaho students. The following spring, on April 14, Matovich was convicted of second-degree murder and sentenced to a 25-year fixed prison term. Later that night, a figure representing Matovich was burned in effigy by a group of student mourners, ending one of the darkest chapters in the history of the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department.

Before the dust had settled on the Matovich ordeal, preparations were under way for one of the largest celebrations ever to be held in Moscow. On March 24, 1957, over 500 guests observed the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Carl and Josephine Smith with a mock firehouse wedding and an open house reception at the station. In appreciation for their many years of unrelenting dedication to the fire department, Carl and Josephine were presented with an all-expense-paid trip to Hawaii. Before the celebration was over, however, duty

called once again. In one of the most memorable moments in the annals of the department, a group of the best-dressed firefighters to ever answer a call for help responded to a small grass fire, earning well-deserved recognition in all of the area newspapers.

The Hawaiian vacation was the first in many years for Carl and Josephine, and their moments spent together were to be treasured forever. On July 14, 1957, Carl Smith suffered a fatal heart attack. News of the death brought sorrow to the entire community, and on the afternoon of the funeral, businesses were closed and all flags flew at half-mast. Carl Smith's 1935 Packard, which had served as the family car, chief's sedan, and department ambulance through the years, led the funeral procession through downtown Moscow.

With the passing of Fire Chief Carl Smith came the end of an era in the history of the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department. It was his deep-seated passion for the fire service which served as the foundation for the growth, development, and maturity of the fire department, and it was his sense of professionalism and devotion to duty which would guide the department in the years to come. Carl Smith was gone, but the legacies he left behind would survive for those few who would someday command the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department.

## VII. PICKING UP THE PIECES

Regrouping after the loss of such a significant figure would not be an easy task for the fire department, but adversity had never stopped Carl Smith and it surely would not stop his successor. On October 14, 1957, Second Assistant chief Leon Sodorff was unanimously elected to the post of fire chief. A fifteen-year member of Co. 7 and charter member of the first aid squad, Sodorff took office three months to the day after the death of Carl Smith, becoming only the tenth fire chief in department history.

On his first day of work as fire chief, Sodorff arrived in a new, fire engine red chief's car. Delivered just two weeks after Carl Smith's funeral, the 1957 Ford sedan represented the undeniable foresight of the late chief. Even in death, Carl Smith's dominant presence could still be felt throughout the firehouse.

Leon Sodorff was quickly into his new position, and within months he was in command at his first major incident. On May 14, 1958, the Campus Club cooperative dormitory was destroyed in a spectacular fire comparable to the Gault Hall fire of 1956. Unable to assist, the residents of the building stood by helplessly as the firefighters fought the blaze far into the early morning hours. A long-standing symbol of student independence, the dormitory was a total loss, but was replaced by Targhee Hall by the start of classes in the fall.

The month of August brought renewed excitement to the city and fire department as Moscow hosted the 1958 Idaho State Fire School Association meeting. The department presented fire service classes, hands-on training sessions, luncheons, and an abundance of entertainment for the 200 visiting firefighters from throughout the state. In recognition for hosting the largest and most successful fire school to date, the delegates elected Leon Sodorff to the position of Association President for the 1959 meeting, and chose Moscow as host city for the 1960 Idaho State Fire School.

Later that year, on November 1, the department celebrated the 50th Fireman's Ball at Memorial Gym on the UI campus. In order to increase attendance, the annual ball was moved to a date which would better accommodate the public. Helping to commemorate the gala event, Hal McIntyre and his orchestra played a special program of music to entertain both young and old celebrants.

Over the years, the department experimented with several different methods of informing the volunteer firefighters of the locations of fires, but curious and habitual fire chasers consistently caused delays for the responders. During the late 1940s, the department tried using a secret phone number for firemen to contact the police/fire dispatcher, yet hundreds of people eventually discovered the number, flooding the phone circuits with unauthorized calls. In 1951, General Telephone (GTE) issued a new number to the department, eliminating much of the problem, but the determined fire chasers soon began following the fire trucks as they sped through town. By 1952, this new method of satisfying curiosity had created such a dilemma for fire-

fighters that police officers began issuing citations to the irritating fire chasers.

All of these problems were solved on June 29, 1960, when the department installed a new radio dispatch system, issuing 45 monitor units to the volunteers. Not only would this communications system eliminate the need for "secret" phone numbers, but it would also bring an end to the use of the alert sirens as a signal for night fires. Although Moscow residents appreciated the uninterrupted nights, many of the older department retirees actually missed the late night disturbances.

Returning to Moscow in August, the 1960 Idaho State Fire School Association meeting drew in excess of 300 firefighters, the highest attendance mark in the short history of the school. Visiting delegates were so impressed with the department that everyone expressed the opinion that "the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department is the best-trained and equipped [fire department] in the state." The annual meeting ended with the decision to lobby the state legislature for the appointment of a state fire marshal, and Chief Leon Sodorff was elected for a second term as Association President.

Sodorff was just completing his third year as fire chief when, on October 9, 1960, the fire department started a new tradition for the community. The week of October 9-14 represented the first Fire Prevention Week in Moscow, and area school children were treated to special safety classes at the fire station and a ride on the Seagrave Junior Aerial. Growing in size and stature each year since its inception, the annual event has become a popular fall tradition in the community.

Events remained quiet into the holiday season in 1960, but on December 27, fire ripped through the new Creighton Building at Third and Main, completely destroying the seven-year-old structure. Already fully enveloped when firefighters arrived on the scene, the 1:43 a.m. blaze could not be contained and, at one point, threatened to consume the entire block. Ironically, construction began on the Creighton Building in the wake of the 1953 fire which destroyed most of the same city block.

Over the next several years, a dark cloud seemed to settle over the fire department. On

January 5, 1961, another spectacular downtown fire claimed the Crossler Building, and, only months later, on May 13, the panel truck ambulance was destroyed in a collision with the Co. 7 Seagrave engine. Tragedy struck again on August 19, when long-time firefighter and city councilman Charles Drayton suffered a severe heart attack and died while battling a rural fire north of Moscow. The only high point to occur during this period came on September 4, 1961, when the first aid squad accepted delivery of a \$9,918 Cadillac ambulance to replace the old panel truck. Finally, on April 29, 1962, the Consolidated Pea Growers' warehouse (located at the intersection of South Main and State Highway 8) was destroyed in a \$100,000 fire which threatened buildings in a six-block area.

By 1965, however, the outlook for the future was steadily beginning to improve. In early spring, the city purchased two new pieces of equipment for the department: a new Dodge station wagon for the Chief, and a GMC apparatus van to be operated by the students. At about the same time, the rural fire department added to the ranks with a 1965 International four-wheel-drive brush truck equipped with a 250 GPM pump and a 300-gallon booster tank. Not only did 1965 prove to be a banner year for the fire department, it signalled the beginning of yet another phase of growth for the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department.

It was during this period of growth that the city purchased a parcel of land just south of the Latah County Fairgrounds for the proposed construction of a firefighter training facility. In early 1966, the department accepted a \$30,972 bid for the construction of the permanent center, which would replace the recently demolished wood training tower in Ghormley Park. The three-story brick structure towered over the landscape, and featured facilities for simulating various types of fires and situations, as well as a separate area for ladder, lifeline and net work. Finished in time for the 1966 Idaho State Fire School, the interior of the tower contained a classroom, kitchen, and restroom facilities.

Three hundred delegates from around the state were awestruck by the new firefighter training center, the first fully equipped facility

in Idaho. Also on display at the fire school were the newest pieces of department equipment: a \$57,000 American LaFrance Aero Chief snorkel-type aerial truck and a \$26,000 airport crash truck. Equipped with an 80-foot articulating platform, the aerial stood nearly eleven feet in height and stretched 44 feet in length. Purchased for use at the Moscow-Pullman Airport, the crash truck carried 800 gallons of water and 110 gallons of liquid foam in its heavily protected shell. With such an impressive collection of equipment and facilities, there was no doubt that the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department was the best-equipped fire department in the state of Idaho and possibly the best volunteer organization in the country.

More than four years had passed since the last major fire in Moscow, that following a decade filled with disastrous and sometimes fatal incidents. Nevertheless, the quiet after the storm rarely lasts quite so long in the fire service and, on September 25, 1966, the most expensive fire in Moscow history swept through the GTE switchboard complex, wiping out all phone service in the city while causing \$750,000 damage. Electricians worked feverishly for the next several days, however, and the system was working again within a week.

In 1967, near the end of his tenth year as fire chief, Leon Sodorff surprised the department by resigning to pursue personal business interests. After 25 years in the fire department, including an unprecedented three terms as president of the Idaho State Fire School Association, Chief Sodorff left the fire service, proud in the knowledge that he had given his best to the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department. Shortly after Sodorff's resignation, the volunteers elected Assistant Chief Ralph McAllister as the department's eleventh fire chief.

## VIII. THE SECOND ERA

Ralph McAllister had been a member of Co. 7 for nearly twelve years when he became chief in 1967, and he had already served under the direction of two of the most influential men in the history of the fire department. As an assistant chief, McAllister stood by Leon Sodorff's side through the turbulence of the early 1960s, and stood ready to take command when his

chief stepped away from the spotlight. Combining his strong sense of tradition with a progressive fervor, Chief McAllister would lead his department with an iron will which would evoke inevitable comparisons to the late Carl Smith.

On November 23, 1969, a historic university landmark fell to the hand of an arsonist. If not for the valiant efforts of McAllister and his men, the fire might have spread to nearby buildings, yet almost half of old Neale Stadium burned, destroying years of nostalgic memories. The aging wooden stadium had been scheduled for demolition in order to clear ground for the construction of a new sports complex, but the sense of loss was still evident.

As the fire department prepared for the dawn of the new decade, the first aid squad entered into a new era in emergency medicine, signaling an age of growing importance in the eyes of the public. On December 16, 1969, the squad accepted delivery of a 1970 Cadillac ambulance, replacing the older, less capable 1961 model as the first-response unit. The new Cadillac featured the latest emergency medical

equipment, and was staffed by a crew of highly trained first aid specialists. Capable of carrying up to four patients at any one time, the \$15,435 ambulance had a built-in oxygen system and came with both heating and air conditioning to ensure the overall comfort of the patient.

By 1972, Chief McAllister was preparing his department for the onset of yet another phase of growth which would rival any in previous history. A native of the Palouse Prairie, McAllister could remember when the old Chemical engine was still in service, and a time when only a single brick building housed all of the department's equipment. He had witnessed the great downtown fires, and had mourned over the tragic Gault Hall blaze. Now, after nearly twenty years in the fire service, it was his turn to lead the way into the future.

Before year's end, the first of three new fleet pumpers arrived in Moscow, continuing a standard of excellence which few departments in the state could hope to achieve. Capable of delivering a flow of 1,000 GPM from its



A 1965 ceremony at which (from left) Wade Sodorff, Derald Dion, Ralph McAllister, Harold Hoffman, and Ted Blacker receive ten-year service awards. Tom Schultz, fourth from left, receives a watch for twenty years of service.

midship-mounted pump, the new American LaFrance cab-over pumper carried 500 gallons of water in a baffled booster tank, as well as a myriad other tools, nozzles, and hoses. Replacing the 1952 Co. 7 REO, the new engine soon became the pride of Engine Co. 7, and the envy of the rest of the department.

The following year, the department purchased a custom-built GMC equipment van to replace the overworked and undersized 1965 van. Equipped with flood lights, generators, power tools, and every other type of emergency tool imaginable, the new van would eventually become a vital part of the firefighting effort. In early 1974, Co. 6 accepted the delivery of the second fleet pumper, a new American LaFrance outfitted almost identically to the Co. 7 truck. The Roney was subsequently retired from service and sold, leaving each of the engine companies with a single unit apiece (the 1946 Ford pumper was transferred to Co. 8 for use as an auxiliary pumper for the aerial). Finally, on August 29, the ambulance squad realized a life-long dream of former captain Wilson Rogers (retired 1973) with the purchase of a fully equipped Dodge rescue van, a custom-built unit to facilitate heavy rescue and extrication efforts.

Following the addition of another piece of rural firefighting equipment in mid-1974, a total of eleven vehicles were being stored in the fire station. Not surprisingly, work on an addition to the training center was underway by November 7, with the fire department splitting the \$90,000 construction bid with the city. After only eight months of work, the four-bay fire station with sleeping quarters for an additional four students was dedicated on June 22, 1975. Fire Station #2 was at long last a completed facility, and was ready and waiting for Moscow's next fire school in 1976.

Since the organization of the fire department in 1890, one of the responsibilities of the Chief's position developed into the routine safety inspections of the local businesses. But as time progressed and the city continued to expand, inspections became a time-consuming ordeal, and played a large role in the decision to hire a full-time chief in 1950. By the time Ralph McAllister was entering his eighth year

as fire chief, the added responsibilities of budget planning and department administration began to interfere with the inspection process.

To prevent this situation from becoming critical, McAllister urged the city to appropriate funding for a full-time inspector's position, and compiled a list of qualified candidates for consideration. Chief McAllister appointed Donald Strong as the department's first fire inspector, and later reclassified him as a fire marshal as the scope of his duties and responsibilities became more focused and complex. During his tenure as a fire department employee, Strong built a reputation as a fire prevention leader, developing an outstanding program which is the recognized standard in the state of Idaho.

When the Idaho State Fire School Association's annual meeting returned to Moscow in 1976, ten years had passed, but the fire department was now more impressive than ever before. Now a Class IV fire department, the MVFD became one of only a handful of departments so recognized by the Idaho Survey and Rating Bureau, and the highest-rated volunteer department in the state. As in years past, the visiting firefighter delegates would all agree that the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department set a standard of excellence which other volunteer fire departments could only strive to emulate.

With the arrival of the new year came a renewed sense of excitement, as Co. 7 awaited the delivery of the last of the fleet pumpers. In February, the new American LaFrance engine was placed into service from Station #1, and the 1972 American LaFrance was moved to Station #2 to improve response times to other areas of the growing city. Equipped with a 1,250 GPM pump and a 750-gallon water tank, the \$59,500 truck carried a multitude of equipment and tools of the trade, as well as six ready-to-use pieces of breathing apparatus (air packs).

That same year, the ambulance squad purchased a new Chevrolet modular ambulance through a state bidding program. Destined to serve as the department's first response unit, the \$20,000 ambulance came equipped with

only the most modern emergency first aid gear. Under the direction of squad Captain Phillip Gatlin, the emergency first aid unit embarked on a new program of advanced training, and before the end of the decade several Advanced Emergency Medical Technicians (Adv. EMT's) were serving on the squad.

With the advent of the 1980s, the need for a second piece of aerial apparatus became a priority concern, and in 1981 the city purchased a newer model American LaFrance aerial for \$110,000. Providing the firepower for the towering truck was a midship-mounted 1,250 GPM twinflow pump, and a 100-foot aerial ladder supplied enough height to reach the top of a ten-story building. The truck also carried 750 gallons of water in its booster tank, and a full contingent of ground ladders. A storage bay on the grounds of the university became home for the 1966 Aero Chief, as it faced semi-retirement from the ranks of the fire department. The old 1946 Ford, which had served as the auxiliary pumper for the aerial, was placed in mothballs at Station #2, and faced an uncertain future.

Over the next several years, budgeting prevented any further expansion of the fire department, and only the ambulance squad could afford the luxury of purchasing new vehicles. In 1983, the squad acquired a second Chevrolet modular ambulance, and retired the last remaining Cadillac. To be used primarily for long-distance transfers, the new unit was equipped for maximum comfort, and would serve the squad until the advent of helicopter transfers in the late 1980s. By 1986, the Dodge rescue van was in dire need of replacement, lacking the rugged durability of a true heavy rescue vehicle. In late December, the squad, after a lengthy wait, accepted delivery of a 1986 Ford four-wheel-drive truck, equipped with a portable cascade system (used for the recharging of breathing air tanks), heavy-duty spotlighting gear, and an abundance of the most modern rescue tools available. In addition to regular rescue duties, the new truck would respond to all fires, city and rural, in an effort to provide that extra effort so characteristic of the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department.

During the late autumn of 1986, the fate of the old Ford pumper was at last decided. After

spending a short time on the auction block in a search for bids, the St. Maries Fire Department purchased old No. 6 for \$7,500. At the end of forty years of service to the city and fire department, the odometer on the truck read just over 3,000 miles traveled; the paint was still as bright red as the day it arrived in Moscow four decades past.

## IX. AND THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE

After nearly 32 years in the fire service, Ralph McAllister had seen just about everything. He had served all of those years as a member of Co. 7, but had also managed to devote time to the ambulance squad, the Moscow Rural Fire Department, and even to the Western Fire Chief's Association, the organization which he presided over for a single term during the late 1970s. During the lean years of rising inflation and recession, he tore a page from the biography of the late Carl Smith, and used those times to build strength into his department, just as Smith had done during the Great Depression. Now, after twenty years as fire chief of the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department, Ralph McAllister was stepping down.

On the night of December 31, 1986, Chief McAllister retired his position, both humble and content concerning his accomplishments as fire chief. Although he would no longer command the department, he felt a desire to remain close to the fire service, and would continue as a member of Engine Co. 7.

Phillip Gatlin, Second Assistant Chief and onetime ambulance squad captain, was elected as the next fire chief, taking office on January 1, 1987. A certified fire service training instructor, licensed fire inspector, and former recipient of the Idaho State Firefighter of the Year award, Gatlin brought a new level of education and training into the chief's position, but he was also a man who took pride in, and respected, the roots of the fire department. Phillip Gatlin, the twelfth fire chief of the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department, will long be remembered as the man who led the fire department into its second century of service to the citizens and community of Moscow, Idaho.

(For "Bibliography," see page 23.)



City of Moscow  
 c/o McConnell Mansion  
 110 S. Adams  
 Moscow, Idaho 83843

Dear Moscow:

Happy 100th Birthday!

Please accept this small gift of a poem which I have written in your honor. It is my small way of giving something to you in return for all you have given me: beautiful fields of golden wheat, blue mountains in the background, clean fresh air to breathe, the perfect place to raise my children, and so much more! You have become a part of me, and I am a part of you.

You were just a small town when I was born here; my, how you've grown! Some changes were hard to accept; but as with most things in life, we adapt and gracefully carry on...and usually end up liking them, given enough time.

Onward to the next 100 years. As with people, you get lovelier with each passing year!

Again, Happy Birthday!

With much love,

s/Sandy Town Lytle

## MOSCOW MEMORIES

A lone farmhouse is standing yet--  
 It was there when I was a child--  
 Just east of town on Mountain View  
 Surrounded by a golden wheat field.

Large trees shade the green farmhouse,  
 And there's a lovely big red barn;  
 A tractor is parked at the end of the field  
 And a garden grows near the lawn.

But time has not stood still, I fear,  
 For behind the farm I see  
 Rows of modern-looking houses  
 Where wheat fields used to be.

Ironic that I want our town to grow,  
 Yet it's hard to see things change.  
 I guess I want the best of both worlds--  
 The malls, and the open range.

It was hard to watch as the years passed by,  
 Seeing old farms being torn down--  
 Memories smashed to bits and pieces  
 Lying all over the ground.

Old houses were full of nooks and crannies  
 Where kids played hide-and seek;  
 Lawns had rows of lilac bushes  
 And picket fences where ivy would creep.

Most farms had a nearby orchard  
 Of apple, plum, and cherry trees,  
 And row after row of vegetable garden  
 To provide for all their needs.

Gone are the barns with cats and mice  
 And lofts filled with hay:  
 Storage for things of days gone by--  
 Places for kids to play.

It's not just the farms, I'm sad to say,  
 For downtown has changed so much too.  
 Gone are the tiny grocery stores,  
 And Main Street is all askew.

No more Davids' Department Store  
 With Christmas trees of white with red;  
 Gone are Hunter's Candy on Third Street  
 And Moscow Bakery's smell of fresh bread!

I'm glad some things will never change,  
 Like wheat fields beneath a harvest moon;  
 The University of Idaho will always remain  
 With its carillon chiming at noon.

There will always be old East City Park,  
 And Polk Street lined with trees of gold--  
 We have our very own yellow brick road  
 As autumn begins to unfold.

Now, don't get me wrong, for as I said,  
 I like some changes too;  
 I love the malls and the growth of our town--  
 It's just hard to replace old with new.

My hope is that the lone farmhouse  
 Which stands on the edge of town  
 Will last for endless generations to come--  
 May it never be torn down.

For it's nice to have a reminder there  
 Of the way things used to be:  
 A farmhouse, a tractor, a big red barn,  
 And a field of golden wheat!

## BOOK REVIEWS

*Foxfire Centennial Edition*, 1987. Moscow: Russell School, Room 13, Fourth Graders, 1987. Paper.

*Timeless Memories*. Troy: Troy High School, 1987. \$3.00. Paper.

A few years ago, the University of Idaho summer session brought Elliott Wiggington to town to host a class for Idaho teachers on incorporating his famous "Foxfire" techniques in their teaching. Since that time, the summer session has included a Foxfire component each year, and numerous teachers from throughout the state have begun using his methods. In a state that suffers from lack of an adequate Idaho history textbook, this new curriculum enhancement device has been most welcome. The above two books are the products of the Foxfire sessions in Latah County. They join a growing list of student publications from throughout the state inspired by the University's innovative summer classes.

*Foxfire Centennial Edition* is perhaps the more impressive of the two volumes, if only because it was compiled by fourth graders. The spiral-bound, computer-generated book consists of 35 sketches, each with a photograph. Most of the sketches deal with family history--students talking about grandparents or parents--and several of them deal with Latah County families. A number of students wrote about people who interested them, even though they were not relatives, such as Russell Crathorne of Potlatch and Moscow; Bill Olesen, who reminisced about teacher Lena Whitmore; and prominent Latah County landowner Ed Ramsdale.

David Johnson, reporter for the *Lewiston Morning Tribune*, spoke to the class about writing, and his influence is apparent. There is some lively writing here and some imaginative leaders. Listen to Jason Romey's lead to his story "Telephone Slugs": "Have you ever put slugs in your telephone? My grandma did!" Or Joseph Paul's opening for "Meet Donald Duck": "I want you to meet a human duck. At least, that's what Louis Emery says he is." Or perhaps the most ingenious of all, Rob Strobel's first two sentences in "Father Freaks Out": "Jan Luden survived a serious disease

when she was a child. If she had died, I wouldn't be here!" The story headings are equally engaging. In addition to the above, there are stories titled "What Does a Sheep Man Do?," "Give a Skunk a Hard Boiled Egg!," and "\$15.00 Baby." The headings and the opening lines lead browsers into the stories; urge them to read on. These fourth graders have learned a valuable lesson about the written word, a lesson that eludes many writers for their entire lives.

Just as important as the lessons of learning to write are the lessons the students learned about history. You realize when reading this book that history now means more than it did before to these young people. They have learned about the books read in an earlier time, about adventures, holidays, schooldays, games. Brenda Oleson starts off the book with a story called "Ship Wrecked." It is apparent that history has taken a new meaning for her from her opening paragraph: "My great, great grandpa, Klemmet Johnson, was a very interesting man. He was born in Norway in 1859. He became a sailor when he was only eleven years old. That's only one year older than I am!" Lifestyles in earlier times have taken on a new complexity for Brenda and her classmates as a result of this project.

The book has a few faults. It could have used a Table of Contents, and perhaps even an index. It would be useful if the pages were numbered. Most importantly, it needed an introduction stating when the project was undertaken, under whose supervision, and why. Such an introduction would help future readers know about the project and its importance, and might have inspired other classes to undertake such an effort. But these are minor criticisms. The 1987 Russell Fourth Graders and their teachers should be very proud of their work.

*Timeless Treasures* is a shorter volume with a staple-binding. It uses a higher quality paper for both the cover and inside pages. This provides for better reproduction of the many photographs which illustrate the text. Some of the photos are historic, but the majority are contemporary, apparently taken by the students while they did their fieldwork.

The student authors of this book took a different approach than the Moscow class. The book consists of sketches based upon interviews with nine long-time Troy area residents. As a result, *Timeless Treasures* is much more focussed than *Foxfire 1987*. Reading through this book gives a good idea of Troy and the people who have made it home. There is much here about why people moved to Troy, and what they found to keep them there. This is really a composite sketch of a generation that grew up during the depression. They tell about games, and businesses, and making a living; about hard times and good times; about life during World War II.

It is apparent that these students, too, got a few lessons in writing. Here is the opening paragraph of a story entitled "Small Town Doctor": "In 1949, Omar Drury came to the city of Troy having finished his internship 1 1/2 years before. He took the job of a physician, and 38 years later we took a seat in Dr. Drury's little niche, well out of the fast lane and talked with him about his life as a small town doctor." That is good writing for any age group.

The Troy students, like their Moscow counterparts, learned much about history and writing, but perhaps even more importantly they learned about people. Let the students themselves tell you what they learned. This is the last paragraph in the story called "Moments in Time" about Lucille Flodin: "We then came to the end of our visit with Lucille, and we began to depart, but before we got on our way, she had expressed her openness for us to come back anytime. Lucille seemed very pleased with our interest in her, yet we feel even more pleased in finding such a lady to talk about and learn from. We feel we have not only learned a great deal about her life and the town in which we live, but we have gained much more than that, we gained a friend."

At the conclusion of the project, the Troy students deposited their tapes and project records with the Latah County Historical Society where they can be used by future researchers. They are to be congratulated for their foresight in making this donation. Similarly, the many Troy businesses who supported the

book's publication by taking out display ads should also be congratulated.

Like *Foxfire 1987*, *Timeless Treasures* could have been improved a little. It needs an inside title page with publication information (place and date of publication; who published; where printed; etc.). It also would have been valuable to have had an introduction to this book talking about the project and why and when it was undertaken. But again, these are minor. The Troy students should be proud of their book; they have created a handsome volume that truly is a "Timeless Treasure."

A few copies of *Timeless Treasures* are available for sale at the Society, having been donated by the students. These can be picked up in person, or the Society can mail them if an additional dollar is included with the check (total, including postage: \$4.00). Russell School might have a few copies of *Foxfire 1987*.

KEITH PETERSEN is book review editor for *Latah Legacy*. He became interested in history by listening to the tales of his parents and grandfather.

*Palouse Country, An Essay in Photographs*, by George Bedirian. Colfax, WA: Whitman County Historical Society, [date?]. 157 pages. Paper. Available from local bookstores or by mail from Palouse Country Publications, P.O. Box 61, Pullman, WA 99163. Price \$21 plus \$1 shipping and handling (Washington residents add \$1.58 for sales tax).

For decades the Palouse country has been a compelling subject for artists, journalists, writers, and photographers. Brushes, lenses, and pens of the hundreds who have explored its shape and meaning have produced unique visions of the rolling hills, forests, farmsteads, and activity. The portraits photographer George Bedirian offers in this volume contribute yet another powerful interpretation of the land and the monuments man has placed among these hills. The black and white photographs of Palouse towns and the surrounding land give us impressions of a place both stark and rich in detail. There are no people in these images, but the presence of men and women is implied by the silent facades of gas

stations, churches, and abandoned school houses. In the countryside, textures of earth, tree, and sky evoke "a remote and lonely place . . . full of a beauty which is in turn haunting, mysterious, noble, austere, and tender."

This photograph essay begins with an introduction into a past of great hopes and vigor, and, as the author describes it, an "irreversible downward spiral" as highways and greater opportunities diminish the population of the rural trading centers and draw away the young. Bedirian views the rapid transition to mechanized agriculture and a single cash crop as a catastrophe which destroyed many towns and led inevitably to depopulation and the erosion of the fertile soil. This intellectual, historical perspective is embedded in these photographs which for all their beauty are also filled with much silence and reflection on the past. There is much to think about in these pages.

From an artist's and booklover's perspective, *Palouse Country* is beautifully designed and contains 145 photographs that have been superbly reproduced. The photographs are divided into four sections: streets and buildings; grain elevators; barns; and landscapes. Terry Lawhead, a former Moscow writer, has contributed a thought-provoking essay on the author and his work entitled "Restoring the Myth of Locale." The photographs do full justice to Bedirian's reputation as one of the foremost photographers of the Palouse. Those who are knowledgeable about the finer techniques of photography and the process of developing and printing the finished product will delight in this book. From a historian's point of view the book is an important contribution in capturing Palouse towns, grain elevators, barns, and landscape at a particular point in time.

The townscapes are notably intriguing in suggesting the sort of people who built and lived in these communities. There is an amazing wealth of detail often overlooked by those who see only vacant, dilapidated buildings. The commercial block in Oakesdale has slender fluted columns of cast iron, a prominent brick arched doorway, and decorative brick cornices. St. Elmo's hotel in Palouse sports a modern jaunty sign contrasting with the elegant lines of its mansard roof reminiscent of architecture in

a European town. The First Baptist Church of Oakesdale is graced with a classical columned porch and oversized fanlight. Even the simpler, less pretentious wood frame commercial businesses have towering false fronts and elaborate recessed and corner entrances. All this testifies to the visions of the early town builders. Some monuments reflect a religious and ethnic heritage, like Colton's St. Galls, Uniontown's St. Boniface, and Sprague's Mary Queen of Heaven Catholic churches. There are other images linking the past to the present: the faded letters and drawing on the side of a commercial block in Sprague advertising Bull Durham tobacco, "Best for Three Generations." In all these ways Bedirian's camera has captured a record of what has been and what may soon disappear.

Those who love barns will be rewarded with superb images of a variety of structures, round and rounded, gabled and hipped, with cupolas and sheds, vertical and horizontal planking, and sunlight through the broken roofs creating a latticework. The landscape photographs demonstrate the author's fascination with sky and clouds, and the undulating hills have surprising perspectives of barns and trees tucked between the folds. The section on grain elevators brings beauty and grace to familiar architectural forms of cylinders and cubes that fit together in intriguing patterns.

MARY REED is director of the Latah County Historical Society.

## A PALOUSE COUNTRY PERSPECTIVE

The following article appeared in the Moscow newspaper in 1903 or 1904. Chas. Rowe was 24 or 25 years old at the time. He was from Minnesota and worked for the *Blue Earth Minnesota Post* before moving to Moscow. Later he left Moscow to become editor of the *Bend Oregon Bulletin*, and then was owner and editor of the *Libby Montana Western News* until his retirement in 1944. The clipping and information was provided by his daughter, Mrs. Helen Rowe Fry of Sandpoint, Idaho, January 16, 1987.

### CHAS. ROWE WRITES

-----  
Of Life in the Far West -- Many Wonders In  
and Around Moscow, Idaho.

### CLIMATE NOT TO BE EXCELLED

-----  
Mountain Scenery in Abundance --  
Large Crops of Wheat and Oats  
-----

Moscow, Idaho, Aug. 26.-- President Roosevelt, on a recent trip through the south and west, repeatedly made the statement while passing through the state of Texas that he had always considered himself a tolerably good American, but since his contact with Texas and Texas people, he felt that he was a much better American than he had previously been. We suppose the president meant by this statement that as one travels through our great country, perceives its many resources and its great possibilities, his knowledge of his country -- her power and responsibilities -- broadens and he finds himself a better American, with a fuller understanding of what his country is. This has been partially my feeling after my recent journey from Blue Earth to the west. To be sure I have seen only a small portion of what we call the "west," but what I have seen has been a revelation to me. One can read much of one's country, can view fine paintings of scenery and beautiful half-tone productions of cities and mountains, but you have no adequate nor true conception of what is all is until you see it with your own eyes.

I shall not attempt a description of the scenery that I saw. That is far beyond my powers. But my advice to everyone is that if one ever has the opportunity to take a journey through the

west to do so by all means. If you should not have the opportunity, then make it.

\* \* \*

I arrived in Moscow May 3rd. I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to spend my first Sunday at the home of a young couple living on the side of our largest mountain near town, known as Moscow mountain. In company with W. D. Smith and family, we drove out to the mountain Saturday evening, and Sunday morning started for a climb. Taking it by easy stages we climbed about half way to the top. It certainly was a great experience for me. As we stood there in a little cleared spot with the tall pine trees all about us -- some of them between 200 and 300 feet high -- we could see snow clad mountains with their white peaks looming in the distance -- 140 miles in a bee line, so our guide told us. To our left we could see a little town nestling in the foothills and lost in the pines; turning to another point of the compass we beheld the city of Moscow below us, and yet in another direction we could see the thundering locomotive speeding along with its load of passengers. It was a new and thrilling sight for me to stand on a mountain side and see a great and fertile country stretched before you mile after mile and acre after acre. It was late spring and the wheat was just getting a good growth of some five to six inches. As I stood and saw hill after hill for miles around me in all directions covering with this waving greenness, with many fine orchards capping the hilltops, and numerous comfortable homes set down in the valleys, I could get something of an idea of the wonderful fertility and richness of this Palouse valley country -- one of the greatest garden spots of the world.

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This brings to my mind a statement recently published in the *Winnebago Enterprise*, in which Mr. C. H. Garnsey, after a visit through the west, gave utterance to the belief that a renter in the Mississippi valley was more fortunate than a land owner in the west. We pay all due respect to Mr. Garnsey's judgement and powers of observation, but he surely could not have visited the Palouse valley. Land all

through the Palouse country is selling at from \$50 to \$75 an acre, while choice pieces nearer the towns have sold as high as \$100 and over per acre. This same land annually yields from 30 to 40 bushels of the finest kind of wheat. We are now right in the midst of our harvest and the wheat yield this year is averaging 35 bushels per acre. So Mr. Garnsey's statement, viewed in connection with the Palouse country, simply means that a renter in the Mississippi valley is better off than a farmer out here owning 160 acres of land -- say valued at from \$9,000 to \$10,000. Land yielding an abundant harvest of wheat each year, fruit in abundance, and a fine country for dairying. With these facts before us, we can hardly agree with Mr. Garnsey in his statement -- at least as far as it concerns the Palouse country.

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There is one thing about the crops out here that seems strange at first to the easterner coming to this land: Here at Moscow we have not as yet been able to grow corn with any degree of success. Thirty miles below us at American Ridge and Herbert Gulch it yields a fine crop. Here grapes and peaches do not thrive. At Lewiston, also distant only 30 miles, these two as well as all the more tender fruits are one of the great yields of the vicinity. The explanation of this lies in the fact that this is a very hilly country, consequently you can get great varieties of altitude and climate in a radius of a few miles. Thus the frosts at some points will kill the more tender fruits, while a few hundred feet below, these same fruits grow very successfully. Moscow is 2571 feet above sea level; Lewiston, they tell me, but 600. So you see there can be a great difference in the climates and crops of the two places.

The Palouse valley, however, is one of the greatest fruit producing countries in the world. At Moscow we raise tremendous yields of great black cherries, the finest kinds of pears and apples, dew berries, raspberries, currants, etc., etc. There are such large orchards of prunes and they yield so abundantly that there is not market for the greater part of the crop, and they are allowed to lie and rot beneath the trees. In lower altitudes such as Lewiston, all the more tender varieties of fruit and vegetables grow in great abundance, such as peaches

grapes, melons, tomatoes, etc. I have stated that corn will not grow satisfactorily here at Moscow, but in a recent conversation with Prof. Crosthwaite, who is connected with the state university experimental station here, the professor stated that the school was this year experimenting with several varieties of corn, and he felt it was only a question of time until we could grow a very satisfactory crop of corn around Moscow.

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One coming into a new country will naturally wonder for a time if the manners and customs differ any from those of the old home. Aside from a few provincialisms, the new comer to Moscow would not know but that he was living in the state of Minnesota or Iowa. Shortly after coming here, I was pricing some neckties one evening. The clerk told me the one I had in my hand was worth six bits. Then as he saw the look of ignorance come over my face he hastened to state that six bits was the equivalent of 75 cents. Everything up to a dollar out here is priced in "bits." Again we grow no potatoes here; instead they are known as "spuds." What we call a light wagon back east is a hack here. And all our hacks in Minnesota would be cabs in Moscow. All boards are planks -- regardless of whether they are one-half, one or two inches in thickness. In Minnesota we would say, "A few days ago"; here they remark, "A while back."

The ladies of Moscow are very enthusiastic horseback riders. A large number of them participate in this healthful pastime, and during the evening one can see some very fine specimens of horse flesh, with the ladies sitting the saddle with ease and grace. The part that appeared strange to the new comer was that practically all the ladies ride astride, wearing the divided skirt. I must confess that in my judgment, the use of the side saddle and the old fashioned way for the lady to ride appears much more lady-like and genteel. That was the verdict of not only myself but several other easterners who arrived here about the same time as I did. The natives tell us, however, that such has always been the custom of the country, and all that is needed is only to become used to it.

The athletic girl is also much in evidence, and one of the fads which seems to have struck the town is for the young ladies to appear with sleeves rolled back just above the elbow, giving a very jaunty and athletic appearance.

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The climate of Moscow is most delightful -- at least as much of it as I have experienced. Only a week or two of uncomfortably warm weather during the summer, with the mercury seldom getting above 100. Starting with about the middle of June we have no rains, except a very, very few scattering showers, until late in the fall, often holding off until as late as Christmas. Then during the late fall, winter, and spring, we have what is known as the rainy season, when a great amount of rain falls. The winters are very mild. In fact we seldom have enough snow here to furnish sleighing. Most of the houses are built without stone foundations, being placed on wooden piles, and the cellars boarded up. With only this slight protection against the cold, they tell me they never have any trouble from the cellar freezing. Instead of plastering the houses, they seal them with a cheap lumber, tack cloth over this, and then paste the wall paper over the cloth. Thus you can see they do not take very great precautions against cold weather.

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Moscow boasts between 5,000 and 6,000 people. It is a thriving little city with excellent systems of waterworks, electric lights and sewerage. We are fortunate enough to have the state university, with the experimental farm in connection, situated here, which brings some 500 or 600 students to town for the greater part of the year. The university, compared with some of the larger eastern universities, is small but it is gradually growing and has a bright future. The university has excellent schools of electrical engineering and mining and is producing some of the best mining engineers of the country.

Aside from the university our town is well supplied with churches, has a good public school system, and is at present building a fine Carnegie library building. Work is soon to begin also on a handsome new operahouse. Of

course all the various lines of general business are fully represented.

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Back east we hear much talk about the great possibilities in the west. There are possibilities here, but it has been my observation since coming here -- an observation which I have always maintained -- that it takes considerable capital to take advantage of these opportunities, and, just as it is in all countries, an expenditure of much muscular force and brain power is necessary for success. There are no "soft snaps" lying around to be picked up by the idle fellow. To be sure to some extent there are better chances here than back east for the young man who is resourceful, alert, and ready to work hard, but the idea that the west is full of golden nuggets to be easily gobbled up in a fading fable. Such has always been my opinion, and my observations have only confirmed that belief. New towns are sometimes being built, railroads are being extended, vast areas of farm range lands are being peopled by the small farmer, which naturally creates a new and greater market, giving occasion for the new towns above spoken of.

Thus it can be seen that the man on the ground with some capital at his disposal and an eye open for wise investments, might in a few years find himself with a comfortable fortune. But it takes some capital to start with and shrewd judgment in investing. I have just returned from a trip down in central Oregon -- a hundred miles from a railroad -- where they are placing a vast territory under irrigation. This land can be bought now at an average of \$10 per acre with water delivered on the land. Anyone acquainted with irrigated land knows that as soon as it gets to growing a crop, and with a railroad to carry away its products, that the price per acre ranges from \$100 to \$500. I could tell you of what I saw down there, of the certainty of a railroad in the new future, and of chances for good investments, but I have run this letter out now to a great length, sufficient for this time.

Chas. D. Rowe

## LETTERS

Having just received my LATAH LEGACY and read the History of Camp Fire in Moscow, I decided to write this:

I was in the Group whose Guardian was Mrs. Fred Veatch. It was E-dah-hoe (Mountain Gem or Light on the Mountain), started in September 1924. My name was Nyoda (rainbow) and I joined March 4, 1925, and was initiated March 13. All this information is in a "Memory Scrap Book" I was keeping - all in my 11 year old handwriting. There's a picture of Camp Sweyolakan (evidently from a brochure) with a description underneath:

Camp Sweyolakan, the camp of the Spokane and Inland Empire Camp Fire Girls, is located on Mica Bay, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. The camp owns a large assembly hall and a huge fire place, pantry and kitchen, and five sleeping units, each one of which is equipped to handle twenty four girls. In addition to these buildings, there is the lodge, which is used as councillors' headquarters, a craft cottage, and a cottage for the camp nurse and first-aid work.

Camp Sweyolakan has a white sand beach with a gradual slope which makes it possible to rope off a "Pollywog Pond" for beginners.

The camp owns five well built row boats and two large war canoes which have been added because they are safe and easy to handle. Water which has been analyzed and found pure is held in a reservoir and piped through the main building.

The chief sports at camp are swimming, rowing, archery, baseball, paddle tennis, volley ball and hiking.

Disaster befell me when I went to Camp in July 1926. Almost immediately I became ill, and after four days the Nurse brought me on a boat to Coeur d'Alene, to the Hospital where they discovered I had acute appendicitis. When they called my Mother, she at once called Dr. Gritman (the only doctor in the world as far as our family was concerned) who

volunteered to drive her to Coeur d'Alene, bring me back to Moscow, and do the necessary surgery. And that's what he did. I remember being told to hold my knees against my chest, and making that long (then) trip to Moscow. After three weeks in the hospital and a lot of drains in my side, I was fine. But it was a pretty harrowing experience.

We earned Camp Fire Honors (beautiful wooden beads) in the following categories: Home Craft (flame colored--orange), Health Care (red), Camp Craft (brown and carved), Hand Craft (green), Business (yellow), Nature Lore (blue), and Citizenship (red, white and blue). These handsome beads were strung on our deep brown leather collars, which we wore over our Ceremonial Gowns (tan) trimmed in fringed leather also, and with headbands we made on small looms from tiny colored beads--with our Camp Fire name as an insignia woven in.

All this from my Camp Fire Manual, 1924, which I'm looking at right now. I brought it from our family home 610 East "B" Street some years ago--where we all grew up and lived until we went away to schools etc. after graduating from the University of Idaho. My parents (Frank L. and Annie B. Kennard) lived there until shortly before their deaths in 1974 and 1975.

Others in my Camp Fire Group were: Mary Axtell Bailey, Elizabeth Thompson (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Thompson and sister of Mary Kiblen), Mary Louise Bush Perrine, Elizabeth Vincent (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence C. Vincent). There were about 11 or 12 of us altogether.

Someone please tell Lillian Otness that she was my "ideal" Camp Fire Girl. She had heavy braids, and always had more honors and knew all there was to know about anything to do with Camp Fire. The braids looked marvellous with her Ceremonial Gown!

s/Patricia Kennard Watson



Joyce Finke (aunt of Jeanette Talbott) forwarded to me a copy of the letter my good friend Patricia Kennard Watson sent you regarding the recent history of Camp Fire in Moscow. Her letter was dated September 9.

Since I was also a member of Mrs. Fred Veatch's group I thought I would add the names of others in that group.

Those whose names readily come to mind are: Edna Scott Sandmeyer, Esther Fitch, Florence (Billie) Simpson, and Betty Horton.

Mrs. Veatch had no children of her own but was a superb guardian.

The happiest hours of my summers were spent at Camp Sweyolakan. I believe I went there three or four different summers and was interested to learn recently that Camp Fire had outgrown Sweyolakan and moved its summer camp.

s/Mary Axtell Bailey (Mrs. W.H.)

(The Bravest, continued from p. 14)

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY

This history is the final result of three phases of research. The first phase, which required more than one year of studying documents dating back as far as 1888, involved plotting the course of development of the Moscow Volunteer Fire Department from its inception in 1890 up to the beginning of the Second World War in Europe in 1939. Phase one consisted of several months of deciphering the original longhand meeting notes of the first fire companies, and then placing events in a chronological order. The second phase necessitated the use of the fire department's collection of scrapbooks, which recounted the development of the fire department from November 10, 1927 (the date of ten dedication of the fire station), until about 1975. Finally, the third and final phase of research involved the use of personal accounts of incidents and events since the mid-1960s. When combined into a cohesive historical account, this research represents the most accurate record of department events ever assembled.

#### POEMS BY CLYDE W. SPENCER

The following poems were written by Clyde William Spencer, the father of Katherine E. Spencer Burnham who sent them to the Latah County Historical Society.

Clyde William Spencer's grandparents settled in the Troy area over one hundred years ago. The original homestead is still owned by the family and a grandson lives on it. Clyde was born and raised there, only leaving for a short time to work on the Coast. He died in 1972. One of his children still lives in Troy, two in Moscow. There are many other family members still residing in Latah County.

#### THE CALL OF THE HUNTER

The bull elk bugles his mating call  
To challenge the world this ruler of fall  
Ringing out over the valleys, high in the peaks  
Blood tingling and wild, a call that speaks,  
Of valleys and rivers and of forest domain  
To all who have heard it, will always remain  
A call of the hunter.

Pack horses and mules, loaded, ready to go  
To wind up the trail from the river below  
Climbing on steadily for many a mile  
And as you pause for a breather once in a  
while  
The grandeur all around, you now must  
confess  
Makes you feel like a speck in this huge  
wilderness  
Unknown and unheard except for those near  
And the ever watchful eyes of the elk and the  
deer

The trails are behind you, your camp has been  
made  
The boughs are all cut, your bed has been laid  
And as twilight is passing, the night is unveiled  
The relaxation of men, the telling of tales  
A campfire is glowing, a red eye in the night  
Reflects from the faces to the left and the right  
Each one is contented, as well he should be  
The bonding of friendship of men who are free  
Away from the tasks and the daily chores  
A small group of men in the great outdoors  
It makes you feel humble and mighty small  
Sitting here at this old camp, late in the fall

Now what kind of a man is he who will rise  
 Long ere the dawn brightens the eastern skies  
 The youngster along, now he's a man in the  
 makin'  
 He's getting rid of the flapjacks, java and  
 bacon  
 Breakfast is over, we're all ready to go  
 Elk sign on the ridges, in the thickets below  
 Each one has his rifle, shells, compass and axe,  
 Ready to ease out and study the tracks  
 And as they are starting, each one to a trail  
 The wild bugling has started, rings out o'er the  
 vale  
 A call to the hunter

Each hunter is cautious, as well he should be  
 The movement of bushes a sharp eye can see  
 Wind's in our favor, it's cool on your face  
 The elk are all feeding at a leisurely pace  
 They're grunting and browsing, all about full  
 Getting ready to bed, but not the old bull  
 He has been challenged, he's ready to fight  
 His hackles are up, he thrashes his right  
 With rack outthrust and a mighty lunge  
 The young foe cannot stand and turns and he  
 runs  
 And as the monarch turns, the lord of rack and  
 might  
 He is well within the range and centered in the  
 sight  
 A shot rings out, the bull is down, forever still  
 The goal of a hunter a clean and lordly kill

Echos are rolling, slowly fading away  
 The herd has crashed onward, gone for today  
 A trophy is down, he's fit for a king  
 No more from the peaks his challenge to ring  
 Downed by a hunter, who is blessed by a call  
 The privilege of hunting, of freedom for all

The meat has been yarded, hung up in the  
 camp  
 Time to relax, we've all had a tramp  
 The youngster is smiling the widest of all  
 Here at this old camp, late in the fall  
 He's had his baptism, a hunter I'm sure  
 A hunter who will answer the urge and the lure  
 To roam and to hunt his gun in his hand  
 To answer the call since primeval man  
 The call of the hunter

A far better world, of this I am sure  
 All the joys and the sorrows we help it endure  
 The rumors of bombing of missiles and wars

Amid the roar of planes, the tanks, the trucks  
 and the cars  
 If each man were neither game hog, crook nor  
 a thief  
 All the mistrust, fighting, anguish and tears  
 Would be but a memory, smoothed by the  
 years  
 Our children could grown on through their  
 years  
 Could live all the joys, forget all the fears  
 And when they are older, yes late in the fall  
 They, like me, would answer the call  
 The call of the hunter.

### KATHERINE

She is just a pigtailed little girl  
 Hair ribbons atop a smiling face  
 With impish lights in shining eyes  
 Day by day she sets our pace

From early morn till fading light  
 Always moving, on the go  
 Trying to keep apace with brother  
 Something missing? Ask her, she'll know

Playing horse and train with brother  
 She thinks she's more boy than girl  
 Regardless of what the boys cook up  
 She is always ready for a whirl

Helping mother bake the cookies  
 Something new each changing hour  
 If she isn't changing dolly's diaper  
 She might be playing in the flour

She spills her sister's polish,  
 Puts the powder on the floor  
 Lipstick was made to put on mirrors  
 Yes, all of this and more

But she is just a little sister  
 And to all of us she's so dear  
 Yes, she's just a little sister  
 And we like to keep her near

Near to us that love her  
 Help guide her day by day  
 All too soon she's growing up  
 But we will think of her this day

She's still just our little sister  
 And someday all her own  
 She will understand these written word  
 From all of us who have known  
 She's our little sister!

## LIFETIME MEMBERS

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

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

Note: For **Canada and Mexico**, add \$4; for **Europe**, add \$8.

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. Tuesday through Saturday. Visits to the museum or research archives are welcomed at other times and can be arranged by calling (208) 882-1004.