

LATAH LEGACY

The Semi-Annual Journal of the Latah County Historical Society

Vol. 27, Nos. 1 and 2

\$4.00

1998



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Growing Up in Latah County, Part III

Memories in Stone: A Tour of the Moscow Cemetery

The *Latah Legacy* is published semi-annually by the Latah County Historical Society, 327 East Second Street, Moscow, Idaho 83843. Tel: 208/882-1004. Fax 208/882-0759. E-Mail < lchlibrary@moscow.com >. Subscriptions are included in the annual membership dues. Individual copies are \$4.00.

ISSN 0749-3282

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The cover photograph shows a statue of a graceful, grieving young woman holding flowers. The statue is a memorial for Jay Miles Gano, the only son of Ward and Mabel Gano. He was killed on Heartbreak Ridge in North Korea on October 10, 1951.

The Latah County Historical Society, a non-profit organization, was incorporated under the laws of the State of Idaho in 1973 as the Latah County Museum Society, Inc. In 1985 the Articles of Incorporation were amended to change the name to its present one.

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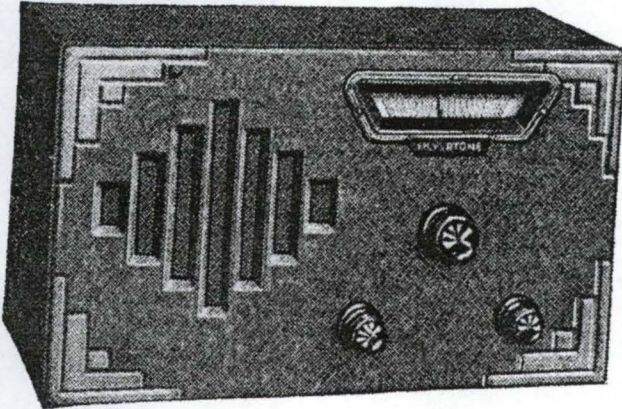
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Growing Up in Latah County

Part III

James Bramblet

Introduction: This is the final part of Mr. Bramblet's reminiscences about growing up on Texas Ridge. As he explains, his purpose in writing the manuscript was to show what farm life was like in the 1920s and 1930s. "Historically we know there was such a time, but what were the feelings and emotions that accompanied such a life style?" Mr. Bramblet now lives in Tacoma, Washington.



The 1934 Sears and Roebuck catalog described this table model radio as completely electrified, one you could plug into any 32-volt light socket. It featured an attractive cabinet, full vision dial, and a modernistic speaker grill. It could easily be moved from room to room. Made to be used with farm lighting plants, the price was \$34.95.

Inventions change the farm

During the sixteen years I remember on the farm, many changes took place as the result of technological advances. The advent of radio was one of these. When I was very young and we didn't have a radio, the long winter evenings were used for reading or playing games. My first recollection of hearing a radio was one evening when the entire family walked to our neighbors to hear a heavy-weight prize fight between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. This was the famous second fight between the two, known for the "long count" because Dempsey didn't go to his corner after knocking down Tunney.

The fight took place on September 22, 1927, when I was three and a half years old. I recall that there was a great deal of static and that Papa and Mr. Holmes made everyone be very quiet. I remem-

ber them saying to each other, "If he would stop running, he would knock him out." I suppose they were talking about Tunney running from Dempsey, but Tunney survived the knockdown punch and went on to win the fight on points.

Shortly after this my brother Everett got a very small radio that you listened to with earphones. There was one set so that the smaller children couldn't use them and the radio could not be turned on without his supervision. My sister Fern still feels a little resentment that she seldom got to listen to the radio, but I guess I never really expected that luxury. Eventually we purchased a nice radio with clear reception. There were lots of good programs our family listened to in the evenings. Some favorites were *Lum and Abner*, *One Man's Family*, *The Inlaws*, and *Amos and Andy*. Papa and my brothers liked to hear the news which seemed like a waste of time to me.

Another technological advance that really changed our lives was electricity. When I was four or five, Grandma purchased a Delco Plant, which was simply a large generator that charged the batteries for our light bulbs. Papa built a little house for the generator and the gasoline motor. The building was insulated to prevent freezing and had an exhaust vent for the motor. The motor charged sixteen glass batteries connected in tandem so that all were charged at once. One had a gauge that showed when they needed to be recharged.

Grandma hired a contractor to wire the two houses. Because there was no electric cable nor conduit, he used two wires with very thin black insulation and mounted them on insulators to keep them from touching the wood and possibly starting a fire. Each room had a bare bulb hanging in the

middle with a either a switch just above the bulb or a chain to pull. When everything was ready and the electricity was turned on, it seemed like a miracle. Before, we had always used kerosene lamps which we carried as we moved around the house. In the dead of winter it got dark about four in the afternoon and never got light until about eight in the morning. This meant that we were carrying some kind of light most of the time. The first evening that we had electric lights, we spent most of the evening just marveling at how light it was. It seemed like the middle of the day.



This Powermaster 32-volt light plant battery was guaranteed for 5 years. Prices in the 1938 Sears Roebuck catalog ranged from \$75 to \$155 with an option for an easy payment plan.

Other changes came about with electricity as Mamma got an electric iron and replaced the gas Maytag with an electric washing machine. We still didn't have much in the way of kitchen appliances or a vacuum cleaner, but I suppose we could have. We never did have a refrigerator. For some reason we never had our barns on Camas Prairie or later on Texas Ridge wired, so we still had to carry a kerosene lantern to do our chores during the winter months.

We moved to Texas Ridge about the time rural electrification came in under the Roosevelt Administration. The first year we were there we had to go

back to kerosene lamps until electrical power lines came to our community. Everett got a job helping a contractor wire houses. Later he began contracting on his own and worked for some time wiring houses and businesses. He had our houses all wired before electricity was available, and when it came we hooked up right away. We read our own meter each month and sent in the payment, usually only a dollar or two.

I don't remember when we got our first telephone, but the system was quite crude. The men of the community built the line and we paid a nominal fee each month to use it. This money was primarily used to pay the lady in town who connected you if you wanted to make a long distance call. She was called "central."

The telephone was a box on the wall with a crank on the side. Inside were two large, dry cell batteries and numerous wires and gadgets. A small black mouthpiece containing a microphone was on the end of a moveable arm that could be raised or lowered depending on a person's height. Each family had a different ring. Ours was two long and two short rings. We never answered the phone unless it was our number. It was possible to "rubber neck" by listening in when others were talking, so no one told any important secrets. Some people told big lies over the phone just to get a rumor started. Ten short rings was the signal for everyone to pick up their receivers for an important community announcement.

Early on I learned how to ring my friends by turning the handle the appropriate number of times. If you wanted to ring long distance you made just one ring and Central would say, "number please." You gave her the number and the town and waited to be connected. The first time I made a long distance call I was nervous. As I waited for Central to answer I rehearsed what I was going to say. I expected her to say, "number please," but for some reason she said, "hello." In my confusion I said, "number please," and then realizing my mistake, I got so flustered that I hung up.

Another development that changed our way of life was the automobile. We had always traveled by horseback or in a wagon or buggy drawn by horses. This limited the distance we could travel, but I do

remember going with a wagon down to Lewiston to trade wheat for flour and to purchase apples and other fruit from the Lewiston orchards. Orville Buttrey and Papa went together and brought Fern, me, and the Buttrey children along. We had to camp overnight which made it a fun trip for us. When you travel by wagon you can jump out and run alongside or explore a bit and run to catch up. It was not a long boring trip like those in automobiles are apt to be.

The first car we had was a 1917 Dodge. Papa's brother, Everett, owed us some money and Papa agreed to take the car in lieu of payment. It had been a touring car, but was now remodeled into a pickup. One distinctive feature was the headlights. They were connected to the steering wheel in such a way that when you turned a corner the headlights also turned, directing the lights around the corner. The problem was that the lights wobbled up and down and back and forth as you drove over bumps, making it difficult to see.

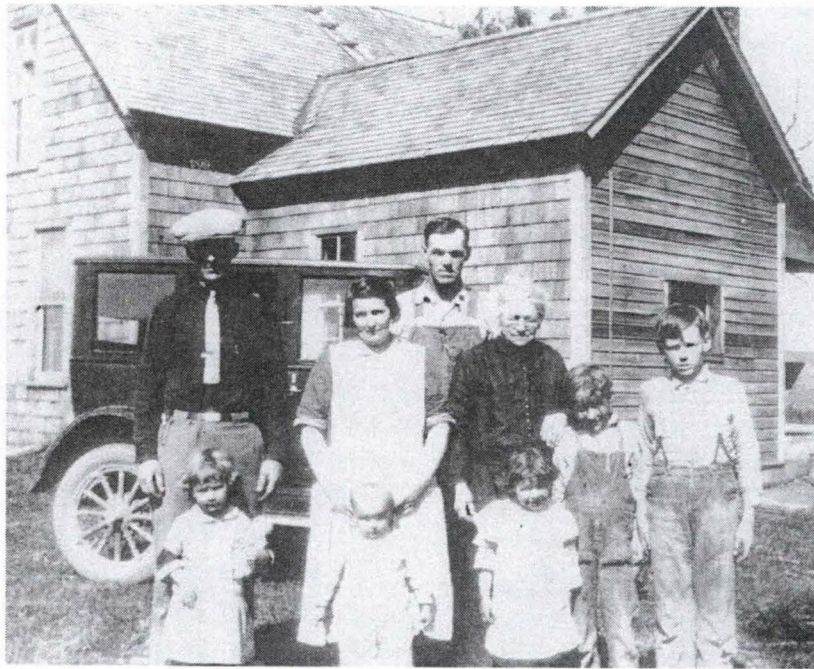
The most popular car when it came out was the Model T Ford. Orville Buttrey had one, and I remember him cranking it and then rushing around to adjust the gas lever when it started. Driving in those days was a real adventure. You often saw people stopped along the road changing and patching tires. When the Model A Ford came out, it seemed quite luxurious. Our neighbors the Tautfests bought a brand new one for the outlandish price of \$750. It had glass windows that rolled up and

down, a self starter, and other conveniences. All cars at that time had mechanical brakes, but only on the back wheels. They wore out faster than they could be fixed, so it wasn't healthy to get in front of an automobile.

The next car I remember was Everett's 1927 Star. It was a sturdy, dependable touring car that could hold our entire family. One day when Uncle Eldon's girls were visiting us, Everett took us down into Lawyer's Canyon for a picnic. A herd of sheep had recently gone through and one old ewe, separated from the herd, was in the canyon bleating and looking for her friends. We decided to take her home but had trouble getting her into the car. We finally got her mostly into the back seat with Lyle standing on the running board to hold her in as we traveled.

We only had to go about a mile, but the road was very narrow and rocky. As we traveled up the grade the bumping somehow disconnected the steering rod. Before Everett realized the car wouldn't steer, we had driven off the road. Fortunately Lyle was on the upper side so when the car began to tip he stepped off. The sheep fell right in with the rest of us. The car rolled over onto its side, onto its top, and onto the other side

where it stopped. No one was injured except for some bumps on the top of our heads when we were upside down. All the dirt on the floor came down on us, filling the air with dust. We worried some about the sheep, but as soon as the dust cleared she started nibbling some rose bushes poking through



Eldon Kittrell is at left with his daughter Betty Rose. James Bramblet is the small boy in front. Behind the group is Eldon's new car. Mr. Bramblet's mother and father stand in back. Other family members from left to right are Grandma Kittrell, Fern, Lyle and Everdalden.

the window. We decided she was all right. Probably the person who suffered the most was Lyle who had to watch his siblings and cousins roll down the hill.

We walked merrily home leading our stray sheep. Papa had to bring the team down to pull the car out. The body was ruined, so Everett found another Star just like it that wouldn't run. He bought it for very little and put the body on his car. This time he made sure the steering rod was properly attached.

Because traveling by auto was not as casual as traveling by wagon, we had to make certain adjustments. One time on a trip in Everett's Star we went down the old Winchester grade, a very different road from the modern highway between Winchester and Culdesac. The grade followed the steepest part of the hill with numerous switchbacks. At the bottom near Culdesac was a service station where we always stopped.

The lavatories were outhouses behind the station, and along the trail to the outhouses was a cage with two bobcats. I was very interested in these wild animals and stopped to study their behavior. Finally I realized the family might be ready to leave, so I rushed down to the car, only to see the rear of it disappearing. I ran out into the road, waving and yelling, but nobody heard me. Another family that saw the whole thing offered to give me a ride in hopes of meeting the folks when they returned for me. I stood on the running board looking for the car, and in a few miles we met them coming back for their prodigal son. Mamma had bought two packages of gum, and when she passed them out she realized there were four sticks left over in the second package instead of three. When she look around, sure enough, one person was missing.

Later Everett bought a 1927 Dodge. This car was large and heavy and stood quite high off the ground. When Everett went away to Bible school, he left his car with us. I drove it to high school, taking five or six other children. The Dodge was so high that it was good for breaking the road after a snowstorm. I was only fifteen years old and in the ninth grade, but I learned early how to drive in snow. After a snowstorm the neighbors waited until I had broken the road on the way to school before they ventured out.

The car's mechanical brakes, which were only on the back wheels, were totally inadequate for its size. Most of the time I drove with only minimal braking power. Fortunately I never had an accident, but several times I came close. I became expert at shifting down, but there are some situations where this won't do. One time when I came around a corner and found the road ahead filled with cattle someone was driving. I couldn't stop in time, but there was a little unused road, grown up to bushes that took off to the side. I turned into that, and once the car had stopped, I backed onto the road and drove slowly as the cattle moved out of my way.



Taking a photo of the family and the new car with a box camera. The people and place are not identified. The photo was donated by Gerry Hagedorn.

Because the country roads were not heavily traveled, you seldom met another car. In the few years between my and my brothers' high school days, travel had changed. They and their friends rode horses the seven miles to Craigmont and back, many times through wind, rain, and blowing snow. I had the luxury of driving a car; school buses were unknown.

A radical change was also taking place in farm work. Tractors or Caterpillars, rather than horses, pulled the farm machinery. Older farmers like Papa, who were not used to gasoline motors and the maintenance and mechanical work they required, continued to use horses. As younger men began to farm, they preferred tractors which made farm work easier and faster. Tractors could pull heavier equipment, such as four or five bottom plows and many

more sections of harrow. Also, tractors don't get tired or have to be fed. Some farmers even hooked up lights on their tractors and hired someone to drive while they slept.

One year when we got behind in our work, Papa hired one of the Nightingale boys to disk the summer fallow with their tractor. We were amazed at how quickly it was done. Then self-propelled combines appeared. Instead of twelve or sixteen-horse teams pulling the combine, you would see these large machines moving around the field on their own.

The final result of these improvements has been the breakdown of the family farm. In both communities where we used to live, most of the houses are now gone and one or two farmers farm the entire area. The few houses that still remain are usually rented by someone who drives to town to work. I can't think of any of the boys I knew that grew up to be farmers, although there may be some. Although I speak of these inventions as improvements, the overall effect they have had seems to me to be a step back socially. There was no better place to grow up and learn a work ethic than the rural communities made up of family farms.

Medical Problems

The things we did on the farm sometimes caused injuries and, of course, we sometimes got sick. We occasionally went to Dr. Dunlap in Craigmont. When we lived on Texas Ridge the nearest doctor was in Troy, about twenty miles away. As Moscow was only ten miles farther we usually went there. This was before the days of medical insurance or any kind of government aid, but doctor's fees were not excessive. We only went to the doctor, however, in extreme emergencies. Mostly we doctored ourselves as best we could and just waited for nature to heal us. We never got shots for tetanus, but I never knew of anyone in our community getting that disease. We often went barefoot and occasionally stubbed our toes or stepped on rusty nails in the barnyard. We must have had guardian

angels watching over us.

In my earliest memories I had a long, red scar on the top of my left foot. I was told how it got there, although I don't remember the incident. When I was two I was riding on a horse behind Everett who was eleven. He rode the horse between a wagon and a barbed wire fence. Since my legs were short they stuck straight out from the horse and one of them scraped the barbed wire. Although the barb ripped open the top of my foot, the wound didn't bleed much. Nowadays it would be sutured and there wouldn't be much of a scar. If they had pulled it together and taped it, it would also have healed quickly, but probably there was no adhesive tape. They just bandaged it and let it heal, so it had to heal from the bottom up, leaving a scar one and one-fourth inch wide. When I was young it was quite red, but seventy years later it has almost disappeared. It grew with my foot from one and one-half inches long to three inches.

We only went to the doctor, however, in extreme emergencies. Mostly we doctored ourselves as best we could and just waited for nature to heal us.

Before I was born, when Lyle was around four, the family was traveling by wagon from Aunt Mildred's. Everett and Lyle were dragging straws on the ground when Lyle fell under the wheel which ran over his

chest, leaving a diagonal, red track. He didn't seem to be hurt, but he turned very pale. The family was coming up Lapwai Creek and were almost to Culdesac where they stopped to have a doctor examine him. Because Lyle wasn't in pain, the doctor, who didn't have an x-ray machine, probably decided he wasn't seriously injured. A guardian angel must have lifted most of the weight of that heavy farm wagon loaded with watermelons off that little chest which survived to preach many powerful sermons.

When Mary was about two she also had a serious accident. She often followed me around as I worked or played, and I was supposed to keep her from getting hurt. One time I was herding the ducks from the pond up to the barn. The pond was about one hundred yards below the barn, and next to it was a level area of pasture that was always green because of the pond and springs that fed it. The horses were grazing on this green area, and Old

Nag had wandered over near the pond. He was a gentle, harmless horse, so I wasn't concerned.

As I was working with the ducks who were reluctant to leave their watery paradise, I neglected to watch what Mary was doing. I heard a noise, and as I looked around, I saw Mary up in the air. She came down in a heap and lay there as though she were dead. Apparently she had walked up and patted Nag on the heel. The horse, thinking it was a dog, kicked and struck Mary.

I picked up her unconscious body and started running toward the house. There was a fairly steep little hill between the pond and the barn, and I was only eight. I remember that she was very heavy. As I ran I was screaming at the top of my lungs for Mamma or someone to help. Mamma heard me and met me at the barnyard gate. By then Mary was beginning to come around, and it was a real relief to hand her over to Mamma. When Mary revived, she was a little woozy for a bit, but otherwise seemed to be all right. You could see the hoof print on the side of her head, just behind the ear.

I don't remember whether we took her to Dr. Dunlap or if he came to see her, but he pronounced her to be all right. Again, without the benefit of x-rays. He theorized that she was so close to the horse that it was like putting his hoof against her, with the power of the kick only lifting and throwing her. As you can see, our guardian angels were kept fairly busy.

Because we used wood in both the kitchen range and the heating stove, there was always the danger of accidental burns. The heating stove was just a simple metal stove with a flat area on top for a teakettle, a door in the front for putting in wood, and a metal plate on each side to dry your wet and cold feet. In order to stay warm in the winter, you had to be close to the stove which was not able to heat the far side of the room. Sometimes the side of the stove would glow red when the fire was very hot.

One time when I was quite young, I was taking my Saturday-night bath in a washtub near the stove. Fern and I got into some kind of an argument, and she pushed me into the hot stove. My bare buttock came into contact with the hot metal, giving me a bad burn about the size of a silver dollar. We used

to treat burns with a medicine called Unguentine, but it didn't seem to help a lot. For several weeks I couldn't sit down and slept on my stomach.



The 1927 Sears Roebuck Catalog carried the Beechwood Heater which burned wood and corn cobs. Unlike the Bramblet's stove, this model had nickle-plated ornamentation. The price was \$13.95.

When Lyle was in high school at Craigmont he was on the football team. The team used to travel to their away games in an open truck with a cattle rack on the bed. The boys stood up in the truck, hanging onto the rack. One time when they were returning from a game, the truck went into a ditch. It didn't tip over, but the rack broke loose. They fell out along the ditch. Lyle was one of the two seriously hurt. When they took them to Dr. Dunlap, they found one of the boys had a broken arm and although none of Lyle's bones were broken, he was bruised and could hardly walk. At home as we helped him out of the car he said, "Don't help me where Mamma can see or she will really be frightened." It took a while for him to get back to normal, but he was soon back on the football team.

On another occasion when we lived on Texas Ridge, Papa was helping build a telephone or an

electric line. He and another man were carrying a long pole on their shoulders, one on each end. The other man accidentally dropped his end causing the other end to hit Papa in the head and neck. He was sore for a day or two, but seemed to recover.

A month or so after that, Mamma woke us up during the night in great fright, telling us something was wrong with Papa. He had a seizure. The doctor assumed it had something to do with his injury and wasn't sure whether it would recur. After this seizure he was sick for several days with a headache and very sore muscles. The doctor called it nocturnal epilepsy, which meant that he had a fit at night, something we already knew. As it turned out, the fits did recur about every two months and always at night.

Then one day he had one in the afternoon while sitting in his chair. This was very frightening, but we knew what it was. I took his dental plate out of his mouth to prevent his chewing his tongue. After that we were afraid he might have a seizure in a horse's stall and be trampled, or on a ladder or stairway and fall. One time he did have one on a combine when he was sewing sacks, but someone happened to be riding with him and kept him from falling off.

Eventually he learned to anticipate the spells by the way he felt, and the doctor gave him medicine to prevent them. When he took too much medicine, his speech was slurred and he was lethargic. He finally had to learn to live with this condition which occurred infrequently throughout his lifetime.

Besides accidents there were various diseases that afflicted our family. Everett always suffered from allergies such as hay fever, and if there was poison ivy or poison oak around, he was the first to get it. Hay fever was an ongoing problem, especially at harvest time when he worked around dust and chaff. Timothy hay was especially vexing as well as pollen in the spring. He had to learn to live with this problem, as farm boys do have to work.

At one time several people in our family were troubled with boils which is a localized swelling and inflammation of the skin resulting from an infected skin gland. It has a hard central core which eventually breaks open and discharges pus. Boils are painful and especially uncomfortable if they are on

a part of the body covered with clothing. Lyle once had one on his stomach which gave him a great deal of difficulty. Once the boil comes to a head, it will heal if you can remove the hard core and if it drains.

Papa had a boil on the back of his neck. Someone told us that the best way to clean it out was to warm a bottle, place the bottle's neck over the boil, and then cool it with cold water or snow. The moisture will form a vacuum which sucks out the boil.

Mamma decided to try this on Papa, and it worked fine except that she didn't know how to remove the bottle. Perhaps it was too large. Anyway, it took everything out of the boil and probably some things it wasn't supposed to. You could hear Papa's groans for quite a distance during this procedure. The boil soon healed, but no one else was anxious to try the same treatment.

When Everett graduated from high school, he enrolled at the University of Idaho in Moscow and majored in electrical engineering. He wanted to play football but was too busy with his studies that fall. In the spring he rearranged his schedule to turn out for spring practice. As it turned out, he never did get to play in a game because he came down with appendicitis. A week after his operation he was transferred to the university infirmary which cost much less.

In those days they used ether and kept patients in bed for a long time. While in the infirmary he developed pneumonia and had to spend more time in bed. Later his kidney became infected which meant a longer time in bed. From being in bed so long, he got a blood clot in his leg.

He was in the infirmary about six weeks before they let us bring him home. When he finally arrived, he was skin and bones, dropping from about 200 pounds to around 120 pounds. Papa had to carry him in from the car and put him to bed. He soon began to put on weight, and when he could walk a little, he progressed quickly to good health again. He had to wear an elastic stocking on his leg, and it has bothered him ever since.

Everett never returned to the university nor followed up on his electrical engineering career. When he came home, our community was in the midst of a religious revival. Everett gave his heart to

the Lord, and later attended the same Bible school where Lyle was. He became a preacher. When I asked him later how the hospital and doctor bills were paid, he replied that when he got well he worked. In those days medical bills were much less than they are now. The university infirmary was only about a dollar a day.

One time Lyle was exposed to scarlet fever. The doctor gave him a shot that was supposed to keep him from getting it, but a few weeks later he came down with fever and a rash. Dr. Dunlap came out, proclaimed it scarlet fever, and gave us all shots to immunize us. It was an intramuscular injection in the muscles in the stomach, and it wasn't much fun.

A few weeks later, another one of the family came down with it, and Dr. Dunlap came out and decided it wasn't scarlet fever but measles. After he had examined the sick people, Papa asked him what he thought it was. He said, "I think it's a damn poor doctor." I didn't realize it was unusual for a doctor to admit a mistake, but instead was amazed that anyone dared say "damn" in front of Papa. This was the beginning of the epidemic of old-fashioned red measles that put us in bed for several weeks.

The person who suffered the most was Mamma. After Mary was born, Mamma was so sick that Fern and I had to stay several months with relatives. Everett tells me that some of that time she was completely out of her head. For two weeks Papa hired a nurse for five dollars a day to do nothing except take care of Mamma. She had very high blood pressure before that, and Mary's birth simply accentuated the problems she already had. Sometimes when she went to the doctor her blood pressure was so high that the machine could not measure it. I later found out that the real problem was her kidneys.

Mamma's high blood pressure affected her personality. Normally she was a generous, fun-loving person, a hard worker, a good housekeeper, an excellent cook, and the best mother a person could want. She was positive and upbeat, seeing the best in people and situations. When her blood

pressure was really high, she worried about everything. If one of us went to the barn, she would worry that we were never coming back. She worried that Papa was going to go away and leave her every time he went out to do the chores. When she was that way, he tried to stay with her as much as possible. Once her brother Virgil told her, "Effie, you couldn't drive him away if you tried." Uncle Virgil was right, as Papa would do anything for Mamma.

One time after we moved to Texas Ridge, Mamma got a ride to town with one of the neighbors. Papa had just sold a pig, and he gave her the check which was twenty-five dollars. He told her to spend five dollars and bring twenty back. When she returned she handed over a five-dollar bill. When he reminded her what he had said, she said, "Oh, I thought you said to spend twenty dollars and bring back five." Papa just pocketed the five dollars and said nothing. Later, as we were going to milk I asked Papa if he wasn't upset at Mamma for spending all that money. He said, "No, I didn't think she would bring any of it back."

The doctors tried their best to help her, but they didn't have the medicines that are available now. One doctor told her to go to bed for two weeks and limited her diet to drinking milk. Because Mamma really liked to eat this was hard for her. We had to watch her to make sure she didn't take bread from Mary who was just a toddler. During that two weeks she lost weight and got much better. When the two weeks were up, she thought she would really fill up, but the doctor told her to only eat one soft-boiled egg that day along with all the milk she wanted.

Gradually the doctor increased the amount she could eat. This treatment helped her more than any other, and she became quite normal for a number of years. After we moved to Texas Ridge, she had a slight stroke, but it didn't incapacitate her. Toward the end as her kidneys completely failed, her feet and legs swelled. When the fluids reached her vital organs, she died at the age of fifty one. Today with

Mamma's high blood pressure affected her personality. Normally she was a generous, fun-loving person, a hard worker, a good housekeeper, an excellent cook, and the best mother a person could want.

modern medication and technology, she would probably have lived a full and much more pleasant life.

Mamma's being sick so much affected all of us as we were growing up. After Fern married, I did a lot of the cooking. For breakfast I usually made pancakes because they were so easy. Mamma was always a good housekeeper as was Fern, but after Fern left, things became shabby. Papa and I didn't know how to take care of the housework as well as the ladies, and Mary was too little to be much help.

Religion on the farm

When I was small, our family was nominally Christian. Grandpa Bramblet had been a Baptist preacher, so Papa was respectful of the Bible, preachers, and churches. There was no church in our community, and we never attended the church in Craigmont. I remember being taught the bedtime prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take." The part that bothered me most was dying before I woke. I fully intended to wake up alive, and I didn't like to even think about dying before I woke.

At that time, we did not have family prayers nor did we return thanks at meals. My parents did not swear and did not allow us to swear. Papa did not smoke, but he did use chewing tobacco. People who chew tobacco spit a lot, and I noticed that his was brown. My own was white, and I assumed that when I became a man my spit would also turn brown. Later, when the family went through a religious revival, Papa stopped using tobacco. He used to cut a twig from a bush, scrape the bark off with his knife, and suck it. I guess this relieved him somewhat of the desire to chew tobacco, and eventually he broke this habit, too.

There was a man from Lewiston who often came to see us. His name was Wolford R. Johnson, but everyone called him Sunday School Johnson because he was a missionary for the American Sunday School Union. He was a middle-aged man who had never been married. He was seldom at his house in Lewiston as he spent his time in rural communities, starting Sunday Schools and conducting vacation Bible schools in the summer.

When Mr. Johnson came to our community he made his headquarters at our house. He was always a fun person to have around as he loved children and made life interesting for us. He knew lots of jokes and ways to entertain us. He always drove a Model A Ford coupe with a rumble seat. Every year he traded it in on a new one because he needed reliable transportation. He was permitted to hold services in the school house where he organized a Sunday School with local people volunteering as teachers and workers.

Papa was always the Superintendent of the Sunday school. The American Sunday School Union provided Sunday School materials that I suppose we paid for with our offerings. This type of Christian ministry was carried out all over the country in areas where there were no churches. The Union is still in existence under the name of The American Missionary Society. The Society still ministers to rural areas without organized churches as well as to some inner city communities.

My parents first met Mr. Johnson when they lived on Big Bear Ridge where I was born. When he arrived and if we weren't working in the fields, he and Papa played checkers, sometimes using my blocks for checkers. Every Christmas I received a set of blocks with numbers, letters, and pictures carved on them. I used to stack and build things and resented having them use them for their checker game. When I saw Mr. Johnson driving up, I would gather up all my blocks and try to hide them. Later Mr. Johnson told me he used to pay me for using them, but I don't remember that part of it.

As soon as I was old enough I remember going with the other children to Vacation Bible School. There were twenty or thirty children there. Mr. Johnson told us Bible stories and had us memorize Scripture and play Bible games. At recess he taught us new playground games, and we all had a good time. Children really loved Sunday School Johnson, and it was obvious he enjoyed being with the children. Before we went home for lunch, he gave each of us a lollipop.

I also remember attending Sunday School in the school house every Sunday. When Mr. Johnson was there, he would conduct a short church service after Sunday School. Because Mr. Johnson traveled to

many rural communities, he didn't visit our Sunday School very often.

Papa, who was the Sunday School superintendent, asked one Sunday how many knew the golden text. I was sitting on Mamma's lap, and when I saw my brothers and sister and other children raising their hands, I raised mine, too. For some reason Papa called on me to say it. I didn't have the slightest idea when it was, so I said the only thing I knew, which was, "Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?" It turned out that this wasn't the golden text, but it did liven up the meeting some. I overheard Aunt Virgie Kittrell say, "It's good enough for Jewell, trying to show off his son that way."

Because Mr. Johnson didn't come very often, attendance would begin lagging and the various workers he had recruited would lose interest and stop coming. During the winter months the Sunday School would die until Mr. Johnson returned to get it started again.

Westlake was a small village about four miles away with a church building where a small group of people met for Sunday School. Orville and Anna Buttrey and their children always attended, and

Anna, who had been a school teacher, kept it going. One year when our Sunday School died we started going to Westlake. One day when Papa was in Craigmont he met an evangelist named George Asbury. Papa told him about the group in Westlake and invited him to come and hold a week of meetings.

Mr. Asbury was a different kind of preacher. His wife and brother accompanied him, and they were all very musical. They played instruments and sang individually, in duets, or as a trio. George Asbury preached hell fire and brimstone and the need for personal salvation. He was very dynamic and interesting. The meetings really caught on, attracting people from the entire community. He came for a week but stayed for six, preaching twice every Sunday and every weekday evening. Many people went forward to accept Christ as their Savior.

His influence extended beyond the community. There had been a Saturday night dance in a hall in

Morrowtown, only a mile from Westlake. People not only danced, but many of them got drunk and got into fights. Everett and Lyle used to walk over just to watch the fights. Sometimes as we went to Sunday School in the morning, we would meet our neighbors coming home from the dance. When the revival meetings got into full swing, the dance hall had to close for lack of attendance.

Our family was greatly influenced by these meetings, and both Everett and Lyle later became pastors. One night after supper, Mamma said she wanted to go to the evangelist meeting in Westlake. Papa and Lyle had worked all day in the fields, and since it was four miles to Westlake, one of them would have to harness the team and take her. Knowing it would fall to him, Lyle strongly objected. Mamma said, "All right, if no one will take me, I will walk," and she started down the walk toward the gate. Lyle, who knew she wasn't well enough to walk that far, caught up with her at the

gate and tried to talk her out of it. Because Mamma was not one whose mind was easily changed, he failed in his endeavor. He came back into the house very angry and said, "I'm going to take my

gun over there and shoot that preacher." Instead, he harnessed the team and took Mamma to church.

A week or so later one Sunday morning Lyle was baptized in Willow Creek. He was never the same after that day, and that night when he came to bed, he knelt down to pray. I was impressed as he had never done that before. When Lyle was a senior in high school, Mr. Johnson told him about a new Bible school opening in Portland. That fall Lyle enrolled in the Multnomah School of the Bible and three years later graduated in the first class.

When George Asbury left, the new Christians were unorganized and uncertain what to do. A woman from Winchester got some of them mixed up in some kind of an extreme cult. I'm not sure what went on behind the scenes, but a young preacher named Willard Turner came to preach in the church. He and his wife were quite young and without children. On their way to our house, they called from Craigmont to get directions. Papa said

George Asbury preached hell fire and brimstone and the need for personal salvation. He was very dynamic and interesting.

he would send his little boy out to the corner to show them the way to our house, but Everett went instead. He now weighed around 250 pounds and was over six feet tall. When the Turners arrived they said they were anxious to see the rest of the family. "If this is the little boy, what do the big boys look like?"

Their friend Charles Fuller, the famous radio evangelist, came to preach in the Westlake church while the Turners were there. Everett was very impressed with Mr. Fuller whose radio program he had listened to while he was in the university infirmary. When he came home he was amazed at the change that had taken place in our family. We were praying before meals and having family devotions and talking about the Bible among ourselves and with neighbors. At first he thought we had become religious fanatics, but gradually he saw the improvement.

After two years of working and paying off his bills, Everett followed Lyle to Portland, enrolling in the same Bible school. Lyle was in his final year. Both of them began a career of establishing new churches. Lyle started the First Baptist Church in Pasco, Washington, and Everett the Grace Baptist Church in Moscow, Idaho. Since beginning those churches, they have started others in various places in the Pacific Northwest.

As I was about ten years old when the revival took place, I felt I was too young to become involved. One by one the other members of the family, except four-year-old Mary, went forward to give themselves to the Lord. I was always with them at the meetings and worried a lot about going to Hell. Nobody said much to me about it, so I just made myself as inconspicuous as possible and worried about it in secret. Finally I decided to just not do it. If the others wanted to be Christians, that was fine, but I just wasn't going to do it. I remember wishing I had never been born so I wouldn't be faced with this terrible decision.

When I was twelve we moved to Texas Ridge where I thought I had received a reprieve. On the ridge there was a United Brethren Church, a branch of the church in Deary. The preacher would come to the ridge on Sunday morning and then preach in Deary in the evening. Many of the children I knew

at the Elwood school also went to Sunday School at the church. There wasn't quite as much pressure to make a decision here, but I still knew I was outside the fold of God.



The United Brethren Church in Deary

During the summer between my eighth and ninth grades an evangelist named Platt came to Deary to hold a series of meetings. Our family drove there almost every night. I wasn't anxious to go, but Papa had the theory that when the family went to church everyone should go.

One night George Asbury was visiting and helping Mr. Platt. Platt did the preaching and Asbury helped with the music and the personal work. By then I had decided that I wasn't going to be a Christian and would try to make it through life on my own. For a person like me the invitation was a very difficult time. They sang songs like *Why Not Now* and *Just As I Am*, and would stop between verses to urge people to come forward.

This particular night the rest of the family were up at the altar praying, and I knew they were probably praying for me. But I was determined and wasn't about to give in. Mr. Asbury came down to where I was standing and began to talk to me about doing something about my lost condition. I didn't say a word to him, but just grasped the back of the seat in front of me and hung on. Finally he quit talking and began praying for me out loud. While he was praying something strange happened to me. I found myself leaving my seat and going forward. I didn't understand it at the time, but I know it was

what the Lord meant when He said, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him" (John 6:44).

I was being drawn. Perhaps it's what John Calvin meant when he spoke of irresistible grace. I fully intended to resist, but didn't. This was fifty seven years ago, and I am still glad that God overruled my decision and drew me.

A lot of young people from Deary and Texas Ridge went forward that night. The next school year I started high school in Deary and got acquainted with all of them. Some of them didn't really follow up on their decision, but most of them did. One little twelve-year-old girl, named Vivian Eacker, also went forward that same night, but I really didn't know who she was, nor did I care.

A year later when she started to high school, I got acquainted and decided she was pretty nice. Vivian and I celebrated our fifty-first wedding anniversary last June (1995).

Two boys, Bill Swanson and Wayne Eacker, who were a year ahead of me in school, were saved in those same meetings. Wayne, who is Vivian's cousin, and Bill became my special high school friends, and we enjoyed good Christian fellowship in high school. They remain special friends after all these years.

Two incidents stick in my mind that illustrate how this Christian revival influenced our family. During the evangelistic meetings in Deary, a young man named Bill Adams was saved and his wife, Ruth, who had been saved as a young girl, was revived and restored to Christian fellowship. Bill had drunk quite a bit, growing up in an environment where drinking was common.

After being saved, he never drank again. They had a little girl and a very small baby. As they needed a place to live, Mamma and Papa invited them to stay with us until they could get settled. They stayed for several months which was a good arrangement for us because Mamma was not well and Ruth was a lot of help.

The incident I particularly remember was one Sunday morning when we were all getting ready for church. Papa noticed that Bill was not ready yet and said, "You had better hurry and get ready, Bill; we are about ready to leave." Bill who was a very new

Christian, indicated that he had decided not to go to church that morning. Everyone suddenly became quiet, wondering what Papa would say. He replied, "Bill, if you folks are going to live with us, you need to know that we don't have many rules but there are two that are very strict. When there is work to do, we all pitch in and help, and when it's time for church we all go, unless we are sick." Bill didn't say a word, but just went to his room and got ready. As long as they stayed with us, he always went to church.

The other incident also happened on Texas Ridge. A charivari was planned, and the young man who arranged it asked us to come along. They planned to meet in the church yard at a certain time. Lyle was away at Bible school, but Everett, Fern, and I walked over to the church to meet with the others. When we got there a group of people had gathered talking loudly, swearing, and passing a bottle around. As this was not the kind of social event we were used to we just stood off to the side wondering what to do.

The very nice young man who had invited us came over to talk. Everett said to him, "We appreciate you inviting us, but we are Christians, and we don't feel at home where people are drinking and swearing, so I don't believe we should stay." The young man agreed, and we walked home again.

While these revivals had a great influence in both communities where we lived, the greatest influence was probably in our own family. My parents were practicing Christians until their deaths. My two brothers spent their lives as Baptist pastors, and I have spent mine as a Christian school teacher and administrator. Both of my sisters have been active church members and workers all their lives. My four children are all practicing Christians, and one is a missionary in Australia. Of my twelve grandchildren, one has already graduated from a Christian college and is teaching in a Christian school. Three are attending Christian colleges and two more plan to enroll next year.

Papa may not have realized it, but he was fulfilling a prophecy of Scripture which says, "A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children." (Proverbs 13:22).

Epilogue

As I dredged up memories of how we used to live, I couldn't help but compare those times with the present. In some areas there have been great improvements, but in others there has been a terrible decline.

One thing that came continually to mind was the limitation of historical perspective of those who have lived only a short time. I have recently taught United States history to college students. Some things that seem quite recent to me, such as the Kennedy assassination, happened before they were born. Facts can be taught, but feelings are more difficult to communicate.

The recent dispute over whether Harry Truman should have dropped atomic bombs on Japan is a case in point. The people who criticize President Truman are nearly all younger people who were born after World War II. To them war was like the Korean or Vietnamese Wars or perhaps even the Gulf War. They think of war as only an inconvenience to the families who have members actually involved. They have never experienced four years of war and its effect on every person in the country.

People delayed their education till the war was over. They delayed marriage till the war was over. Automobiles were not manufactured. Houses were not built. Travel was mostly by bus or train because the average person could not get tires or gasoline. Professional sports had to recruit older, retired players who were ineligible for the military because all the young men were in the service. Mothers and fathers received news that their sons were killed. Wives received word that their husbands were killed. Children received word that their fathers were killed. Those who did not receive such word were daily afraid that they might receive it. Personal

friends were dying and being injured all over the world.

But the worst part was the terrible fear that Hitler and the Japanese military might actually win the war and control the world. On the west coast, windows were darkened for fear of bombing. The possibility of shortening that terrible war by a year or more with the atomic bomb would have been voted in by a landslide, if the people had had a choice. Later generations see the terrible suffering of innocent Japanese civilians, but they do not see the whole picture, nor do they have any idea what it was like to endure those horrendous times.

There is no doubt that modern scientific inventions have made life more comfortable and disease less feared. As new inventions came to the farm, various difficult jobs were eliminated. Eventually, this meant the virtual destruction of the family farm, and a few professional farmers now raise the food supply for the nation. Those who grew up on the farm moved to the town or city, and their children faced a very different lifestyle. Instead of a built-in work ethic and family values, every family now has to concentrate on teaching its children honest values and the meaning of hard work.

We all seek easier, more comfortable, worry-free lives, but unfortunately, the result of such lives often is a deterioration in character. There is no way to return to the days of the old family farm, and most of us who lived in those days wouldn't want to. The "good old days" weren't always that good, but there were some good things about them. As we look back and see those things that were good, perhaps we should try to emulate them. Returning to parental authority and responsibility is one goal we should definitely have. How to accomplish that goal, however, is not easily discernible.

Memories in Stone: A Tour of the Moscow Cemetery

Mary Reed

On a beautiful, warm, and bright Sunday afternoon in late September, a group of around 70 people of all ages gathered near the sexton's building to begin a tour of the Moscow cemetery. I had done research, compiled a notebook with names, inscriptions, and stories about many past residents, and laid out a route through the old sections. My hard-working assistant, Pam Peterson, had marked each grave with a surveyor's flag. She also carried a bucket filled with chalk, crayons, and large sheets of paper for those who wanted to make rubbings on the stones. It was time to begin a journey through Moscow's past which would touch upon the lives of some of the ordinary, famous, and even infamous.

Introduction

In 1871 there were only a handful of white settlers making homes in a place they called Paradise Valley. Preoccupied as they were with the tasks of homesteading, they must have also anticipated a time when the valley would be filled with homes, farms, schools, stores, and churches. In imagining the future, did they also consider a resting place for themselves and for future generations?

We know that at least one did in that first year of settlement. The story goes that Mary Jane Montgomery was in poor health and not expected to live very long. She told her daughter, Mrs. George Tomer, that she dreaded being buried out on the lone prairie where the wolves could howl over her grave.

Her daughter and two friends, Mrs. Julia Warmouth-Summerfield and Miss Belle Haskins (later to become the wife of the city's first doctor, Henry Blake) prepared a lunch and saddled their horses. They first visited the present site of the cemetery, which they considered with a favored eye. Next, they rode over to Jimmy Deakin's Hill which would become almost two decades later the site of the new university. The last place they visited was Quindett's Hill just east of town.

After considering the three hills, they decided on the first one, staked out around ten acres, and then dedicated it with a short prayer. The next step was

to direct their husbands to drive into the mountains and split enough rails to make a crude fence encircling the site.

Mrs. Montgomery lived two more years, and her burial in 1873 was the first in the new cemetery. She was around 53 years old. Her resting place, once a considerable distance from town, now borders the city limits and has expanded to over 40 acres. But the peacefulness of the tree-shaded lawns still remains with panoramic views of Tomer's Butte and mountains to the north.

My first visit to the Moscow cemetery was on a Memorial Day many years ago. Remembering the yearly visits I made as a child to the graves of my ancestors in Boise and Nampa, Idaho, I found it comforting to revive that custom in a new place, even though I have no family connections here.

What I did find were the memories of names that were becoming familiar to me through my historical work: McConnell, Taylor, Watkins, and Ryrie. Here was the stone for Winifred Booth, the tragic heroine of *Buffalo Coat* who committed a double suicide with her lover, the married doctor Francis Ledbrook. My placing a bouquet of wild flowers by Winifred's headstone seemed to be a small gesture to the richness of Moscow's past.

Walking through the cemetery can evoke many sensations: pleasure at remembering the good and full lives of many, and sadness at the untimely deaths of others. In developing this tour of the oldest part of the cemetery I sought stories of the famous, infamous, and ordinary people, and inscriptions that reflected social conventions of the time.

In researching the stories, I used accounts of births, deaths, and marriages that Kathleen Probasco transcribed from the extant Moscow newspapers. Unfortunately, because so many of the earliest newspapers are missing, many stories could not be told. I also looked at obituaries, the coroner's record book, and other historical accounts. For those who would like to use this article as a guide for their own walking tour, I have organized it into the Blocks which are marked at the cemetery.

Block 7

A good place to begin the tour is with William J. McConnell. Here the stone of our former senator, governor, and the state's leading politician looks over a portion of the county he helped to create in 1886, the town which became the county seat at his insistence, and the university, on Deakin's Hill, which is here and not in the southern part of the state because of his political influence.



The photograph is identified as "Governor McConnell and staff." Idaho State Historical Society, #321-B.

Alas, the story of how the hounng "Poker Bill" became Idaho's "Merchant Prince" is very sketchy even though McConnell wrote an account of Idaho's early days in his *The History of North Idaho*, published in 1913, and a second book, *Frontier Law*, as part of the *In Pioneer Life Series*, published a year after his death in 1926. McConnell dedicated *The History of North Idaho* to "the pioneers whose camp fires and cabin first marked the advent of civilization into the mountains and valleys of Idaho May their children, and their children's children long enjoy the boon of freedom and prosperity bequeathed to them by their valiant and worthy ancestors." This was indeed a noble sentiment from someone who had come out west with a mule team, prospected for gold, headed a group of vigilantes, and ran an outlaw out of town.

On July 6, 1883, the *Moscow Mirror* wrote, "We met W. J. McConnell, the merchant prince of Moscow, if not of all Idaho. He is a shrewd business man, perceives quickly, is up to 'snuff' in a moment, and what he doesn't know is not worth knowing; yet the gentleman is not proud, nor stuck up, and if we were not in our boots we would like to be in his shoes."

Next to McConnell's plot are those of his wife Louisa Brown, who died in 1930, and a son, Benjamin Franklin, who died in 1916 at the age of 48. William was 86 and Louisa was 84 when they died, somewhat unusually long life spans for that era.



A studio photograph of a young Henrietta Ryrie in a stylish hat and dress.

Nearby are the graves of the Watkins and Ryrie families whose personal histories are intertwined in two novels, *Buffalo Coat* and *Snow in the River*, and a reminiscence, *Chain of Hands*, all based on the city's early history. These works were written by Carol Brink, a granddaughter of Dr. William W. and Caroline W. Watkins who appear as Dr. Hawkins and his wife Anna in *Buffalo Coat*. Dr. Watkins'

headstone records his early death on August 4, 1901, at 55 years and 1 day, the victim of Moscow's most infamous crime. Caroline lived until her 87th year, raising her grandchild, Carol Ryrie, and also helping to raise two grandsons. Her simple inscription reflects her good qualities: "Her candle goeth not out by night."

More family tragedy is reflected in the two graves of Alexander and Henrietta (Watkins) Ryrie. Alexander, an immigrant from Scotland. An early mayor of the city and staunch Presbyterian, he succumbed to tuberculosis when only 35 years. His marker notes: "He was called the friend of God."



Nat Brown on left and an unidentified friend strike dashing poses with a cigar, walking sticks, and derby hats for the studio photographer.

Two years after Alex's death, Henrietta made a second, unfortunate marriage. Then, in the summer of 1904, three years and one day after her father's murder, she committed suicide. An undated clipping from a Moscow newspaper reported the death of this "social favorite," as an abscess of the liver. It also remarked on "a peculiar fact of her death." Ten days before she became ill she wrote a letter to her mother and friends, giving directions for the disposition of her estate and the particulars of her funeral arrangements, "going into the most minute details."

Henrietta's domestic unhappiness with her second husband, Nat Brown, is plainly revealed in her headstone: "Mamma, Henrietta, daughter of Dr. W. W. & Caroline A. Watkins. She was the wife of Alexander and the mother of Caroline Sybil Ryrie." The name "Brown" is absent, but not far away is the grave of Elisha Nathaniel Brown, who lived until 1953. He is buried along with his second wife Clara and his father, Charles O. Brown, a Moscow timber baron who succeeded in convincing Charles Weyerhaeuser to buy up timber land for a new mill and town that would be named Potlatch.

Henrietta's daughter, Carol Ryrie Brink, remained silent about her mother's suicide until late in life when she wrote about it in her semi-autobiographical novel, *Snow in the River*. But the stories of old Moscow concerning her grandfather did capture her imagination, resulting in the novel *Buffalo Coat*. Two of the characters fictionalized in that novel and buried here are Francis J. Ledbrook, a married doctor, and Winifred Booth, the young daughter of the Methodist minister. Their love affair and double suicide provided gossip for decades.



1899 photograph of Winifred Booth.

Ledbrook's stone gives only the dates of birth and death while Booth's inscription is more expansive: "Daughter of G. M. & C. E. Booth, born Nov. 26, 1880, died May 12, 1902. Age 21 Y^res. 5 M. and 16 D[']ys. There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus, no not one." Winifred's family left Moscow shortly after her death, and her grave lies by itself on the edge of a row.



Marshal Hays poses with cane, watch chain and fob, and his badge of office. He was 61 years when he was killed.

The stone of Marshal John H. Hays of Troy brings to mind another tragedy which the *Lewiston Morning Tribune* gave full coverage in its January 23, 1904, edition. The marshal was killed by Paine Sly, a laborer who had lived in Troy for several years. The shooting was the outcome of a domestic disturbance. On that day Sly's young daughter ran from the house raising an alarm that her father was killing her mother. Hays immediately responded, and after an exchange of gunfire fell dead about 100 yards from the scene of the shooting. Sly received

only a slight wound in the hand which the *Tribune* pronounced as "of little consequence."

Friends of Hays quickly gathered at Sly's house but their fusillade of bullets failed to down him. "The town was wrought to the greatest excitement," the *Tribune* commented, "and the crowd rapidly increased, but in the face of all of this Sly made his way to the home of his father." There he surrendered. Later that evening there was talk of lynching him, but the arrival of Sheriff Keane and Deputy Campbell to move the prisoner to Moscow cooled the crowd's excitement.

The stories of what happened conflicted. Sly claimed he shot in self defense and that it wasn't his bullets that killed the lawman. However, other witnesses claimed that when Marshal Hays asked Sly to come out, Sly shot at him. It was known that Sly had been drinking earlier in the day and reached home in an inebriated state. The *Tribune* also reported that Sly was extremely jealous of his wife and when drunk he was known to have caused much trouble at home. A jury convicted Paine Sly of second degree murder on June 6, 1904, and a month later the district judge handed him a life sentence of hard labor in the state penitentiary.

Now it's time to remember more pleasant affairs. The family plot of the Adairs can remind us of a lively family of five girls who enjoyed life on their homestead in Clearwater County and at the Victorian mansion at 110 S. Adams. This was the setting for Lula Adair's wedding on December 23, 1908. Two days later the *Moscow Star-Mirror* reported the wedding, describing the bride as "being one of Moscow's most beautiful and accomplished young ladies and the groom, Mr. Shomber, one of Spokane's promising young men." The bride and a sister "were both displayed in triumphs of the dress-maker's art, beautiful laces and silk being the prominent features. . . . The bride entered the spacious parlors where the ceremony was performed on the arm of her father to the accompaniment of Mendelssohn's wedding march rendered by Professor L. W. Cogswell." The thirty-six guests enjoyed a wedding repast before the couple left for Spokane.

The Adair stones tell of a long-lived family: Lula lived to be 75, her sister Marjorie, 68, another sister Ione (who helped the aging William McConnell

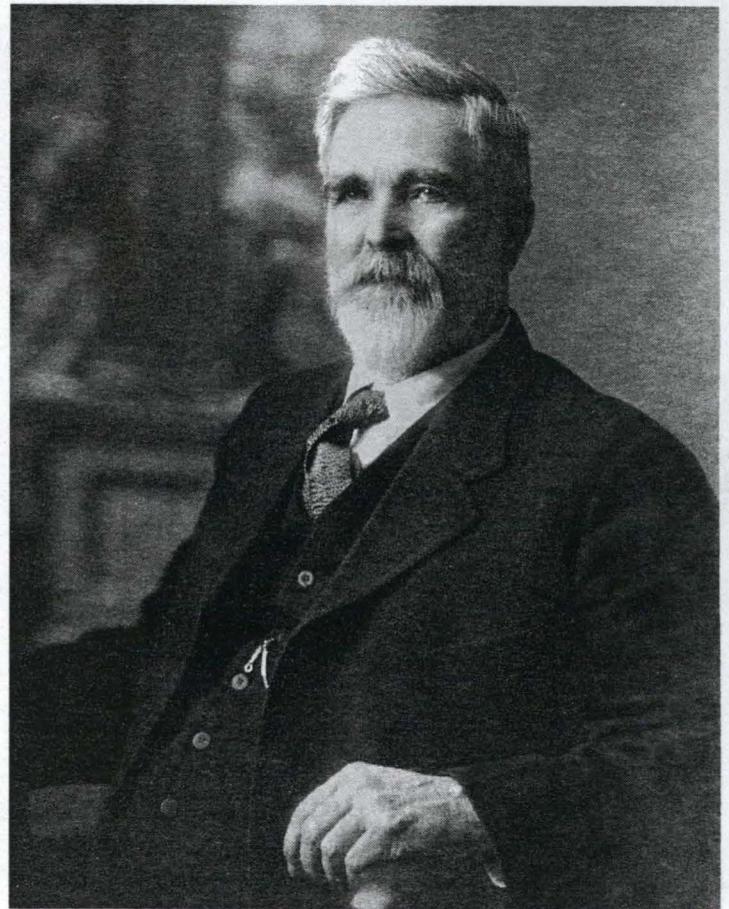
with his business papers), 94, and the parents William and Losina lived to 75 and 71 years respectively. One daughter, Flora, lived only a year, 1889-1900, and at that time losing one child out of five was not unusual or unexpected. The last daughter, Bernadine Adair Cornelison, died in 1980 at the age of 83.



Lula Adair

There is a most imposing marker for the Mix family who have a long and prominent history in Moscow. The *Moscow Idaho Post* printed a long tribute to Franklin E. Mix upon his death in 1919 at the age of 81. In a lengthy obituary dated August 29, 1919, it noted that up until his eightieth birthday, "Mr. Mix was one of the most vigorous and strikingly handsome specimens of manhood that could be imagined." The father of 11 children, "all but two of whom are now living," Mr. Mix was a witness to much of western history. He saw the killing of Web Younger, Cole Younger's father, and enlisted in the Missouri state militia cavalry during the Civil War under General Joe Hooker. In 1883 he traveled by train to Moscow with his wife and 10 children and \$1,000 in his pocket. Besides establishing a homestead north of town, where his grandson Gainford still lives, Frank Mix served as county assessor and sheriff.

His impressive funeral was held at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jerome Day, in what still is one of Moscow's grandest houses. The obituary included personal testimonials from several leading citizens. Realtor Fred Veatch said, "There was a mightily nice old gentleman, a mightily nice one. Enemies? He never made one in his life." J. L. Naylor, a former county commissioner and sheriff, stated, "He was a pioneer of this country and contributed in a large measure to the upbuilding of the country in which he lived. He was a good citizen and always stood for the best things." And finally, William McConnell, who made few public appearances or statements in his old age, praised Mr. Mix's devotion to his wife and family, and described him as a "true and loyal American."



Franklin E. Mix

Block 8

In this section are reminders of the ravages of once fatal diseases. Seventeen-year-old Clark J.

Cameron died in 1920 and is buried next to his brother who died in 1916 at age 20. Clark succumbed to smallpox, and according to an article in the *Idaho Post* dated December 31, his was the first death from the disease which had appeared in epidemic form the previous June. Other members of the family had the disease, but in a mild form.

The city health officer reported in the same article that 48 homes had been placed under quarantine, and city officials were worried that people with mild cases, many of them from outside Moscow, were not quarantined and could infect others. The health officer strongly urged all citizens to be vaccinated.



In this family portrait Maggie Cameron is in the foreground.

Another potentially fatal disease, now easily prevented, was diphtheria. The May 8, 1908, edition of the *Star-Mirror* reported the death of 14-year-old Maggie Cameron, who never fully recovered from the disease. Many mourners crowded into the funeral which took place at her home. Afterwards there were, as the newspaper reported, "not less than 30 teams being in the concourse which followed the remains to their last resting place." In the large family plot she is remembered with this epitaph: "God took her home, it was his will. But in our hearts, she liveth still."

The grave of Karen Sether, an immigrant from Norway, is a memorial to an ordinary woman who lived a long and fruitful life of 91 years. She outlived her husband, Herman, also an immigrant from

Norway, who died in 1915 at 68 years. On November 16 The *Idaho Post* described him as a "busy man, kind of heart and greatly esteemed. His walk and conversation were upright."

An undated clipping, probably printed in Spring 1939, records a family celebration held just a few months before Karen's death on November 4. Six of her seven children, 18 grandchildren, 12 great grandchildren, and one great-great grandchild gathered at her home of 36 years to honor her.

Block 5

This section contains the grave of an amazing woman, Alwilda Smith, whose headstone simply describes her as "U. S. Army Nurse." Yet, she was much more. An article dated August 23, 1918, in the *Idaho Post* reported that she had accepted an invitation from the Grand Army veterans to attend their encampment in Portland. She was believed to be the only living woman who was regularly enlisted in the Federal Army during the Civil War.



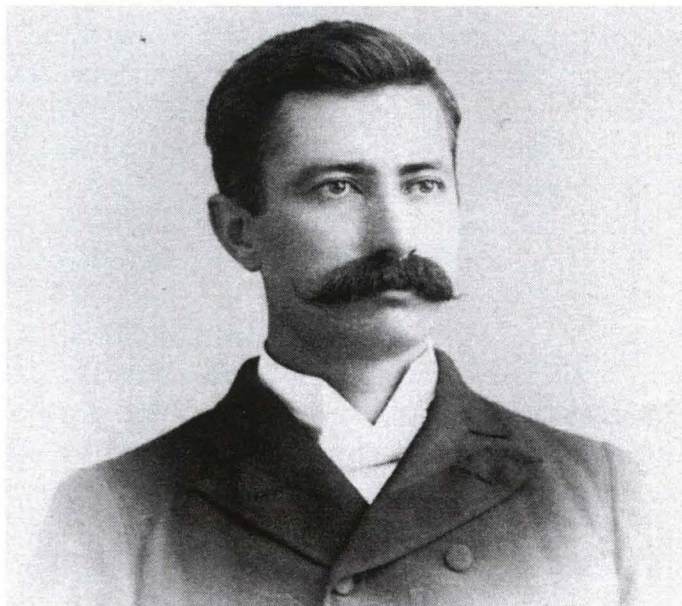
Lindol and Alwilda Smith with granddaughter Beatrice.

It happened this way. Her husband, a member of 73rd Indiana Volunteer Infantry, was wounded at Gallatin, Tennessee. Mrs. Smith determined to go to him, but was stopped at Indianapolis, as no civilians were allowed to cross the lines. She appealed to the Governor who informed her that only

“enlisted men” could go through the lines. She offered to enlist, was enrolled as a private, and continued her journey to Gallatin. After spending a night on the outskirts of the city because of a fear of attack, she arrived at the hospital next morning. She promptly enrolled as a nurse and was made matron in charge, a position she continued to hold for many months during her husband’s convalescence.

The army transferred Mrs. Smith to Louisville, Kentucky, and then to the Soldiers Home in Indianapolis where she worked until the war ended and she was discharged from the army. Her later assignments included serving as the first president of both the Idaho Women’s Relief Corps and of the Idaho State Rebekah assembly. She never missed a meeting of either group. Being an energetic woman at the age of 76, and “well-preserved,” as the article noted, Mrs. Smith was still busy, this time knitting sweaters and socks for the soldiers in France.

Mrs. Smith’s daughter, Ivanella, was the wife of an influential and active citizen and politician, John Wesley Lieuallen. He served as county school superintendent, city clerk, and deputy sheriff, operated a grocery business, and had stores in Troy and Wardner. He built the Lieuallen Block on north Main Street, and in later years spent most of his time in real estate, as a correspondent for the *Spokesman-Review*, and as an active member of the Chamber of Commerce.



John Wesley Lieuallen

His sudden death in 1916 at the age of 54 shocked and sorrowed the community. The president of the Moscow Chamber of Commerce, Gub Mix, sent a resolution of sympathy and regard to the family and the *Idaho Post* which printed this tribute on May 5: “It was not difficult to know him well, he was true to his friends and a model husband and father and open and free in his dealings both in public and private. Reviewing his record, and the fact that he was stricken in full and vigorous manhood, we are reminded that our lives are but as the sands upon the shore, our voices but as the evening zephyrs that dally with the leaf for a moment and pass away forever.”

Buried along with John Wesley and Ivanella was their young daughter, Beatrice Alwilda, who lived less than four years, dying of scarlet fever March 22, 1897. Their fondness for this little girl is reflected in the numerous studio photographs taken of her.



Ivanella (Nellie) and daughter Beatrice at 4 months

Strolling through this part of the cemetery, you will read descriptions of hope, faith, praise, and dismay. Katherine Witbeck, who lived only eight months and 21 days, is remembered with these words, “How those little hands remind us, As in snowy grace they lie, Not to scatter thorns, but roses, For our reaping by and by.”

Nearby is the grave of Addison Sanders, 46 years old and buried next to her daughter of one

year, six months, and 28 days. The inscription reads: "Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine, Adorned with nature's brightest wreath. Each glowing season shall combine, Its incense there to breathe." On the stone is carved a heart lying on the palm of a hand. In the early 1800s the heart-in-hand design was used for handmade valentines, with a woven heart placed on a cutout traced from the sender's own hand.

Mary Beagle died in January 1889 at the age of 52 years. Her parents chose this Biblical tribute for her stone: "Many daughters have done virtuously, But thou excellest them all. Favour is dacietylful [sic] and beauty is vain, But a woman that feareth the Lord, She shall be praised. Prov. 31 ch v 29:30."

A woman who lost both her husband and son, Joseph and Frank Howard, in the Spanish-American War, expressed both sorrow and anger on their stones: "My husband is gone with our first-born son, their places can never be filled. By that cruel war which I do abhor they both were cruelly killed."

For her son whose grave was unknown," the words read: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Hunting accidents then, as now, claimed many victims. The difference in the 1910s was the lack of antibi-

otics to treat infections. Nancy Ann Urquhart, 53 years of age, died on November 3, 1912 "as a wife devoted, as a mother affectionate, as a friend, ever kind and true."

The *Idaho Post* reported the accident on November 8, 1912. The incident was particularly tragic because Mrs. Urquhart was accidentally shot by her daughter, Mrs. Simmons, as they walked in the woods near Elk River. Her daughter was carrying a small caliber shotgun and when she swung around to shoot at a pheasant, the gun discharged, striking her mother in the hip. Mrs. Urquhart managed to walk to a nearby house and a few hours later a physician from Elk River arrived. He dressed the wound and pronounced it not serious.

The next morning she was carried to Elk River on a stretcher that was improvised with two poles swung from the stirrups of two saddles. Here her husband was waiting, and the doctor again dressed

the wound, declaring that he had removed all shreds of clothing and that it was not serious. He advised against moving her to Moscow.

A week later, the husband and daughter insisted on moving her to St. Maries where another operation was performed to remove pieces of wadding and cloth. By this time the blood poisoning had gone too far, and she died the next morning.

Block 4

Two years later another kind of shooting occurred which shocked the region and would not reach a final conclusion until months later. Here is the lead sentence in the *Star-Mirror*, October 29, 1914: "Rejected as a suitor and frenzied with jealousy over his failure to induce Edna Erickson, the 22-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Erickson, prominent and respected farmers residing seven miles northeast of Moscow, to become his wife, Frank Wilson, a young man about 25, until

recently employed with the extra bridge construction gang of the Northern Pacific . . . , at the girl's home about 10:30 last night shot her down to her death in cold blood and made his escape in the darkness, leaving behind

his hat and overcoat."

Alerted to the tragedy, officers and neighbors immediately began a search as soon as it was light. The county attorney and deputy sheriff found the tracks which they followed for a considerable distance in the direction of Troy. Despite these efforts, the young man was not found.

There had been forewarnings of the crime. Frank had threatened Edna's new boyfriend, Walter Shawver, and was known to be carrying a revolver. But it is curious that on the evening of the incident Edna and her family, along with Walter and Frank, had been playing games and chatting in a friendly manner at Edna's home. When Frank pressed her to tell him if she intended to marry him, she replied that she did not. Then Frank reminded her that she still had his engagement ring which he had given her last spring when they became engaged. Edna readily agreed to return it. Frank asked her for a

"Frank Wilson . . . at the girl's home about 10:30 last night shot her down to her death in cold blood and made his escape in the darkness, leaving behind his hat and overcoat."

private interview. Edna quickly declined, but her as father urged her to talk with Frank, she consented, and the two retreated, alone, to the back porch.

Later in the evening, Frank jumped up, leaving his hat and overcoat on the chair. He told Edna he wanted to show her something before he left and suggested they go to the back porch again. She got up laughing, and as they passed through the kitchen door, he drew his .38-caliber automatic and fired. The bullet pierced the girl's breast, passed through the chest, and fell through her sleeve to the floor.

As the bullet was fired, Edna rushed through the kitchen and into her bedroom, "falling to the floor dead, at the same time screaming, 'My God I'm shot!'" According to Walter's testimony, Mrs. Erickson fainted, the three daughters became hysterical, and Mr. Erickson drew all the shades and locked the doors. Walter began telephoning the neighbors, and finally was able to reach one. The authorities arrived around 11:30. Walter believed that Frank had intended on killing him, "But I believe that he did not have the courage and his heart failed him all through the evening while we were together."

Rumors abounded after the murder. The most curious one was a report that Frank was a white slave worker and had proposed to Edna with the hope that she and her two sisters would accompany him to his home in Chicago. After first agreeing to marry him, Edna decided against it when Frank asked that they postpone their marriage until they arrived in Chicago.

When Police Chief Grant Robbins searched Frank's lodgings, all he founded was a photograph of Frank, a couple of flasks of liquor, and some cartridges.

Frank Wilson seemed to have disappeared into thin air. On November 12, 1914, the *Star-Mirror* reported that the deputy sheriff and county attorney with their posse now believed he was in the mountains northeast of Moscow. Then there was the report of a shot being fired by someone in an orchard near the Poe Station. Because the station was across the state line in Washington, Sheriff

Brown advised that the officers of Whitman County should investigate.

Meanwhile Deputy Sterling found tracks in the Moscow Mountains and renewed the search there. County Attorney Nisbet telegraphed Idaho Governor Haines requesting that a reward of \$500 be offered for Frank's capture.

Then, months later, considerable excitement occurred as the sheriff brought in a group of prisoners from Bovill. Joe Flitt, arrested on a burglary charge, was mistaken for Frank Wilson, according to an article in the *Star-Mirror* dated March 18.

Block 1

The best place to learn Frank's fate is at a simple marker that records only his name and date of death as 1915. The *Idaho Post's* account of May 14, 1915, is more explicit: "A ghastly find was made by Mr. Erickson near his home seven miles northeast of

Moscow on Wednesday about noon while herding stock. . . . The father of the murdered girl had given up all hope of learning anything of the whereabouts of the slayer of his daughter, when lo! and behold the old man walked almost onto the

bones and remnants of clothing of the man who committed a great double crime: that of killing the girl he loved so well and then committing suicide rather than suffer the legal penalty for murder.

The reporter described the photo of Frank which accompanied the article as "portraying a prepossessing looking individual Capable of insane jealousy but without a well-balanced intellect and somewhat vicious set of mouth the deed was quite in keeping with his features. Frank Wilson was a day laborer on the railroad, a member of the Moose Lodge and not without some good qualities. He was not wholly bad. Could he have reasoned from cause to effect and back again he never would have murdered the girl he loved. Brute passion and green-eyed jealousy were his undoing."

Frank's body was found only 175 yards from the Erickson home. In searching Frank's clothing, the county coroner found \$65 in gold and green-

"He was not wholly bad. Could he have reasoned from cause to effect and back again he never would have murdered the girl he loved. Brute passion and green-eyed jealousy were his undoing."

backs and the diamond ring Edna had returned on that fateful night. There was also a lodge card of the Moose order which listed his name and residence as Sandpoint. Another pocket contained a watch, loose silver coins, a fish and game license issued at Bonners Ferry, and a savings deposit book on the Old National Bank of Spokane. A note and bill in the wallet revealed that the diamond ring had been purchased from a Spokane business on October 12 for \$60, and that \$300 was on deposit in the Old National Bank. The gun was missing.

Frank Wilson is buried in the section where the graves of paupers were relocated. This occurred when the cemetery traded a piece of land on the northern section in order to expand south. Many of the markers on these numerous graves are temporary ones provided by Short's Funeral Chapel. Most simply give the name and date of death; sometimes there is a short inscription. One of these reads "Fred K. Trump, Co. L 4 Trpro En Mo. Mil." Another one read: "Burdon Barter, U.S. Navy." Another marker has been placed for James Deakin with death date of 1903. The simplicity is curious as Mr. Deakin is remembered as one of the four founders of Moscow.

In one row there are five markers for babies who all died in 1903, perhaps from an epidemic. But why no inscriptions or dates of birth or other family members buried nearby? Did the parents leave Moscow soon after losing their children?

Evidence that this section of the cemetery contains numerous graves that were relocated is suggested by the many markers supplied by Short's Chapel and the absence of birth dates on many of them. The death dates on the Short's markers range from 1890s to the 1960s.

Near Frank Wilson is a marker for a Chinese man, Yeem Toy, 1901. Information on Chinese residents from this period is somewhat scarce although they were active in the community. We know that Chinese people in Moscow and the surrounding area operated numerous laundries, worked in the mines and on railroads, raised gardens and sold vegetables in the residential districts. According to Priscilla Wegars, who has researched the history of the Chinese in this area, an 1883 photograph shows a small structure labeled

"Chinese gardener's home," and the surrounding area may have been a garden plot.¹

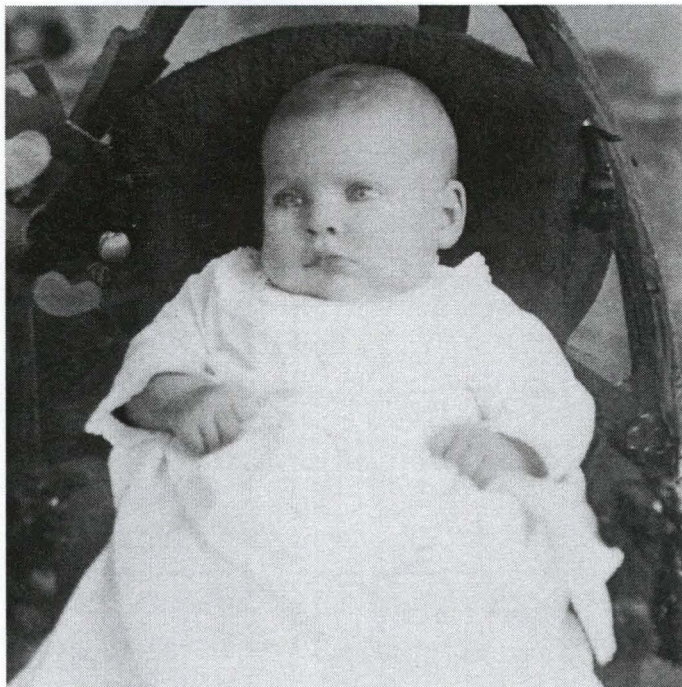
Information on Yeem Toy was found in the coroner's record book and dated October 28, 1901. It tells us that Mr. Toy's body was discovered in the "Chinaman's cabin near Mrs. A. A. Lieuallen's residence in Moscow." The jury's report found that he "came to his death by causes unknown . . . The body in bed covered with the bedding as though he had retired and died during the night some three days prior to the time his remains were discovered. We find the body in such condition that we are unable to determine whether there were any foul means used to cause his death so were unable to find any witnesses that could give information in regard to the deceased."

The report noted Mr. Toy's possessions as "ten dollars and 34 cents, two purses, one knife, a garden truck, provision wood, and other personal property." These were turned over to Tim Toy, a "Chinaman," and a relative to the deceased.

Block 6

The many headstones of children in the old sections of the cemetery remind us of how uncertain the first years of life were in earlier times. Although many inscriptions tell of how the child is resting safe in heaven, others speak of inconsolable grief. Such an inscription was carved for Maudie Campbell who was born April 14, 1890, and died on November 10 of that year. The verse reads: "From her loving companions, gone. From her home on the hill. The death angel came for our dear one. Cold is her warm heart and still."

Even more poignant are families who lost more than one child. Near Maudie's stone are graves of two other children. The inscription for Ray Edwin Lauder who died April 29, 1891, reads: "Aged 2 y's, 2 m's, 20 d's." His sister, Erma May, born on May 19, 1891, lived only 3 months and 13 days. The parents remembered their son with these words, "Tis a little grave, but oh have care. For world wide hopes are buried there. How much of light, how much of joy is buried with a darling boy. Beneath this stone in soft repose, Is laid a mother's dearest pride. A flower that scarce had waked to life. And light, and beauty, e'er it died. Asleep in Jesus."



A studio photograph of Erma Lauder.

In a corner, now separated by a spreading shade tree, are four graves of Emil, Wilhelm, Emma, and Tilita. Emil lived one day; William survived eight and a half months; Emma lived one month beyond a year; and Tilita lived almost five months. The stones all proclaim the same message: "Weep not father & mother for me. For I am waiting in glory for thee." Four children's graves alone; the father and mother identified only as E. and B. Steffan, perhaps in despair, left the town where they had lost four children in the space of seven years.

In this section of the cemetery you can find an inscription lamenting the death of Jessie Kirkwood, and her infant daughter who is buried alongside her mother. Jessie's parents most probably composed the inscription: "An affectionate daughter, A true, devoted, Christian wife. She was too good, too true and fair, To dwell in this cold world of ours. And the Lord called her."

O. Charles Carsow, who died in 1913, outliving three of his six children, has this inscription on his stone: "In memory of our dear papa, O. Charles Carsow. Jan. 2, 1871-May 27, 1913. Father of Genevieve, Charles, Eugene, Belle, Otto and Powell. He is watching and calling for his wife and babies. Papa."

Headstones can also commemorate those who

enjoyed long and productive lives. When Priscilla Taylor died in 1913 at the age of 83, the *Idaho Post* in an obituary of November 27 proudly noted that she was "the first white woman to settle in this valley about 42 years ago." She was buried "from the old homestead, about one mile south of town, where she with her late husband, William Taylor, made their home during all those years prior to his death a few years ago."

Mrs. Taylor was fondly known to family and friends as "Grandma." Beside her is the grave of her husband William Taylor, born in Armagh County, Ireland, in 1820 and who had died in 1911 at the age of 90. Mrs. Taylor was survived by two daughters, but her three sons, also buried here, died at ages 10, 28, and 35.

A grave of another pioneer, the Reverend Peter Carlson, reminds us of the great numbers of immigrants from Scandinavia who settled in the region. Rev. Carlson was a Swedish missionary who traveled by foot and horseback to establish and bless new congregations of the Swedish Lutheran faith.

In 1880 Rev. Carlson arrived at the small Swedish town of Lenville and held a service the following Sunday. The minutes of that November 14 meeting describe that after officially organizing the congregation, Rev. Carlson spoke on the importance of having a congregation "where we have the Word and Sacraments." He also advised them of the "peaceful attitude they ought to have toward the Norwegian congregation in the Community."

Those in Troy would remember him as the 60-year-old man who arrived December 12, 1886, at the cabin of John Mellgren at Bear Creek. A later account of that meeting written by Rev. Axel Berg describes how after an "inspiring sermon" and "a serious discussion concerning pure congregations," the Westdala Lutheran church was organized. There were 17 members and 14 children of the new congregation. And at a meeting on May 31, 1891, Rev. Berg recalled, the congregation decided to build a church 14 feet high, "with a tower at least not lower than that of the Scandinavian Methodist Church."

Although Rev. Carlson died in Omaha, the *Star Mirror* reported on August 19, 1909, that his remains were shipped to Moscow for burial. Clergy-

men from Omaha, Spokane, Coeur d'Alene, Troy, and Seattle came to his funeral to honor him.

Here in Block 6 are many pioneers, including Almon A. Lieuallen and John Russell, two of Moscow's four founders. Here, too, is Mary Jane Montgomery whose request to be buried in a proper cemetery led to the creation of this one. Her headstone notes her as "Wife of M. S. Montgomery. Born June 5, 1820. Died Oct. 11, 1873. Rest, Mother, rest, in quiet sleep. While friends in sorrow o'er thee weep."

Beside her is her husband, Matthew S. Montgomery: "Born Apr 25, 1818. Died Jun 14, 1881. His toils are passed, his work is done. He fought the fight, the victor won."

Monuments

The cemetery also contains interesting monuments. In Block 6 a sculpted tree trunk, seven feet high, marks the grave of Charles Durham, born August 1, 1868; died December 29, 1895. "Erected by The Woodmen of the World. Dum tacet clamat. O twill be sweet to meet on that blest shore. All sorrow passed. All pains forever o'er."

In Block 3 the statue of a graceful, robed, and barefoot young woman holding flowers commemorates the death of Jay Miles Gano, the only son of Ward and Mable Gano, killed on Heartbreak Ridge in North Korea, Oct. 10, 1951.

Near the statue is a bench instead of a headstone commemorating Veto Barziloski, whose name was shortened and Americanized to Vic Berllus. An undated newspaper clipping in the scrapbook, Pioneer Days Carssow Book 5, recorded the marriage of Veto and Mary Gano, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Gano. The clipping states that Mr. Berllus is to report to Paris Island, North Carolina on July 1 to begin training for the Marine Corps. Vic became a second lieutenant, was wounded February 23, 1945 in Iwo Jima, and then died and was buried at on March 1, 1945. He was awarded a Purple Heart.

An ornate urn covered with drapery and flowers and surmounted with a carved flame is at the grave of Donald Cameron. A Scotsman, born in Roshire in 1839, he is buried here along with his brother, Murdock, and his niece, Maggie Cameron, the girl

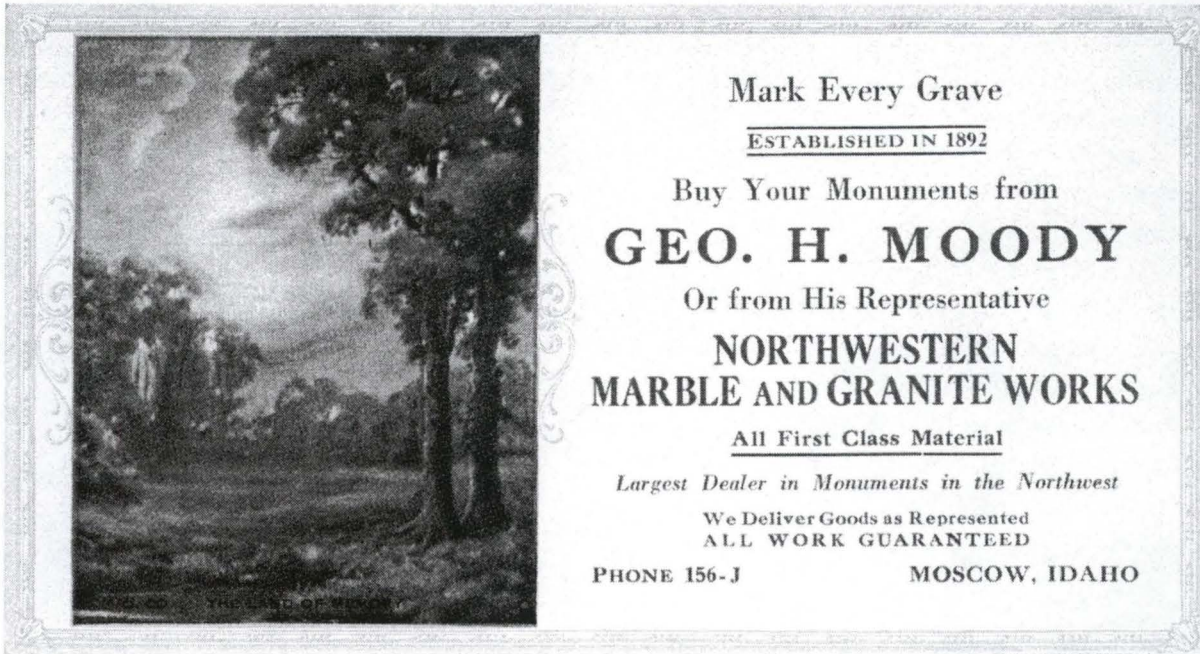
who died of diphtheria at the age of 14. Nearby, a large concrete cross has been erected in the old part of the Catholic cemetery near the graves of the Ursuline Sisters who taught and prayed at the Convent on Howard Street.

The largest and perhaps the most puzzling monument is a mausoleum with wrought iron fence. Carved on the lintel are two words, "Halpin 1915." No other inscriptions are here. However, an article dated January 21, 1915, in the *Star Mirror* reports that on December 27, 1914, Mrs. Thomas Halpin had suffered a stroke and was taken to the Catholic hospital in Colfax to be cared for by the Sisters of Providence. She soon improved and was able to be up and about. On January 11 her husband brought her home, but on the 13th, "the excitement and exertion were apparently too great, and she died about half past three." A Father Fitzgerald came to conduct a high mass and requiem for her. Then on November 9, 1915, the *Idaho Post* noted that Thomas Halpin and Frances Kern, "both of Moscow," were married. The Sexton's records indicate that both Thomas and Frances are buried here, Thomas dying in 1931 and Frances in 1933.

At the end of the afternoon when almost everyone had left the cemetery and I was picking up the surveyor's flags we had used as markers, I happened upon a headstone, crudely chiseled with these words, "Holden. At rest. Mabel L. Daughter of W. A. Holden. Born Oct. 29, 1903. Died Nov. 18, 1906. Our darling baby."

The imposing mausoleum and the roughly carved headstone for a child symbolize great differences in the means and styles of memorializing those once loved and then lost. Their monuments, stones, and inscriptions move us to reflect upon the mystery of life and death and memory.

Perhaps there's time to pause once more at the lonely grave of Winifred Booth whose life ended so tragically at 21 years. May we find solace for her and all our loved ones in the inscription composed for Thomas Crow who unlike Winifred lived out his life of 70 years: "There are thoughts that never perish, Bright, unfading through long years. So thy memory we cherish, Shrined in hope, Embalmed in tears."



George Moody's business card.

George Moody: Master Carver

A prominent and successful businessman, George Moody, left his name prominently inscribed in the city's history. Many stones in local cemeteries have at their base the name of the carver: "G. H. Moody - Moscow."

Mr. Moody was born in New Brunswick, Canada, in 1853, the youngest of 13 children. Leaving home at 13, he obtained a job in a book-binding in Boston. Later he apprenticed himself to a brother who owned a monument business in Missouri. After learning the craft, he established his own monument works in Appleton City, Missouri where he also married his wife, Mary Ida Manning.

In 1889 the family moved west to Ogden, Utah, where he opened a hardware store. Just two years later he and his family moved again to Salubria, Idaho. When he learned about Idaho's new university, he brought his family to Moscow in the spring of 1892 where he established the Northwestern Marble and Granite Works in a small building on Third Street. When the economic depression of 1893 forced him to give up his store, he rode around the countryside on horseback recruiting work. He used the kitchen table for his carving and

the barn for storing granite and marble.

Recovering from economic hard times, Mr. Moody opened a new store on Fourth and Jackson Streets. He employed agents who recruited business through northern Idaho and eastern Washington.

For his business Mr. Moody purchased marble and granite stones pre-cut in various sizes and shapes and with different types of artwork. His task was to engrave the lettering. Customers could select the exact type and style of stone they wanted from photographs in an order book.

Most of the stones came from Vermont, although some were from Georgia, Alaska, and even Italy. Usually they were shipped by boat or train to San Francisco and from there to Moscow by train. Mr. Moody preferred to work in marble but also used granite. His business card urged: "Mark every grave. Buy your monuments from Geo. H. Moody or from his representative Northwestern Marble and Granite Works. All first class material. . . All work guaranteed."

In addition to the headstones and family markers he carved, Mr. Moody supplied the bases for memorial statues at the University of Idaho, Moscow's East City Park, and the Moscow cemetery. He

made baptismal and holy water fonts for several local churches as well as marble objects for his own home. He also supplied the bases for headstones and placed coping and fences around family plots.

George Moody kept meticulous records which his daughter, Clarice Moody Sampson, preserved and donated to the historical society. The expense accounts reveal the high cost of freight. For example in November 1898 the shipping charge for three monuments was almost \$50. An invoice dated September 22, 1891 from Matthew Park's Son & Co. in St. Louis, Missouri, shows that the uncarved monuments ranged in price from 40 cents for a foot-stone to \$4.50 for a headstone.



George Moody added his name to the bottom of the headstone he carved for Thomas Crowley who died "Mar. 11, 1889. Aged about 53 years."

Mr. Moody also recorded all household and personal expenses in his ledgers. The November 1898 hand-written entries include 40 cents for a hair cut and shave, 90 cents for bacon, \$2.00 to Dr. Watkins, 50 cents to Clark and Lestor for a knife

and whetstone, \$50.30 for freight and drayage for two stones, \$4.00 in rent to Cornwall and Ryrie, 10 cents for postage stamps, and 25 cents to his wife.

1898 Expense account

Nov. 11	Paid Cornwall & Ryrie Rent of shop to Nov. 27	4.00
" 12	Freight on Two Monuments 71. #370 1/2	38.45
" 12	" " " " " " #349 1/2	11.35
" 12	Drayage on same	50
" 12	for Postage & Lot	40
" 12	Meat from Holt	25
" 12	Hair Cut & Shave	40
" 12	" " " " " " " "	10
" 12	" " " " " " " "	5
" 14	Holt for Bacon	90
" 14	Henry Weirman for Meat	50
" 14	for 25 Cedar Posts @ 8¢ each	2.00
" 14	To wife	25
" 15	out cash	10
" 16	Mark Baskerville M. O. #23814	10.00
" 16	Exchange on same	10
" 16	W.S. State for Sugar 100 lbs	1.50
" 16	for Postage stamps	10
" 17	Geo. Creighton in full for Oct	17.85
" 17	Maize for Lister Cemetery	75
" 17	Out cash for pencils	5
" 18	Dr. Watkins in full to date	2.00
" 18	To wife for goods	1.00
" 18	Henry Weirman for Can lead	60
" 18	Out cash	5

A page from Mr. Moody's expense ledger, November 1898.

Collections entered in Mr. Moody's ledger indicate that many customers made one or more payments on a headstone. Henrietta Ryrie, whose husband had died December 1, 1900, paid \$60 in August 1901 and another final payment of \$26 that December. Henrietta died August 2, 1904, and her mother made a payment of \$250 for a monument on May 25, 1905. The higher cost is presumably due to the elaborate and long inscription as compared with Alexander Ryrie's short inscription.

Mr. Moody died in 1927 at the age of 74. On his headstone was inscribed the simple epitaph: "Here rests a Woodman of the World." During his lifetime he was also a member of the Republican Party, the Odd Fellows, the Benevolent Order of the Elks, and the Presbyterian Church.

Alongside his grave is that of his wife, Mary Ida Manning, who died in 1918 at the age of 60; their daughter, Almira, who died in 1962; and a son who died in 1911 in the Philippine Islands.

Another daughter, well known to Moscow residents, was Clarice Moody Sampson. An active member of the Presbyterian Church and the historical society, Mrs. Sampson lived a full life of 103 years and died in the spring of 1998. Thanks to her love of Moscow and its history, records of her father's business along with numerous family and community records, photographs, and artifacts are preserved for us and future generations.



This wedding photograph shows George Moody standing to the left of his daughter Clarice. To her right is her husband, Harry Sampson. The photo was taken April 16, 1919.

Endnote

1. Priscilla Wegars, "The Chinese Work Force in Moscow, Idaho, and Vicinity, 1880-1910," *Latah Legacy* 15 (Spring 1986): 8-16.

Sources

The Latah County Historical Society's research library contains the sources and photographs used in this article. Newspaper articles and obituaries, except where noted, are from *Transcriptions of Births, Deaths, Marriages Licenses, Divorces, Etc. (1885-1921)* by Kathleen Probasco. They are organized into several volumes according to newspaper and years, and each volume has a surname index.

Tombstone inscriptions are organized into four volumes with an index to first and last names, cemetery, block, and page number.

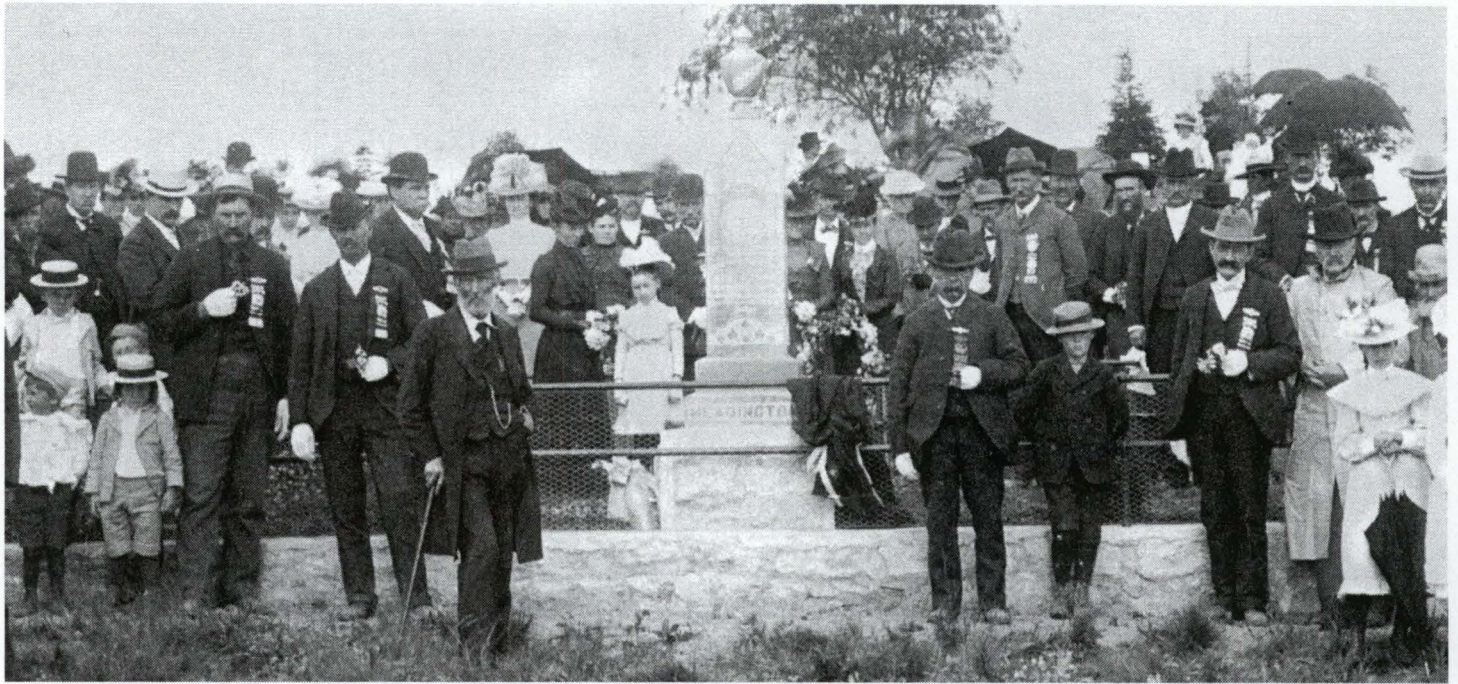
Personal and business papers relating to George Moody can be found in a separate large file as well as in various smaller files.

Much biographical information is collected into the genealogical/biographical files which can be located through the main card catalog. A biographical summary of George Moody compiled by Keith Petersen in 1984 is included in these gen/bio records.

Photographs are organized by subject and name, and photocopies of these are kept in browsing files.

The sexton's office at the cemetery is a good source of information. It has plats of all the blocks showing grave sites, internment records which show cause of death, and a listing of every grave. However, records are incomplete or missing for the earlier burials and for the old section of the Catholic part of the cemetery. The Catholic Church owned this part of the cemetery until 1960 and retained most of the records when it became city property.

Unveiling a Monument



This image, taken from a panoramic photograph, commemorates the unveiling of a monument to William Headington who died in 1899. The men in the foreground are wearing badges of their fraternal order, the Woodmen of the World. On this April day women and girls are wearing elaborate spring hats and many hold umbrellas.

George Moody, craftsman and proprietor of Northwestern Marble and Granite Works, ordered the stone and chiseled the inscription which reads: "Dum Tacet Clamat. Here rests a woodman of the world. W. A. Headington, Nov. 6, 1856 - Apr. 25, 1899, Clerk of Mt. Moscow Camp, no. 228, Woodmen of the World, In Memoriam." His widow Mattie and daughter Sara stand by the monument, flanked by a crowd of mourners.

Mr. Headington was a teacher and lawyer in New York and Kansas before moving to Colfax, Washington, in 1892. After serving two years as high school principal he moved to Moscow. In 1898 he was admitted to the Idaho Bar but only served briefly as probate judge before his death at age of 43. Sara lived only one year longer, dying in December 1900 at the age of seven.

Mrs. Headington again called upon George Moody to make a memorial, this time for her daughter. She requested that it be fashioned into the

shape of a child's cradle ornamented with a rose and dove. The inscription reads: "Sara Grace Headington, Jan. 14, 1893-Dec. 13, 1900. And if again that angel train, And Golden Head come back for me, To bear me to eternity. My watching will not be in vain."

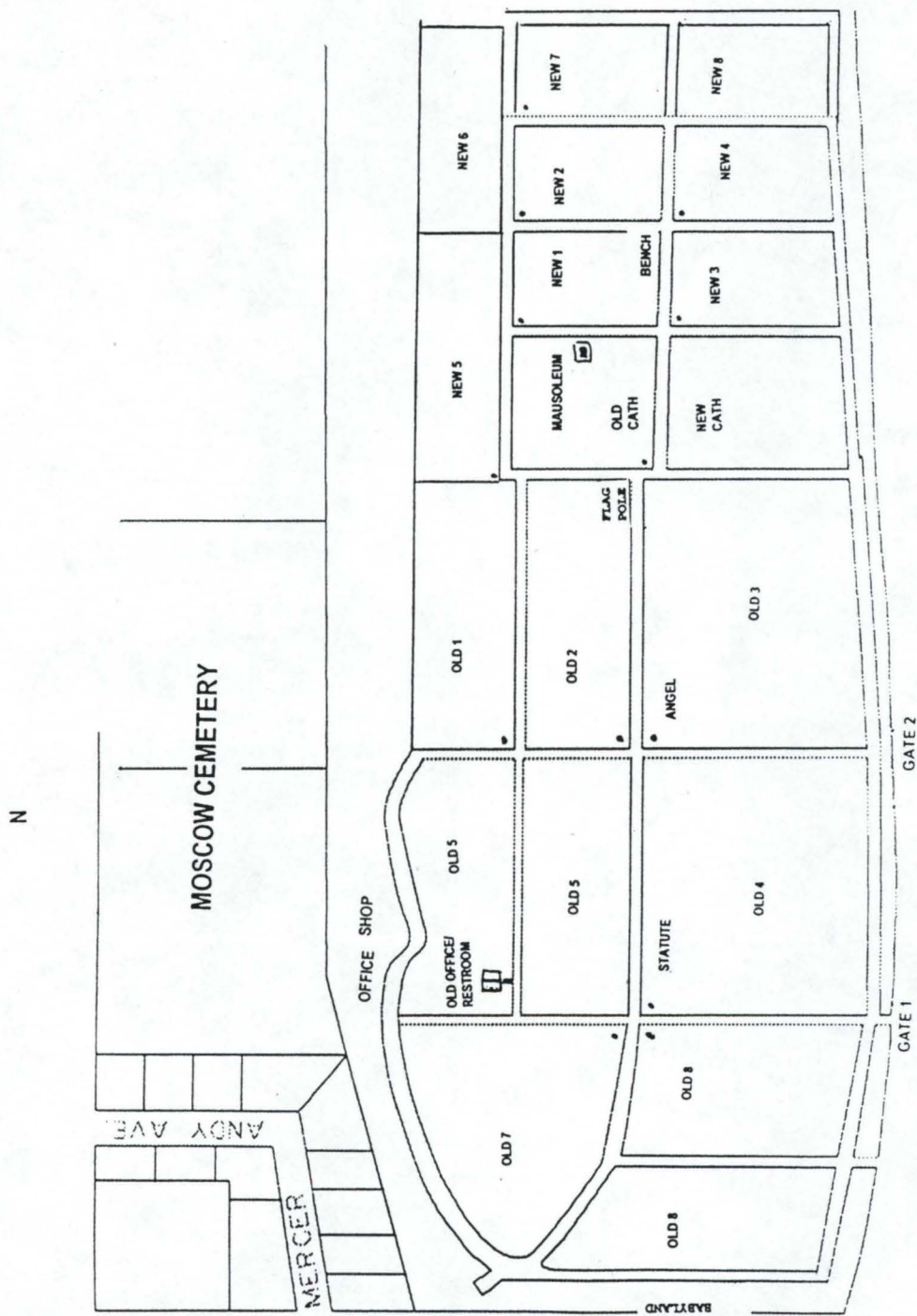
Mrs. Headington continued her career as a school teacher, and later became superintendent of schools in Latah County. After an unhappy second marriage, she moved to Palo Alto. When she died in 1947 at the age of 84, her body was shipped to Moscow for burial beside her husband and daughter. Her headstone has the simple inscription "Mattie, wife of W. M. Headington, and mother of Sara, 1863-1947."



Beatrice Alwilda Lieuallen: A Cherished Daughter



These photographs of Beatrice Alwilda Lieuallen were taken at the studio of Moscow's leading photographer, Henry Erichson. Clockwise from the upper left is Beatrice at 16 months; a view of her luxuriant hair at 2 years and 10 months; a tea party with Mr. Erichson's son, at 3 years; and in a hood and cape in what is identified as the last photo taken of her. Beatrice died in 1897 of scarlet fever at the age of 3 and a half years.



A map of the Moscow Cemetery showing the blocks which are identified as "old" on the map. Gates 1 and 2 are entered from the Moscow-Troy highway. The sexton's office with the cemetery records are across the road from Old Block 5. The map also notes other features such as the Halpin mausoleum and the Berllus bench.

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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 traditions 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. Subscriptions 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:

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Services of the Latah County Historical Society include maintaining the McConnell Mansion Museum with period rooms and changing exhibits; preserving materials on Latah County's history; operating a research library of historical and genealogical materials; collecting oral histories; and sponsoring educational events and activities. Our mission is to collect and preserve artifacts, documents, photographs, diaries, and other items relating to Latah County. These are added to the collections and made available to researchers as well as being preserved for future generations. If you have items to donate or lend for duplication, please contact us.

Our library and offices are in Centennial Annex, 327 East Second St., Moscow; hours are Tuesday through Friday, 9 a.m. 5 p.m. The McConnell Mansion Museum is open Tuesday through Saturday from 1 to 4 p.m. Visits to the museum at other times can be arranged by calling (208) 882-1004. Admission is free to members and donations are requested for non-members. Our FAX number is (208) 882-0759 and our e-mail address is lchlibrary@moscow.com. The Mansion's first floor is handicapped accessible. Researchers who cannot access the Annex can telephone or write us; research materials can be made available at the nearby Moscow Library.