

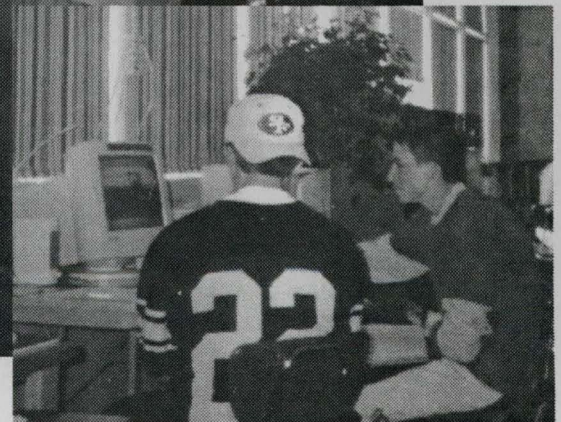
LATAH LEGACY

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2000



A century of change in education and technology is reflected in the blackboards at Moscow's Whitworth High School in 1900, the manual typewriter at the present Moscow High School in the 1950s, and finally the computers in the Moscow Junior High School library in spring 2000.

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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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From Norway to Latah County: A Reminiscence of the Peter Hagen Family



Peter and Annette Hagen

Foreword by Everett Hagen. *In 1994 I became interested in researching my father's, Sherman Hagen's, side of my family tree. My cousins in Minnesota, who were descendants of John Erickson, my grandfather's oldest brother, had sent some information, but they had not heard of my grandfather, Peter Hagen, since 1920. My cousin, Kermit Larson, who lived in Beaverton, Oregon, had spent lots of time in his youth on Grandfather Hagen's farm. When I asked Kermit a few questions, he sent me much information, most of which is included in the following article.*

In 1995 I made a visit to Peter Hagen's old home in Norway. There I met descendants of his younger brother and learned more about our family tree, so I have added to Kermit's letters, filling in some things he was not sure about or had left out.

The result of this research is a story about how a 15-year old boy came to America and worked his way west to a homestead in Latah County. Peter Hagen had a successful farm at Blaine, raised a family, and was a respected

man in the community. My grandfather returned to Norway in 1913 to visit his family, and he also spent some time with his brother, John, in Minnesota. I can remember seeing Grandfather a few times when I visited his farm or when he came to Moscow with Grandma, Annette Hagen, in his buggy. He died in 1932 and is buried in the Moscow cemetery. I was 5 years old when he died.

Kermit Larson, his brothers Bob and Gordon, and his sister Bea Tylden were children of Amanda, the oldest daughter of Peter and Annette Hagen. The only survivor of this line of the family is Rick Larson, Gordon's son. There are a few of Peter and Annette's grandchildren living, including me, in addition to many great, and great great grandchildren.

This reminiscence is from Kermit's letters. Kermit died in 1996.

Peder (or Peter) Erickson was born in 1852 near the Moholt Ironworks about five miles from Slemdal (now Siljan), Norway. His parents later moved a couple of miles up the

river to the Haugen place, and subsequently he changed his name to Peder Ericksen Haugen, a common practice then. He had two brothers and two sisters. His older brother Johanne came to Minnesota in 1861, settling there under the new name of John Erickson. In 1867 the blast furnace at Moholt was shut down for good. Not much future was in sight for Peder at the places where his ancestors had worked as managers and hammersmiths. That year he came with an older sister, Ingeborg, to Canada on a sailing ship.

The five-week crossing was rough, and food was strictly rationed. The ship provided only some vile salt cod for the passengers. They probably entered the United States at Detroit, and Granddad Peder Erickson Haugen purposely, or through a misunderstanding, gave his name as Peter Hagen; Hagen means orchard in Norwegian. The immigration service wasn't very fussy about names as long as the person gave one and stuck with it.

Peter Hagen said that one reason he came to America was having to open gates for the minister in Norway. It seems there was a gate on every property line marked by rows of hedges. Whenever the minister came by, his mother would send him out to open and close the gates for this local V.I.P. Granddad decided that ministers were paid entirely too much deference in Norway, and he wanted out.

The family also held some wooded land, or perhaps just timber-cutting rights. Granddad said they would cut logs in the winter, float them down a stream in the spring, and probably sold them to a sawmill. He said they planted a tree for every one they cut. His father, Erik Pedersen Haugen, was also a veterinary and a quack doctor.

In the New World, Wisconsin, he no longer had to run to open gates for a minister, but life was still not exactly a bed of roses. He told of working for one farmer in haying who had them

top off any stack they were working on at the end of the day if he saw a cloud in the sky. Without extra pay, of course.

He told of coming out of the woods one spring after a winter in a Wisconsin logging camp where he had lived on a diet of beans, salt pork, cornbread, cornmeal mush, dried prunes, and molasses. He worked as a chopper, wearing a glove with three sections for the thumb, forefinger, and the other three fingers. Developing rheumatism in his shoulders, he cured himself by hanging full length by his fingers from the top of a doorway.

This may have been when he decided to move to the West Coast, coming out to California on the new transcontinental railroad in the early spring and leaving behind the Wisconsin snow for flowers in full bloom in Sacramento. The east and west segments of the Union Pacific had linked up in Utah in 1869, and the time between that date and the completion of the Sacramento to San Francisco leg must have bracketed Granddad's arrival as he had to continue his journey by boat on the Sacramento River.

Although the blooming flowers in Sacramento astonished him, what he saw of California wasn't what he was looking for. There were lush bottomlands, but the brown hills seemed to contradict them. It's likely that he had been headed for the Pacific Northwest from the start, and he was soon on another ship bound north for the young city of Portland hidden in the tall fir forests of Oregon.

It occurs to me that this was a lucky break for us, because if all our ancestors hadn't acted almost exactly as they did, we wouldn't be here. I'm glad Granddad did get on that ship bound for Portland and did not hang around in San Francisco getting drunk or even shanghaied

I don't know how long Granddad stayed in Portland. That's the kind of useful question I never asked him. Jobs, it seemed, were hard to

find at the time he was there. The Chinese had finished helping to build the Union Pacific and cleaning up the gold placers. They were congregating in the cities, looking for work. Granddad told of labor riots and crowds chasing Chinese men in the streets and pulling their pigtailed.

He must have spent several years in the Puget Sound area. He worked in logging camps, standing on "springboards" several feet above the bases of the giant trees, chopping out the big cuts required to fell them. At one time he owned

a horse and wagon which he hired out.

Although I never asked, I believe that when Granddad headed east again for Idaho in 1877 with three friends, William Kilde, Elmer Paulson, and a man named Thiessen, he had a small stake as did the others.

They "weighed out" before leaving Seattle. Thiessen at 6' 5" was the biggest; Kilde at 6' 2" in his stocking feet

weighed 220 pounds, and Granddad at 5' 10" and 180 pounds was the smallest. They had one horse belonging to Granddad which they took turns riding. They bought supplies at the Robbers Roost store in Ellensburg and followed the Thorpe Road part of the way to Moscow arriving in Moscow on June 1, 1877, after traveling for three weeks.

They were probably in high spirits as they headed inland for the homestead bonanza they had heard about. In fact, a lifetime of hard, often poorly paid, physical toil lay ahead for them and their second generation successors before mechanization would make it possible for

today's farmer to go broke with a minimum of physical effort on money borrowed at high interest rates to buy expensive equipment and oil-based chemicals. For the homesteaders, the excitement of setting out for reputedly rich, virgin, bunchgrass prairie, portions of which could be theirs for the taking, may have been the high point of their lives up to this point, and perhaps of their entire lives.

William Kilde and Peter Hagen had adjoining homesteads about a mile east of Blaine which was seven miles southeast of Moscow. Paulson homesteaded on Thorn Creek south of Moscow.

I believe Grandma Hagen (Annette Anderson) followed much the same route as Granddad in reaching the Pacific Northwest. For a time she worked for a family in Portland before going on to Lewiston. She was probably working for a family in Lewiston when she met Granddad.

She also worked as a cook in a hotel where the one-armed General Howard ate. He enjoyed the meal so much he came to the kitchen and gave her a gold piece. Peter married Annette at Genesee on October 1, 1880. He became a United States citizen September 5, 1894. They had nine children: Amanda, Amelia, John, Sherman, Josephine, Anna, and Perry. Two boys died at early ages and were later reburied in the Genesee Lutheran Valley Church.

Grandma often said, especially when she was angry about something, that Peter had "consumption" when she married him and that she had to take care of him. Peter worked at least one log drive on the Clearwater which may have resulted in a chronic cough and even something worse.

Grandma's mother and a sister had preceded her to Idaho. They sent money to Norway for her passage. Grandma's father had died when she was young. There was no doctor to certify the death, and she told me how frightened she



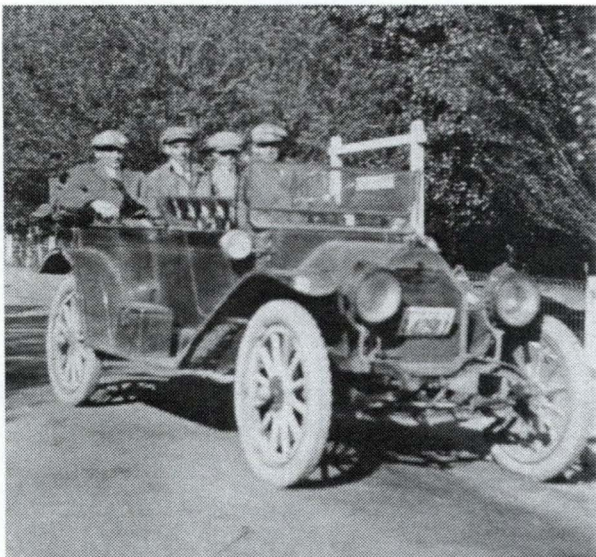
William Kilde and a daughter



The Hagen homestead, one mile east of Blaine

had been when the family kept him on a table for three or four days to make sure he was dead before they buried him.

Her brother, Andrew Anderson, lived at Blaine and graded the roads for the highway district for a long time. I knew him as Uncle Andrew who had the red and blue Buick with the brass fittings and carbide headlamps. There were two leather straps running from the top of the windshield to the front fenders to keep the windshield from collapsing at high speeds of 50 to 60 miles an hour. Like me, Grandma was very blonde and didn't take the sun too well, but Andrew showed a dark-haired strain, and tanned readily, as did Granddad Hagen.



Andrew Anderson and his 1904 Buick

Grandma knew what was printed on the wrappers she put on her butter, but she never learned to read English well enough to widen her interests and range of information. I don't know if she ever read Norwegian. At the time she left Norway to join her mother, she was a dairymaid. She said the best part of that was going with the herds to mountain meadows in the summers to make butter and cheese.

When she arrived here, no one seems to have insisted that she try to learn to read English. And then all of it got lost in the endless round of duties. She was very strong, and she needed to be. I remember seeing her bending over tubs of dirty overalls, rubbing them out with her homemade lye soap. There were wringers, of course, and eventually machines, but it was still very hard work. Her railing at Granddad about the time he wasted reading a newspaper may have had something to do with a resentment, never admitted, that she was not able to waste any time in that way. Wisely, he said nothing.

Granddad didn't sit around all day reading newspapers, letting his farming and chores go, but he did like to read. For a time he subscribed to the *San Francisco Chronicle* which arrived very late in the week by stage. He probably picked it up in Lewiston. It could be that San Francisco made more of an impression on him

than he admitted.

He should have insisted that Grandma learn to read. Then, perhaps, she wouldn't have said, as she often did, that she had cured him of consumption, and that later he became "strong as a stone," while she went downhill from overwork. Or, she wouldn't have suggested that he had changed his name because he had "led a bad life." This was not likely, but saying it probably made her feel better.

There was another version about Granddad's name: that he had adopted the name of a family he had stayed with in Wisconsin. I have a recollection, not very firm, that at one time the spelling had been Hagan, later becoming Hagen. Possibly Hagan was a misspelling I saw somewhere, on the mailbox perhaps, that was later corrected.

Granddad Hagen's sister Emma remained in Wisconsin. She married a German musician named Bandelin. They had at least one child, Oscar, who became a pretty good semi-pro baseball pitcher in the Midwest, as well as a lawyer. Later on he came to Sandpoint, Idaho, and started a law practice. I saw Oscar Bandelin only once that I know of, and I retain an impression of a round face and a certain beefiness, though he was not a big man. Perry said his pitching arm was noticeably bigger than the other. There was no question that he'd thrown a lot of baseballs.

Emma came out one summer to visit her son, and Oscar drove her and his son, Glenn, to



The Blaine Schoolhouse, 1910. Perry Hagen is on the right and Gene Settle is on the left in the top row.

visit the Hagens. As happened so often, too often, I guess, I was at the ranch. I don't remember how long the Bandelins stayed, and I'm not sure what year it was, but 1913 to 1915 should bracket it.

My recollection of Granddad's sister is that she was silver-haired, not plump, was dressed in dark, formal clothing, and did not chatter or gossip. I retain an impression of a creamy complexion, like Granddad's, and

eyes more gray than his. Also she was dignified, even stern, as I soon learned. It was probably right after we'd all had dinner in the summer kitchen that Glenn and I set off up the road toward Blaine to look at squirrel traps or something.

We were on our way back when I told him about the polliwogs I'd collected from the creek, with the idea of watching them develop in a glass jar I kept in the row of brushy willows in back of the main house. It was not a great idea, but I was hoping that some of them might turn out to be fish after all. Glenn and I didn't hit it off too well. I was soon aware that this very bright kid felt vastly superior to me and my childish concerns. That was fine with me, and we'd probably have left it at that - if it hadn't been for the polliwogs. What I had failed to understand was the depths to which this kid could sink. I soon found out.

With a conceited smirk, he calmly told me that he had already found my polliwogs and poured them out on the ground. It happened that he said this just as we were crossing the bridge



Perry Hagen

over the creek down near the gate on the road. Before either of us knew what had happened I had pushed him off the bridge. Just as quickly, I was sorry I had done it, because there could have been broken glass or rusty iron down there

in the two feet or so of murky water. But as soon as I saw that he wasn't cut, only wet and muddy, I was glad.

The next thing I remember is being in the yard in front of the summer kitchen where everyone was sitting around and talking. Grandaunt Emma was sitting on a chair. Then she stood up and gave her grandson "what for." I think she was mostly sore because he'd let himself get pushed off the bridge. Maybe he got spanked, and possibly he cried, but I don't recall that. I don't remember what explanations we gave, but I probably made it clear why I pushed him.

I wasn't punished. Glenn's grandmother had done her part, and undoubtedly thought that I should have my ears boxed or something, or at least be made to say that I was sorry for the way I had treated a guest. When this didn't happen she must have decided that the rest of my relatives were as rude as I was. Nothing was said to me. They may all have been holding their breaths, waiting for me to do the right thing, and

apologize, but I never cracked. I thought justice had been done, and I wasn't about to unbalance the scales again.

Many years later, when Glenn was about to graduate from a law course at the University of Idaho, Perry told me he had come out to the place, and during his visit had reenacted the polliwog incident, playing all the parts, including mine. "It had everyone in stitches," Perry said. I'm sorry I missed it. I might have found out what really happened.

When Peter Hagen was running as many as 150 hogs on the school section, it was known as the "hog ranch." When he planted prune trees in the timber culture section, it became the "prune ranch." Seems there was a plan afoot at one time to build a cooperative plant to dry prunes.

Granddad acquired an additional 40 acres under the timber culture provision of the Homestead Act by planting four acres of trees. This was intended to encourage the planting of windbreaks on the great plains, but the provision was applied everywhere. Some maintained the plantings; others tore them out. Kilde had 240 acres, but may have bought 40, or all 80, of his acres over the 160 homestead allotment. These homesteads were for the most part plowed and used for raising grain. Some land was used for pasture and hay crops to feed the farmers' livestock.

The two cut banks beyond the machine shed in the back forty were probably old prospect holes. The big spring on the place was said to have been on the Nez Perce trail to Coeur d'Alene, and there was a story about stolen gold supposedly buried by a thorn bush by a spring on that trail. So far as I know, no one ever believed strongly enough that the gnarled old thorn bush by the spring on Granddad's place might be the right one to cause them to do any digging around it. I always figured that any gold buried there would have sunk into the mire.

In 1884, my mother, Amanda Larson, would

have been three years old, and Granddad was probably still doing much of his trading in Lewiston. Once he sold some ducks to a Chinese restaurant there, and someone found some grains of gold in the craw of one of the ducks. A bunch of them came up and swarmed over the creek, but didn't find anything.

I was probably four, and it must have been the first summer I was at the ranch when Dad came up from Lewiston to get me with a team and buggy rented from a livery stable. I retain an image of the team of bays tied by the corner of the shanty when we started back. The only other memory I have of the trip is of staring at the bottom of a boulder-strewn dry wash and some odd-looking small trees with long, narrow leaves, as the buggy made a sharp turn down a steep pitch in the road. I have the impression that this was in late afternoon near the bottom of the Lewiston Hill.

While Dad may have stayed overnight on the trip, I think he could have made it in one day by starting early and arriving at Granddad's in late morning. This is the only memory I have of traveling the Lewiston Hill in a buggy. I don't know the name of the odd-looking trees or shrubs that impressed me so much, They must still grow in the dry washes near the bottom of the Lewiston Hill. I always look for them, but the new highways don't go near where they grow. I guess that's progress.

The Hagens usually kept about ten cows, and a lot of the milking was done by the womenfolk. If not noted for their crocheting, they were good milkers. Mother said she was the best, and once won a milking contest. Of course, she had good coaching as Grandma Hagen had been a milkmaid in Norway, had lots of practice, and started at a very early age.

Tom Abrahamson, who married Anna Hagen, Peter's youngest daughter and who lived a mile from the Hagen homestead, kept only two or three cows. They were the hardest milking

cows in the country. Everybody who tried milking them said so, even Perry. Maybe that was why the Abrahamson girls left home, or took up crocheting.

I recall an occasion when Tom Abrahamson got Perry and me to help him put some extra hay in his barn. There was no room for it in the center mow. They were forking it overhead through a small door to a loft at one side of the barn, and I was pushing it back along the floor of the loft. Soon they started arguing about which one could push the biggest forkful through that small door. Perry won, but Tom got his hay in. When we were finished Anna had a big meal ready for both winners and losers. Dessert, I remember, was carrot pudding topped with whipped cream.

I remember seeing our aunt Amelia only once. That was when Amelia and her husband Will Wheeler drove up from San Diego in their Studebaker one summer with their two girls, Elzora and Leona. It was a long, hard drive on the kind of roads that existed during the First World War.

Will Wheeler had worked for an electric utility company at Sandpoint, Idaho and then had moved the family to San Diego for a job with San Diego Gas & Electric at the very high salary of one-hundred dollars per week. Wheeler was a powerfully-built man, 6' 4" and 240 pounds. He and Perry may have been discussing a pending heavyweight fight when Perry came up with one of his favorite regrets, "I should have been a prize fighter." "You'd have been a good one," Wheeler told him. Just being polite, I thought. It seemed to me that Wheeler was the one who should have been a fighter.

I don't remember the Hagens having any spotted work horses, but I used to see a few of them around the country there. I now realize they were showing some of the Appaloosa strain. The little roan cayuse at the place, faded almost white when I remember her, had been a



Kermit Larson

solid color. I seem to recall a few roan flecks on her haunches where the color hadn't faded. She had been left, or sold, by Nez Perce Indians who came around every year castrating animals.

Mother rode Poose (short for papoose) when she taught school for a term, north and east of Paradise Ridge, while living at home. A small, framed photo of mother with Poose hung near the bottom of the steep stairway leading to the two upstairs bedrooms in the Hagen house. Poose showed dark in the black and white photo, and looked pretty feisty.

Afterword. Kermit was born in 1907 and lived until 1996. He was a son of Louis Larson, a merchant, and Amanda Hagen Larson who was a teacher. Amanda was the oldest child of Peter and Annette Hagen who homesteaded near Blaine, about eight miles southeast of Moscow. Kermit's parents lived in Latah and Nez Perce counties, so he was able to spend much time at our grandparents' farm. He knew them much better than I did. Kermit told me personally and in letters about the lives of Peter and Annette. He never married and lived with his mother and

brother, Robert, after his father's death in the 1930s. Kermit and Robert worked at various jobs during the 1930s depression and at the University of Idaho golf course for a few years until World War II. Then Kermit served as a clerk in the U.S. Army while Bob was a welder in the Portland shipyards.

After the war Kermit spent many years in Los Angeles working for a newspaper. The last 15 years of their lives, the brothers retired and lived together in Beaverton, Oregon. Every year until his death in 1996, Kermit came to Latah County to visit.

Everett Hagen, February 2001



Adults left to right: Sherman Hagen, Amelia Hagen, Tom Abrahamson, Amanda Hagen, Josephine Hagen, Anna Hagen Abrahamson, John Hagen, and Perry Hagen. In front are two of John or Sherman's children.

Editorial Note. Despite the widely held belief that Ellis Island agents changed immigrants' names, the records prove otherwise. The agents worked from passenger lists prepared by overseas shipping agents. At Ellis Island, these passenger lists were carefully checked against the immigrants' papers. One historian suggests that the immigrants themselves decided to change or "Americanize" their names before embarking for the United States.

A Century of Change

In December 1999, the Latah County Historical Society launched an ambitious project to commemorate the passing of the 20th century and the arrival of a new century and millennium. Although time as measured by humans is arbitrary, this milestone did give us an opportunity to not only look back, but also to look at where we were in the first year of the new century. Below are three articles written by Julie Monroe that appeared in the Latah Eagle. They describe the how the project began, progressed, and was finalized in the exhibit that opened April 22.

Although the exhibit is temporary, the over 2,000 photographs and negatives from the student photographers are a permanent legacy of the project. The photos have been cataloged and are available to the public in our research library.

Students Record a Century of Change

It is not everyday that we have a chance to celebrate a new century and a new millennium, and the Latah County Historical Society made sure that children and youth in Latah County were part of the celebration. In 1999, representatives from the University of Idaho, Washington State University, the Moscow School District, and other Moscow and Pullman groups, including the Latah County Historical Society, met several times to develop plans for celebrating the new millennium. During these meetings, as Mary Reed, Director of the Latah County Historical Society, says, "I got the idea of giving school kids the opportunity to be the ones to document the first year of the new century."

By spring 2000, the idea had blossomed into a county-wide project involving 125 children and youth, nine teachers, and six parents.

Knowing that the means of documenting the new century would need to be affordable and easy-to-use, Reed came up with the idea of using single-use cameras, and wishing to give children and youth a responsible and active role in the project, Reed based it on the premise that they would be the ones making the decisions with their cameras.

With the design of the project set, Reed secured funding. Washington Mutual Bank

supplied funds to purchase the cameras, and Archer Photography in Moscow discounted not only the cost of the cameras but film developing as well. During the 2000 spring term, Reed and



Lena Whitmore teacher Molly Pannkuk in front of the classroom computer, February 2000. The photographer was sixth-grader Megan Mecham.

project coordinator Julie Monroe recruited teachers and parents from throughout Latah County to distribute the cameras and to supervise their use.

In the project, Moscow was represented with students from Lena Whitmore (teachers Renee McNally and Molly Pannkuk), West Park (teacher Roberta Gibson), St. Mary's (teacher Chris Lohrmann's Journalism Club), the Moscow Junior High School (teachers Carolyn Tragessor and Jaki Wright), and the Moscow

High School (teachers Vincent Murray and Jerry Hartstein who was assisted by Manny Sheibany and Bob Vorhies).

Bovill Grade School teacher Leann Brady supervised the photo sessions of children from Bovill and Deary, and thanks to parents Sue Byrne, Robin Ohlgren-Evans, Chris Sokol, Betsy Bybell, Donna Quiring, and Nan Ash, home-schooled students and those in the county's rural areas were also given an opportunity to participate. The student photographers were also asked to write descriptions of the contents of the photos, including identification of people, place, and date.

Next week, see a sample of the over 2000 photographs taken during the course of the project and hear the voices of our children and youth as they describe what is important to them.

Julie Monroe, Latah Eagle, May 3, 2001

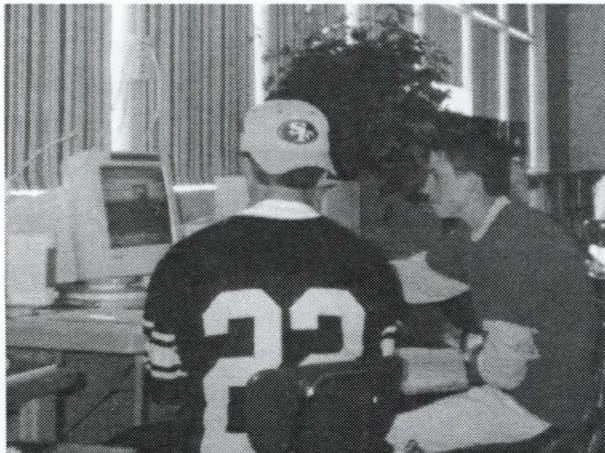


Melissa Pharr, a Moscow Junior High School student, described this business as a place to rent videos, DVDs, and different types of Nintendo games at a cost of \$2.00 to \$4.00 depending on how new they are. This photo and information document a type of popular culture which may be outdated in the next decade.

Students Provide a Lasting Legacy

“She is always wonderful to be around,” is what 15-year-old Tonya Gale of rural Moscow wrote last year about her friend Charlotte for the Latah County Historical Society’s Century of Change camera project. Last spring, in a project administered by the Latah County Historical Society, with the help of teachers and parents, 125 students across the county were handed single-use cameras and asked to record what was important in their lives. What resulted, says Historical Society Director, Mary Reed is truly a lasting legacy.

“What was important to the students became very clear,” stated project coordinator Julie Monroe, who examined each of the over 2000 photos taken. Not surprisingly, adds Monroe, almost all of the subjects in the photos are



Moscow Junior High School students Andrew Sweeney and Chris Helbling search for information on the internet. Katina Krasnec, who took the photo in May 2000, commented “The MJHS library is used by students for studying in their own time, research both on computers and with books. The library is a quiet place with Mrs. Stewart keeping people in line.”

family and friends, and by family, I mean pets as well. What did surprise Monroe, however, was the large number of photos of computers. The kids really captured the American fascination with and reliance on technology, particularly the personal computer, says Monroe.

Most of the students, too, took photos of their classrooms, their teachers and classmates. And there were nearly as many photos of recreational activities, everything from basketball and soccer to compact discs, video games, and TV.

Pictures of the landscape were also plentiful. There were photos of everything from the

To thank all those students, teachers and parents who participated in the project, the historical society is celebrating with a special Kids's Day at the Century of Change Exhibit Sunday, May 13, from 1 - 4 p.m. at the McConnell Mansion, 110 South Adams in Moscow. The exhibit will be open with no charge for admission all afternoon. Free refreshments of popcorn, cookies, and lemonade will be provided, and there will be a yo-yo contest.

Julie Monroe, Latah Eagle, May 20, 2001

Get Your Ticket Punched at the McConnell Mansion Museum

A Century of Change: An Exhibit of Culture and Technology in the 20th Century, now at the McConnell Mansion Museum in Moscow, takes you on an interactive scenic tour of the past century. The exhibit is based on the Latah County Historical Society's *Century of Change* project in which over 100 children and youth throughout the county recorded what was important in their lives with single-use cameras. At the project's conclusion, the student-photographers had created a valuable historical record of over 2000 photographs. Family, friends, pets, classrooms, computers, play stations, soccer matches, cars, homes and businesses, all were captured as they appeared in viewfinders at the turn of the new century.

The *Century of Change* exhibit features many of the photographs taken by the students. These contemporary photos were combined with historical photographs and other artifacts selected from the archives and collections of the historical society to form an exhibit that interprets everyday life and popular culture in Latah County during the last century.

Katherine Aiken, Chair of the Department of History at the University of Idaho, recently evaluated the exhibit for the Idaho Humanities



Signs along Moscow's Highway 8 illustrate the status of merchandising, culture, and transportation that would have been unthinkable to early residents of the county.

Palouse hills to homes, to the exteriors and interiors of businesses to the Locust Blossom Festival in Kendrick and a logger's competition in Potlatch.

Many of the students who live in rural Latah County took photos of their family farms and workshops. Students in Jerry Hartstein's Special Needs class at the Moscow High School focused their cameras on downtown Moscow and adjacent neighborhoods. Hartstein says his students were very creative in what they took pictures of and enjoyed the opportunity to be included in a community-wide project.

Council, which partially funded the project. She writes that the project and exhibit continue the Latah County Historical Society's record of providing excellent exhibits that engage people while addressing the issues of the humanities.

Visitors to the exhibit receive a lively itinerary featuring colorful icons that guide them to each of the nine station stops in the exhibit. The tour of the exhibit begins with a display of historic traveling garments and concludes with an opportunity for visitors to imagine what they will be doing 20 years from now. In-between stops include *You Are Here*, *Bird's Eye View*, *Parlor Game*, *Having Fun*, *Home Sweet Home*, *In and After School*, and *Imagine*.

Young people visiting the exhibit are given a ticket as if they were traveling on a train, and at each stop they can have their ticket punched making them eligible for a special prize. Adults

are encouraged to share their personal favorites from several categories of 20th century popular culture. For their listening pleasure, visitors can listen to a wide selection of recorded popular music with the use of a personal tape player. The songs range from Fred Astaire singing *Isn't It a Lovely Day*, to *California Dreaming* by the Mamas and the Papas, to last year's hit by Vitamin C, *Graduation*.

In her evaluation, Dr. Aiken concludes that *A Century of Change: An Exhibit of Culture and Technology in the 20th Century*, is an exemplary program that succeeds in involving each person who views the exhibit. With the McConnell Mansion Museum's special summer time hours, the exhibit is now open to visitors Tuesday through Saturday from 1-5 p.m.

Julie Monroe, Latah Eagle, July 5, 2001

A 20th Century Timeline

The Century of Change project posed a particular challenge. Although the exhibit was to be a retrospective of the last century, we realized that a traditional historical narrative would entail major research, and that the result would be more suitable for an article or even a book than for an exhibit. Yet, we felt there was a need to give a voice to the vast changes that had occurred over these ten decades. The answer we found was to use the words of Latah County people to capture the human and ordinary experiences of those years of incredible change. What follows is a selection from reminiscences, letters, diaries, and magazine articles in our archives that have been collected over the last one hundred years.



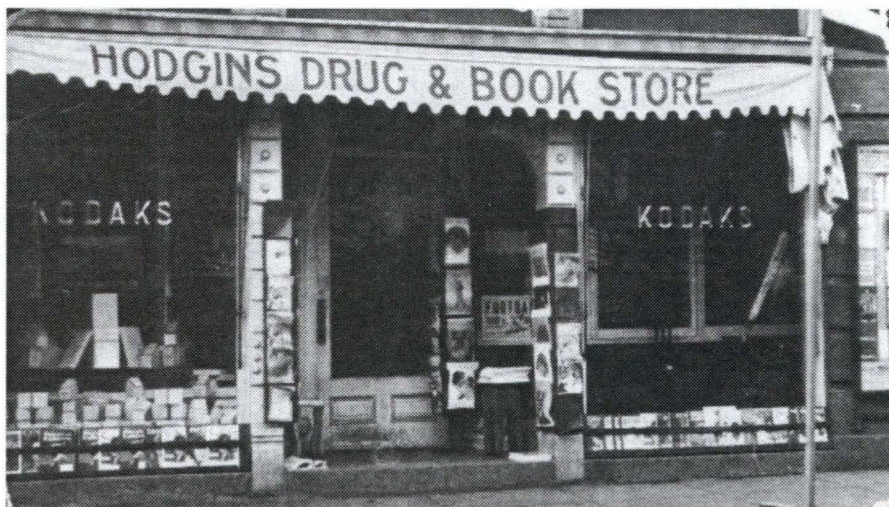
Turn-of-the-Century Moscow

Time has dimmed my memory of Main Street, but I can remember that Moscow was a lively, thriving town with many lovely homes, even then. There were four hotels that I remember, the McGregor Hotel, later Gritman's hospital, the Del Norte, now Sherfey's apartment house, the Johnson Hotel, and the Barton House where Hotel Moscow now stands. There were two large general mercantile stores, McConnell-Ma guire, and Dernham and Kaufmann. The outstanding drug store was White and White, located where Samm's Furniture now stands. In the fall of 1890, Mr. Hodgins bought this store and began his firm's fifty years of service to the Moscow public. There was no Episcopal Church here then, and I attended the Presbyterian. The

church was small but later enlarged and incorporated into the present building. There, early on Sunday evenings, we would draw our chairs around the stove in the corner for young people's meeting. A lovely memory to me is a picture of a serious, sandy-complexioned, young Scotchman, who was our leader. His name was Alexander Ryrie.

I wish I might, in some measure, give you a picture of that Moscow that has now disappeared. The tandem bicycle had not yet

arrived, and we were still years before the Model T Ford, but Moscow had two livery stables with good turnouts. We and our escorts, on many Sundays, would drive in single and double



The Hodgins Drug Store moved to the Hovenden Building in 1892. It is still in operation under the Hodgins name.

buggies to Palouse, Colfax or Pullman. In winter these gave way to the cutter and the sleigh, and

as spring came on, these and all other means of getting anywhere gave way to horseback riding. We rode smartly, too, in those days, in our sleek, well-fitted, black riding habits. The skirts were of approved length, designed to hang well over the three-horned side saddle, and equipped with a loop to hang on the left arm to adjust the length for walking.

The permanent wave was unknown, and although it was in the transition from kerosene lamps to electric lights, we were still heating our curling irons in the chimney of a lighted lamp. Girls were sweet and lovely in their Victorianism. Dress skirts were long and full, trimmed with pleats or panniers. A basque or a polonaise was fitted and boned, and except on evening dresses, necklines were soft and high. A high hair dress was usually preferred, the hair waved or crimped, and drawn loosely to the top of the head, finished in a soft knot.

*Olive (Mrs. Roland) Hodgins,
Reminiscences written in the 1960s*

The 1900s - Dakota Territory

And we had readin', writin' and arithmetic, that's what we had. And if they were old



Moscow High School classroom, ca. 1900.

enough, they had a geography book, and you were just somebody when you got to the place where you could have a geography book! But you had a reader and you had a speller. And could they spell! They learned the letters that went into each word, and they knew how to say them. And I'd tap my bell and the next class would come up and stand in front of me. I was sitting on my rostrum, about a foot or a little higher, maybe 18 inches high. I was sitting at my desk up there and they stood before me and they recited for 15 minutes, and I tapped my bell and they went and sat down and went on with their work.

And they had good times together.

*Clara Grove of Troy, Idaho
Oral history interview, 1975*

The 1910s - Genesee

Mother was typical (if not more so) of the hardworking women of that time. One of the most pleasant memories of her cooking ability was her homemade bread. With large families so common, baking ten loaves of bread every other day was not unusual. Our large vegetable garden was a family project supervised by Mama. Dad prepared vegetables from our garden for winter by digging trenches and lining them with straw. Vegetables, such as carrots and cabbages, were held in the trenches until needed.

Our dad built a lovely cellar. He stored



*A backyard garden.
Women are not identified.*

potatoes and apples there. It seems fruit and vegetables never lost their taste. Mama used that cellar, too. She would pour fresh milk into flat pans and leave it in the cool cellar until the cream came to the top. Then she skimmed the rich, thick cream off and poured it into our churn so we could make butter by churning it. Churning wasn't a job we especially liked because the butter seemed so slow in setting up. We had to agitate the cream with an up and down motion until we could hear a flop, flop sound. Then we knew we had butter.

We also raised our own meat - beef, chicken and pork. Dad and the neighbors butchered as many as eight hogs at a time, and I don't know how many steers were needed for the year's beef supply. Dad soaked the pork in salt water before hanging it in our smokehouse to be cured by applewood smoke. I still recall that wonderful aroma, and staring up at all the rows of hanging hams. The folks also made sausage, head cheese and pickled pigs feet. The sausage was placed in crocks and cooked until the grease came to the top to seal each container.

We spread generous amounts of Mama's



Fourth and sixth grades in front of the Genesee School ca. 1910.

homemade jam on slices of thick-cut bread - how we loved that treat! Mama used big crocks



Esther Hoffman of Leland, Idaho, sent this postcard to Miss Anna Long in Kendrick, on November 26, 1909. The message reads, "These pictures are horrid but as I promised you one I will keep my word good. That looks lazy of me reading while Elsie is at work. That empty chair is for you. Ha, ha!"

to preserve enough jam for our family for the year. She sealed the crocks with some kind of hot, red wax. That pesky wax was forever getting loose in the jam. But the jam was so tasty we didn't mind picking out bits and pieces.

Assigned jobs for each child made our family pretty well self-sufficient. It seems like yesterday I hunted eggs one of our "traveling" chickens laid. It was usually my after-school job to seek out her favorite hiding spots: the barn, woodshed, or even the machine shed.

*Hattie Johnson Kimberling
Reminiscences, 1993*

The 1920s - Texas Ridge

The work on the farm that is most important and most exciting is harvest time. Since the wheat crop is the primary source of income, it is important that harvesting be done promptly and correctly. Every year Papa used to walk out into the standing wheat, stop periodically, thresh out a head of wheat in his hand, and chew it. He could tell by doing this how long it would take for it to be ready for harvest. If a heavy rain or a hail storm should come before the wheat was



Members of the Moscow I.O.O.F. in the "Laying the Cornerstone Ceremony" on April 10, 1926. The Kenworthy Theatre is on the right.

harvested, it would be a real disaster, not only for us but for all our neighbors, and especially for the businesses in town where we had been charging things until the wheat was harvested. When harvest started it meant working from daylight till dark and sparing no effort.

*James Bramblet
Growing Up in Latah County
Latah Legacy, Vol 25, No. 2*

The 1920s - Moscow

All stores and businesses were closed on Sunday. If, for instance, drugs were needed in an emergency, the druggist was called at his home and he delivered the medicine where needed. It was unthinkable to have a grocery store open on Sunday. Even such a thought or discussion was frowned upon.

On the south side of Third Street between

Polk and Howard was a boardwalk spanning a deep gully in which a very small stream from a spring ran down the gully to Sixth Street. This gully was eventually filled in with old stoves, bed springs, excavation dirt, clippings from trees and bushes, etc. When the cement sidewalk was constructed, homes were built on that side of Third Street. As I remember, Howard Street from Third to Sixth Street was only a dirt road for many years until it was finally paved. I walked on this boardwalk to Mrs. Carrie Westover's boarding house for my dinners.

Margaret Walker

"As I Recall - Moscow in 1927"

The 1920s - Deakin Street, Moscow

That winter we had a week or two of weather colder than I had ever experienced, the mercury sinking to 30 below zero. Friends who had been dropping in for toast and marmalade, or for classical music, came now to warm their faces and hands at our cheery living room heater. Our supply of wood was ample; we kept both stoves well-stocked and were comfortable as long as we stayed downstairs. But, oh, that unheated bedroom! Never have sheets felt so icy; never has my body been so abused!

*Mary Norie Banks, "Deakin Street, 1928,"
Latah Legacy, V. 21, No. 1, Spring 1992*

The 1930s - Burnt Ridge

Well, I went to school out on Burnt Ridge. I don't know if any of you fellas had a chance to see the old school house before Don Rauch tore it down. They tore it down because that's where he built his home.

And it was all eight grades there. When I was in the third grade I would listen in and

learned a bit about the sixth, seventh, and eighth. Because they'd be reciting lessons just across the room. And the seventh and eighth graders would come down and help us first, second, and third graders. They probably tutored us and helped us and helped the teacher. And there would be, oh, probably between 25 to 32 or 33 in that school. All eight grades, so you can see, she was a pretty busy lady.

And in those days, why, I know the teachers would live in the school house and us kids, we'd usually pack her wood and we happened to live close. I lived just across the draw. And the buildings aren't there anymore. So, we were always friends and my parents would invite her



Mary Banks, a long-time resident of Moscow, was accomplished in many fields. She taught English and piano, and wrote and published piano compositions for children. Later in life she renewed a lifetime interest in photography, exhibiting and selling photographs. She also wrote books and short stories, and was active in many civic and cultural groups. She died June 2001 at the age of 96.

over to dinner quite often and some of them didn't have cars because in the 30s, times were tough. Some of them probably made \$65 a month. I don't even know what they made but it wasn't very much so they kind of were part of

our family and something or other.

*Arvo Smith, 1987 oral history interview by
Jim Stratton and Mike Nelson, fourth grade,
Russell Elementary School, Moscow*

The 1930s - Potlatch, Idaho

My oldest children and I were in my former home, Spooner, Wisconsin, visiting my parents when my husband Jim O'Connell called to say we were moving to Potlatch, Idaho. We had lived in Coeur d'Alene for nine wonderful years. We had made many friends and anyone who has lived in beautiful Coeur d'Alene would hate to leave it. But we were in the midst of the Depression and my husband was to be the office manager of Potlatch Lumber Company, a step up from woods auditor.

Jim said he had been to Potlatch and we had a very nice house and his salary was more, probably \$25 or \$50 more. That was the way things moved in 1931. How we managed on \$250 a month I'm sure I don't know. But we were a happy family and all our friends were in the same financial situation. We moved into the home built for the manager's family 20 years before, a very comfortable and lovely house.

I well remember how my live-in maid and I would move breakables on Dan's wagon each day. The house had 75 built-in drawers and innumerable cupboards. We had our clothes in the closets and drawers and cupboards filled.

One evening four men carried my grand piano down the street (a block away). My husband had wooden horses placed along to rest the men carrying the piano. One was a pianist (John Wagner). When they stopped, he played a tune, right out in the road.

My husband had a company car as well as our own car in a steam-heated garage. The house was steam-heated as well as heating the water tank, assuring us constant flow of hot water.



The Allison Laird family in the house which the O'Connell family occupied when Jim O'Connell was office manager of the Potlatch Company.

[We had] no furnace, [just] the steam from the mill, and we had old-fashioned radiators.

Alta O'Connell

Twenty Years in Potlatch, Idaho: 1931-1951

The 1930s and 1940s - Moscow

George and I got no allowance in those Depression days, but we could always earn a nickel climbing cherry trees and picking a lard bucket of Bings and Royal Annes. Until a disease wiped out nearly all of them, Moscow was full of cherry trees. A whole row grew behind the convent wall, but broom-wielding nuns discouraged this easy picking.

A nickel filled a sack with penny candy at the Midget and bought a lot of things at the dime store.

For girls, baby-sitting was about the only way to earn money. Some of us tried picking peas once, out along the railroad track toward Pullman. But at 45 cents a three-foot hamper, which took me all morning to fill, I thought it wasn't worth it.

The family always picked apples and peaches at Wawawai and strawberries at Deary for Mother to can with my reluctant help. It was

hard work and no pay, of course. I wished strawberries didn't grow so close to the ground. One job I hated was going door-to-door trying to find customers for a piano tuner. I got 25 cents if I could talk them into it, but there were always too many nos per yeses.

As boys began to get jobs, Harley Lyons delivered groceries for Lane's. Carl Matz drove the oil truck for his dad, and many delivered papers. When the circus came, boys rose at dawn to help put up the tents for a free pass. Ben Bush was an early technocrat who put together a radio station in his garage, and we sang, talked and played our ukeleles over it. We also inflicted a ukelele trio on businessmen's organizations.

Jean Rudolph
*"Growing Up in the Thirties:
 The Snob Hill Gang"*

The 1950s - Ursuline Academy, Moscow

Many of the good times we had at the Ursuline Academy were the plays and musicals we put on. Sister Annunciata was wonderful and very talented. I remember our ball games, dances, and the many wonderful friends. And my all-time favorite dear teacher was Sister Carmel. She knew everything and was willing to help with anything.

Pat Todd Holley, 1950

The classrooms I remember best were those above what was then the new gym. The high school area and the more private Convent grounds were really another world. . . a wonderment to little kids, where we sometimes went for special occasions.

There were lots of McGoughs at the Ursuline Academy, when one includes the John and Ray McGough families. We're all better for the very sound 3R foundation provided by the



Unidentified apple pickers at Wawawai, Washington.

Sisters.

John W. McGough

1960s - Rural Latah County

Monday, May 4, 1964

We went to Mass. Did all my washing and part of my ironing and mopped the floors. Dad worked at the cemetery. He ran over his billfold and cut everything to pieces. He lost the cemetery key and fifty cents.



Candid photos are relatively rare. Here, three unidentified women standing on a back porch pose with their vegetables.

Friday, May 8, 1964

Dad went to 7 AM Mass. Bishop Sylvester T. Treinen had Mass at 8:30 and then had the ground-breaking ceremony. I frosted my cake, baked five loaves of bread and washed a load of clothes.

Thursday, May 14, 1964

I cleaned the living room. I washed the windows and curtains and swept down the walls. Was nice sunshine after dinner. Junior worked late. Dad worked at the cemetery in the forenoon; after dinner he planted corn and beans.

Sunday, May 24, 1964

We went to first Mass. Wind was blowing again. The Eighth Grade graduated at second Mass. We stayed home all day. Went out for a little ride after dinner.

Friday, June 5, 1964

I baked five loaves of bread, baked two batches of ginger snaps.

Friday, June 12, 1964

Dad planted more corn. I baked five loaves of bread, one cake, three apple pies, washed three loads of clothes, and cleaned house.

Wednesday, July 8, 1964

I washed and ironed more clothes. Baked ten loaves of bread. Put two and a half gallons of rhubarb in the deep freeze. Was hot today; the wind is blowing to beat heck and is cool now.

Friday, July 10, 1964

I baked three dozen rolls, forty-nine doughnuts, and one coffee cake. Dad hoed all morning.

Thursday, August 6, 1964

I mopped and waxed the floors and did one load of clothes. Made six apricot and pineapple pies and froze three of them.

Thursday, August 20, 1964

It is nice and the sun is shining. I washed one

load of clothes and my machine didn't empty. We left for Lewiston to get a hose at 3 PM. Hose cost \$1.40.

Wednesday, August 26, 1964

I varnished the table in Junior's room. Baked five loaves of bread, canned twelve pints of pickled beets. Cleaned the washroom and bathroom and mopped the kitchen.

Saturday, September 5, 1964

Dad hauled mail. I canned sixteen quarts of peaches, froze five quarts of peaches, froze four pies, baked a cake, and washed two loads of clothes. Was real nice today.

Tuesday, September 8, 1964

Dad hauled mail. I canned thirty-two quarts of peaches. I washed three loads of clothes and ironed three pairs of pants. Was real cloudy out most all forenoon, but is beautiful out this afternoon.

Tuesday, September 15, 1964

I did my washing and ironing and painted or varnished one chair. Dad fixed windows upstairs and put tile in the bathroom. He didn't get through. Was real nice day. Most everyone is getting their grain combined. Still are a few that don't have it finished.

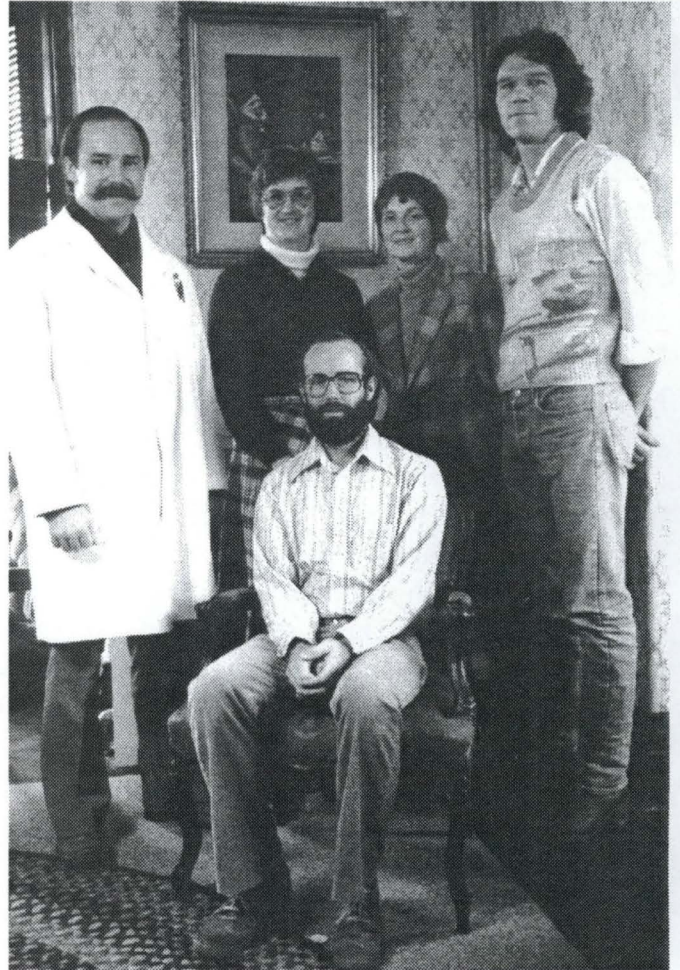
Friday, September 18, 1964

Baked five loaves of bread and did two loads of washing. Bought a box of pears to can and some prunes for jam. I varnished three more chairs. Was chilly out this morning.

Sunday, September 27, 1964

We slept in. Dad had a cold for several days; he didn't sleep too good. We went to 10:30 Mass. Junior went to 8:30 Mass.

*Excerpts from a diary
of a farm wife*



Inside the McConnell Mansion, 1979. Standing left to right are intern Richard Waldbauer; curator Karen Broenneke, trustee Donna Bray; and intern J. D. Britton. Seated is Keith Petersen, director.

The 1970s - University of Idaho

Palousination, a variety of programs on local interests, is back on the air at KUID-FM after a summer vacation. "Palousination" runs Monday - Saturday at 7 a.m. and 1 p.m. with a different program each day.

Monday's program, "Weekly from the Women's Center," will be hosted by Alayne Hannaford of the UI Women's Center. The program is produced locally by Anne Majusiak.

"Reflections on Latah County," Tuesday's program, will be hosted by Keith Petersen and

Karen Broenneke, both from the Latah County Historical Society. This program will be produced by Tom Neff.

Wednesday's program, "Kellogg's Sports Close-Up," will be produced and hosted by Dave Kellogg, UI sports information director. This program will focus on different aspects of UI sports.

"Speak NOW," Thursday's program, will be hosted by Betsy Enochs, state coordinator of the National Organization of Women. This program also is produced by Tom Neff.

Friday's program, "Country Morning," is produced by Pat Taylor and Paul Sunderland, and is the weekly agriculture show. "Waste Not," Saturday's program, will cover the latest environmental news. This is a syndicated program from the National Center for Waste Recovery.

*UI Campus News
October 18, 1979*

The 1980s - Moscow The Great Technical Leap

Welcome to the world of computers. For better or for worse, we're going to go totally on line today.

Like jumping into cold water, there's only one way to do it . . . and that's jump. Your typewriters have been locked up in a storage room. They will remain there unless everything goes chips up. Kenton then will break them out.

Sue, Mark and Jim are available to help you this morning. The Pullman office is plugged in and is able to send, but we may wait for a day before that segment is implemented. Mark leaves Friday, so that gives us three days to get comfortable with the system. There will be bugs, problems and near tragedy in the next week or so, but hang on. This computer stuff is here to stay, I think, and the days of the scanner



Inside the Idahonian when technology was simpler. An unidentified man and a newspaper carrier stand by a folding machine. Note the pinup in the background. Ca. 1950.

may appear as a comfortable old friend in the next day or so. A couple of rules that I will insist upon, however, in the use of the VDTs:

- 1) Leave another person's file alone. Treat it as you would a desk drawer.
- 2) No food or drink near the terminals . . . that means at your desk.
- 3) Keep your terminal clean (dust it daily) and keep material from gathering around it. Do not tape anything to it.

If you have a set of notes, call for a printout at first . . . at least until you get comfortable that the system won't forever eat them. Feel free to use the printer at first. Material you no longer need, kill. Otherwise, the system's storage capacity will be taxed for unnecessary things. You have the state of the art before you. I think that is fitting for state of the art journalists. Enjoy the system.

--- js

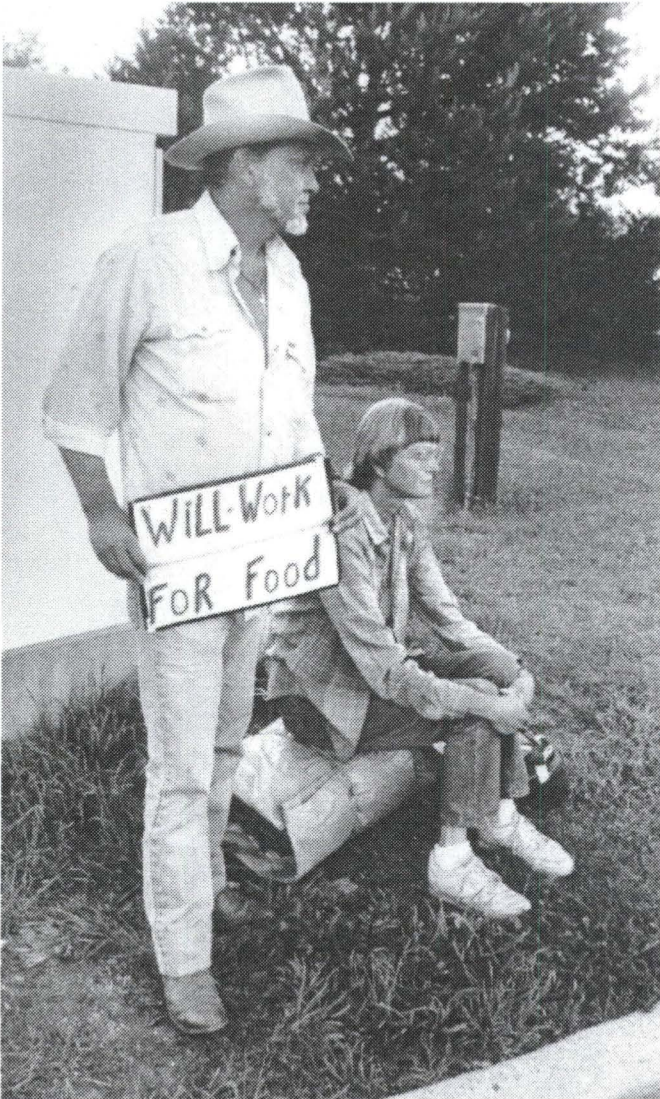
Memo from Jay Shelledy, managing editor of the Idahonian, to Kenton Bird, ca. 1980s.

The newspaper's name was later changed to the Moscow-Pullman Daily News.

The 1990s - Moscow

5/2/92

In the news . . . five L.A. cops were found not guilty of using force under cover of authority on a black motorist named Rodney King despite videotaped coverage of his receiving multiple billy club blows and kicks from the cops. The verdict sparked rioting in L.A. in which over 30 people were killed. Stores were looted and fires started. The governor didn't call in the National



Unidentified couple looking for work, 1990. Apparently they received help but then moved on. Photo from the *Idahonian*.

Guard and the L.A.P.D. didn't respond until after the media had gotten plenty of footage of the riots.

7/14/92

The Democratic Convention started in New York City last night. I enjoyed the speeches of Bill Bradley and Zell Miller. Got a couple of good laughs from Zell. The proposed ticket is Clinton and Gore.

11/10/96

That's right, Tuesday was election day. Clinton, not surprisingly, was re-elected, but Congress will be Republican. Both Craig and Chenoweth were re-elected, and disappointingly, Prop #2 to prohibit certain inhumane bear hunting practices was defeated. Makes you want to holler or simply leave the state.

5/31/97

We are experiencing one of the worst rain and wind storms I've seen. Fallen tree limbs blocked Third Street, and hail the size of gravel fell along with torrential rain. I got drenched in the minute it took me to go from the Mansion to my car. According to the Weather Channel, there's a tornado watch in eastern Washington and northern Idaho. The weather has been merciless across the country this past week, especially in Texas where a series of tornadoes killed over 20 people.

10/27/97

The Dow Jones Industrial Average dropped by 554 points today because of the "Asian Contagion," the collapse of financial structures in Hong Kong and other Pacific Rim economies. I'm not panicked; after all, I'm in this for the long run.

*Excerpts from a diary
of a Moscow resident*

The 1990s - Moscow

Every Saturday morning from May to October, I face the same decision. Should I stay under my warm comforter and snooze until noon or should I leap out of bed, grab a canvas grocery bag and proceed as quickly as possible to Friendship Square? I don't know why the decision still presents itself; the outcome has always been the same - I can sleep anytime, but only on Saturday can I experience the Moscow Arts Commission's Farmers' Market.

Truly dedicated market-goers arrive just as the eclectic array of family cars, vans and rusty pickup trucks wheel into the parking spaces

behind Friendship Square. The early larks pick over juicy apples, peaches and plums, sweet corn, ripe tomatoes, little new potatoes, peas, beans, squash (including the ubiquitous zucchini) or whatever crop is currently in season. They bustle about like ants at a picnic harvesting all they need for the fresh stir-fry or plum tart. Then they hustle away to their kitchens just as the slow pokes, like me, begin to paw through the goodies.

Andrea Chavez

"Saturday Means the Market,"

Palouse Journal, Spring/Summer 1992



Farmers' Market, June 2, 1990. Photo from the Idahonian.

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In 1968 dedicated volunteers organized the Latah County Historical Society to collect, preserve, and interpret materials connected with Latah County's history. If you would like to assist us in this work, we cordially invite you to become a member. Subscriptions to this journal and a discount on books we have published are included in membership dues. The membership categories and dues are as follows:

	Member	Friend	Contributor	Sustainer	Sponsor	Patron
Individual	\$10-15	\$16-30	\$31-75	\$76-150	\$151-499	\$500 up
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The services of the Latah County Historical Society include maintaining the McConnell Mansion Museum with historic rooms and changing exhibits, actively collecting and 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. Historical materials relating to Latah County 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. to 5 p.m. The McConnell Mansion Museum is open May through September, Tuesday through Saturday, from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m., and October through April, Tuesday through Saturday, from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. Museum visits 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 request information by mail or by e-mail. Research materials can also be made available at the nearby Moscow Library.

For current or additional information, please visit our web site at <<http://users.moscow.com/lchs>>.