

Marian G. Smith Martin Memoirs  
written 1995 to 1996

As our girls have asked me to write down some personal and family history, I have been doing some thinking and making notes, and doing some research. I feel very incompetent but will start with my own personal history and then write more of grandparents and other relatives.

I was born in Moscow, Idaho, October 14, 1917 in a house on Jefferson Street across from the present Post Office. Mom preferred a private home instead of the hospital. It seems there were various nurses or "mid-wives" to choose from. My parents were Gilbert Lawrence Smith and Nellie Eid Smith who were married in Moscow, March 5, 1914 by Rev. Robert Warner of the Methodist Church. Aunt Minnie and her husband-to-be, Carl Olson, were witnesses.

For the first 12 years we lived in the house where my Dad was born in 1888. His parents were Ditlef Christian Reusch Smith and Gurina Valborg (Julia) Thompson Smith. Grandpa Smith came with his mother and two brothers from Bergen, Norway and settled in Cow Creek area after staying in Iowa with acquaintances (or relatives) there in 1877. Grandma Smith was born in Wisconsin, but her parents were also from the Bergen, Norway area. She was orphaned at an early age and worked for a family in Iowa, where I believe Grandpa met her. She came to Idaho in 1883 the year she was married after coming as far as San Francisco "by immigrant train", where she was met by Grandpa, married, and then they went by boat to Astoria, and then overland to Idaho. Great-grandmother, Henrietta Johanna Reusch Smith, and the two brothers, Hans and Ingwall, had also setup homesteads in the area.

Mom was the daughter of Lars and Tolene Eid who were both born in or near Hov, Norway. After they came to the U.S., they first settled in Wisconsin. I believe they had at least three children born in Norway--Ben, Antone (Tony), and Jennie, and three born in Wisconsin--Minnie, Tillie, and Clara. Mom was born in 1891 after they came to the Blaine area. Grandpa's brother, "Uncle" came with them from Norway and I believe located in the area where they later homesteaded. Uncle always lived with Grandpa and Grandma and Uncle Tone always lived there too.

When Mom and Dad were married, they moved into the "old house" next to Grandpa and Grandma Smith and Harriet, who was brought up by Grandma. Her mother died when she was born. It was in 1929, after Howard was born and Grandma and Harriet moved to town that we moved into the "big" house (or new house) and we had a bathroom at last!

As an only child ("precious only daughter" as I was called at least once by Harriet, Margaret and Delos) my playmates were the three above mentioned and cousin Earl Thompson from Moscow. Harriet was always close by and she and I and Margaret and Delos took turns visiting back and forth across the flat between home and Odenborg's.

I remember cutting out "paper dolls" from Sears and "Monkey Wards" catalogues--coloring the black and white pictures and making families. These same catalogues were also valuable in the outdoor toilet! We also drew pictures, played "Old Maid", checkers, Jack Straws, Rook and Tiddly Winks and Flinch. Outdoors we played hide and seek and Delos liked a sort of Cowboy and Indian game. Earl liked to fish in the creek that had lots of "suckers". We must have thrown them away as I know we didn't eat them. In the winter there was coasting and my sled was a "Flexible Flyer". There was very little skating (without skates) and I remember during school recess I stuck to the ice as I had a pair of Dad's wool socks over my overshoes!

I loved to have Mom sing to me after she put me to bed. She sang a lot of Stephen Foster songs and old hymns. I think the hymns are the basis of my faith and I know that "God Will Take Care of You" got me safely past the bullpen next to the barn. I was baptized by a Methodist minister and went to Sunday School in the Genesee Valley but the old hymns have always been comforting. Another memory of about this time was always having a warm glass of "Daisy Milk" when Dad separated at night.

As soon as I could read, I read a lot--an *Elsie Dinsmore* series was one of my favorites, *Pollyanna*, *Little Women*, *Black Beauty*, and Dad's Zane Grey books and any books in the school library--all were enjoyed.

My folks weren't "socializers" but many Sundays Mom's sisters with their husbands came out to visit or we went up to Grandma Eid's and they were there. The men played horseshoes in summer and pinochle in winter, but I don't think they ever played cards at Grandma's. She was a very strict Methodist and Mom always said if the girls had fun even at church league, it was a sin! As far as I can remember it seems the women mostly "gossiped".

At home Dad bought a portable record player and enjoyed buying records in town. I believe they could play and listen to them before buying them. Favorites were: "The Prisoner's Song" by Vernon Dalhart; "The Wreck of the Old '97"; some Hawaiian pieces. The "Bum Song" was a favorite and got a lot of laughs. "The Runaway Train", "Big Rock Candy Mountain", Cuckoo Waltz, to mention a few favorites.

Dad also bought a piano and Margaret and I took piano lessons in Moscow from a Mrs. Armour and we enjoyed playing with Charlie (Odenborg) joining in on the violin. There was no radio but the first I remember in this line was a "Crystal Receiver Set" Delos had with earphones and we could take turns listening to Pullman! The first radios were run by car batteries (I think that's right) and we had to be careful and not sit too close because the acid would eat holes in our stockings!

Kerosene lamps were our source of light and Dad had one Aladin lamp that was much brighter. There was cold water piped to the kitchen sink and the kitchen stove had a large reservoir for warm water. For washing clothes there was the copper boiler heated on the top of the stove--then home made lye soap was added. Clothes were scrubbed on a washboard, rinsed, blued and hung out to dry. Then they were sprinkled, starched, rolled up to even the moisture, then ironed with irons heated on the stove-- a hard job in summer and frozen clothes in winter.

Housekeeping or homemaking was a hard job in those days. There was no refrigerator so things were kept cool in the root cellar where potatoes and carrots were stored as well as the year's canned fruit and vegetables and cured meats. There was always a lot of baking--bread, cakes and cookies; hired help to cook for, and Mom helped milk cows and feed the pigs. I remember her carrying two big five gallon buckets of "slop"--including Grandma's-- to the pigs north of the house near the creek where Howard has a different building today. We had large hay crews, we girls "guided" the derrick horse that pulled large fork fulls of hay up to the hay mow to be dumped inside. There were also about 10 or 12 men for harvest with early breakfast, noon meals, lunch in afternoon, and late suppers. Aunt Clara or Violet usually helped at that time.

Another big job was the butchering--several hogs were butchered and hams, shoulders and bacon were cured. Mom canned sausage and tenderloin--it was delicious--and rendered lard that was poured into three pound coffee cans--another hot and not too pleasant a job.

One has to remember there were no automatic appliances or electricity for that matter. Flour was bought by barrels--4 big sacks per barrel--and sugar also, usually a year's supply at a time.

I started school a month before my 7th birthday. I wanted to start a year earlier but there seemed to be a problem of "heart murmur" to hold me back. There were 13 students--grades one through eight, and one teacher. I was the only first grader and was promoted to third at the end of the year. I was alone

in my class until the sixth grade when Lola Clyde put me through sixth and half of the seventh and the next year finished through the eighth grade with Johanna Dwyer of Genesee as teacher. We took our finals with the County Superintendent in Moscow at the Courthouse at that time--all rural 8th graders in the County.

Two of my grade school "achievements"--winning a spelling bee in Genesee in 6th grade. No award so Dad gave a cute alarm clock! The second "big deal" is one I don't even remember, but Mrs. Clyde claims I was "the fastest reader with comprehension" in the State as the result of one test I forgot about but she always remembered!

The last year in grade school there were only four students: Rodney Tegland and I in eighth and Harry Gene Eglund and Charles Wilson in second. I remember the morning the boys piled up snow balls on the school house front porch and wouldn't let me in. The teacher didn't want to call me late so kept waiting before she discovered the situation. One other incident I remember was the time DeMoine Jr. was knocked down by Ralph Jester and his horse on the school ground. The horse had one eye and Ralph and Rodney were "ornery". They also crowded Harriet and I with the horses as we walked home from school.

During the early grade school days when there were enough kids, we played baseball, hop-sotch, "may I", "pen my sheep" and jump rope. There were school programs at Christmas and also the Sunday School programs. I usually had to "speak a piece" at the Blaine school program too.

Howard was born July 5th, 1929 after I had finished seventh grade. That fall, Grandma and Harriet moved to Moscow--Grandpa had died in '27. Mom said she couldn't raise a baby in the old house so we moved into the "new" house which was an improvement in most ways, especially having the bathroom in the house.

I don't think Mom was ever really happy or content but I think I now understand why. She was Methodist, Dad was Lutheran--a big difference in those days. Also, the Eid girls had only a grade school education, whereas Dad's sisters had at least high school diplomas and four of them--Louise, Clara, Dora, and Theo--were Normal grads and teachers. Two of Grandma Smith's sisters also taught school. Dad quit school early to help run the farm as Grandpa had a bad arm and wasn't a farmer. Dad said he (Grandpa) was a "roustabout". Anyway, education wasn't really a matter of brains but of opportunity. I think Mom thought she came in a poor second to Dad's folks and

sisters and moving in right next door didn't make it easier. Dad always seemed content and refused to move which is understandable. However, I do not believe the sisters "looked down" on Mom--I felt only respect and appreciation if not love. Again, no one showed affection. The Smith girls "bickered" among themselves. The Eid girls were closely knit and very family oriented. Mom, Aunt Tillie, and Aunt Clara were much alike and on the Smith side Anna and Dollie paired up, although they had very different personalities. Grandma Smith wasn't too easy to get along with, so I can understand why Mom may have felt she was inferior and always would have liked to move--even when Dad bought the place where we have lived since 1942.

When Mom and Howard came home from "the stork's nest" on South Almon in Moscow, Howard could not digest cow's milk. Mom was very nervous and Howard was taken back to Mrs. Hart's, where he stayed until late November. That was the last winter I stayed at home until the first winter after Harry and I were married.

As I had finished the eight grades in six years, it was time for High School. It was decided I should stay at Aunt Jennie's (Otness) the first year. It was quite an adjustment going from a one-room school with four students to Moscow High with 400 or so students.

Also about this time I noticed I had a hearing problem. If I lay facing my clock I couldn't hear it tick but I could hear it with my back turned to it. I also remember having a problem hearing a certain girl with a soft voice when we practiced Christmas programs earlier and following general conversations. I tried chiropractic treatments and had my tonsils removed with no result and finally consulted an ear specialist in Colfax who diagnosed it as Otosclerosis. He said there was no remedy but would gradually become worse and I would be completely deaf. He did recommend lip reading but hearing aids were almost unheard of at that time, about 1932 or '33. He also said I shouldn't have children as that would cause further deterioration, and the condition is considered hereditary, through the mother's side. I'm so thankful there have been no problems with my children or grandchildren so far--it usually shows up around age 25 or so although I was only about 12.

Back to High School! At Aunt Jennie's, Bernard was in college--a junior or senior--and his friend, Les Randall, also boarded there. Les became President of Hecla Mining Co. in later years.

After the first year I stayed either at Aunt Clara's (Thompson) or with Grandma Smith. School was uneventful--books and no social life. Because of

my hearing I avoided walking with school mates--either slowing down or hurrying up or crossing the street. I remember the Home Ec teacher asking a question, looking at me so I answered, and she said she was asking Harriet. I didn't think that was fair! And I had trouble with dictation in shorthand until I was moved close to the teacher. I was entered in a typing and shorthand contest at the U. Of I. One year I won in typing--until they found that I had transposed one sentence--so I was disqualified! However, school was really no problem even though we (Harriet and Margaret and I) had no close friends and did not take in any school events. It was depression years and life was like that. In discussing friends one time, Margaret said she wasn't my "friend" she was my cousin--but she was a very good friend!

During grade school both my grandfathers died. Grandpa Eid had heart problems and Grandpa Smith died as a result of an auto accident. Fred, Clara, and Jimmie Lehman with Grandpa and Grandma were returning from Kennewick where they visited relatives. Fred took the wrong road and drove somewhere in the Tucannon area. He went off the road and rolled the car. Grandma was able to crawl up the bank and age help. Clara was most seriously hurt and was hospitalized in Lewiston with back injuries if I remember right. Fred had a broken ankle or minor injury but felt very sorry for himself. Grandpa died but I'm not sure if from injuries or shock at his age as he was 85, and he had been at home for awhile after the accident.

While staying at Aunt Jennie's, I baby sat for Darlene--and that brings me to Violet and Ted's marriage. Aunt Minnie was extremely opposed to Ted who was an Ag student at the U of I. When he left for Manhattan, Kansas for an Ag college there, Violet, with the help of Ted's brother Dan, made arrangements secretly and left to marry him there. After Darlene was born they returned to Moscow, rented an apartment at the Idaho Hotel before buying a house on Almon Street. On July 4th, Violet became very ill, perhaps from watermelon covered with a tin lid. She died four or five days later. Darlene was not yet one year old.

During my high school years I usually went home weekends. There were some gatherings organized at the Blaine School--Literary Society. There were debates, skits, music and games. Dad would take me--Mom stayed home with Howard--and once Ken Jensen came with sled and horses to get me! I played the organ for a trio composed of Lloyd Eid, Dean Carrico and Sam Jensen. It was simple but fun!

It was in the early '30's that tractors and combines took the place of horses and stationery threshing machines, and consequently the large harvest

crews. In 1934 Dad still drove horse or sewed sacks during harvest but the crew was down to Charley, Dad, and Bill Borgen (a nephew of Bill Borgen's of Genesee) of Kennewick. Dad asked me one evening if I wanted to go to a show in Genesee with Bill. We went to a W.C. Fields movie and Bill let me drive Dad's car as far as Genesee! That was the big event of the summer! I don't know if it was Dad's idea or Bill's!

That fall of 1934 it was decided I should go to the U. of I. Again I stayed either at Thompson's or at Grandma's. It was more fun at Grandma's but quite crowded--Harriet, Grandma, Dollie, Margaret, Delos and Ray Berquist. Ray was a student at the U of I. Originally from Troy, he had stayed at Odenborg's and graduated from Genesee High School. He died a couple years later from T.B. Theo also came home at about that time and started her newspaper by "Nan". Delos worked at Rollefson's grocery. The house originally had only two bedrooms but two small rooms were added on the back--one for Delos and one for Theo. There was only one bathroom but we managed. Charles Whitmore was the "boy next door" and a freshman in high school when Harriet and I were seniors. She took him on the Senior-Freshman date and I took Ken Jensen and we went to a movie. As I said, social life was very limited in those days.

Back to the U of I. I enrolled in Home Economics but my hearing loss was quite a problem so it was decided I should take a year off and study lip reading. Theo was in Portland at that time so we had a one room apartment with a tiny kitchenette. The apartments were for women only and we shared a bathroom at the end of the hall. The bed folded into one wall and of course there was no telephone, radio or TV. I took lip reading classes at the Lincoln High School and afternoon classes at the Library and also took swimming lessons at the YWCA on Broadway! Everything was within walking distance and it was safe to walk alone at night in those days.

There were some students my age and some much older. The one boy in class my age was from Bend, Oregon and he and Theo kept in touch until she died. He was totally deaf because of a high fever and measles. Had played football in high school until it was ruled that players could not play if they couldn't hear the signals. Anyway Chuck (Sullivan) went on to graduate from O.S.U. in engineering--was married to Anne Sullivan who wrote for the Oregonian for many years. However, they divorced and he re-married and had two boys. He was really quite a guy and once said, "Just because the reception is poor, doesn't mean the broadcasting need be"" or something to that effect. The night school teacher wanted me to stay and follow lip reading and perhaps teach or work with the deaf and they gave me a nice farewell party with handkerchiefs and an autograph book when I left in May.

Another event I remember was the time Ted Warren, who had remarried and lived in Portland, came to take Theo and I to the hospital to see his wife and new baby boy. He had me read aloud an article he had written about cows--his wife really appreciated it!

My trips to and from Portland were by train. I had a stop-over in Spokane and Les Otness would meet me there and take me back to the station. I may have taken a bus from Spokane to Moscow, but I don't remember. I do know that when Les gave Lucille a quick kiss it was the first time I saw a husband kiss his wife!

A word here about hearing aids and telephones might fit in. My first hearing aid was "bone conduction"--it fit in place behind my ear held by a flexible band over my head (or on it) The pressure could get stronger, similar to earrings. I remember attending the Episcopal Church once with this and the pressure from the aid and also on my knees from kneeling really made it seem like a long sermon! There was a cord from the aid to a microphone fastened to my bra and another cord to a battery pack fastened to my waist or to my leg--and the reception wasn't too good either. Aids progressively improved both in size and performance and it amazes me that today the stress seems to be on "they don't show." The batteries were the size of flashlight batteries and required two or more and didn't last too long. They (the aids) have been a blessing but if I hadn't had two ear surgeries I wouldn't be able to use them now.

The telephones were called "crank and holler." There were several on each party line and three lines in this area--the 6, 7, and 8. Rings varied from two "shorts" to "three longs and four shorts". To call Moscow we rang Central with one long ring (or until she answered) and gave her the number. Moscow people would call her and ask "Farmers" and give her the number that always had an "F" in it, as 8F4 or 6F32. When dial phones came in '68 the long distance operators often did not know how to put the ring through. We got a few free calls from Bonnie who was at OSU at that time. Long distance calls were very rare and local calls were often difficult or impossible because lines were crossed, or lines were down, rings didn't "go through" or there was too much noise on the line. "Rubber Necking" was common and one could learn a lot about the neighbors that way!

The next three years of college were uneventful. I changed my college from Home Ec to Education because I was afraid of trying chemistry or physics! I majored in English and Social Science. In my senior year I had practice teaching at M.H.S. But my hearing loss was again a problem. The class teacher



said maybe a hearing aid might help--little knowing I wore one every day! After graduating in 1939 I did apply for one teaching job in Fairfield, Idaho but I would not have been a good teacher. Learning is one thing but teaching--you need to have some enthusiasm for the subject and have some ideas of your own. I only learned what the Professors taught without question! I did enjoy basketball and football games and some school dances.

That fall of '39 I didn't know what to do but as there was a beauty school in Moscow I decided to try that. Hearing wasn't so important and I did well enough to pass the state exam the next spring. During the year there was an opening at "Psychiana" (Robinson's Psychologic Religion). I applied, got the job, but didn't keep it. It was an interesting experience. I was to keep a record of all answers, and addresses to his many advertisements. That is to say I made a list of all the addresses of those who answered his ads and he was the one whose mail made Moscow's post office 1st class! He promised to teach people how to talk to God and become "successful"--he had a lot of lessons and literature that were mailed out and brought him a lot of money; but, Moscow was kept mostly "in the dark" and he did not want his privacy invaded in his home town.

I seem to have gotten off the track again so back to "cosmetology." After getting my state license I continued working at the school for Mr. & Mrs. Youngblood. Perms were \$2.00 and \$4.00 I believe and "finger waves" 10 cents (wet) and 20 cents (dried) and I was suppose to get a commission! I don't remember any new students coming in but Vickie Jasper worked with me. Youngblood's went out of business and Vickie and I never collected.

It was April 28, 1940, Harriet's birthday, and she wanted to go to a dance at the Eagles. It was a public dance and no dates necessary. I really didn't want to go but it was there a couple guys -- Carl Wolf and Harry Martin--and our lives took a different turn. Carl wanted to take me home but I turned him down so he made a date with Harriet for the following week. I had noticed Harry--Charles Whitmore (the boy next door) seemed to know him and I asked him what the "tall guy's" name was--so I had definitely notice him. Harriet later decided it would be better if we double dated the first time she went out with Carl. So, I said I'd go if I could go with Harry and not another friend of Carl's. Well, she called up and said I could have "the one I wanted" and that was the beginning of the rest of my life!

We had a few dates in May--to an air show at the airport, a dance or two and a picnic on Moscow Mountain. I borrowed a pair of white slacks from a neighbor girl and Harry liked the slacks! Then the last part of May, Delos asked

me to go along to Shoshone to see Margaret & Howard--(Doris was in nurses training in Lewiston and they would not give her permission) and when I got back, Harry was waiting to tell me goodbye before leaving for Council where he worked for Boise-Payette Lumber Company, which is now Boise-Cascade. In June I went on a short trip to the coast with Thompson's and Harry wrote that he couldn't come up the 4th of July, but made arrangements for me to go along with Harriet and Carl whatever they did to celebrate. I really didn't appreciate that--and still don't--we went somewhere during the day and I decided that was enough and left them alone that evening!

Harry came up for a time or two. Harriet and Carl got engaged during the summer and Harry told me Carl didn't have any more business getting married then he did! However, when Harry came up for the Labor Day weekend we four went to Lewiston to a dance at Riverside and Harry proposed! I was surprised absolutely. I thought if I said "maybe" it would be the end and the last I'd see of him--I couldn't say "no" so I said "yes" and he gave me a ring with a ruby or garnet setting--then he left again for Council.

I can't remember if he came up again before the mill closed for the winter but I do know it was almost Christmas before I saw him again. By the first part of January, he and Carl decided to go looking for work. They went to north Idaho first and then to the coast-(I gave him \$5 to help financially!)-where they worked in the timber in the Morton-Longview area until the first of April. When they got back Harriet and Carl were married in a home wedding at Grandma's. The four of us then made a quick trip to Council, partly to see if Carl could get a job with Boise-Payette; but he didn't get one. Harry returned to Council and on his next trip to Moscow we set June 14th (1941) for our wedding.

The wedding party and guests were definitely one-sided. My cousins Margaret and DeMoine were our attendants, Cousin Lucille played the piano--"Deep Purple" and "Intermezzo" for example--, Howard lit candles and Louise furnished flowers and cake. Nero's were invited and didn't come and Harry could not locate his Dad--so Harry was on his own! He's said that if my relatives hadn't been following him, he might have gone on by--and I think there is a grain of truth in that!

We left the next day for Council. Harry had rented a two room "tourist cabin" which was furnished and had bought a refrigerator and portable radio. So, we set-up housekeeping. There was a community bathroom, shower and laundry room but in those days that wasn't too bad. The landlady had also put a bowl of white roses on the table and that made it seem special. Before we got "home" we stopped at Mass's who later became our life-long friends.

It was a rather confusing summer for me as Harry knew everyone and so many names sounded so similar--Willy Willet, Willard Jenerette, Wes Taylor, Russ Chandler and so forth. We did make life-long friends. The Swanson's where Harry had boarded were across the street. The Mass family were the closest friends as they invited us for dinners, picnics and to go along to Weiser to get groceries. They had four children--Betty was in high school and died in the 70's of cancer; Gordon, second oldest later attended the U of I but died of leukemia when a freshman. Sandra had just started school and this year (1996) lost both her husband in son-in-law. Judy was a chubby, rosy cheeked little doll--she too faced tragedy in the death of her daughter who was married but died of meningitis. Her son has been diagnosed with cancer. Phil Mass, the father, died several years ago and Maybelle more recently.

Another friend of Harry's that we still see is Elver Needles and his wife Nellie of Baker City. Elver served in Germany during World War II. He later lost his first wife early in marriage and then married Nellie.

Before June was over Harry ran a pickaroos through his foot at work and came home on crutches and he was ready to send me back to my folks! But, I wouldn't go!

Well, summer went by and Dawn Marie was "on the way". The tourist cabin rent was \$27 a month and we had a chance to rent a trailer for \$7--so we moved in September. Wages had been 55 cents an hour and by December were up to 85 cents for Harry. The trailer was one room--no bathroom, shower, or laundry facilities but we made room for the refrigerator and radio. There was a wood stove for cooking and heat and we were quite comfortable.

By December the mill closed down and unemployment paid \$48.00 a month, and on December 7th, Pearl Harbor Day, we headed for home to be with my folks for the winter.

By Spring, Dad asked Harry to stay and help farm so the "Hagen House" was wired for electricity, cleaned, papered in living room and bedroom. Furniture was hand-me-down--my own bed and bureau, a used davenport from Sylvia and Earl, a library table and chair from Gilchrists and later the china closet, a kitchen table from the folks and we bought kitchen chairs for \$2 a piece. Kraut's gave us a kitchen cabinet and a cupboard and hung orange crates on the wall for shelf space. Water was brought in from the well for the first couple of years.

After Dawn Marie was born, we moved in to the Hagen house. It was

It was a busy summer. The granary was built so there were extra men to cook for and Dawn was on a 3-hour schedule. I remember canning peaches after 4 p.m.

The following years were quite uneventful. We joined the Grange, or rather I did as Harry was already a member, but we didn't participate very long. The meetings made me nervous and gave me headaches--I was always on edge fearing I would say or do the wrong thing as I couldn't hear well enough to know what was going on. It was there that I became acquainted with Helen and Hjalmer Olson and Bob and Mary Ellen Bottjer who were newlyweds like us.

After Uncle Tone died in 1949, and Dad died in January 1950, Harry took over all three farms and later the Matthews farm in Whitman County and the Pool place in Robinson Lake area. We had cows, chickens, pigs, so chores to do besides the actual farm work. And Harry worked in town at the Ford garage and for Allwardt's Hardware for a few winters.

I'm sure the girls remember their "growing up years" better than I do. LeNelle was born in 1947 and Bonnie in '49 and it seems they "just grew". Dawn spent a lot of the summer vacations with Grandma and the two younger entertained themselves. There was Sunday School, Blue Birds, 4-H and school. All graduated from Moscow High with honors. Probably the phrase they heard most often was "we can't afford it!" There really wasn't spare cash but sometimes I thought maybe it wasn't quite as bad as it sounded.

We did build our new house in '53 and it was the best investment we could have made. We at last had a bathroom and could enjoy the house while the girls were growing up and at home. Our first real vacation was in '57 when Harry had an appendectomy and we spent a few days in Canada. We took Grandpa Martin with us, staying at a cabin on the Moyie River above Bonners Ferry, then on to Banff, Calgary and the zoo, home through Glacier Park where we slept on the ground, at least Dawn, Bonnie, Harry & I while LeNelle and Grandpa slept in the car. Chuck Millard was working for us at the time so the house was left in his care--it was during haying--anyway, everything in the kitchen was as I had left it--dirty dishes and all. It was mess to come home to.

During the years Grandpa Martin stayed with us occasionally and I should mention Frank & Della Nero, the folks where Harry stayed the last two years of high school and made it his home until we were married. They had a dairy and Harry milked cows and worked for his board and room. Frank was quite a bit older than Della and died a few years after we were married, but we kept in touch with Della until she passed away 20 or so years later.

Other life-long friends were Alfred and Winifred Kraut. They had always been close friends of my folks and were like an Aunt and Uncle to me. We had them out for dinners quite often--Alfred would hide Easter eggs and they enjoyed watching the girls grow up. They were a devoted couple and Winifred died a few hours after Alfred died of a heart attack, which was her wish and her prediction.

I have already mentioned the Olson's and Bottjer's and should mention Hattan's who were our closest neighbors. We exchanged dinners and played cards with them, as long as they were on the farm.

As the girls finished high school and each left home at 18, our horizons broadened. Dawn married in June 1960 after graduation and a year later moved to Sacramento where Bruce was born in August. In October we went down to Rio Linda, Sacramento and San Francisco on our first trip to California. It was our first big trip and we learned to believe the road signs--especially at Biggs where it said to turn right for both Yakima and Bend--our first introduction to a clover leaf. We later made trips to Fall River Mills. On one occasion the water pump broke half-way between Burns and Lakeview.

Then, next it was LeNelle's turn and she left for Pepperdine College in L.A. It was a giant step for her. Communication by telephone was almost impossible and her clothes were lost for weeks but she survived! Bill entered the picture and after they married, we made trips to Pasadena, Altadena, Long Beach, San Diego and enjoyed Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, the Queen Mary, San Diego Zoo, etc.

Bonnie left for Oregon State after her graduation. That took us to Corvallis, Eugene, Portland. A couple years later she moved to Washington D.C.. We made the trip back there three times, so saw the sights in D.C., Virginia, and Pennsylvania besides making the trip in her Barracuda through Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota, etc. Then when she was ready to come back West, we drove with her through Tennessee, on to New Orleans and St. Louis and home through Kansas where we spent one night in Bob Dole's home town and where Bonnie's bike was all bent up by drunks!!

Dawn & Auggie moved back up here, as did Bill and LeNelle and we had the good fortune of being near our grandkids in their early years. It has been wonderful to enjoy the close feeling with all of them and to watch them develop so successfully.

I'm not sure when the "Golden Years" began. All our years have been very good, but in 1976 after Harry had back surgery, we discovered the Jolly Good Fellows of Lewiston. We have enjoyed 20 years of dancing both in Lewiston and Clarkston and many card parties have taken place. We made many friends. The Goodfellow dances came to an end in October 1996 but we hope to keep in touch as we can still play cards.

Another change came with the camper and motor home era. We also traveled by car to Reno, Spark's Antique Auto Show and Carson City with Frank and Gertrude Forsman. And also by car with Melvin & Bethel Courtney to Salt Lake City, Bryce, Zion and Grand Canyon National Parks, and to Death Valley which were very good trips.

We had many good camper trips with Margaret and Howard. Most of the trips were to Canada-- Banff, Lake Louise, the Rocky Mountains to Jasper and also the Northwest Highway over to Puget Sound; the coast to Florence and then Beaverton where we enjoyed "Earthquake Ethels" with Bonnie. Troutdale around Mt. Hood, also from Florence to Eugene and Sisters. Another trip was made to Priest Lake with Margaret & Howard, Delos & Doris. We made a trip to Yellowstone, Jackson Hole and the Tetons with LeNelle, Bill and girls. Many of our trips were "caravan" with the Reams, Meyers, and Wittmans to Lake Chelan, the Oregon Coast and Wallowa Lake to name a few. Then there were the trips to Saskatchewan to see Bill & Vi and visit Regina. Also up to Peace River, over to the Frazier River and to Vancouver, B.C. with the Reams. Also a trip to Edmonton by car with Oennings.

We also enjoyed trips in the motor home with the grandkids. We took Lisa & Debbie to Mt. Rushmore and later took them and Reed to Crater Lake and Roseburg to the animal farm. We also made trips to Brownlee to fish with Dawn & Virg and to Starvation Ridge where they hunted for many years. There were also overnight trips to visit Joe and Agnes Wittman on the Selway and many others come to mind, mainly those with Pool's to Canada, Montana, and the Salmon River.

We also made a trip to Idaho Falls when Debbie played in the basketball tournament her senior year and to Bend when Bonnie moved there, but that's recent history! Harry and I also made a trip by car from St. Joe, Avery and over to Montana and also one to California to Eureka and the Redwoods and up the coast. We really have done quite a bit of traveling and I'm sure there were many trips I haven't mentioned.

In 1981 we took our big trip to Hawaii. We took a Senior Citizen tour that cruised between four or five islands at night and toured the islands by day. We landed at Honolulu and saw Pearl Harbor, Jim Nabors show, Waikiki Beach was "covered with sunbathers", but the whole trip was beautiful. Lots of good food on ship and fun entertainment at night. Thanks a lot to Joe Wittman who led in participating. Beautiful weather, beautiful music, beautiful scenery!

The following year, 1982, we took a "farm tour" of Europe. We stopped first in London, visited Buckingham Palace grounds, the Tower there and went to a County Fair. Then to France from the "White Cliff's of Dover" to Calais by boat across the English Channel. Then to Paris, the Eiffel Tower, Versailles, a night club and the traffic! Then on to Switzerland and the Alps, the elaborate hotel, Swiss farms and yodelers--beautiful country! Then on to Germany and the Black Forest, a ride on the Rhine River, old cathedrals, castles, etc. and then to the Netherlands and Amsterdam. Our guide was terrific and told us so much of the history and attitude of the people. It was very educational and I wish I could remember more of it. I do remember hearing the "Tennessee Waltz" played beautifully in the hotel in Switzerland and "The Saints Come Marching In" at a luncheon also in Switzerland in honor of the Americans. It was a good trip and I'm glad we made it, but there's "no place like home."

## Grandparents & Relatives

Grandpa Ditlef Christian Reusch Smith came to America with his mother, Johanna Henriette Reusch Smith, and two brothers, Hans and Ingwall. They came from Bergen, Norway because of the recommendation of Dr. V. Koren of Decorah, Iowa who established the first Lutheran Parish west of the Mississippi and helped to secure land for Decorah College and taught at Princeton University.

Grandpa Smith's mother traced her family tree back to King Haakon V. She was widowed in 1858. Her husband was Lauritz Smith Qualeim, shoemaker and owner of Qualeim Estates. Evidently the Qualeim was dropped from the name and Smith was used from then on. I have no idea why they came to Idaho to homestead but she and each of the boys filed claims in the Cow Creek and Blaine areas. Their mother lost her claim I believe as she did not live on it.

Hans, the oldest, lived for awhile in the house across the flat northwest from the Blaine school house before moving to Moscow where I believe he had a dray service, but I'm not sure what he did. One of his sons, Carl, became Moscow's fire chief for many years. I believe Grandpa Smith first built a cabin on what was to become the Christiansen place but moved it south to where it remained on Cow Creek.

Ingwall, the youngest brother, built a house near Grandpa's, just west of what was to become the Odenborg house. The three brothers helped establish the Genesee Valley Lutheran Church and Grandpa gave the land for the Smith school. Ingwall was Justice of the Peace before moving to Kennewick. A very good article about his family appeared in the Lewiston Tribune, based on an interview given by Louise Smith Odenborg.

Grandpa and Grandma's place was a stopping off place for Felix Warren Stagecoach on his trips between Lewiston and Potlatch where horses were watered and rested. Chief Joseph was also a guest at one time. There was also a parsonage built east of the house but later moved to where the Roberts family live at this time. This property was also owned by Grandpa but was given to Louise when she married Charlie Odenborg--"but was brown as the preacher 40". Besides their own children, it is said that 17 others, relatives and friends, made their home with Grandpa & Grandma.

Dad always farmed, taking over at an early age. His sisters, Louise, Clara, Theodora, and Dora all went to Normal and became teachers. Dollie and



Anna worked at Penny's Anna also had her own "hat shop" in Walla Walla and Dollie did take nurses training, I believe but had asthma although she lived to be 85 Dora lived to 95(?) And Clara was past 90.

Grandma Smith was born in Madison, Wisconsin and her parents were also from Bergen, Norway She was orphaned at an early age but would never talk about her parents or the cause of their deaths Wisconsin and Iowa both appear in family history and it must have been in Iowa that Grandpa met her and they became engaged She worked for a family in Iowa and helped her four younger sisters All followed her West after she got married Her brother, Andrew Thompson, settled in Montana Her sister, Andrenan (Rena) married Antone Borgen and they were the parents of Bill B And Hazel Borgen Hillend-- (also Jesse & Alice) Antone Borgen's brother was Amund Borgen, Harriet's father and Grandma cared for Harriet as her mother died soon after Harriet was born Grandma's sister Jennie married Chris Freng and lived in the Lewiston Orchards Her sister, Theodora, married a Lestoe who had a hardware store in Moscow and they lived on "A" street Her sister Anna married a James Brown and lived in San Jose, California Both Rena and Jennie taught in the Blaine School House Both Rena Borgen and Theodora Lestoe died in their 30's The cousins of Dad's that I remember are Bill, Hazel, and Jess Borgen and Henry Lestoe Jennie Freng had several children but I don't remember any of them

Good references on the Smith family are Smith Family Tree and Borgen-Thompson Family, by June Marie Hellend Bough

The Eid side of our family is somewhat more of a question Grandpa, Grandma, and Uncle (Grandpa's brother) all came from the Hov, Norway area I asked our relatives who were here in September 96 when they came over She said, "there was nothing there for them and they had nothing " At least three of the children were born in Norway--Ben, "Tone, and Jennie They first settled in Wisconsin and I believe the men worked in a lumber mill Minnie, Tillie and Clara were born in LaCrosse, Wisconsin or nearby. I believe Uncle came to Idaho first and located the homestead in the Blaine area My mother, Nellie, was the only one born in Idaho Her birthday May 10, 1891, and I believe her parents came in either 1889 or 1890

Grandpa died about 1927--so I don't remember him too clearly "Uncle" was my favorite of the older ones--I was a little shy around Grandma Eid and would have Mom ask her if I could play the organ Grandma preferred to speak Norwegian--both she and "Uncle" were very religious and "Uncle" taught Sunday school Mom said if the girls ever had a good time it was a sin--and Grandma always seemed stern or rather "cold" in my estimation but I know she

helped many in the neighborhood and life in those days wasn't easy. They had a large house, but no bathroom, running water, or electricity during Grandma's lifetime.

Financially, I think they did alright. Again this is only personal opinion. I thought (and still think) they perhaps had more money but they saved it--the girls never went beyond grade school and nothing was spent foolishly.

The background in Norway is confusing. Nothing is known of Grandpa's family. Grandma had several brothers and sisters but names were changed. Grandma's maiden name was Tolene Haagesveen, but her brothers were Martinson and Ostby--Julius Ostby, her brother, was born the last of the family and his daughter Ellen's daughter came to visit in '96. Reidun Andersstuen, her husband Odd, and son Odd Rune--a visit we enjoyed and would like to do over for we would have had them stay in our home instead of a motel.

Grandma's sister, Aunt Mary (or Marie) and her brother Andrew Martinson came to the U.S. too and settled in Minnesota. Aunt Mary made one trip to Idaho and Mom corresponded with one cousin (Esther) who sent me a little ironing board and iron. I still have the iron. All contact has been lost but I am sure we have relatives in Minnesota or somewhere! Some information is in old clippings of obituaries that I have and in some letters mainly from Mabel Kaylor or George Otness.

Now for a word about Mom's brothers and sisters. Uncle Ben married Ida Daniels and had three children--Thelma Carrico, Lloyd and Fern Alice who was about my age. Uncle Bennie farmed but the Eid girls really never accepted Ida (or Idie) and relations were rather strained. I was very surprised when I learned Thelma and Fern were my cousins!

Uncle Tone never married--perhaps because his sisters didn't approve of his possible choice!

Jennie married Louis Otness, a widower with one daughter, Lilly. They had four children (Lester, George, Mabel, and Bernard). Lester worked in a bank in Spokane. He married Lucile (Robertson) but they never had children. George always had a good job but I'm not sure of details. He married Gretchen Mathews and their children were Elizabeth, Harold, David and a girl whose name I don't remember. Mabel married Dean Kayler and they lived in Ketchikan Alaska, owned a fish factory and then moved to Seattle. They had three children--Jeanette, Dean Jr. and Kathryn (Molly). Bernard was stationed in England during World War II and later married Joan and had a son, Ted. He was

an agriculture agent in Prosser, Washington

Aunt Jennie was very quiet--the opposite of Uncle Louie. All three boys graduated from U Of I. Mabel was a school teacher starting in a country school in Aspendale and then Troy and Plummer before going to Alaska where she also taught

Aunt Minnie was the family "cut-up and tease" in my opinion. She never married her daughter Violet's father. He owned and ran a saloon in Moscow and Minnie's parents would not allow her to marry him. Minnie worked as a maid or hired girl in several of the best homes in Moscow. She was married briefly to a fellow that met her parents approval and later married Carl Olson and lived in Moscow. One thing I remember is she always wore a hat and never let anyone touch her hair. She also kept "closed doors" that is, you never got invited in and it was only in the last years that I was in her house once or twice. Both she and Carl spent their last years in Latah County Nursing Home. Her granddaughter, Darlene Smith, lives in Spokane.

Aunt Tillie--it's funny that all Mom's sisters were Aunts and only one of Dad's were called Aunt (Aunt Theo)--married Lew Madison and probably had the hardest life of the sisters. Uncle Lew was a big talker but a very unsuccessful farmer. They set up a homestead near Quinsy, Washington in the Moses Lake area and lived in a one room cabin and traveled by horseback to get there. After giving that up they farmed in the Troy, Idaho area until she died of heart problems. They never had any children but kept a niece and nephew for some time and Carl and I used to visit them and roam around the canyons. Aunt Tillie was probably the most like Mom. After Tillie died, Uncle Lew went "wild" drinking and women!

Aunt Clara married Ernest Thompson and was the mother of Earl and Lucille. There isn't much I can write about her that isn't already known by our girls as she was the one they knew the best.

I don't believe I have mentioned that Granpa Eid's name was Lars. Grandma Eids maiden name was Tolene Hagasveen.