

GRACE JAIN WICKS

Interviewed by:

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Oral History Project Society

Latah County Museum Society

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I. Index

GRACE JAIN WICKS

Genesee; b.1906

1½ hours

minute page

Side A

- 01 Parents pioneered Latah and Nez Perce counties. Great-grandfather and family immigrated from Switzerland, as was traditional.
- 04 Family move from Wisconsin to New York. Reading of reminiscence[^] of Walter Jain from the Genesee News. Fruit was hard to get. Walter flops on a salmon on the banks of the Grande Ronde. He shoots a pack rat in the house and learns a lesson.
- 10 In 1878, Jain family goes to the Palouse and takes up a pre-emption. Old homestead house still stands. Walter trades saddle for breaking plow. Oxen suited to new country. Prairie chickens and plowing. Walter sleeps as he plows. Carrying feed grain in the snow.
- 17 Miners' needs opened new market. Trusting merchants, freighting problems. Bottom-lands settled first. 1893 only year of crop failure.
- 23 Mary Leila Lanphear comes to the Palouse after her father has come west to recoup racing losses. She is much-courted by local swains. Mary Lanphear marries Walter Jain, 1893. Log cabin honeymoon.

Side B

- 00 Hard but happy times. Cash money to pay for postage was hard to come by. Walter has a bout with illness. Grandparents' 50th wedding anniversary.
- 12 Grace's remembrances of her grandparents. Menu for a pioneer meal. Earm animals traded for a piano and washer for town living.
- 17 W.B. Jain's reasons for leaving Switzerland. Family record goes back to St. Bartholomew's Massacre. Family back home worried about the immigrants.
- 28 Short account of the wagon trip West.

Grace Jain Wicks

minute page

Side C

- 00 Adelia Farwell and Lewis Jain married in 1866 in Wisconsin. Birth of twins caused some hardship. Characterization of Lewis Jain. Leaving Wisconsin. Grasshoppers in Colorado.
- 05 First hard years in Genesee. Jain's Christmas party. Oregon Grape jelly used as medicinal cordial. Grandfather plants hardwood trees. Paying debts with land.
- 11 A disreputable Genesee family. Breaking sod for \$2.50 per acre. Use of wild game.
- 18 Grandfather Lanphear was a homestead locator. 1893 hard times. A little money cushion was marvelous for the homesteaders. Neighbors help during sickness. Sympathy for an unwed mother. Making snow cream with strawberry jam.
- 28 Pickles, hams, and vegetables in the root cellar. Washboiler full of coffee for Scandanavian thrashing crews. Thrash crew eats up the crop.

with Rob Moore

12 June 1974

II. Transcript

SAM SCHRAGER: Grace Wicks was very observant of life on her family's farm in the Genesee country side when she was a girl. She enjoyed it all: from the fruit garden, dogs and horses to exciting town trips, their Indian neighbors and a pen pal club that brought the geography of the world to their door. She remembers difficulties, as well, especially her mother's frailty and loneliness ~~in~~ the strenuous pioneer^{ing} life, and, also, the danger of ~~a~~ rabid dog, rattlesnakes and the nuisance of certain birds. She also tells of operating the Genesee telephone switchboard on weekends.

MRS. WICKS: I am Lela Grace Jain Wicks. I was born in 1906 at the top of Coyote Grade in Nez Perce County, State of Idaho. I was the youngest of five, and my mother forgot that this after-thought child of hers was born in Nez Perce County because her other four were born in Latah County. So she registered our births in Boise, the State Capital, as having all been born in Latah County, and when I discovered this I pointed out the error. We wrote to the State Capital and we found out it would take an act of God, even though Mother and the nurse that attended her were still living, to get that location of my birth changed. So that's the way it is in Boise. Since I was born in 1906, I have many early day memories, and since I was a later child in the family, I spent much time alone with my parents. Which meant that I adopted or by osmosis or capillary attraction, or what have you, acquired a great deal of their thinking, so that I feel very at home in this period. I loved my home and I loved my family and we all loved our friends, so there was great empathy that went on around our table, ^{and} on the

led to the kitchen-- or the back steps that went to the kitchen-- over any tasks that were shared. ~~And~~ Since the help that was employed in the home was always a neighbor or a neighbor's child, or somebody who homesteaded next door, or somebody who was connected in some way by place with where we lived, we were very polite to them, and they were very polite to us, and we were on an equal, or nearly so, social basis. I'd like to talk a little bit about the Indians I have known. One of them in particular, was my father's landlord. His name was Steven Rueben, and he was a fullblood who had inherited or been given by the government, allotted, I suppose I should say, a large tract of land which was across the canyon from our house, but adjacent to my father's land, which was also ^{in part} across the canyon from where we lived. The Rueben ranch was a choice place, and Father ran it for many years. It was distinguished by having a large orchard that I don't have any idea who planted, but it certainly wasn't an Indian because they weren't along in our culture enough to provide in that way for fruit. But someone had planted a large orchard there, and the Indians would come and pick fruit from time to time, particularly the squaws. ~~And~~ ^I they were unobtrusive and didn't bother anybody. ~~But~~ ^{however,} I remember one day, a lone rider came up the road from the Clearwater River and down through our gate and down our driveway, ~~and~~ past the house and past the barn, and ~~out~~ through the corral and down across the canyon over to the Rueben ranch. Now I watched him the whole way with my father's good field glasses because I was a bored little girl and had lots of time on my hands. So, anything that was moving, that was a little out of the ordinary got full attention, ~~and~~ he went over to the Rueben ranch and ~~no~~one was there. So he took the woodbox, emptied all of the contents on the kitchen floor, ~~t~~amped it down a little, and went out and filled the woodbox with apples. Then it was a little large to put on the back of his saddle, and a little large to balance on the front, so he had great difficulty in getting it back (on horseback) to where he wanted to go. ~~But~~

I watched this procedure and was a little amused because, of course, Mother interpreted what had happened, and I don't know how many apples he got home with, but that made a very entertaining interlude for me.

The Ruebens were a very fine family, and Steven Rueben was an ordained Presbyterian minister, *Reflecting missionary Spalding's influence,* so when he came to dinner on went the white tablecloth and a good meal was provided, I mean a company Sunday dinner. ~~And~~ the Reverend ~~Steven~~ *Rueben* always said grace. We were accustomed to grace when our grandfather came, but not when our dad presided.

Now another Indian whose land bordered us on the north, was Eddie Connor. Eddie I think also was a fullblooded Indian, and a handsome large man, who had a very round head. ~~And~~ at one time I embarrassed my mother greatly by saying to Mr. Connor, "Mr. Connor, what makes your head so round?" And, of course, he laughed and Mother laughed, but she could have killed me. (chuckles) *Eddie* Connor performed a nice service for us later in life, because there was a suit brought regarding the boundary lines of the home place, and it was said that we had forty feet of someone's ^{ek's} land, the full west border of the place, which was on a straight line and which had a few locust trees on it, and several walnut trees that Dad had planted along our driveway. Those trees and Mr. Connor's testimony saved that forty foot strip of land over this long space for our home place. It seems that the law recognizes a border if it has living growth on it that shows length of time. And since both the walnut and the locust trees were of large size, they knew that that land had been paid taxes upon and farmed by the owner of our place who ^{my father,} was, Walter F. Jain, for all those many years. Also, Mr. Connor testified at the trial that he had known my father for some years and that indeed in all that time Walter had farmed this land. I have another tiny story about the locust trees: One time at an early period when Dad and Mother were out working in the garden, they finished what they were doing, and Dad put a case knife up in the crotch of one of the trees. Now a case knife is a full-sized dinner knife with a wooden handle. It was used by early day

bachelors and that sort of thing, but it never was used in serving food at my mother's table; however, I suppose that's the kind of cutlery that my father had when he was a bachelor before he was married. ~~But~~, at any rate, it was in the family's possession, and was the handy tool that day. Well, ~~no~~ one came along to finish whatever ~~the~~ job had been going on, and so the knife stayed in the tree and in due time the tree grew around it and further, completely covered it. ~~And~~ I have tried to find it since: There is not one blemish on the trunk of that tree which still, sixty years later, is right there and the knife is completely gone, incorporated in the middle of that tree. Dad took great pride in his orchard and all of us savored the delicious fruit that came to our table from time to time. Dad felt that fruit or vegetables were to be had in their season and he gave very little time to winter strawberries or winter tomatoes. What he thought was good was what was picked and brought immediately ~~in~~ to the table, and indeed there never was a better taste when it was accompanied by homemade well done butter and good thick separated cream, ~~That~~ was ambrosia! In his orchard he had early peaches, and ~~fall~~ ^{late} peaches, silver prunes and plums and purple prunes. He had peach plums, which I see now at an exorbitant price in the market, and which we didn't care for and there were ^{two} tree ~~of~~s, so the children were put to taking these to the pigs. I never see them on the market at fifty cents for about six that I don't have a little of my hair curled. (chuckles) Dad also ~~had~~ summer apples, ~~and~~ fall apples and winter apples. And how we did enjoy those. Mother made wonderful sauce, and we also had three kinds of black cherries; Lamberts, Bings and Black Republicans. ~~And~~ since we ourselves were Black Republicans, those had special empathy. In that garden was an enormous patch of red raspberries. These were the bane of the women's existence, because they never could keep all of the dratted things picked in season, and when my brother finally brought his bride there she thought she'd never had such a burden placed upon her. ~~But~~ it had, in the middle of this patch, a bare place, which was wrought by a large

young man, probably about fifteen, named William Nixon, whose father and mother were very old friends of the family, and who came to pick raspberries with the family and who sat down in a convenient area and pulled the raspberry vines to convenient distance and filled his pail. Of course, the patch never recovered from his picking, but we always called it the William Nixon Barespot, and it remained there as long as the patch did. (laughter)

My dad was a great homemaker. He not only planted those blackwalnuts which still line the driveway, long since unused, but he had lovely roses along there too. And also, from time to time, beautiful patches of strawberries. I remember one time when he had a dear friend whose husband was a pioneer, John Hall. He had John and ^{hahah} ~~Bela~~ Hall in that garden, and bet Mrs. Hall ^{that} no matter what, he could find a strawberry too big for her to consume in one bite, and not have juice running from the corner of her mouth. Well, ~~now~~ Mrs. Hall was a very beautiful woman, who took great pride in her appearance, and whom we all dearly loved, but she took his bet; and he found an enormous berry, which she promptly popped in her mouth, and down the corner of each side came the red marker of her defeat. (chuckles) We also had blackberries from time to time, but they were such space pigs, and took such a lot of room, and were so difficult to pick that Dad eliminated them. The garden was a great source of pleasure to Father who as a pioneer boy deeply cherished good food, and when guests came to see us, which was nearly every Sunday in good weather, he loved to load their rigs. Now it wasn't a buggy, and it wasn't a wagon, and it wasn't a Model T - whatever anybody came to our house in was a "rig," and he loved to load up their rigs with delicious things from the garden. It swelled his heart to be able to do it; he felt just warm and loving and provident and so rich when he could do this. ~~And~~ As long as I can remember my father as a host, he continued to do this, even when he retired to ^{Denver} ~~town~~ and kept Jersey cows because ~~because~~ they were fun. He told me one time, "I like to go up to the poolhall and play a little solo with my best friends, and maybe win a hickey, and bring you home a chocolate bar, and then go out to the

barn and feed something." He had Jersey cows because their cream content was so high. And there was just one criterion about a good Jersey. She had to have long enough teats so a man could get his hands on them because, "be damned if he wanted to have that milk sprayed all over the lower part of his palm when he tried to milk a short teated cow-- he wouldn't have her. (chuckles) Dad and his dogs were a great pleasure to me, too. The first dog in the family that I remember, was a character. I-- the story goes, was a baby in my cradle on the south porch, and my arm was just long enough so that my hand could poke out between the slats ^{of} on the side of the cradle, ~~and~~ Mother, ~~was~~ working in the kitchen with the door open between us, heard a little thump, and a little sigh and looked out to find a most engaging black dog with white around his muzzle, and a weariness to his body, a worness to the pads of his feet, contentedly licking the hand of ^{her} the baby. They named him Jack, and figured that probably ~~he~~ had grown so tired he no longer could follow the covered wagon which had gone along the road that morning. I am sure the family that lost him were sore of heart, but he was our great, ^{great,} good friend from then until when he died, which was many years later. The trouble with Jack was that he liked to roam at night, and the neighbors didn't care for his visits. So the man on the North, who was farming the Connor place, shot him in the right hind leg, and somebody - we never knew who - shot him in the ~~left~~ hind leg and the right foreleg, so poor Jack had to hobble around in great misery, and no one ever thought of taking out those bullets. They just ~~let~~ Jack get along and he licked those wounds from then 'til he died, and, of course, must have suffered terrible pain. These days we'd have him in to the vet in a minute, but those days to take an animal to the vet meant that he had to be an animal that paid his way, and, of course, Jack was the best stock dog in the world, but after he became impaired he was a beloved pensioner. Along with him was Stub, named for his short, bobbed tail. He did all the work after Jack was incapacitated, and since my

father always had cattle to some extent, a little "jag" of cattle they were called, then he would be the mainstay for corraling them, for gathering them for a drive, ~~for~~ just bringing them home at night. A man with stock can't get along without a good dog, because if he does, he would waste an amazing amount of time. Another dog we had that was my father's dear friend, was Missy. She was an Australian Collie, and a spayed female, ~~and~~ she accompanied us always to the toilet, which was out to the north of the house. ~~And~~ as we went to and from, a nice little dog let us know her presence by leaping and touching with her cold nose in very gentle, but insistent fashion our right elbows. Of course, she got many a pat and all kinds of lovely visiting, both going and coming, and we enjoyed it, and she enjoyed it. (chuckles) My father, it fell to his lot to have to shoot each of his dogs when they became so old that they had to leave this world, and it was kinder to do it thus, and each time it was a major, major operation for him, and one which he could hardly bear to do, but he was always ~~stern~~ stern with himself as with the necessities of life.

One time when I was a little girl, during World War I, and my father had returned to the farm, because my big brothers, who had been running the farm, and who were about nineteen and twenty-one, almost, ~~were~~ being occupied by World War I; ~~and so~~ we went back to the farm to grow food. ~~And~~ during that time my dad came home from riding down on the river, and he found along the way a little cur puppy, ~~and~~ it had been put out of a sack, I suppose, somebody figuring it ^{that} would die, and they wouldn't have to have the pain of putting it to death; and so they put it out to starve to death or a coyote to get it. ~~So~~ Dad, of course, he couldn't stand that, so he gathered it up and tenderly brought it home to his little girl. I thought it was yummy; it was the sweetest little old pup as every pup is--and so I carried it every place I went. And I'd ~~be~~ ^{have} had it in bed with me if Mother would have allowed, but that certainly was beyond the pale, we had no animals in the house; none whatever, ever, though we dearly loved them

them and had 'em as part of our lives, just outside the door. This little dog and I had a traumatic experience. I carried it, as I said, every place I went, and one night I was feeding the chickens, and I had a big pan of feed, and I was holding it in my left hand with the doggie balanced on the pan, and then with my right hand I strewed the wheat, ~~and~~ ⁺ the dog became impatient with this and jumped or fell to the ground. I stumbled over the the little soft belly, and my foot came right down on it and broke it's back. Oh! I thought I'd die! ^{as it did.} ~~But~~ that was one of those things. We learned on a farm that you never think too much of an animal or anything, because you have to kill your own varmints.

We had rattlesnakes on this place, so that everywhere a child's foot would set down-in wheat, in weeds, in grasses, in any growth - you watched where your foot went. This was also helpful so that you didn't step in a cow pie! But in the main, it was to protect us from snakes. I learned to tell a rattler from a bull snake, which was protected, ~~and a rattler, which was not.~~ We were given great instruction, ^{very} firm instruction, as to what to do when we found a rattler. We were to send somebody in the party, if there was one, to the house, while someone who had spotted the snake kept it in vision. ~~And~~ ⁺ that way a big person could come with a hoe, the twenty-two, or an axe and dispatch the snake. We were never to let it out of our sight. ~~And then~~ ^I in that area we were to be exceedingly wary for the next several days, because the mate would come to hunt it's partner and would be found ^{somewhere nearby.} ~~in the area.~~ This happened invariably. Apparently snakes are monogamous and mate for life. Now, I don't know whether this is true or not, but certainly we got snake after snake after snake because it came to follow it's dead partner. We found one right at the door of the barn coiled ready; we found two, that I know of, in the raspberry patch. One time years later, in another canyon, working for my brother, my husband had a snake slither down the handle of his hay fork as he pitched a bundle into the wagon. Of course, these snakes were complete enemies, and no one protected them, ever. There were good snakes, of course, who killed: blacksnakes and water snakes and harm-

less garter snakes ^{and so forth}, that were protected, because they killed varmints too, but for the deadly snake, we were ~~very~~ very, very busy dispatching them, ~~And~~ [†] the same in the bird world. We were taught the good ones and the bad ones, ~~We~~ had large flocks of pigeons, and my mother made delicious pigeon potpie. ~~And~~ [†] These pigeons, however, were dirty creatures, and Father had to finally kill them all off, because they roost high, they are very prolific, and their droppings are very bad for hay; animals don't like to eat it after it has been polluted. ~~And~~ [†] Their droppings on machinery is damaging, ~~and~~ [†] they have the poorest of domestic instincts. in that they'll lay their eggs with one or two sticks on a two by four shelf, just a stud going along in a shed, so they don't bother much about their eggs rolling off or their young rolling off. An amazing number of them didn't, ~~but~~ [†] ~~And~~ the birds were beautiful as they flew, and beautiful as they walked. There's nothing prettier than the streamline of a lovely pigeon, and their coloring is out of this world. So many varieties and such a lovely sound to their wings and to their cooing. We loved them. ~~And~~ Dad had them first in a cote, but they outgrew that in short order and then took over. first the machine shed and then went into the barn. ~~And~~ [†] When they began destroying the hay, ^{then} Dad had to take action. Now, we had zillions of swallows, who built their sweet little mud nests around. We had lots of bluebirds in those days, and yellow canaries, and we loved them and protected them in every way we could. ^{Then} ~~But~~ the English sparrow began to invade, and that sparrow was really a destructive animal. It was almost as bad as a magpie--both of which are predators of other animals' nests, ^{usurp} and both ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{the} homes that are made by other birds; kill their young; scratch out their eggs and take the places themselves. We were taught to destroy, if possible, both species of birds. A hawk, now, was a somewhat protected animal, particularly if it was a large hawk--a redhead or a barnhawk. They sailed so beautifully in the clouds against the wind. Sometimes they couldn't make any headway at all with the breeze they tried to go against. And those amazing eyes of those

creatures way up there in the air, ^{would} see the movement of a mole or a tiny squirrel or a little mouse, way down in the hog pasture, and ZOOM, they'd come down and ~~had~~ ^{get} it. Now, a sparrow hawk was another thing. We killed sparrow hawks religiously. That's what the twenty-two was used most for, to hit a sparrow hawk square in the eye, that was the goal. Because a sparrow hawk ate baby chickens.

We had a little flurry with our pigs, too. Our pigs were in a pasture north of the house, out back of the toilet, and off to themselves where ~~they~~ ^{of} their noise or their odors didn't distress the household. They were great snake killers. Apparently the layer of fat under a pig's skin protects him from the venom, because they could kill rattlers or any other kind of snakes, and they were great to help keep down the population of snakes. ~~But~~ One time we found ^a ~~the~~ kind of pig that was new to us. It was a Missouri Razorback that had been shipped in in a government project, and those razorbacks were indeed high along their backbone, and they had hair straight up along that area. Now our Poland Chinas and Duroc Reds were nice, round, flat-backed pigs, and they were domesticated and we could live with them nicely, but those wretched razorbacks ate Mother's chickens! And I tell you, it was the chickens life if it got into the hog pasture. So we couldn't get rid of those creatures fast enough. The only time a red sow or a black sow—oh, we had a few New Hampshires, too, with the white bands around their middle—~~the~~ only time those were dangerous, was when one of their little pigs got caught in ^{the} fence. Now, a baby pig is tiny, like any other animal for it's species when it's young, and so it will go through a crack in the fence, and in due time it grows and it gets so big it gets stuck in the hole that it has been using all this time. ~~And~~ ^T it'll squeal-- oh! ~~oh!~~ It's being squeezed, and it doesn't like it and it raises a racket, ~~and~~ ⁺ the mother sow gets very excited, and she nips the pig to increase it's efforts, and if she draws blood, which she easily can, she becomes very excited, and she'll ^{just} ~~chew~~ the pig up-- to death. ~~And~~ Mother, being a town girl, didn't know about all this, but she was game, ~~and~~ ^S she took the

axe one day and got in a pigpen and fought off two enraged sows who had a pig that they were just dispatching. ~~And~~ She took the axe with her (laughter) and I remember seeing that axe flailing and Mother's apron flying and her determined, beautiful little face, set in lines of complete combat, and she was whaling away at the hog with the sharp end of the axe, meaning, of course, to hit 'em with the dull end, but she got a little confused. Well, anyway, she scared off the women--
bovines--
(laughter) and saved the piglet. ~~But~~ often, ~~my~~ mother didn't often take any hand in the operation of the farm, however; outside the house, never. She never gathered an egg, she never picked a pea; she sometimes did fruit, but not other things.

(End of Side A)

Mother was never well. I have known long periods of time when she lived on parched bread and cocoa. She was a dear, charming, loving, intellectual woman, and she didn't fit the diet-- the stringent diet of salt meat and hotcakes and winter vegetables, such as cabbage, kraut, and root crops. About the only one I imagine she could consume was carrots, and in the days before we processed vegetables and that was not done until World War I. in our home, at least, Mother's diet was so limited, ~~And~~ She'd had her babies fast and without a great deal of care. So Mother was never well, and the Sunday visitors many times were a great burden to her. She always said two things that stuck in my mind: One of them was that a man had six days of work and on the seventh he did chores, and he went maybe to the neighbors on special errands like castrating the calves or something, 'cause that ^{travel} could be done on horseback; but to a woman there were seven days of work, because on Sunday she had company in good weather and in bad weather it was not suitable to go any place in the rain or snow or cold. The other thing she said was that a female animal before giving birth, or even before conception, was given a little time to rest and be ready for her inner chores, but a woman had her children when she was depleted physically and conceived most easily. She thought the reason for this was nature's way of perpetuating the race. If this female was going to die, she could surely reproduce first. By weakest, I think she felt

that she understood it as the fact that she seemed to conceive when she was, in her words, "run down." When she was tired and least physically fit to handle the business of having a child, then was when she conceived. ~~And~~ She had her first three children in about five years, less than five years. Then there was a space of three and then there was a space of four; and she prevented, she felt, conception by nursing her children overlong, because as long as she nursed a child she ~~couldn't~~ conceive. ~~And~~ Of course, in those days of no restrictions of any kind on reproduction, a woman just lived as best she could. ~~And~~ my father said to me one time, "I never felt anything but a welcome for one of my children." Well, now when children just came whether they were planned for or invited, then I think that was quite a statement of character on his part. ~~And~~ it's been greatly reassuring to me, because, certainly as number five, when it took my mother forty-eight hours to bring me into the world with the longest and most painful of deliveries, I would not have known life had it been a planned family. I have known more than one offspring that was the flower of the flock that was born ~~later~~. My mother, of course, was just thirty when I came, but there is an illustrious family in Moscow whose name I shall not give because I'm going to tell some secrets. ~~And~~ this dear lady was to have her fifth child and she did not want it. But here she was ~~pregnant~~ again. "In the family way," they called it then. Well, she went ^{with her} ~~to the~~ club of ~~her~~ nice lady friends here in Moscow, on a picnic down to Kendrick. She climbed a tree and jumped off. She did it repeatedly. She thought maybe she'd miscarry. ~~And~~ in this day and age where abortion is supposed to be fully accepted, I do want to say that the Lord kept that baby for her, and he went on to be, probably as illustrious a son ~~that~~ this community has ever produced, having later been president of the Ford Foundation, Dean of the Business School at Harvard, and presently lives in New York. ~~And~~ I speak of him only with admiration. ~~And~~ I tell this story only because one of her peers told it to me as an illustration of what nature does for the human family when there

is no planning.

I would like to go back for a moment and talk about my mother as a lonely woman on the farm. She could see no light in any window of another white woman from her house. She could see way across the Clearwater River over toward Ruebens and Look Out, and sometimes we could see a light from over there, and with the field glasses we could distinguish buildings. But the Rueben ranch house was hidden from ours by the trees, and besides that, it was never inhabited by anyone but a hired cook during harvest. No Indian woman ever lived there and no white woman ever lived there, during my memory. This had occurred earlier, but during my ^{not} memory. Up north of us on the Connor place from time to time there would be a woman, but the house was just up around ~~a~~ bend, so it could not be seen from our place. ~~And~~ Mother was accustomed to daily company. Her father had had a grocery store, and meat market and later a ^{hops} factory back in Gladwin, Michigan, before they migrated West. She was accustomed to people. So, the other day I ran onto a catalogue which was, I think called the "Jolly Jokers", no, that isn't the correct name-- I'll hunt it up one of these days. This catalogue was of a club of lonely people who wished to correspond with each other over the whole surface of the globe. ~~And so~~ Mother joined it-- it cost a big fat ten dollars! But she joined the club and geography came alive for us children, because there was Mr. Jones down in Quito, Ecuador, who sent her gifts and sent her interesting letters; and the gifts would be such things as the carving of the local water carrier, or a lovely embroidered doily, that if enough such doilies were put together, a pretty hand-embroidered hat could be made. Or such-- this was sent as a sample of the handwork of the Indian women of the area. Or there ~~might have been~~ ^{was} a girl whose last name was Magna's daughter, and she was from Denmark. ~~And~~ She sent Mother a piece of handwoven linen which I still have, and which is as heavy, almost, as foil, for thickness and strength of texture. Or, there was a young man in Tunis. There ^{were} various people who sent her the sands of local rivers so that she had an

enormous collection of the sands of the rivers of the world. ~~So that~~ we knew about the Dnieper, we knew about the Amazon, we knew about the Ganges, we knew about the Marne, we knew about the rivers on the surface of the earth, because Mother had a little sample of ^{the that had been} sand taken from right alongside that flowing water. This was delightful for us all, and it made the mail such an important thing because ^{anytime} scarcely did Dad get on horseback and go to town (because there was no rural delivery in the early time) and get the mail and inside would be all of these delights. My mother's mind was always alert and curious and enjoying. ^{PShe welcomed} And no matter if it was a stray of any kind who tied his horse at our front gate and came up to be fed, because of course you fed any human being who came to your door, because otherwise they would have to go hungry because there were no restaurants around, of course, in easy access. So anytime somebody needed bed or board, any human being gave it to them. ~~And~~ you gave them what you had; ~~and~~ if it was very limited that was never questioned. ~~And~~ scarcely did anyone ever offer to pay. This was beside the point. The point was, that Mother would have somebody to visit with for a ^{little} while. ~~And~~ no matter who it was, ^T there were some that she just couldn't find much of interest in, but mostly Mother could find something to visit with ~~them about~~ in this traveling person. ~~And~~ We usually housed the school teacher who taught about half way down the Coyote Grade, what they later named Rattlesnake College. ^{also} ~~And~~ she usually had one or two hired men at her table. Her hotcake griddle could bake six large cakes at a time, and of course, the main staple of any good workingman's breakfast was something that "stuck to his ribs" called a good hotcake. Dad always had smoked, cured meat so it would be bacon or ham, hotcakes and fried eggs for breakfast with lots of homemade syrup. ~~And~~ that "was a good enough meal for anybody." And all the people could work on it, go to school on it, ^{for} ~~and~~ starve to death on it, if her name was Leja Jain.) ~~And~~ ^T that's the way we lived as for diet in the winter times. I knew at the time it was difficult for Mother, but now that I'm a grown

person, how much more I empathize with the maladjustment in which she lived, and how hard it must have been on my father who held her dear and had to witness all this, and at the same time, never could have a shoulder-to-shoulder companion who earned with ^{himself} eggs and butter and produce, and who also was a constant drain for doctors' bills.

I'd like to talk a little more about the Indians I have known, because I left that subject. Just over from our farm was Peopeopatalik^t -- Now I want three 'ps' in the pronunciation because that's the way I was taught. He was an Indian man who came up to his eighty-- that's eighty acres allotted by the government--with his two squaws each summer. His place, the Connor place and the Rueben place, like all Indian homes had a dooryard utterly alive with hollyhocks, which only allowed for tramped-down paths to and from the door, to the house and to the toilet, and to the barn. Otherwise, they grew all over the place. And hollyhocks to me are Nez Perce flowers. Peopeotalk^t -- but we said Peopeopatalik^t -- however it was, he came up in the summer and once in a while he'd come up and visit with my dad, who was ^{as} great friends of all the Indians. Another Indian who came to visit us was Charlie White. He was a halfbreed and a handsome large man who was a great baseball catcher in later times, and played on the same team with my husband, who was a kid from Gifford, and at sixteen was a hired second baseman. Charlie played for free with the Lapwaie or Spalding teams on Fourth of July and stock shows and such celebrations ^{as} that would come through the warm weather; and my husband, Guy Wicks, would be hired to come down and ^{be} given ^{him} twenty dollars on the Fourth of July to beef up the excellence of the hitting staff. (chuckles) Charlie's background is illustrative of the scarcity of white women who came West. Men were more adventuresome and they came first, and then there were no women around, save Indian women. Well, Charlie's mother was a maiden of great worth because she not only had two children by this early day settler--who later married in full legality the daughter of a lovely white family that came West, and had another family that was housed and still lives ^{the descendants do,} in Lewiston. They are

a distinguished family and I shall not identify any further. But this Indian woman was put aside when her husband fell in love and could marry this lovely white girl. This silly story was told and I don't believe it for a minute, but it does carry a certain punch-- that when the Indian woman didn't get proper care, or had a disagreement, she just mosied down the river with her tepee and pitched in the yard of the white woman, and things came her way, but quickly. Now, I think that's just a good story, but it is a funny one. (laughter) The ^eimagry is very good, isn't it? Well, Charlie was one of two of her children. Later she married an army man, who was a very early settler, and had another child by him. And I don't think it hurts to tell his name because his father was Tom Beall. There's a creek named for him down between Lapwai and Spalding, and his wife was this same Indian woman, *the old bore says.*

Now, I've found Indians in their adjustment to our culture in my own way in working with PTA. There was an Indian woman who was the president of the Lapwai unit of PTA when I was district president and going around and visiting all the units, ~~and~~ she was a high class Indian woman. But she simply couldn't get to meetings on time--forty minutes late was par. She had her problems. Her little daughter, whose picture is still a lovely thing on ~~the~~ postcards and is emblematic of beautiful Nez Perce maidenhood, broke her mother's heart by running away during high school days and going up to Coeur d'Alene with her boyfriend and distressing her family, no end. Her son came to the University and pledged Tau Kappa Epsilon and was a star basketball player for some time, but he didn't get a degree. He married well, however-- he married the daughter of a fine white family from up the road ^{aways}, who nearly died at the match. But in due time this young Indian man was in a bar and someone provoked his anger, and he took a swing at them. Well, the fellow didn't like being swung at, and he swung back and hit this chap square on the tip of his chin. The fellow fell backward, dead. He'd been hit by a trick punch, which is known to boxers, ~~and~~ ^Tthe man who finds

this punch fatal is called a man with a "glass jaw." ~~And~~ my friend's son was dead. There was a grandchild, and at the funeral of this young man, the white in-laws came, and that was the first time that the Indians and whites had mixed. Now this is within the last ten, fifteen years. So the amalgamations and the melting of races and the assumptions of cultures is still a very living struggle.

Now, let's see, what other Indians have I known that are colorful? I told you about Rueben and Connor and Peopeotalkt, ~~yep~~. I think those are the main ones. There are other stories regarding the scarcity of women. Another man who was a big-time cattle man, and who has descendants living, so I shan't name him. ~~Had~~ a mistress named Brocky Jack. He took her out of a house, and she had had smallpox ~~at~~ some time and her face was greatly pocked, so they said she was "brockied," which I guess means deeply freckled or speckled. ~~And~~ Brocky Jack was very conscious of her lack of status. We had some friends, named Vernon who were very proud people, and Mrs. Vernon could sew. ~~So~~ Brocky Jack, the story goes, would bring a pattern, material, thread, etc. and put it on the post of the gate and ride away. ^{Vernon} Mrs. Vernon would then come out of her house, go down and get the dress makings, and take them inside and in due time produce a garment. I suppose there was a note accompanying ~~regarding~~ measurements, or maybe the pattern sufficed, I don't know; but then the garment was placed on the gate post and Brocky Jack drove back or rode back and picked up the dress. ^{left money,} So there never was any personal contact. This, I imagine, was a matter of pride with Brocky Jack quite as much as Mrs. Vernon. She was not about to be snubbed. And I don't think, knowing Mrs. Vernon, that she would have been.

Now there's another Indian story that I wish to tell because it hurt me to see this happen. Jane Silcott was the daughter of Chief Timothy, and she was married to Silcott, Captain Joseph Silcott, who was Snake River boat captain. She died and he buried her where her grave could look up the Snake River at the confluence of the Snake and the Clearwater Rivers. For many years that tall, white shaft was there. ~~And~~ we all thought of the fact that here was a white man who

had loved his wife enough to mark her grave in such a knowing way. But in due time vandals came and ripped down the monument and desecrated the grave, and now there is nothing but harvest ^{land} what over the place where this touching monument used to be.

I have another story about Jane Silcott and her husband. A friend of mine was a seventeen year old boy and working around the Raymond House, an early day hotel in Lewiston, and from the train one day came a distinguished lady from the East who said she had come to visit her brother, Joseph Silcott. Well, word was sent to Joseph Silcott, and he came in all dressed up and took his sister to dinner, he took her for a ride, he entertained her as royally as Lewiston afforded for several days. And then put her on the train and sent her home, never having taken her back to his house or having introduced her to his wife. Whether she ever knew that he was married to an Indian woman is quite doubtful, because she was made happy as could be, and perhaps there was never a question in her mind.

Now, let's see what other stories I have here.

Oh, when I was a little girl during World War I, and we were busy growing food for those big brothers overseas, I trapped squirrels. I got a nickle a tail, and a dime for a weasel, and lots of times I got snakes, I never got a rattler though. ~~And~~ I learned that I could take a little scout size axe and dispatch the squirrels, protesting and fighting for their little lives, caught in those traps. ~~That~~ I ^{had to} ~~could~~ pull 'em by their poor little caught legs from where they'd frantically try to stay down the hole; that I could pull them forth and dispatch them, because, after all, I had to preserve the food for our boys. ~~This~~ was a terrible lesson for a little girl to have to learn, but learn it I did. I took the money from those squirrels' tails and sent to Sears Roebuck and got myself a ukelele. I learned four chords, and oh, my! if I couldn't sing up a storm with that instrument. (chuckles) ~~And~~ we also had an old fashioned phonograph that my parents had bought at ^{Jim Bell's} ~~Beall's~~ store in Gene see. This store had formerly been owned by Mark Means. And oh, my, it had such delightful records, as "Uncle Josh

and the Chinese Laundry," and the "Harrigan," and later I found at my grandparents "The Whistler and His Dog" , and "In the Good Old Summertime". ~~And then~~ having learned to play this instrument, I went over to the Rueben ranch and somebody had left there another phonograph, and on it was "The Whole Dam Family" - "I-be-dam." and You-be-dam, and the whole ~~Dam~~ Family. ~~And~~ when it came time for me to go to town and be sent to Sunday School, and eventually to ^{grade} school, my mother told me very carefully not to sing "Old Dan Tucker was a Good Old Man, washed his face in a frying pan, combed his hair with a wagon wheel, and died with a toothache in his heel." Because I said Old Dan Hailey did this, and Dan Hailey was a very respectable and well liked neighbor, ~~but~~ the hired man had taught me the wrong words. (chuckles) And so of course, on the "I Be Damned" song, I didn't dare sing that for Sunday School, and it was very hard not too, because they wanted verses, and they wanted songs, and those were the only ones I knew. (laughter) Can you imagine how my mother must have suffered wondering what I'd do? About this time, we got the telephone. Now, I hadn't gone to school yet when we got the telephone, and the wire came from a ^{rocked} racked up pole and the pole was just anchored so carefully with great boulders at the corner of our field, and then that heavy wire swung clear across that vast canyon over to the other side to another well-anchored pole. There were nineteen people on our wire, and our ring was two longs and two shorts, and it didn't ring at night, or it didn't ring for long distance unless there was death or disaster. However, one time, it did: It rang at night and my father got up, and I can see him yet in his long underwear and all of us children dashing out of bed, down stairs to find out what terrible thing had happened. Well, it was long distance from Spokane, ~~and~~ a young man who was the son of Reverend Stephen Rueben, his name was Louis. And he said, "Walter?", "Yes." "This is Louis Rueben." "Yes." "I am incarcerated in the Spokane county jail." "You are? What'd you get in trouble about?" "Well, they have me here-- now, Walter, you know I'm the original aborigine." "Yeah, I know that." "Well, they have me incarcerated for intr^{educ}ing liquor on the Nez

Perce Reservation, and I need twenty dollars, Walter. I need it soon."

(chuckles) Well, of course, any landlord is, from time to time, ~~to~~ to have a little good will, and public relations demand a little cash from time to time, but twenty dollars was enormous. That was ^{the} equivalent of a steer. ^{Oh,} I don't remember how my father solved this, but I do remember that my brother, who also rented from Indians, several years later had an amusing incident happen to him along these very lines. (End of Side B)

0212-1 He's ten years older than I. He was renting this Indian land, and in the sixth grade he'd gone to school down at this country school down the canyon road with some girls. I think ~~her~~ ^{their} name was Andrews or Alexander or something, a white name anyway, and there were two of 'em, and they were all in the same grade with Ben. ~~And~~ ^{they} here came, years later, as grown people they were the landladies and he was a prospective renter, ~~and~~ he wanted to do business with them, to rent some of their land, up the Clearwater, out of Lenore. ~~well~~ ^{the} the girls couldn't speak English, they had to have an interpreter. Well, of course, what it was, they were giving some of their boyfriends a little ^{chance to earn a little} government money by interpreting. Why, it was just normal, they'd learned white men's ways--they weren't dumb--and so they had the interpreter there. Well, all the business went on through the interpreter. But from time to time the girls would see Ben in Lewiston or Lapwai or Spalding, or some place, and they'd hit him up for a little money. ~~well~~ ^{usually} he'd give 'em a few dollars, and good will remained at a high point. ~~But~~ ^{One} ~~this~~ Sunday the family was having dinner when rattle-ty-bang into the dooryard came this old Ford with one of the girls and two quite high Indian bucks, and they were all having a very fine time, indeed. ~~And~~ Ben left his dinner table and went down to visit with 'em a minute, ~~and~~ ^{luck} this Indian said, "Pen" (don't make a B sound, it's kind of a P sound) "Pen, Emily would like to have a little money." Ben said, "Well, gee, she's hit me up in Lewiston twice this week, ~~that~~ ^{and} ought to be enough for now. I guess, maybe not today." "Oh, she would like it

very much." "Well, I'll tell you, it's getting a little heavy." ~~And~~ she looked across this very jovial driver and looked merrily at Ben ~~and~~ said, "Ah, Pen, give me a couple of bucks and I'll scam to hell out of here." (chuckles) After that, it just didn't hold to have an interpreter! (Laughter)

Ben served at a completely pagan funeral while he lived on that place. He said that his neighbor died, and he was not a Christian Indian. They hired Ben to bring his team and the running gears of his wagon down, and they just laid a couple of boards across the ^{se} two sets of wheels, you see, the running gears, And the old Indian was rolled in his blanket, his good hat, his quirt, his bridle, his saddle, his saddle blanket, were all with him, And up the hill they went to where a grave was dug, and he was laid in the ground. The Indians are very faithful to one of their dead. ~~And~~ the house was full of friends and relatives. The women keened; absolutely, just as in the old days. ~~And then,~~ my sister-in-law didn't go, ~~but~~ the widow of the dead man gave away everything in that house, and when she didn't have enough possessions to give away, she had some gifts at hand, like ^a dress length of new material, or something. A dress length of cotton material was sent to my sister-in-law, ~~and~~ Ben, for what he had done to help with the funeral, was given a beautiful pair of buckskin gloves, ^{hand,} made by the widow. ~~And~~ when the day was over, she not only did not have her husband anymore, she had no possessions. Now, that was a completely pagan funeral, and the only one I've known of one of the family having a part ^{in.} Most of the Nez Perces were converted by Reverend Spalding and his followers. ~~And~~ this has an amusing aftermath which I'll not tell today because I'm not going to get all this material in. Now, let's see,, ,

I had quite interesting experiences with hired men and bunkhouses. Being the daughter of the family and just a little kid, I was allowed free access everywhere. And I didn't go up into the bunkhouse too much because in the first place it didn't smell good, those unwashed socks didn't leave exactly a pleasant aroma.

And Dad would store his seed corn up there, and the mice'd get in in the winter and they have a distinctive odor. However, up there I learned to braid three strand and four strand and six strand, and there were certain seasons when it was empty; then, of course, it would be full, and I was not encouraged to go near it. ~~But~~ it was right in connection with our house. The bunkhouse was connected to the house by a breezeway, which Dad eventually built a shed over, and under the bunkhouse was a very fine cellar ~~that~~ he built with walls, oh, eighteen inches to two feet thick, ~~and~~ this kept the cream nice and the milk and butter in hottest weather, it was always in quite nice shape--properly provided for in the cellar. The doors were double and triple ~~and~~ with their padding, and so the heat was kept out, and the roof ~~was~~ the bunk house. The ~~men's~~ reading in the bunkhouse was of a variety that my mother didn't condone. Now, it wasn't that it was dirty or four letter words used, because these men were not dirty mouthed people at all; but it was a cheap variety of magazine, like the Blue Book and the Topnotch, and mostly Western stories, not especially ^{well} written, ~~though~~ there was a lot of Zane Grey mingled in with it, which Mother didn't recommend to me, but which she didn't forbid me. However, she forbade me to have anything to do with Horatio Alger, that was too cheap. Now, Gene Stratton Porter, I read with great pleasure. The Girl of the Limberlost and the Harvester, ^{and so forth} were very mild little love stories with lots of nature lore that Mother said I could have. ~~And~~ ^{IP} I had a delightful time the last summer we were there -no not the last summer, but one of the later summers -because we had a hotblooded ^{ugly} thoroughbred called Ruby, and she was such a high spirited animal that I couldn't ride her any place but within the field, or within the dooryard. They wouldn't let me out on the road with her, 'cause she could take ^{the} a bit and go. ~~And~~ ^S so I rode her to keep the cows out of some grain. Dad had a strip of spring wheat that he kept the cows in good shape with, and there ~~were~~ fifteen cows and one bull, and I herded them twice a day all summer on Ruby. And my dear delight was to get a Topnotch to read while I did

my little chore. And if, by any chance I could have found a nickle, and could have bought a Centennial chocolate, it was one chocolate in a box, all by itself, and it had the most delicious cream inside, often with black walnuts, sprinkled in the delicious thing - and I would manage to make that last almost an hour until it melted in my hands, and then read Topnotch, and still be away and by myself like that, and doing my work, why, that was a combination beyond compare.

^{IP} Of course, stock ^{were} ~~were~~ interesting. Father did not encourage us to name animals, because pretty soon they'd ^{have} to be butchered or sold, or something, and since they were part of the business, it wasn't well, ~~that~~ children got their heart-strings too attached. ^{So we} many times named the cows for the wife of the man ^hwo'd sold it to us. Now this made for ~~a~~ amusing situations. Oh, Rosie got in the fence this morning. Oh, old Minnie had her calf last night, or something like that. And it was a source of amusement to us, a little cruel, but all right. We named ^{particular} this summer, I named most of the cows ^{per} movie stars. There was Mary Pickford, and Norma Talmadge, ~~and~~ Colleen More and Pearl White and just the whole gamut of people ^{that} I had had a nickle to go to the Saturday show and get acquainted with ~~these names~~. We didn't know whether to name the bull Francis X. Bushman or Brigham Young, but both names we knew who we were talking ~~about~~ when we named them. (laughter) And that's mainly my story about cows. We've got lovely stories about horses, however. Prince was the first horse that I remember. He was a bald-faced roan, and the sweetest old clumper of a riding horse you ever saw. He practically raised my two older brothers and older sister. When the little fellows would get to fighting on his back, and one would get pushed off, the remaining rider couldn't get Prince to budge 'til he had two fellows on his back. ~~And~~ ^{that} saved many a worry for Mother. Because she knew that the children wouldn't get in trouble because Prince would bring 'em home. There was another horse that we loved, everybody loved; she was Madge, and she was a white Apaloosa. We had bought her from a homesteader who ~~had~~ been snowed in on his claim and had

kept her alive through a winter by baking white bread. She could eat it - she couldn't eat flour, but she could eat white bread, and they kept her alive through the winter. So she was a dear, pink-nosed, light-eyed pet. And of all the people who adored her, Ben was the main one. As a matter of fact, Ben gave me her bridle not five years ago, and I have it here ^{in the closet} to give to the museum when we get a barn section, saying to me, "Here's something old, Gracie. I never found another animal that was good enough to wear it." He, as a sweet, tenderhearted little boy, aged about ten, fell in love with Madge. ~~And~~ She was his horse. ~~And~~ He tended her, he curried her, he babied her with special food, and he loved her. Well, one day we went to town for Decoration Day (and I'll speak of Decoration Days next). ~~And~~ When we got home, there was a little colt, a beautiful Appaloosa, but Madge was dead. She'd had her colt and she hadn't survived. ~~And~~ Ben told me when he gave me her bridle how terrible it had been for him to see Madge with a rope put around her neck and dragged out and down into the canyon, which was the burial she got. He said, "Just like so much garbage." How his little heart had bled. Now Prince was buried, he was buried under a thorn bush, and I can find it to this day. He was properly buried, but Madge was just dragged ^{down} over the edge of the canyon. I suppose Dad was very busy, or he certainly would never have done this that way. ~~And~~ ^V we never knew quite where Madge was, but Prince's place is still marked. There were other horses but few of them that took the places of these two. ^P I also have a story of a mad dog--a mad coyote--it was. People lived on the Rueben ranch (and this was before I can remember much about it) who were white, named ^{Troutman} Troutman, ~~And~~ ^{Troutman} Mr. Troutman went out after the cow one morning, and took his little boy with him. As they went out past ~~a~~ straw stack, out past the end of ^{the} barn, which my father owned, to get the cow, a coyote in most unusual fashion, loped right up to the little boy and bit him ~~on~~ the cheek. Before the father could prevent it, or anything, that child was bit ⁱⁿ the cheek. Well, of course ^{the father} he dispatched the coyote, and its mouth was frothing and it ob-

viously was infected by rabies. Well, they took the little boy, who became violently ill, to the ^{Toomey} Toomey Hospital in Genesee, ^{where} and he lived for some time. ~~And~~ The wound healed to a scab the size of a grain of wheat, a nurse later told me, and then he went mad and had a horrible death. Our dogs at that time were Stub and Jack, and ~~the~~ the only times I've ever known that they were kept in at night - and this was in the granary - was in that trying interlude. ~~And~~ When they were out, they were muzzled for fear they would infect another animal or bite one of us children. Because, if rabies were rampant, then, of course, every living creature was vulnerable. This was a very trying time, as I remember it. It was only later that I talked to the nurse, who was a neighbor of ours, and learned about how close the little boy had come to healing in the course of the terrible disease. ~~But of course~~ At that time there was no Pasteur or ~~the finding of~~ serum or anything-- rabies were just fatal; ~~and~~ if you got it in a rat population or a squirrel population, or a coyote population, you just had to live with it until you could dispatch all ^{of} the infected animals. Time does march on, and the world does get better in many ways.

I remember when electricity came to our home. Of course, we just had the center cord come down with a light on it, but Mother did insist on some pretty shades. ~~And~~ She ~~did~~ used high powered globes, which many of our friends did not. ~~But~~ ~~we~~ we were all readers in our family and we had to have light, she felt. ~~And~~ ~~we~~ we read a great deal of the classics, so that the fine print of the classic books had to be seen to be read. ~~And~~ so she had the electric lights in that fashion. It was, I think, 1916 when we got electric ^{lights} lights, ~~and~~ and the man who wired our house was named ^{Walser} Walter; he was very handsome and he got a crush on my older sister, but it didn't last long. ^{Electricity} This was a great boon to us, ~~and~~ ~~then~~ Mother wanted an electric washer: But how to get an electric washer? ^{It} Well, she had another horse I should tell you about. ~~His~~ His name was Follow Me. He had been trained by a dear friend

named Jim Vernon to follow Mr. Vernon every place that Mr. Vernon went as long as he carried a whip. ~~And~~ Follow Me was a large Clydesdale, in part, so that it gave him large bones, and he was about fifteen hands high. Mother didn't have a fancy buggy. She had a utility, four-wheeled vehicle that she could take the cream cans and the egg crate and the raspberry crate or the cherry ~~crate~~ ^{box} and a couple of children and go to town, ~~with~~ ~~this~~. Mother was always dainty and pretty, and she would get her face made up, ~~and~~ her false switch on, ~~and~~ her hat set just right, and her makeup wound up with Cream d' Camelia, and oh she smelled so good and she looked so pretty, ~~and~~ ~~then~~ she'd put on a duster to keep her costume nicely free of dust for when she got to town ~~to do~~ ^{where she did} her trading. As a little girl I also had a duster that I wore, and oh I remember getting all tricked out ready to go to town, ~~and~~ then that dust along that dirt road would just ~~get~~ ^{pile} on my pretty little shoes and ~~get~~ on my duster. ~~And~~ ~~when~~ we'd get to town, we'd just have to be brushed and shaken thoroughly, and then we'd leave the dusters in the rig while we went down town with our dresses as nicely starched and ironed as they could be after six miles or five miles, whatever it was, of going through the heat to town. The only thing was that I was a delicate child, and no matter what I ate at my grandmother's at noon, if I had the slightest treat, like a little ice cream cone from the confectionery, named Smolt's, all the way home from ~~the~~ ^{rest} ~~the~~ cemetery on ^{the way I'd} usually, ~~I~~ would have to vomit, ~~and~~ I would have a headache, ~~and~~ it was nothing but nerves from the terrific excitement of getting to go to town. ~~And~~ ~~to~~ this day I love the fact that we have closed, warm cars for transportation. ~~Because~~ ~~the~~ weather can't keep us home and disappoint the very living daylight of us, like it did when I was a child. (chuckles)

Well, Mother was a charming person, and she would entertain us with observations and human interest stories as we'd ride along. ~~And~~ ~~since~~ she was such a lonely person she used as companions the ears of her children. And we got all

the lore from her former home in Michigan, and when letters came ^{why} we kept up with the births and deaths and marriages and engagements and everything else of her friends back there. ~~And~~ on these rides, when there'd be the time just to put in while Follow Me took us to town and brought us home, ~~why~~ she would just regale us with one delight after another. Follow Me had a certain area where he was king. And that was coming up a portion of the road which still is there, but has just a little flat place as you climb rather a steep hill. In this flat place, where Mother could easily put her foot on the brake and hold the buggy, Follow Me knew that ~~that~~ he'd get a little breather. ^{however,} And so, when he would approach this flat place, really, swish, swish, swish, would go his tail back and forth, reminding ^{ing the} ~~that~~ lady driver behind him that it was time, ~~And so~~ she'd put her foot on the brake and laugh and give him a rest. Many times as he switched to go forward, he would break wind mightily, and we would have to protect ourselves from anything that was liquid thereof, but up the hill he would go, (laughter) not expecting another rest till he got to our upper gate. ~~And~~ then whatever child was there - not a little girl like me, but my ~~little~~ brother four years older - was the one to open the gate, and then down the road past the locust and the walnuts we would go, ~~And~~ ⁺ then we'd see the light of home and the smoke coming out the chimney, and was that a nice welcome, I'll tell you that was home and love and comfort. ~~And yet,~~ ^{however} I can remember many times when we came home, and all of us were along, and so we came into a cold house. We had to light the ^{lamps} ~~lights,~~ ~~we had to~~ go out and gather kindling and chips, come in and build a fire, heat water and Mother ^{would} make biscuits. ~~And~~ it took quite a little while to get the comfort going. How simple it is these days, and how different from then.

My father was so sweet about his yard, ~~always~~. He planted lilacs; he planted yellow roses; he planted a climber rose; he planted trees for shade; and he tended them carefully. Out in the back, near where my play box of sand was, and my

little playhouse was, was a row of locusts and in front of them-- oh, yes, many syringas--were a row of beehives, and we had our own honey. Mother didn't do outside work, and she didn't have her daughters out in the field or the corral or the garden, either. It gave a girl a big ~~pick~~^{wrist} to do heavy work and she wasn't about to have her daughters in that realm of activity at all, and we never were hired girls to the neighbors. The neighbors came to our house, but never did we work for anyone else. This was her little pride.

So when, from time to time, Mother would get all bundled up with a wide brimmed hat and a veil and one of Dad's coats and long, long skirts, and gloves, ~~and~~ ties at the bottoms of her sleeves, and ties around her neck, we'd know she was going to hive a swarm of bees. This she ~~often~~^{did}, and this she did well. ~~And~~ she never was stung. This was fortunate, because we learned much later that she was allergic to bee stings ~~and~~ venom. This came about when she went back to the farm to help harvest the honey, and was just staying all night in Dad's bachelor diggings, ~~and~~ ~~they~~ were working with the honey, and she had a five gallon kerosene oil tin which Dad had cut out the head of and had pounded down so that it was a lovely big, clean container. ~~And~~ they put the honeycomb in the ~~top~~^{one time}. ~~And~~ the comb would stay on top and the honey would drain down into the bottom, ~~and~~ Oh, it was simply delicious with her biscuits, made of sour cream or sweet cream, and served with homemade butter, and that good honey, I'll tell you--it's ~~was~~ ambrosia. Well, this particular time, Mother was washing a five gallon container, and a dead bee ~~was~~ clung to the edge of the container from the year before's use. As she swished her cloth, and the suds of the water around to wash the container, her ring finger on her right hand came in contact with the stinger of that dead bee and it ~~stung~~^{hurt} her. She got the venom from the dead stinger, and ~~she~~ was so violently ill that Dad had to cut her corset strings and bring her to town immediately, ~~and~~ she nearly died. Now the rest of us, we had been stung a zillion

times, but Mother should have never been stung. She just wasn't very well suited to the life she lived.

Oh, yes, I did, too, hire out to the neighbors. It was after we lived in town. And what I did, was make a layette for the lady next door, and she paid me for embroidering all the pretties on the baby's little nighties and sacks and hug-me-tights, and all the little robes and things. I loved to embroider. I've got a hankie here that I crocheted ^{on edge} on when I was four years old. I have a pillow top that I worked on ~~when~~ I was younger than that, though I don't know how much younger. ~~And~~ [✓] when the big ladies would be doing their needlework, why, of course. I wanted to too, and I learned to knit and crochet ~~and~~ and do all the things that I still enjoy doing, if I only had the eyes to do it all, just like they did. ~~So~~ I prettied that layette, and then I got so I dusted and vacuumed for her ~~and~~ she paid me ten cents an hour for all this. I was in high school. But that's not the lowest wage I ever got. In the early twenties I was night operator, ~~well, let's see, this was the summer of 1925 --~~ I was night operator of the telephone company. It was a local company, and my father was a director and was able to pull strings to get his daughter a job. I worked for thirty dollars a month. ~~And~~ I went on Saturday night to take up my duties at nine o'clock, and I didn't leave the place until seven o'clock Monday morning. The way the hours worked out I made nine cents an hour. I was terrified in some aspects of this job, because in a thunderstorm every key there came down on that switchboard. ~~And if a woman was expecting a baby and,~~ [✓] of course everybody knew everybody, I'd get calls saying, "Gracie, what time is it? Is it time to take my bread out? The clock stopped." Or they would say, "Will you look up in the Sears Roebuck catalogue and tell me what's on page eleven?" "The page is missing." Or some such thing. Well, I remember one violent thunderstorm when the keys were just playing a dance on that keyboard--switchboard-- one of the older girls in

high school was having a baby, and they called for the doctor, and I had to plug in on that lively switchboard, and I was terrified. The electricity was off and I had to hand grind the ring, but I got her the doctor all right. My bed was pulled up right under the protruding counter of the switchboard and I slept right there, and in the daytime I made the bed and I pushed it over next to the wall. The sanitary facilities were out back, ^{indoors but} and it was an unfinished attic that went clear up two stories, and bats inhabited that place. And at night, if I felt the call of nature I was terrified going out there to that constantly running little old toilet. And so, I would suffer until daylight came, if possible. Otherwise, there were many fringe benefits in the job. I had a beau who was across the street in the bank... (End of Side C)

(Third Interview:)

SAM SCHRAGER: Graee Wicks relates many memories of early day life around Genesee, including the great importance of goodhousekeeping, heart-ⁱⁿ-hand marriages, the stockshow celebration; Genesee stores and cultural events; playing piano at the local movie house, ^{and} in the big city of Lewiston. She describes the trying World War I years in her family, with the terrible injury of her brother Lew, and also, the major family undertaking, that was washday.

GRACE WICKS: I'd like to talk about washdays I can remember. I can remember I ^{was} at my grandparents' home, where my great auntie was struggling to wash the long woolen drawers of my grandfather, ~~her brother~~ ^{her younger brother}. Her name was Mary Jane ^{Lanphear} ~~Lanphere~~ and his was Joshua Giles ^{Lanphaer} ~~Lanphere~~, and they lived in Troy, Idaho at th^{at} time.

He had problems with his elimination, and this meant that she had a terrific task of trying to keep him tidy. ~~And~~ He wore the heaviest of woolen drawers, and a long shirt with long sleeves and high neck--winter and summer. He said in the summer it insulated him, and I guess it did, because he never seemed to be over-warm, and in the winter he needed it; so that's the way he dressed year in and year out. ~~And~~ ^{Over} the washboard those heavy garments would become almost as

rigid as boards. ~~But~~ She would struggle ~~away~~ with the yellow soap and the washboard and eventually out would come a very cleanly garment, which was thence hung on the line so that it got all the sweetness of outdoor air. ~~And~~ then they were ready for the next time. These people were as clean as any in their time, but they bathed once a week and changed their underclothing once a week. ~~And~~ Grandfather slept in his underwear. They also had heavy blankets on the bed. ~~And~~ I can remember one of the most uncomfortable nights of my entire life in their home, when I was put to sleep in a guest room between Mother and Dad, which was a warm position anyway, and up and down my back was this hot, prickly feeling that robbed me of my rest. It was caused by hand woven, woolen sheets--not blankets--sheets. You could see the warp and woof very plainly in their texture, and they were prized ^a possession ^{for} set aside the delight of company in winter weather. Being, as I found ^{some} ~~nine~~ years later, completely allergic to wool, I broke out in red welts all up and down my back and ^{thought} that was a very, ^{very,} uncomfortable situation. I thought Troy was a great metropolis, ~~however~~ the population was probably ~~375~~ ³⁷⁵, because there was a train that went through at night on the Northern Pacific track, and ~~the~~ cows who grazed around the village had bells. Now that was ^{real} ~~end of~~ sophistication to me. ~~So~~ to wake in the night or perhaps it was during this miserable night, I can remember the satisfactions of hearing those two sounds to which I was strange, and which meant something magic to me.

~~Now,~~ another washday I remember very clearly was at home on the farm. We had a washer, which was a wooden tub with a handle on it on the side, and it turned back and forth with some vigorous arm propelling it, four hundred times for the dirty towels, four hundred times for the dirty mens' shirts, much less time for the tea towels, and much less time for the ladies' undergarments. Of course, Mother didn't stop with one petticoat--she had one inner petticoat and two outer petticoats, and this was for every day. When she dressed pp she had more. She had a corset cover. She had all of the proper fixings to be adequately

covered at all times. This made for lots of washing, and in due time, my older sister joined her in numbers of garments, ~~and~~ so there was lots of light underwear. The towels, in addition to the four hundred turns, were put to boil in heavy lye suds on the big old kitchen range in an enormous washer boiler. This had a lid, and in due time it would just boil and bubble and smell up the house, ~~and~~ make steam in the house, and that was a delicious odor of cleanliness. Often times Dad would help us, many times the big boys, but sometimes it'd be Dad, and when ~~it was~~ ^{he did} I was always glad because he was a generous treater. Mother didn't believe in in-between meal snacks, but Father was a little more lenient with small, hungry people, and from time to time he would slice off some of her delicious homemade white bread, (oftentimes dark bread, but more often white) and put on a thick covering of good homemade, well worked butter, and then, for the pure ambrosia, he would put on plenty of sugar. Now this was a washday treat because Dad wasn't in the house at any other ^{walk} time. ~~But~~ I remember it to this day and walking out into the yard feeling simply on cloud nine, and listening for bluebirds, or watching any of the exciting events that the animals created 'round about, and thinking that this was a very nice world. Now the next washday that I remember came about in a different way. Mother had electricity in town after 1916, which means I was ten years old, and she wanted an electric washer, but how ~~xxx~~ to get it! Father's income, he told me one time, was such that sometimes he was glad for even an extra calf at the end of the year. So it wasn't any use to look to Dad to buy the electric washer, ~~But~~ she had Follow Me, and there was Ruby, that hot blooded riding horse, and one way and another, she just figured out that if she sold those two very fine possessions, she could maybe get some things that'd do her more good. So she sold Follow Me - he went for a very good price and broke all our hearts, but this was par for the course when an animal was part of one's business. And later ^{they} sold Ruby, and this yielded enough money for an elec-

tric washer, an excellent Maytag, with an agitator middle, and a wringer--a round roll wringer--and it also yielded enough money for a Cable Nelson piano. Oh, was this a real goal, not for anyone but me, because the rest of the family had to listen to me thump. But for years my mother had been having me go to friends to take music lessons on the piano, and then come at eleven-thirty each morning from school and stop by for thirty minutes of good practice before I came home for lunch, which of course, at our house at noon was dinner. So I was pretty well along in taking lessons on how to play the piano, and here I had one of my own!! For the first three days I thought it was disloyal not play it, and I am sure the family must have nearly lost their minds, but they were very indulgent and very loyal, and they never once indicated that they were completely tired of that banging. I had a number of nice little pieces and both Mother and Father showed me off to every guest that came, and ^{when you're} this was great stuff, ^{at} that age. (laughter) Now, the washdays, ^{if} that I remember with the Maytag were also unique in one way. Oh, let me retrogress, and go back to the farm. Because after all of these turns on the washer and all of the wringing that some sturdy arm had to do because Mother's was not equal to it, and all of the boiling and then all of the rinsing--and Mother was a great rinser, because she felt that soap left in garments was not good for peoples' skin, let alone her precious family's skin, so she was very careful to rinse; and of course everything was spring water, and the least bubble of soap showed, so she would put it through one or two or three waters. Then it would be wrung the final time and put upon the clothesline. Father was never one to put up a clothes post. He depended on nature or what was handy. For example, a droopy wire, it could go from the corner of the toilet to the corner of the bedroom of the house. Or it could go from the pear tree over to the corner of the porch, or wherever there would be space indicated. And that's where we'd ^{hang our} ~~hang our~~ clothes along toward four in the afternoon, having begun good and brisk and early in the morning. ~~And~~ [†] those clothes

would stay out all night and we hoped it wouldn't rain, and wouldn't blow them. But if it did we had very sturdy pins and very sturdy precautions were taken so that they would nt blow off. Many times they wrapped around and got very tangled, especially the legs of a man's long pants. But otherwise the clothes just stayed there till they finally dried, in good weather. that is. In winter time, oh, what a struggle to get the clothes dry. ~~And~~ if you were in such a position as to have to wash the winter cotton blankets, to get them dry meant having draperies of wet steaming garments around the living room for days, with the heater going full blast. Oh, usually ~~I'm exaggerating on that~~ ^{usually} a day and a night did it. Most of us just suffered it through and kept as clean as possible. Then the clothes had to be brought in and the kitchen table would be heaped high, ~~and~~ ^T it was a big kitchen table that seated ~~eight or~~ ten. ~~And~~ it would be stacked with these stiffly frozen (sometimes) clothes, or stiffly dried clothes, and then would come the task of folding them and putting ^{them} away. ~~But~~ most of the time, when they would have been hung outdoors, we were rewarded by their delicious smell. And how nice we knew they were going to be to use. ~~And~~ ^S so, we didn't mind much. ~~But~~ ^T the folding process was yet another one of the tasks of laundry--a big one--matching all the socks for seven, eight or so people, doing all of the towels in a stack, and all of the tea towels in a stack, and all of the underwear for various people in their stacks. Oh, my, this took a lot of sorting and a lot of doing.

to the ranch
To go back to the electric washer: During World War I, when Father came back to take care of growing food and the boys were in the service, we had to go to town to use the electric washer, and this meant a full day. Mother would pack up all of the dirty clothes. and ~~to~~ me and into the buggy we'd go, and ~~into~~ town we'd ~~go with~~ ^{drive planning} whatever other errands she had to do. ~~And~~ we'd ^{go} get down to the house and open up ^{midst} the closed smell of it and get water heated. We had a faucet for cold water, and we had a reservoir for heating water, but coming in in the summer meant that we had to fire up, fill the range and get it going, and the sweat would pour ~~and~~ the wood ^{would} have to be gathered, and the whole bit, ~~but~~ ^V we'd get

things going, and in due time start the washer, ~~and then get them~~ ^{ting the clothes} out on the line as fast as ever we could, so that we could go home that night with a dry batch of clothes. This took a lot of doing, and there wasn't very much time for ^a little girl to get to that piano, which she had been deprived of for a few weeks, or a few days, whatever it was. ~~And~~ my goodness, I didn't go to the lengths of hunting up a little girl friend to play with, there just wasn't time. If I had a minute, I dropped ~~into~~ ^{bench} the piano and had my fun. That was a real pleasure. ~~And~~ ^{during} World War I, we had a number of catchy songs, like OVER THERE and KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING, and IT'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL, and ^{then} 'the other one, IT'S A LONG LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY. All of these tunes had great spirit. ~~And then~~ there was the nostalgic love song of TILL WE MEET AGAIN, and MARQUITA -- ~~And~~ delightful tunes which I thoroughly enjoyed playing and singing, ~~and~~ ^{often} sometimes Mother sang with me, and we'd have a little fun along with our work.

^{these days} ~~Now~~. I am torn between two ways of washing. Our apartment house affords yet an agitator washer with an electric ^{roll} wringer. Using this is a real privilege, because one keeps one's clothes so beautifully white and beautifully bright colored, because you never mix colors in that kind of washer; you just use another washing-- another tub full of water. Now, in an automatic washer, which is downstairs, and which we can use for twenty five cents, I frequently go down, but it's for specialized occasions; because if I give ⁱⁿ to the temptation of putting a full load in, and load in dark-colored things with my light-colored underwear, pretty soon I have a slightly dingy ^{to} look to the whole light batch of clothing that I want to ^{wear or} use. ~~And~~ ⁺ this ~~just~~ makes me cringe. So, oftentimes, I don't use the quick way of washing for the twenty five cents. I go upstairs and take the time that it takes to do a good job. And that's just what I've finished now!

~~Now~~, some of the other things I wanted to talk about this morning. We were talking about the boys going ~~into~~ World War I. This meant that my father, who was then along toward fifty or in his fifties, with a bad back, had to take the

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six ~~horse~~ team of costly mules that the boys could handle with their young vigorous shoulders and use them to plow and harrow and seed, do the other farm chores, ~~and~~ those animals were Missouri mules, and they cost eight hundred dollars a span, which was outrageous when you could get a good team of horses for two hundred and fifty. But these mules were marvelous animals, except that they had hard mouths. By a hard mouth, I mean that they had been abused along the way, and there were callouses on their lips, etc, so that they didn't respond readily to being pulled in guidance by a bit. So Dad's poor old shoulders would get so tired, and his back nearly break across the small of it, ~~and~~ he'd come in and sit on the kitchen stove oven door so that the heat would pour out upon his tender muscles, and hope for some relief before he'd go back and try to do his work again. Of course, he would have hired it done by someone if he possibly could, but there was no available man to be found. My next older brother than I was four years older, and he just was too young to take on the task. My oldest brother started my folks by coming in one day and saying, "I'm enlisting." Well, of course no parent likes to hear that. But I remember Dad setting his mouth and the tears coming to his eyes, and he swallowing right back, and sticking out his hand to Lew, and saying, "I'm proud of you." ~~And~~ So, Lew went to enlist in World War I. This was 1917. But he was rejected. He was rejected because he only had one-fifth of vision in his left eye. What had happened was that as a boy he had been in the barn tending the animals, and there was a wire stretched from one end of the barn to the other, and on that a lantern hung, and could be moved from place to place to light whose ever task was at hand. One time that wire broke, and by some ill chance, the broken end landed square in Lew's left eye and took four-fifths of his vision. It was the left eye, so he felt that he perhaps would pass the physical examination, and it was only then that we realized how little vision he had had all this time in his left eye. So he was rejected. But in due time his number came up in the draft, he went to be examined, and was

taken. He landed eventually in a machine gun battalion which was the crack ~~shot~~ ^{shooting outfit} battalion in the AEF in France once the war was over. He could shoot with that right eye like a million dollars, and it didn't bother one bit that his left eye was nearly blind.

Ben came along to be also drafted, and he went into a remount section. This meant that ^{as} his life had always been with animals, so it continued to be. ~~And~~ he worked horses and mules through the entire war and saw no action. However, Lew's service was so filled with action that ~~hat~~ he still is suffering from it. He was such a young and hardy man, but a dreadful thing happened to him in the battle of Chateau Thierry. He was a ~~---~~ ^A big shell burst right in front of him and knocked him backward into a trench. He landed on the back of his neck, which didn't break his neck, but which so damaged it that for many years he had the most excruciating ^a ^{pain} from time to time that would last, usually about three days. His face would be livid, ~~and~~ his eyes washed of color and he would be so very ill during that time. ~~And~~ ^{to} the doctors at the Vet Hospital told him that until his neck became rigid, he would have to endure this pain. ~~But~~ ⁺ they could give him no compensation, ^{however} because, when this happened to him he was gathered up and taken to a hospital, and no connection ~~of~~ record was made of his problem, though he was eight months in hospital. During this time, he was given drugs to ease his agony, ~~and~~ until he was too dependent upon them. Then he was broken of ~~that~~ dependence and all of this took much time, and yet never ^{were the} ~~was a~~ records cleared that this was a soldier hurt in action. Finally, after twenty years or so, he received eleven dollars a month, which was better than nothing, but which always seemed ^{great} irony to the family. ^{IP} I visited him recently, now that he is eighty years old and in a nursing home in Lewiston, and he ^{can} ~~can~~ move his legs. He said this ~~was~~ all stemmed from when he had a forced march along with his battalion into Germany through the mud for twenty-four solid hours, and there wasn't one drop of water

or one bite of food for them during the entire time. ~~And~~ When they got ^{to} their destination there was food there, and many soldiers became violently ill when they ate. ~~But~~ Lew said he escaped because first he drank a great deal of water. So he was able to stand it. ^P It's often that the first-class private has caustic comments to make on the leadership of the second lieutenant who is in charge of him and his buddies. Lew's comment along this direction was of the time when he was standing guard, and everybody else was asleep in an exhausted sleep because they had been in an offensive. ~~And~~ they'd had no food for such a long time, and it came and the ^{li}utenant bounded up and he said, "Wake everybody up, here's food." ~~And~~ Lew went over and took the lid off the can of stew and out to him came the odor of the sourest, ^{most} spoiled batch of food that you ever smelled. ~~And~~ he told the lieutenant, and the ^{li}utenant was a little dingy, and he said, "Oh, wake 'em up, wake 'em up!" ~~And~~ Lew said, "What's the reason?" "What's the good of it? They're so tired and they can't eat this." "Well, those are orders, wake 'em up." Lew said, "I'll shoot you, before I'll do it." And he said, "You know, that young man was younger than I was, and he just kind of turned around and walked away, and he never did give me ^{a bad} ~~hell~~ for that time about that. "But," he said, "I'd have killed him." (laughter) They got pretty short tempered, I am sure, when they were that tired and had been on that kind of wretched business that long.

When letters would come from my big brothers. I would ~~be~~ bringing the mail home to my folks. I would stop enroute from school at the post office, and our mail box was 221, and the combination was one on J, and one on R. Now, ^a pioneer merchant in Genesee was Jacob Rosenst~~e~~in, so we always said. the combination was Jacob Rosenst~~e~~in, one on J and one on R. And if there was a letter from the boys -- and oh my, those were infrequent; but if one did get into that mail box, I'd go home ten feet tall, stepping high, barely able to get there. so that Mother could slit the envelope and we all could read how the boys were. ~~And~~ we'd look at that postmark so hard, because, at least we knew they'd been alive to write

the letter. ~~But~~ ^{the} news of hurts and news of their doings was all too infrequent. During the time that Lew was in this hospital' ^{and} unidentified, as it were, he received not one letter from home or one scrap of mail because he was just lost. And he received not one cent of pay during that whole long eight months. This ^{puts} sand in the craw of a human being, and Lew has always been quite a quiet, taciturn, over-serious man; but I am sure a personality that couldn't ^{survive} measure up to that kind of adjustment would never have survived, ^{otherwise,} in wholesomeness, mentally, through such an ordeal.

There are many hurts in war that can't be counted on the casualty list, and nobody hates war more than I. ~~And~~ ^{as} each one has engulfed my life--this one first, and my husband in World War II, my brother-in-law and nephews in the Korean War, and my son in the Vietnamese War--each time, I have to make my terrific adjustment.

Now, we were going to talk about some other things ^{what}--Sam, today?

Oh, I was going to talk about heart ⁱⁿ⁻ hand marriages, wasn't I?

Well, heart ⁱⁿ⁻ hand marriages had to be more or less resorted ^{to} in pioneer times, because as I said before in ~~these~~ interviews so many more men came on the adventuresome trail of conquering the West than women did, ~~and~~ ^{so} the men had to do the best they could. And if they were respectable people they wanted to marry the women that they ^{admired} ~~consorted with~~, and they wanted to establish homes and raise families. ~~And so~~ ^{home} they would send back, maybe, for somebody they remembered, or maybe they'd go home and marry a widow of an old friend, or maybe they themselves were widowers, and they'd go back and marry a younger sister, or a younger person in the town from which they'd come. One couple that I know, knew very well, were wonderful people. The man's name was Will Nixon. He was a highly respected farmer in Genesee, and a very close friend of my family, In fact, at my father's funeral, he said to me, "Grace, I think I am your father's oldest friend who will be here." ~~But~~ ^{has further} a man named Joe ~~has~~ brother stepped up and said, "No, Will, I think I'm

his oldest friend here." And so they had a little exchange, both of them being well along in their eighties. Dad was seventy three. ~~And~~ Mr. Nixon—Mother called him Will, and Dad called him Will, but to us children, he was always Mr. Nixon—
(End of Side A)
/ Needed a wife, and so he sent back East, and I don't remember just how, but it had something to do with letter writing, so this wasn't true heart-in-hand, but it was a lettered courtship, ~~And~~ He asked this lady who ~~se~~ name was May, but I don't know her maiden name, who was a very refined and lovely looking person who wore glasses with a delightful little chain that went back to an earpiece, which had a very feminine looking nose pincher across the bridge of her pretty nose. She was a lovely person. And it was their oldest child that made the spot in our raspberry patch. But they lost this boy early in life; and then they had another daughter, Frances, who was a lovely girl, but she died in her teens, also, from a quick throat infection. ~~And~~ ^T that left only the girl, my age, also named Grace. She presently is ^a retired school teacher in Clarkston, and is the heir to the vast family holdings, which were choice, on the south side of Genesee and on down the Central Grade—well laid out land which, of course has no heir. ^{as she never married.} Mr. Nixon was a scholarly man, as was his wife. They both were students and very intelligent people. ~~But~~ ^W When Mrs. Nixon came to the depressed years of the menopause, her personality became quite ingrown, and one day she walked into the Snake River, *The day Grace graduated from high school.*

Another couple that was a true heart-in-hand couple, ~~were~~— the man was very handsome, but the woman was definitely plain. ~~And~~ ^T they both had signed up with ^{is} the agency which would get lonely people together. She had come West and had married this gentleman, who had a fine farm south of Genesee, where the family in third generation is farming. ~~And~~ ^T they quarreled. They were known to be a quarrelsome couple. They tried to keep their family squabbles private, but their children were also contentious in some instances; they had three. It was an unpleasant domestic situation always, but they lived out their lives together of over forty years just with pure endurance. They had one daughter who was happy

and pretty and she got away from home early-- a beautiful woman. They had a son, who was by streaks exceedingly charming and exceedingly exasperating. He went to the University of Washington, and was quite a hell-raiser. But, he married a lovely girl from Troy, and they had a nice family; the son of which is presently farming the home place.

There was also another couple. Well, there were three of them-- the women were half-breed Indians. And, in each case, the people lived out their entire lives together; produced very handsome children, who adjusted well to society, and who were not ashamed of their antecedents; who were glad they inherited ~~inherited~~ Indian land, and who lived very useful and pleasant lives, well accepted by everyone. As a matter of fact, I know a fourth one. One of these couples, where the half-breed part came in; the man was an army man, who retired, straight as a ramrod in his saddle, and his full-blooded wife was a dear woman and she was shaped just about like an egg: fat, a little greasy, black eyed, lank hair, ^{ed} and dull of expression. But she was a fine woman just the same, and produced two very nice daughters. I remember her one time coming to my mother's home at Mother's invitation, and unwrapping a beautiful white elk Indian dress; beaded and trimmed with porcupine quills, and elk teeth, and fringe. It was a work of art. I don't ^{know} where it is presently, but I am sure that ~~it~~ is not destroyed. ~~And~~, if we ^{could} ~~can~~ get it for the museum here it would be a real treasure. I don't suppose anyone has approached the family ^{about} ~~to~~ having it preserved in such fashion, and it might be something we could pursue. ~~Because~~ the half-breed daughter still lives in a lovely retirement home over on the coast. She had the start of her ^{Indian} grant, and her husband was a good farmer, and they also acquired what the old soldier had accumulated, so they had a very fine start. ~~and~~ ^T they went on from there, and they are comfortable, indeed. I wouldn't say wealthy, but certainly comfortable. As a matter of fact, there wasn't a single one of these couples which had the start from the Indian land but what did very well. There was one Indian woman

whom I haven't told you about. Her name was Lilly Viles, and she had a tepee in her dooryard, and part of the time, when she wanted to in the hot summer, she slept out there. Now the silly story--and I am sure it was a silly story these days, but as a child I believed it--was that she had human scalps along the border of her room. ~~But~~ I think this is completely erroneous, it just made a good story. Her daughter was married to a white man and lived over just a little way, and I could see Mrs. Viles' Indian land and ~~the~~ tepee when I rode up to the gate for a little ride.

MRS. WICKS: What else were we going to talk about?

SAM SCHRAGER: The thousand dollar-----

MRS. WICKS: Oh, yes! Many women were great helps to their husbands in those days where everybody was scrambling as best they could to better their lives and their standard of living. This woman was an emigrant from Scandinavia--I don't know which of the three or four countries--~~but~~ she stopped enroute West to work as a maid in New York City. These immigrant girls were highly prized as domestic help. They were strong; they were willing; they were clean; they were, in many instances skilled. Well, she had ~~about~~ a thousand dollars saved up when she came West and married this gentleman. The standard of living was pretty sub for a number of years, and I suppose they were resorting to peasant standards in order to get a start, because, they certainly did well. Stories were told that when the boys got out of bed in the morning the loaves of bread were put in the warmth of the blankets, so that they would rise. And, now, that's just a real good story, but whether that happened or not, is anybody's guess; and I rather imagine it didn't, but then, it could have been the practical way. ~~And~~ One time, after this family had two big half grown boys and two younger daughters, they stopped enroute to a Fourth of July celebration down at Spalding, at my grandfather's place, and bought an entire tree's fruit of sour cherries. They picked it hastily, and stripped that tree in very cleanly fashion. By cleanly, I mean they picked all

of the fruit and loaded it into the wagon where the cookstove sat. And down the hill they went to celebrate the Fourth. ~~But~~, their idea of celebrating the Fourth was a very pragmatic one. They got the fire going in the cookstove, and the two boys just got on their hands and knees, and some boards were laid across them, and Mrs. ABC began rolling out pie dough as fast as ever she could. And she baked cherry pies. She didn't take time to take the seeds out. But she baked cherry pies which sold for a whole, great, big dollar a piece! Now that was a full day's wages, so if we were paying twenty, thirty, forty dollars for a cherry pie these days, we'd understand what good sports those men were to buy those pies at a dollar a piece. Well, they baked pies until the cherries were gone, and had a very profitable day. ~~And~~ how much the kids got to celebrate was problematical, and certainly beside the point, so far as the the parents were concerned!

Another story from this family, is one which I find quite touching. They grew pigs, and it was wise to use stubble pasture for pigs, because there'd be lots of dropped grain, and ~~Seed~~ that had good nourishment in the winrows of the crops. ~~And so~~, the pigs would be pastured, herded by some person, and oftentimes they were taken over to the Craigmont area, which we called the Camas Prairie. There are several Camas Prairies in Idaho, ~~so~~ ^{but} this is the one that's near the town of Craigmont. ~~And~~, there the human being who was the pigs' herder would camp, and have a saddle horse and a very simple arrangement for living, but would keep those pigs where they were supposed to be, and they would thrive on the food that they could forage. When the weather got cold toward fall, then the herder was obliged to herd them back over here to home. ^{the} Well, now, the herding chores fell to the lot of ^{the} a young teenage daughter, a very refined and nice girl in every way. ~~who~~ married well and was exceedingly respected in the community, ~~But~~ when she stopped her herd to rest for the night, and it took more than one day to bring the stock across the long distance, ~~She~~ had to bed down just where the herd was. ~~And~~ one time my sister was shocked to find this nice girl asleep beside the side of the road, as Dad and my sister rode by in the buggy,

and there was this girl resting in her bed right alongside of the dusty road. But this was pioneer necessity, and it meant that the girl had lots of gimp to be able to do that. She went on to inherit very nicely from her parents, and her husband inherited from her because she ^{died} young, with tuberculosis. The vast holdings of that family, one way and another, is still held, still enjoyed, and still very well handled. They are good people.

This country was settled by a fine class of people. Not always so many social graces, but so far as character was concerned, they merited the respect of each other. ~~And~~ while they didn't always have the same standard of living, these people helped each other, and were kind to each other, lent money to each other, and built a world.

Regarding what they did for each other, let me tell the story of my grandmother and her sugar bowl of Oregon Grape jelly. Sugar was at a premium--it cost nineteen cents a pound! And it was black as it could be, ^{just} almost solidified black-strap molasses, ~~but~~ at least it was sweet. ~~And~~ Grandmother brought, when she ~~here~~-- first came here from Oregon, a sugar bowl full of Oregon Grape jelly, a great luxury. ~~And~~, ^{pioneer} like all neighbor women, she was called in to help at the confinement of a neighbor, and she went over to her, and I think I can tell the name ~~of my grandmother~~ ^{of these people}--my grandmother was Adelia Jain, Mrs. Lewis, and the woman to whom she was called was Mrs. Wahl, the first in the area of that name. ~~And~~ Mrs. Wahl was being confined with twins, and Grandmother helped to bring them into the world. ~~And~~ as a great treat, took along the bowl of jelly. ~~And~~ ⁺ teaspoon by teaspoon this was put into cool spring water and stirred for a little cordial as a lift for the person who was ill. This ^{reached} ~~made~~ the ^{several} ~~many~~ bedsides of sick people. There was never pay for this kind of kindness. This was a neighbor's love for a neighbor.

Speaking of lending money: Lola Clyde told me this story, and perhaps she ^{of} can tell it better, but she told a member of the Wahl family going to borrow money

SAM SCIRAGER: Discuss about the way that people ~~needed~~ or always were ready for people being in the house, and the fact that you always had to be dressed well, and--

MRS. WICKS: Well, goodness sakes, if you had any self-respect you didn't go around looking like a mess, because anyone stopping by would judge the condition of your house, and the condition of your person, along the scale of cleanliness and readiness, and personality, and the whole bit, by how you appeared at the door. And you certainly didn't go to the door in any bathrobe or dressing gown, or anything but proper clothing. Hired men were around, and they were strange men in your home. Maybe the school teacher was there, maybe guests were there; so when you got out of bed in the morning, you washed your face and combed your hair and put on clean clothes. And then you got breakfast. ~~And~~ you didn't have an ugly looking table, you had a cleanly table with your food as attractively set out as you could. It was not only important that it be abundant and delicious, but that it looked well. And your kitchen floor was ~~always~~ swept, and it was mopped, and it was clean. ~~And~~ [✓] when somebody went to your cupboard and opened the door, they didn't find a mess. You were your own servant, so when you created food and set it on the table, they wanted to be sure it was clean. ~~When~~ you invited somebody to stay all night at your house, you wanted to be sure that there was ample providing for cleanly, pleasant beds. This took a lot of work, but, goodness sakes, it was ^{just} like putting on a clean apron when you went out into the yard to talk to somebody. You certainly didn't go around with your tummy wet from doing a washing, or anything else, ^P People didn't take each other casually. People took each other at face value, and you saw to it that was your best foot forward, if it could be achieved. And, to any doing woman, it can be achieved, if she's taught that way. ~~And~~ if a man is taught that way, he doesn't go around sloppy, either. ~~And~~ [✓] when you go into their houses, there isn't an ugly odor of unaired human beings, or sleep, or over-old cooking smells. You have charm in not only the cleanliness and welcoming smells, but orderli~~g~~

ness, so that life is pleasant and comfortable. ~~And~~ it wasn't that women were trying to be snobby by being good housekeepers, or that their men were overly conscious of this effort women made; it was part of their pride in homemaking. You didn't do a lousy job. You had as nice looking things around as you could; you had them in order. You had things ready for your family to wear when they needed them. If you sat up two-thirds of a night making a graduation dress, your daughter went across that stage in as lovely fashion as you could bring about. This was your love and your pride in your home. ~~And~~ for people to be scruffy, to that class of woman, was just lazy. To not be provident for the table by having delicious canned fruit, or cookies baked ahead, or your bread which was fine grain-ed, or your butter which was properly worked, so there were no white streaks from too little preparation, or whatever it was you served; you did it as well as your ~~ab~~ility and your time and skills would allow. It was part of self-respect. ~~And~~ that's why people have been so antagonistic to the hippies. Because the older people see in that a lazy, scruffy attitude ~~toward~~ ^{to}ward life. It just wasn't their way. Now of course, many times, not many times, but sometimes, we heard the story about the woman who wanted to be the first one to have the whitest and earliest wash on the line, so she just went to the drawer and took out the brand, clean pillow cases, ran them through the wash^{er} and went outside to hang 'em up. She beat her neighbors. Well, of course, there was silly little stories like that, you know, regarding good housekeeping. But I tell you, to live where women do all their own work, as all of us did, and where we had very ~~few~~ ^{little} help from the grocery store, it meant planning; it meant devoted attention. ~~And~~ also the nickel had to be stretched at all points, so it meant thrift. ~~And~~ when I would come home from school and enter my mother's sweet smelling home with food cooking, and the table ready, and the food all just waiting to be dished up. (that's the way we called it, it was to be dished up) and put on the table; well I tell you, now that was a joy that just went to your very heart. ~~And~~ that's why it was done

that way. It was to make people happy. And it isn't a bad way to live, is it? No, it wasn't a bad way to live.

My mother's ingenuit^{ies} paved so many of the rough spots in ~~our~~ lives. For example; one time down on the ranch there were no preparations for Christmas because it was such a lean year, financially. ^{Probably about 1899.} So, she sent Dad down to the canyon, where there were no conifers growing at that time, and he got a branch from one that he finally found, and brought it up; and they leaned it against the wall, carefully, and banked around ~~the~~ stem, and she had some orange crepe paper—wonderful, wonderful. ~~And~~ she filled it with rags in little round balls, and made decorations for the branch of the pine ^{tree} ~~branch~~, and hung the little orange balls on it. ~~And~~, she took one of Dad's empty cigar boxes and covered it with some material she had from somebody's outgrown something-or-other, and made a beautiful little sewing box, ~~and~~ in that she put a thimble, and some needles, and some little rolls of threads, adroitly placed around matching paper, so that my little sister had a sewing box for Christmas. And that was her Christmas. ~~And~~ Dad made a home-made sled, which was the two big boys' present together. I wasn't born yet, and I don't remember what she fashioned for the baby, but undoubtedly, something. And, so, they had Christmas, after all. And that was just how they managed. Another time I remember when Dad and Mother put our stockings on the backs of chairs and just lightly attached them there; I don't remember how they made them stay, but this was a nice Christmas, because I got a doll. And in the toe of Mother's stocking, there was a five dollar gold piece from her husband! ~~And~~ in his, a gold watch ~~job~~ from her. Also sticking out of the stocking for Dad was a piece of coal because he'd been so naughty!! (laughter) Of course, he got great ^Ppleas-
ure out of having a little joke. He was always getting fun out of something. I remember his fiftieth birthday. We were all invited to his mother's for dinner, and to Grandmother Jain. the nicest dinner you could have ^{were} crisp, creamy biscuits with good boiled hen, made into rich gravy and the pieces of chicken all

slathered through it, and then just put all over these biscuits. I don't know whether we had it that day or not, but I'll bet we did. And so, Dad's brothers spread-eagled him in the archway between the dining room and parlor, and Grandmother came with her cute little butter paddle and gave him fifty ^{smacks} and one to grow on. ~~And~~ they were so afraid I'd give this away because I adored Dad, and I wasn't about to let him be punished, for having his wonderful birthday, and they were scared I'd tell him; so they cautioned me and shook their fingers under my nose. -I was not to tell him, So, when he came in, his brothers grabbed him and had him down in a minute. (Laughter) Lots of fun, lots of fun!

(End of Side B)

I have some early day programs from, I think this is where I got the Jolly Joker's name. -- They were a literary club at the turn of the century. ~~And~~ the very best people in town were part of them, and they put on Shakespearean plays, and they dressed beautifully. ~~And~~ there was a costume company in Spokane called Miller DuVant, (SP) and frequently, if there were costumes needed, they were rented and brought down complete with wigs, and the whole bit. ~~And, so~~ they did things quite elegantly. We also had lyceum ^{as} ~~And~~, these of course, were traveling players that were on a regular schedule and went from town to town, and they did very nice things. I remember my first Swiss yodelers were on the lyceum program, and they were magnificent in my childish eyes, just wonderful. They dressed in their native Swiss costumes, and yodeled like, oh!, like the wonderful people you knew they were. We also-- I have a program from 1913 of the Jubilee Singers. These were a traveling Negro group, and they were high class people, who sang opera, and very lovely music. Skilled musicians. They also sang spirituals, and delighted everyone with those. But there, I got to go to both those programs. My memory is very long, I am quite sure I can remember being rocked by my mother, when my head was cradled in her left elbow, inside elbow. I am sure I can remember that memory. ~~And~~ I remember being three years old, because I stood in the door between the kitchen and the diningroom on the ranch-- it wasn't a diningroom, it was the front room-- I stood in that doorway

and I could just reach my fingers across from one casing to the other, and think, I am three years old. I remember being put down for naps because of flies. We have no problem with insects here. But oh, insects were such a problem in pioneer times. Mother was besieged by the awful problem of bedbugs on the farm, because part of one room was boarded from the homesteader shack where the wood had bedbugs in it. ~~And~~, my mother, didn't have 'em by the time I came along, ^{knows,} thank goodness, but she had struggled mightily to get rid of those insects, bugs. Because in her goodhousekeeping standards that was nothing but dirt that you allowed around, if you had a bedbug. Well, I saw them in my life, because from time to time a hired man or sheepherder bedro~~ff~~ would get left on the porch and in they'd come, or they'd land in the bunkhouse from the back of a hack, or a wagon from a sheep camp, or a cattle camp, ~~And~~ there would be those creatures, and she'd have to go to work again. ~~And~~ so it would just be in a frenzy that she'd go after those.

~~And~~ once I had an experience, myself, which might be of interest. At Idaho State, which was then the Southern Branch of the University of Idaho, I was a housemother, since my husband, who was a football coach, was ^a professor of physical education. So, we lived in this dormitory as proctor and hostess, and this week-end we planned to entertain all of the parents of the fifty-eight young men who lived in our dormitory for overnight. The young men were going to sleep on the floor or with each other, or any other way they could manage; but the parents were to have their double deckers, ~~And~~ ^W we had everything in absolute apple pie order, when in came a senior pharmacy student from the room across the hall to say, "Mrs. Wicks, there are bedbugs in my room!" Oh!, what an awful thing that was. Well, of course we sealed it off, and the maintenance people came over and as soon as the company was gone. Cyanide was used, and that took care of that. But of course, all of us had to get out of the building for a while. ~~But~~ ^F the knell of utter despair that he brought to me when h^e said "There are bedbugs in my room," since I'd had all this childish conditioning that this is the worst

thing that can happen to any housekeeper. (laughter) That was a dismaying thing.

Well, to get back to my long memory: I can remember being laid down on my mother's bed for a rest, so I must have been fairly small, and that the flies bothered me. ~~And~~ Those days you used sticky fly paper, you used poison fly paper, you use that old fly swatter, which was not commercial, it was home done. Sometimes it was a newspaper-- sometimes slit, and sometimes just in a spanker-- sometimes it was a piece of leather, nailed to a little board of hand holder size. It was various things, but oh, how the flies and insects were fought, and how much I do appreciate the ease with which we live these days.

Well, to get back to early life in Genesee. I'll go to my own childhood, because actually our family retired and moved -- and Dad moved to town when I was four, ~~And~~ we went back to the farm for summers until I was seven, and then the big boys took over very soon, and then we just went back during World War I. Which brings up something, don't let me get by until I tell you, and that's playing for movies, which came during that interlude, and I may forget to tell you this. But, the movies of course were silent, and they were black and white, and they hired someone who played the piano to make the sound effect. The show was only shown once, so one didn't have much practice in what was to be -- come next; but they did have a libretto, and I could read that, ~~And~~ when a march was indicated, I would have the "Platsburg March" or the "Hungarian March" done by Liszt. Or the "General Pershing March", or the "Stars and Stripes Forever" or any of these marches, I would have. Or they would indicate perhaps a lullaby, and I would have everything from Brahms to a Negro one. Or they would have a love story, and I would have everything from "Love's Old Sweet Song" to "Till We Meet Again", or "Marquita", or whatever. ~~And so, if the man-- he~~ ^{show} paid me two and a half a night, and if he'd only known, I would have paid him for the prestige and joy of it, ~~But~~ when it came time to be on the farm in the summer, this presented quite a problem; because to get to ^{The} Saturday night show, my dad had to hitch up a horse and take me, ~~But~~ he was determined I was to keep ^{this} nice

lucrative job. So, he'd take me to town, and we'd go to the show. I can't remember whether he went or not; ^{he} probably didn't, ^{he} probably went over to the pool-hall and played a little game of solo, But when the show was over it would be pitch black at night. We had no light of any kind, but that horse would take us home. ~~And, if you can~~ ^{can} imagine how black a night can be--usually there's a little light outside, but some nights are black, where you don't have electric lights around anywhere. You'd be amazed at how far electric lights show and how accustomed we are to them now. ~~But~~ I remember those as the blackest trips, ~~And~~ ~~of~~ course. I'd ^{have} been under a nervous strain to play for this show; and while I enjoyed it, it took a lot out of me, and I would be so exhausted by the time we got home, ~~but~~ it was only once a week, and we would only be there maybe a few weeks, and it'd be over. So, I wanted to be sure to talk about that before--

SAM SHRAGER: --- *Could you watch the movie at all while you played?*

MRS. WICKS: Oh, I could watch the movie entirely. The only thing was, I had problems in the instrument. The piano was hoisted from the stage to the floor and the floor to the stage for each event that came in the opera house, and, of course, this didn't help tuning much. And also, peanut shells seemed to wander in and around, and finally the whole center octave would not make a sound, and I complained. I could play in the upper octaves and the lower ones, but the middle octave simply made no response to my fingers. And so Mr. Herman had a tuner come. They took a two quart can of peanut shells out from that instrument, and a little boy's cap. (laughter) But, I got to see that show; I tell you, I had the most wonderful time with those good shows. There was never a dud, I never saw a bad show. They were all good, to my eyes. (laughter) Oh, such a lovely evening I would have. And later on when I had beaux, why, it was delicious from start to finish, that particular night of the week.

Well, now, to get back to early Genesee: in my day, there was nothing to do unless you stirred it up yourself in the way of recreation. We had lots of little

clubs, and we danced, and we had lots of little fun games that we played, and we were all expert at cards -- Pedro, Five Hundred, Whist, Hearts, Pinochle, and eventually ~~Contract~~ ^{Auction} Bridge. But that didn't come till along in the twenties. We could have a happy time with a batch of fudge and a deck of cards and each other. Or, another thing that we did that was lots of fun, is somebody would play the piano, everybody would barbershop harmonize, and if somebody could play the violin, well, oh!, that was really ^{ac bonis}. ~~And~~ we would dance, and we would pop popcorn, and we would have so much good fun. But the tinkle of the old piano was what was the center of the gaiety. ~~And~~ ^g goodness sakes, I played for funerals; I played for weddings; I played for shows- we had lots of home talent plays, just worlds of 'em, ~~And~~ ^{And} eventually, I grew up to the place where I had ~~to~~ the lead here and there, ~~and~~ I was determined I was never going to be kissed until the man ^{who} asked me to marry him kissed me. We were very much along those lines those days. We kept ourselves pretty much to ourselves, ^{and} we didn't touch everybody. ~~except~~ ^{except} kept in dignified dancing, and it was very dignified. But I had to kiss a man; he was in the bank; he had ugly teeth, and I was the maid in the play, and he was the policeman; and at one point I had to kiss that man, and I bet he didn't get one bit of pleasure out of it, because I made myself the most rigid little piece of cardboard you ever saw. (laughter) I suppose he had many a laugh about that to himself, but I was most uncomfortable. Oh, dear!

Well, let's see, some more of early Genesee. Going to town to trade was an event, ~~and~~ ^{and} it happened once a week, sometimes. And then again, it would happen just when it was handy, or when in bad weather Dad could go on horseback, or one of the big boys. Horseback meant a limited order. But of course, we didn't buy too much out of the grocery store, anyway, ^{mainly} coffee, tea, sugar and salt, vanilla -- things of that kind, because we raised about everything else. ~~But~~ Dad paid the grocery bill once a year, maybe when he'd take a load of potatoes to Lewiston on the big old wagon. And he'd come back with

it loaded with everything from colored crayons to new underwear! Oh, it was delicious. Or else he'd come back with the cash and Mother'd order from Sears, or Monkey Ward. Of course, those catalogues were of great use from the time they came until they were used leaf by leaf in the toilet--^{"Tucket"} as my Grandmother called it. ~~But~~ we set great store by trading, and being the baby in the family and much indulged, Dad used to kid me because I always used to say, "Bring me anything?" and, he'd say, "A nice papa." ~~And~~ I would ^{be} look crestfallen, and then he'd bring out the little striped sack of lemon drops, or what I called little bays--~~babies~~ they were these little lumpy covered peanuts, but they were bay color, so I called them little bays. Or once in a while, there'd ^{be} striped stick candy, and stick candy was a great joy; because what you could do with a stick of candy was suck the end of it until it got as sharp as a needle, and then you'd go around pretending you had a surgeon's needle and you could make kind of little dents in your skin with it. But of course, that left a little sweet drop there and that got sticky after while, ~~but~~, I thought they were great sport. (laughter)

My older brothers and sister were fair game for me to ask for nickels. And one time my brother Ben, I hit ^{up} on the main street of Genesee for a little treat. ~~And~~ he didn't have anything smaller than a fifty cent piece, but he gave it to me and I went into Smolt's Confectionery and I spent it all for nigger faces, which was a little licorice candy. ~~And~~ then I fed all of my friends, and we ate till we couldn't face them any more; and eventually, so that no one would find out how foolish I had been ('cause I could realize that this was completely out of line), I ~~buried~~ them in the cracks of the wooden sidewalk. ~~And~~ for years, walking over that batch of boards I felt a wave of deep guilt. (laughter) But my brothers were so good to me. ^{Don,} And, even my brother who was only four years older; when there came a stock show one time, I probably was about six and he was ten, or seven and eleven, he shined shoes all day and he made ten dollars, and he gave me a dollar to spend. Generous and dear. But that older, down-to-earth brother

Lew, what did he do? He was working in the bank then, and he gave me ten cents, and I could use it on the wheel that spun and brought you delicious prizes, and he said, "Ok, you can spend it any place you want to, but just once, Don't you ever do it again, because those aren't good ^{articles} that you get from the wheel." So, I spun the wheel just once, and that little flapper deal stopped where there was a beautiful vase, and the lady wrote GRACE on it. ~~And~~ I probably showed it to him just kind of silently and maybe very indirectly ^{to} tell him that the pointer didn't always stop at a bad place with cheap stuff, look at what I had. (laughter) I suppose he chuckled about that too, but that was quite a thing.

^{TP} The stock show ~~was~~ the big event of the summer. The men took great pride during this interlude of the early teens, oh, 1912, '13, '14, etc., in the fine stock they had on their farms, and the imported good stallions, and they had heavy draft horses that were Belgians, and they would make much of their stock. This was before Hereford^s, but they had good milk cows, Holsteins and Guernseys, and Jerseys, ^{and so forth.} ~~And~~ they had good horses, horses were the main thing. ~~And~~ they had fine pigs. And they would show these at ~~the~~ stock shows that would last about three days in Genesee. And ^{my goodness,} Mother would plan on that, and ^{sew} our whole wardrobes for the summer around the needs of the stock show. ~~And~~, if it rained, which sometimes it did, and our little white shoes and our embroidered dresses and everything would get soaked. Oh, my! that was the worst thing. But we'd be out ^{on} of the farm all moved in, and when we came to town there'd be no furniture ^{there} but just "the running gear," Dad would call it, of how we could bach it during the celebration. ~~And~~ Mother would have a boiled ham all ready, and she'd have lots of bread ready, and her delicious butter and jelly, and we'd bring milk, and we'd bach for a few days. ~~And~~ of course my grandmother always lived in town, and her house was always open to us with delicious food and hospitality. We also had an uncle ^{Clarence} who had the barber shop in town, and his home was mighty good pickings, too. ~~And~~ so we didn't have anyplace that we ate except at the family table, because we wouldn't dream of buying a hamburger from the little quick and

greasy food selling stand, because we were sure it wasn't clean. We were just positive ~~that~~ ^{of} besides the flies were around, and no doubt some of that meat did get polluted. ~~But~~ We didn't have to depend on that because we could always go and have proper food. ~~But~~ it would be a three day celebration, and it was greatly looked forward to. Our fun would be augmented by a merry-go-round that would come, and once in a while a ferris wheel, ~~and~~ ^{and} the music from either one of them was such, that to this day, I think the circuses have lost out, and many times shows of this kind have lost out, because they don't have the music any more. I noticed at the fair this time, they had music again, but sometimes it's a silent celebration, and that just ^{doesn't} lift people's spirits at all.

When the circuses came, and oh!, what an event they were, and went parading down the street with the ~~calliope~~ ^{calliope} blaring forth in some delicious series of sounds it didn't have to be specially in a tune, just tooting, oh!, my goodness, you could hardly wait to ask your dad for the money to go to that circus. Now that there isn't any, and it's silent and off by itself on the edge of town, who cares whether you go or not! It ^{just} ~~doesn't~~ whip you up at all. And it seemed to me that the decline of circus attendance accompanied the lack of music. I've always thought this.

SAM SCHRAGER: What kind of music did they have then?

MRS. WICKS: ~~They had~~ ^{Sometimes} with the larger circuses they would have a little band. And the roustabouts, or whoever doubled for trapeze, or whatever, would toot a horn whenever ~~they~~ ^{they} had an idle moment. And there would always be a big bass drum. ~~And~~ ^{And} whatever there was to carry the melody would be pressed into service, ~~and~~ ^{and} their uniforms would consist of any kind of ~~any kind of~~ pants, but matching coats and hats, usually with a stockade on them, or a little decoration on the hat. ~~And then~~ ^{And} when we'd see these same people in work clothes, gathering up the tent or moving the animal cages or whatever, we'd be so surprised, because ~~They'd~~ ^{They'd} been so grand a few minutes before in fine clothes--in the ring perhaps,

whipping their horses through their act or taking a chair and a blank cartridge or two to the lions' act or whatever, you know. We didn't have very many big circuses in Genesee, but we had them in Mosocw and we had them in Lewiston. ^P ~~And~~ going to Lewiston was a tremendous experience, because that's where you got your new shoes; that's where, when you needed glasses, you finally got your glasses; that's where you drank your first milkshake; that's where you had the lovely experience of going to your first dance with a beau. Oh! my! ~~Not~~ the first dance with a beau, as such, really, because my first dance was at the Knights of Pythias Lodge, when my father and my three brothers were pressed into service to lead my faltering steps around the floor. I think my first dance was when I was about thirteen, which would be in 1919. And I know my big brothers were just home from the war, and they weren't much for dancing, it wasn't their cup of tea; but my sister loved to, and my younger brother did, and I did. ~~And~~ ~~The~~ reason those older boys didn't was because their ~~hearts'~~ loves didn't care much about dancing. So, they kind of were lost as partners along the way, ~~but~~, by going to Lewiston to my first dance; that meant ~~getting~~ into a man's car and riding, and maybe being taken to dinner and then up to the Dreamland, where they had a ~~multiball~~ ^{mirrorball} with little mirrors all around it, and those little mirrors would flash lights in most dazzling array around the walls of the building. ~~And~~ ~~the~~ Mann Brothers Orchestra was well known in this area, and one of them was a redhead. as I recall. ~~And~~ goodness, ^{they} made marvelous music, and that was a date to be paid attention to, I tell you. 'Course, I might have long hair down my back, and high laced shoes, and not be with it, like the girls who had bobbed hair and rolled socks and high heels, but finally I grew up and got those things, ^P too. Dancing in your own family's loving circle. is a pretty nice way for a little girl to learn. This is what the Mormons have done for generations, and it's a real nice experience for the whole family. I went to a Mormon dance down in Soda Springs, ~~Idaho~~; ^{about 1933} one time, which was for the benefit of a missionary going to convert the heathen in Switzerland--

which didn't seem very realistic to me, but that's where he was going, and of course he was taking the Mormon faith there, which was not ~~their~~ ^{my} faith. ~~And~~ I danced all evening with people named Lau, who were pioneer Mormon proselytizers that had been sent by Brigham Young up there to settle along with some other families. ~~And~~ I danced with a boy seventeen and I danced with a man of seventy-two. I had no partners but Laus and my husband. ~~And~~ I forget how much money, a hundred and fifty-four or something like that dollars they gleaned for the young man that night. ~~And~~ of course, it was a family affair, as sweetly done and as wholesomely done and as happily done as any event you can figure ~~up~~ to do.

I wander away from ~~Genesee~~ pretty badly, don't I? Let me tell some more about some of the stores, because this "trading business" was lots of fun.

One of the stores that I have mentioned, was ^{Smolt's} Smoltz Confectionery. Mr. Smolt was a cigar maker, who did his cigars by hand from imported leaves shipped in from Cuba and Havana. And, his delightful, very much the lady wife, who was a ^{Seallchen} ~~braggettin~~ was around in the ^{store} ~~business~~ all of their lives. This was a lovely place for children to go, or anybody to go. They had the nice tables and chairs with the wrought, ^{iron} twisted backs and legs, and the marble circles for the tables, and they had lovely silver holders for the glasses for ice cream sodas and lovely containers for sundaes, with the proper length of handle on the spoons, and their products were of excellent quality. Mr. Smolt also was a practiced candymaker and he made his own chocolate creams. ~~And~~ ^{we} had a delightful experience in our confectionery store. ~~And~~ Ed Smolt, the ^{my} son, carried on and as long as this happened Smolt's was a center of delight for young people. ~~And~~ Chess might be being played on a table somewhere, with Ed and the dentist or the veterinarian ^{or} or somebody. It was also a drama center, because Ed loved to play the lead in our home talent productions. ~~And~~ he loved to wear the costumes that were rented and brought down from Spokane. He was the center of much gaiety and pleasure in the community.

Then, the next place was the post office, which was always run by somebody who was a friend, whether it was the Democrat ^{appointee} or Republican appointee,

the extreme

depending on ^{what} the president's political party was.

Then, up the street a little ways, there was Jake Rosenstein's store. He was an early day Jew who came to settle very early, and probably the one of the first merchants, ~~and~~ he moved his store into the location I speak of as Genesee, because the first Genesee, was out at the four corners on the flat, which I can point out to you. ~~But~~ when the railroad put ~~its~~ depot, a mile and a quarter, I guess it was west of where the community was, why the community had to move to the depot, and the railroad tracks. Some of them tried to hold up the Northern Pacific people in the cost of getting right-of-way, so ~~they~~ ^{the railroad} just balked and didn't do it. ~~And~~ so Mr. Rosenstein moved his store, ~~and~~ his store always had a peculiar odor; -- it was of pickled herring, of dry goods, leather, cheese, and unaired closeness, ~~but~~ there weren't any windows except in the front, which meant that it was a dark prospect that one went into with this odor, and I somehow associated this with the Hebrew race for years. ~~But~~ they were lovely people. ~~And~~ they gave my grandparents on their golden wedding anniversary a silver service, of which the sugar and creamer I still use. And another store across ---- (End of Side C)

(Fourth Interview)

SAM SCHRAGER: Grace Wicks recalls many Genesee families and their interrelationships, from those who are buried near the Jain family plot, to Timothy Driscoll and his wife. She speaks of honoring the Northern Civil War veterans in parades, of Decoration Day, her family's Republicanism; the bells the town lived by; "Old Kentucky" and the woman who shared his home; and the importance of water and wheat. She concludes with the recent funeral of a former resident, and how it reaffirmed the close ties of families and friends in Genesee.

MRS. WICKS. OK, I wanted to talk a bit about saddlebags--because we see on the TV all the time where people eat on the trail, and we know that men existed for years from what they could carry on the back of a saddle ~~or~~ or in a pack on a mule, or wherever. Men spent ^{their} whole lives living ^{out of} that kind of food. And as a child, I

had the idea that food that was made into a lunch was delicious; because when I could sit alongside my mama as she prepared the lunches for the youngsters in the family, who went down ^{the canyon} to country school, nothing, it looked to me, but ambrosia itself, went into that food. Because there would ^{be} deviled eggs, and there would be the best cookies, and there would be sandwiches made with delicious meat contents, and I just thought that there was nothing in this world that could be so tasty and so good as school lunches. ~~And then~~ ^W when the older ones of the family would come home, and I would dig into those saddlebags, and once in a while there'd be a cookie left, ^{or} ~~and~~ once in a ^{long} while there'd be a sandwich left. My disillusionment was always there--because leather makes things smell, and leather makes things taste, and those bits of food which should have been just the most delicious in the world would be beyond eating. ~~And~~ that was probably by five o'clock in the afternoon, ^{of} the day they were made. ~~And~~ I've often thought about the food that men lived on for years: They talk about jerky. Have you ever eaten jerky? Well, it takes an awful lot of imagination to make it anything but just something to hold soul and body together. The same with dried corn, yuk! The same with the bacon and beans, and all of that stuff. How would they have time to cook beans long enough over a campfire to make them digestible? I know that in sheep camps, where they had a little more permanent place to live, and where there was a chance to carry food from place to place with perhaps a wagon, or a pack mule or something, that sheepherders would make their dough biscuits or doughnuts, or whatever they called them, in the top of their sacks of flour. ~~And~~ this was done by opening the sack and hollowing out a little ^{hole} ~~mound~~, and putting into it a little saleratus--this ^{is what} ~~was~~ the pioneer name for soda--and then they'd put in a little sour milk maybe, or maybe just water, and a little grease, and mix it up in enough flour so that that would get into a soft ball; ~~and~~ then they would cook it over ^{the} campfire in the grease left from frying their bacon, or frying their ham, or ~~frying~~ their rabbit, or whatever it was they fried. But they had to have

a little fat to do this. ~~And~~ Rabbit has very little fat on it, or any of the fowl that they would kill, like prairie chickens, or ~~what~~ grouse, or pheasant, whatever would be around. ~~And~~ there weren't many pheasants until they were imported, of course. Why I've often thought about the fare which they lived on. It was very, very meager, and you had to be a hungry man out in the open who didn't want to starve to death to relish it very much, I am sure. (chuckles) So, that's what I wanted to say about the fare and the food of the early day settler in this area. Also, I might add, that in the winter, unless one had a deep pit or hilled things over outside with straw and earth, there wasn't much chance of keeping ~~them~~ ^{vegetables} from freezing--which meant that your diet in the winter was meat, potatoes and gravy, and that was it. ~~And~~ you were lucky if you got the potatoes through. Many times it would have to be meat, biscuits and gravy. Well, of course if you're exercising a great deal you can live on that and be healthy and do just fine. But the limited diets were hard on people who didn't have the capacity to digest them.

~~Then~~ ^{the} other thing we wanted to talk about was, early day politics? Well, of course, the national news percolated out here via newspaper and telegraph, etc., and my family was split by the silver Populists. My father was one, and my mother remained staunchly Republican. ~~But~~ Dad voted for William Jennings Bryan and I don't think Mother did. ^{in fact, no woman could vote when he ran,} However, when election day came, no matter how pressing the home work was, and what they were in the midst of doing, they got into their better clothes, got into the wagon and went ^{for him} to vote. Election Day was sacred to voting. And their opinions were very often discussed in front of us children. Whenever there was a gathering, with Grandfather and Grandmother Jain particularly, there was lots of talk, ~~and~~ ^{our} folks were staunch Republicans, because Grandfather, being an ^{im}migrant from Switzerland, had had to make up his mind about this democracy and how far he was going to go with it. Well, his father had made a million sacrifices to bring him here along with his numerous family; and then the

Civil War engulfed Granddad, who fought in a regiment from Wisconsin along with two of his brothers, ~~And~~ ^{never} to him was there any deviation from the side of the Republicans, which to him, was the true party of ^{the} democracy. He always voted and so did my father for many years, ^{the} at the little circle which was provided on ~~the back~~ at the top of the ticket, and that circle if you put an X in it meant that you voted for all the candidates from that party, who were named beneath the circle. My father had to leave this practice, ~~however~~, though, one time when a friend of his named Jim ^Kane ran for sheriff. Jim was a Democrat, but he was such a good man, (chuckles) and Dad was so respectful of him, he had to split his ticket, and that was the first time I ever heard of a heresy like that! I can tell you. (laughter) This was probably along in the late teens, or early twenties. Politics were always brought out ⁱⁿ at every stock show, Fourth of July, or any other big picnic where people gathered and there was any kind of a parade, ~~And~~ ^a they had a parade at the drop of ~~the~~ hat. The old soldiers always had a special conveyance. In the early times I remember it was ⁱⁿ a nicely decorated wagon, then later it was in a two seated hack, and later, then in an open car. ~~And~~ ^{Kambitchan} those old gentlemen, Mrs. Cambridge, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Hollister, Mr. Roderick, Mr. Jain, those were the ones that were always there, ~~and~~ ^{Then} there were others that from time to time came along. ~~But~~ those were the gentlemen who had fought in the Civil War, and belonged to the Grand Army of the Republic. ~~And~~, ^{their} women were in the auxiliary. Of course, at the time I came along, they were all very old people, in their seventies, so there wasn't a great deal of activity, and the women, mostly, were dead by that time. ~~But~~ those old gentlemen would totter along ^{with} on their canes and be boosted up into those vehickles and down the street they would go, Their hats set firmly upon their brows, --all of them in uniform, dark blue with big broad-brimmed black Stetson hats. And they were proud, and we were proud of them. Let's see, that's enough on politics.

Then, let's talk about ^{entirely} I wanted to talk about an early pioneer, and this is hearsay from my parents; ~~But~~ my grandfather broke a great deal of sod

in this area. This was the first time that the plow was ever inserted in the surface of this surrounding territory, and it was a terrific task and it took immense strength on the part of the team ^{that} ^{ad} pull the vehicle, though it was just a one-burner plow. That sod was so heavy and the earth to which the roots were ~~so~~ clinging was so black and heavy and solid, that it took immense strength to pull that metal affair through this resisting medium. Grandfather had good oxen, and he had good horses, but he also employed the horses of Old Kentuck, who was a character. ^{Grandfather} He used the wild horses of this horse ^{in return} man for the breaking of them; In other words, he'd go down to the river, where the man lived at the mouth of the Hatwaij Creek, and bring home wild stock, which Grandfather used the following season, and brought them back in the fall as a seasoned team. Which of course meant that this service was of exceeding value to Kentuck, and at the same time gave Grandfather the horseflesh to do the job he was doing. In breaking this sod, there was an amusing side light, in that my father, who was just a little boy, ^{and so forth} -- eleven, twelve, etc. had his tender heart touched by the plight of the little prairie chickens. They would be disturbed in their nesting area by the encroachment of the plow; and as the plow moved with its furrow, the little birds would try to go over this ^{plowed ground} ~~furrow~~ back to where they belonged, near the nest, and they would get plowed under. ~~And~~ ^{my} father would run with his little old bare feet in there and pick them up and take them to the edge of the plowed surface. But before he could get back with his next load of little birds, they would be crawling back over these furrows to find their former home, and get ~~plowed~~ ^{smothered} ~~ed~~ under. He said the prairie chickens were so numerous that they made a stack of hay look gray with their feathers. ~~And~~ ^{they} were a main staple of diet, this excellent fowl. Plump from the grain, plump from the seeds, plump from the good food that was around, they were very fine eating. Dad used to shoot them too, for food, Never was wanton shooting done unless it was ^{for a} ~~was~~ ^{reason} But for food, my father was ^{a great gleaner}. ~~And~~ He had as his weapon an old muzzle-loader of Granddad's. And he'd cock it between the toes of his bare front foot, ^{and he sat almost} ~~and~~ only a child

Kentuck

could have done this. ~~And then~~ he would lean back and with that foot as a rest, he would shoot the gun, which would kick terribly, but it would be accurate, because the kick didn't come until after the shot was fired. ~~And~~, Dad could bring down a prairie chicken ^{nearly} every shot.

~~But~~ to go back to Kentuck: His name actually was John Talent, as I understand it, and he was a remittance man, ^fa very fine family from Kentucky. ~~So~~ since he was not talking a great deal about his antecedents, people called him "Old Kentuck". Old didn't mean that he was old in years, just meant that he was a familiar person, and someone whom everyone recognized by being called Kentuck; so it was Old Kentuck. He was a single man when I first heard of him. ~~And~~ he pretty well cornered the pinto ponies that the Nez Perce squaws had in the area. Just how he acquired them is somewhat cloudy, but he did get the majority of these animals in his possession, and sold them to people who were coming through to settle the homesteads and to make their place in this area. When their moving stock was weary or ill, or whatever, his place was a source of supply. ~~And~~ One day, to his place came a man and wife, and I don't know how many, but more than one child. ~~And~~ They camped there a day or two, and the man took off and abandoned his wife and children. She stayed on and became housekeeper for Kentuck, ~~And~~ of course she was not a divorced woman, ^{but} and she sorely needed shelter, and so, in due time they had children. I don't know how many, but more than one, and since there was great disgrace to illegitimate children at this time, this was a very heartsore situation. ~~But~~ ^{and it was} of course her husband was living, but was someplace ^{else} and ^{of course} alive, ~~they~~ assumed, ~~so~~ there was no divorce. ~~And~~ ^{now make} divorce was not common then anyway. The courts were not numerous ~~and the courts were not~~ at hand, ~~and so~~ Pioneer measures often crossed the lines of the law. ^{Talent loved} He ~~left~~ his children: one was named Peter Dick, ^(?) Peterdick: who died when he was just a little boy. Kentuck mourned deeply for this child. ~~And~~ he was always known as Peter Dick because they couldn't put a surname to his little moniker. He was buried up above the family home on the point of the

hill to the south of the opening of the Hatwai Creek. ~~And~~ in due time when Kentuck died, he was buried beside his little boy.

→ ~~And~~ her family ^{grew} came along, and there was a widower with children, ~~and~~ I don't know whether Kentuck had died by this time or not, but the woman involved was still around with her two families. ~~And~~, for some reason, probably because they got word that the first husband had died, she was able to marry this widower. ~~And~~ together they had one ~~more~~ child. Marriage took place another place in this family, because a daughter of the first family and a son of the widower were married. They were no blood relation of course of any kind, and they were a wonderful family, who have descendants practically all over this area. Wonderfully respected, good people to which there is no cloud of anything in the ⁸¹⁷ background. These tangles occurred because of the lack of convenience of arranging legality and in the face of pioneer necessity. Each union that this woman was a party to, she was faithful to her partner during that time. She was an honorable woman and a deeply loved woman, though this very tangled background was there, ~~and~~ some of her children squirm about it presently, but they shouldn't, because she was a fine person. Now what else was I going to talk about?

Oh! I wanted to talk about Timothy Driscoll, our town's most eminent citizen. He was a man of money, and a dear, dear person. His wife was a woman of culture, and they held themselves to a high standard of living. There was always good literature in their home, a gracious table; and an interest in opera, Shakespeare, and the best of whatever came to the area, or whatever they could encourage to come to the area. Mr. Driscoll was the richest man, ^{around} and he did many things up and down Main Street that ^{no} none ever knew about, that were kind and helpful to people in the community. For example: At graduation time from high school--and this was a great big deal, because many people didn't go on to school after high school--Mr. Driscoll usually gave a present, a well-chosen present, to every graduate. His daughter, Edna, took on the social responsibility in Mr. ^{later}

Driscoll's life, and carried on with the strength ~~and~~ character which he and his wife showed. His wife was rarely seen, because she was mostly at home, in very handsome clothing, in her lovely home, but not a person to invite in a lot of people, or to ever accept an invitation. ~~But~~ ^{however,} she was recognized as the community intellectual leader. Mr. Driscoll's land is still owned by Edna, who has been a wonderful custodian of the estate. She is now a woman in her nineties, living in Lewiston. ~~And~~ whether she'd be capable of an ~~int~~erview or not is a question. But her mind has been wonderful, always. She never married. Her younger sister, Dorothy did. She married a man named Pond, from the Southern Idaho Ponds, a fine old family there. Their marriage ended along the way, -I don't know why. And finally Dorothy died in a nursing home in Gooding, Idaho. She is buried in the family plot in the Genesee Catholic cemetery, where, in due time, I am sure Edna plans to be placed beside her father and mother. Mr. Driscoll was in partnership with Fred Hampton for many years, and the Hampton-Driscoll holdings were extensive. At the time of Mr. Hampton's death the estate ~~or~~ holdings ~~were~~ divided, so that there was then the Hampton holdings and the Driscoll holdings in separate condition.

I want to talk about the Follettes, pioneer merchants? -farmers first and then merchants in the area; ~~We~~ revolved around Follette's store as a center of merchandise. They sold everything, from a spool of thread to a cookie with coconut on top, that so enticingly was in the drawer of cookies with a glass in front to make a little girl's mouth just drool at its beauty and its known deliciousness. They had some clerks that were as well known as ^{the} store and the family of Follette: ~~One~~ of them was Jim Jackson. He was Superintendent of the Sunday School. ~~And~~, his teeth weren't in very good shape, but I can remember, Mr. Jackson standing up in front of our community church, -at that time it was the Congregational Church Sunday School - and singing with gusto, the wonderful old hymns. His ~~baywindow~~ ^{board window} crossed by a gold chain with a fob on it, his hymnal red of cover, held in his hand,

and his singing ^{with} ~~and~~ unbridled joy. He was great in the store. He never let a customer leave without a tiny little sly gift. ~~Many~~ ^{many} times that cherished and longed-for cookie to a little girl. I don't know whether he made a lot of money for the Follett's because of these numerous gifts, but they were never very big; they were mainly just an effort at public relations, because he liked everybody and he wanted them to feel good, and to come back. ~~And~~ ^{of course} they always did. As I said the other day, the grocery bill was paid once a year. ~~And so~~ the books had to be kept over a very long time; but after all, income came once a year, when the crop was sold, so this was the custom and the way it was done.

Some of the Follett's are still living in Genesee. As a matter of fact, the last man to own the Follette store was Mahlon, ^{one of} grandson of the founders. His father was George, ^{Mahlon} ~~and he~~ is a fine man, and I hope you get to interview him. I think he would be able to give you an excellent interview, Mahlon Follett. They were dear friends of my folks, the Jains, and I can remember, ~~too~~, that Mrs. George Follett's cookies at the Sunday School picnics were the best sour cream sugar ^{covered} ~~covered~~, delectables that a little girl ever had a chance to eat, ~~and~~ her mother-in-law, Mrs. John Follett, Sr., made a hand ^{some} ~~made~~ handkerchief as a birthday present for my grandmother, Adelia Jain, which was so beautiful that Grandmother never used it. ~~And so~~, after nearly a hundred years had gone by, I found this treasure with a note as to what it was, and ~~gave~~ ^{gave} it to the great-great-granddaughter of the creator, ^{on} ~~for~~ she carried it ^{on} ~~for~~ her ^{marriage day.} ~~wedding.~~ Her name was Johnny Sue Brown, and she loved it. Now, I forget the name of the man she married, but the little remembrance of all ^{those} ~~that~~ generations of loving friends and neighbors, was kept alive in this way.

The Follett's were good farmers. Fred Follett was a business man and wound up in business on the coast. He was a money maker, too. Then there was a dentist, ^{Dr. Clayton Follett,} There was Leon Follett, who carried on the grocery store along with his brother, George. Leon Follett sang in the Congregational choir; he sang

for my father's funeral. He was a bass and very faithful ⁱⁿ to going to church, which was certainly a warm neighborhood center. My grandfather, Lewis Jain, gave the Bible to this church. ~~And~~ I found it when I was a teenager; and by the time I was enough aware of history and the passage of time, and what happens to things to preserve that Bible, I couldn't find it. So we don't have it, but it was getting pretty dogeared, and ^{had} ~~been~~ used ^{so very long. And it} so very much ^{so was} large and unwieldy, so, I am sure that it went the way of all flesh.

The early people in the Congregational Church were surely dedicated, and through the years, they missed few services. This was the same with the church a block away, where the Methodists gathered, and another one a block further down the hill where the Christians gathered. ~~And~~ Certainly, the faithful on the hill to the west that went to the Catholic Church, ^{were good church folks as} the same family names still are there. ~~And then~~ ^{from the Catholics} just diagonally across the street ^{at one time} was the German Lutheran Church, which now is combined with the Norwegian Lutheran Church, as one congregation. ~~But~~ German was spoken ^{at one time} in both the Catholic and the Lutheran ~~sermons~~. ~~And~~ Norwegian or Swedish, or whatever, was spoken in the Lutheran church. Earlier, the services always took place in Genesee Valley Church, still a viable institution where families come home from afar, to be buried with those who loved them. ~~And~~ ^{where} wonder of wonders, the tombstone markers have been kept in symmetrical surveyor straight lines, the only cemetery with such exactitude that I have seen. ~~And~~ ^{now} that we have the flat markers, it's not so important, but when you go out of the doorway of the Valley Lutheran Church, you don't see a mish-mash of stones. You see a nice row up the hill, diagonally, so that all is in order. It was done as a labor of love, I am sure.

The church of the Catholics with their chimes, which were taken from the church after a big fire, ruled our lives. We didn't wake up in the morning ^{until} the six o'clock bell had chimed. We ate dinner at noon, by the twelve o'clock bell, and we had a bite of supper at night with the six o'clock bell. There

were higher and lower tones of bells. But the main one that chimed the hours absolutely ruled our lives, and how glad we were to have ~~them~~. Why, it made sense to a little girl playing off some place--Ummm-- there was the Catholic bell-- better get home! (chuckles) And that's the way we lived. The whole town lived by those bells! ~~And we~~ just loved 'em. We weren't conscious of it. This was just part of life. There was a school bell, too. And then there was a fire bell. And that fire bell had the most awful clang. ~~When~~ it would wake you out of a sound sleep in the middle of the night, you would just practically jump out of your skin.--

(End of Side A)

It would wake you and terrify you because it would be rung rapidly. It was right in the middle of the town where everybody could hear it. It would carry on the night air, and it meant a terrible menace. Many times my mother wouldn't let us go to the fire. Then, again, if it was a great big one we would go. And I remember shivering while she held me, and while she sat me on a post, to watch the Genesee Hotel burn. It was on a corner down where the present highway is, across the street from warehouses, and they didn't want the warehouses to catch. ~~So~~, this was before the day of very many water hydrants, and, so, when something took fire, it pretty much burned. All you hoped for was to keep neighboring structures from catching. ~~And~~, that was the first time in my life that I remember trembling with fear, or the nervous tension of great unease. I remember trembling that night. ~~And~~, ever after, the sound of that fire bell was even more terrifying, ~~And~~ on my piano I picked out two notes when played together that made the same relative sound of that bell. ~~And~~ I would sometimes play that sound as I was killing time, and was just a little kid around, just to see if I could make the same terrifying sound. Of course, I knew it wasn't the same thing, but it still made me very uncomfortable. (laughter) Aren't kids funny? And, those were the bells in my life, and in the life of the whole community. Of course, Genesee's firefighting equipment was all volunteer, which it still is.

which Moscow's is. There isn't a paid fire department in the county. Lewiston is a little bit bigger, and it has paid firemen. But regularly employed people were somewhat contemptuous of men who worked for the Fire Department, because it was such a lazy life--a long time between fires. ~~But~~ you had to have a fireman and a skilled person for this job, when the time came, ~~but~~ this business of having a volunteer fire department has worked exceedingly well, in our area. We have rural and urban, and they really are highly skilled. They have their own drills; they have very fine equipment, and they're johnny-on-the-spot. It's amazing if you have a fire how fast those people get to you, and what a lot they can get accomplished in a hurry.

Now, what else were we going to talk about?

SAM SCHRAGER: You were going to talk about Ed-----

MRS. WICKS: Oh, I couldn't talk about my childhood in Genesee without Ed Venook ^{Vanouck}, bless his dear, old, tobacco chewing face. ^{It's just right in front of me.} He was the oldest child of a widow, who later had married a man, and had ~~many~~ ^{several} children by a man named ^{of} Springer. But, he was one of ~~two~~ ^{three} children named ~~Venook~~ ^{Vanouck}. ~~three~~. There was Ed, and there was Pearl, who was the nurse who told me about the child with rabies, and there was Jake, who ~~was~~ ^{has} the family of ~~people~~ still living in Genesee. ^{that he is gone.} Ed never married. He was the support of the family, though his mother had a very, very, fine boardinghouse, where everybody went to eat. ~~And~~ Ed and his mother were a great team to raise these younger children. Ed had the dray; Ed took the tickets at the shows; Ed took the tickets at the local baseball field; Ed took the tickets for the high school games; Ed would get dressed up with every badge he owned on his coat, and go and faithfully serve the community. ~~And~~, he was greatly loved and appreciated, though considered just a little bit simple. I don't know that Ed was simple. I think, really, ~~that~~ Ed just had never had a chance to go to school, because he was earning, and helping to feed the family, when a very small little boy. ~~But~~ his mother was a great

cook, and a wonderful character. She loved her kids. ~~And~~ ^{By} the time she got to the baby of her family, ~~and~~ ^{was endowed} he with a good voice, there was time for him to have a few music lessons, and a little grace in life. So, I couldn't possibly talk about Genesee without mentioning Ed. He lived to a very old age, and was tenderly cared for in the home of this younger half-brother, Markie Springer.

SAM SCHRAGER: I was going to say Decoration Days, something--

MRS. WICKS: Yes, that was something else.

I wanted to say that one of the few homesteaders I ever saw in my life was Bill Springer, an older half-brother of Ed ^{Vanouch} Venook. And, he had a very small holding of tillable land, and the rest in canyon land bordering my father's place down on the ~~Rim~~ ^R rock. ~~And~~ Bill Springer built a little house which he had on the corner, near my father's townhouse, and which Dad later bought, and moved over next door to our front porch, to house my mother's aunt, who had come from Michigan to homestead, and to live with her brother and his wife. ^{early in the century,} ~~And~~, after their deaths, ^{about 1920, she} ~~had~~ moved to Genesee and lived in the little house, which Bill Springer built. That little house, ^{at the top of Coyote Creek,} presently is the bunkhouse down on Dad's place, ~~having been moved there.~~ So ~~it still would serve were anyone of a mind to use it,~~ though it's been vacant now since the renter doesn't need it.

MRS. WICKS: I was going to talk about what, did you say?

SAM SCHRAGER: Decoration Day.

MRS. WICKS: Oh, Decoration Day was a big day for everybody. ~~And~~ ^{civil War, usually,} on that day many times old soldiers, ^{men} wore their uniforms; and then after World War II, there were in uniforms who played taps and shot their guns on Decoration Day to honor the war dead. ~~And~~, ^{everybody} ~~everybody~~ else honored their loving memories of their dead. ~~And~~, there probably weren't bouquets that were domestically grown on one out of ten graves at the cemetery^s, but there were wild flowers in abundance, ~~and~~ they were put there in fruit jars or in cans, though this came later because we didn't have any cans when I was real small. ~~But~~ the flowers often were just laid lovingly on the top of the graves. Everybody took the day off, and went to town in their very best,

and met for whatever ceremony there was. Perhaps the preacher said a few words; perhaps a politician was invited in; or the mayor of the town spoke and there'd be a gathering. ~~And~~ then everyone would go to the ~~cemetery~~, ^{graveyards} either before or after this town occasion. ~~And then~~ there'd be dinners ^{following} in relative's homes, all over the place, because Decoration Day was one where you paid attention. My grandmother's two little girls had died: One of them in childbirth, and one of them at fifteen ^{with} spinal meningitis. They were beautiful little girls, and always, in Grandmother's bedroom were the two pictures, side by side. This was a crushing blow to the whole family, because they died within five months of each other, and they were so well known in the community. ~~And~~ my wedding occurred just forty ~~odd~~ years from the wedding of the ~~little~~ older girl, who died in childbirth. Her husband was Dr. W. C. Cox, a pioneer physician in the area. ~~And~~ the wedding was very formally done with white gloves on the ushers, and white silk ties; and in the museum, presently, are my father's pair of white gloves, and his cravat from being an usher at his sister's wedding. The reception was held downtown and everyone was invited. This was a very important social occasion. ~~And~~ my wedding, which occurred all these many years later, was in the church, and was also attended by numerous people--the church was full. (laughter) And, we didn't have a reception for everybody, we just had our family and close friends to dinner. Fried chicken from the beginning to the end of all ^{that} the fried chicken dinners mean in Genesee; and we just had it for fifty-two.

Dr. Cox was one of the very first physicians in the area. ~~And~~ ^{for} his wife to have to die in childbirth, was a cruel irony. He was a most interesting man. He graduated from Jefferson Medical School about 1886, if I'm not mistaken. Maybe it was 1882; it was early. I went to ^{Philadelphia} Jefferson on a trip one time; and they were very wonderful to me and took me all over the place, including the old operating room where he had learned his skills. This was before the day of anesthesia, and the boards of the operating table were, on either side, ^{with} chains hanging down because the patient had to be chained to endure the agony of being

cut in that way without anesthesia. The heartfelt care of whole families by family physicians was an important part of pioneer life. ~~And~~ Dr. Cox was a deeply respected person as a family physician. However, as time went by he moved to Everett, Washington to practice, and it was there that his wife died. ~~And~~ the cruelest blow of all, she died of puerperal fever. Which means somewhere in her care, there was someone or something that was not sterilized. They didn't know, Pasteur had not discovered germs at that time, and doctors, midwives, and nurses were not always careful to wash their hands, because they didn't know that it did any particular harm for a physician to go ~~to~~ ^{from patient} one person to another. ~~And~~ ~~Little~~ Grace died of puerperal fever and so did her baby. And ~~so~~, they lie together side by side in a row: Adelia and Lewis; Grace and her little boy, Carrie; ^{gone at just 15} and then Walter and my father and my mother, Lela. They are in a row in the Genesee cemetery.

Before I leave the subject of cemetery, where I expect to lie, one day, just a little west of my family's plot, there is a tall shaft ~~there~~ for Wallace Cool, the husband of Marie Nebelsick. He was the deputy sheriff, shot on the streets of Moscow when the man named Steffens went berserk and killed Dr. Watkins. This tragedy is written as a central theme in the book BUFFALO COAT, by Carol Ryne Brink. ~~And~~ Wallace Cool rests in the cemetery at Genesee, ^{Alongside} him is his sister-in-law, Emma, a delightful Nebelsick daughter who used to visit my family and was a charming and lovely person. She married rather late in life, a man over in Oregon, and in due time walked into the river, and took her life. So, two tragedies in the Nebelsick family occurred, and the two people involved lie there side by side, near the Jain and the Wicks plots. ^{*} There's another plot, right beside it, for the Hollisters. Mr. Hollister was a GAR and owned the Genesee Hotel, and raised a family there. His sister-in-law, Lena Favre, owned the building in which I now sit, at one time, together with her husband, ^{Vine} They were a pioneer family. Mrs. Favre and Mrs. Hollister's maiden name was Camp, and they came of very fine people. The Hollister graves

* Mr. Nebelsick was a retired army man who migrated to Genesee very early. His wife was a Sabarhorst, fine old pioneer family.

are distinguished by a tombstone with a sweet little dog on it. That is to their dog, an Airedale named ^{Don} Dawn. ^{And} the tombstone reads: ^{Don} Dawn, our faithful friend. ~~Because~~ One time Mrs. Hollister got lost over on a homestead near the Camas Prairie, as she went to get the family cow. Down in the canyon, she lost her way and they couldn't find her all night, ~~and~~ it rained just a bit, and she would have died if it hadn't been that she was protected from exposure by the fact that ^{Don} Dawn, their dog, nestled in her lap and kept her warm. So, ^{Don} Dawn, I remember as we would walk by as we would go to school, was a very old and deeply loved pet, ~~and~~ he lies right beside -- no, I believe at the foot, of Mr. and Mrs. Hollister.

There is, just a bit east the Wahl plot, and this is a large area in which the twins are buried, that my grandmother helped bring into the world and fed ~~them~~ ^{their mother} the little cordial made of Oregon Grape jelly. They lie there, and their brother, Sherman, who ~~told me of his~~ - told my father of his sad financial prediction, which proved to not be correct. ~~And~~ his wife Mary Wahl; She was a Moscow pioneer: Mary Mc Farland, one of the first graduates of the University of Idaho. A marvelous woman. She was a bit old when they had their children because she married a little later in life; which was perhaps why her first child was a spastic and could not walk by himself. ~~And~~ I remember so many times, seeing Mrs. Wahl with her son, Kellis, held with her two arms held under his ~~two~~ arms; ^{her} hands clasped across his little chest, his two feet resting on her feet, as she brought him into the opera house for plays or graduations, or whatever the occasion was. She was a beautiful woman, and so devoted to her child. ^{well,} She had a slow and difficult birth and my mother always said that the doctor became panicky and took Kellis which resulted in the damage that caused his spasticity. He was intelligent, and ~~he~~ kept the books of the family farming business. But at about age ³² thirty-two, he tipped himself from his wheelchair into the farmyard watering trough and took his life. He had very fine brother and sister, ^{the} the man of whom

is on the staff of WSU, at this time. A most substantial citizen of our area who's married to the sister, the baby of the family of Lola Clyde-- the baby of the Gamble family, that is. ~~And~~ ^{Of} of course, their father was the first Presbyterian minister here. As fine ^{an} Irish gentleman as ever was. I heard of him one time; that when there was a smallpox epidemic, Daniel Gamble was the person who went from stricken household to stricken household, and helped everyone and remained immune from the disease. He was truly a Christian man.

So, the families spread, and family mingles with family, and east of the Wahl plot is that of the Breslers^{SS} ^{Caroline} dear, wonderful people. Grandmother Bresler was a distinguished lady from Kentucky, and she came West with money. ~~And~~ her son, Fred Bresler, was the local banker that I ~~knew~~ during my early years as the banker. He had an affliction on his hand, which still is in the family strain. Some of the fingers were not separated from each other, and I remember how strange his hands looked, as he wrote with a pen, at the bank window. But with what a flowing, beautiful, script he produced. He had three children and a wife, who was the daughter of Newton Hollister, whom I have just spoken about, who honored his pet. Bertha Hollister was Mrs. Fred Bresler. I can remember sitting on Mr. Bresler's lap, and eating some of Mrs. Bresler's delicious divinity candy, which made my fingers a little sticky. ~~And~~ I remember asking Mr. Bresler why his fingers were the way they were, and playing with his hand, putting it up to my cheek, because I loved him. And he said, with the sweetest tone, he said, "Why, Gracie, when I was little, I ate divinity candy and my hands got sticky, and you know, I did it so ~~often~~ ^{often}, and my mama didn't wash it very carefully, and you know they just grew like that!" ~~And~~ so, he passed off, what could have been a hurtful episode because he was so mature and so kind. Mrs. Bresler was a very individual woman, ~~She~~ outlived her husband, though she was always ill, a great deal. She inherited the large family estate and eventually lived with her daughter, Adeline, the youngest of the family, in Spokane. Don Bresler was the first man I kissed

because he was the man in the play where I hated to be involved. (chuckles)
 Alas, his life was somewhat wasted, because, while still in his thirties, he be-
 came ill from alcoholism and became a heartbreaking figure, beyond help for
 those of us who loved him, and so, wished to keep his great work. He had
 been a captain in World War I; he had been in business with his father in the
 bank; he had married one of the ^{Mulalley} ~~Mallaly~~ girls, Irene, a delightful belle of the
 town. ~~And~~ ^{And} they had one child, who presently lives in Genesee. His descend-
 ants are still with us, and wonderful people. If we only knew then, what we know
 now about Alcoholics Anonymous, there was no reason to lose Don. These were ^{all}
^{dear} family friends.

In speaking of Genesee, I should also speak of the Larabee family. Mr.
 Larabee had the store that was down the street from Follett's one block. It,
 too, had the delicious smell of all the goodies that you could get there, and
 you could buy everything. Mr. Larabee was married to a woman who's maiden name
 had been Wells. ~~And~~ ^{And} the Wells family was numerous in the area, also. ^{one member,} The Larabee
 children were numbered four, three girls and a boy. They all were handsome people
 and prominent in community life. The kind of people who had the leads in plays,
 and were valedictorians and were the most sought-after dates, and went far away
 to live, and had nice lives. Someone else I should speak about when talking of
 Genesee, is the Burr family, and the Gray family ^{and the Wardrobes}. ^{es} ~~But~~ I'll speak first of the
 Burrs. W. W. Burr was the community record keeper. He was a notary public; he
 was the town clerk; he did title business; eventually sold insurance, and he had
 a little office where people could get intellectual chores done, and legal chores
 done, of this nature. He had a nice family, and his wife was a prominent Rebecca.
 Their home was open to warm hospitality, and their daughter, Laura, was a lovely
 singer. She sang at both my father's and my mother's funerals and was a dearly
 loved companion, and ~~still~~ presently lives in the back of what used to be the
 Bresler Bank, and what eventually was her husband's place of business because

was my first teacher

her husband, Bill Burr, followed in his father's footsteps in this same kind of clerical business. ~~And~~ Laura lives there to this day.

The Grays were two farmers, William and Robert. William never married. ~~And~~ they were both money-makers, very successful farmers. Robert Gray, Bob, had ten children, of which there are so few descendants of the name, that you can hardly believe it: Just two. There were other grandchildren, but their name was not Gray. Bob and Bill Gray were half-brothers of a man named Andrew Wardrobe who had fourteen children. ~~And~~, there are an amazingly few people named Wardrobe who lived to carry on the name. As a matter of fact, I only know one. So of all these many sons, in twenty four descendants, I think I can name just three: Two Grays, and one Wardrobe. This is the way life goes. Now, the women of the family, the daughters, had children, but, of course, their names were lost, because of our way of just carrying on the male name. If I am a woman's ^{libber}, it is certainly in that, because many times in a woman's obituaries you have to read clear to the end and hope that you find a brother of the woman involved, because only then do you find out who she was. To me, this is hurtful and a little shameful. It should not be. ~~But~~ the long hyphenated name that the Europeans have, of course, to Americans, would seem silly. But in only that way, is a woman's identity preserved.

The Grays inherited ~~from~~, ~~Uncle Bob~~ --from Uncle Bill-- they inherited from their father. They were good custodians and they have inherited from each other. ~~And~~ two or three of them are very wealthy people who had no children. The next generation, ~~Robert~~ has no children. The present generation, ~~Charlie~~ has one. Lester had two, of which one died early in life. And now, there is Cecil, who never married. Jessie never married. Elbert never married.

(End of Side B)

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