

CLARA PAYNE GROVE
Third Interview

Interviewed by:
Sam Schrager

Oral History Project
Latah County Museum Society

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CLARA PAYNE GROVE

Moscow and Troy; b. 1879

newspaper editor; cook

1.9 hr.

minute page

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with Sam Schrager
Nov. 21, 1975

II. Transcript

GROVE, CLARA PAYNE

Interviewer: SAM SCHRAGER.

This third interview with Clara Payne Grove took place at her home in Moscow, Idaho on November 21, 1975. The interviewer is Sam Schrager.

SAM SCHRAGER: Can you tell us what booze fighting was like in the early years when you were involved in the WCTU yourself?

CLARA PAYNE GROVE: Well, to go back much earlier than that, back to the very early days after it was organized; the women met in prayer meetings and then marched together to the saloons to talk with the saloonkeeper. And, we didn't have fancy names for the saloons, ^{AND} they didn't at that time. A saloon was a saloon! And women did not visit them. That was almost unknown. But they would go to the saloons and talk with the saloonkeeper, and some of the saloonkeepers did go out of business; not all of them, but some of them did. But, at the time that I remember about Grandmother, her family worship every day always included, "And put down the wickedness of the saloons everywhere." Her family devotion never omitted that. And, I presume there were many other people with the same thought. And, I do not know, when I was a child, much about the working of it. But I know that my mother was jail visitor. That's one of our projects.

SS: You told me about your jail visiting.

CG: I was jail visitor, also.

SS: As your mother was in her years.

CG: Mother was a jail visitor. That was a project. And we have a number of projects. For one thing, we have as allies, a group known as the Loyal Temperance Legion for children of grade school age. And at present, we are not having a Loyal Temperance Legion in Moscow because the woman who was leading it died a year or two ago and we have been unable since to find anyone who would take it on. And we also have a Youth Temperance

Council for the high school age. And Moscow never had that group, but a great many places do have that group. And in one place in Oklahoma at one time, we had an extremely active National Director of the Youth Temperance Council work. And Oklahoma was dry and wanted to stay dry, but, of course, there was a great deal of agitation to make it wet, and this woman went to Oklahoma and she would go to a Youth Temperance Council group and tell them what to do, which they did, and Oklahoma went dry that year. And it was dry for sometime afterward. She had handwritten stickers saying, "We cannot vote. Will you vote dry for us?" And there was a string in each one of them to hang them on the doorknob. And they hung them on every doorknob in the town after the town would be dark for the night! And Oklahoma went dry that year, unexpectedly. That was one actual thing they did.

SS: That's interesting. When you went and talked to the saloonkeepers-- I wonder what they could use, what kind of arguments they had, or how they would deal with the saloonkeepers, when they'd go in. Would they go in as a protest only, or were they going in to try to persuade them that they were wrong to sell liquor, or what was the thinking going into saloons?

CG: They would try to persuade them to not sell liquor. They would tell the men who were in there-- try to get them to go home where they belonged, instead of sitting around in the saloon. They talked with everybody in the place trying to get them to run straight. And, we dabbled in politics quite a bit, because politics are partly what is doing everything that is done. So, we put push on our state to-- well on our local-county and state and national heads to work and vote and influence to rid the place of liquor. And, one congressman, -- I think it was a letter to ^{me} Mahan (?) when she sent it, I frequently -- in fact, just now I

was reading a letter from Mc Clure-- I think it was in a letter to me, I'm sure it was, that this congressman, and I don't remember which one it was, but it was of my state wherever I was at the time, said, "People may think it is no use to write to a congressman what their views on anything may be, but it is, because before election, and before the vote on that comes up, ^{to} he counts up how many were on the Yes and how many on the No side, and he is quite apt to vote with the majority. So, he said, "It is some use to write to your congressman, because you do force him to vote as you please." So, we do a great deal of that. I haven't kept very much touch with our legislators the last two or three years just because of inability to do it. But, formerly I was writing almost continuously to some legislator or head of a department or a mayor or somebody; I was in touch with them all around a great deal.

SS: May I ask you, how much of a role do you think the WCTU played?

CG: What's that?

SS: How much of a role do you think the WCTU played in bringing about Prohibition, in the first place?

CG: When we pray about it?

SS: No, no. How important was the WCTU in bringing about Prohibition in the first place? Did the organization have a lot to do with the enactment of that legislation?

CG: The WCTU was formed to work on the legislation of liquor; to work on it from every angle they could, from the individual in the gutter clear up to the President of the United States. At one time, the WCTU got up what was known as the Polyglot Petition. That was from all over the world signatures of individuals. I don't know how many there were, but I know that they bought a whole bolt of white muslin and they pasted

all of these names, one after another, on that bolt of white muslin and rolled it again! (Chuckles) And two women in their surrey with their driver, drove to the Capitol to see the President. I wish I could remember which president, but I don't. But, anyway, at that time, anybody could see the President. You just simply went and rang the bell and said you wanted to see the President, and you got to see the President; that's all there was to it! Well, these women went to see the President and leaving the driver with the surrey, they went into see the President, and they told him that they had brought a petition to him. "Well, where was it?" And they said, "Would you please send a man out to get it?" Well, that seemed a strange request, but he sent a man out, and after a bit the man came back and he said to the President, "Would you please send another man to help me? I can't carry it alone." And those two men came in carrying this roll of white muslin that had become immense. They said it was about the size of a big sheep! And they carried it in and presented it to the President with those hundreds of thousands of names on it! And, everybody all over the United States was writing to the President about the very matter, I do not recall ^{exactly} what the legislation was that they were after, the exact piece of legislation. And, after a time, with women all over the United States writing constantly to the President. And at that time, if you had a dozen letters you had a lot of letters. But he was getting them by the hundred and he didn't know how to manage it, how he could handle it, what he would do with it, and he finally called the President of the WCTU and he said to her, "Madam, if you will call off your women I will grant you anything you ask for!" (Laughter) So, you can see that we did have power! Well, Frances Willard lasted only so long.

SS: She was the founder?

- CG: She was the founder, and the pusher, and the big IT of the whole thing as long as she lived.
- SS: Do you know what she was like as a person? Frances Willard.
- CG: She was small. And, as a child she was quite individual and quite active and always on the move and thinking of something. For instance, she had an older brother and he rode a horse, of course, the young men of that time, of course, had a horse and saddle as much as they do a car now, well, he rode and so she wanted to ride. And her father said, "No, ladies do not ride." Well, they did, they had the sidesaddles and they rode them. But, that is how her father dealt with her. He said, "Ladies do not ride, you will not have a horse and saddle!" So, she rode the calves instead! Well, that was Frances Willard, you could stop her apparently but actually, you never did. And, also, at Christmastime each one had indicated what they wanted and the boy had asked for a book and the younger sister had asked for a doll, and she had asked for a slate and pencil. We all had slates, ^{long enough ago} that's what we wrote on, of course, a child didn't write on paper, they wrote on a slate with a slate pencil! Well, she had wanted a slate, and on Christmas Day her brother-- her father was very strict about the family just dressing up and sitting around for sabbaths and holidays, and so on-- he was a very strict man about everything-- there sat her brother reading his book; there sat her sister playing with her doll and her father said, "No, this is Sunday"--Christmas was Sunday also in that year--he said, "No, this is Sunday and you will not write on your slate on Sunday." Well, she endured it as long as she could, until she had it all thought out. She took her slate and pencil over to her mother and she said, "Mama, could I draw on my slate if I didn't draw nothing but meetin' houses?" And her mother gave the father a stern look and she said, "Yes, Frances, and I will draw one for you for a pattern."

Well, Dad couldn't say anything! So she drew meetin' houses the rest of the day. But that was Frances Willard; you thought you'd stopped her, but you didn't; you couldn't!

SS: Why? Were meeting houses that important? The meeting houses for prayer?

CG: A meetin' house was a church.

SS: That's what I thought.

CG: So she drew churches the rest of the day.

SS: Do you know where she came by her strong convictions about drink? Do you know what happened that she became interested in that?

CG: For one thing, her brother, Oliver, became a drunkard. And just before his death, he said to his wife, "Don't have any worry about me, I am all forgiven and I am all right." So that, he had been a drunkard; and I think that had something to do with it. But, also, she was always interested in everything around her. And she never went to a school until she was thirteen. There was no school, ~~was~~ the reason she didn't go. But the mother taught them at home, and when she was thirteen she first went to a school, because there was a school. And later, she and the younger sister were taken to some nearby town to go to a boarding school. And as they left the home, the hired man drove them in and he had a stove and a load of wood with them to put in their room in the dorm, ~~but~~ he gave each one of them fifty cents, and Frances, very promptly spent her entire fifty cents for candy. And fifty cents would buy a lot of candy at that time; you could get quite a ~~lot~~ of candies at one cent a piece, and there were no ten cent ones. Well, that was one way. And some time or other, I think it was when she was in a higher school, but anyway, she was away from home in a school, and there were three of the girls in one room, including Frances. And the three of them decided

that they would smoke!! So they got some cigars and started smoking! Well, someone tipped off the housemother about it, the matron, and told her about it, and so, she went and opened the door and stepped in and she said, "Oh, I'm so glad to see you smoking, the mosquitoes are just driving me wild, come into my room and smoke them out!" (Chuckles) They could do nothing else! They went into her room and she kept them smoking until they finished their cigars and they were so sick they could hardly get back to their own room! (Laughter) So they didn't smoke any more

But Frances Willard was very individual. She did what she would regardless of everything. She was small, and when she had had all these flings in her youth she settled down to be very quiet and sedate. And she had a very good voice and she ^{was} said to be an unusually excellent speaker. That when she would go into a pulpit or a platform they would think, "Huh, that little thing gonna speak to us?" And in just two or three minutes of talking she would have them listening with all ears, and absolutely quiet. She was a charming speaker, she could just take her audience with her no matter what she was talking about.

SS: Do you think she had to struggle to build up the WCTU and the movement? Or were there so many people that wanted such a movement that they all came right away?

CG: No, they didn't all come right away, but still, there were a great many wives who came because their husbands were drinking. So that it wasn't as difficult as might have been. And there hadn't been the propaganda from the liquor interests at that time that there is now, which makes it more difficult now because of the propaganda. But at that time, the liquor interests hadn't thought of such a thing as propaganda. And at that time, -- now we speak of cider and hard cider-- at that time if

they spoke of cider, they meant hard cider, and then they said sweet cider. They had cider and sweet cider. Well now, we have cider and hard cider. But, at one time, the WCTU had the largest membership of any womens' group in the world; but it is not true now. The Rebeccas, I think it was, soon surpassed us.

SS: I want to ask you about how serious drinking was in those early days, around the turn of the century, before Prohibition came in? Was drinking widespread; was it a very, very common problem?

CG: It was a very common problem. All men-- you just pick out numbers of them, who were drinking. And at that time, there was no such thing as Relief, you sunk or swam according to your own ability, or if you would sink too far, you were put on the-- (phone ringing interrupted at this point) No Relief or pension or anything, you earned your living as you went day by day, and took care of the government; just the reverse of what we have now! The government will take care of you.

SS: So this means that there were many people who were quite derelict because of the drinking?

CG: Well, as nearly as I know, they could drink til they were drunk today and tomorrow they were all right! I didn't hear anything about any-- oh, what's the word I want?--alcoholic., I didn't hear anything about alcoholics. I don't know whether the people had more stamina or drank less or what it was, but I never heard anything about alcoholic until later years.

SS: Well, then what was it that was the real sin about drinking then? Did it tear the families apart? What did it do to be so evil?

CG: Well, generally, it did not separate ^{the} people, because the marriage tie said they'd live together til death did them part, so they just did! I was in the eighth grade I think before I ever heard of a divorce. It

was a rare thing. That was in Redfield, South Dakota and I don't remember hearing about any other divorce there, the years I was there. It was not common at all, because the marriage vow was held as sacred, and people just believe that it was, so if the husband got drunk, well, he was taken care of. And my mother used to tell about one case in which they sort of cured ^{the} brother. He'd come home drunk every now and then, so this time they had homegrown, spun and woven and sewed sheets on the bed of linen; made it from the flax field. Well, new linen is quite rugged, and when he came home drunk this time they got him in between two of those sheets and then they sewed the sheets tight up all around him so he couldn't move enough to struggle enough to get out! Well, when he waked and tried to get out, he couldn't get out, and the sisters had no sympathy with it, just let him stay tied, that was a good place! ^{He} Wasn't going to get drunk there! So, he wanted water-- "Oh, yes, sure." So they brought him a drink of whiskey (Chuckles) "No, he wanted water." So they took it away and brought it back again, and every time he wanted water, they brought him whiskey!! And finally, they had him to the place where he voluntarily said, "If you'll let me out of here, I'll never drink another drop." And he never did! That's the only case where I ever heard of a cure that way.

SS: What were the worst effects of drinking in those days?

CG: The worst of it was, that the sustenance and thought and work that should have gone to the home were not present. The man didn't have ^{them} ₁. He didn't work at home as he should, and when he got any money the saloon-keeper got it. And that was the mischief; the greatest. I knew one case over in North Dakota: A woman who had wanted to marry and have children, but she had no opportunity to marry, and it was said that her marriage, when she did marry, was a heart-and-hand affair, which used to be

so common, and this man, penniless, had married her for her money, of which she had considerable. I knew them when they had three or four children, and I was at the house one day and the little girl said, "Mama,-- she was not home that day, she must have gone to a neighbors, and Daddy had gone to town. Well, after a while Daddy came home and he was reeling all over the place, he couldn't find the furniture ^{to find it} and he had trouble finding where the door was. But, anyway, finally he said, oh, his stomach was troubling him so, he had so much stomach trouble and it was bothering him awfully--excusing his condition to me, you know--. And presently, not so long after he came in, the mother came home and the little girl ran to her-- I admired that woman greatly-- the little girl said, "Mama, Daddy's home and he's sick." The mother was teaching the children that Daddy was sick! So, the woman just said, "Where is he?" And the little girl said, "He went upstairs." Well, I excused myself and went home immediately. She was on her way upstairs as I started home. But she was really a superior woman. I always wondered why she hadn't had opportunities to marry. She was pleasant and agreeable and had education enough to be pleasant, at least. I don't know how much, but you knew that she had enough to do, and she had much money. But she'd had no opportunity to marry til she married this heart-and-hand man. Well, she had her home, a nice home, a big home, and she had her children and she had bought him, and she didn't repudiate him at all. She just took him as he was. And I thought she was so sensible-- not that I envied her any! But, I do think she had such good sense. And her teaching the children that Daddy is sick! I thought was just quite nice of her to do that.

side B SS: Is it a disease? Is it something that can be cured simply by willpower?
 CG: It can be, if a person uses their willpower. There were a great many

men who did quit drinking, because they would quit. For one thing, they didn't go back to the saloon; they avoided the saloon. And for another thing, they recognized in a way that they couldn't when they were full of liquor, what they owed to their home. When a man is full of liquor he doesn't owe anything except to another drink. But when they would quit drinking, they would ~~get~~ a full realization of what they owed to

their home and the misery that the home had endured while they drank. So there were a great many men who just cut right off; they signed the Pledge and kept it. The signing of the Pledge was-- oh, it was talked as commonly as to have turkey ~~at~~ Thanksgiving is now, that so-and-so had signed the Pledge, or so-and-so was thinking of signing the Pledge, or something like that. And there was a great deal of pledge signing. And, at that time, a man's word was usually good, and if he had a written signature with it, it was pretty sure to be good. It was really regarded-- it wasn't just a bit of nonsense, like it is now.

SS: How did the signing of the Pledge work? Do you remember what exactly the words were?

CG: Well, I'll repeat the LTL-- the Loyal Temperance Legion Pledge while I think farther.

"While I live,
Alcohol I'll ~~never~~ drink, nor sell nor give,
From all of tobacco I'll abstain
And never take God's name in vain."

That's the Loyal Legion Temperance Pledge now and I think has been a hundred years that the organization has been an organization. And, for the other Pledge, I cannot repeat it, but it takes in all liquor, including beer, wine and cider. Well, at the present time, some women object to the word cider, but at the time the pledge was made, it was hard cider if you had said cider and hard cider contains alcohol, the same as any of the other drinks do. So that's perfectly logical to

have the word cider included with the wine and beer.

SS: How would a man be persuaded to sign the Pledge? Would it be his wife who would persuade him, or would it be a delegation of the Womens Christian Temperance Union? How ^w_uould it come about that he would-- had been exposed to it and come around to accept it?

CG: It might be from a pulpit or a platform that he saw the light and signed the Pledge. That wasn't uncommon at all, that someone on a pulpit or a platform would persuade various ones of the audience to sign a Pledge. And, the women, even if they didn't belong, naturally were much interested in their husbands and brothers as to whether they came home drunk or sober. It made quite a difference. And the women of the WCTU would go to the saloons and individual men, so that there was influence from various quarters all around. And, it reached a great many men. People at that time were not like they are now. It was the common thing that people had backbones; I think that backbones are quite out of date at the present time. We depend on the ^hgovernment. (Bell ringing)

SS: Then than they do now?

CG: Well, they had to have, because there was nowhere to look, except among the neighbors, and they were mostly very neighborly, there was nowhere to look for aid. It was just as though you were on the midst of a lake with nothing but a log to float you. Well, what were you going to do? You were going to do everything you could about it. You were going to do your best. And you were going to get out, or sink. But this great FDR gave us the dole with the purpose of breaking the backbone of the American people! I'm giving my opinion, I'm not saying that everybody agrees with me, or that I'm absolutely right in all details, but it is my opinion that that was the very first move of the subversive elements that have planned, and are so close to taking the United States over.

The dole that FDR gave us broke the backbone of the people, as it, in my opinion, was intended to do. Well, there was no dole, ^{there} there was nothing. There was the land, the sky, the water, everything was there for you to work with; go to work and make your way! And, since necessity is the Mother of invention, they found a way to survive, and to succeed, and some of them became very successful. But now, there is not the incentive to make themselves successful. The incentive is to see how much dole-- now to me that covers, welfare and food stamps and a lot of things-- there is the dole to look to. And there seems to be sort of a rivalry among people to see who can get the most out of it with the least return of anything for it. But there was no dole, there was nothing except his own self to look to.

SS: Do you think that being poor was a matter of personal responsibility, rather than a matter of social conditions?

CG: It was personal. And, being poor, was just so common, and it wasn't looked upon as it is now. It was nothing to be poor. If you had somebody stop in unexpectedly and there was no place to sleep, ^{some of} the family just slept on the floor, gave up their bed, that was common. And, if there was nothing but corn bread and salt pork for supper, well, that was common. Nobody objected to it or thought anything of it. They lived simply and with so much less. There was one man right from here who said to his wife, "Our children don't know anything but to push a button. That's all they know." And he took them to Canada where he owned some land and there was a granary on the land, and there was one window in the granary and he took his wife and his nine children, including a babe in arms, to Canada and lodged them in that granary with one window! And there they lived until a year or two later, it seems that he gave them a house to live in. But they learned what it was to live without

any buttons to push!

SS: I want to ask you about Ida Tarbel and her investigations of the trusts. Do you feel that there was much reason to be concerned about the power of corporations, as she seemed to be when she was working at Standard Oil?

CG: The power of appropriations?

SS: Corporations. Stand Oil. Remember Ida Tarbell and her investigations in Standard Oil?

CG: I remember about the *scandal* . . . Yes, I remember that.

SS: Was there evil from that side, from the side of wealth, too?

CG: I think perhaps about that time is when there began to be more of a mark dividing these people from those. I think that right there that scandal, oil scandal, had something to do with the division of the people and give us more people with less backbone than we had before. We talked about Teddy Roosevelt's "big stick" -- did you ever hear of that? Well, it seems that the most he did with his big stick was to wave it in the air! Of course, he did fine Standard Oil, a terrific fine, I think it was a million dollars or something like that. And a million dollard then was beyond the comprehension. It wasn't like it is now. But it has been said that it was never paid. That it was understood that it wasn't to be paid; it was just to be assessed to the-- well, I don't know the exact truth of that-- but if it was paid, I wonder how it became so persistently known that it never was paid? And with people who should be an authority on the subject.

SS: Before we ^{leave} with Prohibition as a subject, there a couple of other things I wanted to ask you. One is, how much a part did religion play in getting people to take the Pledge? Was religion or Christianity very important in the movement?

CG: Christianity and religion were separate and apart above other things, worldly things. They were differently regarded than they are now. For instance, at the present time, there is a group that is rewriting even the scripture to eliminate the word HIM. If the scripture says him it should also say him/her. And there is a group that is rewriting everything concerning the scripture and the scripture itself to eliminate 'him.' Well, at that time, no such thing had ever, that I know of, been **even thought** of, even conceived in anybody's mind. They were sacred things that were above, and if we touched them it was reverently, never otherwise. They held a different place than they do now.

SS: Was conversion and accepting Christ very much a part of taking the oath?

CG: No, no, that was not a part of the Pledge and the oath and so on.

SS: But you say that prayer and prayer meetings were very much a part of the Womens Christian Temperance Union.

CG: Very much a part. Very much a part. And very much of Frances Willard's life, ~~S~~ she was the one who taught us that we have a foundation on the power of the Almighty. That was how she did what she did; attributed everything to the power of the Almighty as granted through her to do what she did. That was her teaching. And, we try to teach it now.

SS: When the women pray before going to the saloons, was the purpose of the prayer to give strength to their efforts?

CG: At that time, these women who held their prayer meeting and then went into a saloon, one of them would not have been able to force her feet to go into a saloon without preparation for it. They wouldn't have been seen in a saloon under any circumstances until now, with Divine direction, they were doing what they saw should be done, and they did it. And, as nearly as I know, they were always respectfully received. Not cordially, I don't mean that, but so far as I know, no disrespect was

shown them. And, as for the present time, it's been perhaps twenty years or so ago, ^{that's} well, ~~well~~ recent compared with these times, ~~we've been~~ speaking of, there was a group of us coming home from State Convention and at one town somewhere, I don't remember where, the chartered bus that we had, stopped for a considerable time and just across the street from the bus depot, there was a saloon. And, just as a sort of a joke one woman said to our State President who was with us, "Well, shall we go in and pray?" And, I said, "Well, perhaps we might." And the State President was utterly horrified at the idea that anyone would even say such a thing. There's the difference!! There's the difference in the terrain as it is now.

SS: When these people were first involved in the WCTU, were many of the women in the organization, women who had been involved in the fight for the right to vote?

CG: I do not believe that all of the women, by any means at all, believed that women should vote. I think there was a solid core of women who believed that, but not all of them. And, I think there were a few men who thought it would be alright for a woman to vote, but in general, not.

SS: But what I was wondering was, if the reform effort of the WCTU had been influenced by the struggle for the right to vote?

CG: I think not, perhaps. There was a little incident about a woman back in 1800; she was working through the county on votes for women, Mary Erliday (sp?) before it was common. She had one horse hitched to a buggy, she was driving around the county trying to talk up votes for women and one night she was later than she ^{had} thought she would be leaving a town and it was a very dark night, a black night, and that blackness just settled around her until she didn't know where she was exactly. She had planned to go to my grandmother's to spend the night, they were great

chums, in their work and otherwise, and both of them mothers-in-law to the same couple. And, she had planned to spend the night there and she thought, well, she might just have passed it up and not have known it, and there was no use driving any farther. She unhitched her horse, tied the lines together, slipped the bridle out of the horses mouth, slipped the bit out, so that it was only a halter; tied one end of the lines to the horse and one to the wheel of the buggy; lay down under the buggy and went to sleep!! The next morning when it came daylight she waked and she was just half a mile from Grandmother's house! (Chuckles) Well, that's the way women worked on these things when they started. The fact that they were lost and it was dark and they had a horse to take care of didn't ~~bluff~~ them any!

SS: There's one more thing. What happened after Prohibition came in as a law that it failed? Why didn't it work?

CG: Because the liquor interests worked harder and more successfully than the temperance people did. The temperance people had gotten to the place where we had Prohibition, they kind of sat down on the job. But the liquor interests didn't. They put on a furious campaign of vote for liquor. And I think their main cry, at least I heard it a lot, "We have to have it for the revenue." Well, let me tell you something, I don't know what the figure is now, but I know that at that time the dormant expenses that were caused by liquor was just one eighth of the-- was eight times greater than the--

SS: Than the revenue they got from liquor.

CG: The revenue they got from liquor was only one eighth of what it would have been to-- they put in welfare at that time, you see-- and all this giving and giving and giving from the government-- and the revenue from the liquor took up only one eighth of the expense. I'm not telling it

like it-- I don't mean that it took up only one eighth.

SS: I know what you're saying. You're saying that they spent eight times as much trying to fight liquor as they got from the revenue from the taxes.

CG: Yes. There were a great many people who believed that the revenue was paying for welfare. Well, it didn't at all! The revenue from the liquor, and it never has paid for the expense of the accidents, that according to court record and breaking what liquor laws we have and so on, the expense has been greater than the revenue. For instance, during Prohibition, people had liquor. I was at Troy at the time, I was in what was known as an apartment. It was two rooms and it had a wood cookstove and a table and four chairs and a sanitary couch; and that was an apartment. That was what I could get, where I lived for a while. Well, I looked out of my apartment window across Main Street down about a block or two and there they were passing a bottle and having a good time and one of the boys got drunk and was kind of wild. Well, it was well known in Troy who was furnishing the liquor and who was drinking it; but they drank it. At one time, not while I was up there, but another time, there was a woman who knew a man who was furnishing it, and about his trips and so on, and she knew that he crossed the railroad trestle, so one night she went and hid under the railroad trestle close up where it was attached to the land-- she hid close in there and as this man came along she grabbed the leg of his trouser and hung onto him and he couldn't go any farther!! And she kept yelling for someone to send for the sheriff, that she had the man with the liquor!! But nobody sent for the sheriff, and she finally had to let go and let him go on. (Chuckles) Well, women do fight like that when they are fighting for something that they really believe in. They fight with tooth and toenail!!

CG: I was remembering some things way back in Redfield, South Dakota, and I remembered about the Joseph and Mary couple that came along there. They had no money at all; they had a team to a wagon, and they came into Redfield and the man told the mayor that his wife could go no farther, that she must stop. Well, what was he going to do? So the town got together on it, and there was the James Building, a two story building, in which a man had had a store below and lived above, and he had sold out his store and gone back East. The building stood there empty for years that I knew of, but they put this family in there and there was a stove in the place, and whether the bed was there or whether someone furnished it, I do not know, but they furnished these people with enough that they could live and something to burn, and a couple of chairs and bedding, and fixed them so that they could live. And there the baby was born very soon after they stopped. And one day Mother sent me to town on an errand and it happened that this couple was in the James Building at the time. And the James Building, as I went downtown I saw was afire, the roof of it was afire. It was close beside the railroad track and undoubtedly a spark from the engine had ignited the shingles. Well, men with their homemade home ladders and pails of water put out that fire without much damage to the building. They soon had it out. Well, I had to stop and see and I remembered about this couple being there, and I thought, ^{Oh} "Maybe I'll get to see that new baby!" So, big as you please, I was about ten years old, ^{so big AS YOU PLEASE,} I walked right up to the door and stepped inside and the fire was burning and the men working on it, and this woman was one elbow, braced up on her mattress on the bed, and at the four corners of that mattress stood four men holding to those four corners to carry her out in case the building burned. And as I stepped in she was up on one elbow leaning there and was saying something

about her concern and one of the men told her, never mind, now, that they would carry her out instantly if they needed to, that there was a man that would run and tell them if they needed to carry her out, and I couldn't see any baby anywhere. I presume someone had taken the baby home, because it was nowhere visible. (end side I 02445-B)

Side C CG: And by the way, these bumper stickers are not absolutely new. Earlier even than that, by some years, there was a covered wagon that had a great, big, handmade sign on it that said, "Going home to wife's people!" (Laughter) Well, I knew later than that, many years later than that, I knew a couple right in our town of Moore that had to go home, East to wife's people. And they had a dog that it broke their hearts to leave-- wife's people were sending them money to go home on, and they said they would not pay for taking the dog home, ^{And} wouldn't have it when they got it there. So my girl took that dog and when we didn't have any people to go to but ^{we} had to go, she had to give up her dog. It hurt her awfully. We were leaving and there was nothing else to do. But this was a man and wife and I think one child, a little girl. And I have in that china cupboard to this day some pieces that I bought, not because I wanted them especially or anything, but to give them that much more money to go on. They sold everything but what they had on. All their housekeeping things to help out on their ticket East.

SS: Did they have to go East because they had no money to stay in the West?

CG: They had no money and he tried to make a living, but nobody had a living at that time. Hard times had struck. There just wasn't money.

SS: Is that why you had to leave Moore?

CG: Well, I had no money and a brother in North Washington had offered his home to me. He was away, so we went to his home in North Washington. I did have an enormous sum for myself and my daughter, who was in grade

school, upper grades,-- I had the enormous sum of five dollars a month for food and clothing and school and everything. But we got by some way.

SS: May I ask-- what hap--

CG: I told you about the boys in Troy that didn't understand--? Didn't I? When the man was stuck in the mud?

SS: No.

CG: Well, I had better tell you that. This was in Troy in 1925 or '26, and the streets were not improved much and there was an intersection that was just a loblolly of mud, and a man alone in a car got stuck in there and he couldn't sit behind the wheel and push both at once, and there was no other way to get out. And there were two young boys, Swedes from Sweden, who were visiting friends in Troy. They had just come there, and they had asked these friends here what they would do, that they knew no English at all, and what could they do? So this man said, "Now you just listen and say what I say, you learn it." And he said to say, "I do not understand you." Well, they practiced that til they could say, "I do not understand you." And they were beautifully dressed. Troy had never seen such dressing as those boys wore. And this morning, I was at my printshop office, so I saw the whole thing out on Main Street. These boys were coming down the hill downtown and picking their way carefully not to get their shoes muddied, and when they got to this man he thought, of course, they'd stop and help him, but they walked right along and he asked them to stop and help. And they said, "I do not understand you." And he motioned then that he wanted them to push the car. "I do not understand you." (Chuckles) And that's what they could say and they went on saying, "I do not understand you!" And there he was, still stuck in the mud! And I had to go back to my type.

But there were some other things, too. When ~~we~~^{were} talking about Troy the other evening, I thought of these things that had happened while I was there. Oh, let's see-- I have a lot of different things on here.

Oh, I had just gone to Troy and I was working half days in the print shop before I bought it. I was going down the street early to the print shop, and the men of the brickplant were just going to work: Well, - here was a woman, a stranger in the town- everyone of those men going to work at the brickplant stepped to the edge of the sidewalk, stopped and lifted his hat until I passed. Can you think of a more beautiful reception to a stranger in a town? I was just amazed. It probably was an old country custom. I never knew of such a thing here excepting that.

I had something else, too.

SS: I've got some things I wanted to ask you about. One, I wanted to ask you about is-- Can you thinking back remember what some of your very earliest memories were, when you were just a very small child? When you were say, five or younger even? What some of the first things you remember are?

CG: The first thing I remember, I must have been perhaps three years old,-- I didn't tell you about the time I hid in the well, did I? Well, I think I was about three years old, and you can believe it or not, I used to be so timid and bashful that if I had to meet a stranger I would be physically ill from it. You wouldn't think it now, would you? (Chuckles) But, anyway, that's the way I was. Two women had come in to visit with Mother one afternoon, and they kept talking about oh, "What beautiful curls! And she has blue eyes, too." It's a great detriment to a child to have gold curls and blue eyes! Snub nosed, freckled face little thing with carroty hair is the one that's lucky because people let her live her own life! But, anyway, they kept that up and I was so frightened,

and I clung to Mother until finally they got busy talking among themselves and I hid behind Mother's chair, and when they got very busy talking I slipped out for a place to hide, so I wouldn't see them at all. And we had a well not very far from the backdoor, at which they were sitting, and I went out to the well and there was a platform, a square platform, laid over the well, and then cornerwise on this had been set a square curb that stood up, so that inside of the curb there were four triangles of board. Well, I thought that would be a good place to hide. So I can remember how I struggled to lift myself up over the curb, I got hold of it with both hands and I struggled til I got a foot over and ^{the} I got over, and I crouched down on that little three cornered piece of board, right there, right above the water, and there I lay. And after a while I heard Mother say, "I wonder where Clara is? I guess I better go and see." Well, the three of them got up and wandered about the yard calling my name, and Mother would call me and I'd start to rise and these two women would call my name, and I'd crouch down again. And finally, Mother said, "Well, I guess I'll have to look in the well." And I thought, "What's the matter with Mother that she talks so funny?" Her voice wasn't natural at all. But, anyway, she came to look in the well, and I couldn't understand why she would grab my arm so tight that it hurt. Mother hurting me, I couldn't see why. But anyway, she picked me out of that well in a hurry! (Laughter) I was safely hidden there!

SS: Did she punish you for something like that?

CG: No. No, I was the family pet, unfortunately. It was awfully hard on me, but I was.

SS: Is it unfortunate to be the family pet? As a child?

CG: Well, there were seven of us all told, and I was the pet, because the sixth one was eleven years later than myself. But, anyway, if people

just understood how unfortunate it is for the child to make a pet of it.

SS: Spoiling it, you mean?

CG: Well, I think a little good spoiling is good for a child, but I think it should be limited to very little. But, it wasn't with me, I pretty much had my own way.

SS: Well, doesn't that help to make an independent, strong-willed person if she gets her own way?

CG: It floors you. It leaves you without any personality. It leaves you without a mind. I had an older sister, and oldest sister, who felt that she was the one ^{should} ~~who~~ raise me; she knew how. She was eight years older than I was. I couldn't do one thing that she wasn't on my neck about it. I couldn't say anything that she wasn't on my neck about it! And it left me without a mind. If I'd say anything I'd be reprimanded for it. So, I got so that for years I just kept still. Years on end. And then I had to stay with my grandfather and grandmother for quite a long time. They were born back in the 1812 ^{and} '24- so they weren't latish by any means. And Grandmother, as nearly as I could make out, was firmly convinced that a child is a visitation of Providence on adults in which retaliation for their sins! That is what I always thought Grandmother thought of a child. Well, --(bell rings) thought that they were sent to punish for-- And she had only twelve! (Chuckles)

SS: Maybe that's why she started thinking that.

CG: There were two of them that died when they were babies. And there was one that died when she was, oh, I think about fourteen-- twelve or fourteen, something like that-- and then there was Uncle John, who with Uncle James went into the Civil War; and Uncle James got home, thanks to the ministration of some Catholic Sisters at one time. But, Uncle

John was, for some reason or other, in a camp in Arkansas. I don't know whether it was a hospital camp or what it was, but, anyway, at one time the whole camp was down with measles. There were not well men enough for night guard with the number of measles they had. Well, Uncle John had measles, and the first day that he was up they put him out on night guard, because there was nobody else who was up out of his bed. And there was a cold rain falling. Well, he stood his guard for his appointed hours, and went back and went to bed and died. Well, Grandmother thought that the girl who died at ten, or twelve or whatever-- I don't know just how old she was-- and that Uncle John were pretty good. And then there was one girl and one boy that she was proud of. And I never could see why she was proud of the girl, excepting that the girl would ^{Just} stand up to her and lay down the law to her as to what she could say to this girl or couldn't. And it was that way. Well, I noticed afterwards, I didn't know this girl until she was married and had children of my age, but I noticed that this older sister of mine would stand up to Grandmother, and Grandmother admired her and liked her. She hated the very ground I walked on! She spoke nicely to me once during the time I was there, and I was positive that Grandfather had laid down the law to her. When he laid down the law, he was very gentle, very quiet about ^{it} but, oh, how you did jump!

SS: Was this Grandmother the same Grandmother who was the great gardener you told me about before?

CG: She was law in her province, and he was law in his, which overstepped hers.

SS: Was she the one that was the gardener that you told me about? Was she the one that gardened, that had the green thumb?

CG: She was the gardener. Yes, she was the gardener.

CG: Nature had intended her for a gardner.

SS: You told me all about that in the first part.

When you were a child the idea of bringing up children then and the way you were brought up, was it extremely different, do you think than the way it is now?

CG: I would say that the child was different, as well as the way it was brought up. ^{like all people and always were. But} I see a distinct difference between people now and long ago. And, long ago, a child spoke when he was spoken to; it wasn't that strict altogether, but it was with some families. But if a child went visiting, and the children did go visiting with the parents, babysitter hadn't been invented at that time, if you went visiting, of course, you took the children. What else would you do with them? And the child would sit up on a chair, and easy chairs were not common, ^{was set upon a chair} with it's feet sticking straight out before it, and he sat there and kept still unless ~~it~~ was spoken to! Do you know a child now that would do that? Well, the children themselves were different, else they couldn't have done it. They couldn't have made them like that if they'd been just like the children now. In my opinion, this restlessness that we have now, was deliberately created by the subversive elements to stop people from thinking about what the subversive elements are doing. Keep them busy with nonsense! Make them restless. And, a scientist on the radio said that the chemical effect of the chlorine that is put in the water, and which people are compelled to drink, whether ^{they will} or no, the chemical effect of it on the person who drinks it, is to cause him to lose a sense of responsibility, and that you can't boil it out of the water. I firmly believe that.

I have this little incident about diverting people's minds. During the First World War, north of Spokane on a homestead was an uncle of

mine and his wife, I had known all of her life, she was much younger than he was-- which has nothing to do with the story--. But, they were living up there on the homestead and before the baby came, the wife's mother went there to be with them, and just before the baby was born, this uncle had a stroke and he never really recovered from it, it damaged his mind and body both, Well, here they were; as soon as the baby was born, this wife had to go to work to support them. And that left the old mother there to take care of this man who had had a stroke and was more or less helpless, and the new baby and the housework and all that. And it was during the First World War, and this Mrs. Lewer decided that she must do something to help the war effort, like the women were doing, they had the supply depots everywhere, and you got yard there to knot socks and sweaters or you got handkerchiefs to hem or whatever they decided on at the time. One time they were making dresses for a certain country. And, this Mrs. Lewer went to the supply room because she thought she should do something in addition to all she was doing, to help the war effort. So, she went and asked for some handkerchiefs to hem, which was what this supply depot was specialling at the time, so they gave her some and told her to hem them by hand and she said, "No, I'll hem them on the machine, because I can do so many more in the time to hem them on the machine." They said, "We will not accept them if they are hemmed on the machine. You are to hem them by hand." And she said, "Well, would you please tell me why I must hem them by hand?" They said, "Yes," that they were doing that because it took more time and took up the women's attention from the boys who were gone. And it just took the women's attention to hem those handkerchiefs. A boy in the trench looking to see if his handkerchief was hemmed by hand or machine! So, she said, "Well, I'm taking care of my practically

helpless son-in-law and the baby and I won't do anything if I can't hem them on the machine." She laid them down and walked out. And, I was in a supply depot in Columbus, Montana. I had taken in a sweater that a woman was knitting and didn't want to finish it, so I finished it for her and then I took it into the supply depot. Well, the woman accepted it from me and she picked up another sweater that was lying on the table that someone else had brought in, and she examined every part of it with the utmost care, and finally almost at the end of the knitting, right at the bottom of the sweater, almost finished, she found one stitch that turned a little bit crosswise from what it should have been. That was all that ailed the sweater for a boy in a trench. I wonder if he'd have found that stitch! But, anyway, she handed this sweater to the girl who had come in to help her. And, the girl looked over the sweater and finally she found ^{the} stitch and she said she would take the sweater home with her and she could fix that stitch, turn it smooth like it should be without pulling it out at all. And the woman said, "No, you pull that sweater out and wind the yarn." And the girl said, "Well, I could rip it back just that far." Just about an inch. She said, "Rip it back just that far and fix that stitch and then I'd knit it again." She said, "I told you to pull that yarn out and wind it and you pull it out and wind it!" Ah, ha, somebody else would knit that same yarn. Perhaps it had been knitted before.

It's a crime to work on people's minds that way, and it's a little witless for the people to eat it up like they do.

- SS: A little what?
 CG: Witless!
 SS: Witless.
 CG: Not having wits!

- SS: I'm just curious. I want to ask you about World War I, a little more than this. First I do want to ask you this. I wonder, who do you feel the subversives are? Who are they? What are they trying to do?
- CG: In my opinion it's the Communists. We are told over and over that we have a Communist United States Congress. That we have many Communists in there. In my mail today I had--of course, everything you get is a request for funds-- this was a request for funds to work against the Communists in the Congress.
- SS: Let me ask you about World War I. These groups that-- what did you call them? The stations where--
- CG: Oh, the supply stations. The supply depots.
- SS: Who organized them?
- CG: I don't know who organized them. They were a Federal project. But who organized them, I never knew.
- SS: But the women who were involved-- was most of it done through the Red Cross? Or were there all kinds of groups?
- CG: I think this was strictly Federal. The Red Cross did work. And one man who had been in the trenches said that all of these efforts that were done, only the Salvation Army came out clean. There was a great parade and celebration on the arrival of a ship at Frisco that bore the-- what is this young men's organization?
- SS: The YMCA?
- CG: Yes. It was bringing home the YMCA, and they were honoring them, and this man who had been in the trenches, told me that the YMCA was there only to make money. He said that a boy would go to a counter, and well, he'd buy some candy or a drink or whatever was for sale there, and he'd lay down a dollar and he'd wait for his change and he didn't get it and he'd ask for it. "You don't get any change in here!" He said you

couldn't lay down any bill or coin and get any change back on anything
 at the YMCA. ^{had} And, he said that they were just a hoot to the boys who
 knew them there at the trenches. But, he said that there was a little
 Salvation Army girl in her bonnet and her regalia that, with the
 mortars going, would come right down in the trench with her pie or what-
 ever and she'd say, "Have a piece of pie with me!" "But I haven't any
 money." "You don't need money, take the pie." And that's the way the
 Salvation Army worked. And, he said, they were the only ones that were
 clean. And I knew a woman, she was neighbor to me in Moore, Montana,
 and she boasted about her brother was a worker in the supply depot in
 Paris, and that he came home with thirteen pairs of socks and eight
 sweaters from the supply depot. We have these things, and we tolerate
 them. And we have our chlorine to make us dumb.

SS: Are you very familiar with the Salvation Army in the early days? With
 the work that they did?

CG: I have known about the Salvation Army for, well, I don't know, it's a
 long time. ^{End of side C} And I had an apartment in Des Moines, Iowa, I had a room in
 Side D the home of a Salvation Army couple, who took lodgers. And she took
 me to one of their meetings one Sunday while I was there. And she talked
 the Salvation Army quite a bit to me, and so I got a little more ac-
 quainted with it. She tried to get me to join and I said, "No, I admire
 the Salvation Army and I always contribute to them when there's an op-
 portunity because they will do the things that I wouldn't do, but I want
 them done!" Well, like going down the trenches with the mortars going!
 And they go everywhere, to everybody in any circumstance. Well, I think
 there are some places that maybe I'd refuse to go, where they go and
 under their bonnet, they're safe. They can go. But, I wouldn't join.

SS: When you say "under their bonnet they're safe," what do you mean by that?

CG: Oh, their insignia for the women is a certain bonnet that they wear. And they wear that all of the time when they're out. And, they used to wear, well, certain regalia for dress that was a little distinctive. I don't think they do now. And I don't believe they wear the bonnet now; I don't know. But anyway, a woman under a Salvation Army bonnet was safe anywhere. They just didn't dare! But I was much interested in this meeting. There was one young man that I noticed especially. He was quite young and he was somewhat deformed and diminutive, and the enjoyment that he was getting out of that meeting was just worth seeing. It was marvelous how he was enjoying that. Well, he was there where he was just as good as anybody else!! And, you know very well that isn't always true. ^{It doesn't always maintain,} But, he was just as good as anybody else and just like the rest of them. And, I enjoyed their meeting very much. It was mostly singing and ^{A little} talking. There wasn't anything that you'd call a sermon or anything. But, it was folksy; it was pleasant.

SS: Were they centered in the cities, and not very much in the small country towns, or were they all over?

CG: They get everywhere. We ^{entertained her} entertained one woman, my husband and I, ^a in our home for a day or two when she was at Moore, Montana, which was just a little kind of a whistle stop by the railroad, and she was working there. And she had her, oh, I don't know, banjo or something, whatever it was, and she'd sing for us, and she'd play, and she worked through the country there quite a while stopping with one place and another wherever they would take her in. In my opinion, the Salvation Army was and is the cleanest of all organizations. They seem to have no thought for anybody but the other fellow; they don't seem to think of themselves at all. And, their vows are very strict. And if one of them would marry outside of the Army, ^{An Army member would marry outside,} he's no more a Salvationist. He's put out. I

I knew of a case of that in Colfax. At a place where I lodged, there was a young man who had been, and was then, in the Salvation Army, but the young man had become attracted to a girl who was not a Salvationist. And I couldn't help hearing the conversation, they were talking in the hall right outside of my door, and the official ^{who} had come to talk with the young man, and he finally said, "Then you are determined that you will marry this woman?" And the boy said, "Yes," he would. So he was out.

SS: Is this Colfax, Washington?

CG: Colfax, Washington. But he was released from the Army.

SS: Was there an active chapter in Moscow, too?

CG: We had a Salvation officer, Captain; they have military titles. We had a Salvation Captain and his wife and they had one child and soon would have another, and I am positive that the city put them out of Moscow, just before this second one would be born. They had to move out of Moscow. And, I am positive that I am correct about it, that the city put them out.

SS: Because?

CG: Because it was Salvation Army!

SS: They didn't like the Salvation Army here?

CG: There was no other reason. They were just quiet, respectable citizens.

SS: Where I grew up, the Salvation Army had a good reputation. Very highly thought of, so I'm surprised that in Moscow they didn't feel the same way.

CG: Well, maybe Moscow's different than it used to be. I find it so. I find that Moscow is a very different place than it used to be, and a very pleasant place to live right now. One woman wanted to know one day why I didn't go somewhere. Why I lived here.

"Well," I said, "when I find a better place, I might go."

SS: What you're saying is that in the early days that the Salvation Army wasn't always always liked, because they didn't want them here. I'm surprised-- I mean--nothing surprises me about the early days, because things were very different then. But, I would think that they were such a good Christian organization that there would be no reason to be opposed to them.

CG: I never knew-- that is to say-- I never legally knew-- legal, either you saw it, or experienced it or something-- well, I never legally knew about this, but I knew that they had to leave, because I talked with the Captain himself. And the way he wouldn't say anything was quite a work of art! ^{No,} He wouldn't say anything!

SS: They had a Captain, did that mean they had a whole group here, or was it just the one man?

CG: It was just the one.

SS: What would he do all by himself, without having a ---?

CG: I don't know just what his activities were. I just don't know. I was more or less a stranger here myself at the time. I didn't get into things much, and I don't know just what he did. I don't believe they had a kettle here last Christmas, I don't think they did. But there was a Christmas recently, I think it was year before last or the one before that.

SS: I don't know, they might have had one last year. It seems to me like they did.

CG: Well, maybe they did.

SS: I can't be sure now, because one year and another one-- it's hard to remember.

CG: I know they have had their kettle here with its bell.

SS: That's what I remember from when I was a little kid, is the kettle at

Christmastime. You just mentioned him getting sort of pushed out of town. When you were talking to me the last time about the opposition of businessmen to you in Troy in the newspaper, I thought about that after. You didn't say how you knew that they didn't want you in town. What did they do so that you knew that you weren't--?

CG: Is this going on the tape?

SS: Yes, is that wrong?

CG: Well, I don't want to discuss that on the tape.

SS: Okay.

(Machine shut off)

CG: Always. There was no such thing as paying somebody to take care of you when you were sick. I know my grandmother was telling about--she told this to her granddaughters as a pattern of what women should be-- and she said that woman would get her own breakfast and the morning work all done up, and she would take her baby on her hip and walk a mile and a half across the fields to where there was a sick woman, and she would take care of her and do up her work and then she'd go home again in time to get dinner for her man. Did that day after day as a matter of course! That ^{yvH^s} the way people did. My grandfather was telling about-- one time there was a young woman who was sick abed, and there was nobody to stay with her and two young men went and sat with her through the night. Well, that was somebody with her! And Grandfather told also about a fellow who was sick and two of the others had gone to take care of him, and they were giving him quinine, and he said it was just so bad he couldn't take any more of it. And so one of them said, "Well, I'll fix it so that you can take it and it won't bother you." So, he went to the kitchen and he got an apple and scraped two tablespoonsful of scraped apple and he put the quinine covered up in one of them and then he took them

back to the man in bed and he said, "Now, I've got a spoonful of apple here for you to take after you take the quinine, and then you won't taste it, because it'll take the taste right out of your mouth." So, he says, "I'll give you the apple." And he gave him the quinine-- he gave him the apple first, and then he gave him the quinine and he swallowed the quinine right down and he said, "That did work!" (Chuckles) And, there was a case at-- In the Garneill country, not more than seventeen or eighteen miles from Garneill, which was the post office-- there was a family that had lived there and had moved away and one young woman in the family died after they had been gone a while, and they wanted her to go back to the burial ground by the Clifford School, because that was their plot when they had lived there. So, they sent the body back but there was nobody who could accompany it, so the people there received it and put it in the schoolhouse over night, and they would have the service the next day And ^{the burying} And at that time if there was ^a death, al-
ways someone sat with the corpse through the night. Well, they searched the neighborhood, there weren't many people there at that time, it was long ago in the very early days, and there was not a woman anywhere who could go. There was one who was unable herself to go, and there was another one whose husband was away and she had young children at home. There was no woman who could go but they had to have somebody to sit through the night, and there were two of the cowpunchers who were not on the night shift who went and sat for the night. Well, they had to have someone and that was the only thing available! So they were satisfied that they had done right. But some of those things just gradually washed off. And we don't have so many of the old time things like that.

SS: The customs.

CG: And for instance, at the present time, every now and then you hear of a

burial without a funeral. We've had two or three of late years.

But it used to be that they wouldn't have thought of such a thing.
 Excepting in Scotland.

A Scotch told me that in Scotland that if anyone committed suicide, there was no service of any kind and they buried this man in the middle of the intersection of two roads. Any suicide was buried in the intersection of two roads. Well, that's what a Scotsman told me.

And a Swiss woman told me about the pension for old people. They had no Relief; they had nothing that you could call a pension at all, but when a child was born it began to be taxed at one year of age just exactly as a calf or a colt. And that same tax was paid on that same person every year to sixty years of age. That seemed to be the retirement age there. To sixty years of age and when they were sixty, they asked just one question: "Are you sixty?" And the record showed that that person was sixty and this tax money began coming back, so much every month as long as that person lived. And the gathering of the tax money and the interest on it, that the government was getting and the fact that some of the people didn't live to be sixty to get it back, the actuaries had it all figured out so that it kept the fund intact and overflowing and every citizen at sixty years got so much every month and they couldn't say, "Well, I need Relief, I invested that and lost it." They didn't have it except so much a month. I thought that was the ideal tax scheme. And, she said that one day the ruler or some other country was visiting Switzerland, ^{the President,} and this ruler from the other country said, "Well, you show me your military and you have only five hundred soldiers all told; is that all the soldiers you have?" "Yes, we have five thousand--not five hundred--soldiers." He said, "Well, supposing I come over with ten thousand soldiers to take you over, what are you going to do?" "Oh, I guess then each one would have to shoot

twice!" (Laughter) Well, if you just look at it; Switzerland does stay out of war. They've stayed out of more messes than any other nation on earth.

SS: That's true.

END OF TAPE

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