

IONE ADAIR

Second Interview

Interviewed by:

Sam Schrager

Oral History Project

Latah County Museum Society

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# I. Index

## IONE ADAIR

Moscow, Collins ; b. 1883

school teacher, homesteader, postal clerk, tax collector

2 hours

with: Bernadine Adair Cornelison (sister)

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with Sam Schrager

September 2, 1976

## II. Transcript

IONE ADAIR

This conversation with IONE ADAIR took place at her home in Moscow, Idaho on September 3, 1976. BERNADINE ADAIR CORNELISON also took part in this talk. The interviewer is SAM SCHRAGER.

IONE ADAIR: She didn't like the homesteading life.

SAM SCHRAGER: How come?

IA: She preferred being at home here in her own kitchen and in her own home where she could do things, and had things handy. And when you're on the homestead you had to <sup>do</sup> just what you had, and nothing else. And she didn't like it. But I did. <sup>The</sup> Youngsters all liked it where they could put on overalls whenever one else was wearing dresses, and they could put on overalls and run around and climb ~~and~~ do as they pleased. They liked it. Mamma didn't!

SS: Was your mother what you would call a proper Victorian lady?

IA: A what?

SS: Was she a proper Victorian lady? Because that was the Victorian days back then, they say.

IA: Would you say she was proper Victorian, Bernadine?

BERNADINE CORNELISON: She wasn't <sup>smug</sup> and she wasn't narrow <sup>but</sup> she liked things convenient <sup>+</sup> and she didn't particularly like the woods.

IA: You hurry up and come in here, so I can hear you.

SS: She said she wasn't <sup>smug</sup>. Your mother wasn't <sup>smug</sup>, but she liked things convenient.

IA: She liked everything convenient and that's one reason that she didn't like homesteading. But we always went out there just as soon as school was out, or very soon after, and came in along in August, along about - between the first and the middle of August. And we were always so surprised when we got in to find that the haying was all done and the harvesting was mostly finished, by the time we got in, and we hadn't seen it.

BC: Mother wasn't well. She was tubercular.

SS: Oh, she wasn't well?

BC: And she'd rather be in her own bed.

SS: Was she sick much of the time?

BC: I would say not well. She was on the clavenport a lot of the time

SS: Hardship.

BC: I + really was  
She'd rather have been home.

SS: But, you know, it seems like such a difference in the generations, because if in your mother's generation, women didn't care for that kind of life, but the children liked it.

IA: But the  
The children liked it. Mothers didn't. It was principally the convenience of things. And there was a little store out there that we could get things, but we usually packed most everything that we used from Moscow when we went out. Dad had a special hack made for us, and in that we could pack a good many boxes of different kinds of things. And this hack- he had to get a special bodied hack and in order to protect us from the weather and all he had the plumbers put posts up and across out of piping and then fastened the top on that. And the sides- if we wanted to put sideburns down, we could put sideburns down. And that was a very convenient way to get out there. And Mother usually had someone out with her during the summertime. Mrs. Leighman spent a time out there with her. Mrs. Mc Connell spent some time and we had a hired girl that spent some time with us and Mrs. Owings spent some time with us out there. So a great deal of the time we had additional company for Mother. And Mother and the company and the smallest youngster usually rode in the little single buggy and the rest of us rode in the hack. But one time, we had a dog named Quiggly, and there was a professor at the University named



Quiggly, and he had a head of very curly, light hair, and this dog was a very curly dog, although she was brown and white, but we called her Quiggly on account of the curls. And Dad decided in the summer that it was going to be too hot for the dog out there and for the trip so he clipped her. And she was so ashamed after she was clipped, she crawled back under the big porch over there and stayed til we could hardly beg her out or get her out to get her into the convenience to take her out there! Well, we got out to what was called Little Bear Creek, that's this side of Anderson out there, or what used to be Anderson in those days, and she got to playing in the water, in the stream. We all went back in under the bridge to eat our lunch in the shade and she got to playing in the water and got soaking wet and we picked her up and put her in the back of the rig in that wet condition. And after we got out to the cabin the old dog began to wheeze and bark and wheeze and wheeze, and we didn't know what to do. Dad always had a medicine case that he gave Mother to take out for us, for the youngsters if we needed anything, so Mother got out the medicine case and she looked up the fever tablets and she forced these fever tablets down the dog. And we were out by the- pretty close to the first of the week and Dad always came out the last of the week, <sup>est</sup> hunt and fished in the stream there, the Little Potlatch. At that time it had lots of fish in it. And he fished and he hunted for pheasants and there was no limits on pheasants and no limit on fish, you could have what you wanted. And there was usually enough to take care of everything <sup>that</sup> he could get. Well, he was supposed to be out there the last of the week and here was this sick dog on his hands. So Mother dosed him and dosed him until the time Dad got out the dog was able to get up and wag his tail and greet him. (Laughter) And so he took him

hunting and fishing. But that was one reason that Mother didn't like the woods.

BC: Mother was a very fine marksman, she'd <sup>shoot</sup> any target, <sup>and was very good,</sup> and she'd go out before breakfast, she couldn't walk very far and she had no transportation, <sup>out there</sup> but she'd go out and bring in pheasants. <sup>would just pop them down.</sup> in for dinner. she <sup>^</sup>

IA: Dad got a little single barreled shotgun, and he was so proud of the way she could shoot; she could get birds anytime she took a notion.

BC: That's all the fresh meat we had out there, you see. *We were all meat eaters.*

SS: How did you usually pass the summers out there? What did you do for entertainment? Were you a teenager when you first went out there?

IA: Yes.

SS: What did you do for your pleasure?

IA: For pleasure?

SS: Yeah, to enjoy yourself out there?

IA: You could fish, you could hunt, you could <sup>walk</sup> the streams, and you could berry- there were always berries there, <sup>of some kind,</sup> huckleberries later in the year. And once when we were out there Mother- we ran out of jellies or syrups for pancakes; you ate lots of hotcakes. They were so easy to fix, so easy to take care of and you could usually get some of the larger girls to make the cakes for the rest of them. So Mother had a chance there of resting while the rest of us worked. Then there was a little store about a mile or maybe a mile and a quarter called Collins. If you've been <sup>out</sup> in that part of the country you know.

SS: Yes, I know what it is.

IA: Well, the old store and the buildings were at Collins, and that was about a mile or maybe a mile and a quarter from our cabin. And we could go up there and there was usually lots of people around the

store; homesteaders coming in from their homes back in the Clarkia country, and then the people at the town itself, and it took some time to walk up and it took some time to walk back, so it kept you busy.

BC: Right behind our cottage, or cabin, we called it, was a stream that was deep enough, <sup>daddy</sup> had it <sup>kind of</sup> blocked up, to go swimming.

SS: Oh, really?

BC: And the suits: describe the swimming suits.

IA: Huh?

BC: Describe the swimming suits.

IA: Oh, the swimming suits!

BC: Be full dress!

IA: Ashamed of even think of them now! But they were suits! And a swimming suit- they had little under panties-

BC: Bloomers!

IA: Huh?

BC: Bloomers! <sup>they fit down here with the rubber.</sup> They were bloomers!

IA: That came down to your knees, and the little pant was fastened to a top vest, well, it would be just like a sweater without sleeves nowadays. But it had sleeves down to here on it and practically lownecked for that day. (Laughter) And the back- it came clear up across your back and over all from the waist down over these small trousers that hooked in at the bottom, was a little skirt, made of the same material. Mine was an old gold skirt and black trousers and a black top with a little old gold ring around the top. That was a suit!

BC: Didn't swim much.

IA: Now when you think of these bikinis and nothings that they wear, you just wonder what the youngsters think. Well, they haven't known any-

thing else.

BC: It's really sensible. All that clothes.

SS: You couldn't swim very well with all that clothing on.

BC: They wore stockings!

SS: Stockings?

IA: Oh, yes, you had to have stockings on.

BC: Black stockings.

SS: That sounds a little excessive to me.

IA: Black stockings, and the elastic at the top, and that kept your stockings up. Black stockings and you usually had swimming shoes of some sort. You could either get old shoes and wear them or old slippers and wear them, or you could wear these canvas; regular swim shoes.

SS: That's what I mean, when I say Victorian, because it seems like such a different age as far as what was considered proper.

IA: This was a different age. You may call it Victorian. When I think of Victorian, I think back farther than that, farther back than Victorian. Mother was not a Victorian, in my sense of the word because Victorian was still farther back.

BC: Mother was born about 1858, back in the Victorian-era.

IA: Uh-huh, the end.

SS: I think the turn of the century, the way I read- look at it, but that's from now-looking back at it from here- the turn of the century seems like the last part of the Victorian age.

IA: There was quite a change between the older people at that time and my mother's generation and our generation and quite a bit between mine and yours.

SS: What do you think of the changes being between her generation and yours? Between your mother's and yours?

IA: Uh-huh.

SS: How do you think of that change?

IA: Well, I think it was for the better. (Chuckles)

SS: I mean what was the change?

IA: What was the change?

SS: Yeah.

IA: Well,-

BC: Hobbles. Long skirts. High button shoes.

IA: Huh. All shoes, as Bernadine says were high buttoned- or high laced shoes came in after that. The high buttoned shoes came on first. Then the high laced shoes. And your shoes *usually* came pretty well up on the leg. And my hunting boots came up to my knees. And my fishing boots- I used the hunting boots for both fishing and hunting unless I was going with my father and I had a rubber complete overall- a rubber suit. And he had one. And we used to fish the streams together. He'd work one side of it and I'd work the other and we'd fish the streams together. Sometimes we'd get in where the water was so deep that we'd have to support each other in order to get- that was the time when the Elk River was much larger and deeper than it is now.

BC: I just thought of something: Mother's better dresses, ~~Were~~ mutton leg sleeves. Do you know what that is?

SS: What?

~~BC~~ Mutton leg sleeves.

SS: Mutton legs?

~~BC~~ They were real big up here then very narrow down here; puffed. And bustles.

SS: Bustles?

~~BC~~ Uh-huh.

SS: What are they?

BC: H0, h0, ho! You make me feel so old. They extended your rear!

SS: Oh, yes, yes. I know. I know what you mean. I just didn't know what the word for it was. (Chuckles)

BC: <sup>that was a bustle,</sup> ~~After~~ the nicest clothes had bustles and mutton leg sleeves. ~~And there was~~  
This big puff here.

IA: What book were we looking at the other day that had the pictures of those old mutton leg sleeves in it? I think it was the Time Magazine.

BC: ~~They~~ never had time to, ... You didn't play cards. You'd read aloud in the evening.

SS: Would she dress up out on the homestead?

IA: Oh, no.

SS: At all?

IA: She was always well dressed but not with the mutton leg and the bustle.

SS: Did you say they'd play cards and read?

IA: They read but not play cards.

SS: Well, you know, I'm interested too in the difference in values between her generation and yours. For instance, it seems like your independence in going out and taking a homestead yourself was a little bit different than the attitude of your parents' generation.

IA: Mother was raised in the country in a little place that was called Swan , Indiana. I think it had possibly a store and a school and maybe two or three houses. It was just a little joint, small, country stopover. And she was raised- her father and her brother had farms out about a mile or a mile and a half from the town. And she was raised- and she walked from the home to the school each day. And Mother had one large hip- we talk about bustles- she had this one large hip, and she had to have a pad made on the other in order to hold the

dresses out in the shape they should. And the pad was necessitated by this one large hip and she claimed that the hip was - the enlarged hip was from two reasons; one was from carrying the milk buckets and cream buckets from the barns to the house, which was quite a long distance, especially if you're carrying something, and the other was carrying her school books. She always carried them over the one hip, and she claimed that that was the reason <sup>her</sup> one hip was so much larger than the other. That was her reason for that. But she was not Victorian, but she was that in-between; she still wore her dresses that came to her shoetops. You would be surprised if you ever saw Mother in anything but a dress that came to her shoetops. And she always wore rather dark colored gingham dresses. Once we got her a pink dress and it was just beautiful on her. Her hair was turning gray and this pink and the gray hair was just beautiful. She liked it herself after she got it on and wore it. And a neighbor, Mrs. Shoe across the driveway here on the hill, over here where the little house is on now, she saw Mother's pink dress and she said she liked it so well that she got her a pink dress.

BC: I remember one dress of Mother's was green taffeta, not a dark green, a lovely shade of green, with little pink squares in it, little lines, just lines. Mother was hat conscious, she wore beautiful hats.

SS: When she grew up, were her parents farmers?

IA: Yes.

SS: So she probably had to work some on the farm herself. Help out a little?

IA: No, she didn't have the health. She was never strong enough for anything like that. And, as I say, she carried the milk- that was her job, as the men milked, was to see that the milk was brought up to the

house and put in the cellar. And her mother took care of the things in the cellar.

BC: That generation was quite against card playing. Now, Father, when I was little, <sup>consequence</sup> he was an orphan, he'd been raised by a minister, but he wouldn't allow us to have playing cards, we could have Authors or Flinch or something like that, but no playing cards. We didn't get to playing cards <sup>days</sup> <sup>^</sup> till we were about in college, and dancing was taboo. And when I was in highschool and entering college, there was a very strict time limit on when you ended a date. Ione would call around if I had a date in the parlor, ten o'clock she would rap on the door, "Ten o'clock, ten o'clock." <sup>so</sup> my boy <sup>had</sup> <sup>^</sup> to leave. (Chuckles)

SS: That sounds strict.

BC: Well, they were strict.

IA: You had a certain amount of discipline, which I don't think the youngsters have nowadays; or very little of it.

BC: Well, it wasn't <sup>used as discipline, it was used as, you</sup> <sup>please</sup> <sup>^</sup> your parents, you gave up your date at ten o'clock. You'd go to movies. Go down and have an ice cream soda.

SS: Were they religious? Your parents?

BC: Not especially.

SS: So this was less a matter of religious conviction than of what was right and proper.

BC: It was right and proper, <sup>Father always went to church on Sundays</sup> <sup>IA:</sup> and we went to Sunday School. <sup>This was the</sup> <sup>I always argued</sup> <sup>with the teacher.</sup> same with a great many of the older people. The Methodists used to use that old church that's down at the corner of Sixth and Jefferson. That was the First Methodist Church in Moscow, and the church people were very strict about those things. No dancing and no card playing. That was their idea of religion. In fact, we had a superintendent



at the schools at that time by the name of Mr. Hedley, used to live in this big house up on- let's see- it's Hay<sup>e</sup>s and B, I believe, possibly C, but it was a large brown house up there that was the old Hedley home, and Mr. and Mrs. Hedley came to town and they were very well liked and he was finally appointed Superintendent of the Schools. And the congregation wanted music, and a change of music than what the old superintendents liked and all. So someone got acquainted with <sup>Marie</sup> Cuddy - and ummm, I've forgotten the girl's name that was with her, it was Beth something, and they were students at the University. Marie sang very nicely and Marie - and the friend played the violin. So they asked the girls to sing and play at the services that morning. Well, the morning came and the girls appeared ready for their part of the program. In the meantime, Mr. Hedley had found out that there had been a dance at the university the night before and both those girls had gone to the dance, and he would not allow them to play on that Sunday. So the girls want home. Now that was his idea and a great many of the others had the same idea, of course, but part of the congregation were beginning to get the more modern feeling of the church. An ice cream social would be alright, but a violin in the church - they played violins at the saloons! And you're not going to have violin music in the church! That's all there is to it! So Mr. Hedley turned 'em loose.

SS: The very idea of attending a dance was wrong?

IA: Yes.

SS: To go to a dance.

IA: That was it. And besides, violin music belonged in the saloons. And you could hear that every time. We had lots of saloons in Moscow at that time, and you would always hear the violins; the fiddle they called it, playing in the saloons. Therefore, it could not be played in Church. And the fact that the girls danced and had attended the dan-

ces was just that much too much, and that's all there was to it.

BC: Saloons had swinging doors, they were up about this <sup>high</sup> from the floor, I had the greatest desire to crawl under there and see what went on! I never did, though. I was just dying to.

SS: Was your mother opposed- was she in favor of the Prohibition when it came in?

BC: I suppose, I don't remember.

IA: Prohibition?

BC: *We were never drinkers.*

SS: I wondered if your mother was in favor of it or not. If it mattered to her one way or the other.

BC: No, because she never encountered too much of it.

IA: Well, neither Mother nor Dad ever drank at that time, they did later. Dad had a couple of old hunting pals and they would come up to the house on New Year's and would celebrate New Year's day with a drink in the kitchen, always, but they only stayed just a short time and they had their drink and they went home.

SS: Didn't you tell me once about- did you make some wine and hide it?

Now what was that? I don't remember that story.

What

IA: I was going to tell you, was the fact that Dad- someone told us that you could make delicious wine out of dandelions by gathering the blossoms in the spring and using it with raisins and orange juice and ~~the~~ dandelions. You heated the dandelion flowers and then <sup>when the liquor did that,</sup> you put in the raisins and the orange juice and let it ferment and it made a delicious wine. Which it did. And Dad was perfectly willing that we should gather the dandelions and he'd take us out in the country and along the edges of the fields to gather <sup>blossoms</sup> to see if we could make dandelion<sub>s</sub>. And we could, and we made the dandelion wine. At that time-

BC: We never had wine in the house.

That was during the Prohibition days and we had a county attorney here called Frank Moore, and he was a very tall, large, heavyset man, and had flat feet and he always walked the alleys downtown to see if he could catch anyone that was drunk that he could see that they were taken care of. And he had just one tune that he could whistle, and he whistled that tune from the time he left home, which is that high house on the bank on Jefferson Street, it's up high on the bank, and that was his home. The old Frank L. Moore home. And he'd leave there whistling, and he'd whistle all up and down these alleys and those old flat feet would go flop, flop. <sup>(End of Side A)</sup> Dad had helped us get all these dandelion blossoms and Mother got the rest of the material and we fixed it all together and we put it in the basement over there and let it ferment til it stopped fermenting and then we bottled it. And Dad produced the bottles. He had bottles of what <sup>they</sup> called Winola-

BC: Munola.

IA: What? Munola, he called it Winola. Munola. And he got the bottles for Mother because he thought it had a tonic in it which was good for Mother.

BC: Probably alcohol!

IA: And he brought up these bottles, and I guess they'd be gallon bottles, they'd be a bottle about like that. They'd hold about as much as a gallon. I think they were gallon bottles. At any rate, he brought these gallon bottles up and we bottled the wine. And we had it in the basement, at the back part where there was no heat, and we thought we could keep it in there. On Decoration Day, Mother said to me, "I'm afraid to have those bottles in the basement. If Old Frank L. Moore decides to investigate he could make an awful big thing about Dr. Adair having bottles of wine in his basement during Prohibition Days." So,

she said, "Let's bury them." And out here, where this house stands now we had an enormous great, big bridal wreath bush, and we always kept it watered in the summertime, and Mother said, "Let's bury it out underneath that bush." So I went out and everybody else was out of town, out to the cemetery with their decoration and all, and I went out and dug a hole. A good, deep, large hole and Mother and I carried those bottles from the basement in our aprons; we could carry two or three of the bottles at a time, carried 'em up and we buried them under the bridal wreath bush, where we thought that watering the bridal wreath bush would be significant - that no one would ever think that there was anything buried there. So we dutifully buried the bottles and watered the bush all summer. Late that fall then, just before freezing Mother and I went out; dug up the bottles and put them back in the woodshed and Frank L. Moore had lost his position- he was county attorney at that time- or city attorney, which was it? He was attorney anyway, he was attorney Frank L. Moore. And there was no danger and we cached our bottles back in the basement. I still have- that bottle wouldn't hold a jigger, would it?

BC: Half pint.

IA: About a half pint of that liquor in a bottle. It was a half pint bottle with a leather covering and the screw top. And the thing got tight and we never could get the top off, so the bottle is still full of dandelion wine! (Chuckles)

BC: That's the only way Prohibition affected my family. Father was always looking ahead- we never had wine in the house- he said, "Well, now with Prohibition if we needed some wine, we couldn't get it." So we started making wine. And the only time it was ever used - I think I used the first of it, we never drank it. One time Mother said, <sup>some</sup> You make the fruit cocktail, "it was New Year's or Christmas," you make the

fruit cocktail." So, I said, "Alright." So I got a bottle of wine and poured a lot of this wine on the fruit. <sup>Father said,</sup> And at dinner, <sup>^</sup> "I never tasted such a good fruit cocktail. You always make the fruit cocktails from now on." (Chuckles) *It was the wine. I was so proud.*

SS: When you speak about that-  
                                 "Tenting to night, tenting tonight  
                                 Tenting on the old camp ground-"

IA: Sing the song.

SS: When you say- speak about that "Tenting tonight," Did you remember the revivals that they used to have.

BC: Oh, we had numerous. They made me resign from the Methodist Church because these men- they had the sawdust trail in these big tents, and then get up and preach hell-fire and brimstone, and they said if you danced or played cards you'd go straight to hell, I was about thirteen or fourteen, and I knew that I was going to dance and play cards when I got older. So I just couldn't belong to the <sup>Methodist</sup> church when I knew I was going to do that. So I went and took my name off the rolls of the Methodist Church. And then I told my father what I'd done and he didn't criticize me. He said, "I'm very disappointed. I wish you hadn't done it, but it's alright, it's your privilege." So I resigned. And that night or the next night Father had a dream, I went to heaven and St. Peter wouldn't let me in! (Chuckles) That's true, because I was going to dance and play cards. We had Lowry and Moody and I think Billy Sunday was here once.

SS: I heard a guy named Bulgin came here.

IA: Yes, we had a Bulgin here.

BC: Maybe it was Bulgin. Lowry and Moody                    though, I just couldn't take it. *My father'd cry on my shoulder. I was going straight to hell. I couldn't take it.*

IA: My father's sister's husband was a very profane man. He was a farmer, lived down at Johnson and he was a very profane man.

BC: Only in speech.

IA: And he decided once that he'd go down and hear Bulgin speak, he hadn't heard him. So he went down and he really was quite <sup>taken</sup> with the gentleman, and he continued going until the meetings closed. And Uncle John then decided that he was going to be a Christian and stop swearing and all. So he did try and he eased up a great deal on his cussing. He went down to the old home farm after they had moved up here and lived over on Polk Street at that time and they sold their place at Johnson. But he had this old friend, a Mr. Thompson living in Johnson, and Uncle John decided to go down and see how Mr. Thompson was, and Mr. Thompson had attended revival service down at the church in Johnson and decided that he was going to become a Christian, too. So, the two men were conversing and having a very good time talking about the changes in their lives and so forth, and Mother called dinner. Mrs. Thompson asked the men to be seated and so forth, and Mr. Thompson felt just a little bit shy about saying grace; He'd been saying grace ever since he'd been converted, but he felt a little bit shy about saying grace, so he reached over and started passing the plates around for the dinner, and his little boy about, oh, I guess he was four years--between four and five years old- had been accustomed to having <sup>the</sup> grace the last few days, and he was all ready for it, he had his hands folded and his head bowed, but Pappa didn't pay any attention. The youngster looked up and he says, "Papa." And Papa went right on with what he was doing, serving the dinner. And the youngster looked up again and he says, "Papa, pray." And Papa still didn't hear him. Finally he just swelled up, and he says, "Papa, pray, damn you, pray!" Papa prayed.

BC: That's a true story. (Laughter)

IA: Isn't that good?

- BC: You know these revivals preyed so on people's emotions, that at one time in Moscow the majority of <sup>people</sup> stopped the Sunday paper, and the women would toss their jewelry into the baskets that they sent around.
- SS: They stopped the Sunday paper?
- BC: Yes, they won't have the Sunday paper and people took off their jewelry and give it to the revival <sup>is it</sup>. I remember that.
- SS: Was the paper the Moscow Sunday paper or the Spokane? They wouldn't take it on Sunday.
- BC: Both.
- SS: Was there a real difference of opinion within the Methodist Church about this? Were there some people that didn't want revivals? It certainly seems like-
- IA: All of the churches in town contributed and had this big- well, it's where the old Christian Church stood there. At that time it was the post office corner, and they had this large tabernacle was built there for it, I think. And all the churches in town contributed, both their congregations and their money.
- BC: Jewelry.
- IA: In having this tabernacle built.
- BC: They had a real sawdust trail <sup>is it</sup> and they would walk down this sawdust trail and give their heart to God. Many time. And they'd cry on their shoulder, and I didn't like it.
- SS: Very emotional.
- When you say, Bernadine, that you used to argue with the Sunday School teacher; over what?
- BC: Well, this one comes into my mind; I never learned anything about the Bible, 'cause she talked all the time. And she thought I was a sinner because I'd withdrawn from the church; I still went to Sunday School.

And she was talking about : Mary and Martha.. Mary was the goddess, she did all these things for Jesus <sup>but</sup> Martha did menial things, so she wasn't considered as good as Mary. And that made me cross, I said, "I think Martha was doing the menial things and Mary got the credit for everything and I just don't agree with that." Well then we had an argument. I guess I'm always <sup>on the wrong side.</sup> I mean I think differently, and the Sunday School teacher wouldn't accept <sup>The Bible said so. You must believe the Bible.</sup> "Don't doubt, have faith." <sup>I wasn't quite ready for that.</sup>

SS: Well, it seems to me that you were thinking independently for yourself.

BC: I was, always have. I don't know why I started so early, but I did.

SS: Should be a virtue, I think. (Chuckles)

BC: Thank you. Well, Father brought us up that way, just like he said he didn't criticize me for withdrawing, he said he was disappointed. That hurt me <sup>incredibly</sup> because I had disappointed my father. But for me I had to do it.

SS: But he didn't try and make you change your mind.

BC: Oh, no. <sup>ONLY</sup> He had this dream about St. Peter not letting me into heaven.

SS: That's respecting you.

BC: Well I certainly respected my father. They were quite wise, I think. They were wiser than their generation, because if I wanted to do something, Mother and Father would sit down, "Now, you tell us your side and we'll tell you our side, then you do what you want." And they had me every time, but they never said so, I didn't want to go against their wishes.

SS: So, they didn't have to say to you, "You can't do it." They let you decide for yourself.

BC: <sup>I don't think they ever said "can't"</sup> I wanted to dance, but Father told me, "When you get to college you can dance." So, I waited til I went to college.

SS: What did your parents think- what did your mother think when you



decided to get a homestead of your own?

IA: To get a homestead of my own?

SS: What did they think?

IA: Oh, they thought it was the thing to do. Everyone was taking up homesteads at that time, and lots of the people here in town had taken up homesteads in that section of the country out there. There was an opening up of a large area of white pine timber out beyond Clarkia, about forty-five miles beyond Clarkia.

SS: East?

IA: East, between Clarkia and Avery. I think there's a road now goes from Clarkia clear across to Avery, but at that time there was no road, it had to be trails, always trails. The Wallaces and the Watkins and the Martins and the Paulsens, and the Files and the Wallaces- did I mention those?- and the Torsens.

BC: Druggist and jewelers and doctors-

IA: And Durhams, and all of these were Moscow people that had taken up claims in that section of the country. And Daddy knew the old homesteader, Matt Miles, who was locating people in that part of the country, and he knew Mr. Miles and he knew the family, the Calkins family and all, and so he thought - Winifred took up a claim out there; Winifred was the youngest daughter of the Calkins family, and Matt had married the older girl.

SS: Winifred's sister?

IA: Winifred's sister. And then there was another; she worked in the post office.

SS: Matt- had they taken up a claim, too?

IA: They had homesteads out there and were quite close to the land that Mr. Miles wanted to locate me on. And Mrs. Durham and Mrs. Torson

and all. So we were just a Moscow community out in that section of the country. And they thought it was perfectly alright.

BC: They had no idea of the vigorous life they would have to lead.

SS: Was it your idea? How old were you at the time? Were you still a teenager?

IA: What?

SS: Were you still a teenager at that time? Were you still in your teens?

BC: How old did you have to be before you could take a claim?

IA: Yes.

BC: You had to be a certain age before you could take up a claim, Ione.

SS: I think it was only eighteen, I'm not sure.

IA: I had finished high school, and took the teacher examination and in order to pay for the claim, I taught two terms out at Collins school-house. And I just had eight students, and I taught the school out there for two different terms.

BC: What was it you got? Twenty dollars a month, or something.

IA: No, it wasn't- let's see, thirty-eight to forty dollars, and that was a big price for those days.

SS: Where did you stay when you taught?

IA: I stayed at the Freis who owned the store.

SS: Sam Frei?

IA: No, Sam's brother, Abe. Sam at that time was not married and his father and mother lived at Bovill. And you go out of Bovill as if you were going to Elk River and you take a left hand turn and go up the creek, and Sam and his father and mother lived up there. And Sam and Anna and Eddie and the rest of the family lived up there. There was quite a good sized family in all. Then Sam later moved to town and he and his wife bought what used to be the old Washburn eating

house. And Mrs. Frei later, after Mr. Frei's death turned it into a roominghouse; roomings and apartments only, after that.

SS: Tell me what you had to do- what happened to you <sup>when you</sup> located on that?

IA: When we were located?

SS: When you located, yeah.

IA: Well, we were located- the man took us in and we had to go around to the different corners, the points of interest on the claim, we had to take in the corners of the claim of each one, and the man always took us- of course, what was said to be the corners- and I suppose it was, I don't know, not knowing that part of the country at that time. And May Calkins, his sister-in-law, had the cabin on the meadow and they were putting up the cabin for her, and my cabin was put within calling distance of her cabin. And I stayed; I went out with Mrs. Durham and her daughter when they spent the winter out there and we took our provisions in from Clarkia and Herman Wilson, that used to work where the Wilson Seed Company down here, the Washburn & Wilson - and Herman Wilson was running the store at Clarkia at that time. We bought our provisions from him and they were packed on pack horses from there out to the cabin. And Mrs. Toreson had her house and her cabin. It was about a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Durham. And we had to cross one of these old boggy meadows every time we went out or in to town. Went across these boggy meadows in order to get over to my house- my cabin- and May's cabin, and Mrs. Taylor's cabin, which was about a mile and a half beyond May's cabin. And Mrs. Taylor was a sister of Griffin that run the dray here in town at that time. And he was a big man: I think of a big man- when my father moved to Moscow all of his belongings for his office, his instruments and books and all, were in an enormous great big barrel and they were shipped out by freight and

Griffin picked up that barrel and carried it up the stairway that runs between Bjorklands and Creightons- carried it up that stairway to Dad's office all by himself. That's the kind of a man he was. Well, it was his sister had the homestead next . May Calkins there. There was the three of us in that ring. My cabin and May's cabin and Mrs. Taylor's cabin were all along there together.

BC: Not together, really?

IA: Well, not together, but we called it together, because all you had to do was <sup>to</sup> put on your shoes and walk one place or the other. You're quite some little distance, but you followed a trail across, that is, a trail on trees. It hadn't been used enough to - for there ever to be a foot trail there- you followed the trail blazes on the trees from one place to the other. But we got there.

SS: And then what were the requirements that you had to meet? Did you have to stay there for so many months of the year?

IA: You had to have a clearing; you had to have a certain amount of land cleared and ready for cultivation, and you had to have a garden or a crop, and you had to have your cabin, and you were supposed to be there all the time. You were homesteading; you were supposed to live on your homestead. That's the reason my father had us go out every summer on the homestead next to Collins there, was because he couldn't leave his office and we took the homestead duties and lived on the homestead. And you were supposed to live on the homestead.

BC: How many months?

IA: Huh?

BC: How many months were you supposed to live on it?

IA: At least six months <sup>at a</sup> time. And when you're out there and so far away, you don't come to town. You don't have horses or you have to

send out if you get a chance to have a packer come in with horses for you. I had a horse of my own and May Calkins had a horse and Mrs. Taylor walked. She was a tall, strong woman and she walked everywhere. It was funny to see her walking on snowshoes. She was tall and she brought one foot this way and one foot this way and the snow would just fly up across the back of her clothes in the back. We had a man staying out there with us, there by the name of Carter and he looked down the trail one day and says, "Here comes the Georgia Oaks!" The Georgia Oaks was a steam paddle steamer on the Coeur d'Alene Lake at that time. You don't hear about Georgia Oaks now, but Georgia Oaks was a paddle steamer and worked on the Coeur d'Alene Lake. And he looked down the trail and saw Mrs. Taylor coming up on her snowshoes and snow was just flying. And he says, "Here comes the Georgia Oaks!"

BC: Is she the one that used to carry her bacon in her bosom?

IA: No, that was Mrs. Paulsen. (Chuckles)

BC: I remember she did.

SS: She did?

BC: Yeah. Pound of bacon, or it was slab, I suppose.

IA: Mrs. Paulsen was a homesteader. How can I locate <sup>her</sup>? On the road to Lewiston, over the Snow Hill, you go past a little wishing well, I called it, it's a well which has been enclosed and has the frames up over it and it sets back a ways from the road on the left hand side as you are going towards Lewiston, and that was the former Paulsen homestead. The father took up a homestead out there. Later they moved in to town and lived in this gray house, you know where Charles Carsow lives down below? Well, it's just beyond that in that gray house-two story gray house- and they moved in there. Mr. Paulsen took up a homestead down on what was the ~~Flood~~<sup>Flats</sup>wood Creek and her daughter,

Mable, went with her. Her daughter was a very good singer and she sang with the Metropolitan Opera for a while. She married Louis Devouin a musician and they lived in-

BC: She is still living, I think, Mable.

IA: Is she still--?

BC: Well, she was over to the house a year or so ago.

IA: She is an aunt of Mrs. Kinzer who lives on Polk-

BC: Her name is Webber now.

IA: And she and Devouin were divorced and she married a man by the name of Webber that was in Palouse. And Elmer Paulsen was county commissioner- one of the county commissioners for years, up at the courthouse here. And they lived here in town.

SS: She homesteaded out there with you?

IA: Yes. She homesteaded. And Mable always went with her mother when she went out, 'cause Mrs. Paulsen <sup>felt</sup> that she had to have company. But this time she didn't go with her, and I don't know just why, but Mother was coming out from the homestead

BC: Our mother?

IA: No. Mrs. Paulsen was coming out from the homestead and it began to get rather late in the afternoon and she decided she'd just stay there in Collins at night and not try to come on, or go as far as Bovill. So, she decided that if she stayed there, right next to the fence outside of the woman that run the little restaurant that she would fry some bacon for herself, and she carried the bacon in her blouse in the front of her blouse, so she had bacon enough for it. Well, so she had her bacon and she went in and asked the lady of the house to drop an egg in the teapot- teakettle- for her, so she had hardboiled eggs and bacon that evening. Then instead of staying all night she

decided to come on down to our place, about a mile and a quarter farther, she'd make it down there. And she made it on down to our place and we were all sleeping- all the young people were sleeping in an old log barn, which was across the driveway from the cabin, and so we took Mrs. Paulsen in to sleep in the barn.

BC: I think she was a sponger!

IA: Huh?

BC: I think she was a sponger.

IA: Yes, she was. (Chuckles) No doubt about it. But she saved money. And she saved the farm and she gave a lot of money to Mable for her education and to Elmer.

SS: Did she stay with you for long?

IA: Huh?

SS: Did she stay for long when she got there?

IA: No. She stayed all night at our place, but she came on the next day. She was headed for Moscow, and was taking it afoot, that's the only way she had of traveling.

BC: This place they called a barn, it's never been used as a barn, it's just a log building. And the mattresses- tell him about the mattresses.

IA: The mattresses are made of pine <sup>boughs</sup> or fir <sup>boughs</sup> you know how to make a fir bough - and then over the top of that we put a layer of hay that we got down at Bovill off of the meadows and we put that. But we had nice beds, and we had plenty of room <sup>so we let her</sup> sleep there. Well, Mrs. Paulsen had heard some wild tales about the cougars down in that part of the country had been bothering the stock on the Bovill meadows and on the Frei meadows at Collins, and so she was very anxious to sleep in the barn with the rest of us. The boys up at--

Collins decided that they'd play a joke on Mrs. Coleman, she'd played a joke on the old woman that run the restaurant-

BC: Mrs. Coleman or Paulsen?

IA: ...ate her bacon and eggs outside after boiling the eggs in the teakettle, and so they decided they were going to play a joke on Mrs. Paulsen. So they got an oil can- I don't know whether you've ever used an oil can with a <sup>(End of Side B)</sup>resin string. You take a resin string and put it in an oil can; take the top out of the oil can and fasten the resin string in one end of the oil can and pull on this resin string and it gives a hideous, shrieking noise. Well, they fixed the oil can, and the troop up there, there was five or six of these boys altogether, and they came down and in the woods just across the creek from our barn pulled the string<sup>2</sup> on this oil can and made this hideous noise. Well, Mrs. Paulsen was wide awake in a moment, because she'd heard these tales of the cougars and she was sure there was a cougar. So she was up and getting ready to go into the house with Mother and Mrs. Mc Connell. Well, we told her we didn't think that the cougars would ever disturb us, and she said, "Well, won't you close your door? Fasten the door so that they can't come in?" And she said, "They might come in that window." There was a window. Well, about that time the boys were pulling that string again, and here'd be this awful noise. And they carried that on for quite a while til Mrs. Paulsen was just beside herself. And then it stopped, and they went on back up to town, and the next morning bright and early, were they back, to see whether the noise had disturbed anybody down at our house! (Chuckles) And Mrs. Paulsen got up quite early and after having a little breakfast with Mother, she started on down towards Moscow. And she evidently made it because she got home alright. But she was so funny.

SS: Did you girls know what it was that was making the noise?



IA: We knew what it was so it didn't bother us.

SS: But you didn't tell her?

IA: We didn't tell her we knew what it was, oh, no!

SS: That was part of the joke?

IA: That was part of the game. (Chuckles)

BC: You know there used to be an old stream that came down that side, in my memory of Bovill, it was called Ruby Creek?

SS: Yes.

BC: We went down into Ruby Creek. That <sup>was one of</sup> <sub>A</sub> my place was.

IA: The what?

BC: Ruby Creek out by Bovill.

SS: What makes you say that she was a sponger?

BC: Because she went outside of the place, she built a little fire and pulled out her bacon and fried it and went in the cafe to ask them to boil her eggs in their teakettle.

SS: That's right.

BC: I think that was poor taste. Worse than that.

IA: Instead of going in and paying for her meal, she fried her bacon outside along <sup>the</sup> side of the fence. But she didn't want to eat a soft boiled egg, so she asked the lady of the house to boil the eggs in the teakettle for her. I don't know whether she boiled them in the teakettle or not-

SS: Were you close to Round Top Mountain?

IA: Yes.

SS: Because, you know the name of the creek there that runs south of Round Top Mountain is Adair Creek.

IA: What?

SS: There is a creek that runs south of Round Top Mountain that's called

Adair Creek.

IA: Uh-huh.

BC: Is that the mountain you climbed and left your name in the tobacco can?

IA: No, that was at Elk Butte that we left the-

SS: They must have named that creek after you.

IA: They did.

BC: ?

IA: That came after 1910. After 1910, the fires. And we had a neighbor, Mr. Flower. And Mr. Flower had an uncle from Iowa that had been spending the summer with him, and the smoke was getting pretty bad up in that part of the country then from those Wallace fires and all the other fires, and Mr. Flower decided that he would bring Mr.-- oh, I can't think of his uncle's name right now- but he would bring the uncle down to Avery and put him on the train and send him back to Iowa. And in the meantime, the fire fighters had left Mrs. Taylor's creek and that branch of the Potlatch where they were fighting the fire then, it was time to move on to another location. And while they were moving they let us- Mrs. Taylor and I were cooking for these fire fighters, and they let us go down to Mrs. Durham's place. And Mrs. Durham and her daughter were living there, so we decided when we got there that we wouldn't wait for the firemen, we'd wait and let them tell us, they said it would take about so many days before they could get set up for us, and we would go over to Mr. Flower's. So we walked up four miles over to Mr. Flower's place and stayed all night, and Mr. Flowers told us he was coming down to Avery to bring the uncle out and we could go with him, if we wished. So Myrtle and I decided to go with Mr. Flowers to take the uncle out and Mrs. Durham stayed with Mrs. Flowers and the little girl ; they had a small child. So we started out and we

got down- when we got on top of those long, bare ridges going down from- not Round Top, but Debbitt's Basin- there's a long ridge that comes down- we could see the fires off on both sides of us. When we got down into Avery we were met before we crossed the bridge at Avery by an officer. He told us to turn around and go back, and we told him that we couldn't do that, that we had to put this old gentleman on. So we were on the train there for two days. And it was during that time that they told us that they were going to take us up the line for a little ways to see how things were going and we could go up with them. We went up with them and they told us then that they were going to call that creek up there, Adair Creek.

SS: Really?

IA: Had to have a name, it didn't have any name, so they called it Adair Creek.

BC: Well, that was after you had cooked for these fire fighters then.

IA: Huh?

BC: That was after you had cooked for these fire fighters.

IA: Oh, yes, we cooked for the fire fighters up there. And we came down to Avery so that Mr. Flowers could start his uncle back.

BC: And that's the way you got out.

SS: Did you live right near Adair Creek, yourself? Or were you fairly far from there?

IA: No. It was twenty-eight miles from Avery back to our homestead.

SS: What was the creek that you were nearest to?

IA: Nearest?

SS: Yes.

IA: Just a small stream, I don't think it had any name at that time. Just a small stream that run through a meadow. There was a stream by Mrs. Durham's place, and we called that just the- just the river, I guess.

It wasn't much of a stream. We couldn't fish in it; it wasn't large enough-

BC: Where did you get your water when you were on the homestead?

IA: From a spring. We dug a spring.

BC: Did you?

IA: Uh-huh. We had to have water. We dug a spring.

SS: Was there much of a community life there among you homesteaders?

IA: Huh?

SS: Was there much of a community life there among you homesteaders?

IA: No, always so far apart. See, Mr. Flowers was about four miles, and Hanson and Larsen were about the same distance, only in another direction. And Mrs. File was over on Floodwood Creek and Mrs. Taylor and Miss Calkins and my place and Mrs. Torson and Mrs. Durham; we were all- well, it was about four miles from my place back to Mrs. Durham's place, and then Mrs. Taylor was still farther on. So there was not very much between us. At Eastertime Bill Griffin, a nephew of Mrs. Taylor's spent the winter out there with her, and she wanted to do something special for Easter, so she sent up- when Bill went out to get the mail, and she sent out for a chicken. And a real, civilized chicken. And she cooked this chicken and we had chicken for Easter- Easter Sunday chicken. Bill and Mrs. Taylor and Myrtle and myself, the four of us. And we got away with the chicken, too! (Chuckles)

BC: Didn't you have a birthday party once on the roof of your cabin?

IA: In hers?

BC: On the roof of your cabin, you had a <sup>party</sup> or something.

IA: Oh, Myrtle had a birthday. Her birthday was in April, it was either the first or the second of April. And Hanson and Larsen <sup>who</sup> had this homestead four miles over, just the two boys, Larsen was staying with

Hanson and Hanson owned the homestead, and they came over, they knew it was about time for Myrtle's birthday, so they came over to our cabin and said they'd come for the birthday. The only place we could think of that would be high and dry, there was still snow all over everything out there in April, was the roof of the cabin. And so, we took blankets and put up on the roof of the cabin and <sup>crawled</sup> up with a ladder and sat on the cabin while we had our birthday dinner. Well, after dinner, Myrtle decided that she'd make candy for the boys, so she went down to make some fudge for the boys. And she made part of the fudge with lots of pepper in it, so that when the boys bit into this candy they got their mouths full of pepper! So she had two batches, one of the pepper kind and one without pepper, and she and I were eating off of the one dish and the boys were eating off of the other. Well, they finally got so they couldn't stand it any longer, so they had to go down and find some water, and they found the water and rinsed their mouths out and tried to get the burning stopped in their stomach and all. And about that time, it was time for them to start home, and they did. I think they made it by night, although they had a four mile trip across country. They had to cross the stream and all. Before they left they both wrote out a will on a cigarette paper; they always rolled their own because you couldn't carry enough cigarettes to keep them going out there, but they could take in the tobacco and the papers and roll their own, so they rolled their own. And they rolled their own cigarettes and on this cigarette paper each one wrote <sup>out</sup> a will, that if they didn't make it home that night, that we were to have such and such a thing that was at the cabin. They left the cigarette papers with us, and they went on home. (Chuckles) Oh, they were funny things!. Always something coming up. So many things

that I couldn't even begin to tell you.

SS: What's funny- it seems like you really invented things and became resourceful when you didn't have things around you.

IA: You just had to do things. I told you, I think, about Carter, the man that stayed with us that run the trapline, didn't I?  
Sylvest

SS: You told me about . . . you told me about him.

IA: About the man.

SS: Yes. And about Sylvest-

IA: And about Sylvester.

SS: Did Carter stay all winter?

IA: Huh?

SS: Did he stay all winter?

IA: Yes, he stayed all winter with us. He stayed until late spring, and then he left us, after the snow left, so that he could get out and go to work.

SS: Was it just you that he helped, or was it all- were there other homesteaders around that he helped out, too?

IA: No, he only helped <sup>just</sup> us. My father and Mrs. Durham made the arrangements for him to stay with us at so much a month; and he was to stay there and to help us with the wood and with the-

BC: Water, I suppose.

IA: snow and anything that needed, and had to go out for the mail. He went out once a month for the mail.

SS: To Clarkia?

IA: Carter.

SS: Did he go to Clarkia? For the mail.

IA: Yes. No, Avery.

SS: Avery.

- IA: Uh-huh. Twenty-eight miles to Avery. Forty-five miles to Clarkia.
- SS: Well, what about the hardships of that, Ione? Were there things that you had to do that were hard, that were difficult?
- IA: Oh, only in sawing or getting your wood or anything like that, if you happened to be low on it. Nothing especially hard.
- BC: See now, you would consider <sup>it a</sup> hardship, <sup>but then it was</sup> part of the life.
- IA: The man that stayed with us took care of that. That's why my father insisted on having someone stay with us, so that if anything happened, if we'd get cut or anything like that, that we would be able to get word out for help, or to get out ourselves for help.
- BC: She went through the most vigorous young years, and she is the healthiest of the family. Kind of interesting.
- SS: Uh-huh. During the summer, though, you didn't need anyone to stay with you, then?
- IA: No, we didn't. We didn't need anyone especially. There were three of us at the one place and we could go back to Mrs. Taylor's the other way. But her's was quite a ways, because it was four miles from Mrs. Durham's over to my place, and Mrs. Taylor was a mile and a half beyond that. And her nephew had left before the fires-- before the fire season started. So, when these fire fighters came through there looking-- trying to locate some way of getting in to this fire section they wanted to know if the trail went any farther, and we told them that it went about a mile and a half to Mrs. Taylor's. So they went on then-- wanted to know if they could go on, and we said that they could, that they could go on over. Well, when we got over, we found that they had -- they had found the cabin, and they wanted to know when we arrived if we would get breakfast for the men. So we got breakfast for those five or six men that were looking for trails, and when the rest of them

caught up, they wanted to know if we wouldn't continue. So we stayed on then as cooks for the fire fighters.

SS: Did you go back~~after~~ the fire? Did you go back to the homestead after the fires were over?

IA: Yes. After the fires were over we went back to the homestead.

BC: Was your place burned?

IA: No. The fire didn't come that way. The wind was the other way and the fires from Wallace came up but they followed the ridges up and didn't get into our part of the country at all, in on the Floodwood.

SS: How many years did you stay on the homestead?

IA: We were in there from, let's see it was, we went in to stay definitely- we were in part of the time during the summer before in 1909, and then we were there all the summer of 1910. And I went back then afterwards early in 1911 to see how things - the condition of things.

BC: Is that the time I went with you?

IA: You were with me in 1909.

BC: No, Marjorie was.

IA: Marjorie was with me in 1909.

BC: I wasn't there the year of the fire.

SS: What did you think of it Bernadine? Of the homesteading when you were there?

BC: It was a long ride. I'd never been horse back before. We rode in from Clarkia, forty-five miles, all in one day, I believe. We rode twenty-four hours. And I'd keep saying, "How much farther is it, Pinkie?" "Oh, about an hour." Well, an hour was about four hours, that meant nothing to me. I thought we'd never get there. And we had to cross this boggy<sup>meadow</sup> where one horse had gone down. They never did get it out. I wasn't too happy on the ride in. I loved it after I got there. Ione was so entertaining. She would



take me out and teach me different flowers and different kinds of pine. And we told you about the *bird that I treed*. And we learned poetry. She had a book of Robert Service. She'd read one line and I'd read the next one. We could do it now, I think, but we have to be together, because I don't know the line in between. But she was very inventive and she's a clever person.

SS: How old were you then?

BC: *I was about* Twelve or thirteen. It was quite an adventure.

SS: What did you think of the cabin, itself? Did it seem ample to you?

Did it seem rude and just real primitive?  
Very primitive.

BC: Just a one room log cabin. But when I was just a little girl from about two to . seven we went to the Collins cabin, so I was kind of used to- accustomed to what a cabin could be.

SS: What about Ione living there by herself so long? Doesn't it seem quite remarkable?

BC: I can't imagine my father allowing it. I just can't. Apparently she wanted to do it, so it was alright. He worried about her. That I know. Especially when the fire season was on, because many people were killed in that fire. We didn't have any word from Ione for about five or six weeks. That's the only time I ever saw my mother cry.

SS: Just out of worry? For Ione?

BC: *And the gas asphyxiated them.*  
All these people that had been burned they went into a cave-*and the smoke*  
And that time we had no word at all. And I remember Mother broke down and cried.

SS: When she heard the news of these other people dying?

BC: *Not knowing where Ione was.*  
We didn't know she was with the fire fighters. And every indication was that that whole area had been burned over. So- then Daddy let her go on a trip to Alaska with three other girls, which was

primitive at that time, the boat they went on. And the one that they were to come back on went down and <sup>all these</sup> people were drowned. <sup>word we got, so again father wondered if we'd</sup> That was then. lost Ione. But they stayed over to go up to Sitka, I think it was, and took another boat, so she missed ~~it~~ <sup>that time</sup>.

SS: That's...

BC: Well, she's talking wobbly. Sometimes she gets quite confused and very, very tired though. Before she was in the hospital she wouldn't have done you any good at all. <sup>to talk to her</sup> But after the oxygen treatment and the antibiotic- then she went back to normal.

BC: Would you like a cup of tea? You've been talking a lot.

IA: No, I don't think so.

BC: Do you?

SS: No, I guess not.

BC: I'll be glad to serve it. <sup>I don't make</sup> very good tea. Pekoe

SS: Orange Pekoe?

BC: Yeah. In little bags, I'm not very domestic.

IA: What are you talking about?

SS: Oh, we were talking about the homestead, mostly.

BC: I was impressed, <sup>by your homestead</sup> because in my younger years <sup>brought up going to</sup> had been <sup>the</sup> summers out here, <sup>so</sup> I knew what to expect when you said "cabin".

SS: I'll tell you, my wife was a lookout.

IA: She was?

SS: Yes, and she was the first woman lookout that they had on Union District in Wallowa-Whitman, which is near Baker, Oregon. And she was the first woman in that district. And all these men in that district were sure that she was going to quit after the first fire. That she'd be down. (recorder shut off at this point)

IA: Bernadine was on the homestead with me, and we couldn't think of anything to do.

BC: We told him. <sup>that, Pinkie</sup>

IA: You told him about the Service's poems? I'd forgotten that we told him that.

SS: We were just talking about it.

BC: That we had to be together to recite it.

SS: You really found it to be an adventure?

BC: Yes.

IA: Yes. We enjoyed it. We have had times together there at Collins.

BC: And I remember as a child, we used to go out from Bovill, there were always plenty of beaus around you, like the older sisters, Carrie Bush Mc Connell- <sup>Carrie Mc Connell Bush</sup> But the boys would come down from Collins or up from Bovill at night. They'd sit around the camp fire and sing. Did you have marshmallows then to toast? I've forgotten.

IA: Have what?

BC: Did you toast marshmallows around the campfire? You'd all sit around and sing.

IA: Nobody knew anything about marshmallows then!

BC: There was lots of singing.

SS: And lots of beaus!

IA: I didn't know anything about marshmallows until after we got into to town after that.

SS: How did it work out then? The government didn't let you prove up?

IA: Didn't let me prove up?

SS: How did that happen?

BC: They said they hadn't been out there long enough.

IA: No woman could take it. That we hadn't homesteaded, that we didn't take it up as homestead; <sup>that</sup> we just took up for adventure, and so forth. And Mr. <sup>Stacy H.</sup> Ashley J. <sup>Stacy H.</sup> was sent out from Washington to in-

spect all the homesteaders in that section of the country, and he said that nobody could live out there under those conditions. That they just weren't living conditions; that you couldn't do it! Actually we spent twenty-two months at a time out there, straight through.

SS: Had you lived there the full time? You'd lived there twenty-two months running?

IA: Twenty-two months. I was only out once in that time and that was to the- a hearing in Wallace. The homesteaders were all called in to Wallace to give their version of the story, but Ashley J. ~~Roach~~ said his version and he'd been sent there by the government, and therefore the government took the government's side to it. Mrs. Toreson lost hers. Mrs.- now about Mrs. Durham, I'm not sure about Mrs. Durham, because they moved in to Spokane afterwards, and I'm not sure whether they did or not. Myrtle, the daughter, married a man in Spokane, a Mr. Melchoir, ~~it wasn't a~~ gas station, I think it was a repair station and gas station in Spokane, and they finally, he had to give up the work and she had rheumatism and arthritis so badly, that they had to go into a nursing home out from Spokane. And my niece went out to visit with her a couple of times, to see them.

SS: What about you? They didn't allow your homestead either?

IA: No, they didn't allow mine. I have a letter from Burton L. French, that said he'd gone to certain committees and told them and knew that people could live under those conditions; <sup>cause</sup> lots of people were doing it, and all, but the decree had been handed down and I lost my homestead.

BC: Did you tell him about the last episode about that?

IA: The what?

BC: The last episode? About the man that met you out from Orofino? (End of side C)

IA: The Oxford Station? This same Ashley J. Roach that was <sup>at the</sup> head of the in-

spection for the homesteaders out there, and he had been appointed at the head of the Oxford Ranger Station <sup>out</sup> from Orofino. Up past Weippe and Pierce and out, and Bernadine and I were spending the summer with Mrs. Arnett and Mrs. Mc Bride that used to be here in town, and we were spending the summer with her and Mr. Arnett wanted to take us down to the Orogrande, to the river, on a fishing trip, and so he packed the horse and we got all ready and went over to the Oxford Ranger Station. And at the Oxford Ranger Station they were having some sort of a- what did I call it?- a party of some kind for the people at the station and homesteaders, but Mrs. Arnett didn't know who was giving it. And she said that we'd stop there on our way down to the Orogrande and see what was going on. And so we got to the Orogrande- or to the ranger station and who<sup>m</sup> should I meet by Ashley J. Roach, who had been sent out from Washington in the first place. And he said, "It's been some time since I've seen you." And I said, "It surely has, and I don't think any more of you than I did then!" (Chuckles) He said, "I'm sorry for that." He said, "Had I been used to the West, or been acquainted with the West in any way, I would never have sent in the reports that I sent in to the government." I said, "Yes, but you caused me to lose my homestead, and numerous others, the same." He said, "I know<sup>but</sup> it was all my fault, because I sent in the reports and the people there were supposed to take the opinion of the man they sent out to inspect."

BC: He just didn't know.

SS: Didn't understand the conditions.

IA: Didn't understand. He didn't know a thing about the West, nor a thing about homesteading.

BC: He still felt a little guilty, I think .

IA: What?

BC: I think he still felt a little guilty.

SS: Well, did you forgive him?

IA: No. I forgave him, but I didn't forget him. I still have the same resentment as far as my homestead is concerned; but against the man personally, I can see his side of it.

BC: That's the way we were brought up. You give your opinion; I give my opinion. *Then you make a choice.*

IA: We had quite a talk that day. We just settled in a corner by ourselves and let the musicians and the dancers have their fun. And Ashley J. Roach and I sat and hashed over old times together.

SS: Did pretty much everyone lose their homesteads in that area that you were homesteading?

IA: Yes, there were lots of-

SS: They took it away from everyone? Or from most of the people? They took the homesteads away from most everyone in that area. <sup>?</sup>

IA: Yes, nearly everyone. Mrs. Torson- I think Mrs. Durham and Mrs. Torson got theirs. Mr. Flowers lost his, and the boys lost theirs and I think Mrs. File lost her's.

BC: I wonder why that discrimination? Why some would and some wouldn't? Do you know that?

IA: Huh?

BC: Why did some lose them and others not lose them?

IA: I don't know. I don't know what there was about it. It was his inspection and his means of reporting it.

SS: Did you have some land cleared? Did you have some land cleared on the homestead?

IA: Did I have what?

SS: Some land cleared?

IA: Some land cleared?

SS: Cleared?

IA: Yes, I had some cleared. And then the meadows we were using for hay for the horses, and there was lots of the timber; we had to have the timber cleared from around the cabin<sup>s</sup>, and all that we could. We had lots of brush done. And for the time we were there we had a very good showing of living up to it- the law, and doing as we were supposed to do.

BC: You lost a lot of money on that deal, didn't you? Had to hire a man and--

SS: A lot of time, too.

If those people had been able to prove up, spend the five years and prove up on the homesteads; do you think most of them would have eventually sold the land to the timber companies?

IA: They would have sold to the lumber companies. Those that were allowed to take their claims, keep their claims--

BC: That's what they took it for. There was a differentiation between taking a homestead and having a claim with mineral rights, wasn't there? Maybe that was the difference.

IA: I don't know.

BC: I kind of remember something like that.

IA: There was railroad land right close, just across the creek and up a very short ways from my property, and from May Calkin's property.

BC: Maybe the Union Pacific got it.

IA: And it could have been that the lobbyists for the railroads were responsible for that. I don't know.

SS: How much were the timber companies paying for the timber on 160 acres of good timber? Were they paying a lot of money?

IA: I couldn't tell.

BC: You can approximate it, what Daddy got for his.

SS: What did he get?

BC: I think it was about \$3,500.

SS: \$3,500.

IA: About \$3,500.

BC: In 1900.

IA: At Bovill, just at Bovill there. And that, of course, is considered the older homesteaders, and those people had been in there for years.

BC: See, Daddy sold that claim in order to have the cash to make the down-payment on this house, I remember that.

SS: How much did this house cost him? Total?

BC: About \$5,000, I think.

SS: So that was most of the money that he needed.

IA: The property cost him just about what he got for the timber claim.

BC: But that was this whole block.

SS: The whole block?

BC: There was a church up there at that time, I think that was the only part not included with this property.

SS: Well it seems to me then- I think that's part of what the government was arguing, that if people wanted or were planning to sell to the timber company then they shouldn't be allowed to homestead it, which seems wrong to me. I think that's part of the way they--

BC: There was something about mineral rights that went into that too. I don't remember enough about it, but I remember Daddy talking.

SS: Do you remember Frank Robinson very well? That fellow that-

BC: I didn't know him. I read one of his books, a tail on the end of a pig or something like that.

IA: Who?



SS: Robinson.

IA: What Robinson?

SS: Frank B. Robinson. Psychianna.

IA: Psychianna? I have just one recollection of Mr. Robinson. I went down to the- what was the Owl- not the Owl- Bolles' Drugstore, the drugstore right at the corner of Main and Third Street, and I had an umbrella with me, it had been raining when I left home, I had an umbrella with me, and I stepped into the drugstore to get something, I don't know what it was, and they had put out little shelves, like this, the counter was up here, and then this little shelf, and they had put lots of little odds and ends of things in these different shelves so people could see what they had. And I stepped up to the counter and asked for what I wanted, and this stranger waited on me and I thanked him and turned around and went outside the door. When I got outside I raised my umbrella again and a little package, a line of candles- a little box of candles about that large, you know those little tiny candles that you put on birthday cake, dropped out of my umbrella. Well, I turned right around and went back into the store and handed the package to the man as he stepped out again, and said, "When I raised my umbrella this fell out, so it must have caught on the umbrella when I was standing here." And he said, "Oh, yes? I can imagine that that's the true story." And I turned on my heels and walked out. I didn't go in the store for a long time. I told my father about it when I came home, and he said, "That's the new man. That's Psychianna Robinson. He's the man that's going to build here, and he's going to work, ~~clerk~~, at Bolles' Drugstore. There's other drugstores in town." And, he said, I'm known in all of them." So I didn't go in for a long time- quite a long time into the drugstore. (Chuckles) I have a very poor

recollection of Frank Robinson, and also his religion. I never did like him. We were speaking about the change in the times; we had always ridden horseback. My father had horses that we could ride, and we'd always ridden horseback. And Dad decided that horseback with a sidesaddle was not an easy way for a person to ride, and that we should have stride saddles. And in order to have stride saddles, we had to have divided skirts. Well, we got the ladies to make us some divided skirts and we wore divided skirts and we rode stride saddle.

SS: This was unusual for the time?

BC: Shocking!

SS: This was unusual for the time?

IA: Oh, the town! Why, everybody thought it was awful for us to be riding stride saddle. Everybody else wore ladies' saddles with a horn on 'em and a hook on it. And for girls to be riding stride was something most unusual!

BC: And divided skirts shocked 'em!

IA: My sister and I both rode stride saddle, and we had divided skirts that went with it.

SS: And you didn't care that it was unconventional? It didn't bother you girls at all?

IA: Dad said it was alright, that it was the thing to do, and that's what we did! <sup>bc. safer!</sup> And we rode horseback all of our lives after that. We rode in the timber and we rode on the trails and we rode everywhere.

SS: How rough was it to get around in the high water of spring out there?

IA: Out there?

SS: Yeah.

IA: When the snow went off, it went off very gradual. The streams across these meadows- and the meadows got boggier than they were before, but

we could still manage to get across them by being very careful where we walked and all. The horses, when they would come to those meadows always stopped.

BC: Shook.

IA: They just did not want to go in on that boggy land. And the locator- when we first went out- the locaters had a hard time getting the pack-horses across the meadows. But as the meadows dried up then the horses got used to being able to pick their way around and they'd pick their way around in the meadows more.

SS: You mentioned that you used to work on quilt pieces? Out there?

IA: On what?

SS: Quilt pieces.

IA: Quilt pieces?

SS: Did you do that much?

IA: Oh, I worked on pieces and quilts because at the time I told you that we were ~~taking~~ from Avery down to Tekoa coming home-

SS: You said that man there remembered your quilt pieces.

IA: Yes, the conductor asked me what we did out there, and, "Oh," I said, "we pieced quilts and we do this and we do that." And he said, "My mother pieces quilts and she has lots of pieces and I'll see that you get some." So when the mail carrier came back out to the cabin he brought in a bundle of quilt pieces, and we cut them out and used them and worked with the quilts while we were out there.

BC: Pieced quilts are very valuable now. <sup>Tokyo.</sup> We gave ours to our niece, now living in <sup>she prizes them. They had an auction out here at Samuelsens last week.</sup> ~~They had these old raggedy ones.~~

IA: I pieced quilts after we got in town a good many more than we did out in that part of the country.

BC: What's your horoscope sign, Sam? (BC talks briefly about horoscopes)

SS: Would you tell me that story about the trouble that you had with the

car? That your father had with the muffler?

IA: With the what?

SS: The muffler on the car. Was that when you were driving down to Lewiston that the muffler fell off?

IA: Dad had just got this new Pike's Peak motor. A car- well, that was what the motor was called. It was called a Pike's Peak motor. And he wanted to take the family down to Kendrick, and so, he wanted to show us the country between here and Kendrick. We got to the top of the Kendrick grade and he knew it would be all downhill to Kendrick from there. So he snapped off the ignition, and we started coasting. And we said, "Dad don't do that, because you might- something might happen that you'd want it, and you wouldn't have your engine." "No, no, I'll save the gas going down the hill." So he went down the hill, clear down to the bottom, and then when he stepped on it, it went, puuf! And out went the muffler! Well, we went into Kendrick with this awful racket of a muffler. And Kendrick is between two hills, if you remember, between two hills and the noise just echoed and reechoed in Kendrick. Well Dad stopped at the mechanic's in Kendrick to see if he couldn't get it fixed, and the man there didn't have any muffler and didn't have the time- it being Sunday- he didn't want to go in and fix it. So Dad then said, "I'll try Juliaetta." And he went from Kendrick to Juliaetta; making the racket all the way up and down that little creek that goes down through there. He got to Juliaetta and the man said, "I don't have a muffler that would fit that," but he said, "I can fix it so that you can get home." So he took a piece of stovepipe and made a makeshift muffler and put on ~~for~~ a stovepipe so that we could manage to get to Moscow with the stovepipe. Well, we got to Moscow, alright, but by the time we got in between the stores

coming up from Moscow, <sup>and up</sup> the old muffler was working just beautifully and making all the noise you ever heard. Well, he put his car in the garage and he got a man then to send and get him a muffler for that and he didn't take that car out until the muffler was fixed. A Pike's Peak motor making a noise like that! It was just too much!

SS: Was he embarrassed driving up the streets of Moscow?

IA: Was he! He was embarrassed going through Kendrick and equally embarrassed through Juliaetta. His brand new car, and making a noise like that! It was awful. That Pike's Peak motor- have you ever been up Adams Street to the end and looked down over that part of the town below? You know how steep that hill is? That Pike's Peak motor could come right straight up that hill.

BC: In high?

IA: He tried it. He said he wouldn't buy a car that wouldn't come up that hill. And the man that was selling the cars brought the car up the hill to prove to Dad that it would do it. So Dad bought a Pike's Peak motor.

BC: <sup>cars before that,</sup> He had lots of <sup>But</sup> that was his love.

IA: It was an open car, and everybody wore hats that you could tie down with a big veil.

BC: And goggles.

IA: Tie under your chin when you rode in the car. And a man pulled his hat down low on his head to keep it from blowing off.

BC: Daddy wore leather gauntlets and a duster.

IA: We wanted Dad to get a closed car after we'd had this open car and closed cars came in, and we wanted him to get a closed car, and he wouldn't do it. "No," he said, "the fresh air's good for you. And I don't want a closed car." So, we'd been down to Lewiston and were

coming back and we came in around by Colton and Uniontown and in through that way. And on the way home, Mother was sitting on the front seat, and she said, "It's just so cold up here I can't take it. I'd like to get on the back seat and put a blanket around me." So she got on the back seat and Dad slid over and my sister, Marjorie, that could drive anything, got on the front seat to drive the car in and Dad says, "I'll sit back there with you, Mama." So he crawled on the back seat with Mother. And it wasn't very long til Dad pulled his handkerchief out and tied it around his neck. A little bit later he turned his collar up as high as he could. And he sat back there and shivered from about Uniontown on into Moscow. And he said, "Mother, it is cold back there. I don't blame you. It's cold on the front seat but it's colder back here." So then shortly after that Dad traded his little red car off for a sedan that had sidecurtains that would come down, that you could put <sup>the</sup> sidecurtains down <sup>if</sup> it was cold. And we always had an enclosed car after that! (Chuckles)

BC: Did you ever see one of those cars- it was before they had windows in cars that you could roll up; it was kind of canvas with little hooks that you fastened on the sides of the doors to keep the wind out? It was adequate.

IA: Don't think you ever saw one of those.

SS: I've seen the pictures, but I've never seen one of them.

IA: You never <sup>saw</sup> the car. They're little turn knobs, you know, we used to have, turn a knob and a metal eyelet would fit onto that and <sup>you would</sup> turn the knob and that would hold it. And on the next one the same way.

BC: The lights were not electric, I don't think, they were acetylene. I think that was the word. And the tank was on the outside and the

pump was inside, and when the lights would begin to get dim you'd have to pump this pump to keep <sup>the</sup> lights bright. I can remember pumping.

IA: There's a good bit of difference between the cars then and the car~~show~~.

BC: And I had a millionaire idea once; I was riding with Daddy up to the ranch up at Newman Lake, and the horn at that time were down here and you had to punch 'em, like this, you know. And I said, "Daddy, why couldn't that wire be brought in and put at the steering wheel, and you'd have something up here to punch?" I didn't carry on with it but that was the beginning of the idea in me that a car could have an inside button to punch instead of reaching out and squeezing this horn. Taking your hand off the wheel.

SS: Well, did he take it seriously?

BC: He didn't mind punching that horn, he probably enjoyed it! I thought it was a good idea.

IA: Did you ever have gout?

SS: No. No.

BC: I hope you never do.

IA: I have gout in my big toe, that's <sup>the</sup> reason--

BC: The most painful thing.

SS: Really.

IA: I've had on three pairs of shoes today and they all hurt. So I got back into my old slippers.

BC: It's faulty metabolism. Your uric acid acid doesn't carry off the crystals and they form on your toe and the pain is excruciating. They used to think it was from high living but we <sup>live very</sup>

SS: So you know it's not from--

BC: Well, I've got a book on it, because I <sup>have</sup> it badly, too. Women don't

usually have, but my niece has it also, so it's kind of in the family.

And I got the medical book.

IA: Cold will bring it on as well as-

BC: <sup>Nervousness</sup> In the hospital <sup>she froze all the time, so maybe she is getting chilly.</sup>  
<sup>(Pause in tape)</sup>

IA: There was a trellis that was covered with this deadly nightshade. They were using it for an ornamental vine.

BC: It's beautiful.

IA: And the Mc Connells had it for a vine up on this trellis. Well, we took it down- my father didn't like it, he was afraid that some of the children or someone might get ahold of it and it would prove fatal. So he had it taken down. And we lost it for a number of years; didn't know what had happened to it. And all of a sudden on the second house over, right along the alleyway a great bunch of it sprung up, and it covered that fence along there. When Mr. Hallax bought the place and I told him that that was deadly nightshade and <sup>to</sup> be sure that the children didn't fool with the bush or eat any of the berries. So he said he would be very careful, and he dug it out while he lived there. This year there was one of those vines came up on my side of the driveway and over the fence between the two places. So I just left it grow, I knew what it looked like- it had the red berries on it- so I just let it grow there and I went up the other day and picked enough to put into the bamboo.

SS: Do you think it was the same stock?

IA: It's the same kind of a berry, probably from the same old berry<sup>ies</sup>. It could have been buried there for years and then come up. I don't know.

SS: That's hardy.

BC: <sup>It's poison</sup>  
<sup>I came up and</sup> looked it up in the dictionary and it said sometimes it was used for a hallucinatory drug, and it was deadly poison, but they had some



way of refining it. And it is related to the henbane. You know what henbane is?

SS: I've heard of it.

BC: Well, one time <sup>when</sup> I was in South Idaho, my brother-in-law, was in charge of raising sheep. <sup>investigating</sup> And I was visiting them and there was four or five men came out one day gathering this shrub. And I was curious and I asked what they were gathering. They said, henbane. They said it was related to marijuana, I don't think they were ~~government~~ men at all. They had great big cans of it and <sup>it was</sup> just full of it. And that was along about 1936.

SS: So you think they were using it for--?

BC: I think so.

IA: I laughed the other day when I picked up the paper and read where by the sheriff's office they found marijuana growing just outside the steps. And someone had dropped the seed there and it was growing just outside the steps at the sheriff's office.

SS: This nightshade? Now where was it growing on the man<sup>i</sup>son- on the old house to start with? Where did you find it growing?

IA: I found it on the fence.

SS: No, I mean in the old days. Where was it growing?

IA: It was growing between the little porch on this side- between the little porch and the first bay window. And it was growing up--

END OF THE SECOND INTERVIEW

Transcribed by Frances Rawlins 05-04-77