

IONE ADAIR  
Fifth Interview

Interviewed by:  
Sam Schrager

Oral History Project  
Latah County Museum Society

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## IONE ADAIR

Moscow, Collins; b. 1883

teacher, homesteader, postal clerk, tax collector 2.5hours

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with Sam Schragger  
February 24, 1977

## II. Transcript

IONE ADAIR

This conversation with IONE ADAIR took place at her home in Moscow, Idaho on February 24, 1977. Her sister, BERNADINE ADAIR CORNELISON also took part in the conversation. The interviewer was SAM SCHRAGER.

SS: I wondered why there were so many women here.

IA: Why the women went out there. Well, in the first place, the locater <sup>through</sup> out that part of the country had a wife that wanted a timber claim. A sister that wanted a timber claim; two sisters that wanted timber claims. And there was a couple of women here in town that wanted timber claims that we all knew. So, when the locater had located this particular batch of timber out in what was called the Forty-Nine Meadow country, and he took this bunch out to show them the country and the timber and if they wanted to locate, then we could all locate there with him, a certain distance of each other. Practically a little colony by themselves. So that's the way we all happened to go out there. I joined the bunch with Mrs. Torson and Mrs. Durham and Mrs. Taylor and Winifred Calkins and Kit Calkins and who else? Oh, following us when we located out there was Erwin Hanson and Art Larson went out with him just to be on the homestead with him so he'd have company. And they were on one side and they were four miles and a half off on one side and Mrs. Torson was in three-quarters of a mile from Mrs. Durham<sup>5</sup> and my homestead was about four miles over on the other side and Mrs. Taylor's was over that way. And so we all got together just as a group and would take our trips out together. And it was a saving on packers and so forth when we all went together. *What else?*

SS: Were most of these ladies self-reliant- as self-reliant as you were?

IA: I didn't quite hear you.

SS: It seemed like to be a homesteader, it took a lot of self-reliance, you know, you had to depend on yourself and your own resources.

IA: You had to depend upon yourself. But the others, of course, surrounding you that were homesteaders- had took up homesteads<sup>4</sup>, all helped if you

needed any help or anything like that. And Mrs. Durham and I planned-  
<sup>the</sup> winter together. I was four miles and a half from her place and  
 so we decided that she and her daughter and I would live together that  
 winter and I would go back and forth to my place as I wished. And it  
 was all snowshoeing of course,<sup>mostly,</sup> and that's the way we traveled. Then my  
 father was afraid that something might happen and that we'd have no  
 means of getting word out to the outside of an emergency. So he and  
 Mrs. Durham and I decided that we'd hire a man to stay with us that  
 winter. And so my father made the arrangements with a man by the name  
 Carter. And Bill Carter said that he would trap that winter and would  
 try to make up for any additional expenses that he would do- or needed,  
 and that he would go out once a month anyway to get the mail and bring  
 it to us, and the rest of the time he would spend trapping in that part  
 of the country.

SS: Was he staying at the same cabin that you and-

IA: <sup>Just</sup> Mrs. Durham and her daughter and I- we were the three that were toge-  
 milliner  
 ther. And Mrs. Torson, who was a here in town, had a cabin, oh,  
 about three-quarters of a mile from out place. But she only spent the  
 summers out there, <sup>let</sup> her sister ran the business here in town and she  
 went out and spent it on the homestead while the weather was good.

SS: I was just wondering; when he was there, did he have to sleep in the  
 barn?

BC: No Barn.

SS: Did he have to sleep in the house because there was no barn there? He  
 could sleep in the house too, then?

IA: He slept in the house with us; yes. We had, I don't know whether you  
 know bear grass or not, but it's a very wiry grass and holds up when  
 you made your mattress of it, and we made a full size mattress. He

was over six feet tall. (Chuckles) We made a full sized mattress for him of <sup>this</sup> and each day we would roll it up, put a blanket over it and could be used as a seat in case that you wanted extra accommodations.

SS: Just a mat of bear grass?

IA: Uh-huh. Just a mattress of bear grass. We made the mattress out of gunny sacks that we had and then cut the bear grass and made the mattress for him. And that was his bedroom. And we had a bedroom across the end of the cabin, and I had a single bed and Mrs. Durham and her daughter had a double bed. And during the daytime we had fixed them so they would- the double bed would fold up in the wall and out of the way and the single bed <sup>was</sup> used as a seat in the daytime.

BC: Didn't you have an attic in that place, a second story?

IA: Yes, we had an attic, and that's where we kept the flour and sugar and things that would- that the moisture might affect. We had an outdoor cellar and we kept the canned goods in this outdoor cellar, but the cupboard was the attic. We kept the flour and the sugar because that would be warm from the heat in the cabin, and it wouldn't get solid. Carter, one day, got everything all ready to go out <sup>for</sup> the mail and left early in the morning for the-- we called it twenty-eight miles out to Avery by trail, and he didn't go back into Clarkia, because that was a longer route, it took forty-five miles to get in that way. So, he went out the short way to Avery, and the mail was all sent to Avery, and he would go out and get it. Well, he got everything all ready and left early and after he left Mrs. Durham decided that she had to wash, and the extra soap and stuff that she needed was up in the attic. And the only way into the attic was by ladder and a trapdoor. So, we brought in the ladder and opened the trapdoor and Mrs. Durham went up to the attic to get the flour or whatever it was that

she needed and about the time she got up there the ice on the legs of the ladder broke off and the ladder went down. Mrs. Durham went with it, and as she went down she hit the end of her spine on the ladder and dropped off in a faint. Well Myrtle and I didn't know what to do, so we just grabbed up <sup>a</sup> bottle of camphor that was there and intending to put it up under her nose or where she'd breathe it, and Myrtle miscalculated and put it on her eye- on her forehead that ran down into her eye. Well, that brought Mrs. Durham to in one grand rush! We grabbed her while she was in that condition and put her over on my bed and she laid there all afternoon, just moaning, "Oh, my tailbone, oh, my tailbone." And nearly drove us crazy because we didn't know what to do about it until Carter got back anyway. We couldn't send word out; we couldn't do anything. And we neither one of us were going off and leaving the other one alone with the mother on a twenty-eight mile <sup>i</sup>trip out to town. So we just endured moaning and tried to keep her as comfortable as possible. Well, when Carter got <sup>u</sup>back then he could see that Mrs. Durham was in a very bad condition and would have to be taken out to town. And so, we waited for about a week until she got to feeling a little better and then Carter took her and started off to Avery. That was a twenty-eight mile <sup>i</sup>trip for a woman with her tailbone injured and on snowshoes! So she got along very nicely until about the last mile and a half or two miles of the trip and then she broke down. She just couldn't go any farther, so Carter practically carried her on <sup>h</sup> to Avery and then they got transportation from Avery on the train and brought her down to Tekoa and on into Moscow. So we had her in the hospital for quite a little while here after that til she began to get better. So Myrtle and I were then left alone with just Carter as companion. And so we got along

very nicely. But the next time Carter went out to Avery to see how Mrs. Durham was getting along and it left Myrtle and I alone, and we were sitting eating our breakfast one morning and the cabin door opened and in walked this grizzly, funny looking, little, old fellow and he said, "Oh, you're here." And we said, "Yes, who are you?" He said, "I'm Dynamite." And I said, "You are?" He said, "Yes, they all call me Dynamite." He said, "I'm working on the railroad, and on the tunnel<sup>s</sup> and I do the drilling for the holes and putting the dynamite in, and that's where I got my name." I said, "You do have another name, don't you?" He said, "Yes, I'm Joel Chandler Harris." (Chuckles) And, he said, "My mother thought the name of Joel Chandler sounds very nice. She'd been reading about him, and so she called me Joel Chandler Harris." Well he came in and he stayed- he said, "I'll stay here until your man gets back." So he stayed; we couldn't say, "Get out!" We had no means of putting him out or anything and so we said, "Alright." So he took the bed- unrolled the bed that night and then that was his bed til Carter got back. Well, when Carter got back then Dynamite left and went over to Larson and Hanson's cabin and he spent the greater part of the winter at the Larson and Hanson cabin. He was a funny looking little fellow. Whiskers all over.

SS: Did he stay there?

IA: <sup>We were so surprised.</sup> He said, "I've been living in your cabin while you were gone." (Laughs) "We knew somebody had been there but we had no idea who nor what." He said, "I was in there. But when your man gets back I'll go over to the boys." And that's what he did.

SS: Was he staying there to protect you? Was that the idea?

IA: Huh?

SS: Was he staying there to protect you? Was that his thinking?

- IA: We don't know. We don't know what his idea was, he was just looking for a place to land, <sup>he thought this place was vacant</sup> and he just landed. And so we did a lot of blanket washing and all when <sup>we got</sup> after he left. (Chuckles)
- SS: You know, he stayed at Elsie <sup>Pfiel's</sup> place, too. Because I know Carol Brink once mentioned that to me. She mentioned this guy Dynamite.
- IA: She spoke about Dynamite, too, did she?
- SS: Yes, she did.
- IA: Well, Elsie was across on what they called another branch of the little Norseman, called the Floodwood. It went south and east. It went south and east and the Potlatch went the other way, and we were on the other side of the ridge from Elsie. She was quite a character. You should have known her. (Chuckles)
- BC: She was delightful.
- IA: She certainly was. One night we were going on the trip, my father—after I'd been out there so long, the government decided I had to come in to a trail at Wallace. And in order to get to the trail at Wallace I had to be notified to get out there, and there was no one in this part of the country that knew where I was or <sup>the</sup> location or anything, and so my father undertook to come out and notify me; which he did. And he left word that we would need a packer to bring us out, and he walked out that twenty-five miles from Avery, or twenty-eight miles, and told me that I had to come in for the trip. And so they got the packer out and the packer, Ira Mc Peek, lived at Clarkia, and he had been packing things with the Forest so that he knew where we were and how to get to us and so forth. And he brought the horses out for us. And he brought a horse out for me to ride that an Indian had owned, and he lost the race for the Indian and the Indian was so mad that he cut the horse's tail <sup>off</sup> and his ears right close to his head.

Well, the day that we started out with the packtrain after my father got there, they put me on Jim, the horse or . . .

BC: Bob.

IA: What? What was he?

BC: Bob. Called the horse Bob.

IA: Bob, because of his bobbed ears and his bobbed tail. And Mc Peek said, "You ride Bob because he is so surefooted." And, he said, "You ride out on Bob." Well, I had taken cold a little while before and I was subject to attacks of quinsy, and so they dolled me up in everything they could find in the cabin that was warm and I mounted Bob and we started out. Well, there was one place that we used to call Little Lake Thelma, it's a different name than that now on the map, and I don't know what it's called now. But at any rate, you had to go up a very high, very steep ridge to get up to the top and come on over into the Clarkia country, and we always in going up hung onto our horse's tail and made the horse pull us up instead of riding because it was this way, it was so rough you couldn't ride comfortably on it and we always held onto the horse's tail. Well, I was on Bob, which had neither ears nor tail, and so I had to stay on the horse and I'd been having the quinsy at the cabin and was not in a very good condition to be riding out there anyway, so we got to the- what was called the- not the company, it was the halfway cabin, it was a government cabin, and they had blankets and cooking utensils and heating and so forth at the cabin. We got to the cabin that night and who was at the cabin but Elsie Pfiel. She had heard that-

BC: Ione's giving a recording, can you come again?

SS: So you met- So Elsie Pfiel was there?

IA: Elsie Pfiel had heard through the- well, I suppose it would be the wire-

less (Chuckles) that Mc Peek was coming out to our place and she wanted to come out to Clarkia, so she walked from her place and down to this government cabin, because she knew we'd stop there, and she had with her a great, big, bulldog, and that was for protection on her cabin that she had this big bulldog. Well, she was at the cabin that night when we got in. And I had this enormous head of hair and that rain had wet the neck of the turtleneck, <sup>sweater</sup> I was wearing, and the sweater was wet and we couldn't get out of the sweater. So Mc Peek took one side, the <sup>took</sup> packer, <sup>one side</sup>; Elsie took the other and they took my hair down and just skinned this turtleneck sweater up over my head until they finally got it off and I was made as comfortable as possible. Elsie and I slept in one bed that night, those little bunkbeds in the government cabin and along in the night came the pack rats. And the bulldog didn't like pack rats, so he started chasing them all around the house, in the cabin, all around the floor and whenever the pack rat - the dog would get too close, the pack rat ended up on the bed and the dog up after him! You can imagine how much sleep went on in that cabin that night! We couldn't calm the dog down on account of the rat<sup>s</sup>, and we couldn't catch the rat<sup>s</sup> and he couldn't catch the rat<sup>s</sup>!

SS: Couldn't just kick him out of the cabin?

IA: Couldn't chase him out. They didn't have any idea of going out of the cabin.

SS: The dog.

IA: The dog?

BC: Yeah.

IA: Oh, no, it was cold. Snow deep outside. You don't put a dog out in the snow and leave him, especially a short haired dog like a bulldog. But we got up the next morning and went on into Clarkia and

Elsie took the dog and went with us, and we all got to Clarkia safe!  
And that was quite a trip that time.

SS: Your father had come out all that distance by snowshoe? He snowshoed out to the cabin?

IA: Yes. Snowshoes or walking.  
BC: *which is AMAZING, because he is not an athletic person.*

SS: Well, when you got to Clarkia you still had a long way to go to Wallace. Did you get on a train then?

IA: No. Oh, I had a long ways to go. Yes, my father stayed there and- with me for two or three days til I got my throat cleared out, and then we went on up to Wallace and got there in time for the trial. The difficulty was that the railroad had placed- what do you say? entries? Had filed on a lot of what was supposed to be railroadland in that section of the country, and they were given by the government certain townships and certain- oh, what do you call it?- They had their rights- the railroads had rights over certain townships in order to settle up this part of the country. And some of those railroads- townships- or filings were over on my place and part of them were on Mrs. Calkin's place. So we all had to go in for the government hearing at Wallace. But we could take the train from Tekoa and make connections and get up to Wallace for the trial.

SS: Did you win that time?

IA: No.

SS: You lost that?

IA: I lost it. I lived there for twenty-two months or more and fought the fire and fed the firemen with the help and made the trips back and forth. But I lost it. We did the best we could and Burton L. French was the representative from Idaho back at Washington, D. C., and Burton tried his best to have it reopened and a new man put on, but

they said no, that it wasn't, that I was over on the other- my location had gone over; that I hadn't lived out there a sufficient length of time. They sent out one of these little- we called them patent leather men- from Washington, D. C.. Patent leather shoe men, that didn't know a darn thing about timber or living in the woods or even living! And he'd come in and he'd look over your little cabin and say, "It's not a suitable habitation." And I had a little garden patch, and I'd raised radishes and lettuce out there and all. He looked at my garden patch and says, "It's not sufficient cultivation."

SS: To your face?

IA: Huh?

SS: To your face?

IA: Yes, oh, yes. He didn't mind telling us. That went on like that, he came in and he got Mrs. Durham and Mrs. Torson's place and my place and Kit Calkins place right next to mine where she was located on one end of the meadow and I was at the other end of the meadow. Our cabins were quite close, so that I had company out there. And she lost hers, and I don't know, there was a whole bunch of them in through there that lost it, on account of this man from Washington, D. C. that didn't think people could live under those conditions, although we were living under them. Well, during the fire season in 1910, this same man was put in charge of the firefighters brigade, that was sent out into that part of the country. And at that time, he had sent his report in to Washington, D. C. and they'd cancelled all of our homesteads out there, but we were still on the homesteads, because we didn't know but what it might be opened- or reopened, at any time. You never know when you were fighting it. And he was put on in charge of the firefighting brigade that went out into that section of the country. And one morning Mrs. Taylor

who lived alone about a mile and a half or two miles from Mrs. Calkins place, and she was a little uneasy about the smoke that had been drifting into the country, so she came over to stay with me. So as not to be alone at her cabin in case anything should happen. Well, we were there was a rap at the door, as it was just barely daylight outside, and Mrs. Taylor got up and answered the door, and there was this man who had reported all these homesteaders, standing at the door and he said that he was in charge of a fire fighting crew and that they were trying to locate the fire which was causing all this smoke in this part of the country. And he wanted to know if there was a trail any farther east. So she told him of her trail that went farther east and he said he'd take his crew and go over there. Well, we got up and dressed and decided that we'd walk over and see if they had found her cabin and if they were still there; which they were when we got there. And the men that were camping around the fire on the outside, some of them, and some of them were inside of the cabin, and were trying to get something for breakfast. And Mrs. Taylor said that she would help the men. So she got busy and fixed pancakes and things for the men inside the cabin and outside the cabin. And when they went to move on then to locate farther to locate the fire, Mr. Roach said to Mrs. Taylor, "Wouldn't you ladies like to go on with us a little farther and get a meal for us at noon? So we'd have something to eat." And we said we would. And so we followed the-

SIDE B - the night. We got them a lunch of pancakes or rolled cakes so they'd have something to eat at noon, and that evening then, they wanted us to stay and get the evening meal for them. Well, that was my first attempt at cooking outside over a fireplace, and also Mrs. Taylor's first attempt. But we managed to get something for the men to eat that night and they

fixed a bed for us right along by the side of the horses that they had taken in there. And the horses kept stomping and chewing and stomping and trying to fight the flies all night long, so we didn't get very much sleep. But the next morning they wanted us to continue on and take care of the men we had.

BC: How many did you have?

IA: We had about ten or fifteen that we were trying to fix for them, and they had their own provisions, but we had to take care of the provisions and the cooking. By the way, it took me years to like potatoes! I cooked so many potatoes in waterbuckets over the fire, that I didn't like potatoes for a long, long time.

SS: Were you prepared to go on with them? You didn't have your clothing and all your belongings, did you?

IA: No, we just wore what we had and got along for the time being. Because  
(BC: A little knapsack.)  
they had to keep on working and going farther. They had a man- what was his name? Johnny, Johnny, Johnny- at any rate, he was a man here in town that we knew of that was a cook and he had gone on a fire fighting crew just for the experience and was a cook. And they left him up on the top of what was called the Freezeout Ridge when they camped there the night before coming on to our cabin, and they left him up there and he said that he would pack things and have ~~everything~~ everything all ready and that the crew coming through could pick them up and that he'd cut across country and come over to this part of the country. But, Johnny missed the packers and Johnny missed everything when he started out across country and he got lost. And so he just kept traveling, he said he thought he'd find something sometime. And he finally landed in the camp, but by that time they needed fire fighters so bad that Johnny wasn't allowed to cook, he was put on the fire fighting and Mrs. Dur-

ham and I continued cooking. Well then they brought in a- what were they called?- they were shorttermers-

SS: You told me about that. Yeah.

IA: From Montana.

SS: Right.

IA: And they had a camp right next to ours. But they had their own cook. And finally Mr. Roach gave Mrs. Taylor and me a man and a flunky to help us out; <sup>so</sup> we didn't have quite so much work to do after that. But at any rate, Johnny was put on the fir<sup>ing</sup> line.

BC: How long did you cook for them Ione?

IA: Huh?

BC: How long did you cook for them?

IA: We cooked for over forty days. The government paid us the full- for a little over forty days, for our services,

BC: How much?

IA: for the fire fighters. Oh, I don't know, it was forty something dollars. It was about a dollar a day, I think.

SS: What did you think of the experience at the time?

IA: At the time?

SS: Yes, at the time. What did you think of that?

IA: It was just experience, that was all. Always something new coming up. Something that you weren't expecting; like the fire. And one morning it was so smokey outside after a perfectly still night <sup>and</sup> then the smoke would drop down with the, I suppose it was the dampness of the evening, that the smoke would drop down. And I heard a noise out on the clearing near Mrs. Calkins' cabin and I got up and Mrs. Taylor said, "What are you going to do?" And I said, "I'm going to see what the racket is." And so I got up and put on my robe and went outside and took my gun; I

had a revolver along with me, and I took my gun and went outside and just at the edge of the clearing on the other side was a beautiful little deer. I never had shot at a deer. I'd eaten the meat and loved it. So I thought, oh, gee, that would be good to have some meat. So I took old Betsy and aimed at the deer. Well, about that time the gun began to go this way and this way and this way and up and down and up and down! And I got "buck fever" and I couldn't shoot! I couldn't shoot at that deer. I just had "Buck fever" too bad! So I missed the deer and I went back into the cabin and stayed there! Finally got over my "buck fever". (Chuckles)

SS: Is "buck fever" what happens when you try to shoot a deer?

IA: Yes.

BC: <sup>That's</sup> When you get the shakes.

IA: You get "buck fever", that is, you're nervousness. the nerves of your body are all out of control. And your gun arm means nothing! You just go one way or the other. I tried holding it with both hands and it didn't work or anything, so I just turned around and--

BC: Did she ever tell you the final chapter of this Mr. Roach?

SS: Yes, I think so. Yes, he apologized.

BC: <sup>When she was over up in Pierce.</sup> Yes, he apologized. I'd forgotten.

SS: I was going to ask you when you were on that fire cooking, did you ever have to move the camp to get away from the fire?

IA: Not exactly. We were camped on one side of the river and they decided that that was a poor place for our camp, there was a more level place across on the other side, so they fixed up a fireplace on the other side and moved our camp over. Well, the firefighters were all out on the line and one day there was a heavy wind came up and we noticed that the men were beginning to come in off of the fire line,

both at our camp and at the other camp, the Montana camp across the line, and we wanted to know what and they said, "Well, this is as nearly a clear place as there is from here up to where the fireline is." And they said there is no way of stopping it with this wind. And we said, "Well, what do we do?" They said, there's only one thing to do that we can tell, and that's to take your blankets and go down to the stream, and if the fire comes close, get into the water and cover your head with the blanket, leaving an airspace and stay until the fire is passed over. It may be awfully hot, but if you're in the water, you possibly could survive anyway. That would be the only way of doing it. So that's what the two men that they'd left us for lackey boys with us and the men that had drifted back, all got their blankets and we went down to this stream and we sat there on the log at the edge of this stream and watched the fire coming. Well, somewhere while we were sitting there, somewhere along, nature took a funny little quirk and a wind began coming from the other direction and forced the fire back and it was within a very short distance of where we were camped there at the creek. But it forced the fire back the other way and it didn't come in through our little corner of the woods. So we were very fortunate that time. I thought I'd said goodbye to everybody!

BC: We did, too.

IA: My father went out to Clarkia and tried his best to get Mc Peek or someone to give him a horse and let him go out to our cabin. He wanted to know what had happened to us. He hadn't heard from us. He didn't know what had happened to us, and he had a daughter out there somewhere and the men wouldn't give him a horse, they wouldn't allow him to leave Clarkia. He had to stay there at Clarkia and get word, if he could. But he stayed there at Clarkia for a few days. He couldn't get any word

from us because of the fire *cut*. It *cut across*.

BC: When she came home she was wearing these filthy dirty knaki clothes. Her hair was singed. Her eyebrows were kind of moth eaten and her face was *blistered and her revolver around her WHIST*.

IA: Beautiful looking!

BC: And she came *clomping* up the street, and were we glad to see her!

IA: Oh, dear! Well, I started to tell you this man, Ashley J. Roach-

BC: You told him that, Ione.

IA: Huh?

BC: You told him that. About Pierce.

IA: About what?

BC: About meeting him at Pierce.

SS: Oh, she told me-

IA: I did tell you about meeting him at Pierce. But while we were on the fireline up there, Ashley J. Roach was taken with the heat of the summer and all the responsibilities of the fire and the firemen and all and he got a very severe case of diarr~~r~~hea, the summer diarrhea. And he came back into camp looking like a lost sheep. I never saw anybody look like he did. And I said, "What's the trouble?" And he told me. And I said, "Well, I can't go myself because I have to stay and help Mrs. Taylor get something for your men to eat tonight, but if you will give me *a* man by the name of Ricketts," which I knew here in Moscow- I knew his wife and Jack Ricketts- I said, "I'll tell him where to get some medicine in my cabin, and I'll send him back to the cabin and get something which I think will help you." Well, my father, being a doctor, had given us all kinds of every medicine that he thought we would possibly use, and I knew where it was and what it was, and when he found Ricketts, and I sent Ricketts back to the cabin and Ricketts

got some clean clothes for me and some clean clothes for Mrs. Taylor on his trip and the medicine for A. J. Roach. Well, A. J. Roach took it and within a short time was able to get back on the fire<sup>ing</sup>line again.

BC: <sup>you</sup> Sure were nice to him!

SS: Yeah, you were pretty nice to him considering that he wasn't very nice to you.

IA: No, he wasn't. But then, the man was in trouble and he had to have help. And I had the means of giving it to him, so I got it for him.

SS: What did you think of him though?

IA: What did I think of him?

SS: Yes.

IA: I didn't think very much of him. But I had to respect him because he was at the head of the camp and all, and disrespect should not have been given to him because he was doing the job he was given to do, although he was not trained for it, but he was doing the best he could. But I didn't like him. I didn't like him at all.

BC: Now what's your next question?

SS: If the homesteaders had been able to prove up on those places, would they have sold to the lumber companies after it was proved up?

IA: Yes. The lumber companies were in this part of the country, all through that section of the country, Clarkia and the Meadow country and beyond and from there clear up<sup>on</sup> into Avery. They were buying the timber from these homesteaders. And those that were allowed to prove up sold their places. But those others lost it and lost their time and lost the money that it took to do the<sup>r</sup> improving and all.

SS: Would there have been a pretty good profit for the people who proved up?

IA: They thought so at that time. Most of the people out there would get

all the way from \$3,000 to \$8,000, depending upon the stand of timber on the particular location. And some of them got along very nicely. This Elsie Pfiel; I just don't remember rightly whether she sold hers or whether she lost it.

SS; I think she lost it.

IA: She lost it.

SS: I think so.

IA: Mrs. Brown, Della Brown Griffith, had a claim right close to Mrs. Pfiel and I think that she got her claim. Some of them did in that location and some didn't.

Remember me telling about Dynamite being at our door; when Carter got back he said that- no not Carter, but a man by the name of Fleming came. Myrtle and I had been out to Moscow to see Mrs. Durham when she was in the hospital, and Carter took us out, but Carter had some other business on hand and didn't want to take us back and so my father made - called Avery and found that there was a man there by the name of Fleming, A. J. Fleming from Canada that knew that section of the country and the trail and would be glad to take us back to the homestead. And that's the way we got back to the homestead, was by Fleming taking us. But Fleming and Dynamite over at the boys' cabin; Dynamite was staying with Hanson and Larson, and they decided they wanted something to read, and they knew that Mrs. Brown had left a lot of reading amterial at her cabin, so they decided that they would go over and get some of this material and bring it over to us so that we'd have something to read, likewise. Well, when they went to investigating the cabin they found phonograph records, and we had one of these little tiny- the first little phonographs with a long morning glory horn and all; we had one of those. And so they saw these records over there and decided that they'd

bring us some records. So they brought over a load of records for us. We had a great time playing those records we hadn't heard before. And they brought the magazines for us. And Fleming spent two nights or three nights there with us and Dynamite.

BC: Was he the one that liked <sup>his</sup> liquor?

IA: Huh?

BC: Was he the one that liked liquor? Of course it was taboo. And one of these two men <sup>was</sup> taking them out, back there where they were going, as they were crossing a little bridge he looked down and he said, "Oh, there's a bottle of liquor." Well, <sup>we should take along they knew perfectly well that</sup> he'd stashed it there!

IA: He climbed down off of the bridge and down onto the, and picked it up. It had never been opened. Somebody had "lost" a bottle of liquor, and he picked it up.

BC: I thought that was pretty smart.

IA: And said, "We'll just take it with us. We might need it." Well, he was just getting over a St. Patrick's Day booze affair. He'd been drunk for quite a while. But the man at the office said that he was alright, that he knew the country and that he was over it sufficient and he could take us back in. Well, we picked up the bottle of liquor and he started to put it in his bag, <sup>to</sup> in his knapsack, and I said, "A. J. I think I'd like that." And he turned around and gave me a look and handed me the bottle. Well, I put the bottle in my knapsack then and carried it. I thought, well, you don't get any unless you take me with it! Well, we got the the cabin, to the government cabin, <sup>our</sup> half-way cabin between Avery and the homestead-

BC: That was just a lean-to, wasn't it? <sup>Just</sup> Boughs put up to keep the rain off you, there's no cabin?

IA: Oh, yes, it was just a lean-to, it wasn't a cabin, it was just a lean-to.

A three-sided lean-to with a roof over it, and you built your fire out in front of it and the heat came in, supposedly, to keep you warm. It did, but it also melted the snow <sup>on</sup> the roof and the water dropped down your back in the middle of the night and scared the life out of you! But at any rate, we reached the cabin- had gotten about a mile and a half out from the cabin, A. J.'s, oh, what do I call it?- <sup>steal</sup> with liquor caught up with him, and he got to the point that he just couldn't carry his knapsack any longer, it was too heavy. So Myrtle and I divided the knapsack and put it on our backs and helped A. J. as nearly as we could til we got to the lean-to. Well, he curled up at the lean-to for a little while and we gathered up a little kindling. Everyone that was supposed to use the lean-to was supposed to leave kindling enough or wood enough for the following <sup>day</sup> to use. And we started a fire outside and got A. J. next to the fire and got him sort of thawed out a little bit. And I said, "Would you like a drink?" And he said he would love it. So, Myrtle and I mixed up- got some hot water from the vessels there and we fixed up a drink for each of us. Making it light but with heat and the liquor was enough that Fleming soon got <sup>through</sup> enough so that he could get up and get firewood enough to keep us for the night. And he sat out by the fire and kept things going and we sat inside the lean-to and fought the water drippings! (Chuckles) But in the morning we all got up; had our breakfast and started on to the cabin. We got through the night alright!

BC: Maybe "finding" that liquor was a good thing!

IA: A. J. Fleming was a remittance man from Canada. He'd been shipped over from England and was a remittance man from Canada, and came down into that section of the country and just traveled around to get acquainted with the country. So he knew the country he was going into. In the

meantime, he had gone down into Michigan somewhere, I don't know just where, but Mrs. Borah and Mrs. Bush <sup>Had's</sup> Mrs. William Borah, and Mrs. Bush had gone to this resort and were spending a few days at the resort and it happened to be the time that A. J. Fleming came down from Canada, and he got acquainted with them. So when he came in and said that he knew Mrs. Borah and he knew Mrs. Bush and it also helped to give us something that we could rely on and we felt very much better about A. J. Fleming after that. He was a funny man; he wrote poetry and he could spiel off poetry by the yards. I have a poem, I think I still have it in the basement, that he wrote about the homesteaders out there. And he'd write part of it with his left hand and part of it with his right hand. And it looks so funny to see the two different handwritings on this poem.

BC: Was he any good?

IA: Huh?

BC: Were the poems any good?

IA: Oh, yes, they were good.

SS: Now what is a remittance man?

IA: Oh, it is a man that doesn't conform with the way of life in England and the family are practically ashamed of him. And so in order to get him out of the way, they sent him over to Canada.

BC: They pay him so much a month <sup>per year</sup>

IA: As a British subject he would be acceptable in Canada. And he was accepted in Canada. He had been in one of the wars; had a very deep scar across his forehead here and up into his hairline. We asked him once- He said, "I suppose you're wondering where I got that scar." And we said, yes, so he told us <sup>it was during</sup> such and such a war, and that he was wounded in the war, but other than the scar, that was all

that he had that showed. And that's why they call them remittance men. They pay for them.

SS: The parents do?

IA: Uh-huh. Their parents, or their relatives, pay for them to stay out of England where they are ashamed to have him known as a cousin of so-and-so, or <sup>the</sup> Earl's oldest brother or something like that.

SS: Wonder what you had to do to get kicked out of your own country like that? Maybe it wouldn't take too much.

BC: Maybe that scar wasn't from the war, maybe he got into trouble!

IA: He may have had something beside the war scar. I don't know. It could have been a war scar, but we had to take his word for it.

SS: You know, it sounds as though your father was interested in having protection for you and the other women too; would rely on outside help. Would you have been able to rely on yourself in tight spots, too?

IA: We did. We hired men to come in and clear up the clearing and the buildings- and put up the buildings for us- we hired a great deal of our labor from the men at Clarkia. We had one man by the name of Courtermarsh- a Frenchman- and the other was named Al Champagne. <sup>(bc: such interesting names)</sup> And Al Champagne was the brother of the wife of the man that owned the big saloon in Clarkia. His name was Champagne. And Al Champagne was one of them. So we had those two men. They got wood for us and Carter would get wood if we needed any. But these men in cutting down the old trees and clearing up, put the woodshed full of wood, so that we had no trouble with the wood. <sup>At all.</sup>

BC: Ione, did you have to have a certain amount of clearing, other than for protection?

IA: Yes, you were supposed to have a certain amount of clearing and gardening, and any other, oh, what do you call it?- improvements that be-

long on a home. I had to have a barn; I didn't have a horse, but I had to have a barn. Which I used for the woodshed and all.

SS: Was the twenty-two months that you were there, was that in a row? Continuous?

IA: Yes, with the exception of the time I took off and went to Wallace. One week I took off about the first of March and Mrs. Durham- Mrs. Durham was here at the hospital at that time- and Myrtle and I came out with Carter and decided to come on down to Moscow to see how the mother was getting along, and to be out in civilization for a <sup>little</sup> while. And they were gardening out here on- over the south hill road- people were gardening along <sup>in</sup> there and the vegetables were coming up and you could see them. That was in March of that year. And it seemed awfully good to see all this *land.*

BC: Ione, would their giving that land to the railroads, would that be something like eminent domain? Is that what they call it? They just go through and take property because they needed it for a highway or something?

SS: Is that what happened? Did the railroad just get the land?

IA: Yes.

The government just gave them certain sections of land in order to get this country opened up. And I don't know what they ever expected to do with the land.

BC: That's the way Southern Pacific and Union Pacific got so wealthy.

IA: Railroad rights, is what it was.

SS: If your land, if your homestead had not been on the government- I mean on the railroad land, would they have let you alone?

IA: I presume so, but I don't know, because they tackled so many others.

SS: So it might have been either way?

SS: They might have gotten you anyway.

IA: I couldn't tell how that would have been decided.

BC: Ione, I remember, I think I do, you saying something about stone and timber. There was a discussion of that, too. There was a stone and timber claim or something that they wanted.

IA: Yes, but that was down here on Ruby Creek, out from Bovill.

BC: Lots of stone and timber.

IA: It wasn't the same thing.

BC: Did you take up two homesteads?

IA: Huh?

BC: Did you have two homesteads?

IA: This was a stone and timber down here, and I filed on that. I had the two sections.

SS: Did you get to prove up on the stone and timber?

IA: Huh?

SS: Did you get the stone and timber?

IA: Yes, I did, in a way it was funny. The Potlatch- I had this- it was on Ruby Creek up from Bovill, between Bovill and Elk River on that-  
*line* across there. And the Potlatch Lumber Company were

SIDE C-

IA: -- That no fire shall be started in the timber before a certain date in the year. <sup>That</sup> You can't start a fire in it. Well, some of those timbermen up there got too smart and they started a fire in the timber burning brush and so forth. And my father and I went out to see someone coming in from there told us that part of my land was taken by the fire, and my father and I went out to see about it and see how much damage had been done. And the cook for the lumber company decided that we'd have dinner with them; so we had dinner with the lumber-

men and the cook that day. And while we were sitting there the old cook came in and said, "Do you own that timber up there?" And I said, "Yes, I did at one time." And he said, "The fire took it, and they started the fire out of fire season," and he said, "if you need a witness, I can be one for you." I said, "You're a cook." He said, "I'm a witness also to anything that interferes with my rights as a citizen." He said, "My rights as a citizen would be to tell you that the fire was started and that it took the timber on your claim." And <sup>my</sup> father said, "Would you witness that if it was necessary?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I'd witness it." <sup>if necessary</sup> So we came back to Moscow and Father and I went over to Potlatch to the main timber company office and went in and met the president of the company <sup>there</sup>, and he wanted to know what the trouble was, so we told him. That we had been up to see the timber and that it was badly damaged and wanted to know what could be done about it. And he hesitated for a little bit and then he said, "Don't you think that fire liability payment would be sufficient?" And my father said, "Yes." <sup>If it</sup> was sufficient. So he sat down and he wrote a check and I took the check and came home and cashed the check and gave up the timber.

SS: Was it a good payment?

IA: Yes, it was good, well it was over- it was almost \$2,000 for what was there, and it only cost me a very little coming and going once and twice from Bovill where we spent the summers anyway.

SS: Did he know that you would be willing to take it to court? Did he know that you would be willing to take it to court if you needed to?

IA: We told him afterwards that had it been necessary, we would have taken it to court, but we thought we'd give him a chance first.

SS: So he didn't know?

(BC: They were just being fair.)

- IA: He didn't know that we would have, but there were other people affected up in that part of the country besides my claim; that had timber claims or ~~sorts~~ on Ruby Creek.
- BC: I just remember that <sup>phrase</sup>; stone and timber. I never knew what it meant.
- SS: Was that about the same time do you think that the town of Bovill almost burned down? Was that in that same fire?
- IA: That was before that. That was before the town of Bovill burned.
- BC: You might have owned a ruby mine. It was up in the Ruby Creek district.
- SS: Did you see what the land was like after it was burned?
- IA: Huh?
- SS: Did you see what the land was like after it had been burned over? Did you go through land that had been burned?
- IA: It was hilly.
- SS: I don't mean just your timber claim, I mean in the woods.
- IA: It was what they called a stone and timber act, and you could file on it, and by paying a certain amount for so many acres, you could get your claim on it.
- SS: What I was thinking- when you go back through timber, like <sup>through</sup> the land that had been burned over, say in that 1910 fire. What does the land look like?
- IA: It does, if you go between here and Clarkia by way of Bovill; go to Bovill and then from there on across to Clarkia, you pass a lot of that land which at one time had been burned over and has come back to second growth and <sup>they're</sup> growth timber. It's reforested itself. A great deal of that between Bovill and what used to be- well, Clarkia- that whole section of the country in through there was lumbered off at one time, most of it by the Potlatch Lumber Company. They were at one

time called the Milwaukee Lumber Company. Then after they got out West here they called it the Potlatch.

BC: I don't see how Daddy ever had time to practice his medicine, because he was always <sup>to traipse</sup> having <sub>^</sub> some place with her. *He was taking care of his eldest <sup>daughter,</sup>*

IA: Everyone was doing it. And I was teaching school and had money enough to take care of these things as they came up. And my father got interested in getting me connected with the- what was it? Pioneering out on the homesteads.

BC: Can't imagine him letting her go.

SS: So he approved of the idea?

IA: Oh, yes.

BC: Because <sup>of</sup> my sister, who is three years younger than myself, he was so cautious about every thing we did. Maybe he learned a lesson for all the worry she caused him! *(Chuckles) I don't know.*

. But he didn't want us to *take advantage of it.*

IA: I was my father's boy.

BC: Yes, she was.

IA: He had no boys. *(BC: The eldest daughter?)* He had no sons, and I used to drive with him during the flu epidemic here, I would drive at night for him. He would work during the daytime at the office taking care of his patients at the office and many a time we'd drive out at night after dinner to visit the sick in the country. And Dad would be so tired tht I would do the driving, and I'd drive to a certain point and wake him up and ask him which way to go, and he'd tell me where the location was and I'd drive on and he'd go back to sleep again.

BC: That's wonderful!.

IA: That's the way. I fished with him and I hunted with him.

SS: Do you think he just figured that you could take care of yourself?

- SS: He didn't have any real reservation about you going out on a home-  
stead by yourself?
- IA: No
- BC: <sup>Let me tell you something.</sup> She's always been able to take care of herself. Any emergency, she's  
levelheaded and thinks of some way out of it. She ever tell you about  
the time she pulled her tooth? This was when she was about seven or  
eight years old. Tell him that.
- IA: What?
- BC: When you pulled your tooth. I'll tell you. This was the beginning,  
I think. She had to have a tooth pulled, and at that time there was  
no dentist here. And the dentist had traveled through and told Daddy  
what to do for Ione's tooth. So, I think it was Daddy that *started*  
to pull your tooth, wasn't it?
- IA: Yes. The dentist- I had teeth before youngsters were supposed to  
have teeth. They came through early someway, I don't know how. And  
the front teeth-and they were, I guess they were decayed, I don't know  
what, because I wasn't old enough to really know. But there was a  
dentist came through and my father was telling him about the teeth and  
he gave him a lot of paste and *elastic* and told him what to do to  
save the teeth until the others are ready to come through. And so Dad  
came home and brought the instruments and worked on my teeth, being  
very careful not to hurt me. And I had those teeth then until the  
others came through. Finally had a tooth down here that was aching  
and Dad said to me, "<sup>you</sup> Come down to the office and I'll take care of that  
for you." So I went down to the drugstore and into the back to the  
office and Dad got his forceps out and I opened my mouth and he pulled  
the tooth, or part of the tooth. He could just get part of it, and  
before he could get the tooth out of his forceps and into the cuspidor

I was out of the chair and about three block down the street towards home! I went just as tight as I could go; noboby was going to hurt a tooth of mine like that and hurt me! And away I went! Well, we had a little outdoor cellar and above the cellar was a little open loft and the children used to play in this loft. That was our playhouse, we'd go up a little ladder on the outside and up. So when I went home I could feel the edge of that tooth with my tongue, and it bothered me terribly, and I went up to the little playhouse and took a shoe-- what do you call it?

BC: Hook.

IA: Where you button your shoes. A shoe buttoner. A shoebuttoneer that we were using up there and I took this shoebuttoneer with the hook on it, and I reached in and I pulled the rest of that tooth out. When my father came home at night, he said, "How's your tooth?" And I said, "There isn't any tooth." "Well, what happened?" I said, "I pulled it." He said, "You couldn't pull that tooth out!" I said, "I did." And I opened my mouth to show him that the tooth was gone. "How did you do it?" "I took a shoebuttoneer."

BC: Buttonhook.

IA: Buttonhook, and I pried it out with the shoe buttoner.

BC: I think from then on (Chuckles) *he knew she could do anything.*

IA: He just thought I could do anything! After that. Well, we came West in 1893- the fall of 1893, that was the year that was so wet <sup>here</sup> that the farmers couldn't get into the fields to either cut their grain or those that had it cut couldn't get in to harvest it. I started out with one particular thing to tell you about it- Well, we came West- Now I know. We came West, and Dad wanted to take care of my teeth, I had some that needed care. <sup>I said,</sup> "Nothing doing, nobody gets in my mouth!" And so, he

said, "Well, we'll see what we can do." We just let them go. So there was a dentist here in town by the name of Mc Bride and he had an office in the Moscow Hotel. A south office that looked directly <sup>across</sup> into the Telephone Building at that time. And he went to Dr. Mc Bride and told him what the trouble was and wanted to know if he could suggest anything. And the doctor said, "I think we can." And, Dad said, "Oh, what?" And he said, "How would you like to come down and have dinner with us and bring the gal?" So, my father and my mother and I went down and had dinner with the doctor, and I got quite well acquainted with the doctor. And the doctor played the violin. And if there was anything I loved it was violin music, and he played for me. And we had dinner two or three times down at the doctor's and I got <sup>very</sup> very well acquainted with him and he played the violin for me. One day he said to me, "Ione," he said, "I noticed when you laugh that you have a tooth down here that needs taken care of." He said, "It's going to spoil your looks if you don't have it taken care of." I was quite a proud little youngster at that. And he said, "Come up to the office and let me see what we can do about it." So I trudged down to the doctor's office at the Hotel Moscow and the doctor put a big rubber band around my neck and a <sup>shield</sup> here to cover me and worked on my tooth- teeth- very careful not to hurt me. And he says, "Will you come back and let me do the other one?" And I said, "Yes," And I went back and he did the other one. Well, he took care of my teeth from that time on til all my back teeth came in, and he filled them all as they needed it. And I went to the doctor and had them taken care of.

BC: By way of the violin.

IA: But I had them all taken care of. I was down at Dr. Miller's yesterday and it reminded me, Dr. Miller had the office in the Telephone

Building which was directly opposite the office- the windows- where I used to sit at the doctor's. And I told him, I said, "Years ago had my first teeth taken care of directly across here at that window on the other side ." And he laughed and he said, "Your doctor did a wonderful job." And he said, "Your teeth are still in good condition." So, I went down to Dr. Miller last night and he was looking in my mouth and I said, "Doctor, it's been a good many years that you've glanced down into that cavern." And I said, "Are you still working it?" And he said, "Yes, I'm still working it." So, he relined my plates yesterday, so <sup>that</sup> I could get <sup>around</sup> .

BC: So you could eat a hard piece of candy.

SS: Well, do you think that there were people who would think that Ione's independence was too independent for a girl in those days?

BC: She never inflicted it on anyone else.

SS: You know how people talk and all.

BC: Oh, they may have. I don't know. Of course, she wasn't alone, there were several people from here doing approximately the same thing. I think she's told you how she was one of the first people that ever wore a divided skirt. That shocked people, but then soon others began to wear divided skirts. She was courageous. Nothing daunted her.

SS: Well some of these other women that were out there- I wonder, was it harder on some of these other ladies. Some of these other ladies that were homesteaders, was it harder on them than it was on you to be alone and take that kind of life?

IA: Mrs. Durham was a widow, and she had this one daughter, and she thought that would be a chance for her to make a little more than she was doing dressmaking here in town, and that was her. And Mrs. Torsen was - she married the druggist, that had the store down where <sup>Berkland's</sup> Hardware

is now. And she thought<sup>?</sup> <sup>that</sup> it would help out a good deal if she could take a homestead, when this locater was lining up this bunch of people, she thought that if she was anywheres near someone else that it would be a good idea. So she did that. And Mrs. Durham, as I said, was a widow with one daughter. Mrs. Taylor, well, she said her husband died but she never seemed to be very sad about it. And we thought that they probably had had a divorce. That was my idea of Mrs. Taylor<sup>at</sup> <sup>any</sup> <sup>rate</sup>. And Mrs. Brown, Della Brown Griffiths, was at the time she took up her homestead, the one where A. J. Fleming and Dynamite got the books; her brother was a locater, and she was just a young college girl at that time, she had finished college, but she married Griffiths after that. He was in the construction business. So that we knew him and we knew her. And others out there were just about the same. Elsie Pfiel was Elsie Watkins' Dr. Watkins' daughter. The aunt of the young lady that wrote The Buffalo Coat, the history of her uncle. The Buffalo Coat.

SS: Did you become rather close friends to any of these women that you were with out there?

IA: Yes, all of them. We'd known them here in town. Of course Mrs. Durham did sewing for me when we were youngsters and for my mother. And Mrs. Torsen trimmed hats for us. And all of the rest of them, we were all acauainted one way or another. Some we knew better than others, but we learned them<sup>after</sup> we got out on the homestead.

SS: This Mrs. Durham, was she related to Durham and Coughmans' store?

IA: No. No, she wasn't.

SS: What about this woman that ran the hotel at Clarkia? That woman that you mentioned to me.

IA: Mrs. Fertig<sup>?</sup>.

SS: Was she French?

- IA: F-e-r-t-i-g.
- SS: Did she run a saloon there, too?
- IA: No. She had the little roominghouse down the line between Clarkia and the schoolhouse.
- BC: A Mrs. Clark ran it too, for a while. I remember those boys.
- IA: Huh?
- BC: Clark. ~~They~~ ran a little boardinghouse there at Collins, too. We called her ~~her~~ Aunt Pet Clark when I was ~~little~~.
- IA: Oh. Yes, she ran a roominghouse at Clarkia- I mean at Bovill.
- SS: I was just going to ask you: Did you think of yourself at the time as being a pioneer?
- IA: Think of myself as a-
- SS: Pioneer?
- IA: Oh, no. No, I never thought about it being a pioneer.
- SS: It seems as though nowadays that women will do a lot more, have a lot more independence than they used to. It seems like you had that independence back then. The sort of thing that a lot of women nowadays are striving for.
- IA: You see, my father was born in Iowa, and his father was a doctor and went up into Colorado. He got the mining fever. He went out to Colorado where those big mines up around Boulder and Colorado Springs were opened up, French Creek I think they called it then. And left my father and his wife with a sister of hers by the name of Taylor in Iowa. The Taylors moved out to Oregon, down at Amity, Oregon, out from Portland. And my father was just a youngster when ~~they~~ took him out there, so he was raised in the West and in that open country down around Portland. And so, when he landed here it was still West to him, after having been in school.
- BC: Because his father died.

- IA: Huh?
- BC: Our father's father was dead, or died when he was up in this mining area. <sup>with these men</sup> He went out as a doctor with ~~them~~. And so that left Grandmother alone with two little children. And the little children and grandmother, they came to Oregon.
- IA: They went with the Taylors down into Oregon. That's how Daddy happened to be taken to Oregon.
- SS: So you figure that he was more accustomed himself to pioneering.
- IA: Uh-huh. Well, you take a youngster of about seventeen or eighteen years old; <sup>had</sup> been raised in the West and decided to become a doctor, and went back East to Rush College on his own and worked his way through the college, and he was practically a pioneer in a good many ways. Then he came West and Mother's health was so poor in the East that he decided that he'd come West then to see if it wouldn't help her. So he sold out his practice there in the little town and came out to his sister's at Johnson, down here. And when you're in Johnson, in the main town- have you been in Johnson?
- SS: No. But I know where it is, because you told me.
- IA: Well, anytime you're down there on the main street and look straight down a long lane that is from the town, and the lane used to go perfectly straight and at the end of that lane was a great big house, and that was Uncle John's house. So we spent our first months in Johnson. Daddy came out and we went <sup>down</sup> to Johnson to his sister's. And he took Mother, Uncle John took mother and Daddy down to Pullman to decide whether they wanted to locate in Pullman or in Moscow.
- SS: You told me about that.
- IA: I told you about that.
- SS: Because she didn't like the hills. Didn't like being out of town.

IA: She didn't <sup>WANT</sup> the hills there at all. So they came into Moscow, <sup>and she</sup> <sup>said she would take Moscow</sup> because <sup>Third</sup> Street was the only hill then that she could see in Moscow, except in the mountains.

SS: Was your mother's family-- she grew up on a farm? Was her family a poor family?

IA: Huh?

SS: Was her family a poor family, when she was a girl as farmers, or were they fairly well fixed.

(BC: Well, they farmed.) IA: Well, he had a farm and he made very good work on the farm, and they were not wealthy. No farmer is wealthy.

BC: Then!

IA: But they made their living by living on <sup>the</sup> a farm.

BC: And they all died early. I think farming must be very hard. I never had any grandparents, <sup>because</sup> they were all dead <sup>before</sup> I was born.

SS: I wondered what you'd think about this with nowadays with women striving to be independent, you know, trying to be independent and have jobs and work of their own and not just be a housewife and that kind of thing. Now it seems like that, what you were doing back then, without even thinking about it.

IA: Indiana wasn't very heavily populated at that time.

BC: It's just her nature, I think. The sister next <sup>to</sup> her wasn't of that temperament at all. She liked to play with the boys. She liked to play with the boys. <sup>she was a flirt.</sup> She was <sup>nt</sup> an <sup>ad</sup> venturesome person, she never would have cared to have gone out and done the things that Ione has done. She liked challenges.

SS: You think she would see them as difficult or hard going?

BC: I think the only thing that puts the fear of God in her is the electricity. She's afraid of electricity. Electric storms, she doesn't like.

And anything in the house that looks like it might <sup>threaten</sup> a little spark,  
<sup>AN electrician up. Because</sup>  
 We need to get <sup>her</sup> she just will not touch it. She's afraid of it.

SS: I don't know if she understands just what I mean when I try to say it to her; but compared to the way the people are today, it seems like she was a pioneer in more ways than one.

BC: She was, yes, she was. Although they didn't <sup>call</sup> her that. I mean she isn't like some of these women that started out- I think that Abigail Adams was really one of the first women that worked for women's rights, although they didn't call it that, but she started that sort of thing. And I think Ione <sup>just</sup> without realizing it has always gone her own way. She will even- I won't ~~say~~ she'll argue with a doctor but if she doesn't think <sup>Necessary</sup> it's <sup>she</sup> she won't take such and such.

SS: Well, back in those days when she was young, was she interested in women's rights at all? <sup>And the vote?</sup>

BC: I don't think so. <sup>she had too many other interests.</sup> She was mixed up in politics just once and that's when she was elected county treasurer and tax collector. And then she went into civil service in the post office. But <sup>now</sup> she liked going out and giving <sup>these</sup> speeches for electioneering for her office. Daddy went with her. I don't know how he got <sup>anything else</sup> done, because he was always looking out for Ione and she really didn't need looking out for as much because she was so independent. <sup>He was that way with all of us. I shouldn't say just Ione.</sup>

SS: Was there much of a campaign to run for?

BC: I don't think so. They had to make all these surrounding towns and give talks. <sup>Hold meetings.</sup>

SS: Did you tell me once that when your father was really quite sick that he had you come and make up his eyebrows? I was struck by that.

BC: Yes. When he was in bed just before his death, I took care of him for six months. Of course, I love- I wanted to be a doctor, but I was born

in the wrong generation. *Before... (END of Side C)*  
 He <sup>he said she was proud,</sup> was proud, <sup>I know</sup> I'm glad to hear her say it, 'cause <sup>she is.</sup> She is. But when his beard began to turn gray. His hair never turned gray, but his eyebrows and his beard were kind of reddish and had reddish gray speckles in it and his eyebrows got gray. So one day, <sup>when</sup> he was still quite comfortable in bed, he asked me to go to the office and get a <sup>little</sup> bottle of something, so I went and got it, not knowing what he would do with it. He said there was a toothbrush by it, so I brought it up and he put some on his eyebrows and on his beard. He <sup>was</sup> sick in bed but he still was proud. *I just loved that.*

IA: Did you think of that professor's name?

BC: Which one?

IA: The one that talked about Idaho history.

SS: Who? Brosnan?

BC: It was Brosnan.

IA: Brosnan. How do you know about Brosnan?

SS: Oh, well, I just knew that he taught Idaho history.

IA: My father-

BC: I think you told him this, too.

IA: Did I tell you about Daddy and his hearing aid?

SS: No.

IA: Well, <sup>my</sup> Father was getting a little bit deaf and it bothered him. In his profession, he had to be able to hear what everyone said, so he got him a hearing aid. It was one of the very first ones that was put out, and the battery fit into his vest pocket. And the hearing aid came up into his ear. Well, he wasn't sure he was getting good service out of that and he would at home go into one room and then ask us to speak to him and he'd try to catch what we said. And he kept on with that by trying the little lever high and low and medium and

so forth. Well, Daddy belonged to the Chamber of Commerce and one day Dr. Brosnan was the speaker at the Chamber of Commerce on Idaho history. He was especially interested in the spring up here on Paradise Ridge and the monument that's out here where the old- well, it's on A Street, I guess, out at the north end- <sup>there's by a</sup> a rock monument out there and he was telling about those things and my father decided that he would go down and listen to the Idaho History by Dr. Brosnan. So he took a place quite close to Dr. Brosnan and went in to <sup>take</sup> out his hearing aid. And Dr. Brosnan would go on with his story and Dad would sit here and he'd shift the lever one way or- shift the lever the next way and Dr. Brosnan would lower his voice and he'd shift it again. Well he watched Dr. Brosnan to see what he was going to say or how he was going to speak in order to change his hearing aid. And he watched him intently. When he came home and we said, "Did you hear Dr. Brosnan?" He said, "I couldn't understand what he was saying." And I said, "That's just too bad, you'll have to try again." So the next day I was up at the post office, the University Station, which was then- what do they call it now? The U-Hut and Dr. Brosnan came through the office and stopped to talk to me, and he said, "You know, Miss Adair, I didn't know that your father was so interested in Idaho history." And I said, "Oh, yes, he is." I said, "He's quite a Western man in the beginning and is very interested in anything that is historical." "Well," he said, "you know, I gave a speech at the Chamber of Commerce yesterday and there wasn't a man at that table that gave me the attention your father did!"

(Laughter) And I didn't have the courage to tell him that my father came home and said he hadn't heard a word! Now isn't that good?

BC: Good story. Did you have some special things you wanted to ask her about, Sam?

SS: I wanted to ask her about teaching, a little bit, too. About what the experience of teaching was like. Now, you told me once when I asked you about teaching, about the time that the supervisor came out and you had to bring the class back. But I was thinking about more what teaching was like at that time.

IA: I can't tell you what teaching was like.

BC: What about in the public schools, Ione, you had to do several grades.

IA: Schools are so changed now. In the early days we had- I had usually both high third and low fourth grades, and had all the way from forty to fifty youngsters in the two grades in a room. And you carry on your discipline with that many children and your instruction<sup>s</sup> and all for that many children and you've got your hands full. And now they think if they have twenty or possibly twenty-five, they have a full room and they have no time for preparation, excepting after hours, and in the early days, you did your work yourself and you did it on your own time.

BC: I can remember her coming home with stacks of papers that she was grading in the evening. <sup>They had written lessons.</sup> And they would discipline, too. When I was in school, which was about the time she was teaching, you had to march in and march out of the schoolroom<sup>s</sup>. <sup>dismissed at the door, freely,</sup> You were never <sup>^</sup> you marched from the walk into the schoolroom and took your seat. And once I was kept in school a whole week an hour after school every night because I chewed gum in class.

IA: It was altogether different then. You were responsible for the children coming and going to school. If anything happened you were responsible for them. And so you had your discipline not only at the school but either coming or going.

SS: You couldn't be everywhere at once.

BC: No, but it was your responsibility.

IA: No, but somebody would tell on them. There was always somebody to tattle, you know! Which reminds me of the time when Harry Orchard was in the- what was it? the WIT? What did they call that?

SS: The IWWs?

BC: Before that, I think.

IA: The what?

SS: What about Harry Orchard?

IA: Harry Orchard? Didn't you ever hear about Harry Orchard?

SS: I've heard about it, but what were you going to say about it?

IA: Oh, he was instrumental in killing some man down around Boise. He was in the union, and they were having this fight for union wages and he was instrumental in killing, and I was teaching over here at what was then the old Russell School, the building where the- this new building is now- and had the fourth grade and a little youngster in it by the name of Horton Mc Cauley. His sister was the speech director at the university at that time and Horton was in my room, and there were things going on that we were trying to get to the bottom of. A little group of youngsters were carrying on pretty high for a time and we were trying to get to the bottom of it and we couldn't find anyone that would tell us. That we could get to give enough of it that we would have anything to go by. And I was talking to Horton and I said, "Horton, somebody must know, somebody must tell, because we have to get at the bottom of this. And he looked up and he said, "Harry Orchard never confessed and I won't either." Well, that was Harry Orchard. Well, it went on that way for oh, possibly a week or so, and we were still ferreting around trying to get at the bottom of this trouble. And one day the papers came out in big headlines, "Harry Orchard confesses!" I took the paper over to the schoolhouse with me and I showed it to Horton.

And I said, "Horton, you said that Harry Orchard never confessed."  
I said, "He did." And, I said, "It's up to somebody to help us out."  
Well, we got a full line on the whole business, and got it taken care of.

BC: What was it? Just mischief?

SS: What was it? What was going on?

IA: Huh?

SS: What was going on?

IA: There was a house way down at the end of F Street, the big, old house still stands way down there, and there was a group of these youngsters were committing all kinds of depredations at this old house. The house was empty. It had been moved from here on A Street out to F Street, where it goes out, <sup>if you go</sup> beyond where the schoolhouse is out there now, the other school. And we were trying to find out what was going on and who was guilty of the depredations that were being done to the house, and we couldn't find anybody that would-

SS: They were vandalizing the house?

IA: Vandalizing the house and oh, I don't know what all was going on. All sorts of things.

BC: So Harry Orchard confessed, I didn't ~~hear that~~.

IA: And fourth grade youngsters shouldn't be doing it. But Harry Orchard didn't confess! But when Harry Orchard confessed, we got the whole business! You'll find out about Harry Orchard some of these times.

SS: I've heard about him. Because I remember then they had the trial.

Bill Haywood and Clarence Darrow came and defended Haywood and Borah-

IA: And <sup>Darrow</sup> came in on that, too. That was funny.

SS: Did you ever meet him? Senator Borah.

IA: Huh?

SS: Did you meet Senator Borah?

IA: Oh, yes.

SS: What do you remember about him?

IA: Oh, nothing in particular. He was a large man. I wouldn't say that he was over six feet tall or something like that, but he was a large man in every way. And he had a remarkable face, a face that if you saw it you remembered it. <sup>they were</sup> The lines <sub>in</sub> serious and all, but <sup>yet</sup> the same time he was not stern or forbidding or anything like that. He was just a man that you were comfortable with, at the same time and you never felt like taking any privileges or asking anything of him. He was a- what do they call him? A lone wolf?

BC: *He WAS alone a great deal*

SS: Did he talk in a common way, or did he talk in a-

IA: Yes, <sup>BC:</sup> (he was forceful.) His <sup>social</sup> voice was very pleasing, and his distinction was very good. You could understand him. I could understand him but then I did then anyway. *It wasn't because I was hard of hearing.*

BC: Did you tape the talk that Lee gave the other day? He gave a talk on the museum. And Mrs. Wood had called me afterward and said she contributed some things to Lee's talk. Well, the things she contributed were not correct. I just wondered if you taped it and got her voice in on it. She told that Dr. Church came to Mother's door and rapped on the door <sup>to</sup> ask her if she wouldn't let him live there. Well that wasn't it. He was going by Mother was in the <sup>garden</sup> and they talked gardening and he said, "This is very much like my home in Pennsylvania." And he wanted to know if Mother wouldn't let him live there. That's the way Dr. Church got into the house. And she said that he came from Indiana and knocked at the door. Which, to me, is quite different. *She gets awfully mixed up.*

IA: She has the ideas but they're not always straight ideas.

BC: What was the other thing she said that was so wrong?

- IA: One thing that she told Lee over here was that we used to take the bannisters that go up the stairs and twine the pine boughs on them for decorations on them at Christmas. And more things about decorations for Christmas.
- BC: She never was in the house.
- IA: She never was in the house! She had her idea-
- BC: She didn't know.
- IA: So you want to check on anything that <sup>he</sup> gives you that has been given to him by Mrs. Withers.
- SS: You know, in talking about Mrs. Borah, I was thinking that I hadn't really asked you whether you did see much of her or remained in contact with her after she went back to Washington.
- IA: Did she make contact with--?
- SS: Did you still remain friends?
- IA: Oh, yes. You see, Carrie Bush, or Carrie Mc Connell and our family were very great friends, <sup>very</sup> good friends. And ~~Mame~~ <sup>Mame</sup> would come to visit with the Mc Connells and we always saw ~~Mame~~ <sup>Mame</sup> when she came. In fact, <sup>Mame</sup> picked out a suit for me down at Boise and had it sent up to me because Carrie had a suit I liked very much and so she found a suit that she thought would be pleasing to me and she sent the suit up to me. And she always had so many things to tell about Washington and the things that they'd do.
- BC: <sup>And</sup> A great imagination and a flair for telling.
- IA: She had a negro maid that she had had I think about ever since she went into Washington, and Daisy was just the source of a great deal of information for ~~her~~ <sup>Mary</sup>. And Mrs. Borah said that she came to her one day and she said, "Mrs. Borah, may I have Thursday off?" And Mrs. Borah, said, "Well, what do you want with Thursday off? You've never asked

for Thursday before. Why do you want Thursday off?" "Oh," said Daisy, "Thursday is hecklin' day." And she said, "All the Negroes get together down on the street and we heckle the white people <sup>to</sup> try to make 'em angry!" She said, "Thursday is hecklin' day and I'd like to have Thursday off!" So little things like that, they're funny.

BC: Well, Ione, Mrs. Borah's sister, Carrie Bush, was practically a member of our family. She enjoyed our family much more than she did her own family, because <sup>there was no one else,</sup> her brothers <sup>were</sup> gone and her sisters.

IA: We were always together. ~~We~~ went on picnics.

BC: So she practically lived with us.

IA: Carrie was on a picnic with us if we went anywhere, Carrie always went with us.

BC: <sup>CAMPING</sup> Every summer, she would go camping with us.

IA: We were talking about homesteads or selling timber claims. After I had the homestead out there and my father decided that he thought I should take a stone and timber claim because all you'd have to do was pay so much an acre for your stone and timber claim, and so he got in touch with some man that was out on what they called Cedar Ridge, that's up from Kendrick and out in <sup>to</sup> the country from Kendrick, and this man said that he had a couple of locations out there that he thought my father might be interested in for me. So Dad and I hitched up the horses and we went out to the old place, and the man was living in a two-room cabin, a very nice cabin for out in that part of the country, and his little old mother was living with him. He had sent back East and ~~got~~ his mother to come out and live with him. And my father and the locater decided that- there was still quite a bit of snow and it wasn't a very good idea for me to get out and go over the claims if I didn't know any more about the timber than he did. But my father

had been used to the timber out by Bovill and Collins and Clarkia and so he said, "You stay here and visit with Grandma, and I'll go with the boy and we'll go over the claim and if I think it's suitable I'll come back and we can go over either today or tomorrow. So I stayed with Grandma. She was someone in her nineties, and we sat and visited about the timber and about the country and all these things and I finally asked her about her son. I said, "Is he your oldest boy?" "Oh, no, he's not the oldest." And I said, "How many children did you have?" "Well," she said, "I just don't recollect." She said, "It <sup>was</sup> twelve or thirteen, but I'm not sure which." <sup>(B: The years had just gone by.)</sup> And so, I saved that for my father when he came back. I thought he would enjoy that.

BC: I think one reason that Carrie was with us so much; we always had transportation. Daddy had good riding horses and good driving horses and Mc Connells didn't. And <sup>then</sup> there was always something doing around our house, so it was natural that she'd gravitate here.

SS: So she was really at the house a lot?

BC: Oh, yes. And they lived right down here. We have some pictures of Carrie and Mrs. Mc Bride at that time and Ione. Who else in front of the mirror that Mc Connells had down in that house. <sup>? Taken their house down the street.</sup>

SS: Do you remember that Mrs. Borah had to say about what life was like back there in the Capitol?

BC: She was very popular.

IA: What's that Bernadine?

BC: Senator Borah.

SS: I was asking if there were other stories that Mrs. Borah told you about Washington. That strange place back there where they make all these laws!

IA: No. She used to tell so many, but they were all <sup>ways</sup> just little things

that would come in in a conversation and it's very hard to get them all collected so that you could tell them.

She told us about the hecklin' and I remembered that one very well.

BC:

Mrs. Borah called her sister Mrs. Bush, oh, a couple of times a month and they'd have a long conversation. And she was very entertaining. Tell all these wild things about Mrs. Longworth and somebody else and somebody else. And then Mrs. Bush would come and relay <sup>MAMMIE'S</sup> conversation to us. She had a great sense of humor.

SS: Do you think she changed much in the years that she spent in Washington?

IA: You mean Mrs. Borah?

55: Yes.

As being a senator's wife for a long time?

IA: Yes she did. You haven't had a chance to read Mrs. <sup>Perrine's</sup> book, Elephants and Donkeys. You'd probably get a lot out of that from Mrs. Borah, because Mrs. Perrine was Mary Louise Bush and she spent a couple of years or more with Mrs. Borah in Washington. And Mrs. Borah gave her this material for her autobiography.

Would it be a biography when it was given to her?

And so there'd be lots of that, I'm sure that would tell--

SS: Well Carrie Bush was married to Ben Bush. Right?

BC: Uh-huh. He was a forrester.

IA: What?

BC: Carrie married Ben Bush. Carrie Mc Connell Bush. <sup>MARY LOUISE WAS THEIR DAUGHTER</sup>

IA: Oh, yes. She married Ben Bush, she married him in 1910. And Mary Louise was their daughter. She was born, oh, a year or so afterwards and then they had one son, young Ben Bush. And he's working for the government now in something, and I don't know just what. They sent

him at one time down to Anarctica and he wrote back and told about the penguins down there and all the funny things that happened.

BC: It was a funny thing with that family; there was Ben and Mrs. Bush and the two children. They were the most separated family. You never saw them together. They never talked about each other and Mary Louise would come home to visit and she'd stay with somebody else instead of with her mother. We never could understand that because our family was so close, and they just didn't seem to have that close tie together. It wasn't because they were separated young.

SS: It sounds like they found a lot of warmth in other families, like in your family.

BC: We did, but I don't think they did.

IA: What?

BC: I don't think Carrie and her family, her children were close at all. There wasn't any warm feeling there.

IA: You mean Carrie-

BC: and Mary Louise and Ben.

IA: Mary Louise and Ben?

BC: Uh-huh.

IA: No, they weren't. Mary Louise married quite young and she married Mr. Perrine, who was a musician and lived at the big Perrine ranches, out I think, in Twin Falls. And they were only married three or four years before his music didn't pay for their upkeep and Mary Louise was teaching and she decided that teaching was just too much, to try to keep a house and teach and to support her husband too, and so they were divorced and she came back up and lived at home for a short time and then went back to Washington, D. C. a couple of summers to be with <sup>Maime</sup> and work on this autobiography, The Elephants and Donkeys.

BC: She taught for years *7 the Natives.*

SS: You know, when you mentioned divorce; that reminded me of something else I was going to ask you about. In the early years, like when you were young, divorce wasn't very well accepted, was it?

BC: Not at all.

IA: The what?

SS: Divorce wasn't very well accepted.

BC: Stigma on the family and the person. *(IA:)* And the family were as disgraced as the people that were getting the divorce.

BC: Well, the son, Ben, divorced his wife shortly, too.

IA: Ben was quite a character. He- Carrie's husband- he was the head supervisor of the forest and the land for quite a while in Boise. You'll find his records there. And they lived up in what was called the Burns house on A Street.

BC: He wasn't here very much, was he Pinky? I never can remember seeing them together.

SS: He was in Boise?

BC: I don't know. But I never saw them together, Carrie and her husband. And I was old enough to remember *from* 1910 on.

SS: Do you remember when Dr. Watkins was killed?

IA: Who?

SS: Dr. Watkins. Do you remember when he was killed?

IA: When he was killed?

SS: Yes.

IA: I wasn't in town at the time. We were out at Collins, *or* Bovill on the homestead and my father came out to tell us about it. And that's when the story that I told you about my sister saying, "If God be for us, *what* can be against us."

SS: Would you tell me that story again?

IA: Yes. But my father was over here at the old place and he'd just started down the street and <sup>he</sup> was about even with the first house over here, when this man on horseback came up the street, or down the street, I don't know which, and Mr. Creighton lived in that green house, the second house down <sup>the</sup> Ralstons and then the slate colored house and then the next is the green house. Creightons lived there and Mr. Creighton just came out of the house and started down the street and he saw this horse going either up or down, I don't know which way, but he called out to the horseman, he says, "What's that shooting?" And the man turned around and shot at him, and the bullet went through Mr. Creighton had his arm up this way across his stomach, he was quite a fussy man, and he always walked with his arm across his stomach, and the man went on then and Dad said he just stopped perfectly still, because he didn't want to get down and get mixed up in that. And he went down the street then a little ways and he met some men coming up and they were from Dr. Watkins' office.

BC: How did Dr. Watkins. (End of Side D)

IA: His office was down there ~~where~~ oh, who's is it now? I think it's been taken down, I'm not positive though. It's a little insurance office that- what's his name?

SS: <sup>Next to</sup> The ~~T~~itle building.

IA: A little tiny office building down there. Well, that was Dr. Watkins' office at that time, it's now, I think two insurance businesses or something like that. I never thought to look for it when I was down.

BC: One is <sup>the</sup> a ~~T~~itle office.

SS: It's right next door to that. Does that mean that your father saw Mr. Creighton get shot?

IA: What?

SS: Your father saw Mr. Creighton get shot?

IA: He saw the man shoot at Mr. Creighton, but he didn't go down, not until afterwards.

BC: After the man rode off.

IA: After the man rode off. As I say, I didn't know whether the man was going up the street or down the street, but Dad missed him one way or the other, because he stopped when he saw him shoot. He didn't want to get mixed up in it down there. But Dr. Watkins had those offices down there. The offices were built for Dr. Watkins and that's where the man shot him. Shot him down.

SS: Tell me that story about Marjorie.

BC: She'll tell you about Marjorie.

IA: Huh?

SS: That story about Marjorie.

IA: Oh. well, when we were on the homestead out at Collins: We always went out every summer and my father always came out on Saturday and he managed not to be in his office on Saturday, and he'd come out to the homestead on Saturday and then back on Sunday and he'd be in the office again for the next week. And so the family went out and lived on the homestead while my father stayed in town. My sister, Marjorie, was about, I imagine about <sup>three</sup> years old when we first started going out there, and she always whenever she'd sit down at the table, she always had to cry regardless of what was there; what was said, or anything, the moment you pushed her high chair <sup>up</sup> to the table <sup>the</sup> tears began to come. One day an old uncle of mine said to her, "Kid, what's the matter with you?" And she looked up at him and she says, "I'm just not happy." And that's the only reason we ever had for it when Marjorie

cried. Well, the post office at Troy had a minister on the postal route and he served all the towns which were little town then from Troy to Deary to Helmer and to all the little towns, and Bovill and finally Collins. Collins was the last on the line. And the minister would always stay over til Sunday and on Sunday would hold services in the schoolhouse for all the homesteaders there. He considered that was his duty and a good chance to preach the word, so he always had his sermon. Well, he would give the sermon for the next Sunday, would be on such-and-such a text; <sup>and</sup> he'd give you the text. <sup>Now remember the text</sup> And if you had your Bibles look it up and read the rest of the chapters. Well, the text for the next Sunday was, "If the Lord be for us, who can be against us?" And we tried- we thought now that's the thing- we'll teach Marjorie to say that for Daddy when he comes out, he'll be there Saturday and we'll just have her say the Golden Text for Daddy. So we tried all week long to get Marjorie to say the Golden Text, "If God be for us, who could be against us." Do you think the child would do it? She just had a blankout for that, she wouldn't say a word, she wouldn't try. Well, Saturday evening we were all sitting around the table and Daddy pulled Marjorie's chair up to the side of him and after he said grace he turned and looked at Marjorie and she was crying. And he said, "Marjorie, what's the trouble?" She didn't answer. He just reached over and took her by the shoulder and shook her a little bit, he says, "Stop your crying." He was getting exasperated because she cried every time we sat down to the table. Well, Marjorie looked up at him and with the tears rolling down her face, said to him, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" That just melted him. She didn't get any punishment after that! She'd cry all she wanted! <sup>†</sup> I thought that was pretty good.

SS: Was that the first time she said it? Was that the first time you got

her to say it?

IA: The only time she ever said it, and I don't think she ever said it again afterwards. Down here at the Methodist Church, oh, a number of years ago they started what was called the Golden Age Club. I think you've possibly heard about it, where they meet, I think it's Monday evenings, but I'm not sure now because I haven't been to it for so long, and the minister, forget what his name was, <sup>at any rate</sup> the minister knew Mrs. Town and he knew me and he said, "We just have to have some help to get this thing started. And I'd like to have some some of you people tell little incidents or stories that happened that you can remember." (break here for a few words) -- well acquainted with him, and they never hunted or fished together like he and Dr. Hatfield and some of the others, but he knew the doctor and he knew the family, and Elsie Pfiel-

BC: Tell about the sleighbells.

IA: The what?

BC: The sleighbells.

IA: Oh, the sleighbells. Yes, over at the museum they have a string of sleighbells. They used them two years ago I think it was on the door. We used to always use them on our front door until people got to stealing things off of the doors, and so we didn't put them out any more, we didn't want to lose them. But shortly after the doctor's death, Daddy was called one day over to the home and Mrs. Watkins always had those very severe migraine headaches and the doctor would keep medicine or treatment for it, and so Elsie called my father and said, "Mother has one of her severe headaches and she would like <sup>for</sup> you to come over and see if there is anything you can do for her." So Daddy got into the sleigh and he hitched up the horse and drove around there, they

lived right across from the Presbyterian Church up here, in that little house that <sup>has</sup> the cupalo, <sup>up</sup> and he drove up in front and Mrs. Watkins was there in the room when he went in and she looked up and she said, "Doctor I didn't hear you coming." He said, "I don't think you would, I wasn't very noisy." And she said, "Don't you have any sleighbells?" And Daddy said, "No, I don't have sleighbells for my horse, I just don't have the bells." "Well," she said, "we'll see about that." So she sent one of the girls up to the barn or the woodshed and asked them to bring in the string of sleighbells that the doctor had used on his horse, and she gave them to my father and said, "Now when you come be sure to use the bells, so that I can tell when you're coming." And Dad always used the bells on the horses everafter that.

BC: That's where those bells came from.

SS: That's a nice story. Those bells were- I think they were kind of Dr. Watkins' trademark, too, because Carol Brink writes about those bells.

BC: Oh, they're a beautiful tone.

IA: Oh, they're nice, they were lovely music, <sup>BC:</sup> (tinkle, tinkle.) They were just lovely.

BC: Well, that's how Dad got the sleighbells.

SS: How great a shock was that to the town when Dr. Watkins was shot? Was that a really great uproar in the city? Do you think?

IA: Yes, it was. Everybody was up in arms about it, and they formed a posse and followed the man out to his home and he went to an upstairs window and he would shoot at the men that were down below and tried to kill some of them. But they said that his aim was very poor; didn't hit anybody.

BC: Did they kill him? I don't remember.

IA: He was upstairs and his little, old mother was downstairs and she came

out and tried to get the men to disperse and leave. She said, "He is not in his own mind, and he is liable to do something that <sup>he</sup> would be very <sup>sorry</sup> for, I do wish you'd disband and go back, and I'll get him down and see what we can do about it." But they weren't able to disperse, they stayed with it until the man was shot. And it was serious and they just had to have him taken care of then. But Dr. Watkins--in those days all of the insane people or people that were off, as they used to call them, mentally were sent to Orofino. That was the place for them. And this man had been bothering his mother and bothering some of the neighbors around and they had him arrested and took up to the courthouse and at the courthouse they judged him insane. And one of the doctors that pronounced him insane was Dr. Watkins. And so as soon as the man was able to get out, whether he was released or whether he got out of the asylum, I don't know, but at any rate, he still had it in for Dr. Watkins because he was the one that said that he should be in Orofino, and that's why he shot him.

SS: But he did go down to Orofino? He was sent to Orofino? This man was sent there? He was sent to Orofino?

IA: Yes, he was sent to Orofino. The doctor sent him to Orofino in the first place, and then, as I say, he either escaped from there or was released, I don't know which. But, at any rate, he still had it in for Dr. Watkins because he was the one.

SS: One other thing I was going to ask you: do either one of you remember when Carol Brink's mother killed herself?

IA: <sup>Carrie</sup> Smith's mother?

SS: No, Carol Brink's mother. Dr. Watkins daughter. Elsie Pfiel's sister.

IA: Oh, yes, yes, she killed herself.

SS: Do you remember that?

IA: I do. Carol Brink, she became Carol Brink, she was Carol Brown

BC: Ryrie.

SS: Right.

IA: Brown after Ryrie, her husband died, and then she married Brown.

IA: She married Brown. She married Alec Ryrie and Ryrie worked in one of the banks here and was considered a very good man and all, and after his death, she- this Brown, Matt Brown I told you was a locater and located his sister on the Floodwood out here, and he was- well, we called him a rounder; that was all he was, he was just simply a roun-

der. He would drink -

BC: *Well he sued for hrs.*

SS: I've heard the same thing about him.

IA: And all.

SS: A ne'er-do-well.

IA: And he was such a different type entirely from Mr. Ryrie, that I suppose that it appealed to the sister. I don't know but that <sup>was</sup> my supposition, that it was the extreme change. And she married Matt Brown. Well, they got along fairly well for a little while, but ~~it~~ didn't last. And finally, she'd come to the point, as you said, that divorce was something that just wasn't heard of; it was a disgrace to the family, and a disgrace to the people, and she didn't want a divorce, so she took what they thought was ground glass and committed suicide by swallowing the ground glass. And Carol was just a small child at that time, and Elsie, the sister, took care of Carol. And that's how Elsie and Carol happened to be together.

SS: Do you remember her, the mother? Do you remember the woman?

IA: Carol's mother?

SS: Yes. She was a very good-looking woman. Elsie was inclined to be a little heavy, like her mother, a little stout. But the sister was tall

and slender and very light hair, and you really would call her a beautiful woman.

SS: In the book that Carol Brink wrote about her, Snow in the River, she seems to present her as a very emotional and moody woman. She played the piano, she said, very emotionally.

IA: She played piano very beautifully, but as you say, emotionally. I think that came on, most of it, the melancholy spells and all after Alec's death. She was much more so, after that.

BC: Carol was <sup>just</sup> a young, young girl when her mother died. And Carol, in one book we felt that she didn't give Aunt Elsie <sup>the</sup> proper introduction, because she seemed to be critical of her and not too fond of her and Elsie did everything in the world for that girl. She gave <sup>lovely</sup> parties for her and got her a pony cart. <sup>she was especially kind to her</sup> Carol, I think resented the fact that she wasn't her mother, but still had to take care of her, and boss her.

IA: I think in her book that she leans a great deal to Ryrie's brother.

SS: That's right.

IA: Speaks very highly of him, and he was the one that the people didn't think very much of in Moscow.

BC: Well, she was a child.

IA: She was a child and he appealed to her by being good to her and all. Douglas, I think was his name.

BC: That's right.

SS: But he wasn't very highly thought of.

IA: No.

SS: She presents him as a rather controversial man in the book. She does love him but his own business affairs were so mixed up in the book, you know. He went from rags to riches and back again.

BC: Didn't she say that he gave her so many lovely things, and Miss Elsie

didn't have the money. She sewed for Carol, made her clothes, but along <sup>would</sup> ~~come~~ this ne'er-do-well and brings Carol something beautiful, so of course, he impressed her. *Who wouldn't.*

IA: Miss Elsie was a nurse, and she had very little to go on and a Mother to take care of and all. And when she had this Carol then, she just had to be careful. And they were used to the old style things that the mother had for Elsie and her sister and all, and they were out of date for little Carol. And this brother, Douglas, was always buying and getting things for her.

SS: Did they call her Miss Carol?

BC: Miss Elsie, <sup>that was</sup> the woman that raised Carol.

EA: She was quite the talker. We took her with us out to the Stanley's cabin. In the summertime my sister would always make an arrangement with Stanley, Hubert Stanley was a clerk in the post office, and she'd make arrangements with him to rent his cabin out on the- what was it?

BC: Chatcolet, was it?

IA: Huh?

BC: It was on a lake.

IA: Yes, it's out, oh-

BC: Isn't it Chatcolet?

IA: Chatcolet- no, it isn't Chatcolet. Rocky Point. And we'd always go out there. So one summer we took Elsie out with us and Stan and Marjorie and I would get in the boat and go way out to where the river <sup>flows</sup> through the lake for fishing, and we could hear Elsie sitting up on the porch talking to my sister and Bertha Hall and we could hear her just as clear as could be-

BC: <sup>she</sup> Never stopped for a com~~ma~~ <sup>and</sup>,

IA: Never stopped for anything. (Chuckles)

BC: She was entertaining.

IA: Oh, dear.

BC: She'd tell about different cases that she'd nursed and she always *found* something amusing about every one of them *that she would recall.*

IA: You'd just laugh your head off to listen to her. She always had something funny. In 1910, the year of the fires, Elsie was married at that time and was living in Wallace, she and her husband, and while the fire was all around Wallace, Wallace was practically surrounded by the fires of 1910, and they have a- not a Sister's school, but - well, I guess that <sup>is</sup> how you would call it a Sisters' school- at any rate they had a school and a church there for the Catholics. And <sup>cut</sup> in front of the building was this big statue of Christ and Elsie said that during the fires that all the congregation, the Catholics, would congregate around this statue of Christ and pray that the fires would not burn the town. And she said it didn't. It burned all around it, but <sup>it</sup> didn't burn the town, and she said she thought it was the prayers of the Catholics around the statue.

BC: *SHE WAS AN AVID PRESBYTERIAN.*

She bought Carol a little buggy-

BC: A pony cart.

IA: A four-wheeler buggy and a little Shetland pony.

BC: Maybe Douglas got that.

IA: And Carol was the envy of the town because she had this Shetland pony *(BC: SHE WAS VERY GENEROUS WITH IT. I'VE RIDDEN IN IT MANY TIMES.)* and the little carriage. She'd take people out for rides. Loved to pick up the children in town and take them out for rides.

BC: And Miss Elsie used to give birthday parties for Carol, and <sup>it WAS</sup> the only birthday parties I ever went to where we were each given a gift instead of taking a gift. Miss Elsie would have a little gift for each child

that was asked to the party. And there was one I remember so well, it was a little wooden pail about so big and a little <sup>top</sup> now we would cellophane, we wouldn't call it that then, it was a clear blue kind of plastic stuff and the little pail was filled with candy. I was so impressed.

SS: Seems like a very nice custom instead of getting presents to be giving presents.

BC: Miss Elsie did things like that for Carol. At that time Carol was my age, maybe a year older, so Carol couldn't when she was living with Miss Elsie, couldn't have been more than ten or twelve years old. She has a childhood <sup>remembrance,</sup> maybe not too accurate, *without seeing both sides*

SS: I have to be going it's almost six-thirty.

Transcribed by Frances Rawlins

May 26, 1977