

GLEN GILDER
First Interview

Interviewed by:
Sam Schrage

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GLEN GILDER

Harvard; b. 1903

farmer, sawmiller.

1.8 hours

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with Sam Schrager

May 22, 1975

II. Transcript

GLEN GILDER: *Why, showmanship.

~~AGNES~~ GILDER: He was a buffalo hunter I think.

G G: He ^{Oh, they claim} hunted for the railroads, but ^{then} everybody hunted for the railroads. I have an idea that when Bill Cody went out to get a buffalo for the railroad he probably took some Indian kid along to do the shootin' and skinnin' and he got the glory. That was like him. There was no sincerity to him.

SAM SCHRAGER: ~~It's~~ It's a funny thing that he's the one that people think about what the west was really like, y'know.

G G: Well, there hasn't been anybody had ^{more} ballyhoo. And he promoted his show from Texas to Dakota on to Madison Square Garden, to Europe, and he was a showman, a promoter. He was in it for the glory of the almighty dollar. (Chuckles). Well, that's my opinion, you know, somebody else has got a different opinion. Maybe one or the other of us could be right.

SAM: I'll bet you're right, I'll bet you are. It's just funny. It seems ^{to me} like the story of what the west is really like is somethin' that most people don't even know about, and that's what they think.

G G: DeVoto has written ~~of~~ the west ^{better than} any man that I know of. There are others. ~~This~~ This man from Texas, I'm trying to think

of his name.

SAM: Dobie?

G G: Yes.

SAM: He's good.

G G: Yeah, he's awful good. I've read every book that I could get that he has written, enjoyed every minute of it, Frank Dobie.

SAM: You think the truth about the west is better than the fiction about it?

G G: Yes, yes. The truth about the west has made up the basis for a lot of good novels. And the funny thing is that it was made up and segregated into agriculture and mining, milling, fishing, logging, lumbering. And they're ^{all} good subjects, if they're handled good they make a good book. I like all those up there. Sawmilling, railroading, logging.

SAM: But, you know, it seems to me about ninety-five percent of the stuff about the west that you read is all about the cowboys and the cattle on the range. I can't quite figure that one out.

G G: Well, it was here and the Eastern version of the west as they came through, ^{he came through the} prairie states and seen that. But there've been some remarkably good stories written on wheat farming, on homesteading.

Fisher from south Idaho, have you ever got ahold of anything?

SAM: A little bit. I read that Mountain Man of his that you had.

G G: Well, I didn't think ^{that that} was one of em, but he wrote of the railroad coming in and he wrote of homesteading. He wrote a novel or two on homesteading. He took it from the day they went out there to the homestead. And there was another one. A fellow by the name of Estes wrote a book about the country just south ^{and} east of Denver, one of the best examples I think I read of it.

SAM: What is it that makes that kind of a book work? What is it that makes

be a real successful book?

G G: You know these books haven't really hit the top bracket because they adhere so darn close to the truth. They leave out the fiction, the ^{thinking} part. They are thinking of it seriously. I don't know, I couldn't answer it.

SAM: Yeah, I don't know. You read one of those Davis books, H. L. Davis, I gave you that Hunting in the Horn I think. Did you like that one?

G G: Pretty good.

SAM: It was fiction.

G G: Yeah, yeah. He took, the basis of his story was taken from books like West of the Wide Missouri.

SAM: Um hum.

G G: Oh, books, books, books, books. ^{There are millions of em and} the libraries are throwing away the good ones and keepin the junk. Throwing the good ones in the dump. ^{You know} after a book isn't in demand anymore, away she goes. If they put a new cover on it it might hit the market as a best seller.

SAM: Um hum, ^{um} hum. I'll tell you though there's been more good stories that I heard from talkin' to people around here that I've never seen in books, well, hardly anything like 'em in books. When you told me there was a helluva story out there, that all I had to do was ask people about it you were really right 'cause that's all I did.

G G: Well, there's an interesting history in this country and it's hard to get all of it from any one point. You've got to see so awful many . Emmett Utt give you a start, George Nichol's got a story over there that'd make a book. And ^{The Butterfield} the same way.

SAM: I don't think any two stories are close to the same, any two stories that I've heard, y'know. Everybody's life is different, more than you'd expect

bein' from the same area.

G G: ^{They} live^d on adjoining farms and ^{the interest} would be a little bit different. Well, that's the way it goes. Did you have quite a talk with ^{Eyrie} ^{(Kinman)?}

SAM: Um hum. I spent an hour or so with him. It was a good talk; I'm going to go back and talk with him again.

G G: I would and when you do, if you could get him with Frank Herzog, get the ^{Prune Joe} story. And get the ^{Pippin} Gilbert story on cleanin' up that meadow up there on the Kinman homestead.

SAM: What's that story?

G G: That's a good one.

SAM: Well, tell me it.

G G: Well, it's so long ago ^{SINCE} I've heard it, I don't know whether I can or not to get it exactly right, but when the Potlatch first come into the country we put a camp there close to Bennett's mill, south and up on the hill. And they put another one up on a part of the land that Jess ^{Oiler} owns, ^{that} he got from Ben Stuart, Stuart got it from Bill Helmer and that was Camp 3. And then Camp 4 was less than a mile from there. I don't know why, a different time. And Gil evidently was a foreman, kind of over all of 'em. But they wanted to land their logs off of Jerome Creek, on the bank of the Palouse ^{River}. Well, that put it on Kinman's place. I don't know whether Gil didn't know who owned the land or what. But he went in there and ^{started} started cutting the logs and they ^{landed} landing them along the river there, cuttin' the brush and cleanin' it all up. And they filled that meadow, oh it was ten acres there solid with logs. And they got ready to put the drag on. And Kinman said, "No, you can't move these logs until you pay for the privilege of putting them on that land." And by golly, they didn't. They cleaned his land and then they paid him for it which is oh, ^{I think} exactly what I'd a done too under the circumstance. Those

things.

SAM: Well, who's this Prune Joe?

G G: He was Bill Helmer's ranch foreman. You'd get that story from Frank Herzog. Frank's a little older and knew him a little better than I did.

SAM: Well, tell me what you heard anyway.

G G: Well, I didn't hear it, I knew the guy. Why they called him Prune Joe, I don't know. I've heard a dozen different stories that they made wine out of prunes. He was an Austrian. Whether that's half of their diet, prunes and beans, I couldn't say, but that was his name. He ^{went in and} cleared up all that land from Bill Helmer. He cleaned up hundred and twenty, he cleared up ^{better than} two hundred acres out of heavy timber and put it in crop. But of course he had access to all of them when he wanted. I don't know that Bill Helmer had that much money or not, but there was always a crew there, a lot of men. You get that story from Frank.

SAM: Um hum. Well, Helmer was their main cruiser, right?

G G: Yeah, yeah, head cruiser.

SAM: Do you know what the story is on how the mill came to Potlatch?

G G: Well, that's where Deary wanted it. You see the mill was first to come to Moscow and they were putting a railroad through Moscow. They were going to get up into the Bovill area some way. And they done a lot of work on it. They made that cut where they had that sanitary landfill between Troy and Moscow. That was the cut for the company's railroad. Now when they got that far they were having a meeting in Moscow and it was raining and Bill Helmer come in there and Deary. I guess they were sopping wet; they'd been out in the brush all day. And Deary was kind of angry. He told 'em to stop it. He took a map, he ^{Poked} it down and

he poked a pencil down through that map and he said, "That mill's going to be right there." And he poked it down where Potlatch is. They didn't want to ^{way} clear over there. This going from Moscow to Bovill wouldn't ^{have} got any excessive amount of timber, but going from Palouse to Bovill they went through the whole thing. ^{in wider grade} practically. So that's where the railroad went and that's where the mill went.

SAM: Didn't you tell me he had a story, I mean didn't he have a reason about Moscow? Didn't you tell me in Moscow there wasn't enough water in Moscow?

G G: Oh, there wasn't anything there. There wasn't anything there to influence it. No, Deary was right. You know this is all written up by, who wrote it? I don't know, I don't remember but. . .

AG : Miller book, wasn't it?

G G: Possibly, part of it. The fellah that told me this story was the engineer. His name was Talbot. He's dead now, and he told me that story about ten, fifteen years ago. He was there.

SAM: Before they started the town there at Potlatch you were tellin' me that Palouse was really the big center. It was really the important place for the people in the country.

G G: Well, it was. It was the only. . . There was a stage stop and post office at Woodfell, a stage stop and post office at Hampton, and one at Kennedy-Ford. I guess they handled the mail and probably part of the time a few groceries. But if you wanted any groceries and lived at Harvard or Avon or whatever, you had to go to Palouse after it, ^{Drove a team} ~~Bill~~. Sometimes that took quite a while and some of 'em had teams that could go down there pretty darn quick. Go from Harvard to Potlatch and back and do the shoppin' in two hours and a half. You can't do that with a Model-T Ford. Well,

that's right.

SAM: What was that road like when you were growin' up there?

G G: Oh, about six inches wider than a wagon. Mud ~~at~~ deep all winter and dust half-way up all summer. There were a few days when it was pretty nice, like ^{early} in the spring, late in the fall. Some of those horses made some awful runs, accidents, things like that.

SAM: You mean running into each other on that road?

G G: No, no, no. Say that somebody got hurt and they sent somebody after a doctor. Wouldn't take him long to go twenty-five miles. He's kick that horse in high gear and he ^{had} the bottom and had the stamina to stay and make the trip, and when he got that one made he took a feed of oats and a drink of water and went back.

SAM: What made your parents decide to come out here to this area? Where did they come from?

G G: Well, my mother came from Iowa. She was just a little girl when she came, I guess, ^a young girl. And my dad must have been eighteen or nineteen years old. He came from ^{the} St. Marie to Dakota and he didn't like it. He'd heard about the Palouse country so he came on to Palouse. Oh, he had itchy feet, I guess, that's about the only reason I know. But the west had been told and played up by ^{the} railroads and people that had gone back. ^{So} fantastically wonderful that every easterner would have come out here if he could have.

SAM: I wonder why he didn't like Dakota?

G G: Oh, drought and grasshoppers chased him out of there. There wasn't much left after those two things got through with him. Oh, I don't know, the four boys came west. One came to Sweet Grass in Montana and stayed there. Had a very successful life. And then Charlie came to Palouse and

and Albion because Dad had come, partly. And then one went on over to Vancouver.

SAM: About when did your father get out here? Do you know?

G G: Must have been about '90 or '91. My mother, her folks must have come out about '85 or somewhere's around in that area .

SAM: It seems like this country was one of the last pieces that was real good land to get settled up, the whole Palouse country. Sure a lot better than Dakota.

G G: Well, I think that's right. They was kinda slow getting in here but when they did get, they stayed. It's in the book up there of Whitman County history, it tells the dates and all these things, settling Pullman and Union Flat.

SAM: Your folks didn't move up by Harvard at first, right? They were someplace. ..

G G: No, Dad homesteaded down at Hooper, about maybe ten miles the other side of LaCross. And he stayed there five or six years and broke up that prairie . And he knew he didn't have very good wheat land and he wanted to raise wheat. So he put in two or three crops that weren't very good and finally he got a good crop. And that crop sold the place so he got out of there. Then came up to Palouse, and then up to Harvard.

SAM: Did he buy the place there?

G G: Um hum. He bought eighty acres from Potlatch Lumber Company and a hundred and twenty from Bill Helmer. And logged over it. It was mostly brush. He cleared it up the hard way with a team of horses--a team of horses and a grub hoe.

SAM: Did you get to do much of that yourself?

G G: You betcha. A boy was a man about that time when he was about eleven, twelve years old, he could drive a team, why he was as good as a man.

That's the way it worked. It didn't take 'em long to learn how to run one end of a cross-cut saw. About the next thing he got to be expert with was an axe. He could just about plane a board with an axe.

(End of Side A)

SAM: . . . what you're saying.

G G: Well, yes you did. Us boys, we would learn to feed the horses and milk the cows or maybe clean out barns or after school we'd go out on the range and get the milk cows in. And if there was a team to drive Saturday, like clearing ^{land} or doing anything, why you just naturally grew into it.

SAM: It was expected of you, I mean there was just no other way about it.

G G: It was partly that, it was partly that you wanted to do it. It was something.

It seems like youngsters had an idea of helping and appreciating their dad that you develop and accomplish ^{that} things that we knew had to be accomplished for our own benefit like building a house or a barn or a fence. We'd get right in there and do what we could. By the time our kid was fourteen or fifteen years old, why hell, he was ~~a~~man. He'd go out and drive horses for anybody.

SAM: How much of that stuff could your family clear up in a year?

G G: Well, to start with it was pretty difficult to clear more than an acre, acre and a half. But as you worked ahead ^{we} spent about two years breaking up twenty-seven acres. But we worked ahead on that one, ^{sk}slashed it off and burned it and let it rot. And when we tied into that, why it went pretty fast but it was all planned quite a ways ahead. But to

start with we always considered ourself lucky if we'd get an acre
or two .

SAM: How much time would you have during the season to clear?

G G: Oh, not too much, not as near as much as you think because what little
crop you had was put in. It took time and fences had to be worked.
Kids were in school most of the time. I don't know, somehow or another
we didn't consider time. I don't think we did like we do now.

SAM: Was it longer?

GG: No, no, no, no. It just flew by. But we just made kind of a general plan
and carried it out if we could, when we could. Sometimes they'd get
a piece of ground cleared up way up in June that they'd get through
with it, you know, maybe a half an acre or an acre. It's too late
to put it in grain. They'd plow it and put it in spuds or summer
fallow, ^{it} put it in crop the next year. On the tiny scale it was just
like they worked it after they got on a bigger scale, only it was a tiny
scale, I'm tellin you. Half an acre--it was important. Now it, *you wouldn't*
think anything of it, bein' a fence corner.

SAM: It seems like now a farmer's got to put every square inch under if he can.

G G: Yeah, they're doing it that way. My dad had the idea that another acre
of wheat was a way of getting ^{there} _A I never agreed with him. I never have
seen the day when I considered wheat a good crop. I don't know why.
I'd sooner have hay or a cow or some other way, but I just all my life
I just distrusted wheat. I thought it was unreliable; it was insecure,
unless you could just be in the very biggest bracket. And it's probably
partly the reason some of the very ^{biggest} ~~best~~ ones during the 1920's and along
in there were the first ones to go broke. At least they had wonderful
auction sales. (Chuckles). Thirty, fifty head of horses, all the harness

and gear and riggin' and equipment, a good time was had by all.

SAM: The wheat market went down fast after the first war, right?

G G: After all wars. I think the country got hurt the worst after World War I, unless it's being hurt the worst right now, I don't know.

SAM: But your father believed in wheat, and probably most people did, huh?

G G: Yes. No, not most, they all. . . That was a cash crop, grain. They make it one year and bust it the next. And make it again the next year and bust the next, up and down.

SAM: Did your father work out when you were a kid?

G G: Yeah, everybody did. He'd work at any job he could find around close to home. ^{MAY} be a day or two, maybe a month. There wasn't any work in the wintertime, scarcely ever. But during that time he'd build ~~or make fence~~ ~~to make fences~~, do something. ^{He} never was idle, that's for damn sure. He was more ambitious than I've ever been. He was ready to start at six o'clock in the morning and he wasn't ready to quit until six o'clock at night either. I've never been that much to crowd things.

SAM: Well, how many brothers and sisters? How big was the family?

G G: ~~Eight. Wasn't it?~~ ^{No.} ~~Six.~~ There were three girls and three boys.

SAM: Well, and parents.

G G: I was thinkin' of my own family. It was a hard deal to support that many. A kid nowadays in school has more laid out on 'em in one year than that whole family had in two. But we didn't miss anything. Somehow or another you can't miss anything that you don't know exists.

SAM: Ignorance is bliss.

G G: We ^{was} ~~sure~~ ^{blissful then}. Well, we had food and clothes. There never was

a shortage of that. But the clothes weren't fancy. They were just common, every day old work clothes. But they were warm and most of the time, dry. Ten dollars would buy all the clothes I needed for winter when I was about, oh, twelve, thirteen years old. I know because I earned that much and bought my own clothes. And I had all I needed. Of course, there was a lot of difference between a tuxedo and a pair of overalls.

SAM: What'd you do to earn that money?

G G: Oh, generally drove horses for somebody puttin' in a crop or anything.

But that's the way those kids did earn money though. They'd drive horses for somebody. They'd sit on the seat, y'know. It was nothing to see a twelve, thirteen year old kid drivin' six or eight horses. They could handle 'em just as good as their great grandpa. But anyway, you didn't have to have six or eight if they could, two or any unit of it. It would depend on the size of the operation and where it was, They didn't have six horse teams around Harvard but they did around below Potlatch.

SAM: What did you have in the way of stock when you were, oh, ten or a youngster?

G G: Oh, about three horses and 10, 12 ^{I imagine} cows ^{and} maybe two or three ^{brood} sows, ~~and a few chickens~~. That's about it. And then ^{they} got more as the place grew larger. As cleared land increased, why then each of those things increased as there was feed for 'em. But you started small and had to start small. You couldn't buy hay; you couldn't buy grain. In the first place you didn't have the money and in the second place it wasn't for sale.

SAM: Would you say it was pretty much self-sufficient, the farm?

G G: ^{Just} As near as possible, yes. And it was pretty much possible. We'd take our own wheat to a mill someplace. ^{At} first they didn't ^{grind} it ^{only} into a good grade of

hog feed, but there was chop and made food. But I think they took a sack of wheat to Palouse to old MAN Huntsburger ^{there} in the grist mill. And I think he sent them back a sack of flour, fifty pounds for each sack of wheat. And he also sent back farina and bran, and that was their flour. Just practically grown on the place, spuds, milk, butter, eggs, vegetables. There wasn't much to buy: coffee, sugar. You made your own soap most of the time. Baking powder was an awful expense, about fifty cents a can for a two or three pound can. Oh, I don't know, it was a good life, Sam, I don't think ^{there WAS} any of us got any kick or any regrets on it. We done our work and we had our time to play just the same as they got now. I think even more. We made our own amusement: dances, parties, swimming, sleigh rides. My brother and I used to like to walk. We'd climb a hill, the highest hill that we could see. It ^{didn't} matter if it was ten miles away, we'd climb it. Go fishing, hunting, trapping. And we found a lot of things then that were just everyday occurrences that people pay two hundred and fifty dollars a week to do now. You know they do come out from the city and pay two hundred and three hundred and fifty dollars a week to do what we played at as kids and all of our life.

SAM: You did trapping, huh?

G G: Oh, we used to trap, sure. Golly, on the way to school we'd cross the river and we had a string of traps up and down the river. We had our coyote traps back in the woods that we went to once a week. Frank Herzog, he was a better trapper than I am. He'd get back a get the bobcats and bear. His dad got fifteen one summer.

SAM: Fifteen. . . ?

G G: Bear, big ones. They used to be thick. His dad used to come by our place on his way to and from his traps and he'd always leave a quarter of a bear steak for us about once a week. He caught a bobcat one time and he had ~~it~~ ^{it} and he was going to take it home to skin it and the damn thing come to in the sack and scratched him a little bit. He just went on home with it and put a collar around its neck and tied it in the back of the woodshed. And that cat was around there for a long time. But the kids used to ^{we used to} trap muskrats and mink, a few coyotes, quite a few weasels when they get white. And generally made fifteen, twenty dollars in a winter's time.

SAM: How'd you get around mostly in the winter when you were a kid, Glen?

G G: Shank skinnies. Of course we had our saddle horses too, but then any horses we had were certainly broke to ride and they furnished our transportation. But mostly we walked, or we seldom walked, we'd run. If I were going to go to Troy when I was fifteen or eighteen years old I wouldn't walk. I'd run two-thirds of the way in there. Think ^{nothing} of it.

SAM: How would you go?

G G: Straight through, didn't follow the roads, I went straight through. And we had these coyote traps ^{back} there and there was three of us in on it and we'd run seven or eight miles, I imagine around the string. Each of us would step in the guy ahead of him's tracks without disturbing that track. That was a game with us. You'd get pretty darn expert at it.

SAM: In the winter did you snowshoe much?

G G: ^{some} If needed be. We generally had snowshoes or skis, but we made 'em ourselves if we did have.

SAM: This ^{route} you'd take from Troy to Harvard, that interests me how you'd go over the divide there and get into town here. I know it's not very far by land but it sure is ^{far} nowadays to get from one to the other.

G G: It is, yeah, um hum. When I moved over here from this place, I moved from Harvard here and the road came just as it ^{does} now but after you got up there, oh, where ^{Wiley} Pritter used to live the road cuts through by White Pine Mill and we'd come up right in front of Hunt's house. And then we'd have to go down to the highway and down to Nora Crick and then get off the highway and come in here. But I moved the whole outfit excepting, I think, a load of stock and a load or two of hay, I moved 'em all with horses, household goods and foolishly moved my old junk machinery over here which I shouldn't have done. I should have sold it over there and bought it back over here because that would have been possible, didn't need much.

SAM: What year was this when you moved here?

G G: '39. There was no snow that winter, no sleighing. It was all wagon. One morning I thought I had sleighing enough to get a load over here and I loaded the sled and pulled out over there, and I got to this side of Avon and the snow just simply gave out. There wasn't any; it melted. And I struggled all day to get up there just about where Gil Price lives and ^{then} unhook, left my sled setting and went back and stayed all night with Dry Corey and got a team from him the next morning and come on and moved that rig on over here. Then I took a wagon for the balance of it. But there wasn't any snow. The ground didn't get white all winter but two or three days. Then the next winter it made up for it.

SAM: What about the fishin' up there when you were a kid?

G G: It was good; it was real good anyplace. You never got big fish, oh, sixteen, eighteen inches long, but they was. . . You got enough in a little while to have a good meal out of them. We used to go up to ~~Stychnine~~ and get in the crick and wade down to Laird Park and we'd get out and take her up the fish and three or four thimbleberry leaves and just make a mud ball ^{around} them, put em in the coals, put a spud in there with 'em alongside of 'em in the ashes, cover it up good, and an egg or two, you'd have a pretty good meal. In the afternoon, why, we'd probably fish on down to, oh a couple of miles. But we'd have nice messes. Steelheads mostly, they were about eight, ten inches long. I think they were steel heads, the meat was just yellow as salmon.

SAM: Had that country up in there been logged when you were a kid?

G G: No, they were logging it. No, they were logging it. Of course, they got down about around Harvard, they got pretty well done by about 1910 or '12. The Potlatch had pulled out of there and gone up

(End of Side B)

G G: Oh, Helmer, up in that area, Bovill. But there was always some logging going on. After we kids got a little size on us, why we used to saw during the summer for some of those little loggers around close, or drove team or whatever.

(End of Side B)

SAM: Did you ever run into much of those miners that were up back in that country?

G G: Hoodoos?

SAM: Yeah.

G G: Sure, sure. We'd loved em, us kids did (Chuckles). Steffens, Billy, Connors, Pete Doffner, Smith Jack Connors. We used to go up there and work ^{for} em, Lou Watson, do their assessment work for some of 'em, for

Lou Watson we did for several years. But they were all bachelors and they liked kids. And on Friday night after school we'd quite often go up there and stay Friday night, Saturday night, and then Sunday, walk back home. We had some good friends up there among them old fellows. They liked to see us kids comin' (Chuckles). And us kids liked to go.

SAM: They didn't mind having you around their diggin's and stuff like that?

G G: Oh, no. We didn't bother 'em. We soon learned that there were limitations of what privileges we had while we were visiting one of 'em but we'd just play around the woods or cut wood for 'em or if it looked like they had anything that needed to be done we'd do it, y'know, and they'd visit with us. And I think they enjoyed it; I know they did.

SAM: Thos^e guys must have been pretty lonely by themselves sometimes, being alone all the . . .

G G: It didn't bother them, that's the way they wanted it. No, they'd live there within a quarter of a mile or half mile of each other and wouldn't go in each other's cabins once a year, most of 'em. We used to get paid pretty good to take a team and wagon and take their groceries up to 'em once or twice a year. We used to do that with ^{Daffner}, and once or twice with Steffens. And for Lou Watson we used to have a regular run there. We'd have to go up there about ^{every} two or three weeks all summer, go up one day and back the next.

SAM: Is this your family?

G G: No, no, just one or two of us boys.

SAM: Where were they located, the miners that you're speaking of?

G G: Have you been up. . . ?

SAM: I know the area pretty well.

G G: You know where the north fork and the south fork of the Palouse fork up there?

SAM: Sure.

G G: Well, there was one below that fork about a half a mile, a *fella* by the name of Livingston. And then the rest of 'em were up the north fork, oh just back in there and they were about a mile. And then Steffens and Doffner and O'Connor, just scattered along.

SAM: Did they do very good up there, mining?

G G: *Doug Airsmith* told me one time that they took out six dollars a day while they could wash on their claim. There'd be two of them working. That was pretty good money then. The rest of 'em were alone, you didn't know what they did. They never tell you. They didn't leave any tremendous estates though, I know that.

SAM: Do you think, Glen, that there was a *real* kind of difference in the kind of people they were from the *settlers*, kind of people that settled and had farms? Were they a special breed?

G G: No, I don't think so. They just wanted to be independent of the rest of the world, and they sure as hell were. No, they weren't, they just didn't marry. That's about the only difference I can see in them. And there was *three* of 'em: John English and Jack Connor, Gene *Weedenthal* three of 'em got married. Livingston was married when he come in there. No, I don't think they were any different. I've seen the type right out in the heart of the wheat country. *Charlie Barquette* was one.

SAM: You've got to tell me what you mean by independent. I mean they didn't want to be messed with more than most people, is that. . .?

G G: Well, I think they had that but they didn't want to be dependent on anybody for anything. And I don't think they wanted anybody to be dependent on them from the way it worked out. They were nice old guys. Cranky sometimes and most of the time though. . .I'll tell you, ^{they were} cranky with each other, but I never seen a day when they weren't *friendly* with my brothers or I or our families when they happened to be up in that area, huckleberrying or fishing or something like that. Sometimes they'd go ^{out} with us and show us where the good patch or glad to see us, I think, acted ~~like~~ they were.

SAM: Some of those men stayed up in there for many years didn't they?

G G: Oh, yes. Oh, yes. They went in there young men and died up there. George and Bill *Duff* and John English, *Charlie* Wagner. They went in there young men and died up there.

SAM: Do you think they had among themselves many stories about hidden gold, lost mines?

GG: No, I dnn't. Well, there was a doctor in Palouse had a lost mine, a lost wheelbarrow mine up there, it would be the west side of Gold Hill. And he blew that up pretty big but actually it was just an abandoned mine and there was no great a lot of ore there. The Carricos and *Gilliams* and others were in there. There was lots of prospecting done, and that was for deep mines after the gold rush was over. You see, there was quite a little gold rush in that area at first. Then after the country was worked out there was some deep prospects went in: one on *Baby Grand* and the ^{*Mizpah*} and the *Gold Bug*. And the Carricos or whoever that Lost Wheelbarrow was, I don't remember, but they were deep. But they never had enough to justify their keeping going.

SAM: You knew Pennell didn't you?

G G: Um hum, you bet. ~~Real~~ well. He was the Gold Bug, yeah.

SAM: What's the deal on him? They say he had quite a bit of worthless mining stock that a lot of people bought. Nobody wants to admit they did buy it themselves but they say everybody else did.

G G: Well, the Gold Bug showed pretty good prospected to miners. I wouldn't know nothin' about it. But Ed. . . Well, there were quite a number involved in it. They actually believed in it. and they worked it for years. And when they'd get short of money they'd go out and sell stock. And they'd work that up and heat it up and go sell some more. But it never turned out. But the Northrops in ^{the} Gold Bug, they worked the same deal. They didn't have money enough to develop it but they had a faith that it was going to eventually turn good. And they'd work for years and get every dollar they could, sellin' stock or trading, dickering to keep going. Keep going down, down. But both of these places shipped ore and Mizpah, quite a bit. But they couldn't make it pay. It wasn't rich enough, too expensive to mine it perhaps. There's a man, works up in the Bunker Hill, Marvin Darrow. And he still has stock in the Mizpah and several claims in there on Poor Man Crick. He spent his life in mining, in the big mines up there and he's still got his confidence and faith in it. So, who knows. Someday they might. Marvin Darrow is a man that--I think he knows what he's talking about. He's not trying to sell me any or the fact is I don't think he would sell me any. But he gets all of it he can get his hands on. And there's others up there right in with him.

SAM: Mizpah, they probably took quite a bit of copper out of there, didn't they?

G G: Yeah. A fellah hauled that out with a six-horse team and wagon, trail wagon.

I don't think, I don't know, maybe they trucked some of it out,
but I think this was all done before there were trucks.

SAM: Oh Glen, what's the story that you know about that Duff-Wagner feud
in on the creek there?

G G: Well, I don't think anybody knows too much about that. But old Billy Duff
was sleeping soundly as could be and old Wagener, Charlie, come in and
opened the door and jumped on top of him, and he fired one shot down
alongside of his head and then started beatin' him with a pistol. No,
I don't know what caused that. I knew both of 'em, and I've talked to
both of 'em about it. I don't think they had had any argument before that.
I don't think they had any particular trouble. They never
neighbored. They lived adjoining. I can't see any justifiable reason
for it happenin' but that just what happened. And after he beat him a
little bit, why he got up off of him and went back outside and went
home. And I don't think ^{there} it was two words said the whole time he was
in there. And Duff swore out a warrant for him and had him arrested, and
^{they} had a trial over it. And Duff packed a pistol on his hip though from that
day till the day he died. He put that on the first thing when he got
up in the morning and he slept with it under his pillow. (Chuckles).
But they never had any more trouble, that was it.

SAM: Neither of them ever told you their side of it?

G G: Duff did. That's all the side of it that he had. Wagner wouldn't say very
much. He didn't say nothing of any consequence. He didn't want to talk
about it. Duff didn't mind. But that's just about all the story that
Duff told. Well, he liked to visit. He used to come and get me in my
team or my dad's team, whichever were available, every spring, and we'd
repair all the roads between where the highway is now--the Kinmans and

Colemans into the head of the road both on the heads of the Palouse River. And we'd grade that road with a little old horse grader that you could pretty near pick up and carry, four horses on it. I drove em. And we'd fix a culvert here, and maybe a ditch there, maybe take out a stump someplace but. But it generally took about ten, twelve days to repair that road ^{all up} real good. And I don't remember what I got in wages. Three or four dollar dollars a day I think for me and the team, pretty good stake.

SAM: Did the county pay for that?

G G: Um hum, um hum. Yeah, I had to walk down to Princeton to get my check for that. A fellah by the name of Hawkins was treasurer of the road district for a few years and then I think he died and a fellah by the name of Lanhart took it over then. But I know many times I've walked down from home to Princeton to get that check.

SAM: Just where was the homeplace from Harvard?

G G: You know when you're driving out going to Emida ?

SAM: Um hum.

G G: From the time you get to the store there at Harvard you go up quite a long grade there, just a slight low grade. When you get to the top of that you look straight east and my home, that's it. There's a white house and big barn, Jess Oiler's , down at the foot of the hill and my folks' place was back on top of the hill. August Carl MANSE and his mother own that now. There's just two farms in that area now where there used to be five. Two guys have got the whole country in there.

SAM: Was it a real community when you were growing up there?

G G: Yep, Harvard was a hub and ^{one} a pretty darn nice store, hotel, blacksmith shop, livery stable and an ice cream parlor. That was it. But it was a community center and about one or two nights a week there'd be something ^{going on something} social or. . . They had a good Grange, dances, parties, literaries. And we had the church in the schoolhouse until, gee, I believe it must have been pretty near 1925 or ^{such a matter} before they built a church up there. They were a religious community but they never had money enough to build a church, I guess. They always the schoolhouse.

SAM: Is the schoolhouse where the community get together were mostly?

G G: Well, ^{there} or the Grange Hall, yeah. No, that's the only two places there were: Grange and dances and parties, literary. There was always somethin'; they had a lot of good times there. No friction and they all enjoyed themselves. I don't think there was such a thing as jealousy or fiction in the entire neighborhood. For a Grange master they'd elect just about anybody, and always different ones, they're always satisfied with the way it went. And the church and the Sunday school was about the same way. ^I never ^{heard} any arguments or anything.

SAM: When they had parties would they mostly be like big feeds too?

G G: Oh yeah, sure, sure. Fourth of July and Lincoln's Birthday, Christmas. And ^{when} anything goin' on like that, didn't just a few go. Everybody in the neighborhood went. If there was good skating, and there used to be some tremendous skating. About six o'clock there'd be a hundred and fifty people skating around there, coming from every direction. And believe me the ^m people that grew up around the Great Lakes or up in Minnesota, those states--you talk about skaters. They don't have 'em any better than the shows they have there in Spokane.

SAM: Well, what would one be like? Everybody would skate till dark and then go in and have a big feed, that kind of thing?

G G: Oh, just about anything you could imagine. They might go and play games for a while.

SAM: Did they have those party games like "Skip to my Lou" and things like that?

G G: Sure. They had to think of something and they thought of everything. Crazy games, all kinds of--anything. "Spin the Platter" and what the heck, "Heavy, Heavy Hangs Over Your Head." You'd see a bunch of people of all ages playing these games that were invented for kids, I guess. But darnit, they had fun. Sleigh rides in the wintertime. I tried to get you to get Carl to tell you about a bunch of us sleigh ridin' one night. Did he tell you about having the chicken feed at the end of it?

SAM: You know, I can't remember now what it was that he said. . . .

(End of Side C)

SAM: . . .another story about stealin' chickens. I don't know.

G G: Well, I don't know. We'd been for sleigh ridin'. The road used to make a big loop around there below Harvard and come back by Kenneth Butterfield, Jim Cochran's old place. No, there was a crowd of us in the sled. There was probably a fourhorse team on it too. I don't remember. I think there was. And we took the sleigh bells off before we got to Jim's place and we slipped into his chickenhouse and took out half a dozen old hens, I guess and then went up and yelled out to him and he come to the door and we asked him if thought they'd be good enough for a chicken feed. He said he thought it would. Well, we told him we had some chickens and he said, "Well, put your goddamn horses in the barn and come on up."

And we had a load of people in the house and it filled it up till it was just about packed. The rest of us went and took care of our horses and he took the chickens in and we put on a party there that lasted just about all night. And the next day at noon when the train come in--everybody went to the store at noon and post office for the mail. That was just in the wintertime. They'd have a big blowout there. Well, here come Jim walkin' in and he looked at Carl and any of the rest of 'em that was around there and he says, "I'll be goddamned if you guys didn't get the only white hen I had." He thought we had ^{stol}en chickens someplace else and brought 'em and had a feed, but it was his.

SAM: He took it though.

G G: Oh, sure. He was good-natured. He didn't care. He had as much fun out of it as we did.

SAM: Besides you got some chickens.

G G: Yeah.

SAM: Every^{body} ^{went} down at the store at noon??

G G: Yeah, the train came in at twelve o'clock and by golly everybody had somebody in the family in there at noon to get the paper and mail. And they'd have a big talkfest there for about an hour, all take off for home. And then ^{o^} Saturday, quite a crowd in there. The whole family would come in that day in the wintertime. Summertime the mail could pile up; they didn't give a darn about it. But in the wintertime they had to have that paper. They'd get the Palouse Republic, that was for sure. If they were real ^{stakey} they got the Spokane-Review twice a week. We used to sit there around that stove and listen to them old fellows and my dad and all of his neighbors, straighten out the conditions all over

the United States just as we straighten 'em out now.

SAM: I wonder how much the problems looked the same then as they do now or if they were just altogether different.

G G: Well, they were different. They didn't have the volume they have now, but the similarity was there. They haven't changed a great deal. They revolved around the political then just involved chicken feed to what they do now. And of course they had to solve all these pros and cons for everybody that was running for office. The price of wheat and the WAR NEWS, JUST THE SAME AS IT IS ^{Now}. Only thing is now, you see one or two guys at a time. They used to get in there, ten or fifteen of 'em. I don't see how they got so much to talk about out of them two little papers, but they did. And now we got the television, radio, papers. Don't seem to cover it any better. But I do think the things that they cover now are more disgusting, discouragin^g and disturbing than they were then. But they had the trend, they were similar.

SAM: What do you think they thought about prohibition? That always seemed like such a dumb one to me. ^{GG:} That never affected that area up there very much. Their dances was seldom if ever anybody took a bottle to them. And there were, I think there were two stills in the area but their market was outside of the area. But they never got excited. There wasn't a drinking crowd up there. ^{There WAS A few of 'em would take a drink.} Most any of 'em. They might make some wine but they didn't take it very seriously. There were no serious drinkers up there. But you go down to Potlatch and that's ^{That was different.} changed. ^{They were pretty} serious about it down there. But anyway, there was two stills in that country up there. And I don't think there ever was any more. If there

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+ the rest of

had a been I'd a known about it. But ye gods around Potlatch and
Latah County there was one in almost every section. Once in a great while
one of us kids would get ahold of a pop bottle ^{full} of White Mule

And probably about fifteen or twenty of us would smell
the cork and be drunker than hell but that's about all it amounted to.

(Break). . . community up there. It just a hundred percent.

SAM: What about young people goin' together? Many marriages come out of the
young people in the community, meetin' each other up there?

G G: Yeah, sure. Most ^{of} 'em married right around the community there. A few of us
~~didn't~~. I went ^{clear} down to Potlatch. Most of 'em got their girls ^{closer}
to home. A lot of rivalry, some friction, a few fights, but not too
many. No, there were many, many, many of them people around there.
Emmett, Cochrans, Canfields. Oh heck, that's most of 'em. Ninety percent
of 'em would just marry right in the neighborhood.

SAM: What was courting like in those days?

G G: Well, I think it was just about the same as it is now ^{only} they either walked
or drove a ^{team} and buggy. Went to dances, shows, picnics, whatever.
Church, mostly, that was important. Church was important too. That's
where all the big girls went so ^{all} the big boys did too. I don't think that's
changed too much. The means of transportation, that's ^{about} all, and the cost.
It used to cost four bits to take a girl out ^{for a night's} entertainment, but
now they say it takes fifty dollars. I don't know.

SAM: They don't shivaree any more.

G G: Well, that's too bad. Boy, they sure shivareed us. They damn near tore
our house down. It was just an ~~old~~ tarpaper shack but I thought they
were gonna tear it down. I had a bucket of milk, I just got through milking.

And it was set on a drain board. I hadn't skimmed it yet. It was about three gallons of it. And a couple of guys got back behind that with a fencepost and banging on the wall. And they tipped that bucket of milk over on the kitchen floor. And Agnes and I had seen them coming; we weren't in the house. We were out with the shivaree crowd and they didn't know it. We were just a-shivareeing Glen and Agnes to beat the band but when they tipped our bucket of milk over on the floor, well the whole crowd tripped right in, waded through it. Yeah put in an evening, y'know, havin' a lot of fun. But the house was a mess. Three gallons of milk goes quite a ways mixed with some mud. But they all met up down at the highway, I guess, I don't know, but anyway we seen 'em coming and we went outside and hid ^{and} ~~outside~~ when they come up in the yard we just mixed right in with ~~em~~. It was dark, they couldn't tell the difference. And we were just a-shivareein to beat the band. Well, that was a part of it.

SAM: Yeah, it seems like a good custom to me.

G G: And then they had their showers for the kids. Oh, I don't know. They had fun. They worked hard. They were honest, conscientious. I didn't know anybody on the Palouse River that wasn't *admirable.*

SAM: That speaks real highly of people.

G G: Yes, that's the way they were. We Palousers see each other now from Lewiston to Spokane or wherever we're scattered, about two or three times a year I believe one of 'em tells me or tells my friends that are with me, "Don't ever believe that fellah. He'd drink a drink out of that Palouse River and anybody that drinks out of the Palouse

River'll never tell the truth again. And by golly if a man 1-29
give you his word up there, I'll tell you, you could take it.
If it was for a dollar or a thousand or whatever it was, you
wouldn't need a note.

SAM: I suppose I should be gettin' goin'.

Transcribed and typed by Kathy Blanton