

DELLA BEARDSLEY JOHNSON

Interviewed by:

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Oral History Project

Latah County Museum Society

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# I. Index

## DELLA BEARDSLEY JOHNSON

Moscow; b. 1887

dress maker; farmwife

1 hour

minute page

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with Rob Moore  
December 13, 1973

## II. Transcript

Della Beardsley Johnson was born in California and at the age of sixteen went with her mother and sister on an overland journey to Moscow, driving a herd of loose horses to sell in Idaho. On this tape she recounts that adventurous trip, tells about the early Moscow community, the burning of the University, life on the farm, and having an accident while learning to drive.

ROB MOORE: Were there other people who had other kinds of carts or was there just this popcorn guy?

DELLA BEARDSLEY JOHNSON: No, it was just this popcorn man. He had been using my butter for quite a while, getting it at the store. So he told me he said,

"You just let me have all the butter you can make." He says, "You don't even have to roll it in those little pound rolls" he says, "you just pack it in crocks or anything like that." That's the way he wanted it. So I sold it to him until we got so we sold cream.

ROB: How much would you sell him? How much butter did you produce?

DBJ: Well, I'd sell him about 25 pounds a week.

ROB: Did he pop the popcorn in the butter too, in addition to spreading it on top?

DBJ: Um-huh.

ROB: How long was he around there, how long did he do this?

DBJ: Oh, quite a while. 'Course I don't remember the dates and everything now.

My memory isn't as good as it used to be. Anyway that's a long time ago.

ROB: What was the business district of Moscow like in the early days?

DBJ: Oh, in the early days...I don't know. I know we were married in '13 and we had to have four horses on a wagon to go in and get our little dab of furniture that we bought there at Williamson's. And one of the horses was just a colt and it wasn't used to city life I guess, such as it was. So this Williamson wanted my husband to drive up Main Street, and he (my husband) wanted to take a back street and come in the back part of the store. He wanted him to come up main street because he thought that would advertise his...

ROB: Ohhh.

DBJ: ...his store. And the colt got frightened at something and they had a



runaway right there on Main Street and got one horse down and dragged him a ways. And finally with the policeman and everybody and they got 'em stopped. But it took four horses on the wagon. We didn't have a very big load either, course we were just starting out and doing with as little as we could. And they finally got loaded up, and started out home. Why I'll tell you the roads were something terrible. Right there on Main Street it was just nothing but mud.

ROB: Ohhh. It took four horses because the wagon sank so deep?

DBJ: Um-hm. We didn't have all these highways and blacktops and everything like they have nowadays. Well, that was in '13. So...

ROB: Around that time were there a lot of stores in Moscow?

DBJ: Not too many. No.

ROB: There would just be one store of each type, like one hardware, and one furniture or...

DBJ: Mostly that. One hospital. It was kind of a one-sided town. (Chuckles)

ROB: How often did you go into Moscow from the farm?

DBJ: Well, in those days we had to travel with horses so we didn't go very often, not any oftener than we had to. Oh it was quite a while. It must have been four years before we finally got our first Ford.

ROB: I bet that was really an experience.

DBJ: Yeh, it really was. I never will forget it because my husband, he took the wheel. He thought he knew just how to drive it and everything. And he picked out the crookedest road in the neighborhood. (Laughs) And I'll tell you I was hanging on the back there. I was in the back seat, and I was hanging on with both hands. He'd go around those turns and he'd never slow down or anything. I just wondered when we'd go over.

ROB: Do you think he knew where the brake was?

DBJ: Oh, I guess he did know where the brake was. But I don't know. It was

a wild ride believe me.

ROB: There's an old story about a guy who got his first car. An old Ford. He was driving along and came to a corner and wanted to stop and didn't know how. And he gripped onto the wheel and he stomped both feet down and he said "Whoa." And when he stomped his feet down he hit the gas pedal.

DBJ: Well, that's the way I did with our Chevrolet. We finally got rid of the Ford, and we got a Chevrolet. And I kept after my husband to show me how to run it, 'cause I thought...well it's quite necessary, I think, especially when you're out in the country that way. You might need to know how to run it just real sudden sometime. And he said,

"well no" he says " No I don't think I'll show you how to run this because" he says "I don't intend to keep it. I don't like it and I don't think I'll keep it very long." And so my brother-in-law was visiting me and he said,

"well" he says "Della you should learn to run that car." And well, I told him what Harry had said, that he was going to trade it in. "Well" he says "I think you should learn to run it because then you can run the next car, too."

So I started out from home and I had a terrible headache that day and I shouldn't even taken ahold of a wheel, but he was going to leave the next day. So he wanted me to be sure and run that car before he left. And we got started down the road and then we had to make a kind of a...Oh it was quite a little steep hill. And there was some cows laying down, you know how they'll lay down right in the middle of the road where it's soft.

(Laughs) And they were laying down right there in the middle of the road. Well, I didn't know how to stop it or anything. So I jumped the bank, went up into the stubble field. It was after harvest. I went up into the stubble field. I took out two posts (laugh) and tore one of the doors off, the back

door. But that's the only mark that was on the car was those screws just pulled out. And so he helped me get it back down in the road. Didn't tip over, it was right side up still. Got down in the road, I drove it down to the mailbox, that was about a mile away. And drove it back in and everything. I was so mad at that car I think I could have driven it anyway. (Laughs)  
 And my sister she said,

"Well what in the world did you let her have that accident like that," she says "it'll bother her now about driving all the time." Well he says,

"She did it so quickly," he says "I didn't know what to do."

So I asked my husband if I could run it around in the flat. We had a big flat pasture there. And I said,

"I can run it around in there and if I don't know how to stop it I'll just run it until the oil runs out." (Laughs)

And "No," he says "you mustn't take it out, you mustn't take it out unless I'm here." And so I told my mother, she was living with me then, I said,

"I've a notion to take that car out anyway because I know I can drive it now." It had a real good book of directions with it and I had studied those so thoroughly. I says, "I know I'll never make that mistake again." So she says,

"Well, as long as he told you not to, I don't think I would."

And then later he did trade it in for a Chevrolet. He came home one day and he was in an awful hurry to go to town. Broke down something and he wanted to get some repairs and wanted 'em in a hurry. And he went down and he worked, and he worked and he worked in the garage with that car and he couldn't get it out to save his life. My mother was watching him out the window and she said,

"Well, he evidently can't get that car started, there's something wrong."

Well, he came up finally to the house, he says,

"Do you suppose you can get that car out of the garage?"

ROB: He knew you'd been studying, huh?

DBJ: Uh-uh. And I says, "Yes, I know I can," just as confident as I could be.

And he says, "well I wish you would then." So I went down and got it out just as slick as could be, and then I turned the wheel over to him. That was the last of my experience with a car. I never learned to drive.

ROB: Really? It sounds like you have a natural talent for it, though.

DBJ: Well, I don't know. I never will forget that experience because he was so confident that he could run that car out. And he found out that he couldn't, so he had to call on me then to get the car out of the garage ~~s~~ (laughs) so he could go to town. But I never drove the car again or any (car). Course we had different cars after that. But that was my last experience. But when he finally said that he was going to trade in that Ford and get something else, why I thought he never had noticed that I'd had an accident with it or anything. And so I thought it over quite a bit, and I thought well maybe I should tell him before he trades it in because maybe a mechanic or somebody...

ROB: You put the door back on?

DBJ: Yea, we got some longer screws and put the door back on. Then there was just a few scratches down inside the whatchacallit, the fender, and that was the only thing that showed about it. And so I told him about it and he looked at it. Well, he says, "I never would have found that, I never would have known." If I hadn't had told him he never would have known that I had an accident with the car.

What I should have done was gone ahead then, after I had that accident and after studying those directions thoroughly, was to just gone ahead and driven.

ROB: Uh-hm.

DBJ: Because I was so confident then that I could do it. But then he kept changing cars and getting different cars. So I gave up the idea.

ROB: Well, before you had the cars you'd gained a lot of experience with horses hadn't you?

DBJ: Oh yes. Yes, I lived on the back of a horse from the time I was six years old, til we came up here.

ROB: You spent quite a bit of time on the back of a horse coming up here too, didn't you?

DBJ: Oh yes. Yes, we drove loose horses all the way from California up here.

ROB: Where in California?

DBJ: Oh up in the northeast corner, Modell County. We came through Lakeview, Baker...

ROB: What kind of trip was that? How did that trip go?

DBJ: Well, it was a rough trip. I wouldn't want to go through it again. Because it was really a pioneer trip. It was awful hard on my mother. Her brother was going to come up with her and then he backed out the last minute. Well, then she had to hurry up and get some man. The man that was recommended to her drank, but they said that he had given his word that he wouldn't drink any on the way. He was a good driver, good with horses, and all that, so we made it. After we got to Moscow, why he sure tanked up quite a bit (laughs).

ROB: What kind of things happened along the trip? Did you always manage to keep the horses under control or did you ever have trouble with them or anything?

DBJ: Oh no we had pretty good luck with them. But they had never been on a ferry boat before and we had to ferry two rivers. And this one down here between Anatone...you know down in there.

ROB: The Grand Ronde?

DBJ: Grand Ronde. And there they broke back. They made us get off of our horses and just hold the reins and not be mounted on 'cause it was too dangerous at that time. So they got excited, the loose horses got excited and the first thing they knew they broke the barrier down and got back on the land. And then we had to chase 'em so far before we could get around 'em because...I don't know whether you know the way those highways are now, but course they're a lot better now than they were then. But it was right along the river, just a steep sidehill up above and the river down below. And when we got back my mother was just in hysterics. She just was sure those horses had pushed us off of the grade and into the river. She just couldn't get it out of her head that anything else could possibly happen.

ROB: That was you and your sister who went chasing after them?

DBJ: Um-huh. Yea.

ROB: How old were you on this trip?

DBJ: Well, I was sixteen and she was twelve.

ROB: How many horses were you driving?

DBJ: Well, we had four horses on the wagon, two horses on the hack and then we had our saddle horses. And then we had, I don't know, 6 or 8 loose horses.

ROB: Were they all riding horses or were some of the loose horses...

DBJ: No, some of them were work horses. And coming up that grade out of the Grand Ronde River. They kept horses down there just to help immigrants up the grade. And so mother inquired about the price and she says

"Well I just can't afford that." And he says,

"Well you'll never make it with the horses that you have."

"Well," she says, "We'll have to try it. Because" she says, "I can't afford your prices." So we started up the hill and we wore out every horse we had on that grade coming up out of the Grand Ronde. And then that night

it rained, oh it rained something terrible! There was a couple of friends that we knew real well. Man and his son that had...I've forgotten just where we'd picked them up. But anyway, they traveled with us for quite a ways. And then when we got there at the Grand Ronde River why they decided they would go one way, take one road and we'd go another. (Heppner) I think was the name of the road where they wanted to go through (Heppner). And that night they camped just out of (Heppner) and they had that awful big flood there. So many people were drowned. They went in in the morning and helped take out a lot of bodies that were drowned in the (Heppner) flood. So we thought we were lucky that we didn't go with them. Because we could have gone around that way but we just thought if we could get up that hill it would make it shorter to Moscow. So we finally made it but every horse we had was just completely worn out.

ROB: Did you make it all the way to the top in one day?

DBJ: Yeh, we made it. But then when we got here to Lewiston why there was a toll bridge across the Clearwater, and I think there was a ferry that crossed the Clearwater up above too. But we decided, with the experience that we had on the ferries and all that, maybe we'd better try the toll bridge. And that fellow he just took advantage of my mother. He just charged her an awful price because he thought she was a woman and an immigrant. So we paid an awful toll to get across there but we got across and then we got here to Lewiston we had to ferry again to get across the Clearwater. There was no bridges.

ROB: Across the Snake you mean.

DBJ: No the Clearwater.

ROB: The toll bridge was across the Snake?

DBJ: Yea.

ROB: Oh I see.

DBJ: So we camped over there where the roundup grounds are that night. Then it took us all the next day to get up the grade and get to Moscow. We had a little better luck crossing the Clearwater. But I know we had quite a time my sister and I. When we would go through a town or knew we were going through a town of any size, why we would both ride and drive the horses, keep the horses together and drive them across. We knew we were going through Lewiston. Why, that was supposed to be a pretty big town then. So we both rode and we had quite a time keeping them off of the lawns everywhere. They were always where they shouldn't be. But we finally made it. Then when we got up here, it took us so long on the road and everything that when we got up here the market had gone out of horses and we just almost had to give them away. So we would have been ahead I guess to just have gotten rid of them there. But there was no market for them there in California. Everybody had their own horses, raised their own horses. Well, I don't know. It was a terrible trip. I wouldn't want to go through it again.

ROB: How did you eat and where did you sleep on the trip?

DBJ: Well, we had a tent and we put that up every night. I don't know how we would have stood that awful rain we had at Anatone if it hadn't been for that tent. That tent protected us and we had a cupboard built in the back end of the big wagon. And all of our dishes and supplies and everything in that. Then it had a trap door that let down and a leg on it and so that served as our table. And mother had a little sheet iron stove and my, she used to bake the best biscuits and everything on that little stove. It might have been just because we were out in the open and traveling that it tasted so good but it did taste so good.

ROB: When you look back on it now, you say it was a terrible trip. When you were doing it did you kind of enjoy being out and moving along like that?



DBJ: Well, I think we girls probably enjoyed it more than mother did. Mother worried so much about everything and it was a hard trip on her.

ROB: Well, she had the responsibility.

DBJ: Yea. But I think if her brother had come with us like he planned on doing, that it would have made quite a bit of difference. But having this other man with us, and as I say when we crossed the ferry here on the Clearwater why mother told the ferryman what they had charged her to cross the toll bridge. And oh he was just furious. He says, "That's just awful." And so he wanted her to go back with him. He'd take her back over there and make that toll bridge man divvy up because he had overcharged her. But "oh" she says, "I'm so tired, I'm so near the end of my trip" she says "I just don't feel like I could put up with any more." So she didn't go back and argue with him. But he was just furious about it.

ROB: How long did the trip take you?

DBJ: It took us a month.

ROB: When you arrived in Moscow where did you settle, where did you have to go?

DBJ: Well, after we sold the horses, we sold them here and there and every where, and of course so many of the farmers up around Moscow turned their horses out to strawstacks in the wintertime. And our horses were all used to nice timothy hay. So I guess some of them they couldn't get used to that. We went to an uncle's there. Mother's sister and mother's mother lived there. Then she had a brother that lived in Moscow. But we went to this sister's until we disposed of the horses and then we bought a little home up on Spotswood Street. So we lived there then until my sister and I were married there.

ROB: At that house?

DBJ: Uh-hm.

ROB: What did your mother do to support her family?

DBJ: Well, she was a practical nurse. So she did nursing, but she was sick an awful lot. She had gallstone trouble and she was sick an awful lot. And the doctors, they made a awful mistake in her case because they said they operated on her and they found that the gallbladder was just obliterated and couldn't even find gallstones or anything. But we found out later on that that was all a mistake. She finally died of gallstones.

ROB: Wasn't it a pretty hard life on a woman alone in a pioneer type town?

DBJ: Oh yea. That's one reason why we left there. The neighbors were all so good. They rounded up the cattle, and of course cattle were a fair price...

ROB: Why you left California?

DBJ: Um-huh. So we sold those. The neighbors were real good to help her and everything, but still they have their own work to do and you can't expect them...course they were quite a ways apart too. It was kind of hard for us.

(End of Side A)

ROB: Was it more pioneering in California than it was here? Was it a further isolated kind of place?

DBJ: Well, yes it was pioneering there too. We didn't have telephones, and we didn't have...our nearest doctor was 37 miles. The only way you could go back and forth was horseback. We didn't even have roads or anything. Only just mere trails so...

ROB: Why did your mother decide to move to Idaho? Why did she pick Idaho?

DBJ: Well, because her folks were up here. So many of her folks. She had a brother down near Juliaetta on Fix Ridge. And she had a brother in Spokane, and then she had this brother in Moscow, and a sister and her mother were in Moscow. So her family were practically out here, all that had come west.

ROB: Had they gone to California and then come back, or settled in here to begin with?

DBJ: Well, some of them. My brother that was in Moscow was in California awhile then he came back here. Settled here. So that's a long story and it's sure a pioneer story. (Laughs)

ROB: What kind of difficulties do you think your mother had that a woman with a husband wouldn't have in a pioneer society, in the kind of society that Moscow was in the early days? What kind of things did she have to do extra?

DBJ: Well, I don't know, really, what you mean.

ROB: Well, I was just thinking I can kinda see how it would be very hard for a woman alone, raising a family, in a pioneer situation. And I wonder if you can think of any examples of things she would have to do. Do you think she would have to work a lot harder than most people?

DBJ: Oh, yes. My mother always had to work hard. She didn't have very much to do with. That's why we tried to bring the horses up here. She thought she could get more for them. And of course my father I don't know how much of this I should tell. He just left home. And left her with two girls. And we didn't even know he was thinking about going or anything. He just got on his horse and rode off one day and we never saw him again. Well, there was a red-headed schoolmarm mixed up with it. But mother worked awfully hard. She did nursing when she was well enough so she could. Why and then managing everything the best she could. She was bound and determined she wasn't going to spend anything that was left to her. Her share of the property and everything. So she did work awfully hard. She was a wonderful mother.

ROB: Did you girls work too, to try and help out?

DBJ: Oh yes we did, and I went to school. I went to the University almost four years. Then the University burned down just before the last term that I went. So, I thought I'd go back when they got things straightened out again, I'd go back and finish up. But I started working for a dressmaker in

Moscow and she taught me sewing. She took students. Anybody that she could get along with. So many of them said, "How in the world do you do it? We couldn't get along with her at all." And I said, "Well I don't know." We always got along just fine. I got started in the dressmaking that way and I graduated from the course. And then I got to sewing on my own, because mother was sick so much. I could be at home with her and still I could carry on this sewing. But I got this sewing to going so strenuous that it was I think...that was one thing my husband always said, "Well, I rescued you just in time." (Laughs) My sister worked in the laundry up there too quite a bit, during vacations. But I thought well afterwards I got to thinking about it and I thought well, maybe it's more necessary to keep her in school then to go back and try to finish up myself. And I'm glad that I did because I think it was the best way.

ROB: What was this dressmaking woman that taught you dressmaking, what was her name?

DBJ: Well, it just slips my mind right now.

ROB: Okay, we'll come back to it. The other question I had was...when the University burned did they just close down the school completely?

DBJ: Oh, no. They had kind of divided us up. So that was another thing that was awfully hard on me too. I'd have one subject up at the...well, they sent part of them to the gymnasium that was just a new building then. So I'd have to go there one period, and then to the Carnegie Library and that was clear across town and I just couldn't make it. And of course we lived on Spotswood Street and that was clear across town. So I just decided that I just couldn't make it. So I thought well, it's better to keep my sister in school than it was to keep me. Mother was having an awful struggle to keep us in school anyway so...

ROB: How old were you when you married?

DBJ: I was 26 when I got married.

ROB: As soon as you got married you moved out to the farm outside of Johnson?

DBJ: Well, we lived on Harry's sister's farm at first. That's six miles from Moscow. And then later we started paying for our own farm. And that made us a little farther. We were really closer to Pullman but still farther from Moscow.

ROB: What was life like on the farm in the early days?

DBJ: Well, we sure didn't have the conveniences that you have nowadays. We didn't have electric lights, we didn't have telephones or automobiles or anything like that. We farmed with horses, we started in with horses and so it was quite different than it is nowadays. Nowadays the farmers have so many conveniences. I know that our farm has been improved. My nephew is living on it and he has more time for other things.

ROB: What was the farmwife's day like? What kind of things would she have to do to keep her house running? I have a pretty good idea of what the farmers did, but I don't know much about what the farmwives did.

DBJ: Oh well, we always had lots of cooking to do. Because we had to have lots more hired help then than they do now with this modern machinery. And I worked outside an awful lot. I planted all kinds of berry bushes, gathered the fruit, sent it to town and...

ROB: What time would you get up in the morning to start cooking breakfast for all the hands and your husband and the kids?

DBJ: Oh, I'd have to get up about 5:30 or around there.

ROB: How many meals a day did you have to cook for everybody?

DBJ: Well, three. And then sometimes luncheons if they were working in the field away from home. We rented quite a bit of land too. So sometimes they'd be quite a little ways from home.

ROB: Was everybody usually a pretty big eater?

DBJ: Oh my, you couldn't fill them up. (Laughs) Especially in haying time when there'd be so many young fellas, you know. My it seemed like you just couldn't hardly fill them up. I know one time my husband's father told my mother he said "I was just a little bit dubious of Harry marrying a city girl." But he says "she's alright." (Laughs)

ROB: 'Cause you could keep up with their eating there?

DBJ: Well, I could keep up with the eating. And then I raised most of the garden. I did most of the garden work and I had a lot of chickens. That was quite a chore. Gathering up eggs, they'd be laying everywhere. So you can always find something to do. I was always the first one up in the morning, and the last one to bed at night. But those were good old days. It's very different from what they have nowadays but still I think those was the happiest days we had.

ROB: What kind of things would you do in the odd moments where you might have a little time to spare, felt like some entertainment or something like that. What kind of things would you do?

DBJ: Well we never had any odd times. (Laughs) Well, when we did why it would be in the evening. We'd go to Grange or something like that.

ROB: What was the Grange like in the early days?

DBJ: Well, I don't know it was just a get-together and the neighbors neighbored together. It was a lot different than it is nowadays. It just seemed like people were thinking about each other. Nowadays they all think for themselves.

ROB: In the wintertime, when when your work was a little slower, would you get to get around and do quite a bit of visiting and socializing and stuff?

DBJ: Oh yes, we'd go out. We'd have people, neighbors at our house for dinner on Sundays, and we'd go to their house on Sundays. We'd go to Grange on

Saturday nights.

ROB: Did the Grange have parties after the meetings?

DBJ: Oh yes. They'd have dances and different things. Mostly dances.

ROB: Did you get shivareed when you got married?

DBJ: Yes, oh yes.

ROB: What did they do to you?

DBJ: (Laughs) Well, for one thing we had gotten a buggy. We had to have some way some way that I could go back and forth to town because my husband couldn't always go when I did. And so I bought the buggy and (my mother) gave me a horse, bought the horse for me, and I used to go back and forth to town. After they shivareed us, why we went out and that buggy was up on the fence. We wondered quite awhile how we was going to get it down, because this fence around the house was flat on top. It had a flat board on the top and it was balanced up there. (Laughs)

ROB: What was the idea? How did shivaree get started or what was the idea of a shivaree?

DBJ: Well, I don't know. I don't know really. They didn't have shivaree on us til we'd been married several weeks and so we just kinda forgot about it and then they came one night when we weren't looking for it. I guess the worse thing they did was put that buggy up where we wondered how we was going to get it down.

ROB: Didn't they make a lot of noise too and try to disturb you and everything?

DBJ: Yes. They had all kinds of tinware to pound on.

ROB: Did you have them in then, or did you leave them outside until they finally went away?

DBJ: Well, we had them in. We told them that we had waited so long our treats were gone. But we made out some way. They had been to one other place that night. I guess they were treated there too. So they didn't care too much

whether they had any more treats or not. I guess they decided they'd do the two at one time. In those days when you had to travel with horse and buggy, why it was kind of a slow process anyway.

ROB: Did most everybody get a shivaree when they got married?

OBJ: Oh yeah.

ROB: Did that happen in the towns too or just in the country?

OBJ: No, I think it happened in towns too before they got too thickly settled.

ROB: When you were making butter, how did you make butter? What kind of things did you use to make the butter?

OBJ: Well, I had this little churn that you turned by crank. Then my uncle, he was cabinet maker and he lived with us quite a bit, he made me a little butter worker. It come to the point like this and was wider up here.

ROB: Kind of a wedge-shaped thing?

OBJ: Uh-hm. And then the third leg down there was a little shorter so that the brine would run down and run out through a little hole in there. He made, well I don't know what you call them now. Anyway, it was a little lever that worked back and forth over the butter. Squeezed the brine out, the extra brine.

ROB: Did you make your own soap and stuff like that too?

OBJ: Oh yes.

ROB: How is soap made?

OBJ: Well, it's kind of complicated to...I don't know.

ROB: Would it take a long time to make a batch of soap?

OBJ: It would take quite a little while. It'd take...well after you got it all made why then you had to let it cure for several days and then you could cut it into bars.

ROB: Would one batch last you quite awhile?

OBJ: Oh yes, it would last quite awhile.



ROB: As I understand it, there were two different kinds of developments with thrashing crews. They first ate in the farms and after that they had their own cook-wagon. Did you ever cook for a thrashing crew. I mean...

DBJ: No. But my mother did when she first came here. She went with a cook wagon for a I think it was three years. She made her own bread and her own pies and her own cookies and everything. And lots of times (we didn't have decent roads then or anything going over the hills) why she'd have to hold that bread in her hands to keep it from spilling out.

ROB: She had to cook as they traveled in addition to cooking when they were stopped?

DBJ: Well, no. She wouldn't try to bake anything or anything like that. But she would have to hold this bread to keep it from tipping over. But she worked awfully hard at it, I'll tell ya.

ROB: Did you cook for any thrashing crews that came to your farm or did they all bring cook-wagons?

DBJ: No, we always had a combine. Harry's father had a combine. So they would harvest for him and then harvest for us too. And then we had I think it was 20 head of horses on a combine. So we'd use his father's horses and his horses. That way they got their combining done.

ROB: Did you usually keep a lot of stock at one time?

DBJ: Well, we kept quite a few and then we had to keep lots of horses cause they did all their farming with horses.

ROB: Did you have riding horses also?

DBJ: Oh no we didn't. Oh after I got here to this country why we kind of quit riding. 'Course there in California where we lived there was no boys in the family. So we had to ride a lot there. And bring in stock and different things. I never will forget what a hard time we had. My sister and I, we were sent out to get some of our horses that were mixed with other horses,

and if you ever have any experience of that kind you never forget it. Because it's just almost impossible to separate them, you know. We finally did, we finally got them separated and got our own home.

ROB: Would you have to rope them out or just try to cut them out?

DBJ: Just cut them out. Sometimes you didn't know whether you were going to stay on your horse or not. The horses would know which way they were going to turn, but you wouldn't.

ROB: Huh.

DBJ: So we used to do lots of riding. I had a little brother but he died before I was born, so I never saw him.

ROB: This seamstress that you knew in Moscow, when was it that you were working with here? About when would that be? You were married in 1913 you say?

DBJ: Uh-hm.

ROB: So it would be 1908, 1909 somewhere around there?

DBJ: Somewhere long there.

ROB: Around that time, I don't recall if it was a seamstress or a hatmaker, but she went up and homesteaded up out north and east of the Bovill country. Would that happen to be the same woman? There was quite a long story written about her.

DBJ: I wouldn't be the same woman because this dressmaker, she had a little notion shop too in connection with here. So she was in Moscow for years. I can't think what her name was now. She was an old maid, she never had married. And afterwards she came down here to Clarkston. Bought a little place down there and then she went to northern California near Mt. Shasta, somewhere in there. I wish I could think of her name.

ROB: It's not particularly important. Was Moscow a pretty peaceful little town in those days?

DBJ: Oh, it wasn't too bad.

ROB: It was the kind of place that you could feel pretty safe walking around...

DBJ: Oh yeh, I think so.

ROB: ...and not be bothered.

DBJ: I think it was awhile lot safer than it is now. (Laughs) Most any of these towns nowadays, I don't know if you're safe in them or not.

ROB: I know during Prohibition some of the smaller towns around the county got to be fairly rowdy. Did Moscow stay pretty quiet or did it also...

DBJ: Oh, I don't think it was too bad. I don't remember that it was unusual.

Transcribed by Sherrie Fields

Typed by Sherrie Fields