

AGNES HEALY JONES
First Interview

Interviewed by:
Rob Moore

I. Index

II. Transcript

I. Index

AGNES HEALY JONES

Genesee

granddaughter of John Tierney,
first Latah County settler

1.75 hours

minute page

Side A

00	1	Introduction.
01	1	"Turkey In The Straw" played on the harmonium. Recitation of printed story about Annie Maria Haley, born October 1871 in Thorn Creek, first white girl born in county. Relationship with Indians. Thorn Creek P.O. Joseph War. Foodstuffs. Early Genesee.
09	3	Recitation of story about Dan Haley. Going to mountains for fence rails. 1886 railroad arrives in Genesee and Genesee moves.
14	7	Story about Tom Tierney. Thorn Creek gets its name. Tierney builds 'hide-out' from Indians. 1882, daughter Annie goes to DeSmet Mission. Fixing up the home- stead.
18	9	Thorn Creek ran year-around. Camas. Breaking sod with walking plow. To town once a year for winter supplies. Horse-trading with Indians. Pony Express rider in Colorado. Tierneys move to Moscow in 1901.
27	16	Dan Haley, an Irishman. Grass hay for beds. \$5.50 per week at Grand Central Hotel. Early Genesee businesses. Stagecoach.
29	16	Tierneys leave Denmark.

Side B

00	18	Newspaper account of John Tierney.
04	19	Tierney's youngest son dies on Bataan march.
07	20	Fr. Cataldo used to stop over at Tierney's. Helped organize St. Boniface parish. Mrs. Jones' mother went to DeSmet mission at urging of Fr. Cataldo. Henry Spaulding brother-in-law to Felix Warren. Cataldo and DeSmet contributed to building-up of community.
10	22	Keeping door locked because of Indians. Indian atrocities during war. Indians fishing on the Snake. Healing burns with coyote tallow.

Agnes Jones

minute page

Side B (continued)

13	24	Mother married before she was 16. Father breaks leg and has to have it amputated. Hogs go down to 1½¢ a pound. Hard work and hogs keep him from going under during 1893 depression. Curing hams. Baumberg's fine bologna.
17	26	Harvesting wheat with scythe ^{and} Cradle. First thrashing machines known as "coffee mills."
19	27	"Wild Davey" Brannon used to work for Tierney's. Wild Davey and the Sandpoint banker.
21	29	Pet pigs. Raising geese.
23	31	Early Genesee, small farms. Uncle's prophecy about airplanes, degeneration of farm soil.
28	33	Newspaper story about Latah County pioneers.

Side C

00	37	Introduction.
01	37	Cooking for thrashing crew.
03	38	Characters of the men on the thrashing crews. Selling dressed chickens and eggs; trading for merchandise.
06	39	Relationship with Indians. Huckleberry picking. Churches in Genesee. Childhood in Genesee.
11	42	Tierney's settled near Genesee because country was so open. Early socializing.
17	45	Hauling timber from the mountains for settler's cabins.
19	47	1893 Wet harvest. Turning hogs into the wheat stacks to recoup the loss.
20	48	Fights. Men carried blackjacks.
25	50	Growing watermelons for sale. Felix Warren, stagecoach driver. Tierney's Pony Express career lasted six months.

Side D

00	56	Gamble Family.
01	56	Changes in the country.

Agnes Jones

minute page

Side D (continued)

02	57	Perserving food. Root cellars. Canning berries. Foods.
08	60	Building built by hired labor. Hired men and hired women. Pet horse.
12	63	"Annie Laurie" on the melodian.

with Rob Moore
August 31, 1973

II. Transcript

Harmonium music played by Mrs. Agnes Healy Jones

(Reading "Mrs. Annie M. Healy, History of Pioneers of 1870-1889-1894" written by Agnes Healy Jones.)

AGNES: "Annie Mariah Tierney Healy was born October 15, 1871 at Thorncreek (four miles from Genesee, Idaho and three miles from Uniontown, Washington). At that time it was then Idaho Territory and Nez Perce County and later it was divided in two counties and the second county was named Latah. She was the first white girl born north of the Clearwater River. Her parents came to the area in early 1870 and was the first white people to settle North of the river at Thorncreek. The Indian cattle and horses were plentiful and some were vicious. Mr. Tierney built a small house and hideout. The Indians did not like to have the white people coming in. The wild game was plentiful and was mainly prairie chickens. ^{coming in} They would set a trap made of a large box with a figure 4 underneath and place feed there and so many would come in and the box would drop down.

After a year Mr. Tierney built a sizeable home of logs with an upstairs added. They made their cedar shakes by hand and cut logs to build the house. Mr. and Mrs. Tierney always had a welcome for all. They had a post office, not authorized, for four years to help their new neighbors receive their mail which was delivered by a man through Palouse, Washington on a pony and was carried in saddle bags. J.C. Hanson came to settle in 1872. Michael Evitts arrived in 1872 and it was not long when Jacob Kambitsch, the Leaches, Scharnhorsts, Bottjer, and Strieback came to the neighborhood in 1874. The Tierney home became a stop over place for people traveling from Spokane and Palouse, Washington to Lewiston, Idaho, and Mr. and Mrs. Tierney always welcomed them heartily. They provided the first post office in that region to accommodate their neighbors for four years, 1870 to 1874.

Mrs. Tierney was a courageous woman as were all pioneer women. She could ride a horse as fast as any Indian Cayuses could run. She also rode horseback to Lewiston and carried her baby on a pillow. In good weather she would forge the Clearwater River during the year of 1872 and just before John Silcot built a ferry to cross. During the winter of 1874 sadness came to the family. Mrs. Tierney passed away leaving to mourn her husband, three sons, and daughter. It was a bad winter and the snow was deep. The remains were taken to Moscow, Idaho for burial near the Little Chapel on the hill in the Moscow Cemetary. (*added on written copy -"the second one to enter this cemetery.")

After Mrs. Tierney passed on, Mrs. Strieback took care of Annie and from then on she was placed with different people. She was with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Carney in Lewiston, At this time the Indians were quite uncivilized. They used to fish along the rivers where Lewis-Clark Hotel is now located. There were many horror stories regarding the Indian ^{territory} in those days. During June, 1877, Mrs. Carney woke little Annie and told her to get up quick, the Indians were coming. Annie was so frightened she claimed she could feel the hair raise on her head. All women and children were hastened to a church ^{on} Main Street by men on horses and any other means of transportation. A Mr. Martin Foster, a friend of the family, picked Annie up and kissed her and said, "Goodbye, I will not be back." He climbed on his pony and rode away. He was shot and they also shot his horse. Both were buried ^{there} and the marker is still there. This battle was the uprise of the Nez Perce Indians in 1877. The Indians were hostile over the white people occupying their land and taking away their freedom. This was a bad battle but the white settlers won after a loss of quite a number of white men. The Indians then headed toward Montana and away from Lewiston. Annie never had trouble with Indians after that. However, when her parents first settled

in Thorncreek the Indians were quite bold but Mrs. Tierney gave them food and got along with them.

The first settlers would go by team and wagon as far as Palouse, Washington to get ^{their} provisions and were often overtaken with bad weather and snowstorms. They would sleep under the wagon. Dried apples, coffee and other items came in barrels. Sugar and many items came in boxes and barrels. The sugar was brown in color. Syrup came in 2 or 3 gallon jackets.

In 1875 the first school, a log house, was built. The teacher, a Mr. Monroe, lived at the Tierney home and helped with the children. Annie, at the age of 11, went by team and ^{little} cart to the Desmet Mission School for Girls. She returned home at the age of 16 and married Daniel Healy in Thorncreek. (1887) Mr. Healy had homesteaded land west of what is now Genesee, Idaho. She endured many hardships and learned to take care of stock and remained there ^{times} five days alone while he went to the mountains to bring the wood supply for winter. She drove horses well and one time when driving two colts hitched to a hack on the way home from town, the colts did all but run away. At that time there were no fences between the town and farms. She had a wild ride over the hills with the baby, Agnes, in her lap. Mr. and Mrs. Healy remained on the farm seven years. They rented the farm and moved to the Grand Central Hotel (known at one time as the Owen House) in Genesee, Idaho.

In 1893 and 1894 Genesee was the most thriving town with a population of 1500. The railroad was just new. There was no rail service at Lewiston or up on the Camas Prairie region. This brought all the business to Genesee. The Stage Coach driven by Felix Warren or Mr. Meeker used the Hotel as its stopping place. At times it was raining and cold and the wheel hubs were deep in mud. The passengers would climb out weary and tired.

The fall season was so wet that farmers never completed harvesting their crops. Mr. Healy moved back to the farm and got his usual round up of hogs and turned them to the green growing wheat stacks and that saved him financially. They lived on the farm a few more years and then moved back to town.

All pioneer women, the same as my mother had no patterns to make clothing.

They cut by chart which was a stiff paper with lines and dots for marks showing sizes to mark through cloth. They used tracing wheels to mark lines to cut ^{the cloth}. They had to style the dresses according to their own ideas. My mother made all her clothes and baby clothes by hand for four years and then her father presented her with a New Home Sewing Machine. She also knit a lot of lace for trimming. She knit all the socks for the family, and crocheted and knit lace trimming for all the childrens' clothing. She made butter and had the name of being a fine butter maker.

Annie Tierney was a religious person. Her mother was born in Denmark and belonged to the Danish Lutheran Church. Her father was born in Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Healy were the parents of four daughters, Agnes, Margaret, Laura, and Ethel.

Mr. Healy passed away April 15, 1933. Mrs. Healy passed away March 14, 1953."

How's that for a story?

ROB: That's fine.

A: I'll read about my mother now. (Reading: Pioneer History 1870 by Agnes Healy Jones.)

"In the early '70's Mr. Dan Healy worked for some of the first settlers, Michael Evits who with his half brother John Kambitsch came to Thorncreek area and settled there, and H.B. Hodgins at Genesee." These are the people Dan Healy worked for.

"Later years Mr. Healy took up his homestead three miles from the Evits' farm.

He would walk to and from his places of work as it was the law to sleep nights on your homestead to prove you^r Rights. This was 1879.

When Mr. Healy was employed by the Hodgins family living in what is now Genesee, Idaho, he and the boys would go to the mountains and cut long rails 10 to 12 feet in length and build zig zag fences to keep the hogs in. It took many rails as they called them. They would spend days at a time. They also cut logs to build small buildings on Mr. Healy's place. They also cut shakes by hand to cover the roof of buildings. Logs were put in place with wooden pegs.

The bears got into Mr. Healy's camp one night and stole all the flour, bacon, and other provisions. The Hodgins boys came to his rescue and gave him aid. People used to go to the mountains and cut the winter's supply of wood and haul many cords, The land was all prairie and wild flowers.

Mr. Healy plowed his first twenty acres, hand sowed his first crop of flax, cradled it, then frailed it by hand. They had no string to tie^{the} bundles and so used the stems^{of grain} to tie with. He hauled his first crops to Lewiston by team. It had to be hauled down the river by barge. Like all pioneers he had to cross the ferry operated by John Silcott. It cost 25¢ to cross the river by ferry. Often times the Clearwater^{was} very low in the summer season. They could forge the river with a light wagon or by horse back. At this time Mr. Healy would go over to the Prairie and buy hogs and drive them all the way up the Lewiston Hill by horse back with the help of a hired man.

Mr. Healy spent all his life around Genesee. He had the first milk wagon. (1887-1888) The town began to grow in leaps beginning in 1877. The first merchants were Rosenstein and Levi stores. Hodgins and Cox were^{the} druggists. This was later known as old town. Homes were beginning to be built in this area, and then the railroad survey came in 1886. It stopped a half mile on this side.

All the residents began to move houses and Rosenstein moved his store building and house to the present sight now occupied by the medical building. It took three months ^{to} wrenched it along. Mr. Rosenstein had a general store and everything in merchandise. The stores would remain open all day Sunday. Hitching posts on all streets would be lined up with teams in the summer time. Mr. Rosenstein had a special stop made beside the store building for the ladies to stand upon as it was easier to step up on the side saddles of the ponies. In the early days ladies would not ride any other way ^{ONLY} ~~by~~ side saddle. They wore long full skirts.

The first crops planted in this area were mostly flax. The ground was rich and yeilded large crops. In the spring the fields beautiful in blossoms of blue color.

In 1879 a Mr. John Sullivan came to ^{the} neighborhood. Dan Healy wrote to him and stated there was plenty choice land to be gotten. Adjoining the homestead of Mr. Healy, Sullivan homesteaded 160 acres and 80 acres timber claim ^{later he bought 80 acres more.} His first fence was a three foot deep ditch and it was three feet wide to keep cattle out of his large potato patch. He drove to the mountains with a team of horses the same as other pioneers to get logs and wood. He was driving home one day and since it was very cold he got off the wagon to warm up by walking. He dropped a rein and went to pick it up. The wagon wheels ran over his two forefingers and cut them so severely they could not be saved. This did not hinder his plans. He continued to put up buildings and lived there until 1908 when he moved to Genesee. He passed away in May 1924. Mrs. Sullivan passed away in 1926."

At the time Mr. Sullivan came here my mother and father were living on the ranch and milking a lot of cows and had big plans ^{MADE} for the future. And he fell from a haystack and fractured his leg and that had to be removed. It was so shattered they couldn't save it them days. It didn't discourage him. He wore a peg leg and he rode his buckskin saddle pony all over, rounded up cattle. And he had some

cattle out here he bought from Eli Hickman and Hickman had them out in a field here by – by Mrs. Dick Sarten and Dad went to get a few steers and she pulled a revolver on him. So he had to get the sheriff to claim his cattle. And he got his cattle then later. I read that about my mother, didn't I?

R: Yeh. You did.

A: Well, now here's about Grandpa. Oh, there's a lot of things I could think of, you know, I could write down but I just... Now here's one that's pretty long.

(Reading: Tierney Family History, by Agnes Healy Jones)

"When Tom Tierney came to Thorncreek district, there was nothing but wild flowers and fine bunch grass and lots of thorn bushes along the creek, so they named the district Thorn Creek.

Tom Tierney built his first hideout, a small cabin of logs and mud, and it was put together with wooden pegs." That's still standing. A hundred and three years old this fall. 1973. "The roof was made of hand-made cedar shakes. They stored their belongings and provisions. They used tripods to hold iron kettles over an outdoor fire to do their cooking. They roasted potatoes in the fire built outside.

He built a second log cabin consisting of ^a large room and one room upstairs in 1871. The kitchen had a pantry and a washroom on one end, and the little bedroom at the other end. The inside of the rooms were lined with rustic lumber. This was considered a nice home for homesteader.

The Tierney cabin was a stopover place for many people who were on their way from Palouse, Washington to Lewiston, Idaho. The pony express rider brought mail in saddle bags. The Tierney place was known as Thorncreek, Idaho Territory and for four years the new settlers came for mail. After Mrs. Tierney passed away in 1874, the mail was brought to the Beeman place,

presently ^{known as} Nordby's home near Genesee, and the rest of the mail was taken to Moscow or "Paradise Valley."

The Tom Tierneys had three sons and one daughter when the mother passed away leaving the youngest of the sons seven days old. The snow was very deep and it was cold that winter. Neighbors were very kind, taking some of the children, The daughter was cared for by different families until 11 years of age, then she was taken to DeSmet Mission, north of the present town of Potlatch. (*added on written copy: "Father Cataldo took her along in a little sulky cart and it took 3 days and she said it rained all the way.") It was $4\frac{1}{2}$ years before she came home.

Tom Tierney decided to build a new house of finished lumber in 1886. Mr. John S. Sullivan came in 1883 and proved on land adjoining the Tierney land. Sullivan built a fine basement, to begin with, for the new Tierney home for the price of a cow. Sullivan's trade in Ireland was a stone mason. His family arrived in 1886.

After Tierney was settled ^{and proved} on 160 acres, he proved on a timber claim right, and he had to plant 10 acres of trees. The valley was very productive with camas. When the Indians were ready to gather camas they would camp in or near the timber culture. When they were ready to gather, the Indians would arrive, camp there and pick all the camas, and would roast them on a heated rock in this timber culture.

This timber culture was later owned by a son, Tom Jr., and in the early 20's he built a small house near this culture to spend part of the time in the summer months. He later sold it to some insurance company.

All of the buildings made by Tierney were placed where the present buildings are.

He always said the finest soil for a garden was east of the house, below where

the present barn is now. The first cabin was built of logs. He planted ^{the first} ~~a~~ fruit trees which later were a delight to the children.

In 1870 Michael Evitts arrived. He did carpenter work and other work, he always had a kind helping hand for someone. His brother came later. Mr. Evitts filed for his land claims two years later. His wife was a faithful companion at his side at all times. She could seed a field of 160 acres, so neighbors say, by hand from the back of a wagon. According to Idaho History, he purchased parcels of land at different times until he accumulated a large acreage." And then, I had something else I was going to write here about Mr. J.C. Hanson but I didn't get it down. Let me see now. This is what I should have read for the tape recording but I didn't do it.

(*following omitted from the tape:" Later he divided land to his children and moved to Genesee then to Uniontown. For better climate he settled at Clarkston, Washington where his wife passed away.

My grandfather, Thomas Tierney, was the first pioneer to settle in the Thorn Creek area in September of 1870. My grandfolks came across Kansas, Utah, and then travelled up into Idaho. They were married in Kansas.")

"Grandfather Tierney rode a horse up from Lewiston to the Thorn Creek area and Moscow to look the country over. He talked to Mr. Buchanan, one of the first settlers in Moscow, before he made his choice of a place to settle.

He said the Thorn Creek had two to three feet of clear water in it at that time, with lots of thorn bushes along the sides. There were also many wild berries and wild flowers of all kinds. The Creek was so clear and clean then, he thought it was the most attractive land for miles around, so they settled there and took up 160 acres and an 80 acre timber claim. Later he planted trees and cultivated 10 acres of it, which was the requirement in those days. You had to be a citizen before

you could get title to any land. The government used round rocks for markers." That made a quarter, 40 acres. "You would plow to it, then it was yours to file on.

At that time there wasn't a town of Uniontown, just lots of grass and sunflowers, and a few Indian tepees, cattle and horses scattered around.

The first cabin, built of mud, logs and wooden pegs, was built above the creek." (Added* on written page " It is there yet, 1870, 1874") "It was built where the present house now stands. My grandfather built the second one near this one. The two old houses are no longer standing. Before it was built they would hide out from the Indians.

There was lots of good water below the house. Later a new home was built (in 1886) and J.S. Sullivan, a stone mason, built a basement for the price of a cow.

Some of the Indian cattle would get mad at the least thing, and were not safe to be around at that time. "

(*omitted in the reading on the tape: "The Indians (near the Tierneys) would come to the timber culture and stay there till they harvested the camas. They had some big rocks and would roast the camas on the rocks when it was heated.)

"Copied from the book First White Women Over the Rockies, by Drury:

'The camas root was an edible tuber somewhat like an onion. This was one of the main items of food for the Nez Perces and the other Indians of that area.

The camas grew here in abundance and it is the principal resort of the Cayouses (sic) and many other tribes to obtain of it, of which they are very fond. It resembles an onion in shape and color, when cooked is very sweet, taste like a fig. Their manner of baking them is very curious. They dig a hole in the ground, throw in a heap of stones, heat them to a red heat, cover them with green grass, upon which they put the camas and cover the hole with earth, when

taken out it is black. This is the chief food of many tribes during winter.' "

When this camas was dried they would grind it up – mash it up and then they would make their bread out of that too.

"In the early days the Indian women would do all the driving while their man would sit on the wagon seat beside them. They would often get off the wagon and have their babies by themselves, off the trail.

When my grandfather Thomas Tierney first started farming, the sod had to be broken up before it could be seeded, and this was not an easy task. A walking plow (Foot plow)" – a foot burner they sometimes called it – "was first used to break the sod. The small children could hardly reach the top of the handles.

The first crop was cultivated by a home-made harrow, made with 4 x 4's. The ground was rolled by a big log to pack down the soil. They would hand sow the wheat. They cradled the first crop. It would be four o'clock before they would get to Lewiston and barge it out.

The first thing they raised was a vegetable garden. My grandfather was the first one to break up the ground. He liked garden produce and had a fine yield. The first crop was produced in the summer of 1871.

He would raise flax one year, wheat the next. The flax fields would be blue in color, when in bloom, and very colorful. Finally he gave up raising the flax as the soil was too rich and it all grew ^{the} stems ^{were used to tie them together} – then wheat was grown.

The men hewed all the rails cut down for the fences. They hauled them from near Cornwall, Idaho. The fences were called "worm" fences.

The first school was built of logs in 1875 and it set on the place" – Joe Brunty's place – "now farmed by Louis Hermann, later moved within a quarter of a mile from Tierney's in Thorncreek." (*added on written copy: "Grandfather served on school board many years.")

My mother's name was Annie Tierney. She was the first white baby born

south of Moscow on the fifteenth of October, 1871. She was baptized by Father Cataldo in their home on Thorn Creek. She was a very pretty woman with small features, and a 19" waist. Michael Evitts was her Godfather.

In 1873 Uncle Will was born. Grandmother Tierney died in January 1874, and was buried at Moscow.

At that time there was deep snow and the horses would be belly deep in the snow most of the way to Moscow. Rocks would be heated and wrapped to put in the straw for heat. It would take three to four hours to travel to Moscow in bad weather.

The older men would all wear thick felt boots under their high boot shoes when it got real cold in the winter.

After Grandmother's death, the teacher (Mr. Monroe) stayed with Grandfather and helped raise the children for a while and others helped.

Grandfather kept my Grandmother's saddle pony for a long time after she died.

Nowadays a young man often gives his "best girl" a gift of candy, flowers or even a car. But in the early times the young men would sometimes give their girl a saddle pony.

I remember one time a young man gave his girl a gray pony for a gift." Of course, I knew who the people were. They are all passed away now. "Then he heard she was dating another fellow so he slipped into their barn and recovered the pony out the back of the barn!

The second cabin that my grandfather built was also made of mud and logs, shakes for the roof, and put together with square nails used at that time. The inside was lined with rustic lumber. The shakes for the roof were made with a draw-knife.

In the first cabin my grandfolks had a pot-bellied cooking container over a tripod and Grandmother would roast the spuds in the open fire. They boiled all

the food in the pot and liked everything cooked that way. They never liked to fry foods.

My grandfather would go to the town of Palouse once a year for supplies. The families would buy barrels of dried apples, sugar and three-gallon 'jackets' of syrup. They also bought green coffee beans to be roasted and ground for their use. Spuds and barrels of saurkraut (size) were kept in the cellar.

The women used to make all of their soap out of lye from the wood ashes. The prairie chickens were very abundant in the early days. Indians used to cover them with a mud batter and cook over a bonfire. They would pull them out of the fire, strip off the mud and feathers and eat the meat.

My grandfather had the finest of horses. I remember two white horses called "Mag" and "Lucy". He raised horses and traded with the Indians. He was also a great horseman and rode with my grandmother many times. She used a side-saddle, as was the custom of that time. The Clearwater River was low then and they could ford it with their horses.

The mail was delivered to Thorn Creek in those days. It was carried by horses, in the saddle bags, from Palouse by way of the Tierney farm. A post office was established in the Tierney home. In earlier times my grandfather Tierney hired out to ride in the famous Pony Express for six months." In the Colorados, near Pike's Peak, before he came to Idaho. "He also freighted with ox teams for the government during the Civil War.

There used to be "Cuckoo" and "Curlew" birds but you don't see them any more. They would lay their eggs out in the squirrel holes. They were cute, about the shape of a barn owl. They would "cuckoo" in the morning and call just as plain. There were also lots of squirrels. The children made pets out of lots of young things, even chicken hawks. We had a buckskin cayuse and we would all see how

fast we could ride her up the hill.

In 1901 my grandfolks moved to Moscow and lived in the first brick house built there. It was located where the Safeway Store parking lot is now situated.

I was the oldest of the 28 grandchildren.

My grandfather Tierney had good health right up to the last. He walked down into his garden a few days before he died. He lived to be 94 years of age. (1924)" He passed away August 17, 1924.

And this is about my dad. Well, I guess I could put that too.

"My father, Dan Healy, came to San Francisco from Ireland and around the Horn in 1870. He never missed coming into Genesee for St. Patrick's Day ^{even} once in fifty years. He was small of build but did lots of hard work all his life. He was wise in choosing the land he homesteaded.

My mother always used clean, dry grass hay for the ticks used on the beds. We had floors in our home and mother always used to keep them scrubbed white. The rooms of our home were lined with cedar.

My folks had cayuses and lots of ^{nice work horses} hogs and cattle. They had selffeeders for the hogs and also dug wells for the water supply.

They would haul wheat to town for ground flour, and bran and shorts to bring back for hog feed when the mills were built close to town. My folks used to cook potatoes for their hogs if they had lots of spuds that year. They would put the spuds in the vat with wheat over them, and cook them in this way.

I was three years old when my folks moved to Genesee. There were a lot of saloons, stores and livery stables there at the time.

My father, Dan Healy, ran the Grand Central Hotel in Genesee. They charged \$5.50 a week for board and room at that time. I remember the drummers coming in with their samples. They always kept a sample room where they would

show their merchandise. They would go around through the country and also show in the homes. Then they would send the orders back to the mail order house to be filled.

There were two Chinese laundries in Genesee at this time. St. Joseph's School was also started at Genesee, 1896, for the Catholic children. The first school of logs was built in 1875, and set on the Brunty place now farmed by Louis Hermann. Later it was moved within a quarter of a mile from Tierney's and it was close for settlers who had children in the Thorn Creek District.

The Genesee valley, about 7 miles east of Genesee, was called "Cow Creek" in those days.

J.C. Graves and son Clyde built the ^{first} electric train to Moscow in the early days." And after the big train wreck in 1909 and 1910, why they sold out to the Great Northern. Now its only freight hauling now.

"The railroad came first to Genesee in 1888. The old town was built in the east end. Enormous prices were paid for the land for the railroad, so they winched some of the buildings over to this side at the time the railroad was built. When the railroad was built into Lewiston in 1898, it marked the beginning of the end for much of the shipping of livestock and grains from Genesee.

The stage coach would come from Lewiston to Genesee, on to Moscow and then up into the Palouse. Ezra Meeker was one of the stage coach drivers of that time.

I remember seeing the stage coaches go by. Once when they stopped, I remember seeing a lady with a bird cage, and the bird inside it. I was quite fascinated with it at the time, and never forgot it.

Felix Warren ran a stage coach through Genesee in 1893, during the time when my father ran the Grand Central Hotel. Mr. Warren was a good fellow with a whip and in handling his team of horses. It was often said he could "flick a flea off a

dog's tail." His sister was Mrs. Mary Spalding.

The stage coaches changed horses at the Smith place, north of town. Felix wore a long rain coat that would shed water and a large hat. Lots of times there was rain and deep mud to drive through. Felix Warren died at Almota, Washington at the age of 85.

The Half-way House was run by the Michael Ruddy family for 2 years. At his death Dick Ruddy and his mother took charge. Mrs. Michael Ruddy was left alone with her children to raise. Later Dick Ruddy lived in Genesee and had two grain tanks and a little house. He owned the livery stable at the time.

A team of horses for hauling would bring a big price in those days. Folks would often stop overnight at the Half-way House, 5 miles south of Uniontown. They would often hire a team to take them to where they wanted to go, after spending the night."

(*added to the conclusion of the written story: " James C.Hanson came to Lewiston in 1872. Walked up the Lewiston Hill carrying their baby, stayed with Tom Tierneys until they could decide on where to take up land. Came to Genesee – John Luedke has part of the property. Mrs. Hanson and Mrs. Tierney were sisters.")

I've got some more to put on there. You can see type writing but I haven't got it on there yet. But that's about all I've got right now.

R: I have some questions I could ask you.

A: Yah.

R: First off – why did the Healy's leave Norway?

A: Oh...Denmark?

R: Denmark, yah.

A: Well, Dad was from Ireland.

R: Well, was it the Tierney's who were from Denmark?

A: Yes, Grandmother Tierney was from Denmark and Grandpa Tierney's from Ireland. They just – like lots of other farm people – they wanted to come to the country looking for a new adventure. And Grandfather at the age of 18 came here to the United States, you know. And then let me see – there's a story here about him when he came here.

R: Well, how old was he when he came here?

A: 18 years old.

R: ...to the states?

A: Yes.

R: Well, how old was he when he came to this part of the States?

A: Oh, well, it'll tell you here now. I got a story here that was copied from a – his life here. When he came here, he came here when he was 18 years old.

END OF SIDE A

(Reading: Thomas Tierney, from History of North Idaho page 227)

"Thomas Tierney. Few men have passed a more eventful and varied career than the subject of this sketch, a son of the Emerald Isle, and possessing all the fire, energy, skill, sagacity and brightness characteristic of his race, which has been manifested in various channels of his stirring walk through some of the most exciting regions of the world, the western part of the United States in the last fifty years. Our subject came to light of day on May 1, 1836, in county Galway, Ireland, being the son of Martin and Mary (Fahy) Tierney. He was educated until eleven years in his native land and then came with an uncle to America where he attended school for some years more and at the age of eighteen started for himself. He commenced operation by working in a brickyard, then worked on the Erie canal during the time of the last enlargement of that waterway. Two years at that and then we find him in Iowa, later in St. Louis, then in Mexico, laboring at various occupations, then in the time of the gold stampede to Pikes Peak he was with the first. After the excitement he went to Salt Lake, driving cattle, thence to Kansas, where he farmed a time and then he hired out to ride the famous Pony Express, riding from Marysville, Kansas, to Big Sandy, No. 3. Six months sufficed him in this dangerous and stirring occupation, then for one year he was at the no less hazardous work of herding horses in that country. Next we find young Tierney freighting from Kansas City to Colorado, and his energy was manifest in that he gained twenty-five thousand dollars in this business, which after the war, however, depreciated nearly fifty per cent. At this time he went into partnership and lost the major portion of his hard earned money. It was a great lesson and he collected his remnants together and came west to Nevada, thence to California, on to Oregon and finally landed in Lewiston in 1870. After spending seven thousand more in these trips he went prospecting, then bought a team and hauled wood, and finally came

to the place where he now lives and squatted on a quarter section of land, which he homesteaded, then continued to reside there and improve the same from that time until the present, purchasing additional pieces of adjoining land until he has four hundred and eighty-seven acres of fine, fertile land, which is mostly rented, Mr. Tierney retiring more from the arduous labors of the farm. It is of note that Mr. Tierney was one of the builders of the first telegraph line to Ft. Scott.

In 1866 Mr. Tierney married Miss Maria Beck in Kansas and four children were born to them, Thomas M., married and living in Ohio; Gerome, married to Nora Butler and living in Latah county; Anna M., wife of Dan Haley, and living in Genesee; William, married to Louise Evits and living in Latah county; Mrs. Tierney died in 1873. Mr. Tierney married again in 1896 and in the same year he was called upon to mourn the death of his second wife." Which was a marvelous woman. "In 1898 in Howard County, Iowa, for the third time Mr. Tierney approached the sacred altar, this time leading Anna Drew, and to them have been born one child, Michael J. In early times Mr. Tierney was active and for a season served as postmaster, continuing in that capacity about four years. He affiliates with the Catholic Church, and is one of the leading men of his section, being possessed of those happy qualities of genialty and real worth."

To this was born one son, Mike, died in the March Death on Batán.

ROB: The Death of Batán, you say?

AGNES: Yah, Batán. You know, when the Japs – in 1941 – when the Japs – when that march death of Batán. Yes. Well, he got sick, you know, and they took him down to Camp O'Donald and he died there. He was a sergeant in the office. Yes.

R: He wasn't in the March of Batán?

A: Yes, he was there. They marched 700 of 'em down there to this camp.

R: Oh, to Camp O'Donald?

A: Yes. And then Capt. O'Donald wrote to the relatives about what had happened and so they just buried him over there. And then –

R: ^{Wouldn't} he have been a fairly older man by then?

A: Yes, oh, yes, he was a young boy – man then. That was from Grandpa's third marriage, you know. He stayed single 22 years when his first wife died and then five or six years after his second wife died. She died of heart trouble. She was a marvelous woman.

R: That was his son who died?

A: Yes, Michael. Um-hum. He was a sergeant in the office. Let's see what else is there here... See, that story I just read is copied from a History of North Idaho book. This lady put that in for me. Here it is here... "Emerald Isle, possessing fire, energy, skill – for western United States in the last 50 years. Our subject came to light..." And his place was – he was a great Catholic man, Grandfather was. And he always – his cabin there was a stopping over place for Father Cataldo. And Father Cataldo and the Rev. Henry Spalding were the missionaries in the Indian – in the early days of the Indians. And they converted lots of Indians and they learned to talk the English language. And converted the Indians in many ways. And so he made Grandfather's house ^{his} a stopping place and he used to have services there. And through him, why he helped organize St. Boniface parish in Union town and my grandfather was one of the organizers there and he gave the first \$75 dollars and that was a lot of money for them days.

And Father Cataldo used to say services out on the prairies and everyplace. And then my mother – he suggested that my mother go up to the DeSmet Mission. So he took her up there on a little two wheeled cart and her little belongings and she stayed there then for $4\frac{1}{2}$ years before she got home again and they took care of her and learned her a lot of little nice things. And then Uncle Will – then he sent

Uncle Will, the youngest son, to Gonzaga College for several years. And that was first organized in '86, I think. And he was one of the first students there. And that statue of Mr. Monahan on Riverside Avenue in Spokane was one of his schoolmates – classmates. I always heard him tell about that. See, he's passed on too.

R: Well, did he know Father Cataldo?

A: No – Father Cataldo, he was one of the first missionaries, you see. Grandfather was the first one to settle over there.

R: Right – right. Well, did your grandfather know him fairly well?

A: Oh, yes, he used to stay there all the time when he ^{went} through the country, you see. And he would travel through the country and he had a one horse cart, you know these little sulkies? And he would travel around on that and went among the Indians and him and Rev. Henry Spalding – he was a Presbyterian. And Rev. Henry Spalding was a brother-in-law to Felix Warren, and he settled down here at the Spalding home.

R: Felix Warren the stagecoach driver?

A: Yeh. He was related to the stage driver by marriage. And he and Father Cataldo both worked together – Presbyterian and Catholic. And they converted Indians. They learned to talk Indian. Father Cataldo was an Italian. And it was through Father Cataldo and Father DeSmet that a lot of this community was built up, you know, through those two priests, you see. And they helped build the churches around this community. And so many of the old timers here helped build the churches – oh, Dad and a whole lot of them. And when they wanted the news about the churches and everything, I gave them a lot about the churches here too, you see. And this church, of course, up here burnt in 1950, I think it was, –the old building, the first building. And then my dad helped build that and they hauled rock clear from Colton–Uniontown to build the church and all things like that and so they –

R: Did your grandfather ever tell you how Father Cataldo looked or acted or ?

A: I seen him. He used to ^{be} here when he was a little stooped over man in late years when I went to school in Genesee. Why, they had a – what do you call that? They call it a – retreat or something and he was a lot of other priests. So out of curiosity, I got to go up there and saw this stooped over little old man and he spoke in Latin and everything and he could hardly talk. And I remember him. And he helped build the church in Lewiston, Idaho, St. Stanilaus Church. He built that ^{there} too. And he worked hard among the Indians and he slept out under quilts out on the prairie and everything. And he was a great friend of the Indians.

R: He just traveled around by himself?

A: Oh, yes, with his little cart and he'd stay with the people – what few people there were, you know. And them days people had cabins and homemade beds and everything, and be glad enough to sleep on the floor just so they had a bed to sleep on, you know. And the Indian cattle were ferocious, you know. Awful bad. And Grandfather, you know, his place was always – he always welcomed anybody. And anytime of the night or anytime, they always kept their door locked, you know, and they would have to give full identification before they could enter the house.

R: Was that because of the Indians?

A: Oh, the Indians were ferocious, you know. The Indian might break in on you and just take everything you got and I know my mother told me one time – she used to tell me so much history about the country, you know. And during the Indian war, why the Indians killed all one family down at Nezperce someplace there when they were ⁱⁿ the war. And they killed all the family and one girl – she was left tied to a post and there was a dagger driven through her tongue. And they took and they saved her, the people did. And they trimmed her tongue off around. And for a long time she used to be down there at the fairs and I knew her name. But I wish I wrote it down now.

And they used to have her at the fair there and she had long brown hair and she was nice looking. She could talk after her tongue was trimmed.

And the Indians used to fish along the Snake River there at Lewiston, you know. And Mr. Damis, he used to have a store there and Amy Damis was his daughter and my mother used to stay with Mrs. Carney. And they used to fish along the river there and all they'd wear was a piece of canvas – or a piece of buckskin around their body, you know. So Amy Damis used to tease the old squaw Indians and all and they'd just take Amy by the neck and throw her out and scare my mother nearly to death. And they used to catch salmon there and everything like that and my mother used to enjoy that. And then when she stayed with Mrs. Carney for a while – she was about four years old – she went up to – Grandfather took her up to Moscow, Idaho, and you see a street up there named Deakin on the agriculture side. Jim Deakin and his wife homesteaded that.

And Grandfather left mother there and while she was staying there she fell back in a pot of boiling brine. And she cried for six weeks. It was terrible. And the neighbors, the Snow brothers, up there the Snows – it was their grandmother or great-grandmother. And all the time they were trying to help poor Mrs. Deakin all they could and for six weeks my mother suffered. So she wasn't making progress in healing the wounds. So Grandma Snow had the boys kill a coyote and she rendered that tallow out and she put that over instead of grafting the skin like they do nowadays. She put that there foreign tallow all over her little body and she healed up. But her body was marred. I could always see where she was burned, you know. So then they didn't take care of her any more. But then it was about that time.

Then Mr. McConnell that had the McConnell store, you know, and the mansion is named after? He had a store there in Moscow and he was a good looking man. My

mother used to go in there. And I have a broach that I have stored away that Mr. McConnell gave my mother when she was a young woman. And Grandfather used to take her up there and bought her wedding outfit and everything. And he was awful proud of her, you know.

And when mother came home from school, why Grandfather had the man picked out for her because he had th^{is} acreage, you know. Of course, he was 24 years older than my mother and that don't go good, you know. He said he didn't want any young bucks hanging around there so anyway, why my mother and dad married and Grandfather had a wedding...

R: Grandfather had kinda picked out your Dad?

A: Yes. And so he told him to take her home and raise her ^{the way} he wanted her. And she learned how to milk eight cows...

R: Your mother was 16 then?

A: She wasn't 16 yet. Anyhow, after they were married about – well, just before I was born, why Dad fell off a haystack and broke his leg and they couldn't save it, the bone was so shattered. And they were milking eight cows and he was hauling milk to Genesee., first milk man, you know, 1887 – 1890. And they had a lot of chickens and ^{they} had thirty head of cattle and had a hired man there and everything. And the snow was real deep that winter. So they took Dad to ~~Sa~~red Heart Hospital – one of the first patients there – and they amputated his leg. And he came back and he had a peg leg for 27 years and then finally he got an artificial leg. And I used to help him and everything. And nothing new for him to come over the hill with a big band of hogs and he made all the ranch hog tight. And he built a new hoghouse to save himself and get out of his debt and he succeeded. And hogs went down to 1½ cents a pound on foot.

R: When was that?

A: Oh, that was in 1896 and 97. And he didn't get discouraged. He got on the buckskin cayuse and he drove those hogs over and he turned them loose and he built a nice new hoghouse and he put in a vat in there and a fire and everything. And one winter he butchered a hole carload and he cured those hogs – dry cured them, you know. And he made $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents on 'em by doing so. And I used to have to help him round those hogs up. We had two good dogs and I was just a little kid, seven years old. And my goodness, that was awful on me, you know. So in later years ~~why~~ then by then we moved to town. We moved in a house up there Dad built. So when school age come why we moved to town to go to school.

And I was about 14 years old, my mother and I went out to the ranch and Dad wasn't home that day. So there was an old hog and a bunch of little pigs. And the little pigs all run down, crawled in a hole in under, you know, and the biggest one was out and I grabbed him by the foot and we put him in a gunny sack and we carried him – 2 and 3 quarter miles to town. We raised him. That's what we did, you know. And another time I was about 16, we walked out to the ranch and we went in the smokehouse and she carried a ham and I carried a shoulder and we carried them 2 and three quarter miles to Genesee. Tell, ya, I felt sore for several days. It was awful.

And then here in Genesee in earlier days why they used to have a meat market and everything like that and when we was on the ranch. And Able Bomberg had the butcher shop and they made the best baloneys in the country. All the young people used to think they were great.

So old Charlie Bomberg, he was kinda a fresh old guy, always liked to be nice to the ladies. So he come out to the ranch to the woman who was working ^{for} mother and he wanted to sell some meat. He had a little wagon, you know, two red ponies hooked up and they delivered meat to the farmers on harvest days. He went to put

his arm around her and she hit him on the head with the milk pan. She wouldn't stand for it.

So Able Bomberg made the finest baloneys, we thought. And he had a butcher shop here and behind that butcher shop over behind a high board fence he had a treadmill and he had two horses and they would work that with their feet. And then they had a rod going from that going into the butcher shop and it was cog wheels and they'd grind their sausage that way.

R: Oh, that was a grinder?

A: Yes, that was a grinder, I like they used to thresh wheat here in early days. And you see, in the earlier days why they didn't have a threshing machine, you know, and they had to flail their wheat out or sack it to Union – take it down, you know. And the cradle that Dad used was a scythe, and you know what they are. And then they have these slats on 'em. That's what Dad harvested his first crop with.

R: The way you work that – you scythe it down and it would fall in the cradle?

A: Yes, it would fall on the slats and then he got it in bundles and would tie it together with the natural straw.

R: When he got a full cradle's worth?

A: Yes. Of course, he had two legs and he was a thifty, strong man. He worked awful hard. And then they had that and that's the way they harvested when the first harvest. They had to flail their grain out. Well, then the first machine that came up then was a horse power. And there'd be 12 horses and there'd be two of 'em in a bunch and they'd travel over this rod and this rod would have cog wheels running the threshing machine. And we used to call them old coffee mills. That's the way they threshed the grain. Mother would have 10 to 20 men to cook for and how she done it, I don't know. And other women the same way.

R: Was that when you were still in the smaller house or the bigger house?

A: Oh, that was when we were out on the ranch then where my mother lived then. They built a big house out there – then after my mother and my dad – he built a big house. I was born in a rustic cabin. That's where I was born. And they just burnt that down lately. That was built with iron nails. And then they threshed that and then came next ^{to} a big steamer engine and it was pulled by six horses and they burned straw in that. A straw-burner they called it. And the next thing come the wood burner and they kept the fireman busy poking wood in. And the header used to come – they cut with a binder first and the next one was a header. So then Mother had seven men to cook for then them days. And I tell you, the girls knew how to cook and milk cows and everything, you know. We had to. And just the children them days were too busy ^{they had} plenty to do now, I'll tell you. We just didn't have no time to fool around.

R: You didn't get in much trouble then?

A: No. And we had to grind all our coffee by hand, a little coffee mill, you know, and everything. Mother put me to grinding coffee like that when I was pretty small. It was pretty hard going, you know. And did you ever read that story about Captain Drannon, 31 Years on the Plains? Old Wild Davy? You heard about him?

R: Yes.

A: Well, he worked for us.

R: Really?!

A: Yes. I've got his book here. Dad couldn't get nobody to help mother and my youngest sister was just a little tiny babe about 3 months old. Oh, when we heard Wild Davy was coming...

R: He was the man that knew Wild Bill Hickcock, and everything, didn't he?

A: When we heard Wild Davy was coming we was scared to death. Wild Davy!

We were watching and he come in the gate and here he was cleaned up.

He had blue jeans on – blue overalls – and a plaid shirt and he had two little braids down his back and bangs. And he was cleaned up and he come in and he worked there about a week. And he used to tell us stories about his days, how he run away from home and all this and that. And it's right in this book. And Mrs. Clyde borrowed the book to read. And Mother told me she saw him in Spokane on a street corner selling his little books. So I went to John W. Gray in Spokane and I bought the book. And I paid only a dollar and a quarter for it and now they are seven – eight dollars in the bookstore, you see. And that was Wild Davy for you. So after I come up here to the Pioneers, why the women up here were telling me about him, how dirty he was, and he had three dogs, and he never washed his plates – the dogs licked the plates off and all such things. Well, he lived ⁱⁿ the wilds, you know, and he carried a little knapsack on his back.

And he told us when he was traveling around why he was up in Sandpoint, Idaho, in his younger days. And he come in contact with a banker up there, and his wife and him got real nice to him. So he and – And the banker had said – oh, invited him up to his house and said he liked, told Bill to try and get some "bar" meat for him – some bear, you know – bar meat, they call it. And he said, "Oh, I can get you some." "But," he says, "But I can't take it home and cook it. Well," he says, "My wife won't have it in the house." So he says, "I'll tell you what I'll do – tell her – I'll get you a steak of bar meat and we'll take it up to the house and she can cook it." So, he says, "I got a nice big steak of bar meat and we took it up to the house and she cooked that and my it smelled good." And she says, "Oh, it tasted awful good and my this is nice meat." And the banker, oh, he enjoyed it too. So after they all got through and everything and got ready to leave he said, "Well, now Mrs., don't ever tell me you never had bar meat – that was bar meat

you eat." And she run him out of the house! She was so mad. Yah, that was Old Wild Davy.

We never saw him after that. He always had dogs but he didn't have his dogs out there at the ranch. But so many of the ladies^{up} in Moscow told me about him, you know, how he used to go around and leave the dogs. And he'd come ask for something to eat, and everything. But he never did that with us, you know. But anyway, why – he was quite a guy, I tell ya.

R: Where'd he live around? Where did he live?

A: Huh?

R: Where did he live ?

A: Out in the wild or stay with people who'd ask him to stay, you see. He had about two or three dogs.

R: Well, was he helping you with harvest or what?

A: No, he come there as chore boy – carry boy. We had to carry water 3 hundred feet from the house. And Mother had a little baby and she couldn't get no lady to help her so there was four of us children, you know, and it was pretty hard for her. She was a frail little woman. She had the harvesters to cook for and they kept here there for a week. Yah, that was it.

But I used to like to cook for harvesters and when I first moved in here for 2 years it took me a long time to get used to when I see the grain tanks come in, you know. I get homesick for the harvesters to cook for 'em. And I lived in Spokane 12 years, you know, after we left the ranch. After I was 17 I left for Spokane. I lived up there and we had our home up there. And my husband was construction worker for the Spokane Traction Company one time. So my father gave us an offer, ^{we} come back to the ranch and I stayed there 50 years and work – oh, my! I raised eight hundred and five geese all the years I lived there. And I've got pictures of 'em.

They're just beautiful.

R: 805 all together?

A: The whole years I was there. And I had down pillows for all my girls, three pair. And feather mattresses and I had orders for – eleven orders before I quit. And my hands just got so I couldn't work anymore. I just got tired out. Too much for me.

R: What kind of geese did you raise?

A: These Talouse geese, the big wild geese, the big gray geese and then I had some ^{big} white ones too. And I've had – curing those feathers and everything. And I dressed everyone. And one year I had 69 and I killed them and dressed them all myself. And I used to do – I just loved poultry, you know, and animals and everything and there was never a year hardly ever what I had a pet pig. And I used to take the pet pigs, you know, the old hog, you know, sometimes you ^{sold} ^{some} across 'em and they'd be crippled or something and I'd pick them up and start them out, you know, nearly dead. And I'd have a hole in the end of a box and I'd put the nipple in through there so they'd looked for their feed, you know. And I was always careful about over feeding them and everything. So the girls from the University called me up one time and asked if they could have a pig up there for a mascot! I said, why that thing would raze the whole campus. I said it'd be squealing to get out – why I wouldn't do that.

Oh, they're interesting! You can teach a hog there – and she got so – we had 28 head of hogs one time and she used to walk up to the garden with me. She was a little white hog, she weighed about pret'near 300. So she'd follow me all over. So one time I was going up to the garden and the hogs were out and ^{they} were eating grass and they all tried to look at her and she stuck her nose up in the air and wouldn't even recognize them. Put me in mind of people, you know, how they'll do, stick up their

nose and won't see you. That's just how she acted. Oh, they can be a nuisance too. And the girls would come to see us, you know, and they would have white shoes on. Her nose would root around the white shoes. Yah, we had quite a time. Yes, that was the way of it.

R: What was the area like when you were young? Was it still pretty unsettled?

A: Oh, there was more population, and fully settled. And there was more people living in these small farms – 40 acre tracts. Now they're all big farmers, bought the little fella out just like places of business. And 40 acre tracts and I can name it out there – now there are three or four farms, big farmers, that kept buying these parcels of land, you know. And now its big farmers owning it. And in the early days it was walking plow and riding plow. Then the gang plow come in and people were – like Mike Evitts and my grandfather and all of 'em, could have had all kinds of land but they were afraid it was too much for them 'cause they only had the horses, you see, to farm it. And nowadays they'd grab it up. Why land, my dad had a place bought here for a dollar and a quarter an acre one time. And then he let it go because he thought he had enough. He had 240 acres. And then there was different places, you know, that could have been bought. Now it's four and five hundred dollars an acre and they have to use fertilizer.

And my uncle – he died – and he used to prophesy all the things that had happened and I'd think he was talking through his hat. So he said, "Now you watch, now. I may not be here to see it, but this land here is going to be so it won't produce naturally. It will have to be fertilizers and stuff." Well, first he talked about the planes. "It'll be chariots floating through the air without horses." And I thought he was bugs. And first thing you know, the planes come. And he talked about the automobiles and then he talked about the land. And my goodness, it's coming to it. All this fertilizer and stuff has to be fertilized and they're trying to find something new.

My grandson, he's a graduate of state college of Washington and he has charge of all these little plots, experimental plots. And they're trying to find out new things and new grains. He's a professor invented this Gains Wheat – that's good wheat. And they're trying to find out new things to do. And then my granddaughter – his sister – is on the staff ⁱⁿ the research department of the horticultural and they go on up and find out all the diseases of the potatoes and all things like that and she's working in the office there. And this research. And then her folks have this beautiful dairy down here out side of Colton, you know. Well, that's my daughter that lives there. They have 30 Guernsey cows. And they were awarded prizes and first rates – top rating – first plaque – perfect plaque for having perfect cleanliness and everything for Guernsey cows. And you can walk in that barn and you can't see a bit of dirt nor nothing. It's just perfectly clean. And so white and clean inside there. And then they had all these cows there and everything and you go inside there and you never know there was cows in there. It was just lovely in there.

And Emily's family had a nice family and the daughter lives in Moscow. And then the other one, her husband was in the service, and they just got back from Germany. Now they are living in the Clarkston Heights. My, the interesting places they were over in there. Germany – her daughter was born in Heidelberg, Germany – and Italy. And they were in Italy and France and Switzerland, and they wrote all kinds of stories about that and really interesting. And she can tell you all kinds – she sent me things from Germany there.

Well, then my youngest daughter – that was my second oldest daughter – my youngest daughter lives in Seattle and her husband was the Hygrade people and she was noted for – she worked at the Grange as a secretary for about six years and a half. And then she went over and settled and she was a timekeeper over at the port of

embarkation. Then auditing and then the other one, she's been teaching for 13 years now. She went out to San Francisco and taught down at Memorial School and then her husband and her teach in Seattle now. And then my grandson, he was 19 years old, and the Washington State Band was chosen to play in the inaugural parade and he was in that band, 102 pieces. He got to march in that band. And he's quite a genius, doing lots of things. And the little girl too. She's got five awards for her schooling in Seattle. And she's quite a vocalist and piano player. She's taken piano now about ten years – she's really good. And they come up here and they work around here and they do wonderful things for me. They are all so busy and so active. Well, then when they celebrated the heritage of the first pioneers here, and they all surprised me and they were here. And they took all kinds of pictures of us and everything. And I read a story that I copied from – I got my oldest daughter fixed it – mounted it for me. I think I got it in that book there someplace, but I'll take it off of this. I took it from the story written by "John Naylor tells of Early Day Settlers." contributed by Mrs. H.B. Jones. Here, I'll read this off what Mr. Naylor wrote. The was Mrs. – I guess you know who that was. Roy Naylor's father?

"The paper presented by John Naylor, President of Latah County Pioneers, 1920, throws much light on early settlers of this county, its formation, its first officers, and history of Moscow, the County Seat. Moscow at this time has a population of 4,200 and is the seat of the University of Idaho, the state's largest educational institution. Mr. Naylor was an early settler of Latah County and Chairman of the first board of County Commissioners. He has kept a careful record of chronological events in this county. His paper follows:

As to who were the first settlers of Latah County, it would be a matter of congesture for miners and trappers were here for different periods before any (sic) attempt at real settlement began.

John H. Buchanan settled on Moscow Creek in August, 1865."

And my grandfather – he was my grandfather's great friend, this Mr. Buchanan.

"He raised vegetables, hogs, chickens, and marketed them at Lewiston and supplied miners who were prospecting or washing gold in the Hoodoo on upper Palouse River. In 1865 Frank Points, Lad Miller, Aurthur (sic) Green, Charley Hatter, William King, and Long Jim Lockridge were in the northern part of Latah County.

Thomas Tierney and family settled in Thorncreek in September, 1870. At that time there were no white settlers near him. The Indians were friendly and used to dig their winter supply of Camas on the flat lands where it grew in abundance throughout the county. Early in 1871 and 1872 the actual settlers who located in around Moscow began to come in.

The sod was easily broken and produced a good crop with little breaking. There was little money in circulation before that time and wheat became the medium of exchange. After wheat growing became an industry here, three bushels of wheat was exchanged for a day's work in the harvest field.

The medium of exchange was trade, store, and jaw bone. My old friend, Tom Tierney, always tells the boys the way he made his money was buying on jaw bone and selling for cash.

Provisions were not plentiful at Lewiston and Moscow. Mr. Tierney would drive a team and wagon over to Palouse, Washington, for flour, coffee and sugar – it was brown. It was hard to get dried apples by the barrel. He sometimes got syrup in two or three gallon jackets. Oftentimes he was caught in a snowstorm when he slept under his wagon at night. He never seemed to have trouble with the Indians and Mrs. Tierney used to say, 'Give them food and we will have no trouble.'

The prairie chickens were very plentiful and other game. Mr. Tierney built the first cabin and the present buildings are part of the estate and remain in the family today. Tom Tierney welcomed all travelers in his home for shelter on their way from Palouse to Lewiston for food.

The first school built of logs in 1875 set on the place where farmed by Louis Hermann. They moved within a quarter of a mile from Tierney's and it was close to where settlers had children. Mr. Tierney served on the school board many years before moving to Moscow in 1901. He lived until August '24. He died at 84 years old. He was active in the last, taking care of his garden and going to town."

My daughter fixed this for me.

R: That's nice. Well, your grandfather and grandmother then kinda welcomed the Indians so they would stay friends with 'em?

A: Oh, yes, always did. Grandfather never had no trouble with 'em. And Grandmother was a congenial person. She always got along with everybody that way. That's what I was told.

R: Well, why was it then they wanted your mother to go away? Why was it they were afraid for her safety?

A: No, after Grandmother died, you see, well, there had to be somebody to raise my mother, you know. You see, Grandmother died when my mother was two years old.

R: That was the people in Lewiston that wanted her to go away or they wanted to take her someplace else?

A: No, Father Cataldo thought it was the best place for her to go to a girls' school. And then he suggested for her to go to DeSmet Mission up here. And then he took her up in a little two wheeled cart and it took him three days to go up there and

it rained all three days. And the people were very accommodating on the way up. They'd let them stay over night and things like that.

END OF SIDE B

•

AGNES: And I was alone there. My husband wasn't home, he helping a neighbor buy some grain and he was going to come home in the evening. He'd be through that evening. And I expected the crew the next day. It was a half a day's work – about a day's work to finish up – oats and things. And I got all ready and there he come – the man himself come there about three o'clock. And he says, "Say, I can come in here now if you'll let – if I can come in and thresh your oats." And I said, "Well," I said, "I'm not ready, not until tomorrow. Bud has to go to town and get **some** things for me and he isn't here just now." But I says – "Well," he says, "If you know where the sacks are I can get 'em. And I'll go over in the field and we'll have supper here." "Oh," I says, "I'm not ready." So I thought the next morning I'd go in and get my stuff, and my goodness, I had supper to get. And he said, "Well, you'll have to wait a week longer."

Well, the weather didn't look too good so I thought, well, I can get supper. "Alright, let 'em come in." So they got the sacks. And the two girls were home – they were kinda small yet – and I sent one up in the orchard to get apples. And I made applesauce first thing. I run back and got potatoes and I made hot biscuits and I had a lot of canned sausage and stuff in the cellar – the basement – corn and everything. And by seven-thirty – I sent the other girl to the neighbor to get a pound of coffee – and by seven-thirty I had dinner ready for eleven men. It didn't take me long.

ROB: What'd you give 'em? The applesauce and –

A: Oh, I had potatoes and vegetables and salads and everything. I used to give them plenty to eat. Always did. Oh, I made everything – you see, we had our own cows and butter and cottage cheese and everything and chickens, you know. And then I'd make this sausage. In the winter time we'd butcher, you know, and I'd make

sling sausage and smoke it and then I'd pack it in jars. I always had something there I could fix in a hurry. It never bothered me to cook for ten or fourteen at one time, you know. But I can't do it any more. I'm past that.

R: Was it a pretty rough bunch of men that worked on the threshing crews or was it....

A: Well, it depended who they were. Now some of them were very nice. Now one time my Dad had some there and I guess they got away with a leader lines and stold his double barrel shotgun self-loader and some things like that. But they're all pretty respectable men, mostly local people, you know. But strangers, of course, they slept outside in the barns and things like that. But they'd come in and eat and they all acted decent. I used to like to cook for them though. I never minded it a bit at all, when they were hearty eaters, you know. But if they'd be finicky – then I didn't like that.

R: Really? I wouldn't think after working that hard all day there wouldn't be anybody that'd be finicky.

A: They really liked their food, you know, they really did. We used to have to take hot lunches out to the men, you know, at quarter time. But they don't do that no more. And they had cook shacks and after they done away with the cook shacks then the farmers' wives had to cook for the men, you know. And a lot of women didn't like it but now a woman of today, if they ^{got} to take a hot dish to a potluck dinner they are nearly killed, you see. So they don't have those nice gatherings anymore, and that's just too bad.

Genesee was a population, it was a busy place. And I remember we had Chinese laundries here, had two of them. And they had saloons – one saloon – let's see – two saloons and one brewery, and Matt Kambitsch used to make the beer.

R: A brewery?

A: Yah, and he had the brewery and he used to make it out of malt barley.

R: Matt Kambitsch?

A: Yah, Matt Kambitsch. K-a-m-b-i-t^s-c-h. And he had the best beer in town and people

used to take a little five pound pail and go down and get a bucket of beer for fifteen cents. And they used to do all kinds of things like – And we had restaurants here. And I remember when mother lived here, I used to take butter downtown and sell it for twelve and a half cents a pound, two twenty-five cent rolls. And then I'd haul chickens downtown, nice big hens, twenty-five cents a piece, in a little wagon. And I was only twelve or thirteen years old. I went out and made the sales. I got along alright. And when we lived on the ranch, I'd walk in there two and three quarter miles. And I'd carry a couple dozen eggs. And you could buy calico, five cents a yard, enough to make a dress. And everything was cheap then , you know. And people now...When we'd go inside the grocery store and you'd smell everything and it smelled so good, you know. And they had the lutefish in bales, and they were never very particular about anything. And old Jack Rosenstein had his store and he had a cave in the wall and he used to hang his, what they'd call sowbell, up in the ceiling. And they'd have the butter in a cupboard with a screen on it and butter, of course, draws the taste of the meats and things like that. But people bought it and they never hollared or anything. And there were lots of bachelors around the country too. And they were always...And the Indians – they used to call it an Indian reservation, when I first come back here I talked about the Indian Reservation. Well, people didn't know what I was atlking about. Well, it was out there, a lot of squawmen and a lot of other good families living out there, you know.

R: That's out towards Fix Ridge or what?

A: No, right out east of Genesee, several miles out from it. Now it's mostly all people – this Indian land, you know, has been bought up with government relief and things like that. But I went to school with some of those girls. And the Indians are good people in this way, if they think you are their friend – like Mother always used to say – if they think – that was her experience, that was at the DeSmet Mission,

was half Indian and half white girls and they had them in separate buildings. And Mother said, "If they think you're their friend, they're good. But, " she says, " Let them find that you're not their friend – you look out! They don't like you." No. It's awful. And when the – during the Indian war, the Indians were scalping people. They'd just take off just a hair off of here, you see, and Mother said they had to take that to the chief to prove that they got a white man. Oh, yah, they were kinda mean. And scared to death of Indians but she used always tell us not to be afraid of them. And so many of these new people come in here why from the Eastern states, why you'd say "Indians" and they'd get so scared and so frightened. ^{they'd} make fun of them and everything. Why it was awful how they used to talk about them. And droves of Indians used to go by here and they'd carry their paraphernalia and go through and go up huckleberry picking and gather up stuff for the winter, you know. And it was nothing new to see Indians on the canyons gathering up all the wild roots for ~~feed~~ for the winter. And then the Indians used to get the deer hide and, oh, any hide they could get hold of and they would let it decay ever so long and then they had kinda a gadget – bone like – and they'd take all the hair off of that and then they would let that hide dry and they'd chew it with their teeth and make it soft to make moccassins and things out of. That's the way they did. But you don't ever see anything like that anymore. ^{Now} It's getting to be so few of them, you know. I used to like to watch the Indians. Dad used to go deal with 'em, though. He never had no trouble with 'em. Get your pigs cheap from them, you see.

R: What kind of a town was Genesee? Was it a pretty quiet town or was it a pretty...?

A: Oh, they had every rule here they had to live up to. They had the Methodist Church, the Congregational Church, and the Christian Church, the Lutheran Church and the Catholic Church and the Danish Church. And that church up in the valley there is the oldest church building standing now.

R: That's the Lutheran.

A: Yes, that's the Lutheran. And that's an awful nice little church inside, and then they had – This town was quite a – They had doctors here, two doctors and they had a dentist and a lawyer, and a real estate man and millinery store and two nice merchandise stores that I remember of. And it was real nice. Awfully nice town. Restaurants and now I guess – I don't think they even got a restaurant here now. I think that closed up. And – we don't even have a drugstore. And we had a drugstore and Dr. Korn and his son they built a nice building and the fraternal orders used to meet upstairs, you know. And old Dr. Korn had beautiful white hair and a white beard. And he always kept his floor oiled. So a certain man went in there one time and spit on the floor in front of the counter. And he just walked right around the counter, took a piece of chalk and marked a circle around him, he was so mad. He didn't like it at all. We had pretty good doctors at that time but now I don't -- I was about twelve years old, that one doctor, he operated on my one eye and cut ulcers out. And I just had to take it. He only uses cocaine and I couldn't stand that now. No. I had an awful time.

Everything was so free and so open and such a clean town. The air, atmosphere, here was so clean and pure, you know. And not like it is now. And we used to have such snow storms here! Oh, it used to be so – they could drive over the hills and over the fences and everything. And now I don't know where the snow went. One year we did have a lot of snow. I've taken pictures of the ranch out there when we had a lot of snow, and it was an awful lot of snow. When I was a little girl we used to go out coasting all the time, we used to have lots of fun. I'd invite the school kids out there, you know, and they'd have tobaggan parties and everything. But there's no snow now, much. Kids don't know what a good time is.

R: What'd they do for a good time when you were a kid?

A: Well, we rode horses and we went out sleigh riding and we cut pictures out of books and mother use to – we were satisfied. And we'd go out and play, you know, and things like that, and we had pets. And then of course, school and had activities then. But I don't know, the kids now-a-days have to get 'em a car and they have to race up and down. And I don't know what they are doing. We had a kid bell here, and everybody had to be in by 8 o'clock and they were strict. And I remember the old lamplighter that used to ^{be} here. We had those posts on the corners, you know, and they had the carbon lights, you know, and he used to light. And he used to get up on a little stepladder and light those lights.

And then there was a pound here, they had back of the livery barn. And anybody's cow get out, why he'd put the cow in and it cost a dollar to get her out. That's the way they used to do. Oh, yeh they did everything.

R: Did your grandfather ever tell you why he decided to settle out here? Why he would go so far away from everybody else to settle into a place?

A: Well, I didn't come out to settle, I didn't homestead or anything.

R: No, your grandfather.

A: Well, grandfather came out here because the country was so open. And he wasn't the only one. There was the Bottjers and the Scharnhorsts, and the Evitts – Mike Evitts was next, he was in 1870. ^{Strickbritches,}

R: But your grandfather was the first, wasn't he?

A: Yes, he was the first one to settle over there in Thorn Creek, 1870. He came down from Moscow. And he started in here. And there was a deep creek, nice clean water and there used to be crawfish and everything. I remember all the thorn bushes was there. And then Battjer, above him there. And they all worked together them pioneers and they were so accomodating. The pioneers were kind, you know, to one another, and always helped one another. And my grandmother's

sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hanson, come out from back east, from back in Kansas where they settled first when they come out from Denmark. And they walked up the Lewiston Hill and they carried their oldest baby and carried their lunch. And they ^{come} up the top of the hill and they hired a team at high price and come over to her sister's place in Thorn Creek.

R: Her sister was...?

A: Mrs. Thomas Tierney. And they settled there, for, oh, a few months and they thought they liked Genesee country better so they came here and settled over here in Genesee. And right on top ^{of} the hill you can see them trees and they settled here and they lived here. And they had three sons and a daughter, and the daughter died in childhood days. And my grandmother and she were sisters. And she was always a great lady – like my grandmother – always willing to help others. So Grandma Hanson always went out anytime of the time of the night or anytime when she was called and ride bareback, horse, rain or sun shine, and help people on maternity cases and sickness. And she was awful kind to everyone. She was a wonderful woman.

R: She was kinda the midwife around here?

A: Yeh, she helped a lot. And so she – – and they lost their daughter then and they settled over here. And then their house burned. They had misfortune, but that didn't discourage them any. He homesteaded land here. And they belonged to fraternal organizations and they used to drive down to Lewiston and stay over night and attend all the parties and have a good time. Great Rebe~~ka~~^{ka}s, you know, and Odd Fellows. And they used to entertain an awful lot. And Grandpa Hanson told me that they used to have the best times when they were young. They believed in having a good time and not accumul~~ating~~ating a lot, you know. Well, that was a good way to be. And lots of people... And they ~~used~~ used to have these country dances, you know, you've heard of them, you know, where groups would gather,

you know, and they'd dance till two o'clock in the morning and everybody would carry grub along and we'd have a good time. Play harmonica and violin, you know.

People had good times.

And then they'd give dances here in Genesee, certain parties would give dances in Genesee. And any girl going out of the during a dance hall with a fellow, they were talked about. They had to stay inside. It was indecent, you know. And guys would chew cloves to kill the whiskey smell on their breath. Oh, and then sometimes they'd have suppers, some organization would give a supper, you know, two bits a meal and our boyfriend would take us to the dinner, you know. Oh, we used to enjoy it very much. We had good times and then, of course, I left here when I was about seventeen and I went to work in Spokane. Then I worked up there until I was married and come down back here. It seemed awful good to get down here on this black soil where it was so dry, clean and wholesome, you know. Because the city life – I wasn't for that.

I liked animals and I had success with 'em. Milking cows and raising calves and pigs and chickens and poultry and I used ducks and chickens and rabbits and everything, you know. I did an awful lot of that. And then I had butter, I used to make butter and I had customers here in town for years. I always had something to sell off of the ranch. And then I used to ship quite a bit too to Spokane, 'cause I lived up there and I knew who to ship to. And I'd write up there and ask, you know. So it's changed quite a bit then.

No, I was always wanting to be up in front and take the lead in lots of things and I got along all right. I liked it. We had good schools here. And I praise the University of Idaho, they sure were nice to me. My daughter had allergies, you know, and Mrs. Richie and Mrs. Neilson, they helped me. And she belonged to seven years of 4H and she won a trip to Chicago. Well, so did that one Colton too.

They both got trips with the 4H Club. And Mrs. Richie said, "It's a shame to let that talent go to waste." So I worked out a plan for her with a diet and she was glad enough to eat in the kitchen no matter what she had just so she had her diet. And she helped work her way through school. Now sh'e one of the best teachers over near – she's parttime teacher at the community college. And she has a little business of her own, her and another lady and they make these here ski suits, you know. And so they got together on that for a sideline and she goes down to Portland and gets her materials through orders from the people that....And she gets ten dollars for each member she had and she had ^{about} ten or twenty and she made an awful lot of money last year. And then the Bernina sewing machine company asks her for a demonstration and she gets ten dollars an hour for that. You know she's busy too. Awful busy. So that's the way young people do if they only get in and do it, you know. Why...And 4H Club, I tell you that 4H Club is a fine foundation for young people. I think it's wonderful, if they stay with it, never drop out. Of course, you've got to take the bitter with the sweet, but stay with it – that's what I say. We had good leaders here too. And the girls did the work on the ranch, helped me on the ranch, and everything, and took time for 4H – just always keeping busy. That's what my daughter always said, keep them busy and they'll never get into mischief, you know. So, she keeps her children busy too. So they have – So I feel happy about my children and grandchildren. They all done all right.

R: One question I have here. I was wondering when you were talking about when Tom Tierney built his first cabin as a hidout. Did he have to haul the logs for that too?

A: Yes! They had to go up in the mountains but there was timber clear in to Troy, you know, and Moscow, lots of timber around here them days.

R: About how long a haul was it?

A: Well, they'd take their, what they called their grub wagon, and they'd take their wagon and go up there – the team and the running gears of the wagon and they go up

there and hew the logs out and bring them down here. And Palouse, Washington was the nearest place to get provisions what they couldn't get in Lewiston. Lewiston had nothing there.

R: Was it just a couple of miles or five miles, or ten miles?

A: Oh, twenty miles, twenty-one miles. All of that. Oh, yes. People in them days lived out in the open and that's what made them so tough, I think. Yes that was it. So anyway, why –

Then we had the churches here, you know, and Sunday evening at seven-thirty there'd always be churches, you know. So we used to go to – mother and us girls used to go to – all the churches and hear the sermons, you know, the ones they'd have on Sunday evening. And I remember one minister – he was an evangelist – traveling around and he was telling about– you know, they used to roll cigarett in them days – and he was telling about a funny story. He said, "Now I want to tell you folks something for your own good health!" He says, "Don't chew tobacco." And he says, "Don't smoke – that's injurious to your health and cigarettes are casket nails." That was a good answer. And then – oh, he told about different things, oh, I don't know.

And there's so many of these people I can count to back four and five generations. And when they go to get married, I have to stop and think if they're any relation. There were such big families them days, but now–a–days there's maybe be two or three, maybe none at all, now, you know. It's just different. I seen all these houses go up around here. I remember all of them. And so many of the older people in that generation are gone. My schoolmates, there were 17 in the class, and I can count three here and that's all, living.

R: Who are the three?

A: Kate Baumgartner, Christina Jacobs and Mrs. Kluss – Mrs. John Kluss.

R: K-l-u-s?

A: Uh, s-s.

R: How was your family affected by the first depression – the 1893 depression?

Was that hard on you out here?

A: Well, my father and mother were – you see, Dad rented the ranch out and that's how his renter couldn't pay the rent. And that's why he had to move back, you see, to run these hogs up and make good, you see. The renter couldn't pay the rent and it rained so much that fall. That was an unusual year, it rained so much that the stacks turned green. They couldn't get them threshed. And then days they put it in stacks when they headed it. And they had a derrick table that had four things on it. And that was what a derrick – top for this – – Them days the threshing machines would crawl between the stacks and then they'd have to have this derrick – no, the derrick table would crawl between the stacks and the threshing machine beside that. And the derrick table would have these derricks – you know, these forks, and they'd have to be covered and then we'd load them up and then haul them up to the derrick table. And then move it into the cylinders of the threshing machine and that's the way they threshed their grain. And that's what they had those days. And, of course, few people had a header then – a thresher them days. And they had to wait for the thresher and the thresher didn't come in so they lost their grain. So Dad took the ranch back again and so we moved back there and we stayed there for, oh, I don't know how many years.

R: And that's when he turned the hogs loose in to the ...

A: And that's when he turned the hogs in to the green stacks. That's all that saved him that time. He went in debt too. He had to go in debt, you know, to get started over again. But he made it though. Dad was sharp and he was interesting to talk to. And when he was living here in town why, I used to go up and keep house

for him for four winters, you know, send the girls to school. And I used to hear him. People would come up and I used to hear him talk about these pioneer stories and I could jot down a lot of it. And then he used to get in fights in earlier days, you know, and some of the old fellows used to carry blackjack, you know what that is? That's a buckskin sack with buckshot in it. And then when they'd get mad, and get drunk and have a fight, why they'd hit 'em in the face with this. That's what they had. And I know by name, knew the people personally, that had those. Old fellows, you know, that are all gone now, of course.

Oh, Sunday in harvest time, they used to have so many – as I say, they used to come in and do their shopping on Sunday. That was the only time the stores would all stay open. And you'd go past the brewery and we'd go with our heads straight, and usually all the threshers were in there having a good time, singing, drinking and fooling around, you know. And then they'd all come home with a hair box with little water melons, and have a good time. Then the next day why they'd all get to work again. That's the way they would do.

The town was awful lively then. The merchants did land office business and they always looked foreward to the people coming in.

R: You think threshing was the biggest time of the year?

A: Well, the excitement, of the year was threshing. Yeh, about harvest time, that was the biggest time. And we'd always have to get up about 3-4 o'clock in the morning to get the things ready for breakfast, you know. And of course, they never worked a place ^{any more than} a week, you know, or something like that. And of course, we had our own cured meats and everything and we could get some from over at the butcher shop. Dad always had a keg of beer for the threshers. He always hauled that out. So...

R: For daily use or for when they got through?

A: No, for daily use, all the time. He'd have it for them, you know. He wanted to

treat them. And he had a nice orchard out there and we had all kinds of fruit and that too. He planted a little orchard and we had everything out there. It was just too bad I couldn't stay out on the ranch longer. I loved the hills. But I couldn't stand it no more. I had to quit. You can stand hard work just so long and then you've got to quit when it's time. Well, when the girls had gone to school, gone away, why – married and gone, I said, "Well, what's the use." So I left the ranch and come in here. I've lived here about twenty...

R: Is the ranch still – are the ranch buildings all still there?

A: I sold it to Hermanns. I hated to give it up. Dad homesteaded it and everything and I have the original deed. Number 213.

R: Is that number 213 for the state of Idaho or what?

A: For this county.

R: The county.

A: Um-hum. Original north Idaho, I guess. There wasn't many people. I ~~can~~ remember just people had small houses and they all had big families and they got along someway. And they could all make a living on 40 acres. They'd all go out and help one another. And things were cheap, you know, and the women all sewed and they'd knit and knew how to make their clothes. But now-a-days of course, a lot of them can't sew around and they have to buy ready-made, you know, and oh my, they cost a tremendous expense. Terribly, awful high. No.

R: You said at one point that they used to grow a lot of flax here.

A: Well, that was the first crops. That's when they broke the land it was all sod, and it was too rich to grow wheat. The wheat used to be way high up – all growth stems and not too big a head. And so then they planted flax. That was the first crop. And that brought a good price. And then I had a lot of –

R: Flax needs a lot richer soil?

A: Yes, it needs richer soil, and then, of course, then it finally came they could

raise wheat and barley, you know, things like that.

R: The soil was too poor for flax then or what?

A: Well, there was more in wheat and other grains and they needed that for the country, you see, to produce. And let me see. There's been warehouses – two warehouses burned and the flour mill over here. Then we had two flour mills in Genesee. And up along the railroad track, why – I've got a picture of Genesee and the town used to look, and what it looks like now. I took that picture. (one sentence inaudible)

R: Oh, I think I'll be able to see it.

A: There's Genesee, 1908. Well, the flour mills – oh, I can't see it.

(break)

A: Up there in Spokane, there was a gang of men we used to take sandwiches to. They were Austrians and worked for them for three years. So we used to take a double ended streetcar. So we used to take a double ended streetcar and we'd go out there Sundays to the farmers and he'd side-track it there on the side lane and give Sam and Joe work, you know, putting in little trenches around the little picks on the right-of-way fence and everything. And we'd go in there. And we'd have the best time. And then we – weekdays when he'd come in when the watermelons came in, he'd just load up the flatcar with watermelons and take up in the railroad yards and tell the men to help themselves. And in the springtime – why he used to run the snowplows in the wintertime. In the springtime, why he used to – when the break of spring come – the foreigners used to come to the door, you know, and oh my! ^{the} garlic on them. And they'd take their hats off and they'd bow way down to me and they'd ask for him. Well, they couldn't say his name in English very good, so he'd be *sleeping*, you know, for one of the snowplows, you know, in the wintertime, and they'd want to see him. They wanted a job. Well, they worked for him two or three years, you know, and they'd come here, you know, and he

couldn't get used to it. And he used to think the names were so funny around here, you know, that...

Oh, here's old Felix Warren and his stage. That's the way he used to drive, see? He used to have a stage coach and...(inaudible)... and I think of it now - Merrill...

R: Did you know Felix Warren yourself?

A: I barely remember him, that's all. I was little, see. ^{Before} four or five years old, you know, you can't remember much. But still I was observing.

R: Was he still driving the stage when you remember him?

A: Oh, yes. And he used to drive the stage up and down and back and forth and stayed at the hotel when the folks had it. He was a smart old fellow.

And then here's "Closed - Buttons and Bows". That's a story about Watson's clothes down there in Spalding when they died, you know. Well, before they died. It says, "High button shoes, gold plates or pans, kerosene lamps, Cure-all remedies and numerous other items dated back in the early 1900's will be sold here Tuesday and Wednesday, during the closure of Watson's General Merchandise Store." Well, when they speak up to 1900, you know, that don't seem long ago to me because before 1900, why I was out here observing everything, you know. So they sold out then and they both moved to Lewiston and they died. And they had their buggy whips and they had "old iron scales and storage bins and nail kegs and buggy whips and other items may be retained for their historical value." Maybe somebody got 'em, I don't know.

Oh, I tell you, old Felix Warren was quite a friendly old guy.

R: Did your grandfather Tierney ever tell you about when he was working on the Erie Canal or when he was working as a pony express rider? Did he ever tell you any stories about those days?

A: Oh, he said it was awful rough riding and he had to give it up. It was too hard on his health. They had to go so fast and in all kinds of weather and everything. And they had to go at a fast lope and that's why the stamp has the picture of the pony running, you see. And he had to go so fast and it was too hard on him. He did that six months and he couldn't stand it. He had to quit. And then he worked his way out, you see, and he had a little money when he landed here. He was better off than lots of 'em, you know. Most of 'em had to work their way through. Oh, and that was something funny, you know. He used to tell about he had a neighbor, you know and whenever he'd chew his tobacco, you know, why he'd throw a cud out or throw it away. And the old fella told him to save 'em for him 'cause he'd smoke 'em in his pipe. Well, he couldn't afford to buy tobacco, you know. No, that was it.

And lots later people come here investigating – investigating buying land and they always buy an equity if they have a chance to buy an equity out, you know. Get that cheap.

R: To buy a what?

A: Equity. That's a – you know what that is. And so there was an old fellow below us there; oh, I was scared to death of him. The people ^{that} had it first – old Joe Brunty, he farmed that first. He was one who knew my father. He's the one that got my father to come there, you know, to this place. My dad met him in Uniontown, near Uniontown, and he came up there and Dad filed on a homestead. So Joe Brunty was a good neighbor but he went up to the mountains to get a little sawmill near Helmer, Idaho, up here. And he had a sawmill up there. And he got up one morning and he went to light his pipe and the mill blew up, because the pipes were frozen. Blew him all to pieces. He was buried out east of Genesee. So then there was a fellow by the name of Clark and he bought the equity out. And he lost it. The government put him out and – put him out on the county road. And

us children used to look down there and mother used to tell us, "Stay away from there." He was vicious. And we were so scared of him, you know. And he was mean. And anybody's cattle or anything – we got along with him, but some neighbor had some cattle and he shot them full of buckshot. And he was mean and all that and so forth.

R: Was he mean to people too?

A: Yeh, he was ornery to get along with. So him and my father didn't hook too good and they wouldn't join fences and they had a devil's ^{lane} between 'em. You know what that is – a devil's lane? So when Dad told me these other people bought the place, well, I thought to myself, "Well, now I'm going down there and I'm going to walk in a devil's lane so I can say I walked in a devil's lane." So it's two rows of fence so the other people that bought the equity from the government – rebought it again – why, they tore the fence down. There was only one fence between Dad and the neighbor. Oh, I tell you, – an old Clark used to be afraid of the place – that ^{old} Joe Brunty used to be haunting all the time – you'd see him at night, you know. He was a ghost, you see. He was superstitious. So that was it.

But mother got along with Joe Brunty and she got along with poor old Clark, too. You know, old Clark was vicious but I guess he was just picked to death by people, you know. And it makes people mean sometimes, too.

R: Was there a lot of sort of ecentric – or orddball kind of characters who ended up out here in the early days?

A: Oh, some of 'em. People had to give – them called 'em nicknames, you know. They had to give a lot to get along with 'em, and everything. There was a law and everybody tried to be congenial, you know. There was lots of cranky people, unreasonable people, you know. But you'll find that no matter where you go. But they all got along all right.

R: Nobody in particular you can think of though?

A: No, I don't know. One time there was a man murdered in town here. He was robbed and murdered back of the store here. In the early days my dad told me who it was and what it was over too. But I don't know, I've forgot what he told me about that. My dad was 87 when he died. He was a crippled. He used to sit and talk. It'd take him to have the memory to tell the things. Oh, he worked hard in his days too. So did old Grandfather Teirney.

R: Grandfather Teirney was mostly a farmer?

A: Oh, yes. That was his work. You see he homesteaded, he come here in 1870, you know. And that was his idea, you know. He settled down on this land, and they always had to file in Lewiston, you know, there was no county courthouse here in Moscow, () They all had to go to Nez Perce County Courthouse. And then in 1890 when this become a state, then they divided the counties up and they made Latah and then Nez Perce county named, you see. So that was it.

Yah, old poor Father Cataldo was a very grand man and Reverend Henry Spalding too. Oh, Mrs. Clyde and I, when we get together we sure talk. I like to talk to her. Homer David was nice too, you know. I could talk to him too, an awfully lot too, you know. Oh, different people up there. And so was Bab^s Smith, too. She was a sweet old person.

(break)

A: There were the nicest guys I ever knew, you know.

R: The Gamble brothers?

A: Oh, yes. You know, my dad loaned them money, you know, before he died and they paid me every cent back that was ever owed. And they were just nice to cook for. They harvested hay, baling up there at one of the neighbors. And so they came down about noon, just about noon – well, a quarter after twelve they got set up.

Just got through at that place up ^{and it was} twelve ^{thirty} they come down ^{when} 55.
to our place. They have to tore down everything....

End Side C

AGNES: Well, he went out and asked them if they had had their dinner and they said, "No." And it was about half past twelve. Well, I says I can get dinner. And I had everything ready in 40 minutes. I had a great big dinner on the table and they was the happiest bunch ^{I ever} cook^{ed} for. Awfully nice, they were always very precise and nice, you know. Anytime I'd go anywhere and Gus and all of them would greet me with a hearty welcome. They're very nice people, awfully nice people.

R: How many Gamble brothers were there?

A: Well, there was John and Bert and Gus. And then there was Lola and her sister, that I know of. But, Lola – their father was one of the first ministers of Moscow, I guess. Grand old man. Well, he was ^{n¹⁴} old man then but, oh, things have changed so around here! I'm glad I've lived now three decades now – I might say – and I'm glad I lived long enough to see the changes around here. The changes in the country don't seem possible.

R: Like what?

A: Well, everything is so progress, you know, – changing things around. Everything is so changed, you know. Now they're putting the wires of the telephone company underground. And all this modernism and everything. Why it's just – Well, now I could go and live in a cabin and act – and get along – just like the pioneers did.

I could, because I know what they did. It's ^{just} one of these things, modernisms, applicances and stuff like this, you know. And I had a hard time getting use to an electric range. I've got an old cook stove here and it's 44 years old. And I still cook on it, and then I got the electric range too.

R: We cook on a wood stove.

A: Yeh, and in the winter time you can have a fire in there and burn presto-logs and my son-in-law brings wood up for me. And they're all good to me, you know, the

children are. They always bring things home and there's always something coming through the mail.

R: How did the pioneers – what different ways did they preserve their food? Did they...

A: Well, they had a cellar and a cave in the hill. And that was covered over with rails and straw on top and then dirt on top. And then in the front there was a space about that thick and that all stuffed with straw and then they had double doors. And they had their potatoes and their rutabagas and whatever they had in there. And Grandfather, of course, he had a wonderful basement and he always had a Dutch woman make his sauerkraut. And he had his sauerkraut in the basement there. And he always used to take Mother down there and give her sauerkraut. He used to have plenty to eat; he always believed in having plenty to eat, always. And down in the old cabin – he never did move after his second wife died – he always lived down in the old log cabin, you know. So, we went over there. And Mother used to go. Mother used to walk over from the ranch, pret-near four miles. She'd go over there. She'd drive over or ride a horse over and we'd go over there and we'd step down into the kitchen, you know, and he had that little cook stove there. And she cooked there and everything like that. And we went over there one time and my uncle and aunt were there. So my aunt used to can these huckleberries in these buckets – sarrvice berries.

R: What sort of buckets?

A: Oh, these little lard pails.

R: How would she seal it?

A: Sealing wax. They made it some way, I don't know how. And so my cousin, he was just a little kid – he's passed on now. And he said to my youngest sister – no,

my third oldest sister – he says, "Now give me a kiss," while he was eating at the table and she said, "No, your face is too dirty." Little kids.

R: What other ways did they make their food last? What kind of food could they eat during the winter – what could they make last?

A: Well, they'd take to work and butcher. We'd butcher five or six hogs and make that sausage and it was dry cured meat. And then they'd take them hams and bacon...

R: How would they dry cure it ?

A: Salt. Dry cure it and some made a brine and they'd soak it down. And then they'd hang it in the smoke house and smoke it with any kind of wood they could get a hold of, and that's the way they did it. And ^{then} that there – then they'd put it back in this cave where it was cold – cool, you know. And then they'd pack it in straw or pack it up. And go out in the summertime and get a ham. Somebody would come, Grandfather would just say–well, somebody come – "Oh, now Mama, go cook some bacon and eggs. Go fry 'em a couple of eggs. Give 'em something to eat." He always thought about giving somebody something to eat. So they'd cook bacon and eggs and that tastes awful good when you take ^{a team} and drive a long ways. And then people used to gather around and have big dinners. And when Mike Evitts got married, why his wife and him – they had four daughters – and he had a 12 room house. And that house was built just lovely. It was one of the finest houses in the country. And there wasn't a musical instrument invented that what he always got it. And he had the first organ...

R: Who was this?

A: Mike Evitts. E-v-i-t-t-s. That's Mable ~~Sluters~~ grandfather, Mrs. ~~Sluters~~ grandfather. And that organ is over in Thorn Creek now, somebody's house. And he had the first organ up here on the hill. And he planted one of the first orchards here. And that 12 room house was as good a shape when they left there as – and they let some of them, big family, live there and everything. And then they sold it

to somebody else and now the house is tore down, you know. And there's nothing there now anymore. But my, the hospitality! And they cooked meals and the meals that they cooked, I never saw these hungarian dishes, something you never tasted before! And I asked my aunt one time – one of the daughters married my uncle, you know – and she was a grand person. And I said one day – I stayed over there for Easter and they had something I never forgot. They take it and it was ham and homemade bread and eggs and everything and put it together and ^{they} put it in a kind of a container and they boil it. And then slice it off cold and it was delicious. So I asked Aunt Lucy one time how they made it. And she said, "Well, they take a whole ham and a lot of bread and take 12 eggs and we mix that all together. And then we put it in and boil it." And then they slice it off and that was good. And the cakes and the salads they used to make. It was just wonderful!

And they had a lot of sheep and Grandma Evitts used to take and shear these sheep and – they'd shear the sheep, you know. And she'd card the wool and make yarn and sew – knit – socks and sweaters and things. And then she'd go out – at harvest time – she'd go out to the straw stack and she'd take stack twine and she'd go out and make little baskets, you know, weave them, a little handle in them. And she was handy that way. Oh, she could do most anything. She's the one that always seeded the grain by hand, you know. And they never went anywhere much at all. They couldn't write their name in English, they always made a cross. But they could talk to you when you come there. And they wore earrings, both of 'em.

R: They were Hungarians?

A: Yes. And they come from – he come there in 1870 and then he worked around for a couple of years and then he filed on a claim and then he sent for his wife and his

brother – half-brother. And they had food! And I used to like to go over there and Annie and I, his youngest daughter, used to play together. She's passed on too. And we used to have the best time. But he had all good girls, though. They were real nice girls. They were awful good to everybody. Always willing to give 'em a helping hand, and Mike Evitts and Grandma Evitts always seen to it that Mother always had plenty to try and help her if they could. They thought a lot of her. She had so many friends, you know, and things like that.

R: Did your mother – was she having a hard time making it or something? You mean they took care of her after your father passed away?

A: After her mother passed away. Until she went to the DeSmet School. They come over there then, see? No, they were awfully good people.

R: Did the early people around here do much work together? Did they cooperate or exchange work?

A: Oh, yes, yes. So much of that. And that's how they got along so well, you see.

R: Like doing what kind of things?

A: Oh, working on the farm and breaking horses and butchering and things like that, you know. And doing things that way. They used to have butchering bees and, you know, ^{they'd} all gather at one person's home and butcher hogs and cut 'em up, you know, and salt 'em down and everything. I learned how to do all that, you know, I could make sausage and everything. Smoke it – I learned how to do all those things but I wished I had some of ^{that} homemade sausage now. It was really good.

R: Did they have barn raisings and things like that?

A: Barn what?

R: Barn raisings, or you know, roof raisings or building bees?

A: No, no. Dad paid for everything that he had built, you know. A man by the name of

Bullwinkle built his house and his barn. And then they lived over the hill and then the old rustic cabin he had built, why that had one big room lined with cedar and then there was a little bedroom and a kitchen off of that. And that's where they lived, they homesteaded. Mother used to stay there alone an awful lot when he'd go to the mountains to... She'd take care of all the stock and pump water for 'em and everything. I don't know how she done it, she was smaller than I am. She could stand it though. She could tell you stories about the pioneers and people, oh my, she had a memory – she sure did.

R: It seems like you had a hole lot of different animals and pets and things as you were growing up and as a woman. Are there any that you remember particularly? Like in – I was thinking of horse teams. Did farmers kinda make pets out of their horse teams sometimes?

A: Oh, the horses, they had to be broke to working, driving. I drove a team to Genesee many a time. I rode horses too. I had a buckskin cayuse. Now there's my youngest daughter and her pet ^{up} Shetland pony there in the picture, you see. When I went back to the ranch, we had a ~~S~~ Shetland pony and my oldest girl used to ride him to school before they had school buses. And then she had a white horse she used to ride. She had to get out and walk on top of the snowdrifts and lead him in, you know. That's where she got her first education. And then the younger girls, why the school buses started running then and, of course, I came into town and stayed too with my dad when he was alone there and ^{take} care of him. And I took care of him until he died. My sisters finally come and help me. I'd go back and forth weekends, working bachelor halls and do things like that.

R: Are there any of your horses or any of your animals that you remember in particular?

A: No. Oh, there was Prince and Bill and Doc, and Harry. And I could just get

on Harry, he had a broad back, and I could just ride on a lope like everything and never think nothing about it, you know. But cows were the main thing, you know, and we used to make pets of the cows. I always like cows. We used to milk cows and things like that. I milked many a cow. Always made lots of butter and had my customers. I miss all that, but oh, there's a time you've got to give up, I guess. You can't do it all the time. Leave other people have a chance. But they don't do that nowadays. I don't think some of the women could make butter even. I know I had a friend. The friend had a store ^{a 7-11} in Spokane and she took sick. And so, of course, I understood the grocery business too 'cause I worked in the grocery store cashiering a long time. So when she was sick she sent for me. And some of them young men'd come in and they'd have to buy bread. And they'd say, "My wife can't even make a baking powder biscuit." Well, my goodness. I didn't know what to say. No, that's it. I've been in the stores over here lots of time and some of these town women would say, "Oh, I had company Sunday and I didn't have a loaf of bread and I couldn't do a thing." Well, I could turn a – I used to love to cook – and I could turn out baking powder biscuits in no time while I was standing there talking. My oldest daughter said I'd even make dessert. There's nothing to it, is all. I used to like to cook but I can't rush on like I used too.

R: Would you like to play the ^{melodion} again? Is that what it's called – a ^{melodion} ?

A: No, just lower organ.

R: Oh, well, you had another name you called it too. I've forgotten what you called it. Didn't you have another name that you called it?

A: Well, the people in Moscow call it the ^{melodion}. It's just a hand organ, that's the name of it. Just a hand organ. That's what Grandfather called it. It's called a lower organ by rights. But I'm glad I have it. I'm going to take that and put it in the back end of the house 'cause this door here, you know. There is so much

mischievous going on in town, it's just terrible. (inaudible)

A: Oh, Grandfather used to stand here and he'd used to play "Annie Laurie" and he'd stand over this and cry, when he'd play "Annie Laurie", you know. Now I'd better leave it open....

Harmonium music

A: That's it.

END OF SIDE D

transcribed and typed by Karen Purtee