

FLOYD LAWRENCE / NONA WILKINS LAWRENCE  
WITH  
CARL LANCASTER AND LAURA MAY WILKINS LANCASTER

Second Interview

Interviewed by:  
Sam Schrager

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FLOYD LAWRENCE

NONA WILKINS LAWRENCE

with: CARL LANCASTER & LAURA MAY WILKINS  
LANCASTER

Floyd: Jansville, Helmer; b. 1898

logger.

Nona: Helmer; 1898

ran Helmer dance pavilion.

2.2 hours

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(12 minutes)		

with Sam Schrager

January 27, 1976

## II. Transcript

FLOYD LAWRENCE/ NONA WILKINS LAWRENCE

This interview with FLOYD LAWRENCE and NONA WILKINS LAWRENCE took place at the home of CARL LANCASTER on January 27, 1976. Carl Lancaster and LAURA MAY WILKINS LANCASTER, also take an active part in this conversation. The interviewer is SAM SCHRAGER.

SAM SCHRAGER: -- haul all the way from Park?

FL: They hauled with horses down to the creek and then they put cats on 'em and brought 'em on in.

NWL: I wrote it all down here when they talked last night here.

SS: What did they say last night?

NWL: Well, Carl and Floyd and all of 'em - this is right in here, that tells some of the men that was road monkeys and cat doctors.

LML: Did you get wrote down some that Clay told you?

NWL: Clay said- well, he was a sawyer.

LML: I know, but did you get that down?

SS: What's a road monkey?

CL: Well, Floyd can tell you that.

FL: I had a, well, it was-- come up the hill and it kind of made a turn that was steep and I had about 100 feet there and I had to beat the snow. Well, it was froze all the time we was there and I had to pack snow and throw on that and on the other side they were sanding. Guys that rode them sleds down and sanding, so when they got to running they'd sand a little, see, and hold 'em back.

NWL: They were called road monkeys.

SS: You just had that one strip?

NWL: Yeah, but there was others had other strips on down the hill there. I think I wrote it down there. Because <sup>Carl</sup> and Floyd kind of figured it out.

CL: And Clay this morning.

NWL: Clay was a sawyer, and he said he sawed quite a lot of that timber. You know there was others too, but he couldn't think who they were.



SS: You sound like there was a lot of men working on that.

FL: Um-huh.

NWL: They <sup>made</sup> thirty and thirty-and-a-half cents an hour. Worked twelve hours a day; seventy-two days. That was a long time. I know that Floyd, he'd leave in the dark and come home in the dark, when he come home.

SS: Why were they doing it that way?

FL: That timber belonged to a doctor in Spokane and the time was up on it, see. And they had to get it off before the time ran out or they took the timber back.

NWL: I thought that was Potlatch timber.

FL: Well, it was Potlatch timber, but the time had run out that they had on it to get it off, see. And I don't know how they could ever made anything the way it cost them to get that logged out here.

SS: Why? Did that cost more than the usual would cost?

FL: Lord, yes!

SS: Why is that?

FL: They had to have so many men. Every sled had a teamster on it, see. And then they had the road monkeys and then they had to cut the timber and then cats a driving back and forth. It cost a lot of money to log that.

SS: Is that the only big sleigh haul that they did?

FL: That's the only one I know of.

CL: They had smaller ones, but that was the big one, <sup>up over</sup> there.

SS: How many men would you guess? If you were going to guess, all told. Oh, you wasn't working.

CL: No, I wasn't working.

FL: Oh, I don't know.

CL: It all depends on how many teams they had a skidding the logs. Depends on how many teams they had a skidding. Because there was two men to the team and it took a gang ~~of~~ saws to keep a team agoing. Any time in a camp where they had twenty teams they'd have about twenty gangs of saws.

SS: How big an area do you think it was?

CL: I think it was a quarter section.

FL: Quarter section of yellow pine. It was nice, big timber.

SS: Was Flasher in charge of the whole operation?

FL: No, he was-

CL: He run the logging part.

FL: He run the woods. I think they had about six foremen- we put 'em all down there, see? And every foreman ~~worked against~~ the other one, it was the worst mess I ever seen. ~~You'd think they'd help one another out.~~

SS: You would think there would be a pretty lot involved with all the men and everything.

FL: There was.

SS: How would <sup>they</sup> get in each other's way?

FL: Well, they had it worked out so they didn't, too much. Then it took two four-horse teams to pull down two sleigh loads and then they'd hook them two sleigh loads together and the cat would take 'em up here then, see. String out pretty well.

SS: Was one man in charge of the whole works?

FL: I don't think so.

CL: Floyd, there was one superintendent. That was T. P. Joneses last job.

SS: His last job?

FL: That was his last job.

CL: But who the foreman was, I couldn't tell you.

- FL: It was quite a deal. You know that company was sure lucky. It was snow and cold all that time.
- CL: That was a bad winter.
- FL: It sure worked good for them. And it took a lot of snow where I was at, and they finally sent the section crew down there and packed snow ? on that road. I know this- I guess he was my foreman- he come up there and he said, "You know, I think you're doing this wrong." "Well," I said, "how would you do it?" "I'd shovel all this snow off." And so <sup>helped me and</sup> we shoveled it off and the first cat that come up there got stuck. And I said, "Just push, maybe we can get him to go that way." "that  
"Naw," he said, he wouldn't do it. Now," he said, "the next guy that comes along and tells you how to fix <sup>this</sup>, you tell him to go to hell!"  
(Chuckles)
- SS: How far did they haul with sleds before they switched over to the cats?
- FL: They hauled down to the creek, the Potlatch River here. That was pretty much downhill all the ways, and then they had to pull out of that canyon up and put 'em over here.
- SS: Did they do anything besides just unhitching the horses?
- FL: I guess they unhitched 'em, but they had long tongues for the horses and they took them off and then just had a short tongue for the cat, see.
- SS: This was way back when?
- CL: 1921 and '22. The fall of '21 and the spring of '22.
- SS: How good were the cats then?
- CL: Well, they had two Best and two Holts.
- SS: Were they dependable?
- CL: Yeah, <sup>they was</sup> pretty fair cats. They took the two cats and combined them

and called 'em the Caterpillar. That's how the Caterpillar got started.

SS: What do you mean? Combined them?

CL: They took the Holt and the Best and made one cat out of 'em and called 'em the Caterpillar. That's the name, the Caterpillar.

SS: Did Jones know a lot about the woods? Was he a good woodsman?

FL: What Jones was that?

SS: T. P.

FL: Well, he was the main boss of this whole district. He must have put in twenty years in the woods.

CL: He followed Deary. Wasn't Deary the first superintendent they had?

SS: Yes.

CL: Well, he came up to follow Deary, that's all I know.

FL: Well, Deary was on the railroad, too, wasn't he?

CL: Yup. I understand he was the woods superintendent, too, wasn't he?

SS: Yeah, I think he was

CL: Yeah, that's what I say and then Jones followed him.

FL: I don't think Deary knew too much about the woods. I don't know, I  
him.  
don't remember Old T. P. Jones, he tried out a lot of things.

CL: I'd like to know what became of his cutter.

FL: Huh?

CL: I'd like to know what became of T. P. Joneses cutter.

FL: I don't know, Carl.

CL: Even in the '60's it was still up overhead in the warehouse there.  
Then they moved that. They moved that just shortly after I <sup>in Bonvil</sup> did.

NWL: Yes, I saw her in Troy not long ago?

CL: Mrs. T. P. Jones?

NWL: Yes. She said that he was able to get out and around a little bit now.

CL: Old T. P. he's been dead-

NWL: No.

SS: Yeah, T.P.- you thinking of Guy?

CL: You mean Guy Jones.

NWL: Yeah. Guy Jones. Yes, it was Guy Jones. *He was a nephew, wasn't he?*

SS: Is Guy Jones- that's what I heard -

NWL: He's a relative of his.

CL: He was a nephew.

SS: Has Guy Jones been in this country for a long time?

NWL: I'm forty-eight(78) years old and I can remember him ever since I was just a little thing.

CL: Well, when I come up here in 1925, that was fifty years ago this January and Guy was in the barn here at Camp 6. Him and a deaf and dumb guy. Adam-what was his name? Oh, Harry- Adam Ault.

SS: He was deaf and dumb and he still worked?

CL: Yeah. And his wife was dead and dumb, too.

SS: Oh, really?

FL: You know, we run a skating rink up here and both of 'em was just wonderful skaters. And we had music and you know, that deaf couple would just dance to that music, just like nothing. Never missed a beat.

CL: They must have *got the vibrations.*

NWL: Yeah, from the feet. They was. *they'd just glide.* How they could do it, I don't know.

SS: Where did they live?

CL: Over there at Camp 6.

SS: What did he do? He worked in the barn?

CL: Yeah.

Yeah, he helped Guy Jones there in the barn and he worked around the

camp, too. He worked around the camp shoveling snow. He done everything.

I think Nogle just kept him there. Nogle was awful good. I tell you you couldn't hardly beat old C. J. Nogle.

SS: Good, you mean good to the men that way?

CL: You darn right. Nogle was awful good that way, you bet. I don't think you'd ever find another man any better than him.

(Irrelevant conversation regarding letting the cat out was deleted at this point)

FL: You know in the early days here there was a road went down Texas Ridge and crossed the canyon.

Lancaster

(More of the conversation regarding the trip to the house to let the cat out deleted)

SS: Was that a very long trip from Park?  
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NWL: --picture of him. What was his father's name?

CL: I don't know.

LML: Got a picture of him somewhere.

CL: Ault's name? I + was Ault.

NWL: Yeah, but wasn't his father living here, too?

FL: I think he had, <sup>but</sup> I don't think <sup>he</sup> was when the young couple was here.

SS: Never heard of him, that's good that he could work and get by and all that.

FL: Well, he was a big, husky, nice looking, young guy.

NWL: Now if you think anything wasn't funny; his wife, she couldn't talk either, nor hear, and she got mad at him one day- I used to carry <sup>the</sup> mail over from the post office here over to their house- she got mad at him and boy, she was a bawling him out, and she was just a shaking her finger at him and a saying something, you know, she'd make little noises but she couldn't talk, and I'll tell you, that

was sure funny! She was sure mad at him, I don't know what he done, but he done something.

LML: What was his work over there?

CL: At 6?

LML: Uh-huh.

CL: Everything.

LML: He done everything.

CL: That's what I say,-

ML: He was well and strong.

CL: Yeah. He helped Guy in the barn and he shoveled snow and he helped the bullcook. You see, that was an awful big camp.

SS: Would it be hard for the boss to tell him what to do?

CL: I think <sup>that</sup> he knew what he had to do and he'd just go ahead and do it.

FL: He used to come over to that skating rink quite often, I know that.

CL: You see, when I come up here they didn't have no boss here at Camp 6. Nogle and Piece and the walker both lived there, and so consequently they give all the orders.

SS: Was there much difference between Nogle and Jones? Those two fellows, as far as-

CL: Superintendent was concerned?

SS: Yeah.

CL: Well, Floyd could tell you that because he worked for both of them. I never did work for Jones.

FL: Well, Jones was a pretty good man but he wasn't as good to his men as Nogle was, because they packed their beds and had graybacks. And <sup>living in a</sup> big camp and all the men was together and it was awful. But he was a good man. Old Jones was. He quit this job here and he went to Montana, and they got lots of oil and after he got the oil -

(Too many interruptions by others at this point)

SS: I heard lots of guys around here had money in that.

FL: Yeah.

SS: A lot of Potlatch people.

NL: Here's a picture of your "womanless marriage!"

SS: Womanless marriage?

NML: *ALL men, all but one, the director.*

CL: Here's a picture of our homestead.

LML: Have you got a picture like that?

NWL: I think I probably have.

SS: That was to pay off the Grange hall?

CL: Yeah.

SS: There must have been a lot of laughs over that one.

FL: Yeah, there was. *I tell you.*

SS: What was the theme of it?

CL: Well, there wasn't a woman in it.

NWL: Wasn't there a marriage? There was a wedding.

CL: Yeah. There was a wedding, see. I was the bride and Jim Rooney-  
that little forest out here on Bear Ridge, well, he was the groom.  
Ended up, I packed him off'n there.

SS: Which one were you, Carl?

CL: Right there.

SS: Oh, yeah. You bet. Real handsome bride! (Chuckles)

CL: There's another old picture, and there's another one.

SS: Oh, these are nice pictures.

CL: This is Camp 6 over here. That's the cookhouse over here at Camp 6.  
This picture here I don't know nothing about.

SS: Who are the cooks in that?

CL: Billy Mush.

SS: That's a good picture.

CL: That was before I came <sup>in</sup> here.



-----  
SS: Oh, yeah?  
CL: <sup>three</sup> These here pictures here was taken in January of '25.  
NWL: Here's an old-time picture here of kids in Troy years and years ago.  
SS: Did the Aults stay for a long time?  
CL: Well, they were still here in '26.  
NWL: For a long time.  
FL: I know for several years.  
CL: They was here when I came up here and I came up in January '25.  
And then you started the hall in '26, and so I don't know how long  
they stayed after that. And Adam's brother, Harry, he was the first  
engineer we had- we had a little engine, we called it the- it was a  
Malley and he was the first engineer on that. <sup>124</sup>  
SS: I really think that he had it so tough that he didn't hear, you know-  
you couldn't hear and you couldn't talk, you wouldn't be able to go  
to school.  
CL: Well, I don't know, but they sure got along in the world him and his  
wife.  
FL: He drove a car.  
CL: You bet, they had a car. Of course, they were both well educated.  
SS: You think they did know how to read?  
FL: Oh, yeah. Yeah, they could read.  
SS: Did you know Pat Malone?  
FL: Oh, yeah, I'll say!  
~~FL:~~ He was my bodyguard.  
FL: He was the officer <sup>over</sup> was running <sup>around</sup> this hall up here. He was  
here every Saturday.  
SS: He was?  
FL: Uh-huh.  
SS: What did he do?

FL: He was the cop.

LML: He took care of me.

NWL: He did. He looked after- you know, every once in a while she'd go to sleep in the car and Pat watched her <sup>up</sup> there at the hall. You remember?

FL: He was a nice old guy.

NWL: Some of these old clippings, that's what I like.

SS: Is that what you mean, that he was your bodyguard?

LML: Uh-huh. Yeah. He used to look out after me. I wasn't very old then.

SS: What do you remember him being like? I've heard lots of different things about Pat, and I'd like to know anything I can find out about him.

FL: He was quite a drinking man. I know I've heard how they got him <sup>drunk</sup> up there at Bovill and took his badge off'n his vest and pinned it on the seat of his pants and he went around there all day! (Chuckles) I know that he knew all them kids in Bovill and they used to come down here, you know.

(Too many talking at once time!)

SS: This is the marion?

CL: Yeah, and this here is what they called a slide. They used a crotch line on this and slid 'em on. But on this they used the tongs. That's what we called a marion. But these booms swung.

SS: I see. Floyd, did he ever get tough with the kids?

FL: Oh, yeah, you bet he did. But he was a fine old guy for us. And we didn't allow any drinking, you know, we couldn't stop it all, but then if a man got drunk we wouldn't let him stay in the hall. And when we sold it the old sheriff told this guy, "Now," he says, "them

guys run the cleanest dance hall in Idaho." And, he said, "You ought to keep it that way, too."

SS: With Pat being a drinking man himself, I often wondered how hard he could be on moonshiners and drinkers.

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SS: Where did <sup>you</sup> go to find the coyotes?

LML: That was when he was over here <sup>when he went to</sup> look at that ranch he was going to buy.

FL: Yeah. I know he had tire trouble, that's probably why he ?  
up there.

We was going over to <sup>look at</sup> the ranch on-

NWL: Central Ridge?

FL: Huh?

NWL: Was it Central Ridge or what?

FL: Central Ridge was where we stopped, and so we was going to Kooskia to look at that-- <sup>7</sup> Ranch.

SS: You didn't decide to buy it though?

FL: Well, we paid in a lot of money on it, it belonged to my uncle. And he was an awful greedy man, and he made enough money to pay for the place. <sup>But he looked it away.</sup> He borrowed some money from us and he borrowed from the bank, and he done that for several years and I finally told the rest of 'em, I says, "I've gone about as far along as I was agoing to." But it was covered with timber. Seems like it was 680 acres, or something like that, and that creek run right down through it. The Lochsa. I don't know, I think there's a woman lives down in Orofino I think she owns it now-----

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CL: This picture here was taken either the fall of '36 or the spring of '37; that's a McCormick-Deering Forty.

SS: Well, there's one thing about Pat that I was wondering some- and that's why everybody's <sup>got</sup> a joke to tell about him. Seems that everybody had a funny story to tell about Pat.

NWL: Well, if you could see him, you wouldn't wonder, he was just such a jolly old Irishman <sup>I</sup> guess he was-.

SS: Did you remember Pat pretty well, too?

NWL: Oh, yes! I should say. We sure liked him, everybody liked him. You know, he did his duty, but he did it in a way that he didn't make people mad at him, you know. He was a real good guy.

SS: Would he come down every weekend to the pavillion?

NWL: Yeah, we had to have a sheriff there, you know. And we'd go get him, bring him down, take him back to Bovill.

FL: We had the sheriff from Moscow up here pretty near every week.

SS: Besides Pat, huh?

FL: Yeah. There was a guy by the name of Summerfield and his two deputies come.

SS: I've heard about them. Moody was one of 'em.

FL: Yeah, Moody was one of 'em.

SS: ~~He~~ Still alive?

CL: He's about 92 years old.

SS: Well when would you drive Pat back? At night after the place had closed?

FL: Uh-huh.

## SIDE B

CL: Yes, they was working in a rock quarry down at Dayton, Washington, and my brother got killed outright and my dad lost his leg and the powder man a <sup>darn</sup> rock come along and hit him in the rear end and just shoved him out of the way and he just got bruised, that's all. The one that was loading the blast. 1909. I didn't know when it was,

but I know now. My brother was twenty-eight years old.

SS: Whose fault was it?

CL: The powderman's fault, I suppose. One of my older brothers told me, <sup>Julius,</sup> that the powderman was tamping the powder with an iron bar and he got a spark and set it off.

(Discussion of pictures)

SS: Sort of past the edge of most of the farming country, right? I mean most of this country never did open up into farming, did it? What was sort of the edge between the farming and the timber in those days? They had farming right up to around Deary, pretty much, didn't they?

FL: Well, Deary was about the end of the farming country and it was mostly timber up this way from that. MY dad's been all over this country here. Around home here.

NWL: Well, it was timber all over when they started in here, they'd just break up small patches and then <sup>they'd</sup> make more acreages when they could. Because it was just real hard and it took a long time to get a piece of ground broke up, you know. <sup>With</sup> Just horses.

FL: Like Dad said, if he could have burned this timber down when he come here, he'd a burnt it all up! But it wouldn't burn. The Indians had burned it off. He said you could take a wagon and a team of horses and drive in any where, there wasn't no underbrush.

NWL: The Ridge was the first farmland? <sup>wasn't it</sup> The Ridges down there? And then there was timber there, they just had to make their field,s, you know as they could. And then of course, naturally it was good soil and they kept coming up. And then of course, this was more timber, when we came.

SS: Do you think that people were thinking more along the lines of clearing it up and having farms here like they had over by Troy?

FL: Well, the <sup>early</sup> settlers <sup>did,</sup> yeah. But then after the company come in, why they homesteaded to sell the timber, see. But they didn't get much for the timber when they sold it.

SS: So, I wonder why- I just wondered why you couldn't farm some of this country. Yeah, why they don't.

FL: Well, there has been a lot of- <sup>it opened up.</sup> When this town was built, there was timber standing all over here, big yellow pine trees.

NWL: It was just full of trees. We had our house right out there and a big storm would come up, we was awful afraid they'd blow over on us, they were that heavy. They'd clear it <sup>up</sup> as they could. Just cut whole gobs of trees. Then,

FL: This here, I don't know, which one it is.

NWL: It was our first home in Troy.

FL: That one right there.

NWL: Mother and Father and us three kids.

LML: Was Floyd's dad in that "womanless marriage"?

FL: I don't believe he was.

NWL: Well, that sure looks like him.

FL: Who's the nigger?

CL: That's the one we're talking about. That's the one we're talking about.

NWL: He was the nigger.

CL: That's the one we're talking about.

NWL: He was the colored man. <sup>Or</sup> lady.

CL: The colored lady, yeah.

LML: Who was the <sup>woman</sup> right down there in front supposed to be a woman, right there, setting by Archie Johnson, between Archie Johnson and the husband?

NWL: That was Tom Warbuck.

FL: That was my wife!

NWL: Is that Tom? No, it's Jack.  
Here's your wife there.

FL: And there I am, right by her.

SS: People paid to come to see that?

CL: Oh, you betcha. And what I mean, we packed 'em <sup>in Deary, and we sure packed</sup> into Troy. 'em <sub>^</sub>

SS: You show it in Troy too?

CL: Oh, you bet, <sup>damned right</sup> we packed 'em in Deary and we packed 'em in Troy, too.  
There wasn't standing room in either place.

SS: Was this supposed to be kind of a play?

CL: That's what it <sup>was</sup>, a home talent play.

SS: And there were lines that you had to learn and all that?

CL: Yeah, but I never had nothing to say. Maybe "I do," or something.

LML: Here's this little Forrest, he struck Carl right about here, you  
know, and <sup>here</sup> Carl was the bride and he was the groom.  
I'll tell you, that was quite a <sup>play</sup> !

I know who that is and I can't think.

NWL: Lois, <sup>do you know</sup> ?

CL: No Lois wasn't. (pause in tape)

SS: How was that play ever written?

CL: Well, Mrs. Olson.

LML: I said there was only one woman in that, but there wasn't. Marvel  
must have been a musician and Mrs. Olson was the conductor and di-  
rector.

CL: She was the director.

NWL: Which Mrs. Olson? Mrs. Brennan, I meant.

SS: Do you remember what it was about?

CL: That was General Brennan's sister.

LML: Well, this couple was getting married- and where did the baby come  
in?

FL: Oh, God, I don't know.

LML: They had a baby in a carriage, it was Bill <sup>Burkland</sup> <sub>^</sub> ?

SS: They had the wedding ceremony?

CL: Oh, yes, you bet.

SS: You was just a starting to say something, what was that.

NWL: Forget what I was going to say, now.

SS: It really looks like a lot of fun.

CL: It was a lot of fun.

NWL: They dressed up Bill <sup>Burkland</sup> <sub>^</sub> just as a joke, didn't they?

LML: No, Bill <sup>Burkland</sup> <sub>^</sub> was the baby. (pause in tape)

FL: Dad- that was on his homestead and then he had land around it and he farmed 100 acres.

SS: He farmed all that?

FL: Uh-huh.

SS: What did he grow there?

FL: Well, grain and alfalfa and timothy hay. I know when I was a kid I used to- us kids helped him put up that hay and we'd work all day and I was so tired at night I couldn't hardly get to the house. That timothy's awful hard to handle.

SS: What were you doing, just working by hand?

FL: Yeah, we had to ~~do it~~ <sup>then</sup> all by hand then. We mowed it and raked it and shocked and <sup>then</sup> hauled it.

SS: What made it worse than the regular hay?

FL: Well, they'd throw it up in big bunches and when you'd pick it up you had to take the whole thing, it didn't pull apart like shorter hay. And that timothy was horse hay.

SS: Sold it to the Potlatch, did he?

FL: No, he had a <sup>whole</sup> lot of cattle of his own, he fed it. Oh, he sold some



hay, but not too much.

SS: Is that land still being farmed today?

FL: Yeah.

CL: Right down here. Less than a mile, right <sup>around</sup> on top of the hill, on the left.

FL: What's that guy's name that bought it?

NWL: *Hatley.*

FL: He's from Moscow. He bought it.

SS: Then most of the people right around here didn't clear up land like your father did?

FL: No. Well, now, there's quite a few; now, Arthur <sup>J</sup>~~B~~erke down there he's got a big place and he farmed.

SS: Would you say that your father was just about right on the edge of where you could clear and farm it? Because I don't know hardly anybody from here over to Bovill, there's not much of that that's farmed, is it?

CL: Well, Percy Martin cleared all of his. Percy Martin right up here, right here in <sup>side</sup> of town he cleared all of his, every bit of it. Course, he cleared his in later years.

FL: That was quite a job a clearing that ground, because there was so much stuff to pick up and burn on it.

SS: Was the growing season shorter say, than it would be up on the Ridge?

FL: Yeah, a little bit. You could raise hay and stuff like that. And my dad never did have any fruit trees on his ranch. He used to run about a hundred head and I used to look after them cattle when I was a kid. About every week I'd go out and check on 'em.

SS: You didn't stay out with the cattle? You slept at home?

FL: Yeah. And you know, the old dog that I <sup>had</sup> and the horse, I'd

<sup>take a</sup>  
150 head up to the gates there, he'd bring 'em in and salt 'em.

SS: He'd bring 'em in and what?

FL: <sup>Salt 'em, give 'em</sup>  
salt. And then I'd open up them gates and that saddle horse I had and that old dog- I'd walk on up to open up the gates up the railroad track- and that old horse and that dog would bring all them cattle right up there. That horse, he was just like a dog. If <sup>he wanted to</sup> get off the road he'd go right out after it and drive it right in. But that bull I was telling you about, that dog would just eat that bull up on the ground. By gosh, I've never seen anything- boy, that bull was scared of him! <sup>too</sup> I know when Dad sold that bull he sold it to a guy in Moscow, and I went up with him to get him and I set that old dog on him and he run down to the waterhole, it was deep, oh, clear up on his sides and this guy said to me, "Boy, I'm glad you had your dog along." And I said, "Why?" Well, he said, "that old dog that I had, every time he'd get close enough he'd reach out and grab him." And this guy's dog run out there and about that time that dog I had bit him and he turned around and he said, "If it hadn't been for that he'd skilled my dog."

SS: Did you have to spend a lot of time with them cattle, or just check on 'em now and then?

FL: Well, I rode one day a week, if I remember, if everything was alright and if it wasn't sometimes I'd ride a whole week.

SS: To get them back together?

FL: In the fall when <sup>it got</sup> dry, they'd separate into smaller bunches and get back <sup>to</sup> in the timber.

SS: Like on the range: How did your father have to go to get the range rights? Was there any problem with that?

FL: There wasn't-

NWL: They was <sup>meadows</sup> up here, and nobody farmed it, not cut, you know.

FL: And there was an old guy at Juliaetta, he wintered 'em down there. He <sup>could</sup> winter 'em even cheaper than we could afford to throw the hay to 'em up here.

SS: You mean, he would just take 'em for the winter and you paid him for keeping 'em?

NWL: Well, you brought his cattle up here in the summer, exchanged pastures in the winters.

FL: His range was short in the summertime and we had lots of it up here, see. And that old guy, I never could figure that out, them cows he had was good milkers and them calves when they'd run the fat would just shake on 'em, you know. And the hair was long. But, you know, they'd try and try to buy some of them calves from him, he'd never sell one.

SS: How many head did you take of his in the summertime?

FL: Well, I suppose about thirty head.

SS: And how many did you have?

FL: Well, it varied. It run as high as 100 head.

SS: That sounds like a pretty good deal to trade off like that.

FL: Yes, because in them days they could butcher. If somebody wanted a beef, a butcher shop, why, all we'd have to do is just bring one in you know if it was in good shape. And they sold a lot of 'em off and on <sup>and</sup> to the camps. They sold to the camps, too.

FL: And you know, they got this good range up there and then they took 'em down on that range down below there, and I know <sup>I brought a cow</sup> up here one spring, Dick Anderson run the meat shop down there in Deary, and he come up and butchered that. He said, "Boy, that's the only cow I've butchered that's too fat." When he slit that down the fat ran right down the end of his saw.

SS: How good was that meadow grass; the natural grass in the meadows for the stock?

FL: Well, it didn't grow too high, oh, about that high, but it was good feed. And you'd cut that; Dad used to cut it and feed it in the wintertime and it was good feed.

SS: Say maybe about a foot high?

FL: Well, it varied in places, you know, it was this high. <sup>In places it was just fine.</sup> But you had to have an awful good mower to cut it.

SS: Oh, yeah?

FL: It was so thick on the ground there.

SS: How short would you be in the winters when you were feeding the stock? Was it really hard to get or have enough hay?

FL: He had enough; he didn't winter too many here, he sent 'em down below <sup>there,</sup> see. But then he always had plenty of hay.

SS: Were there very many people around here that were running stock around here besides your father?

FL: No.

SS: So it sounds like he was one of the biggest stockholders and farmers right around in this country here.

FL: Well, I guess he was, probably.

SS: Not saying he was big, because he wasn't big.

FL: He didn't depend on that ranch altogether. He worked away from home quite a lot. I know the winter that ~~he~~ he was down on Texas Ridge, he hired some woodcutters and then I had two brothers and we banked out a hundred cords of cordwood and shipped it that winter.

SS: That's a lot of wood!

FL: That's a lot of wood. (Chuckles) And it was green, too, see, it was hard to handle. But they'd set a car in there and we'd haul 'em out

to<sup>fill</sup><sub>h</sub> that car til we got ready for another one. Order another car and they'd set it in.

SS: About when would this have been? Around what year? Before the First World War?

FL: Yeah it was. We was just small kids, I know that. But he owned a quarter section right below his homestead, that's where<sup>+</sup><sub>h</sub>he<sup>y</sup><sub>h</sub> cut the wood. *It was mostly black pine.*

SS: Well, what about these other homesteaders, like the Smiths- not the Smiths, I mean the Woods, and the other people that had homesteads up near McGary?

FL: They just had a garden, that's all they had. And I'll never forget, there was a woman that homesteaded up there and his store was the closest store-

NWL: You told him that the other day. About that lady going down there and crying. You already told him that.

SS: I saw Nel<sup>h</sup> Smith since I was over here and we spent most of the whole time talking about the homestead that they had up here. And she remembered that that Phelps family real well. She talked all about them. She remembered her going back East after he died in Bovill. She remembered packing the trunk and everything; going back to her people.

FL: She had a little boy and I don't know if she'd always bring that little boy- seems like she'd stop here with it and leave it with somebody, but she come on down to the store, <sup>so that</sup><sub>h</sub> they had to walk and pack that on her backpack. And she was a real thin woman and he was just the other way, he was real fat.

SS: Well, Nel<sup>h</sup> said that she had an awful lot of energy and a lot of perseverance.

NWL: She did.

FL: Well, she had to have. Like here- they didn't go around by Bovill

then you went right straight on East. *This road run through there.*

SS: Were there many of those folks that didn't have horses? Because I know the Woods family didn't have a horse up there.

NWL: I don't think they did.

SS: And the Phelps family didn't have a horse. The McGarys.

LML: The Mc Garys.

FL: Yeah, but it was just <sup>kind of</sup> a cayuse.

LML: Well, they had a horse.

FL: I know <sup>Nona</sup> went <sup>up</sup> and stayed with her one night and the old lady fell off down at the forks of the road.

NWL: You ought to tell it all, if you're going to tell it.

FL: Well, you tell it, <sup>you was along.</sup> I wasn't there.

NWL: That was up at the McGary homestead, and of course, they lived down here then and he was real crippled, had rheumatism til he couldn't well, he did walk up there but it'd take him hours and hours. And so she wanted me to go <sup>up</sup> to the homestead with her and see how things were, and she had a little old horse and so we both rode the horse, of course, and one'd ride and then the other would walk, you know. So we got up there and I went in that cabin and here was bedding hanging up on wire across, you know, and there was a straw tick on the bed. And we got to looking around and there was mice in this little drawer, you know and we cleaned that out and went to bed that night and I could just feel them mice, thought I could, <sup>I WAS JUST a kid,</sup> and so the next morning went down and picked strawberries, she had a few strawberries, put 'em in a gallon bucket. And we started home and we got down to the forks of the Potlatch and a a train was above us coming across above, you know, and she said I kicked the horse in the flanks, but I didn't and she got scared of the horse and she

bucked and bucked Mrs. Mc Gary off and she was laying in the road and the gallon of strawberries was all over the road. Here I was sitting behind the saddle and the horse was kicking up, you know, and finally she stopped. And then we had to go clear back to that creek and wash <sup>them</sup> strawberries before we come on home. She said, "Nona you done that." And I said, "Why, I didn't." I said, "I didn't touch that horse." She always said I did. Oh, we had a lot of fun. And they had some real old wine up there, and that evening she gave me a little, just a little <sup>jigger of</sup> wine. Oh, it was good, you know! I never drank wine, so I said, "Can I have some more of that?" "No," she said, "I think that's enough." I didn't know, you know, because it was old!

FL: Huckleberry wine. They ~~make~~ awful good wine, <sup>them huckle berries.</sup>

NWL: We had lots of good times them days. That's the way we made our good times.

SS: It was just an adventure just to go up there.

NWL: It was, it was a lot of fun and I didn't get tired and we'd both ride til we'd think the horse was tired and then one of us would get off and walk.

SS: When you were up there at the place, what did you have to do?

NWL: Well, she just wanted to see if it was okay and <sup>she knew</sup> they had a few ~~berries~~ and they'd bring them down.

LML: Did she have to go up there every so often?

NWL: Well, I don't know whether they did or not. See, we stayed at John's cabin, we didn't stay on their place. John's cabin was fixed up pretty good. John McGary's. He was up on the bench from their homestead and we stayed there.

SS: Was John Mc Gary living there then?

NWL: No, not then. But he was gone and so she just kind of wanted to go up and see how things were.

FL: Is that where the sawmill was?

NWL: Huh?

FL: Was that where the sawmill was?

NWL: No.

LML: Millers had the sawmill.

NWL: No, John's place was way up on the top of the hill.

SS: Was that during the summer?

NWL: Pardon?

SS: Was that during the summer when you went up there?

NWL: Yes, uh-huh.

During June and July, when the berries was ripe.

SS: I sort of had the idea that the folks were living there except during the winter, but I guess sometimes they-

NWL: Well, I don't know, they might have been so they had proved up on it when they lived out here. <sup>Floyd</sup> But he got so crippled up with rheumatism that they just couldn't go bac and forth. But I am sure they had lived their time out and had proved up.

LML: Well you know, he made that machine that was supposed to be for rheumatism, you <sup>remember</sup> <sub>A</sub>. He was making that, wasn't he?

NWL: Yeah.

LML: <sup>Or was that later years?</sup>

SS: What kind of machine was this?

FL: It was a vibrator.

SS: That he invented himself?

FL: Yeah.

NWL: Yeah, got a patent on it. It was electric shock treatments, you know. And you'd hang onto electrodes. I don't know whether it was any good or not, but then he invented it and got a patent on it.



CL: Did he sell very many of 'em?

NWL: Sold 'em for \$25.

FL: Yeah, he sold quite a few of 'em.

CL: Sold quite a few of 'em, eh?

SS: Did he sell 'em around here mostly?

FL: Anywheres he could.

NWL: Oh, he sent 'em out, too. You know people would find out about it and then they'd write in and he'd send 'em to 'em, you know.

LML: I've got some of the little hinges and <sup>the</sup> hooks yet.

NWL: We bought one.

SS: Did you?

NWL: Uh-huh.

SS: Did he manufacture it himself or did he have somebody make them for him?

FL: He made the-

NWL: He made the boxes and then of course, he had to order parts for 'em.

FL: He had a current that he run through a box and that was his patent, what he had in this box, I never did know what it was.

LML: That was his secret on that.

NWL: This secret part of it: you'd use it at night you know. He had a belt that you'd put around your body and then you wet them electrodes and put 'em on, and then you sleep in that and it would blister, you know, if you turned it on too high. You had to pull this little thing out to get the electricity, you know. And it would blister.

SS: You attached those electrodes to the belt? And sleep with them on?

NWL: <sup>Uh-huh, sleep with it.</sup>  
And then you could take your shock treatments through the day, you know, just with the-- And they'd put one of these electrodes in a

pan of water and somebody would hold it, the other one and we'd get it in a circle when we was having a party or something, you know, and you'd get that shock clear through.

SS: Clear through the whole circle?

NWL: Yeah. Clear through the whole circle.

FL: It would draw your hands down so bad you couldn't let go of 'em!

NWL: Oh, yes. Somebody did that to Attlee, she had a hold of them electrodes, and I think it was that Floyd Taylor and he reached up and he grabbed that clear out and I'm telling you she couldn't let loose of 'em. 'Course, we shoved it right back in. *He thought how funny that would be.*

SS: You could hurt yourself on it.

NWL: Oh, you bet!

FL: Well, he had to have a coil in them someway or another, too, didn't he?

NWL: Yeah, he did.

LML: Coil sitting right on top of it. I remember what it looked like. A box about that wide and about the length of -- and that thick and about that long.

CL: He had to have *batteries* of some kind and he had to have a coil.

LML: I don't know.

NWL: But not when you put this on at night, it ~~never~~ made no noise. It was silent.

SS: But, could you feel it, I wonder at night?

NWL: No, I don't think so.

SS: What was doing it if you weren't putting it on the--

NWL: No, I don't think that the--

FL: I know one time he had this showing it and he had this still current on, and I put it down there on the stove, went around there the other

side of the stove and that little rig just run to beat the dickens.  
The juice was going through it alright.

LML: Well, when we think about it we had some talented people around here  
didn't we?

FWL: We had some people over here that made coffins.

CL: Oh, <sup>you must have done,</sup> yeah, you bet.

SS: Now, who were they?

NWL: Hanson brothers. They made caskets and they had a sawmill. And  
they were talented, <sup>to do anything</sup> if they hadn't been so lazy. But, they done  
what they wanted to do.

SS: Did they sell those coffins all around the country here?

NWL: Yes, at that time. Not out, you know, just like to the homesteaders  
and the people like that.

FL: You know, anybody died in this country when I was a kid, they never  
bought a casket, they'd go over there and get one. And they made  
real nice ones.

LML: Well, they had to pay him for 'em; he sold 'em.

NWL: Yeah, he sold 'em.

LML: Yeah, he sold 'em, of course. That was his business.

FL: They wouldn't stay to all one kind. They'd make different kinds  
all the time.

NWL: <sup>like to make the</sup> Different designs.

FL: Around here, they didn't want that they wanted some that was made all  
alike. But them guys they'd make-- They was handy, they could fix up  
and make the nicest looking casket.

CL: Did they line 'em, too?

FL: Oh, yes.

NWL: And covered 'em.

SS: Did they make 'em before--- Did you go and ask 'em to make you a

coffin if you needed one right bad, or would you just pick one out?

NWL: They had 'em made ahead.

SS: I've heard someplace about- somewhere I read there was some kind of  
a flood and a bunch of coffins went down-

LML: <sup>that was the same deal.</sup>  
^ We never did hear anything about that, I don't know where that story  
come from. They made the coffins clear up on top of the hill and  
the river was down below, I don't know how in the world they could <sup>have</sup>  
<sup>ever</sup> floated<sup>ed</sup> down.

SS: I wonder where that story came from? I don't even know where I  
heard it.

NWL: Well, I heard that story, too.

SS: About this McGary fellow: Did he use that treatment himself on him-  
self?

NWL: Yes. He did. And <sup>then</sup> he even give treatments. Other people'd come here-  
several come here and he treated 'em for maybe three weeks ~~or~~ some-  
thing like that. Them days you didn't have to have a license.

SS: Was that his only invention, that you knew of? Or did he--?

SIDE C

LML: -- they had them little copper things you stuck in 'em when you  
wanted to use 'em, didn't they?

NWL: The more you pulled that out, the more current you got.

LML: Yeah, that was in the coil.

NWL: Yeah, up on top.

CL: Did your dad and mom have one?

LML: Oh, yes.

FL: They made swings and feed- And you could lay in bed and  
feed your horses in the morning.  
And all things such as that. Birdcages.

SS: What are you talking about? Lay in bed and feed your horses in the  
morning?

FL: Well, they had a rack up over your manger and they'd pull a string and that'd trip that and the grain and hay would all fall right down to the horses.

NWL: They was talented, those guys, if they'd wanted--

SS: You had the string going all the way to the house, so you could pull on it then?

FL: Yes. And that mill, they practically made all of that. Them planer blades and the pulleys and all that stuff, they made all them.

SS: They sold that to people around here who had farms?

FL: Anybody that'd buy 'em, why they'd sell 'em.

SS: Besides that, was there something else you said they made?

FL: They made them caskets, too.

SS: Yeah, the caskets and these pull- what did they call that anyway?

FL: Well, I guess it was a feed rack. And then they made them big swings- my folks had one. They was two-by-fours-

NWL: They're in a frame and they swing in a frame.

LML: What was that for?

NWL: Well, that was a swing.

LML: Oh, a swing!

NWL: Them swings. Hardest things to sit in I ever set in in my life!

LML: Oh, yeah, *liners* used to have one up here, so many years, remember?

NWL: Yeah.

LML: *Out in that (invariable)* they called it, that they made.

SS: What was special about them? As compared to the average swing?

FL: Well, they built a frame and then put these- that swing fastened in the top and then you swung in that, see.

SS: I see.

NWL: Set 'em out in the yard, you know. And under the trees. There

just wasn't anything like that up in here, *like that.*

SS: You said these Hanson brothers were lazy.

NWL: I shouldn't say they were lazy. They just liked to do the thing they liked to do.

FL: But they fooled around-- they'd figure out something and then they'd build it and work on it and improve it. *They were awful good heads.*

NWL: And they never did accumulate much from it. That was it, sort of playing around.

FL: Them planer blades they made, they made stuff to fix on them caskets. *they'd want on the blade.* And they'd make them and figure out what they wanted, *what kind of stuff* <sup>1</sup>

SS: They made the planers-- they made all that stuff to sell? It sounds like they were craftsmen.

FL: Oh, they were.

NWL: If they'd a been out somewhere they could have been rich, you know.

SS: The McGary fellow, what kind of personality did he have?

NWL: You mean the old gentleman?

SS: Yes, the man that was the inventor.

NWL: Well, I don't know. He was so crippled up with rheumatism. He was awful cross person. I just don't know. He wasn't able to work at all. *He come here and took a homestead.* But his boys was good sized-- you know they were married-- no they weren't married at the time, they were married later on.

SS: The older man, he made the invention?

NWL: Yes, Marcellius, was his name. Marcellius Mc Gary.

SS: He made that after he was badly crippled up with rheumatism?

NWL: Yes, he did. He made them after he came back off of the homestead. And a lot of people thought they helped *took treatments.* 'em. *People come and several of em* <sup>1</sup>

SS: They came from outside the county?

NWL: Well, just some from over around Grangeville and you know, not too

many. Just now and then there'd be somebody. They'd hear about it and then come.

LML: I think he advertised all over though. I sold <sup>Lou</sup> Wells one.

NWL: Oh, yes.

LML: He was making 'em all the time. He sold a dickens of a lot.

NWL: Oh, he did. I believe our dad traded our three pigs for one of them, didn't he?

LML: Did what?

NWL: Our three little pigs?

LML: I don't remember.

NWL: Yes, he did.

LML: He give us all a pig apiece; three of us girls. So when they got big enough to butcher, why he let this <sup>here</sup> old Mr. McGary have 'em and he killed 'em and hung 'em up on the backporch so us kids <sup>could</sup> see 'em.

NWL: Yes, he trade those pigs for one of them machines. I don't know whether he got any boot or not! (Laughter)

SS: Any what?

NWL: Any boot. I don't know whether he got any boot between the machine and the pigs or not, but we sure felt bad. We cried.

SS: It doesn't sound as if they were really your pigs.

NWL: They weren't really our pigs. No, he just give 'em to us and we petted 'em and they followed us around, and we liked 'em.

LML: They were our pigs as long as he had 'em. I never would do Lois that way when she was little, if I give her something, it was hers. But he didn't do that way.

SS: This McGary hung 'em up so you could see 'em?

NWL: Yeah, right on the back porch. I can just remember them pigs han-

ging there yet.

NWL: They wouldn't have dressed out over what- 100 pounds?

LML: They weren't big.

NWL: Seventy-five pounds? Hundred pounds? But, boy, they'd run around behind us a making a noise.

LML: We all liked animals, especially me and her, my other sister didn't like animals like we did.

NWL: You know, in those days, that's what you had to do. You had to have pets for our amusement, you know. We had no entertainment, except what we made ourselves. But we had lots of fun.

LML: There was one thing I couldn't have; <sup>that</sup> <sub>^</sub> was a new little puppy. I couldn't have a puppy. I wanted one so bad.

SS: Did you have many other pets or other animals.

NWL: Oh, we just had a cat or two and the dog.

LML: Our dad always kept horses and cows and pigs.

NWL: Most everybody that <sup>could</sup> <sub>^</sub> afford <sup>a cow</sup> <sub>^</sub> - they'd have a cow for their milk for the kids.

LML: We had a big, old, red pig one time that had a whole bunch of little pigs, and I just toted them pigs and got 'em in the kitchen, Mama was working upstairs. I can remember that to this day, I don't know how old I was. She was working upstairs and I was <sup>downstairs</sup> <sub>^</sub> and I got the little pigs in the house! One bit me on the finger. Boy, did I howl! (Laughter) I sure got the whatfor! When she come down having them pigs in the house! Oh, gosh, they was cute little dickenses! I didn't see anything wrong in having them in the house! (chuckles) Do you remember that?

NWL: Nope, can't remember that. All happened, I know.

Now this McGary, he had what? Three. Jim and John and Florence.



Three kids. Had the three children.

SS: You say it cost \$25?

NWL: Yes, he sold 'em for \$25.

LML: And you know, that was a lot of money in them days.

NWL: That was a grand machine in them days, too.

LML: Yes.

NWL: That's what everybody thought, and it probably wasn't worth anything, you know. But, really people thought it helped 'em.

FL: I think that--

NWL: <sup>Well</sup> the shocks--probably did.

FL: But I didn't go much for this one. I don't know as it hurt you any.

NWL: I know we had lots of fun with it.

SS: Besides the shock, was there anything else to it?

FL: Well, yeah, there was a still current.

SS: Oh, that still current. Yeah. That's the one you put around your waist.

FL: Yeah. But that shock, that'd sure make the blood run, I'll tell ya.

SS: I believe it. You must have believed in it if you went and sold one to Lou Wells.

NWL: Yeah, he asked me, "Do you think you could sell one?" "Some." And I said, "Well, I don't know." So one time we was going to Deary and I stopped in and showed it to him, you know, and so she bought one. Well, anybody could use 'em, you know, there was nothing to it. I don't remember what he gave me, he gave me a little something for it.

SS: Do you think the family would just buy it if they had somebody that had the rheumatism, or aches and pains?

NWL: I think it did help. I think it relieved it for the time being, but didn't never cure anything, I don't think. Well, I don't know.

FL: It never cured him.

NWL: No, he had rheumatism too bad.

LML: It seemed like his hips was *froze* or something.

NWL: Yeah.

LML: He couldn't bend his hips. He couldn't sit down. When he got in a chair, remember, he'd sit like that.

NWL: And he walked, you know, he had to walk with a stick. And he'd walk almost all the way up to the- not clear up on top of the hill- but *long time.* he'd walk to the Jim McGary Meadow, and that's where they lived. *For a*

LML: It took him two days to get there.

NWL: It did, it took him a long time.

SS: -- that kind of thing with the horses and-

NWL: You mean, us girls?

SS: Yeah, when you were young.

NWL: We never worked out very much. There was no work around *hardly* only just to trade work is all. But we washed on the board and took care of just the household duties. But, boy, I scrubbed on the board many a time, about four hours.

LML: I never did.

NWL: No, but I did. But, oh, once in a while, you know, they'd need *a girl* to go out and help a little bit, and we'd go out and help our neighbors, you know, if they had a new baby or maybe was sick or something we'd go wash and scrub for 'em and just do the ordinary things, you know, to help each other out. And when they got so they could pay, they'd pay us about two bits an hour. Wash on the board all morning and scrub the floor and have dinner and come home; two bits an hour! Glad to get it.

SS: Doesn't sound that much less than they were getting on the sleigh

haul.

NWL: Right. They was only getting thirty and thirty-two and a half cents,

Yeah, that was pretty good.

SS: Did your mother take a lot of time to teach you how to do things like cook and that sort of thing when you were young?

NWL: No, we just watched our mother and did it just the way she did it, you know.

LML: How come she never taught me to do nothing?

NWL: You was too busy outside riding horses.

LML: You're darn right! If there was a horse to ride, I didn't care if I cooked.

SS: They let you play as much as you wanted to too?

LML: Just about, I think.

**I**

did it all at home, Mama never let us chase around much.

I rode horseback the biggest part of my playing days.

NWL: I've washed on the board for the neighbors for fifty cents an hour- for the four hours. That was pretty good pay for a girl fourteen.

SS: When you say, not getting too far from home; what do you mean? Did you want to go to Deary or Bovill?

LML: No, we never got that far away either.

SS: Really?

~~NWL~~: No, we just entertained around in this country. No, she wasn't a person to let us kids run around.

LML: <sup>well</sup> Pretty knew where we was at all time.

SS: Did you have brothers, too?

~~NWL~~: One.

And every time I done something I shouldn't why, he'd catch me every time and he'd tell on me. That little old cayuse, one time my dad

said, "Now, if that horse runs off with you *I'm gonna sell it.*"

He was a fast little dickens. We used to go to the spring to get the water, so I just got on him with the halter that morning- then I wasn't afraid of horses, I'm scared to death of 'em now- and I just got on him and when we was coming home he felt good and away he come and he turned the corner up here so fast, <sup>that</sup> he didn't make it, he fell down. Course, I looked up and there come my brother, and I knew I'd had it right then! He told on me. So I lost my horse.

SS: Did you tell on him, too?

CL: He was so much older than she.

LML: He was about ten years older than I was.

SS: Do you think she felt much different about letting the boys go, than the girls?

LML: I don't know whether she did or not, did she Nona? Did Lloyd just go and do as he pleased, or did she ride herd on him, too?

NWL: Well, not as much as she did us girls.

FL: No, he used to get around quite a lot.

LML: He was ten years older than I was and by the time I was old enough to remember, why, he was on his own almost, you know, then. And my older sister, <sup>seems like</sup> she used to slap me every time she went by me. Then <sup>I thought</sup> ~~I figured on it too.~~ when I got old enough *I'll give here a darn good licking.*

I guess she didn't slap me as much as I thought she did, but it seemed to me that she was banging on me all time. (Chuckles) Maybe I had it coming, I don't know. Don't you say I did, either!

NWL: I was just hinking, I got a little place on my leg that you kicked me one time.

LML: Well, I had to defend myself some way. (Chuckles)

NWL: There is a little place right across there!

LML: Well, they picked on me and I had- that's the only way I could pro-

tect myself. I kicked!

SS: Did your folks expect you to toe the line?

NWL: Oh, yes. They were strict with us. Very strict. If they told us we could go someplace, we could go, and if they told us, "Now you come home before dinner or before they get their meal ready." We came home.

NWL: They wasn't mean, but they just had discipline, you know.

NWL: And they expected us to mind.

LML: We couldn't sponge off the neighbors, that was not the thing, we was not to do that.

NWL: No, they were a good father and mother. They was kind, but then they just wanted to raise good kids. And see how good we are! He don't think so, I've lived with him fifty-seven years.

SS: When you say sponge off the neighbors, you mean stay over and eat meals at their house?

NWL: I hardly ever did, I was too bashful to do that. Mom would say, "When they get their meal ready, you come home." About the time they'd get the meal ready, <sup>I knew</sup> I had to go home.

SS: One of the things we'd ask is whether there was much difference in the way the girls were raised and the way boys were raised, you know, in those days.

NWL: I don't think so. Do you? I think they'd expect those boys to mind and do the things that was right, just the same as the girls. I know my mother did Lloyd.

LML: They didn't want him to do wrong, I know that.

CL: The worst trouble with me, I had to grow up too darn fast.

SS: What do you mean?

CL: Well, before I was fourteen years old I was driving four up on the road grader. Before I was fourteen years old. I was thirteen years

old, I'd been fourteen that fall and I was driving four horses on the road grader. See, I just had to grow up too fast. I had our team and Jim Hand's team and I was working for Jim Hand. That's what I say. So it didn't seem to me <sup>like didn't</sup> I ~~have~~ much time to play.

LML: You probably didn't.

CL: I didn't, see.

LML: Well, I went to school and the minute school was out a girlfriend of mine and I would go hunt our horses, they was turned out. And we'd walk about five miles, I think, to ~~find~~ a horse to go get the cows that was about a mile away.

NWL: You didn't want to walk after 'em, huh?

CL: Just as quick as my oldest brother got big enough to go to work, he'd go out and work alright enough, but he'd never <sup>bring</sup> any money home, he'd always keep it for himself; never bring any money home, you see.

SS: And it fell to you to make some money.

CL: That's what I say. He was better than five years older than I was. See, out of <sup>the</sup> big family there was only three of us at home; my brother then a younger halfsister, that's all there was out of a big family, there was three of us at home.

SS: Did you bring all your money home?

CL: Oh, yeah, I brought every bit of it home. But that's what I say, that's all- well, outside of working for the neighbors- outside of working for the neighbors- I never charged <sup>them</sup> anything, if they wanted to pay me, if I took a team of horses and done something for them and they wanted to pay me <sup>alright</sup>, but I never charged them nothing. But when I was working for the county, I got two bits an hour, and a dollar a day for the team, then if I had four horses out there then I got two dollars a day.

SS: So you were working for the county then?

CL: County road district.

FL: I done a lot of that, too.

CL: Like I say, I started in when I wasn't quite fourteen years old.

FL: I worked in the woods when I was no more'n fourteen years old.

CL: I would have been fourteen, I wouldn't have been fourteen til October. I'd a been fourteen that October; I was thirteen years old.

LML: That's where your mother fell down, she should have made the older one help a little bit, too.

CL: Well, Clark he was out working, he went away from home and worked. Clark never worked around home. No, he never worked around home.

SS: From all that I hear, it seems like most all families were pretty poor and just struggling.

NWL: Most all of of 'em were, especially on these homesteads and that's why we moved up here. This livery stable, he put that in and figured that we could make a living, you know, that way. But it was a pretty poor living, I'll tell you. My mother was a good manager, you know, and whenever we needed a pail of lard or something it was pretty hard sometimes to rake up that money to get it.

SS: If you wanted a pail of what?

NWL: If we wanted a pail of lard or something- we'd get out, you know, out of something like that or a pound of coffee. And we never kept things ahead- couldn't like we do now, just couldn't do it. Well, it was tough times, but we never went hungry because she was a good manager, around the kitchen and home.

LML: We never had other things, but we always had all we wanted to eat.

NWL: Oh, yes. Just good substantial food. We never had nothing fancy, but we had potatoes and beans and garden stuff, after she got a little piece where they could make a garden. There was stumps all around

the house when we moved here, you know.

And that's the way it was for most everybody.

This townsite was full of stumps.

SS: Well, when you started the store, did that improve how much you had, or was that just about the same?

NWL: Well, it was about the same, only times began to pick up and my mother could bake bread and sold it, you know, and just little things like that to bring in a little more on the side. And it just kept building a little bit more.

LML: Them days I think they let 'em take the goods and then when it turned then they paid what they owed. Ain't that the way they done it?

NWL: Uh-huh.

SS: You mean the credit til the crops were in?

NWL: There was no crops.

SS: That's right.

NWL: We'd have a little garden and my mother would can what she could. At first it wasn't very big, because <sup>there's</sup> too doggone many stumps! But my mother was a good worker and she sewed. She was a seamstress and she'd do some sewing and get a little for that, you know; the ones that could afford to hire it done. So she'd just bring in a little here and a little there, you know.

FL: He was handicapped, too. He only had one leg and he couldn't get out and work like most people.

SS: Did he lose that around here?

NWL: Pardon?

SS: Had he lost his leg before?

NWL: No, he was in Troy. He had typhoid fever when we lived in Troy <sup>that's</sup> before we moved up here, and he lost his leg. Well, he lost his foot and then he wore an artificial leg. And in them days them wasn't



very successfull either, you know. So he had quite a life.

LML: Well, he only had one eye, too.

NWL: Well, he could see. His eye was alright.

LML: He could see and he fell on a cornstalk he said one time and <sup>them sharp leaves</sup> cut the bleeder that held his eye open, and made his lid drop down.

NWL: But we was a happy family. We had lots of fun.

LML: If that had happened now, they could have fixed it easy, you know.

FL: Yeah, that wouldn't a been nothing now.

NWL: And everybody was friendly, neighborly.

FL: Yeah, they all looked after one another.

SS: Do you think that had something to do with there being so little money around? That helped make people depend on each other more?

NWL: Oh, yes, I think so. They knew if they needed help that the neighbor would be right in there to do it, you know, to help 'em. And anybody got sick, you never went to a doctor from way up here unless they just had to. And they ~~would~~ call on the ladies that knew how to give 'em aid, you know. And the babies was all born around here.

SS: Midwives?

NWL: Uh-huh.

SS: Do you remember who did the midwifing around here?

NWL: Mama was one of 'em. And a Mrs. Grannis, lived across from us. They went a lot of times.

SS: Was that Earl Grannis's mother?

NWL: Uh-huh. She was my mother's best friend, I think. They were just real close together because she just lived across the road there from us. Yes, they went whenever there was sickness, they'd call 'em to come. And they was just a little more talented that way, I

guess than others. You could depend on 'em.

SS: When somebody was sick though in those days, was there really anything you could do for them besides sit with them. I mean, what would your mother have to do? Would she keep the house going during the time the person was sick?

NWL: Oh, no, she'd just go and help out and then they'd get- or some other neighbor maybe would come in or they'd get some girl, that was home, to come in and help at the time.

Well, she had her work at home; Mama couldn't stay away, you see, but she could go and help for an hour or two or whatever or whenever they needed it.

Yeah, they delivered several babies around here.

And this Mrs. Phelps that they talked about, you know, she was going to have another baby and so she came down here and lived in a little shack and she wanted my mother and- I don't know whether Mrs. Grannis

<sup>then</sup>  
or not- but my mother- there was two women anyway went. She delivered her own baby. Now that's something unusual.

SS: By the time they got there, you mean?

NWL: They were there to help her, but she said, "No, I can take care of it." And she did. And that was that tall, skinny woman that Nellie was talking about.

SS: You mean they were there and she still delivered her own baby?

NWL: Yes, she did. Course, they were right there to take care of it afterwards, you know. But she said, "No, I can take care of it." And she did! Now, that's an incident you don't hear of very often less it has to be! But she did. What was his name? Where did I see that picture? Did we have it at home?

Yeah, we had it at home.

- SS: There was a picture in The Trees Grew Tall. We were looking at it not long ago, the husband. When I was here before. We saw it in the book. You pointed it out to me.
- NWL: Yeah, it was in here. Yeah. But he wasn't well, I don't know why; what was wrong but he was heavy, but he just wasn't well. So she had to take all the hard work.
- SS: Did many people give up and move out? Leave in the years that you folks were growing up?
- NWL: Well some. Now like the bachelors that would have homesteads. They'd sell and move out, you know, or they'd go out and sell. Well, a lot of 'em did. And of course, Bovill began to build up after the railroad went through and then there was more jobs kept coming in so they could make a fair living. This is the one she delivered herself, I guess.
- SS: Was- like people around here, were they more attached to Deary than Bovill as a town?
- FL: Well, I think this town was more attached to Deary.
- NWL: Well, it wasn't quite as far to travel. And then of course, naturally the snow was out of the roads this way quicker than it was the other way. Roads was better down this way, and they was pretty bad too at times, wasn't they?
- SS: Which times are you referring to?
- NWL: Well, that was in the early<sup>er</sup> days, you know, before the roads were gravelled or it wasn't even highway, was it?
- EL: No. No.
- NWL: It was, you know, there'd be just mudholes and you'd have to go through 'em and get through 'em the best way you could. We've got out of 'em many times, haven't we May? You'd start to Deary and get

stuck.

LML: I guess so.

SS: Where did the road go over there, was it more or less where it is now?

FL: No. No, right down by here. It went right down by here and turned the corner right here and then it went down through this way and the backside of Hal<sup>reads</sup> and then right on in there by the Anderson place and right into Deary there.

SS: Did you ever walk there?

LML: Oh, yeah, we have. Not too often, once in a while, you know if we wanted<sup>just</sup> to walk, we'd go. *(The last part of this side is not transcribed)*

Side D

SS: ---and sold it there at the little store.

NWL: You mean his folks?

SS: No, I was thinking of the general store.

NWL: Oh, he had just a general grocery store. You know, just like any little store, he handled most everything like that. That<sup>is</sup> just staple goods because we didn't buy fancy canned goods like we do now, you know. But just corn and beans and just the staple stuff, and meat, of course. But he just had an ordinary store. And he had a few dry-goods, not much. Like the lumberjacks coats and socks. But his dad had a bigger store. He carried quite a lot of the menswear.

SS: At Helmer or Janesville?

NWL: No, here, after he moved up here at the store. He didn't have anything like that. Did you have clothing for men?

FL: Uh-huh.

SS: Did he just move his stock from down there up here?

FL: He moved it up here.

SS: He just took the store and moved it?

FL: Yeah.

NWL: They left that place where the store was and he built a new home up on the hill, and when they moved the new home up on the hill, why they put in a store up here. And he had a pretty fair store. Lot bigger than my dad's.

SS: When did you two meet?

NWL: Oh, we met in about 1907.

FL: Went to school together.

NWL: Going to school. We had to walk to the old log schoolhouse, about a mile and a half up there. He'd walk on one side of the road and I'd walk on the other, and that's the way we met. We went to school together. Just liked each other, I guess.

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SS: Had maybe even less, like when his father gave her food not really thinking he'd get any money back for it anymore. Was there much charity like that?

NWL: He didn't give it to 'em, he sold it to them. You see, he had to run his store on a basis, you know, so if he didn't get the money back in it was hard for him to get the food back in for these people. And he could let each one of 'em have so much credit, then he had to cut 'em off, you see, and that made it awful hard, too. And that's what happened to this lady when she came down, he'd just let so many different ones have credit you know. And so it made it hard on the people that had little stores<sup>s</sup> as well as the homesteaders but have to work around some way and get the money to pay these bills, and then they could go on, you know. But they'd carry 'em so long so they could live, and of course, when they could prove up on their

places then they had money, you know, enough so that they could pay their expenses. *And bills.*

SS: Why did they have money just because they proved up?

NWL: What?

SS: Then they'd sell their timber?

NWL: Yes. They would probably just sell the whole thing, the whole homestead.

SS: Is that what most folks did, once they'd proved up on those homesteads like around McGary Butte? Just sold them right away?

NWL: Not too long. They didn't hold 'em too long, did they? When they had got a chance to sell, I suppose, when the Potlatch come in. And <sup>then</sup> they'd sell 'em, you know, then they'd go other places or move into Bovill or somewhere <sup>up</sup> in here maybe if there was a vacant house and then they'd go away back East.

SS: And go to work for the company?

NWL: Well, wherever they could get work, you know. And after the railroad come in of course, the jobs opened up, you know. Little logging here and there.

SS: But with a lot of those other homesteads like on the Ridges, they just wanted to hold onto 'em and they didn't sell 'em once they'd proved up and they went to farming.

NWL: No, not all of 'em. Some of 'em sold though. And then of course, whoever would buy would improve the land and build 'em up, you know. And that's the way the farms got started down around on the Ridge. And it was good soil down there. And when one would buy and find it was good, then <sup>MAYBE</sup> a neighbor would come from the East or somewhere and would buy. But most of 'em, *Le Beaus* and a few of 'em stayed but there was an awful lot of 'em moved out and sold. But of course, like I said, the people that come in would improve and plow more fields.

And of course, that was in team days, and then of course, after they got the tractors then they really went to town. But the Ridge is good soil.

SS: Your father, he carried people too on credit?

NWL: What he could, yes. But he didn't have the capital to carry- to be able to carry 'em too long. And then there was, you know, like all stores you lose some now and then. People that just didn't want to pay and didn't. But he didn't keep his store too long.

SS: Would people that wouldn't pay, would they still stay in the country or would they have to get out, if they didn't pay?

NWL: What--

SS: I mean, were you able to collect?

NWL: Well, no, there was no way of hardly to collect, because in them days they didn't have steady jobs. And some of 'em that didn't pay didn't work. They'd fish and hunt and live off of the others. We had one family here that everybody pretty near kept and he could 've worked, but they'd feel sorry for the family and everybody'd give 'em <sup>fruit</sup> and vegetables.

SS: Did the husband drink or was he just lazy?

NWL: No. No, just didn't work. Just depended on the community to take care of 'em.

SS: But people did that? I mean they didn't kick 'em out?

NWL: <sup>You'd find</sup>  
a few that would, but most of 'em was good.

SS: I mean, did the community let the family stay?

NWL: Oh, yes. Well, they had a little place of their own to stay. I seems like they didn't rent much did they? Just build little shacks.

LML: Wasn't nothing to rent.

NWL: They'd build a little shack somewhere and live in it, you know.

SS: Did you feel sorry for the wife and kids? Is that it?

NWL: Oh, yes.

SS: Maybe they had too much respect for-

NWL: Well, everybody had more respect for people, they thought more of their neighbors, I think. Now, there's so many you can't do it, and they're here and there and gone and there's ways of making a living now. And then there wasn't. It was hard.

FL: People that lived here was a lot closer <sup>to each other</sup> than they are now.

NWL: It was just a different feeling. Everybody kind of looked after the other one.

SS: This family that you mentioned that didn't work at all-

NWL: Oh, he'd go out and buy cattle, maybe for a little while or something like that. But he just never made enough to get along on and <sup>then</sup> he'd maybe lay around for a month or two. They'd come and ask if they could get some food or if somebody had some eggs or potatoes they could borrow and then they'd go out and work a little while and they'd get a little grub in, you know. But he wasn't very well liked.

SS: Yeah, that's what I was thinking- I can't imagine he was--

NWL: But you'll find them in every community, in the homestead community or small towns, you know.

SS: I guess what I'm more interested in is the attitude that people took towards a family like that. They didn't drive 'em out of town on a rail or anything, they let 'em stay.

NWL: Why yes, <sup>because</sup> they had a right to stay if they wanted to. They're squatting on a piece of ground somewhere and the family was nice; the children. And when you like a family that way, why, you're gonna help 'em.

SS: I was going to ask you too about how big an area would trade at



Helmer? I mean, how far around here people would come in. You said all the way out to Park.

NWL: You mean in earlier days?

SS: Yes. In the early days.

NWL: How many would you say?

FL: I don't know.

SS: I mean, when you were growing up here. What did you say, Floyd, they'd come in from as far away as Park? Right? And from that way-

FL: There was quite a few come from the Ridge up there, out on that farming country.

NWL: Well, yes, they'd have to come this way from Park or go to Kendrick wouldn't they, to do their shopping and trading. But they was just like we did; we laid in a year's supply when we could get it, you know, when we was like that. And that way we didn't have to go to town, you know, just maybe a couple of times a year, that is, for food.

SS: Where did you lay in your supply at? Where did you get your supply at for food? Did you go to Troy or Moscow?

NWL: You mean our folks, for the store?

No. The rairoad was here then, and they could order from Spokane, and get their supplies from there, you know. After the railroad went in then it was easy to get the supplies for their stores.

FL: I can remember when I was a kid, he done all his freighting from Troy because there wasn't no railroad in here then. He used to take me along with him. Start out early in the morning and it'd be dark when we got back at night.

NWL: Well, after the railroad went in it sure helped everybody. They could get more jobs and then, you know, the stores were better. The

two stores that was right here.

FL: Well, this country around here when they was logging it, there was quite a lot of work. Hired a lot of men to work in the woods. It was a good place to live.

SS: Did you and Floyd go together for very long before you got married?

NWL: Oh, I imagine a couple of years, didn't we?

FL: I guess so. (Chuckles)

NWL: We kind of liked each other from the time we was small.

SS: *From when you was kids?*

NWL: Oh, no. My mother wouldn't let me go with the boys until I was, oh, I imagine fourteen. Then I didn't get to go only just to little parties, just right here.

FL: I'll tell you something; they had a dance at the schoolhouse one night and their folks wouldn't let them dance, see, and so I and another boy we come to get the girls and her dad was sitting in the living room- I don't think he even spoke to us when we come in the house. He had the newspaper and he had it sitting there and he had it all spread out like that and this darn kid that was with me, he'd go over and read that paper and he'd run back to the chair again, and he just went through that-

NWL: Don't you think my dad didn't know it! He knew he was doing it.

FL: He knowed it alright but he was about half mad because we'd come after the girls, see. And so we went to the dance.

SS: You did take the girls?

FL: Oh, yes.

SS: You did! (Chuckles)

FL: Had quite an argument before we left.

NWL: I'll bet all time <sup>pa was sitting with that paper</sup> he was grinning behind it. Because don't think he

didn't know that Herb was doing that!

SS: That Herb was--

NWL: That was my sister's boyfriend that come after her.

SS: He was reading the paper?

NWL: Yeah, he'd <sup>just</sup> slip up ~~like~~ that like he was reading the paper. If my dad'd a pulled that paper down about that time, I'll betcha he'd a-

SS: Why didn't he want the girls to go to the dance?

NWL: Didn't want us to dance.

SS: Was it religious?

NWL: Well, to a certain-- not fanatics, but they just didn't believe in dancing and <sup>they didn't believe in</sup> playing cards and they didn't believe in drinking. My mother didn't. And they were just a little strict. But it didn't hurt us any. It was good for us.

LML: Grandpa believed in drinking, though.

NWL: Well, he drank, yes, some. Not to much in the later years, he didn't.

SS: But he did let you go anyway? Even though they were sort of against it?

NWL: He didn't tell us we couldn't go. He just didn't want us to go.

<sup>I guess</sup>  
we was about sixteen, seventeen, wasn't it? That was over to one of the neighbor's house.

SS: When you were going together before you got married, what else could kids do for a good time, besides going to a dance? Was there any other places where you could go together?

NWL: Oh, we did. They had literary and entertainments at the schoolhouse and Sunday School and then had little parties. And then we'd go out for drives, go to Deary. After they put in the theatre at Bovill, we'd go to the show there. Oh, we had entertainment.

SS: Did you go to the movies when you were dating?

NWL:       Yep.

SS:       Did you get married right around here?

NWL:       We were married in Moscow.

SS:       Did you get shivareed after you got married?

NWL:       Oh, yes. Yes! (Laughter) (Nona is called to the phone)

FL:       All the rest of the crew went                   I didn't, I stayed to take  
          care of the horses.

SS:       Do you guys have much of an idea about these old-time lumberjacks-  
          You worked with them. They were really different than-

FL:       Now, they were the honest bunch of men that you ever met. They'd  
          borrow money from you and they'd always pay it back. I worked at  
          Clarkia and some of them old guys'd borrow as high as \$600-  
          (two people talking at the same time)  
          -- and by gosh, you had to watch 'em to keep the cats from running  
          over 'em.

SS:       You had to do what?

FL:       Watch 'em to keep the caterpillars from running over 'em- the trac-  
          tors.

SS:       Why is that?

FL:       Well, they was just rumdum, when they come back from a spree.  
  
          But they were honest old guys. I know there was a guy they called  
          him Sleigh Haul Brown--~~that was the fall~~  
          Didn't hire no outside men, just picked their crew, see. And we'd  
          come in with that speeder and I bet there'd be a hundred men flock  
          to that speeder wanting to know when they could go back to work.

SS:       Where would this be now?

FL:       Well, you'd go to camp.

SS:       Oh, at Camp 6, you mean?

FL:       No, over on Three Bear and then we'd come back in and them men

would just flock around that speeder. And they'd want to know from us when they could go to work. And of course, we didn't know. And it got so I said, "Go to the office and if your name's on the book you're going out, and if it aint' on there why you ain't going out." There was an old guy that worked for the company I guess practically all his life and he rode in there with us and they wasn't supposed to even feed him but they didn't say nothing, and I took his lunch out for two weeks. He'd go out and stay <sup>out</sup> in the timber all day and I'd give him his lunch and they finally put him back on.

SS: This was Sleigh Haul Brown?

FL: Yeah.

SS: I heard he worked til he was real old.

FL: Yeah, he did.

SS: That's when they laid him off, eh?

FL: I don't know- they didn't lay him off because he was real old when he went in there.

SS: Where would the crews come from?

FL: Well, they come from all over the country. There was a lot of local guys and then they was a lot of regular lumberjacks that was out of the country, stayed around Spokane.

SS: That's where they come from.

FL: I know my son run a outfit down in Southern Idaho and I said to him, "Keith, I don't see a lumberjack in that bunch." He said, "They're about all farmers." <sup>Wore</sup> Old overalls and just shoes, you know. And one night when we was coming in from work and we went down <sup>in front of his crew</sup> and he says, "Well, fellows," he said, "here's my dad, he's forgotten more about logging than I ever knew." And made me feel cheaper than the dickens!

- CL: I know I got an uncle, I don't know what camp it was, but he talks about a long time ago when every one of them in there was from Finland. They was all Finlanders.
- FL: Yeah. I was in Elk River when they said they was going to build some spurs in there, and they got a whole- I don't know, there must have been fifty of them guys in there. One of 'em come in our bunkhouse and, by gosh, they'd come in there at night and you just as well get up on your bunk and lay down you couldn't tell what they was saying, <sup>they was</sup> all talking Finlander. And the guy that was swamping for me he said, "Floyd," he said, "let's run them damn Finns off tonight when they come in here." And I said, "Alright." And he was a big, husky guy. When they come in this Swede was in there and he said, "Now, listen, next time them friends of yours come in here you talk American or we're going to throw every dang one of you out." He meant it, too! They come in, but they talked American after that.
- SS: I just wanted to ask you about your shivaree. Do you remember it still?
- NWL: Yes, there was a bunch of the kids come down and they banged around; cowbells and tin cans and so we had 'em come in and then we had some cookies and coffee and stuff, you know, whatever they wanted to drink. They stayed a little while and left.
- SS: Sounds like you got off easy.
- NWL: Well, we did. Course, you always had to have a little treat of some kind, candy and cigars and things, you know for the ones that smoked. Oh, we had good times, oh, you know, the neighbors they'd have parties once a week or once in two weeks. Somebody'd have a birthday and have a big party and get together and play games until it got- you know, later years and then we went out. Used the cars and- just like they do now. We had quite a time. Everybody did.

FL: I think we had a better time than they do now.

NWL: We went over to the schoolhouse at Park one night to a dance. That's after we were married.

CL: That was in 1930. Yeah, that was the night that that thing went through the sky.

NWL: Yeah.

CL: That's when that went through the sky and I don't know where it went but it sure lightened up everything, I'll tell you that.

NWL: Was it a meteor?

CL: Yeah, I suppose.

SS: Went all the way to Park. Did you go, too?

CL: Yeah, I had my car.

SS: Just for the dance, huh?

CL: Yeah. They used to have lots of them and go to one house and dance- That dance, that was in the schoolhouse over there.

SS: Well, did that change very much once your pavilion got going? Did most of the dances- I imagine they didn't have as many country dances as they did.

FL: I don't know. We didn't run that in the wintertime, see. But people used- I know, we put on a Fourth of July celebration and they had one at Lewiston, and boy, them businessmen was mad, it was hot and they all wanted to get out of town and they all come up here.

SS: I was going to ask you one thing about that bowery. Who built those boweries?

NWL: Didn't your dad build that? They just had a little celebration up there, altogether, neighbors, and they had a big time.

FL: Most every community that had a celebration would build one of them boweries.

NWL: Just a little place to dance and get together, you know. <sup>Just friends</sup> It wasn't outside people at all, just the neighbors and just to have a little gettogether.

SS: How big would you say they were? I mean, how much room would there be inside of one?

FL: Oh, <sup>figure</sup> imagine it'd be about- they varied in size-I suppose they figured on how big a crowd they'd have. The one I remember my dad built down there, I <sup>figure</sup> it was about 30x40.

NWL: Yeah, it wasn't too big, because there wasn't too many to come.

SS: Was it a rectangle, or was it sort of circular?

FL: No, it was square.

NWL: It was just a floor, you see, with poles up and a cover over it, you know, just for that time of the year. It wasn't built for winter or anything like that, but just for the little celebration they'd get together and have.

SS: They'd tear it down at the end of the summer?

FL: Yeah.

Now, Martin Anderson he built one this side of Kennedy Ford and, by golly, it was going so darn good that he boarded his up and he had dances <sup>there</sup> <sup>in</sup> the wintertime.

NWL: Yeah, he made a regular hall or pavilion out of it.

FL: Yeah.

SS: Just with the bows on top and everything?

CL: No, he put a roof on it, see. Yeah, his was going so good, see, he just started it there, you know, by golly, he just made a regular hall out of it.

SS: Was that the one that they had right by Kennedy Ford? Where it used to get flooded out by the river?

FL: Yeah.



SS: It started out as a bowery?

CL: Yeah, that one that Martin Anderson had started out as a bowery, but didn't Haywire Hanson build one down there?

NWL: Who?

CL: Haywire Hanson; didn't he build one down there, kind of a round one like yours?

FL: Yeah.

NWL: I don't know.

FL: Yeah, he built his before we built ours.

CL: Yeah, that's what I say.

NWL: That one is still standing, that little old bowery on the top of the hill when we moved up here. The one your dad built.

FL: Yeah.

SS: Did they have one year after year?

NWL: Oh, no, I don't think so. If they decided to have one or built one, they'd build it for the summer, you know.

SS: Did people picnic in there?

NWL: Oh, yeah. Just get together, that's all.

SS: Did you ever go to revival around here? (Laughter)

NWL: Yeah, we went.

SS: What were they like when you went?

NWL: Well, I don't know. They wasn't too severe because, course, I don't know what you'd call it- Oh, yeah, the ministers used to come in here. They'd come in and hold meetings, you know, for maybe a week or something like that. But, not too often. But we had people here that could have Sunday School, you know. And they'd come from Deary, didn't they? A minister would come up every so often, not regular and go over to Park.

SS: Well, you know in the real early days they had a lot of camp meetings.

- SS: I know, because they didn't have churches so much.
- NWL: They never held them up here that I know of. They'd hold them in the schoolhouse, you know; revival maybe for a week. Some of 'em would join and backslide! And then the minister from Deary years ago would come up to hold services.
- CL: I remember out there at Park one time, there was two of 'em, they was holding-
- NWL: Huh?
- CL: Oh, those two that come out <sup>there</sup> to Park that time, they was there for a week. Come to find out they was nothing but German spies, but they come as praachers and holding a revival! (Chuckles) Yeah, they was German spies! The most fun that we had for a revival was down there at-- Princeton.
- FL: --- remember down there. They go from place to place to get their meals, and Old Frank he was talking about 'em and he said, "By God, that was one time I kinda liked those guys to come around, at least I get something to eat!" (Laughter)
- CL: But like I say, the most fun that we ever had <sup>down there</sup> at revival, and there was an old bachelor down ther,e fellow the name of Pete Franklin, and he was about three sheets in the wind-
- SS: He was about what?
- CL: About three sheets in the wind. And so after the revival was over then they was calling everybody up in front, so old Pete he got up there and got down on his knees and here come the minister to him and starts patting him on the head, and he says, "Have you got it?" Pete says, "You bet I got it!" And he pulled a pint out of his pocket, and took a drink right there! (Laughter)
- FL: Pete's liable to do anything.

CL: He says, the preacher says, "You got it?" And Pete says, "You bet I got it!" And pulled a pint right out of his hip pocket and took a drink right there! (More chuckles) Yep.

SS: Did you guys ever run into Dick Ferrell?

CL: Yes, you bet.

FL: All the time. All the time. I laughed at him one time, it wasn't funny either, but the way it all happened- you know he had that Aire-dale dog.

SS: Dick did?

FL: Yeah. Well, he went outside and this here darned Airedale saw another dog and he took off after him and took Old Dick right out through the stumps and he was falling down any everything.

SS: Oh, I didn't know that he was blind. Dick Ferrell.

FL: Well, wasn't he, Carl?

CL: Not that I can remember.

FL: Well, I know when I was <sup>in Elk River</sup> he come up there and he had that dog.

CL: You right sure he didn't have Fred Herrick with him? Fred Herrick was blind.

SS: Herrick?

CL: Yeah. <sup>(End of side D)</sup> And Ferrell had him with him several times, and he had a dog with him; Fred Herrick had a dog with him, but I never did know of Dick Ferrell being blind. <sup>Flt</sup> It might have been Herrick instead of Dick. <sup>CL</sup> But Fred Herrick was with Dick.

SS: What was his preaching like?

CL: He was a very good preacher. You bet he was. You see, he was a pug to start with, you know, he was a boxer. <sup>To start with.</sup>

SS: How many of the men listened to him?

FL: There'd be a lot of 'em.

CL: Yeah, you'd be surprised.

FL: You'd be surprised. *Them lumberjacks would come here him speak.*

CL: That cookshack'd be just pretty near full.

FL: You take most of those old guys, they wasn't religious, but they'd go listen to him.

SS: Was he a fire-and-brimstone type preacher?

CL: Not too bad.

FL: He wasn't too bad, no, he wasn't.

CL: No, he was a pretty *calm* preacher. I thought he was, anyway. You bet.

SS: Did you fellows know Malker Anderson?

CL: Well, I worked for him; we both worked for him.

SS: What did you think of Malker as a foreman?

CL: He was the best foreman that they ever had.

FL: That's right. He done it so much easier than the rest of 'em did--

CL: --there wasn't no comparison.

FL: No.

CL: noisy-

He was running Camp 37 over there at Mason Meadows. I was up there at Clark's Landing-- I didn't know about it-- *So Nogle and* Tom Kinney come into camp, and Malker was drunk and Nogle said, "I'm going to can him." And so Tom Kinney, he was there, he was the super over Nogle, see, and he says to Tom Kinney, he says, "Mr. Nogle, leave that man alone. If there's any canning to be done around here, I'll do it. That man can get more logs drunk than the rest of 'em can sober." *(Chuckles)* He just had a knack of laying out his work and everything just went so darn smooth.

FL:  
CL: He had everything fixed up so you could work. When you went on a strip it was all skidded up and your land was fixed, you could start right in hauling logs as soon as you got there. But he was a good guy to work for, no doubt.

SS: I wonder what made him so good? He planned it better?

CL: Well, he was just a better logger, that's all. Just a natural born- His brother was a walker but he was so much better than Axel that there wasn't no comparison. You bet.

SS: Do you think he cared about the men more?

CL: Yes, you bet he cared about the men. You bet.

FL: He was telling me up at Elk<sup>River</sup> there, "They cut us down." And he said, "I went to the men," and he said, "they're going to allow you to make so much a day." And, he said, "I'll give you the same money as you're getting for skidding as you're getting now," he said, "just go out and take it easy." He said, "When you get five dollars worth in, set down, don't do no more." And, he said, "You know, I had<sup>to put</sup> them down to where they had to work just as hard as they could to make it." He said, "They wouldn't quit."

SS: He said- I had to - what?

FL: He had to lower the wages so they had to work real hard to make it.

CL: The price on the strip.

FL: He was getting them<sup>logs</sup> cheap enough that they wouldn't a cut at all if they'd just used their heads. I know I was working for him and he put me on a strip and Old Buckley had it, and he give him pretty good money, and he said, "I'll give you the same as I give Buck." And pretty good timber.<sup>I put in quite a few logs.</sup> "Now, Floyd," he says, "don't put in too much, you're just allowed so much and when you get tired just go on the hill and sit there." And it was pretty good timber and that

loading crew come down there and loaded me out every night about.

I could have made big money there, but I didn't do it.

SS: Would he have minded if you'd have put in more?

CL: Wouldn't have got any more money, they was just paying so much and that was it.

SS: Oh, I see. See, that was wage? Right?

CL: You bet. Wage. They had a scale set that a gyppo could make so much and when that was made, that was it.

SS: Would Axel have wanted you to keep working? After you'd made the scale?

FL: Oh, that Axel, he wasn't nothing. I put in a strip over there and I went back, and the guy, the swamper, he waited and got his check, and I didn't, I come on home and then I got mine when I went back. And he said to me, "Holy Jesus, Floyd," he said, "you made more money than I made last month." I said, "I earned it, too." But that didn't make no difference, he tried to get even with me the rest of the time I was over there.

SS: You mentioned that it was <sup>Plisco</sup> - you said it was Dean <sup>Plisco</sup> - he saw you working down there when you weren't getting no logs out, because it was such bad conditions.

FL: Well, they'd logged it the summer before and all we had was the back-end of the strip, see, it was all long haul. And he didn't raise his ante a bit and I says, "If you want me to go down there," I says, "if you'll guarantee my wages, I'll go." "No," he said, "I won't do that." "Well, I ain't going then." And then when he figured out I was going to keep my word, he said, "Well, I'll guarantee you wages."

SS: Do you have any idea what happened with Malcher? Why he killed himself?

CL: I don't have the least idea.

FL: He just drank so much that he just--

CL: I'll tell you what happened; See my brother quit- my brother was running a camp and he put <sup>Camp 40, put</sup> Malker up there. Well, they was in the process of moving down to Camp 39. Well, Malker come into Clarkia and he hid his pickup and they couldn't find the darn pickup. And so Parker was super so I guess that when Parker got hold of him, Parker took the pickup away from him and ~~canned~~ <sup>him he wasn't</sup> the foreman. But then when he sobered up, I and a fellow the name of Albert Johnson, he was up there he was in the process of moving up there to build a railroad grade into camp on Oregon Creek, well Malker, he come along and was talking to us, "Well," he says, "I'm going to see you boys in the morning." And I says, "Are you?" "Yeah," he says, "I'm going to be <sup>Mallory's</sup> grade boss." We was sitting there talking and Albert and I was eating lunch, Well, that's what we was doing. We was setting a toilet there in this area, there wasn't an office building and we was making a bunkhouse. We was in the process of setting a toilet there, just putting a toilet in. And when we got done we just went down and set out there in the sunny- well, it was the first of October, and it was a nice day and we was setting out there in front, we was waiting for lunchtime, too. And Malker got up and says, "Well, I'll see you boys in the morning." He says, "I'm going to be Mallory's grade boss." And, by God, you know, he shot himself that night. And when I went up there, he was dead. But, I'll tell you, when Malker went on a drunk, that was it.

FL: Yeah, he just-

CL: He stayed there til he got over it.

SS: Did that take a long time?

CL: Well, he was about a week in Elk River, I mean in Clarkia, he was

about a week in Clarkia. And in the meantime they'd hired another man to take Camp 39. He done the same thing in 1940-- '34, when they had that big fire over there in there in the *Pete King*. He was running the transient camp up here for the Forest Service. He had two assistants and the clerk, and that fire got so big that they sent Malzer over there and Malzer he was over the whole darn works. He was over the whole works. And, by golly, when he was over there, he took that Forest Service pickup and pulled into Kooskia and hid the dang thing and went on a great, big drunk. Well, of course, that ended him with the Forest Service.

SS: That was right during the fire?

CL: Yeah. You bet. They put <sup>Malzer</sup> over that whole business over there; he must have had- he was over at least 5,000 men. He was over 5,000 men.

FL: That wouldn't have excited him any.

CL: No, you bet not. But like I say, when it was all over into Kooskia he went and hid his pickup.

SS: When the fire was over?

CL: Yeah, when the fire was over, you bet.

SS: So, he didn't quit til the job was done?

CL: No, he'd never go on a drunk til the job was done. Then you wanted to watch out!.

FL: He did in camp, Carl.

CL: What?

FL: He did in camp.

CL: Oh, yeah, but what I mean- in camp.

FL: You never seen him. I know Nogle was over there two or three times and seen him. And said, "Where's Malzer?" And I says, "I don't know."



I did know but--

CL: I know, when he was in camp-- When they moved Camp 40, he hid his pickup that time in the same way. Yeah, he was drunk over there at Camp 37, I know that. That's when Nogle wanted to can him that time.

SS: But this was something big.

CL: Yeah, you bet.

SS: Did he get mean when he got drunk?

CL: No. In fact, you couldn't hardly tell it on him.

SS: That he was drunk?

CL: Yeah.

SS: When you talked to him that day before he shot himself, did you think he was feeling real low?

CL: No, he wasn't. No, because that's the last thing he said to Albert Johnson and I, he says, "Well, I'll see you boys in the morning." He says, "I'm going to be Mallory's grade boss."

SS: Was he drinking that night before he killed himself?

CL: I don't have no idea. See, I come home. But, he was a wonderful man.

SS: Did he have a big funeral? Do you know?

CL: I guess so. I didn't get a chance to go. Albert went and so consequently Albert was a pallbearer and I wasn't. So I had to be there to gets the cats going in the morning to get water in 'em and one danged thing and another, so I didn't get a chance to go. Albert Johnson went; we was working together. And so I stayed and Albert was a pallbearer and I wasn't.

END OF INTERVIEW

Transcribed by Frances Rawlins, December 20, 1977