

FRANK ROWAN
and
LOTTIE JOHNSON ROWAN
Second Interview

Interviewed by:
Sam Schrager

Oral History Project
Latah County Museum Society

I. Index

II. Transcript

I. Index

FRANK ROWAN
 LOTTIE JOHNSON ROWAN

Frank: Troy; b. 1885
 road foreman, brickyard worker

Lottie: Troy, Grangeville; 1898
 farmwife

2.4 hours

minute page

Side A

01

1

A man's wife goes home to her parents, and he goes too. Hays killed in shootout with Sly. Hays unpopular, but honest, fearless, and enforced the law. Hays' sons no good. Joe Wells escapes from Hays because he can't see him in the dark. A man killed by a live wire as he shot out insulators. Maybe Mrs. Sly shot Hays; maybe he deserved to get shot. Moonshine killed a "nigger" (Joe).

13

5

Noise of trains in Troy. Building railroad cut (by Troy). The rise and fall of Denver, near Grangeville, by-passed by the railroad. Camas Prairie around Grangeville very much like Latah County country. Severity of winter near here. Clay soil on Camas Prairie. How the Rowans met.

26

10

The stabbing of Driscoll, who was bothering a girl, by Shoemaker. Was Driscoll drawing a gun? Recent killing of a troublemaker by a policeman from Stites, who resigned his job first.

Side B

00

12

Killing of Clemm in Troy, in a restaurant owned by two blacks. Trouble was caused by local people much more than by transient lumberjacks.

04

14

Lumberjacks honest but drank up their earnings. Repaying loans in Grand Forks, Canada. Jacks were mostly single.

08

15

A Grangeville man, part Mexican, was shot full of lead in his cell, after ignoring men's warnings to stop beating his wife. Twenty men fired one bullet apiece into him. Frank's friend, in the next cell for cattle rustling, was very scared.

Frank Rowan / Lottie Johnson Rowan

minute	page	
Side B (continued)		
11	16	Mrs. ROWAN 's father signs a petition to get a man out of jail. He'd stolen his horse and many others, although his family denied it, and he eventually became one of the aristocrats of the area.
14	17	A man trying to get out of the country on horseback, caught and lynched near Whitebird in someone's front yard. Mrs. Rowan thought that hiding him would have been better.
18	19	As a boy Frank meets a man who had just gone crazy. At Troy a man who had been institutionalized threatens Frank with weapons, but is only kidding.
21	19	Burying a stranger found hanging in Camp's Canyon, near Burnt Ridge. The ^{body} was exhumed and disappeared. No one said who he was. A man killed in a cabin on Burnt Ridge.
24	21	Why O.K. Olson built his home in the canyon (a joke). O.K. pretends to be mad.
26	22	Per Johanson, who started the brick yard in Troy, never spoke English. The manager who put in the kilns had to put the business in debt \$7,500, and was replaced. Watson, the new Scotch manager, is tracked down by his son, with Tom Christie's help. (continued)
Side C		
00	24	Watson had left his wife in the old country, but when the son found him he forgot about his mother. Frank stands up to Watson, and gets along with him. Sundquist talks back to Watson too.
05	25	Troy banks. Trying to find out if a man had money. Ole and Axel Bohman started the policies Frank Brocke carried on. First bank robbery in Troy; how the robber got caught; Frank Brocke later loaned him money.
12	28	Man who burnt saloon down in Troy later was sheriff in Culdesac.

Frank Rowan / Lottie Johnson Rowan

minute	page	
Side C (continued)		
17	30	A buckner gets himself fired by T.P. Jones, so he could gyppo. IWW improved conditions in the camps. Wobblies blamed for much they didn't do, like a bad fire at Harrison, when the governor handed the people \$100 to start rebuilding. A logger scared by a cop with a gun. Dick Ferrell couldn't preach.
23	32	The quality of the cooking in camps depended on the standards of the foreman. Frank cooked in camp, and was told he'd killed off a whole crew. He cooks birds that aren't clean.
27	34	Big Gil's pet bear. Hanging a pet bear in Troy. A pet billy goat followed people; his throat gets cut. (continued)
Side D		
00	35	Watching deer near Troy; a cat and deer who are friends. Orvil Carlson's black angus is shot for a bear. A bear after lard at the Rowan's place.
10	39	Grandma Friske insists that the Rowan's daughter get sugar from her cupboard. She can't speak English, and tries to borrow green onions from the Rowans. Her son gets a housekeeper who can't speak Swedish. Her death.
16	42	Turpentine and lard for chest colds, Vicks for burns. Tuberculosis among relatives. Daughter's husband "appeared" to her after death. Her own dead child "appeared" to Mrs. Rowan when she was sick recently, and delirious; the girl died of heart disease.
24	44	The Spencer cemetery was started because the price of a lot was too high. Locating graves in the cemetery with a rod, and marking them with firebrick.
27	46	Jealousy of some people about success. A burial, a birth and a death in one morning on Burnt Ridge.

Frank Rowan / Lottie Johnson Rowan

minute	page	
Side E		
00	46	Wild Davey told wild stories, and got by by "working people". A foolish boy who isn't so foolish. Good fighting in the early days; Irish had to fight in an Irish town.
05	48	A husband who didn't want to bring a baby to church.
07	49	A falling stove pipe scares a family, who think it's Indians. Visiting with the Indian women, as they picked camas and cous. Watching her daughter on a train ride; the daughter mistakes a sleeping Indian for her aunt.
15	52	Leonard Marks became a hermit after his wife died. He is seen walking around his place without any clothes on. Hook Anderson had one arm, was a good working lumberjack.
19	53	The road work program in Troy during the Depression. Troy gets extra men because Genesee can't use all theirs. Roads that wouldn't have been worked for many years except for depression. Foolish mistake in current road building by Nora.

(25 minutes)

with Sam Schragger

February 3, 1975

II. Transcript

ROWAN

FRANK ROWAN: One time, and his wife left him. He was ^{n't much of} a rustler, you know. (laughs)
His father-in-law went to work on my crew, ^{I had a crew} working for the ^{same} company. He
said, "You know, ^{Mabel} quit that son of a bitch and come home, you know
what he done? He come right over there too!" That old guy every time he'd tell
that, he'd swear.

LOTTIE ROWAN: Well that's alright. He let her stay home.

FR: I would have told him, ^{Bill,} you've got a pair of shoes there, you ~~sure~~ can handle
him. (laughs) He didn't say a word. He collected all of our ^{stuff} and drove
off. (laughs)

SAM SCHRAGER: I wanted to ask you about Hays getting shot. What you heard about that.

FR: He was a policeman.

SS: What did you hear about that?

FR: Well, it was all hearsay what I got. But the thing is, both men swore they'd
kill each other. They had a grievance against each other. ^{They were} Both hotheaded. So
the story is that Hays went over there. They were enjoying themselves, a little
family scrap, you know. It was habitual with them. And Hayes come over there.
And so she told ^{I suppose,} that she met him at the door and told him to go away,
that they didn't want him there. He burst on in anyway. ^A Rifle bullet cut his
jugular vein. He emptied his six shooter in the house and then ^{he} made it aback
as far as the railroad track there at the depot and died there. Then ^{the} Hays boys,
the begun shooting up there at Sly's house and of course Sly, he was shooting
back. And there used to be that sign board on the hotel, somebody's bullets
were in that sign that were shooting at the Hayes boys, I don't know if they're
still there or not.

SS: I don't think the sign's there anymore.

FR: Possibly not.

LR: Not in all this years. That was way over, ^{fifty years} that goes 'fore my time there and
we're married way over fifty years. Six ^{ty} years or so you know.

SS: What, they got him to give up, Sly?

FR: Yes. He was down there couple three years in Boise. Got married down there and

learned a trade while he was in the penitentiary. He never came back except to visit.

SS: I heard a story that Hays had some friends that wanted to lynch Sly. Did you ever hear that?

FR: Wanted to do what?

SS: Lynch Sly.

FR: I hadn't heard that. And I wasn't a member there that time. I was afterwards (Oddfellows) But I don't think there was any members in it that would be inclined to do that, no.

SS: Hays, he wasn't very well liked?

FR: Well, in a sense, no, he wasn't a popular man. He was a good marshall, alright.

He had it in his craw for his work, he done it. But he wasn't very popular.

His boys wasn't either. He was honest, the boys ^{were} crooks. Poker players and crooks. One fellow farmed. Farms just this side of the Burnt Ridge cemetery there. The road goes right through by the old house down at the end of the road, he had a farm. Then this Henry played poker and run a barbershop in town there.

SS: Why weren't they liked?

FR: They were dirty, underhanded sort of guys. The old man was, but he was honest. He wasn't liked, but he was honest. And above board with everything.

SS: Why was it that they didn't like Hays? 'Cause he was too hard on people?

FR: Well, I don't know. I heard people, other people complain that if they were disagreeing with the law ^{why} he'd play it straight on 'em pretty quick, but I guess if you didn't he'd let you alone. I never heard of him imposing on anybody that way. There was one fellow, Phil STrohm, he ordered him out of town. I don't know, Phil got kind of sassy about it and he got on the horse *and got a rope* and I guess Hays told him he'd shoot him if he didn't get out of town. And he says, "Old man, don't you for a damn minute ever try that." And he roped him.

SS: Did he rope Hays?

FR: Yeah, he probably would too. I don't think that Hays was afraid of him. Because that kind of a man doesn't scare, you know. If he'd really been afraid of him or if he really wanted to, but it must be that he had some regards for the guy. Didn't want to mess with him. And ^{another} time, Nigger Joe, he ordered him out of town. Well Nigger, he got on his horse and went, but he took out the sidewalk. And he was shooting at the son of a gun too. Joe, he didn't come back to town for quite a while. There wasn't one of them that wasn't scared of him. For gods sake, can't hit a nigger in the dark. (laughs) He had ^{the idea of} getting up on that sidewalk it was just showing contempt for the marshall. And the fella on the horse just broke through there, broke his leg and maybe broke the nigger's neck. Course, a drunken man doesn't give too many things consideration. I wanted to mention another case. Here, a few years ago a fella come up from Lewiston, I guess he was hunting, I don't know, but he had a high power rifle with him, he'd go down a steep hill to sight a deer beyond Bear Creek there. Over in there, he was hunting over in there and he was entertaining himself, I suppose, shooting off these insulators on the power line. The damn line broke and burned him right there.

SS: Killed him?

FR: That, you don't know about ^u the cemetery do you?

SS: I don't think I do.

FR: There'd be several people, anybody there, this is recent...

LR: That guy wasn't hunting. He was just going along the road...

FR: He must have come hunting. He wouldn't come up to shoot insulators. He could do that down there in town. He must have been hunting. But...

SS: Sort of came back on him?

FR: Just ^{happen to be} under the son of a gun, you see.

LR: Flew around and come onto him and cooked him. He was having a lot of fun of shooting insulators out.

FR: There's any amount of people in Deary that would recollect that.

SS: Do they know that it was Sly that shot Hays?

FR: YEah.

SS: They're sure that he did it?

FR: He was shot in that house, yeh. Some say she done it. Course, she was there and talked to the marshall. Cut his jugular veins. The Slys killed him alright, whichever one done it.

LR: He was asking for it. He had no business after he was ordered not to come in there if they didn't send for him. He had no business cutting in there.

FR: Then she tell him to keep away. ^{IF} She did. Course, that's their story too. What ever talk went on between them, nobody knows. Except them.

SS: I heard that she tried to slip Sly a gun. When he was waiting to be taken to Moscow.

FR: I heard that he was killed right in the door. Just as he entered the door.

SS: I mean, when Sly was in jail. Before they took him to Moscow.

FR: That would be possible. If she could get to the jail.

SS: I heard that the Hays boys were not liked at all.

FR: They were dirty. Crooked in poker and mean.

SS: Did they stay around for long after Hays...?

FR: Oh yeah, long time afterwards. I don't know what the reason was. I guess they were homesteading. One was out somewheres in the dust country and then another fella wound up in Tacoma I think. But granny, she stayed there til she died. She used to be in town there, walking around with a stick.

LR: I guess I must have seen her, but seems to me like she was quite a heavy woman.

SS: I heard that the daughter went bad.

FR: I've heard that too. She married a dentist. And then they split up. I heard that. I don't know anything about it. I've seen here, couple times, ^{she didn't come up} often but I saw her a couple times. She was a good looking woman, too.

LR: Some of ~~those~~ oldtimers, I can see 'em as if they're standing before me right now. I can remember so well. And others I ^{just} can't remember. Course, I never

her as much as the other people. Some of them I just don't.

SS: Did you ever see Joe Wells? Did you know him at all?

LR: No. I've seen, the negro you mean? I've seen him, yeah. I ^{never} heard him talk or anything like that. Just see him.

SS: Did you know him at all, Frank?

FR: By sight, that's all. I never got acquainted. I think the feeling Joe, course he didn't have a whole lot ~~to~~ do with it, he was dead, but a bootlegger come into Troy lumber camp up there. And he had a few gallons of liquor with him and of course he unloaded it there. And the nigger had died a week or a month before that time. The word got around, somebody had ^{started} a joke that this ^{Dobson} had killed the nigger. Couple of boys from camp, they drank a little bit too much and they got sick from it. They come in on Saturday. On Monday these fellas didn't go out to work. They were sitting there after supper and this one fella, Carl Johnson, ~~his~~ family's on Texas Ridge today, he was sitting there and he looked over at the other guy and he said, "Well you know, they say he killed a nigger. And he came goddamn near to ^{getting} ^{and you} me, too." (laughs)
I thought that was about as well timed as... (laughs)

LR: What do you think of putting up with that noise and paying over five hundred dollars for it? Five fifty (discussion about heaters) We moved off of that into town. Before we finally after a few months moved up to Helmer. That's when they had passenger trains. I don't know, how many trains a day was it? They had the freight and passenger trains, the trains going and going every little while.

FR: You mean at Troy?

LR: Yeah.

FR: That was two passenger trains both ways, ^{daily}

LR: And then the freight. And especially at night, you know the freight, well there would be the passenger too, at night.

SS: Noisy?

LR: It was awful noisy. And we knew that because it was noisy going up the canyon, we could hear it clear on up before it got up on top. We was still on the ranch. And so we thought, oh, that would be awful, that awful noise down there. And people said, "That won't bother, for a week or so. You'll never hear it." And ^{you} couldn't believe that, you know. There was no time that we never heard the train. People that lived down along the railroad tracks said, "It was that way with us at first. We thought we never can live here, that noise going on all the time. Trains and whistles going on. Now it doesn't bother us a bit. We never hear 'em" And we wasn't along ~~the~~ track. We was pretty much up ^{on top of} the hill. But it was plenty noisy but it was no time it didn't bother us. You get used to things.

SS: Did that make Troy a lively town, having the train in there?

FR: No different. What put the life into Troy in the first place was when that Potlatch railroad went in over there and ~~then~~ another thing helped it the same time, this ^{big trestle} used to be here west of Troy, it's a fill now. It's right where you pass the log cabin on your left coming to Moscow. It's over to the right and there was a big trestle there. They ^{had a crew} there for six months filling that. Put that cut in. That's up now at the underpass. ^{Before that,} The railroad went around the hill there. ^{So they went and} Put in that cut and made it for fill down there.

SS: There's a lot of work in doing that?

FR: There was a big crew there and two work teams there all winter. And then they had for water they had the pipeline laid way behind the ^{hollow and} over onto that creek. Must have been a couple miles or more away. Speaking of Moscow, was wanting to get the Potlatch mill years ago. What the devil would they do for water?

SS: No water here.

FR: No water here for ^{anything like} that. That shows you how little they knew about that. The same thing as that Weippe before the Lewiston mill went in. The mill was going

ro fo into Weippe up there. Well they didn't have enough water to do their laundry up there. They were so sure of it and ^{big} double camp was put in there. ^{Never showed up.}

LR: Talking about if railroads make a town, I can tell you one ^{case} of it. When we were ^{Kids} going to school we lived in a little town ten miles out of Grangeville, about ten miles out of Cottonwood and moved back between the two.

Named Denver. And it was quite a little town. Lot of people lived there and a lot of business places. Even had a bank.

FR: Three big hotels, ^{bank,} saloon.

LR: Poolhall and they had this saloon. Post office.

FR: Churches.

LR: Little restuarants and churches. And it was quite a booming little place.

FR: And it had a water works, city water works.

LR: Lot of people lived there. Well, they were coming in with the railroad from Lewiston up, come across the prairie, didn't have any railroad up at that time, had to freight by horse and wagon. And wasn't trucks in those days either. And at that time nobody had cars, so it was horses. And so then this, they were going to build a railroad in. Well they ^{considered} bringing it gthrough Denver there. And that might have done something for other little towns. But that's when they changed, by-passed it, went over north of, anyway, four miles awau from Denver. Well, poor little Denver just died out finally. But you know, and that was a real nice place to stay in, which is still there, what there is of it. Railroad station like. And a real nice place to build a town, but it never built up at all. It just didn't...

SS: It was off the beaten path.

LR: Well they put the railroad right through. But they didn't take it through Denver. If they'd put that railroad through Denver it probably would have soon been a pretty good little city.

FR: I don't know. YOU see, Cottonwood never made too much of a town. That was the trouble with Denver. Cottonwood was closer and Gragneville was ^{close} here.

SS: Was that country, how did it compare to this country?

LR: Just the same. Yes. Lots of ^{winter} and lots of snow and lots of wind blowing.

FR: Really milder winters there than here, though ^{up} on the Camas Prairie. The winters are really milder because lots of times you'd have bare grounds there where we didn't begin to, I'm talking about Troy, not here.

LR: It's very much the same. To me it made no difference when I come to Troy.

SS: Was that country settled up as this country was?

LR: Yeah. Yeah, just about the same thing. Yes, it was at that time. They've combined ranches there and now there's just a few real large ranches and there isn't so many homes there. Across the prairie, ^{But} It's a big prairie just like really this is a big prairie. Streets ^{stretch} out each way and then makes a big prairie. Our oldest daughter in Montana called the other day, we were talking about we figured how the difference the weather was then we'd say well they compare pretty well, Grangeville and here. The prairies would come out about the same I guess. Snow and winds and drifting so it comes out the same thing.

SS: Do you think the winters were a lot harder then?

LR: Oh I should say so! There on the ranch, we'd just be drifted in solid. And then when we'd get plowed out, it has happened, maybe the next day or two or three days or a week, it's the same old thing, we ^{was} just in there solid. Oh we hate to see the winds come up when it was snowing.

FR: You betcha!

LR: It was terrible. Our oldest daughter, you talk snow to her, she's ready to fight! She just hates the snow. She had, poor thing, such a hard going to school in that hard winters, you know. So much snow to wade. And so much much of the time Frank was in the woods, not to even help her make a trail out to the highways. So she had a hard time of it. And she just hates winter!

SS: I guess it's a lot tougher. It doesn't seem so bad now.

LR: Oh no, it isn't!

FR: She made a remark there a while ago that reminded me of a remark that one

of her relatives from Arkansas made years ago. They was talking about, came in ~~to~~ I was in there, that was in Moscow Hotel. Mrs. Owen Zaner come in there. They was talking different things about the weather and she, "Well the only difference about Arkansas is out here you leave your tracks. In Arkansas it all went with you." No the difference was in Arkansas you left your tracks but here you took 'em with you. That 'dobe just kept getting thicker. The 'dobe, you left your tracks in Arkansas, but here you took 'em with you. That 'dobe up there keeps sticking, getting thicker.

SS: What?

FR: That 'dobe laying on the Camas Prairie. Lots of times you had to unlock the brake locks out of your wagon, wheels would build up.

LR: When it would come those deep snows wind blowing and drifting like that and it just drift the railroad track in, trains couldn't get through...

FR: Week at a time.

LR: There'd be sometimes two weeks they'd have to bring the cows up from Lewiston to keep plowing through. And then they'd get up there, that's where we seen 'em working there ^{at Fern}. And on when they'd go towards Grangeville and they'd have a big something going there ^{just} really cutting and throwing that snow both ways. They'd be without train service there for days.

SS: Did that happen around here too? In Troy?

LR: I don't think the trains was ever stuck, was they?

FR: No, not on the Troy branch unless there was a derailment or something.

SS: How did you two meet?

LR: That's a sad story. ^{Let's} Don't go into that.

SS: Sad story?

LR: Don't you see?(laughs)

SS: Sounds like a sucess story to me.

LR: The second year he had worked for my aunt...

FR: Harvest.

LR: and her husband...

FR: I was up there harvesttime.

LR: Out on the prairie. And the second year he was working there well then, she had little twin girls and then she had a younger ^{little} girl. She had three babies and doing all the work herself, and ^{it was a little too much for her so} they got me down there to help her. That's what happened. 'Cause all the guys was there and I had to ^{pick} that. There was four or five other men working there. That was in the harvest time.

FR: Then her sister came down to our place where our oldest kid was born, and she married Jesse Spencer's brother. That was the first house on the left as you go out of Troy. Mile and a quarter out of town.

LR: Herb Spencer.

FR: One of his sons has the trailer house in the woods just ^{below them} a ways. And another son lives out in there and a third son lives in the second house on the road on the left hand side there.

LR: The first house on the right. No, they are on the left. (both talk at once) I'd be alright going towards Deary, until I got up there almost to where this one son lives now where his grandmother ^{and grandfather} lives. (pause)

SS: Who?

FR: The fellow that used to live at Troy, he's dead now. He went back to Fargo, North Dakota, he's got a son there. He's in the U.S. employment office. So he bought a deep freeze at a bargain there, had it in his pickup and he was coming west. He come over a hill, he was doing about sixty, wasn't too much of a hill in that Dakota country. But there was some new oil there. He said boy he'd done some careful driving. Easing up on that throttle for a while. ^{That stuff is} pretty slick when it's new.

SS: Did you ever hear the story about Driscoll getting stabbed in Troy?

FR: Oh yeah, that was known as the ^{NATIVE} Driscolls there. He was a stranger. Yeah. He come down from the Oddfellows hall there, what was that fellow's name?

SS: I've heard it was Shoemaker.

FR: ~~Tilden~~ Shoemaker, yeah. There's a lot of stories ^{in effect} to that afterwards. Driscoll was a Pullman, none of those Driscolls ^{were} from Troy. But he was a mouthy, he might not been a trouble maker but he was awful mouthy. He had a pretty good jag on him up there. And this girl, he was bothering her up there. So Shoemaker stepped in and told him to let her alone. Mind his own business. That was alright, he did. He took Shoemaker's word for it, I guess. And then Tilden started, after the show, started down to that Oddfellows Hall, where would you say it is today? Right, you know where the lumber outfit's rigged up out there? Well that building across there, apartments, that was the hall. So Tilden was going down. This guy got in close behind him and ^{begin} he making remarks about Tilden. Said something about he was afraid of him and talking like that. And Tilden stopped and turned around and said, "Are you talking to me?" And Driscoll said something and he got the knife and stuck it in his side. Shoemaker said that he put his hand back like he was reaching for a gun and some people said that he had a gun. And there was no gun found on him though when he was dead. He run down to the old post office building, there was a couple doctors upstairs. He says, "My god, who'll care for mother now?" he says. He crumpled down the sidewalk and died. Some said...

LR: Was that Driscoll?

FR: Yeah.

SS: Some said?

FR: Some said that Driscoll was kind of making up to this girl and you can't tell, you hear so many stories.

SS: But Shoemaker stabbed him in the sides?

FR: Yeah, Shoemaker was making up to this girl. And he stuck the knife in ^{to} him and he didn't bother him anymore. He had to be a troublemaker getting fresh up there with the girls and then following him.

SS: Did you know Shoemaker?

FR: Oh hell, I knew Shoemaker very well.

LR: That wouldn't be any of Oscar's, would it?

FR: No, he was, his father's up there in that Spencer cemetery of ours. No, he was from Kentucky.

LR: That was kind of like a case last summer or fall up at Stites that that guy resigned...

FR: Yeah, Stites, that policeman.

LR: He resigned from the police force and then a few hours after he shot and killed a guy there in town. And so we read all about it when our granddaughter and her husband were up here in the winter and he kind of laughed and said, "You know the only thing about that, ^{that} should have been done years ago." He says, "That guy was absolutely no good. He was always looking for trouble, picking trouble. He finally got it, but he didn't get it soon enough."

FR: The police...

LR: He said, "That man is not to be blamed. He was picking on him and always looking for trouble. That's his life. He won't do it anymore now."

SS: This was the man who was killed?

LR: Uh huh. He said he was no good.

FR: Troublemaker. Always looking for trouble.

LR: Said he was nothing but a trouble maker.

(End of side A)

FR: ...about Shoemaker and I knew him for a couple of years. We both belonged to the Elks Club and naturally got pretty well acquainted. But I couldn't see any reason or anything mean about Shoemaker that way. Some of 'em said he was from Kent^{ucky}, well that don't mean they're all that way.

SS: What's the story on Clemm getting killed?

FR: He had a restaurant in there. No, nigger had the restaurant, who was he, I believed he worked in there. Maybe he cooked. Anyway this, time of this activity going on there, the railroad over here at Deary and the field, couple niggers come in there, it was quite late and they put in a restaurant

right where Jimmy Arnett's Fonks' is now. And of course, there'd be some girls come up from Lewiston occasionally. There was some of them there one night in the restaurant and the next morning Clemm was dead out on the sidewalk. They arrested the nigger for it. I don't know what he got. He didn't get the death penalty or anything, but he got quite a sentence. And the saloon keeper that took it up, he didn't think he got quite a deal, he got another trial, he cleared him. He done a good job for the town. That damn Clemm was no good.

SS: He cleared the negroes?

FR: Yeah.

SS: I heard that Clemm drank a lot and was a troublemaker.

FR: I don't know if he was much of a troublemaker, but he was such a useless drunk, he neglected his family. I never heard of ^{him} doing any fighting. The little bastard couldn't have done. It wouldn't have amounted to anything anyhow if he did. But then, they can make an awful nuisance of themselves, regardless of the size.

SS: You say the girls come up from Lewiston, were they sporting girls?

FR: Yeah. The niggers had split up, there was only one, I think it was Squires was there at the time. The other nigger had sold up and went off. He had a good restaurant, done good business there.

SS: Do you know how Clemm was killed?

FR: I guess they just hammered him up enough to get him. Probably didn't figure they were doing enough when they done it.

SS: Sounds like Troy was pretty...

LR: It had it's share of excitement.

FR: Well, to walk the street and be around there, you wouldn't notice it. But then, when you look back over it, it's a little different (than) what it used to be. But it never appeared that way, you know, when ^{you} were living there.

SS: I heard that in the early days, a lot of it was the lumberjacks coming in from out in the woods and spending their money.

FR: They never made much noise. That didn't, maybe some of the native lumberjacks did, but not the transients, ^{that's} not their way. It seemed like they'd all travel and get along fine. If they do any celebrating or getting into trouble, it's after they're working and have a payday. That was the way that worked, But you never paid any attention, had any fear of ^{COMING OR GOING} lumberjacks. I never did.

SS: Do you buy the idea that nine out of ten lumberjacks drank up what they made?

FR: Quite a few of 'em did, yeah. Hell of a lot of 'em. More than you think.

Men that you figured knew different too. There's splendid men among them, ^{I knew a lot of 'em.} put in several years up there. And they were as fine a men as you'd want to meet. ^{Honest and} Square with every body. But they would do that. I don't know what was the reason. Them days, they went broke and they take like in Spokane and they see another lumberjack, hit 'em up, get a little money. I tended bar, I'm moving to Canada now, I tended bar in Grand Forks, B,C, there in a hotel. The Pacific. Grand Forks was down here. Out here about a mile was the CPR station and out here about a mile was the Great Northern station. ^{Busy} little town. ^{Smelter in there.} ^{Quite} a lot of lumber going ^{ON}. And fellow come in there, go broke, going out to work, come back drink five, ten dollars, whatever he wanted. Give him a bottle, ^{go} on his way, He invariably came back and squared that. That ^{certainly} you didn't take much of a chance it. Fellow come in there one night, he come in there and he was drunk. The boss was on shift. Well he says, "Charlie, I'm back." Maybe grouchy, sober or drunk, but anyway, he wasn't in very good humor. Says, "I'm back and I'm broke." ^{He} said, pay your money. Well, "that's kind of a hell of a way to do," he says. He called me a son of a gun. He said if he didn't like it, come on up, he'd make it alright with him. Redheaded bartender we had there. He says, "Charlie don't have to do that, sure he's under the weather a little today." Said, "Sold the devil out and forget about it." (laughs) But they do that for them fellows right along. There was one case though, ^{where} the guy didn't cough up.

Course, he might have done it another time. But he didn't do it that time. He got drunk and broke 'fore he got there.

SS: I've heard the same thing. That most of the time you could count on a guy that if he'd borrowed something he'd pay it back. Sounds like a different breed of men than what I've run into.

LR: That was the old days.

FR: Seldom ever see a married man in them camps. Unless he was a foreman or a timekeeper or something. Blacksmith. Rank and file were single men.

LR: That's the way of a lot of little places around. If you've ever heard of Elk City back of Grangeville. Places like that, they used to be ^{toughs} and shooting and murder and all that in all those places about the same time as Troy. Well it's not those kind of people there at all today. It's just peaceful people and you very seldom hear of anything like that. But they had their rough days too.

FR: That Grangeville, Troy didn't have anything like Grangeville. That's just to show you, there was a Mex there, he was, I guess he was Mex with Indian. Anyway, he was part Mex. And his wife was teaching there, she was ^{Indian} too, not a fullblood. Well he's one of these guys that get drunk and was mean and get the devil knocked out of him and then he'd come home and he'd slap up on her. So he done that a couple of times and he got the word, Mallock was his name, he got the word, now don't let that happen again or you'll be attended to. Damn fool, he didn't do that. Went ahead and cleaned up on her again. They took him to jail. Crowd come in there one night, wasn't even dark yet. There was an old trustee at the jail, he said, "You go on and mind your business." They come down the line. I had friends in the next cell at the time pretty well scared. He was in there at the same time.

LR: Don't try to laugh and talk at the same time, can't understand what you're saying. It isn't that funny.

FR: Anyway, he walks in he says, "Mallock we come in to square up with you." And he called them sons of bitches or something and turned over towards the wall.

They loaded him down. He wouldn't have froze at all, ^{when these guys got done with him.} But this poor devil, MacLean, he was in the next cell there to him. He was in there for cattle rustling. He said, "By god, I don't want to be scared like that again. ~~Le~~ there was any damn luck, they'd take a shot at me." (laughs)

SS: Did they hang him?

FR: Just filled him up with lead. They shot him in the bunk.

LR: There's twenty men, he had twenty shots in him, they all took ^a shot. They were all going to give it to him.

FR: Judge Steele he wrote ^{quite} an article about him in the paper about him. He said "That's the result of this thing of I'll give a man a sentence, maybe twenty years to life for murder, then 2,3 years he's out of jail again and running around. Now that's what you get for doing things like that."

SS: Did you ever hear about them hanging Ed Hill? Over in Colfax?

FR: No that's out of my territory.

SS: A similar thing happened to him. He got hung by vigilantes.

LR: What was he?

SS: He supposedly killed a cop. Some say it was for horse stealing.

FR: We got very little news of that country at that time. We had the twice a week Spokesman-Review. Not very many radios and t.v.s around them days.

LR: Rustling horses, there used to be a lot of that around Whitebird and Grangeville. My dad had a horse taken out in a bunch like that one time. And as they took a bunch of horses through, past, my dad wasn't married then. He and his mother were living together out on the prairie and they could tell it was a whole bunch of horses going and he got up and looked. But they was, one of them neighèd as ^{it} went by. Dad said that he knew that that was Nellie. He knew her neigh. So he said they took her in the bunch. And do you know what that old fool done? I told him so too. I said, well you darn old fool! He signed a pardon for that guy to get out of jail! They went around

with a petition, you know, ^{to get} this Rook I guess was his name, to get him out of jail. I guess he was the boss of everything you know. He was ~~the~~ one that got away with dad's horse, lot of others. And I don't know how it was that dad said that, they brought ^{it} to him and he signed it and I said, well you darn old fool! I liked to have been there and scratched it off. I said what did you do that for! The way he was doing. "Oh well," he says.

SS: It was a real ring?

LR: Yeah.

FR: You set your head for ~~that~~. The old man had his points too. He was a taxpayer in Idaho and it was costing Idaho money to keep that man so maybe the old gentleman looked deeper than the ordinary people do in a thing like that.

LR: And his wife stuck up for him, of course. She just denied that he didn't steal horses. And his sister-in-law, ~~was~~ was telling about it. What was her name? Matty. I'll call her Matty. And she said, "Oh you ^{IMAGINE} that." and she gets so mad and tells you all about that he didn't do that, that he wasn't into that. "He's a good man."

FR: ~~He~~ was a good man. He made money off of it. In late years he was one of the aristocrats of the Camas Prairie country. Damn right he was,

SS: In the early years I thought a man could be hung for that.

FR: Oh yes. ^{Back} Before Bill got big enough to straddle a horse.

LR: There was a man down in the Whitebird country was hung for, what did he do? They hung ~~on~~ the tree there?

FR: That guy that shot ~~Montief~~ and crossed hands.

SS: What story is that?

FR: Oh something about a horsethief they was after. You hear various stories on that too. Some figured that it was wrong that they bothered him. ^{more} Some figured that he ought to be hung. But Monty Jackson shot him about ^{back of his finger. The bullet went across there.} like that across ~~the~~ ^{there was} I don't know much about it.

LR: Well the sad part of it was whatever it was, ^{there was} at least one family there that

was with him on it. Didn't want to see it happen. So the mob was after him. All over the hills and mountains there down at Whitebird, just right down- Do you know Whitebird? Right down in a hole, you know. All around the hills. ^{after him} And this man give him the best saddle horse that he had to try to make his getaway from 'em. But they got him. And I don't know whether it was these people's place or not, but anyway, they got him and they hung him right out in the front yard ^{of} some people's home. And the woman just about went crazy about it. And he made them come and cut that tree down. The husband made 'em come and cut that tree down. To think that they would even do that. They couldn't take him out ⁱⁿ the woods with all the trees that are around or make a scaffold or something, you know. They have to take him in their yard and hang him there.

FR: ^{Lot of} That kind of people mix with them too.

LR: I said, shoot, I would have never give him a horse to try to get away. I'd try to see ^{where} I had some kind of place where I could push him in and hide him. Frank said, they couldn't very well do that and I said I'd roll him under my bed. I suppose if they were searching the house they'd look under the bed, though.

SS: You never know what they'd do.

LR: I'd just look 'em right in the eye and swear I'd never seen that man. Where did you see him? Now you get out of here or I'm liable to shoot you, I want no part of this. I couldn't have ^{been able to} see where putting him on a horse, maybe he could get back in the bushes and hide someplace, but out on those hills on a horse? Why, that's good target.

SS: Have you ever run across any people who were crazy?

LR: No. No I haven't.

SS: Every once in a while in the early days, somebody turns up to be off by themselves and be crazy.

LR: I never knew of anyone.

FR: I had two experiences with a crazy man. It scared the hell out of me too. Once I was a kid, that was in the old country. A fellow there that I knew well, he lived there, he had this double barreled shotgun. I was on horseback, he was afoot. "Hello Frank." He looked at me, "You son of a bitch." Something about some war or something. I didn't know who he was talking to. I figured I was up against something. I didn't know him, he just went crazy, you see. So I got out of there alive in good shape, but ^{he} went up to that bughouse afterwards. He just simply had too much whiskey available to him for a time and went wrong. But this ^{deal} just below Troy there where Clemms live. This Shorty Clemm, he's dead now. Father of that Lester Clemm, lived this side of Lester on the little house on the hill. Had the grader, left it ^{overnight} just past their ^{mailbox} in the ditch. He'd been in the insane asylum before. That was my idea of getting excited. So I was sitting there in the seat of the grader, waiting for the guy to get the engine battery started. He comes along and he has a butcher knife and a .22 rifle in his hand. "Goddamn you, now I've got you where I want you." (laughs) Well naturally I've heard of being nuts before. I looked at him and said something and then he ^{grinned and} said something to us and then he'd gone off and he helped somebody butcher, you see. But by god, with that butcher knife and that rifle what else would you do but get scared?

SS: Who was this?

FR: Shorty Clemm. He's been in the insane asylum, "Goddamn you, now I've got you where I want you." he said. Sitting there unarmed.

LR: That was the guy, in comparison to me, he was the wild man off of Burnt Ridge.

SS: Sort of like the same thing. What about the time, what did you hear about the man hanging in the canyon?

FR: Just from the boys that buried him. They went down there, somebody reports

this body hanging in the canyon there, report it in here to the sheriff. Sheriff comes down and he hires these two men, Carl Peterson and Tom Christie. They were boys then, you see. Probably 18,20, maybe a little older. And he hires them to bury him and they took a half gallon of whiskey along. They went down and buried him. Now nobody knew this man, that would admit it anyway, around there. Nobody knew him, found there hung. And they went down, as Tom says, "We got drunker than hell and we buried him." They got five dollars a piece. And that was alright. A while after that sometime, by gosh, somebody happened downⁱⁿ there and find the grave empty and open. And there was a family living down in there, I don't know who they was, but the family living, and there used to be a road down there. There's still the count^y road.

SS: In Camp's Canyon?

FR: Yeah, but anyway, a family living down there and ^{they said} they'd heard a wagon come in and go out one night. But this man had disappeared and nobody knew, that would admit it, anyhow, who he was or anything.

SS: Nobody knew why he was hanging there in the first place?

FR: There was some toughs in through there. Quite a lot of horse thieving was done in there in the early days. That was, some people had ideas, but they wouldn't say too much for sure who they was. They wouldn't say too much about it. Even there they stold horses in the early days, back in the woods like that. But if anybody ever found out, ^{Clarence} Johnson would come the nearest to telling you anymore about it than, of anybody there anymore. But there was a stranger found dead, buried and then exhumed and taken away. Somebody knew him alright, knew where he was.

LR: He probably say, "Oh shucks, I really don't know." There's a man to swear, "Oh shucks, I don't know." (laughs)

FR: Just like the old fellow that was killed up there somewhere's opposite the cemetery on Burnt Ridge in a log cabin there. Nobody knew who done that. Or

why or where. Clarence wouldn't know as much ^{or more} about that as anybody.

SS: Camp Canyon reminds me of the Olson place.

FR: O.K. Olson.

SS: Would you tell me the story about him?

FR: About what I told about the house? Well he was talking to me. He'd been in town talking to somebody. Said he was digging into me why I didn't put this house up on Burnt Ridge. He had a nice farm, 80 acres up there. You know where the machine shed is on Burnt Ridge there? Well his place cornered it from there. But O.K., he always had a grin on him and always had something to say. He was talking to somebody and wanted to know why he didn't put the house on Burnt Ridge instead of down in the canyon. He says, "You're idea and my idea was two different things." So I said, why the hell didn't you tell him the truth, O.K.?" "What is that?" "That you're a goddamn fool. He just laughed. (laughs) Nellie'd be about, course, she was as jolly as he was. She's a pretty jolly girl. His daughter, Nellie Johanson. I wish I'd seen her when she was down.

SS: He was a good humored guy?

FR: Never made 'em any better. Another time we were widening the road on the hill above theirs, and there was lots of good sized rocks. Big ones that the cat couldn't straddle. *Get in the way, the cat would roll them off.*

O.K. happened to be on the porch out there. This fellow working with me, he didn't know O.K. so well. He'd roll 'em and whang! *The wire went, wire fence.*

O.K. says, "Hey," and he begin to laugh. *The guy got the rest of it little while to hear the old man laugh.* No, he was swell.

SS: What did the rock hit?

FR: His wire fence. Course I told him, we're going to roll a lot of rocks down, we'll ~~be~~ come in this road and then we'll shoot 'em out of the way.

"Alright," he says.

SS: How did he get those initials? Were they his nickname?

FR: Ole K. Olson. Just like the Johnson's, E.K. Johnson. All of them had the K.

in the middle there. I suppose that was Knute.

SS: What about Johanson, did you know him at all?

FR: I just knew him by sight. He didn't talk English, you know. All he could do was snore in English. Funniest man, he had a business head on him, as long as he lived here, never took on English language. Depend on somebody else.

SS: Do you know how that brickyard got going there?

FR: That was his work.

LR: Do you mean on O.K.'s place?

SS: I meant the one in town. There was one on O.K.'s place too?

LR: In town, no, this is a little mine there, O.K.'s wasn't it?

FR: He's talking about Johanson.

SS: About the brickyard in town.

LR: No, he says he's talking about the brickyard in town.

FR: Johan son was the originator of that. He had a little, done a little brick-work at home, but, and he got some money together. He put his one ^{SON} in as a manager, other son in as a bookkeeper. Got some moeny going, hired a man, built up that brickyard. Now they, I forget the name of the fellow, I knew him but he wasn't there long. But this fellow come in there and he built it up. He put up those big kilns. Well you know you don't do that in 24 hours. Built them, be long, it was two kilns with a division in ^{them} there. Well them were sons of guns to build because underneath you've got, well usually man crawls through it, you got to crawl through it to work in there. Get the sand and ashes out of there. After they got that bottom in there and the ^{VENTILATION} and everything built, it's a big job. Costs money. So they got this man ^{agement} in who built the plant. And of course the shareholders, they could see the money going but they couldn't see no money coming in. They had to get the plant built before they could do anything. Anyway, they got mad and they fired this foreman. Decided they'd hire this other foreman, they got the JohansONS out of there too, they did. And this Scotchman in there, Watson, well he was bragging what he done. There were 7200 in debt when he

come there. Well of course they was 7200, in debt. They do it these days, they'd be 72,000 in debt. Well all he had to do was ^{to} make his brick and burn 'em and sell 'em. He was bragging what he done. I think if that Swede had another year at her, might have been a better than Watson did. But it satisfied them, they got out of it. Got ^{their} money out of it alright. But I don't think he ever had a chance. He'd tell around ^{that} he was no good that Johanneson hired him because he talked Swede. Then that Scotchman that they hired come in there, Watson, the brickmaker, he got in a pile of mischief. This Tom Christie, secretary of the Oddfellows Lodge, one of the fellows that buried the man in the canyon called me in one day, said, "I got a hell of a letter today." I was working at the brickyard and there was stockholders in the thing. I took it and read it said there was a lodge meeting in Vacouver B.C. awhile ago and he got talking to a fellow there, says, "I used to know a J.P. Watson, is that any relation of yours?" Said, "I think a very close relative." Well then he goes to read the rest to the secretary of the Oddfellows Lodge in Troy, that was this Chrisie who got this letter. So Christie said, "What do you make of that?" Went on to tell ^{then} about "So many years ago my father left my mother and my and my two sisters. He either disappeared we thought, or dead." So he wrote to ^{first} he wrote to Dayton, Washington before he'd been a manager, that's where this other man met him. And they told him that he went to Troy, Idaho and then he writes the secretary of the lodge there. So he wrote another letter and said something about it and says he'd like to have, if he could get a specimen of his handwriting, says, "He writes like my uncle used to write." And just as it happened, had an order in my ^{pocket} just tore a sheet of paper, had an order in my ^{pocket} or something they wanted out of the stores. Hell, I'll send them that. I know what to get. Sent it back to him and my gosh, in a few days, the young fellow, he come along there. He come to town and he hunted up Christie. Him and Christie were walking up there. He was taking the young fellow up to the plant there and

they met him. ^{coming down} So the young fellow said something like, "Hello dad," or something like that. And it took him by surprise. He looked at him good, finally he ^{first he gets sassy.} says, "Prove it, prove it." And then before he could make any reply he said, "Is your mother and sister still alive?"

(End of side B)

SS: You mean his wife left him?

FR: He was really a bigamist, you see. The other woman was alive in Scotland. And her sister where she stayed.

SS: His wife's sister?

LR: But you didn't tell quite all that, you know. The old man and this boy, they got together, father and son.

FR: They made up.

LR: Then they wanted to get from town something.

FR: Letters that the kid wrote him.

LR: Then they had something to come back on Christie. Christie said, "Oh no, that's mine."

FR: Yeah he took in big with the old man and kind of cold shouldered Christie.

He wanted to get these letters, said, "You got ^{them} letters I wrote you?"

"Yeah." Says, "I'd like to have 'em." "You go to hell." Said, "if you ^{got anything} ^{to start in you} what kind of comeback could I have?"

SS: So the kid forgot about his mother and sister in Scotland?

LR: Yeah. He'd found papa and they probably ^{figured} out how they could sue Christie and the Lodge and make some money.

FR: Oh boy, the old man could have gone after Christie if he could.

SS: Why was he mad at Christie? Because Christie had put the son on to him?

FR: Yeah. Just because Christie wrote a truthful answer to his letters is all. Is all the harm he done. Him and Christie didn't get along anyhow. Christie was a stockholder and he didn't like him. Somebody talking one time said, "Damn funny how Rowan stays up there and gets along so good." Martin says, "Don't you know how he gets along up there? Well everytime Watson comes

near him he starts swearing. He was a rough old Scotchman, he was quite a fella to dig you, but if you dig him back, he was alright. But if you kind of get away from him, boy he'd really ride you. I was coming in one day, I brought something into the mill, it was cold. And as I was coming out, the fella that was attending the kiln said, "Would you help me carry that door^{back} in there?" So I went back in, the door, and I was coming out, the old man was coming along and he was looking over his glasses. "And who's this coming with his white gloves on?" he says. I said it's me. "Who's me?" By god you hit me, you'll find out. So he started to walk off then, "Well can't you work enough to keep warm without coming in here to warm in the kilns?" By god Mr. Watson, I got plenty good clothes I don't have to work to keep warm. *Laughed* and away he

If you dig back at him like that, why it was alright. (laughs) You see a fellow one morning as he sent those fellows in afterwards, Sundquist. And he said, "You know, I used to be a saloon keeper. I kept a saloon for six years. And all the nasty answers that a man can make, I've heard them there and I remember them." (laughs) This Sundquist was doing something there and Watson come along and he wanted to talk to him, he had his teeth out and he had them in his hands. Sundquist looked at him. "That old son of a bitch has his teeth in his hands ready to bite somebody." (laughs) Watson says, "Good god, I didn't think he'd say a thing like that to me." "Say anythint to you, you old son of a bitch." Boy he was just nipping to get away. This guy got a under him, he'd just ride him a man that he could ride he'd ride him, but if he didn't and he wanted him there, why he was alright. He was quite a Scotchman. He was a brickmaker alright.

SS: What about the bank of Troy? Do you know the early days, how they made out?

FR: I don't know. There was two of them there. There used to be one where the post office is too. In the early days. I guess they got along alright. I

never knew of any trouble. ^{in rem} Take one of those, head of the bank across the street at one time where the post office is, his wife worked in there. I don't know, the bank sold out, that's how they quit it. Mrs. Beck^{MAN} taught school there a while. A fellow one time, he wanted to garnishee somebody else, he was an ^{UNCLE} of Jesse Spencer, he wanted to garnishee somebody's bank account, it happened he owed him some money. Well he says, Mrs. Beckman was cashier there at the time. He says, "I thought I knew I couldn't get the information out of him, I thought I could get it out of her. I asked her, so and so got a bank account here?" Says, you present these checks for payment and find out." (laughs) He wasn't so good about it.

SS: Do you remember Ole Bohman very much?

FR: Oh yes, knew him same as I knew my dad or my brother. You bet, fine fellow too. And big Axel, his brother, he was like O.K. Olson. He was a cutup, he'd laugh, big Axel. Ole was quieter. This, you heard of Brocke, how he extended the business. ^{the bank} Well now, he didn't originate that. I suppose Axel more likely did. I believe Axel, he was more enterprising than Ole was. But Frank just extended it, really went to work on it.

SS: He was trained by Ole, wasn't he?

FR: Oh yes, he just came in there, high school guy, you know, young fella.

LR: Course, we haven't seen him for a long time, but do you remember him when he first come there, he was just a kid. And now he's getting to be an old man. ^{has} Been sick and then this bank deal, they kicked him out of the bank. It's been a terrible hard thing on him.

FR: He'll soon be able to take a hand in that bank in Juliaetta when it gets there.

LR: Didn't you read about that the other day? It looks like they're not going to get it. They just don't think it would go there. So the guy said they're going to try to raise more money and then see how it went.

FR: Frank told _____ they expected the charter any day. That is, to have this university lawyer...

LR: Oh yes, but this is a...(discussion about the bank)

FR: Figured it would detract from the business, they did mention Lewiston, but they mentioned Genesee and Troy. But hell, they deserve a bank down in that part of the country.

SS: Do you think that the bank's policies helped to keep Troy going during the depression? Do you think it did much for the town in the hard days?

FR: Well, at this point I don't know what they done. I never heard nothing for or against it, but I know this much about it: they done all they could do. Because if Frank wasn't doing it Ole was or Axel. And the three of them were that kind of men. As an example of what Frank done: One spring there was a fellow working on the WPA there, I was a foreman, I had a WPA gang because I was highway foreman. And we had a fellow there, Frank Hedrick working on it and the son of a gun was no good to work. But his brother was shot down in Ontario, Oregon and ^{burnt} up in a shack, they say. Shack burnt. And he wanted to go down there and look on to his brother's interest down there. He thought he probably had something he might get. Since ^{paying it anyway.} he wouldn't have been down there. He went to Ole and told him what he wanted and wanted to know if he could get fifty dollars. Now mind you, he was on relief. He didn't have a good job. And Ole let him have it. No security. So you see, Brocke had got nothing on what Ole had. And I know darn well that Axel was as good a man as either one. As friendly and as generous a man.

LR: Well Brocke, he followed along something like that too, I guess. The time the bank was, the first bank holdup down there, not too many years afterwards,

Frank loaned moeny to this guy. Frank was the one, the guy come up to the window to the girl there to give him the money and scared her so she fainted. He told Frank to come up and give him the money. So ^{Frank} had to come up and hand him the money and he went and got away. They caught him before too long. And he must have went to prison for a while. Anyway, a while afterwards, he come to the bank to borrow some money.

FR: After he done his time in the penitentiary...

LR: Frank let him have it.

FR: Well you know, he shouldn't have let him have it. For this reason. His judgement was damn poor. That man had never been caught if he halfway attended to business. He goes right to Spokane, ^{he} trades his car in for eight hundred dollars on a Dodge car. Well he lays around, he was a no good bum around over in Fernwood over there. He'd pay a bill here and he'd pay a bill there.

LR: Buy this and that.

FR: Just jokingly a guy was talking to him said, "Where in hell did you get the money?" ^{Wasn't working, wasn't doing anything.} Just a joke. Fellow says, "By god, maybe he held up the bank of Troy." If he'd just kept on going like he was, you know, salted that money, he was alright.

SS: Did he admit it right there?

FR: They picked him up, and they got a lot of it in the back of his car, a lot of the money was back there. I guess he didn't deny it, I don't know, But he turned himself in, that's all.

LR: He come in with his dinner bucket, just like the working men come into the bank for a little business, you know, which he did. He put ^{his} dinner bucket up there and told the girl to put all the money ^{they had} in it and she fainted. And then told Frank to come up and fill it. And he beat it ^{off} out and nobody got the car number, couldn't describe him enough ^{that they could} figure out who he was. And the way they caught him up there at Fernwood, just like a bunch of 'em would be standing out here in the yard and or else sitting here talking and, "Where in the world did he get that money?" "Well, maybe he's the one that robbed the Troy bank." And some others said, "Say this joking, but it might not be such a joke. That just might be what happened." So whatever they did after that, we don't remember, but anyway, they went on that and they caught him.

SS: Did you ever hear about that guy that paid to have his saloon burned down? In Troy. Henning was the guy, he paid the guy to have his saloon burned down.

FR: Oh yeah, that was way back too. That corner building, it burnt there. Around where Erickson's store is now. Somebody hired somebody to burn that up. That was another thing that Steele brought up after Mallock was shot in Grangeville. Two or three years after he burnt that building, he confessed to it that he burned the building, he was out ^{and he} as marshal in Cule desac. (laughs) That's how things went in them days.

LR: See how many trusting people there were at the same time there were crooks? Oh boy, things like that wouldn't go today. But they had quite a lot about this guy. He made Frank put the money in the dinnerbucket for him and ^{escaped} and then he comes back and borrows money from him.

SS: That is funny. I suppose Frank would be one of the very few people that would loan money.

LR: They said, "That take Frank Brocke, he ^{be} ~~d~~ the only one'd do it." And he got it back too, they said. The guy paid it back.

SS: He's an awfully good hearted man.

LR: Oh yes, he's a nice man.

FR: In Silvertown, I believe they call it, there was hammers going all over town, ^{Making New town,} ^{there} a railroad coming in. Funny thing too, they made a contract to let 20 miles down the river from there. You come in on the trail on the train about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The mail come up in about five in the evening. This contract hadn't been ^{relet}. But I was in the barbershop that trip in or I was going into the Interior homestead, and when I got in there I wouldn't think the whole damn county had got out there to homestead. I was in there in the barbershop, fella come in there, I guess it was the marshal was in the chair, He come in there and the marshal'd do something, was going to arrest somebody. He pulled a gun out ^{of} there. And he was so damn shaky and that big gun he had made me kind of shaky too. (laughs) After while then they talked the barber in and the marshal talked to him, by god, he was going to make the marshal go .

SS: Where's Silverton, now?

FR: Well it's on that branch, it went in from Vale, Oregon. You know Oregon, it was that road that went up there. ^{Must have been} 1913, '14, along in there. But the railroad was done when the contract was left to John Ture, that's 20 miles below there. See, where did that road go from there? Did it go to Burns? Is that road from Vale swing out through, there's a road into Burns, you know.

SS: It could be that one.

FR: ^{ways for a} I was in Burns, it's along ^a railroad. Kansas City I guess was John Day, that was the railroad nearest the coast when I was there first in 1909, I guess.

SS: Did you have any run ins with the IWWs?

FR: Oh, they were just a regular run of lumberjacks there. They had, they was supposed to be a union the company started, a union and you had to join it to work in the woods. I wasn't in the woods then. I farmed there. But they had this big IWW, you paid a dollar and ^{was} you was a union man. They had them in there. They took quite a lot of fellows that wouldn't join, they had a bullpen up here someplace, I don't know where it was. We lived on the creek there on the main road between Troy and Deary. And see them going through, ten, fifteen men in trucks hollering. (laughs) They wasn't excited. There was one fellow there used to go around, a bucker, bucker's a man that saws alone. He didn't want to work with anybody. He'd carry his falling board with him. He carried a horseshoe affair that made, nail it on here and on the cork and when you cut a notch ^{into} your tree, there'd be like that. And they take this springboard and get up on it and saw your tree. Takes a little practice to do it, like riding a bicycle. But he had to go to work for the company, there was no gyppoing, they had to go to work by the day. He said, "Well I knew what was what. Who went out," And T.P. Jones come along, superintendent there. T.P. comes along ^{by} where he was working and says, "What is this kept down 4-Ls . . . pay anyway?" Or what does this job pay?" Jones was a little out of humor. "The 4-Ls schedule is on the

door there in my office."To hell with the 4-Ls, I'm working for the government!"

(laughs) "Go down the road, you're a cranky son of a bitch! We don't want you around here."That's what he wanted, to get fired. Then he could gyppo. 4-Ls schedule's on the door. So there was a little excitement with them. Didn't amount to much, nobody took it very serious. Never got nowhere's with it and they^{did} do away with the blankets and got the eight hour day. Wobblies done that. It was ten hours and pack your own blankets before that. Another thing ^{was} required was to keep the hogs penned up around camps. They wanted the blankets furnished and sheets on the beds.

SS: So they did something good?

FR: Oh you bet your life they did. He give them tough, and they were just sort of rough lumberjacks. Nobody was afraid of them.

LR: Anything went up in smoke, why, that was the Wobblies, wasn't it?

FR: Yeah. Harrison, you know.

LR: Was that the same thing?

FR: Just happened to come to town the day the fire in Harrison. What were they hollering?"Send us out the militia, the Wobblies burnt up our town!" "The Wobblies didn't burn your town, but here's a hundred dollars, start a relief."

SS: They happened to be right there in town at the time. Come across the lake on the boat, you see.

SS: The gov^enor had a hundred bucks?

FR: Gov^enor of Idaho was there at the time.

SS: Did he get, was it the gov^enor gave a hundred bucks?

FR: Hundred bucks to start a relief.

SS: He blamed the Wobblies?

FR: Oh no, he told those people he knew it wasn't the Wobblies.

SS: So they pinned a lot on the Wobblies that they never done?

FR: Oh sure. They had them in here, arresting men from Camp Six, fellas, one old man was in there at the time he was said they came in there, ^{sympathizers} and he jumped up and stuck his hands up in the air. (laughs) Says, this officer in

charge says, "That's alright, that's alright, Put your hands down and sit down." "That man's got a gun. I'm scared!" he said. (laughs) He was making fun of them, you know. "That man's got a gun, I'm scared!"

SS: Did you ever know Dick Ferrell or was he after your time?

FR: That preacher? ^{That damn fool} He couldn't preach dogs.

SS: You saw him?

FR: Yes, I saw him there lecture. Dick Ferrell. I was wondering, it couldn't hardly be him. Dick Ferrell was preaching around Lewiston, Clarkston now.

SS: No he's dead.

FR: That's what I figured. Anyway, he should be. (laughs) He was a joke.

SS: He really wasn't much good as a preacher?

FR: No. Hell he couldn't even talk. He didn't know how to talk. And he was talking there, he had a car, you know. Had a back in it and had several tables, magazines, writing material in there. And he'd come in there and lecture one Sunday to it. But he couldn't even talk. Talking about something about being careful, "Or you might get hurted," he says. He was preaching around. I don't know what in the hell, whoever got him on the move, start him in to that.

^{Whoever it was} didn't have a hell of a lot to do. There's a Dick Ferrell, there's a minister, I see him mentioned in the Lewiston paper the other day, I was wondering if that damn fool was still alive.

SS: What was the chuck like when you was in the camps? Was it pretty good?

FR: Oh god yes, you betcha. And yet, some of 'em kick on it. I was talking to one fellow about it one time. ^{I said} I don't suppose anybody feeds any better than Potlatch does. "Well," he says, "the Diamond Match." Now ^{concerning} the food too, depends on the cooking push. If the cook was any good, they were not always good. I cooked in the camp myself. I know. (laughs)

LR: Yes.

FR: (kiddingly) That's enough out of you!

LR: (laughter) He didn't no more about that, him being a cook!

FR: But you take Big Gil, for example, he ^{could} eat anything a hog ^{could} eat. And it didn't make much difference to him what a cook done. But you take a guy that

did care about cooking, if he got a bum cook, he got rid of him. That's the way the cooking went.

LR: Oh, they didn't always! (laughter) In some cases they didn't.

FR: I met a ^{nother fella}, same opinion of her, my cooking one time. ON that Big Meadow, this side of Bovill there. Up where, Camp Five stood there so long. I forget the name of that meadow. Do you remember Lottie? Up where Donner had the stage station years ago?

LR: Would it be Hog Meadow?

SS: Yeah, I think Donner was right by Hog Meadow.

LR: That's the only one I know.

FR: I was plowing snow there. One time. I'd stop and go by there and talk with the guys and have a cup of coffee. Stalled around. And this blacksmith there, he was ^{when I} cooked ^{at} Camp Ten, he had these damn little shacks to cook for. He didn't board. (laughs) So the blacksmith, he was in the kitchen there too, there was probably a half a dozen of us in there. "By god so and so," he'd called him a name, "I don't see any of the crew ^{that} I used to cook for. You know, you, I didn't cook for you didn't live there." "By god none of the ^m did!" (laughter)

LR: What about my cooking?

SS: No, your idea about his cooking.

LR: Oh. Yeah.

FR: I was cooking up there...

LR: You better skip some of it.

FR: Fellow that you met in Bovill the time you was up there getting your teeth fixed. This ^{chum of his} and New England man talked like old country Englishman. This other fellow come ^{from} over there. And they were going to do a little hunting. So they went over to the cookhouse, "Buds, have you shot a couple of buds today? Sure, clean 'em up, I'll cook 'em." Well he didn't do too good a job cleaning them birds. The guy cooked 'em. (laughs) And I

don't know *who it was, we were talking afterwards*

One fellow said to the other, "Did you notice that goddamn cook didn't, that goddamn cook cooked up them 'buds'? He didn't finish cleaning 'em that we left." (laughs) "I told 'em to clean 'em, they said they would, so they slapped 'em in there."

SS: Did you cook for very long in the woods?

FR: I cooked there a while one fall. (laughs)

LR: No wonder there was a lot of dead men in there.

FR: That *Big Gil* ^{at the} time I was cooking there. He had a camp above us. And they had a pet bear there. Had him on a chain. You know, you can take them bears, be just as playful and full of fun as any pup you've ever seen. And you ^{go} *AWAY* ^{and come back and} five minutes, he's out in a fight. And Gil used to get along with him pretty good. He'd attack Gil and he tore the pants off of him. (laughs) They organized a funeral for that bear then. Fellow done that one time in Troy in the barbershop ^{in there}. Right beside where the bank is today. He had this cub there, this fella got two of 'em, Tom Christie that buried the stiff in the canyon, he took the other bear and the police come around, before he skaddeled, come around the West coast. There was a big of people crowded there from all directions see the fleet. And Tom, he take that other bear up and he give this to the fleet for a mascot there. This barber had one in the woodshed then and *there was a Sweden* ^{bootblack} about that high and he'd go out there and wrestle with the bear. He get up on the post and grab the kid and *they had* ^{a great time,} get along fine. Then his wife went out there one day and she was, about their first child was about to come home and she went out to where the bear was and he jumped at her and she fell over a salt block there and golly, he come out there and he just took the old bear and strung him over the door. (laughs) Chain wasn't long enough to let him on the ground so he hung to death. That settled that bear's hash. But it was a lot a fun when they was kidding the bear right when they're...

LR: That was like this place we were working at when we met, my aunt and her

husband, they had a goat. A billy goat. And they also had these, well I guess maybe the youngest girl wasn't ^{out} around yet. But the twins they were walking and out around, climbing the fence, one thing and another.

Course, they had the yard fenced in, but the kids, they'd go out and climb up on the fence and the billy would come up there and butt and walk around there and butt, you know and couldn't get to them to get to them, that was fun. So we was mentioning it to him that he better get rid of that goat and sometime those kids might get outside ^{or} he would get to them. And I was afraid to go across. When I went up to get the mail, I tell you, I looked to see where that goat was. And I kept looking back to see where he was. But he never bothered Bill. And whenever he would get in the way, Bill just with his foot just shoo him and kick him away, "And get out of the way Billy, get away." So one morning, Bill was coming in from milking and he had a pail in each hand and coming from the barn with the milk. And Billy tore into him. I don't know whether from behind or front or how it was.

FR: He stuck his horns right into his...

LR: So Bill, he just sets his milk down there, goes in, takes out his pocketknife and cuts Mr. Goat's throat. That was the end of that. (laughs)

FR: He said, "By god, I'll buy my chaps." Used to say he was going to raise a nice pair of chaps there. He said, "By god, I'll buy my chaps." (laughs)

LR: He said, "I don't want him sticking any horns into my kids." Or anybody else. Just calmly took out his knife and cut his throat.

FR: You could bang that goat all you wanted with rocks, sticks or anything. He'd still stay with you. The only way you could get a yelp out of him was if you got him by the hair and pull two ways, just close together. He'd baaaa. The first ones to work there, the grainery door was off the hinges...

(End of side C)

FR: See, this horn catch. And turn right down, *come face* bust him in the face. He seen all he wanted I guess.

SS: This was where you were sleeping?

FR: Yeah, *in the summertime.*

That same goat that he cut his throat. He was going to raise himself a pair of chaps. It was a nice goat. But when it horned him, he didn't like it.

SS: Did you have much run in with wildlife when you were out by Troy? Was there deer around there?

FR: I didn't see many. She did. What did you see, seven in a bunch one time, wasn't it?

LR: Yeah.

FR: Just ^{a little ways out} from the house.

LR: Just a little ways out from the house. Well, about as far as from here out to the house across the street. They were ^{going} kitty cornered, like they went in from here, going across. And there were seven of them old ones and babies like, you know. And they ^{PUll in} there and they horned each other and they'd run, they buck just like cattle out in the pasture. And I was so afraid the dog would see 'em and make a fuss. And I wanted to watch them. So dog was out the back and he didn't seem to sniff them or hear them or anything. And I kept quiet so he wouldn't be coming around the front to where I might be. And they just took their time going by, out through there and running and butting and going on. They come to the division in the field there, the big ones, they just hop over that just like we put a ruler down on the floor and step over it. The little ones, they'd go through the fence and went on across. But then another time I looked way over across the other way on the Big Meadow, over in the Big Meadow country ^{getting} to be and going up the line, they were going up, looked like right on the top of the hill. If they'd been down the hill a little ways I wouldn't have seen them. But they was up enough so's you could see them. And I think it was eleven or twelve. They just kept acoming and kept acoming. Going across from one woods to the other, you see. So there used to be lots of deer down there.

FR: Another thing I saw there,...

LR: I don't know how they are now, I don't suppose they're so plentiful.

FR: Back on that Cemetery road, back of the place we had there was a big white cat, I suppose was Tom's putting in the back of the woods there. And saw that cat go up Cemetery road and the damn deer probably 50,60 feet behind it.

Both walking along easy. After while ^{turn around,} the deer come back and the cat come back.

LR: They were friends back there, you see.

FR: Another morning though, I suppose it was nine or ten o'clock in the daytime, happened to be the day I was home. Seen an old deer and her calf over pretty much between us and Johnson's in our field. And the calf laid down there and it went on. So by god, we were going to watch and see her when evening come. She come back That thing never showed up. Went all the way to maybe a half an hour or so until she got hungry, and it was running around and jump up, and baaaa. Jump in the wheat, jump up to look around. Stood there and finally after while she come along and seen him way over at Johnson's. Calf was looking around ^{again.}

LR: she was calling for him. She'd blatt a little.

FR: So the calf come up and there on the run. And she stopped right there and it was dinnertime for that calf.

LR: Do you know these black angus cattle? Coal black you know and look like a bear? And especially if they're half grown or so. Do you know the Orvil Carlson was one, over in the Big Meadow, ^{COUNTRY} over there, back of Troy? He had, I don't know if he had more than one or not, but he had a black angus steer. And so one evening, it was pretty near dark, and the neighbor come, knocked on the door. Orvil went to the door, and the guys says to him, "Orvil, how much will you take for that black angus steer?" And Orvil laughed and he said, "What's the matter, did you shoot a bear?" And that's just what he done, he shot that angus thinking it was a bear. (laughs) So Carlson put his price on it and the guy paid it, it was alright. But just that quick, he laughed and he said, "What's the matter? Did you kill a bear?" "He said, "Yeah, I was over there right up against the timber, I thought it was a bear." "Well, I can

understand that. It looks like a bear in the daytime." (laughs)

FR: We had a bear ^{couple times} show up ^{at the backend of the house.} We seen 'em back in the field and then a farmer come in there with his combine one day. "This country's getting to be sort of a national park, isn't it? I've run into bear and deer ^{back there} today." That was Henry Hanson, lives out here, beyond town..

LR: You forgot about the time the bear ~~come~~ up to our chicken house after those fat scraps. I couldn't sleep, it was about 2 or 2:30, I ^{just} could not sleep. And it was summertime, warm you know. And I had on my nightgown. I thought, ^{well}, I wouldn't get cold or anything, I'd just slip into my shoes and go out and walk around in the yard and around the house there, maybe I'd get sleepy after a while. Well, I still wasn't sleepy and I thought if I went back to bed, that probably keep him awake and he needed his sleep to get up and go to work, I just laid down on the davenport and the davenport was right across the window. And so I hadn't been laying down there but a very few minutes ^{til} wham! bang! I couldn't imagine what in the world was that. So I thought, we had pans and things to feed the dogs and cats in. The dog and the cats. And I thought, well, we didn't have a dog at that time. But I thought ^{it}, well it's something, tin somethings up on the porch and my sister's dog had come up across there, cause we lived right up on the hill from Spencer's down there. I thought it was Rex up there and I was going to get up and see what it, So I didn't get up so whatever it was would see me through the window, right in the line of two windows, see. They could see anybody in there. So I just rolled off of the davenport and crawled around to get between the windows and I got up to the glass door and got my finger on the switch there so I could turn it on real quick and they see me and I see what it was. So I flipped it on, not a darn thing out there! I looked all around. I was afraid to go out at first and I looked ^{out} and then I opened the door and I looked out, not a thing! Well I didn't know what it was. I still thought maybe it was Rex. Was up and knocked

something around. So I went back to bed, laid down on the davenport again. That was 3 o'clock then. But the next day I guess Frank found it, the next morning I guess when he was up and went out there, wanted chickens or something. And there was that, we'd butchered. We'd raised, we bought little pigs and raised them for our meet. And I had a lot more fat and lard and stuff than we could use, so I'd make soap out of it. So get it away from the house and out, why, I took it out there and put it down on some tins. And ^{then turned} an old double boiler, over top of it and got it all in and put the double boiler over it. But I didn't weight it out, it wouldn't make any difference to the bear. But if anybody walked on there, those tins were about that long and about that wide. They just placed around on each other and they'd hit each other and that's what made that noise. That bear after that lard stuff under there.

SS: How did you know it was a bear?

LR: Well it just couldn't have been anything else. That could do that, But when I switched the light on, why then of course, it run. Because we had seen it different times way over close to Spencer's, just right up back of the Spencer son down there, of the two, one ^{across} the road from the other. Against the woods there. So it had to be a bear.

SS: Would you tell me the stories about Grandma Friske?

LR: She couldn't talk English. But she was a goodhearted, jolly, old girl. Well about all I can tell about her, she wouldn't let me correct my kid there one time. Our oldest girl, she was just walking good. And Grandma ^{always} had cookies made. So she was going to be good to the baby and she wasn't fussy ^{ing for} anything. But she wanted to give her a treat. So she come, takes her by the hand, leads her off, that was in the front room. I guess it was brown sugar wasn't it?

FR: No, cubed sugar.

LR: Was it sugar or cookies?

FR: It was sugar.

LR: Either sugar or cookies. Either one for a kid, you know. In there and showed her where it was and give her something to eat, Well of course she liked that. So I don't think it was about that same time. She had a daughter there. And also a friend of the daughter was there, they spoke English, of course. And then, I think it was another time then, that was up there, and Florence she just ups and she remembered. She ^{heads} in the kitchen for more sugar or whatever it was and I know what it was and I jumped up a running, caught her before she got over there and Grandma (gibberish) pushing me back and "Leave her alone! (more gibberish)" Her daughter says, "Mama wants you to leave her alone. Just leave her go. She wants her to have that sugar." Or cookie or whatever it was, I ^{tw} as sugar. And she says, "That's what she's trying to say. And she wants you to leave her alone." And I said, "I don't want her to do things like that." "Well mama gets so much fun of of that. Mama just loves that." I said alright. I decided to let her go then.

FR: She grabbed her hands and (more gibberish). *Whatever in hell that meant.*

LR: And the time she comes down, we was married in April and then, it'd be about sometime in the last of May or June, when you plant your first garden. Onions ^{radish} and lettuce, stuff like that. Wouldn't freeze. And we couldn't have it down on that creek there. So we had to go up on the hill to make a garden. So we had that up there. Well one day, Frank was gone, it wouldn't have made any difference, he wouldn't have understood either. Harold, her son was gone. So she comes down to me try to see if she could get some green onions from me. Well she got down, she tried to tell me what she wanted. And I couldn't get anything out of it. Well, I asked her this and that. "No, no (gibberish) I thought maybe if I take her, she'd show me what she want. I took her up to all the cupboards that I had anything in. I took her out in the cellar. And anyplace that had anything to eat, I figured that's what she wanted. And couldn't get it. She tried to tell me and I couldn't get it. And I ^{id} ask her and she couldn't get it, so we'd laugh. So after while she went, she

just couldn't get it. So she went back home. So when Frank come home I was telling him about it. He went up and he asked Harold, he says, "^{What did} Grandma come down to Lottie today to get? Neither one of em could get it." "Oh she just wanted some green onions." (laughs) We had lots of 'em in the garden, but I couldn't make out what she wanted. She went up there for green onions. But that was funny. She never got a bit out of patience. She try to tell me and she just laugh. (laughs)

FR: He wanted somebody to take care of her one time. He wanted a woman to do the house work, and this Ed Sonderson, his mother ^{in-law} was there. And I believe she knew something about nursing, didn't she?

LR: I think so.

FR: Anyway, they thought that was alright. Of course this women they hired, she can't talk Swede. "Yeah by golly, that will be sort of an advantage," ^{She won't be bothering} (laughs) So she got the job. They thought that would be an advantage, ma wouldn't be bothering about anything.

LR: And you know, that same women, this woman that was going to stay with Grandma, this was long after that. She was , for some reason she happened to be with her daughter there out on that farm near Troy. And she was feeling bad, kind of sick ^{from} something. And her doctor took her down in the doctor, there was no hospital there then. Just kitty corner across the street from the hotel there in Troy. Be...

FR: Mrs. Rauch's house.

LR: And , what was I telling about?

FR: ^{Doctor busy} was with somebody else.

LR: Yeah, and she took her in there to the hospital and he was busy and so she said, "Well mama, you just sit here and I'll go up town and get our groceries. I'll be back in a few minutes." So when she come back, her mother was still sitting there. And the doctor wasn't ~~tho~~ough yet and mother was dead. Just sitting there in the chair like she left her. And she was dead.

FR: ^{Nice} easy was to make it 'stead of laying sick abed a long time.

LR: It's queer how some people can die so easy like that and some it takes them so long to die and suffer, you know.

SS: Did you have any home remedies for like chest cold or cough?

LR: *Always.*

SS: What did you use?

LR: oh different cough syrups and cough drops. That's the main thing for a cough. Then like for, you got a chest cold, why we put turpentine and lard or turpentine and olive oil or something like that, 'Cause if you put turpentine on just alone, it's liable to burn you. At least if you've got pretty tender skin. But we always put turpentine and some kind of oil. And rubbed that on the chest and the throat and on the back.

FR: It takes the sting out of it.

LR: Get to the lungs, you know. And just stay in and keep warm, like that.

FR: Lots of whiskey.

LR: And for burns,...

FR: That's the best old time remedy, whiskey.

LR: And for burns, I never found anything better for myself, nor the kids until they get up ^{to where} they think they know something better was Vicks vaporub. And we've used Vicks vaporub too, for colds. You don't need to put anything with that. You can rub babies even with that. But, oh yes, we do a lot of home doctoring.

SS: Was there much tuberculosis when you were first in this country?

LR: No, I didn't. My aunt's husband died with it. But I wasn't around their home enough to know much about it and he had a daughter that died with it, by a first wife. Before he married my aunt. And then by my aunt, they had two daughters that died with it. But I wasn't around them. They lived in Whitebird and we lived ^{UP} between Whitebird and Grangeville and that was as they say, in the horse and buggy days and with us it was a horse and a hack, we called 'em, a small wagon, because we was quite a family. There was always four girls of us. And two girls died and two of us lived. And so you didn't get around too much

. like that. And I don't know, maybe the folks just didn't go around or have us kids around enough in having that. That could have been too. But that's all the t.b. in the family that I know of. And that isn't of my family, that was from my aunt's husband's side. 'Cause she didn't have t.b. or none of her folks. So they got it from their dad.

SS: Have you ever known people who had a feeling in advance that something terrible was going to happen?

LR: No, I don't believe so. Our daughter in Montana, she's quite a hand at kind of imaginative things. She really thinks she does, but I kind of doubt it.

FR: Does what?

SS: Knows, has a feeling before something happens.

FR: She gets them kind of feelings and her husband, "There's a phone. Can't you call them and find out how they are?" She does that quite a little.

LR: She lost a husband with cancer. And she doesn't seem to see him anymore, but for years and years after he died, why he was always appearing to her. And talk to her. But I never argued about it with her at all because for one thing, she flares up mad and tells me off and everything, it makes ^{no} difference anyway. But I always said that was just a dream she had. Just on her mind and I just thought it was a dream.

FR: On the other hand, do you remember Frank B. Robinson here in town? Talked with God. I see his ad in the paper. "I talked with God. Yessir, I really and truly did." (laughs)

LR: I think that, with Florence ^{with} her husband appearing to her so much, I think that's the same thing as our little dead baby girl. Appeared to me different times. Year ago last winter, wasn't it, we had flu so hard. Because we didn't get shots then,

FR: It was in June. Not in the winter.

LR: No, I say a year ago, it's two years now, Year ago this, two years ago this winter that we had flu so hard. Well, I would be laying here, that is, I would

in bed, but I thought I was here, laying here on the davenport. And here was our little dead girl come in here and she had her coat on and a cap of some kind, wrapped up, w/intertime. And I didn't know anything about our little granddaughter being here before. But I laid here and watched them. And they seemed to have candy that you got to unwrap before you can eat. Unwrapping gum or something. They were doing that and they would look at each other, but they wasn't talking to each other. Our little granddaughter. They just sat ^{right} out here, about halfway of you and me here. And I never said a word to them. And that appeared to me at least twice. But that was just that I was delirious, you know. It wasn't a dream, I was delirious. I was out of my head, I know I was.

SS: Did your little girl die from sickness?

LR: Heart disease. ^{Leakage of the heart} She was a blue baby. She would have been four in June and she died in March. There was that much difference. In March she died and she died the 27th of March. And she was buried the 29th of March. And then the 7th of June she would have been four. And there wasn't much of the time, well I guess come to think about it, maybe about half the time that she could walk. And other times, her heart would get worse and she'd be so ^{Weak} she couldn't walk. So she had a lot of sitting to do. She was sitting in the chair and up in the highchair. Pull her around different places and carry her around. Like that.

SS: Did you bury her at...

LR: She's up in Spencer cemetery—She's just up on the hill.

FR: That's how we got intere^{sted} there. Buried her there.

SS: You told me that cemetery got started by old man Spencer?

FR: Did you ever locate the old Burnt Ridge cemetery?

SS: I now about where it was.

FR: Well it's ...

LR: I doubt if that was the one. I think that other one was started, wasn't it?

FR: No, it was in the pioneer days. Lawrence Johnson told me about it. And he com-

over there, a child died. And they ^{come over} to see about burying over there. The road then ran by his house, by Clarence's house. And it came off the old Deary toad, branched off. So he went over there. A lot was five dollars in there. So by god, he come home and he started his own cemetery. Too tight to spend five dollars on it.

LR: Well that was their first baby out in the new country and I suppose they were just hard up, they really didn't have the five dollars. Didn't see where he would get the five dollars. That was a few years ago, you know.

FR: ^{Big} Money them times and he didn't handle ^a hell of a lot of money at that time, either. Pretty lazy.

LR: There was quite a few, person go up there rto the cemetery, there wasn't so many people in there 'cause there wasn't many stones up. But ^{there's} quite a lot of people buried in there. Frank and Jesse Spence and I guess, was Frank with you when you was locating the graves?

FR: No, Jesse and Charlie do that.

LR: ^{They} bore down, where they thought there was graves or old man Spencer said there was a grave there. They'd bore down and they could tell then when it would go through that the ^{box} if they had broken in, well that was a grave. They'd put a, what do they make chimneys out of?

FR: Brick.

LR: A brick...

FR: They just marked it with sticks. I ~~got~~ the bricks afterwards. They didn't have to bore. It was rotten, in the spring you could stick it right through the ground. Some places there'd be a space in there. See, everything would decay but the space was still there. ~~More~~ places, they had a board.

LR: And you couldn't hardly, a person that didn't know that and looked for it and cared or anything, you could walk right over the graves and you wouldn't know it.

FR: I've dug firebricks in, flush with the ^{ground} at the head of each one. So ^{the} ~~lawn~~ ^{mower would} go right

over it. They're about as indestructable as marble, that firebrick. Firebrick stuck down, the stick was no good.

LR: We've come a long ways. We ^Usure have had ups and downs. Like some people have been pretty hateful with us. And some folks that just absolutely nothing but jealousy. They're mad at them now, they said that they don't see why they are like that. You never ask them for anything, they never give you anything. You ~~did~~ it all yourself, so what are they jealous about, because they haven't done such a thing for themselves. What you've got is yours, you made it yourself. And Mrs. Spencer was one of them too, Velma Spencer. She said, "They're just jealous people. Because you've just done so much better than they have. On your own. She was an awful nice old lady.

FR: Pretty white thing happened here a couple of weeks ago. This damn lawyer at the university, he wanted to know if we needed any help. Well if we were in shape we needed help, it wouldn't have been any chance of him ever getting it back.

LR: There was a, we were talking about here yesterday morning. BUt down there at Troy, well, the woman, she wasn't quite at Troy, ^{she was out} _^ this side of Troy, but you know where we lived, and then over at Burnt Ridge, there were three hackneys there in the morning by 11 o'clock. One of the, there was a man died and our youngest daughter was born and he was buried, the old man was buried. We didn't even know he was dead. Sick or died or anything. And the doctor had been out this side of Troy to this place when the woman died. We called for him and he come out to our house and our youngest daughter was born. About 11 o'clock. About 11 or 11:30. And there was a burial, a birth and a death all in just a few hours. And you know, just in a little circle there.

SS: Just that Burnt Ridge area.

LR: This ^{WOMAN} _^ wasn't very far from Burnt Ridge, you know.

(End of side D)

FR: ...half wit. And a hot air peddler to boot. That's all I know about him. He was a slight built man with possibly oh, I would say around 40 years old when I seen him.

I think he wasn't as big a fool ^{than} he wanted people to think. He got by easy that way, you know. Had a cowhide, leather vest. Made out of some pretty stiff material, wherever he got it. And in the morning, he ^{slept} in the bunkhouse with the men there and breakfast at morning and he was talking. And a guy said, "You know, last night I dreamt you was trimming my hair with a six shooter." That made me think he might not have been as big a damn fool as a lot of people think he was. He traveled around that way and people kept him. Listened to his wild yarns and Charlie Hardesty had a run in with him on the Salmon River there too. Traveled all over . He never worked for anything. And I think he was working the people is what it was.

LR: You know, there was a lot of people that you've really got to know them a while and study 'em to know whether they mean things or not. Now like he's telling that. It sounds like they mean it, maybe they're just joking and trying to ^{make} somebody ^{believe it.} Well just for the fun of it, you know.

FR: I thought of an incident that happened up north in this Grand Forks B,C, where I was tending bar, but I wasn't tending bar at the time. ^{There was a} kid in there, ^{always slobbering at the corner of his mouth} he was ^{and his sister was a nurse, and a darn good one.} ^{Smart one.} And he was over at the Great Northern depot and a salesman come along there. And, "Give me two bits mister, I'm foolish." Put his hand in his pocket and he give him two bits. He says, "Mister, I got a brother, he's foolish too." (laughs) "By god, give me that back! I don't believe you're foolish as I thought you are." (laughs) "Give me two bits mister, I'm foolish." "By god, you look it." But when he was going to tell him about the rest of the family, he had a different idea. But speaking of early days was kind of noisy here. A fellow that owned the hotel at the Great Northern depot, it used to be ^{pretty} a lively place too. A Finn Charlie, his wife rode with us down to that sale that time. Down on American Ridge. She bummed a ride with us there in town.

LR: I don't remember that.

FR: Anyway, this Finn was talking about, he used to be around Grand Forks working

He said, "Do you know that Great Northern hotel there? Jesus, the fighting was fine there." (laughs)

SS: The fighting was fine there.

FR: It's sort of like the story they told about this Graceville, MINN^{esota} where I come from. The fellow said, "How was the dance last night?" "Oh he said, "the dance wasn't much but the fighting was hopping." (laughs) I was out there in Washington one time and talking to a fellow over there. He found out I was from Graceville and he used to come up there and harvest. He was part of the crew there, he was waiting for the bell, it was dinner or supper bell to ring. "Now he said this town that he come from was an Irish town. If you come into town and said you wasn't Irish, they'd lick you. And if you said you was Irish, they'd scrap you to see if you was any good or not. (laughs) It wasn't quite that bad in the early days, but them other fellows said the fighting was fine. (laughs)

LR: That reminds me of, this is some more family talk. Who was it that said, wasn't it Anne Kelly that their husband, scaring the kid and hid it over back with some wood? I think it was aunt Nelly. Or one of my aunts. I think it was Aunt nelly, this woman, her husband died of t.b. and then he had three children that died of it, two by her and one by another wife. But that was back east someplace.

SS: She hid the kid over a pile of wood?

LR: He did. They was going from their home, I guess it was quite a little walk, a mile or so. And somewhere between there and the church, there was a big stack of cord-wood. Poles or something, and he didn't want to be seen carrying the baby. There is guys like that. Well, he was ashamed for anybody to see him carry the baby. When they started out she said, "Here, you take the baby and go on now. I'll follow right up." SO ,alright, he got a little start ahead of her. And here she come. He looked down and here comes somebody the other way. So he just steps over and ^{he} lays the kid down back of the wood pile so it couldn't be seen. And he went on. So she comes along and of course, she pretends she didn't see that or didn't know anything about it. She comes along, comes on down without the baby. And he got there and she didn't have the kid and he says, "Why didn't you bring the baby?" And she says, "Well I thought you had it. What did you do

with it?" "Well, I laid it up there back of the woods." She says, "I'm just as ashamed of that kid as you are!" (laughs) So he had to go back and get the baby! (laughs) "I'll break him from sucking eggs. I just went right on and then he won't know about the baby. He was *interested* when people went by and seen him carrying the baby you know. But he just knew that she'd seen it and she'd go and get the -aby and come on, but she got down there and no baby." "I'm just as ashamed of that baby as you are." (laughs)

SS: Do either of you know any stories about the Indians? In the old days? I'm sure there weren't many around Troy when you got there.

FR: Oh no.

LR: Well I don't know, I haven't heard of any around here. But to take it out of this country, around Grangeville again, between Grangeville and Cottonwood. It'd be in my mother's young days. When they first come up there and the Indians were bad, they had massacres up there. And who was that, Uncle Owen's place it was. One of my mother's uncles place there and some of the others were there too and I guess it was at night. And the wind was blowing a little, enough to ,knock the, not a brick chimney, but just a pipe...

FR: Water down on the roof.

LR: What would you call, would be tin pipes, but something like that. Anyway, it wasn't a brick chimney. And it blew that down. And of course, it got to rolling and come down there, why, make quite a noise and scared 'em to death ^{that} they thought the Indians had come. And anyway, Uncle, he grabbed the gun and went ^{pecking} around a little bit, went outside, nobody out there at all and they found out that the pipe had fell down. So they had scares like that once in a while.

FR: Her grandfather's shotgun, or whatever it was they had hanging over the door, he got up on a chair to get that and this other guy that was there, he was kind of scared too, got nervous he passed through) he knocked the old man off his chair. He says, "When I got outside, there was time enough for several people to be killed. There was no excitement, no noise going on." Another guy was looking at the damn stove pipe.

- LR: I never thought of it really, but never heard anybody around Troy ever felt about any Indian scares or anything .
- SS: I don't think they'd be scares so much, but I know the Indians used to come through there. Go up huckleberrying.
- FR: Yeah, they used to, right on her father's place, they'd go in the pasture there and dig camas.
- LR: They were friendly then, They'd come up there, the folks had a ranch, dad sold his place on the prairie and bought a ranch home up in the mountains. And grandma and grandpa and ~~their~~ family lived down below us there. And every year, I don't think there was ever any men with them, but there'd be five, six squaws every year come ^{and} camp up there just across the road from grandma's house. And they were just like family. They'd come over to grandma's and talk. Grandma'd go over there and grandma got a big kick out of it and so did the Indian women. Grandma'd take us kids over there and course, the Indians, they'd try to feed us this camas stuff, roots they dug up. Two different kinds of roots. Camas and cous. ~~That~~ they'd want us kids to eat. Course, we was polite enough that we'd try to eat it and of course, we couldn't help but make a face there, but they could see plain that we didn't like it. They would just laugh. ^{their legs.} Slap
- FR: Tell him about Joyce and the Indian's. (laughs)
- LR: Well my sister in Troy...
- FR: Mrs. Herb Spencer.
- LR: She can look just exactly like an Indian, a woman. A round faced Indian, not these long ones. Like he's got his face. Only more round. And I got her in Montana, she was about five years old. And then ^{our} baby that died was just a year and a half or two maybe. ^{she} Just almost a baby. And so I took the two kids, I was going up on the train to visit my folks at Denver there. Between Cottonwood and Grangeville. And course, her little kids would just sit there, a long wide like that, they just got to move around, you know. Well when we were going across Lawyer's Canyon, going across that bridge there, oh, that's way down there and I was afraid ^{that} she'd get up on her knees and I was afraid she'd get

over balanced and might fall out the window, It was awfully hot and they had the windows open. And she was going over there and I was holding on her dress. She didn't want mama hanging on her dress. And she said, "Mama don't hold on to my dress!" And I said, well I'm afraid you'll fall out there." "I won't fall out, don't hold my dress, mama." And I said, now listen I'm either going to hold you or you're going to get out the window. I'm not going to take any chance on it, you might fall out there. So alright. If she had to take a choice that's alright. Well she got so, I was sitting pretty near half way in the train. Well she could walk clear back to the door and I could watch her. I told her, you just open that door to walk to the aisle you know. But don't go through the door. Because it will suck you out. Kind a put a scare into her so she wouldn't want to go out. So I could watch her too, so she just went back there. She'd slowly come along and look at the people and mosey along. There was one of these, she wasn't an old squaw, she was rather young. She was laying down there in the seat. She was sleeping and ^{having} a good time. Florence, she'd come up there and she'd stop and she'd stand there. Look at her and look at her, you know. And I just wondered, I kind of thought I knew what she was thinking about. So then she'd go up to the floor door again. Here she'd come back just taking her good old time. She'd get back there and she'd stop and she'd listen to the engine moving over some more. Stand there and look at her. And she'd look at me and she'd look at the woman. Just ^{stand} there and watch her sleep. Never touch her or anything. So she come bacq to me and I could see that she looked a lot like my sister. And finally she said, "Mama, that woman's asleep." I said yes, that's an Indian woman, I said, Florence, who does she look like? "She looks like Phoebe,"

FR: Her aunt.

LR: So when we got, my sister was just crazy about our kids. They couldn't do anything wrong at all, she was just in love with them. So when we got home I was telling her about it and my sister looked at Florence and she said, "Darn you." (laughs)

I asked her who that Indian woman looked like and she said, "Phoebe." "Darn you."

(laughs)

SS: Did you know Leonard Marks, that old guy that was a hermit out there at Troy?

FR: Yes.

SS: What was he like?

FR: He's sort of a damn hermit is all.

LR: I don't know how he was, he had a wife there for years, you know. He just turned kind of ⁱⁿ to himself after she died. Sold everything. *Bummed around there.*

FR: Give you a measurement on him, at the sale after she died, he even had her underwear up for sale. (laughs)

LR: He had a real nice wife. She was just a spic and span housekeeper. And they didn't live then at the time where he lived when he died.

FR: That was him, the cabin up there, the railroad track going to Howell, wasn't it?

LR: Yeah, I suppose that's where he died. I don't remember where he died. They found him dead in there.

FR: Shoemaker went up there one time and ^{he was} walking outside and he didn't have a stitch of clothes on him. (laughs)

LR: He just didn't have too good a mind.

FR: Had a little money, bought some damn poor land.

LR: He had a good home.

SS: He moved after she died.

LR: Yeah.

FR: Well this was on the land that he owned before. Just below Howell.

LR: But they never lived there.

FR: Some warehouses above Troy.

LR: They never lived there.

FR: No, but he did.

LR: After she died, yes, As long as she lived they lived up on the hill. Nice old

place up there.

FR: He had quite a ^{little} of land ~~there~~.

SS: So it was towards the end that he became a hermit?

LR: Yeah.

FR: This fellow went up there one day for exercise, to talk a while, he come up there from Troy. Two or three miles up the track there. There was no fire in the house and ^{cold and} I don't know if he was in the house or where he was. Leonard was walking around there, no clothes on.

SS: Did you know Victor Anderson at all? *I heard he was a humorous guy.*

FR: The only Vic I know would be Carl's brother. I couldn't exactly him humorous. He's here in town.

SS: I think he's another guy. Maybe I don't have his name right.

LR: Victor Johnson, the druggist. That's the only Anderson we know.

FR: It wouldn't be the Hook Anderson, the fellow with a ^{steel} hook in one wrist?

SS: Who's that guy?

FR: He's a guy that used to live up there years ago, Went to Lewiston. He was working out in the woods with that one arm, mind you. Hook.

SS: He could work ok?

FR: Darn right he could. They had him on relief. He was alright. He was a good worker. I used to go, give him the light end of it, you know. Fellows like that, cripples but he didn't need it. He'd appreciate what they done for him, but it wasn't necessary.

SS: Did the depression hit Troy very hard?

FR: No, not as much as here. The town people. Those people that hired them, that work, people that work for a living, you know. Take it pretty hard. It worked fine with us, ^{see} I was road overseer there. At first they talked the highway district to putting up five hundred dollars and the city put up five hundred dollars and they'd employ a bunch of 'em. That's how they got it going, you know. So he went to the commissioner, well now

he says, "You're going to have to have a foreman out there, You're going to do a lot of road work. Can you think of anybody ^{better than Rowan} for that job?" "Nope." I got right in on it. I went right straight through on all that stuff. Good shape.

LR: They hadn't got to know him yet, you see.

FR: But people didn't have ^{every} thing. As much as they wanted. They all ate alright enough. I used to come up here to Moscow, ^{in a truck} In Genesee they wouldn't take no meat, they all had plenty of meat out there. So Harvey...

SS: Smith.

FR: Smith, he was in charge of it. "We got a lot of men down there that'll eat meat. Any meat Genesee can't handle, just throw it in our wagon, we'll get rid of it." By gosh, we did. It worked out alright. Couple of fellas got some meat and when they opened the packages up, they threw it back in the sack again. Didn't want it. (laughs) A lot of places were hit harder than Troy, ^{was} alright. That road crew down there, we had lots of roads, quite a bunch of ~~the~~ men they had in Moscow. Juliaetta. The men they got out of Deary and Kendrick why, they were alright, they were good men, all of them.

SS: You did a lot of work that wouldn't have been done if it hadn't been for WPA?

FR: Yeah. It was another ten years afterwards before they got to it, Like ^{widening} down at Bear Creek. And the old American Ridge hill, that was a son of a gun. One fellow come out "You can make a baseball ground out of this ^{after you get through}." In that new road they done, that road leads up the canyon, out of Troy four miles, the old Nora, they call it, that used to be a nice road, ~~it~~ went around on the level wide, gentle curve. Now out there those people got to elevate to get out. Well now Troy, when they cut back here, ~~it~~ instead of taking everything straight down, why didn't they leave that one flat place there? They could have got the dirt they wanted and got considerable more width if they left that flat. I can't figure that out, I can't get it through my noodle why they done it. But I'm going to have to get up on that road that leads to the left and come ⁱⁿ out of there to see.

SS: Where do you think they went wrong? Just the way they had it winding up the

canyon?

FR: Instead of leveling back there so far why didn't they go, cut straight down, half that distance? They'd get enough dirt,

LR: There's nothing wrong with that road. They made it worse. Used to come right out back of that old house. Right out level to the highway.

SS: The way it came in behind the town, without going down the canyon, right?

FR: There's no canyon there. But it was a gentle curve.

LR: Maybe he doesn't know just where this is. This is ^{there in} up the vicinity of Bendel's you know. That road that comes to Bendel's.

SS: Now I know where you mean.

FR: Right where Bendel's road leaves off.

LR: Where they come there and then they come out and come out the highway and now they've got a big fill and everything in there. They used to come down, come straight down and by the little house that sits down in there. Just come down by it and right out on the highway. It was a lot better. It looks so foolish to us. And our daughter from Montana, Annie, Mrs. Oslund there in Troy, maybe you don't know her...

SS: I do.

LR: She was trying to tell us about it. ^{Our} daughter was her once and she was trying to tell about it. And none of us could get it into our heads, figure out what they done. So when she was down here one time, when Florence was down here, we took a drive out to see ^{it} and none of us can see why in the world they ever did that. It was just right the way it was.

FR: But on this new ^{work}, another mistake that I can't understand, here it was cut back this way, ^{this is the mountain} and the road's out here. Well, instead of leaving all this, if they cut half that part, they'd had more road bed. And...

SS: A lot of people out there feel the same way. Friends of mine live in the house on that corner. The old, right by Nora. They can't understand it either.

LR: No.

FR: Some damn engineer done it.

LR: It's just a lot of money wasted there. We don't like it at all.

(End of tape)