

HERMAN SCHUPFER

Interviewed by:

Rob Moore

Oral History Project
Latah County Museum Society

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I. Index

HERMAN SCHUPFER

Kendrick; b. 1892

part-owner Potlatch Telephone Co. and district
representative for Washington Water Power

1.5 hours

minute page

Side A

- 01 2 Family history. Townsite of Juliaetta located on Uncle Rupert's homestead. First Juliaetta P. O.-- 1881. Town changes name from 'Schupfer' to 'Juliaetta' and reasons why--c. 1891.
- 04 3 Schools in Juliaetta, temporary and permanent. 60 pupils and 1 teacher; school hours.
- 07 3 Farming as a boy. Footburners, seeding, self-sufficiency, potato picking. Crop prices. Thrashing. Hazelwood Creamery at Juliaetta.
- 12 5 Squirrel hunts, playing ball, swimming hole. Juliaetta tramway owned by E. W. Porter. Helping out. First local telephone connects top with bottom of tramway.
- 16 6 Building phones and telephone sets out of scavenged pieces. Porter's first telephone goes up on ridges, barbed wire for line. 1915 Schupfer brothers buy Telephone Co.
- 18 7 Juliaetta cannery. Record canning 10,000 cans in one day. Brand names. Farmwife thinks "Royal Club" better than "Juliaetta" but finds out they're the same. Cannery contracts with tomato growers. Cannery burns 1917 or 1918.
- 24 9 Sacked wheat on Juliaetta tram, also oats, apples and cherries. More fruit raised in early days. Prune dryers.
- 26 9 Father immigrated from Austria, was carpenter. Father makes money while Rupert looks for location with Indian help. Rupert none too trusting of Indians. Settle briefly in cabin near Anatone. Over Fix Ridge to settle at junction of Middle and Big Potlatch.

Side B

- 00 11 Left Anatone because they were afraid they might get hung for theft of a pig. Trouble over a horse between Rupert and the Indians. Florian Schupfer settles 1883.

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Side B (continued)

05	13	Indians buying apples (sometimes on credit) and socializing. Salmon spearing. Millpond dries out and Indian man strips down in front of 40 or 50 people to jump in after the flopping fish. Other help from Indians and problems with one drunk.
11	15	Runaways. Horses conditioned to it by being raced against train. Safety rigging on hacks. Usually stopped by getting tangled in brush.
13	16	First light plan was on water power, sunset til midnight plus Ironing Morning. Working on telephone, tram, and in garage business.
19	18	1915 Schupfers buy a Maxwell automobile.
20	18	Two independent telephone systems on the ridges, one couldn't talk to the other. Schupfers buy both and incorporate into one system.
22	19	Bremerton machine shop during the war. Teaching people how to drive. 1919 buys garage with Ed Deobald and sells out in 1921.
24	19	Hauling lumber off Potlatch Ridge by truck.
26	19	Working on telephones in California.
28	20	Back to Juliaetta and work for Potlatch Electric. Building line to Bovill. Potlatch Electric sells out to WWP.

Side C

00	21	Problems with early phone systems. Saloon receipts kept in the battery box. Phoneless neighbors using phones. 5¢ charge put on calls made by people other than those owning phones. Traveling salesman compete by phone for Potlatch Ridge business. People with phones want them removed unless something is done about neighbors' use and abuse.
06.5	23	Switchboard operators sometimes couldn't understand the caller: "new teeth" for Newt Heath and "any wine" for Annie Wien.
09.5	24	Stringing line to Bovill. Postholes filling up with water and sheep falling in.

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Side C (continued)

11	25	Negro on crew--"kind of a clown." Crew goes up to Clarkia to get drunk.
13	26	Line to Deary by July, Bovill a few months later. Rebuilding wires in town of Bovill. Bringing truck back to Kendrick.
15	27	George Brunzell (later President of W. W. P.) helps drive ground rods. Making a driver for them.
19	28	WWP replaces steam plant power in Bovill. Playing a trick on Hubert Hall.
22	29	Area representative for WWP; trouble-schooling. Area office includes Kendrick, Juliaetta, Bovill, Deary, Elk River.
26	30	Trouble-shooting on snowshoes. Transformer overload in winter.
28	31	Farmer electricity use; highest was 20 kw/month.

with Rob Moore
July 19, 1973

II. Transcript

ROB MOORE: Where did you grow up?

HERMAN SCHUPFER: When?

ROB: Where?

HS: At Juliaetta. I was born at Juliaetta, October the 15th, 1892. I had a brother that was older, a year and half older than I was and a sister that was four years younger. We was raised on father's homestead which he homesteaded, and after spending five or six years on proving on it, he had a deed that was issued by President Arthur in 1884. And ah, his brother Rupert at the same time homesteaded two quarters of a mile south and ah, started laying out, and later laid it out as the townsite of Juliaetta 18...

ROB: Did he lay out the whole 160 as the townsite or just a little bit of it as the townsite?

HS: Ah, it must have been part of it, and I don't exactly have the date...

ROB: That's okay.

HS: And laid it out in the early 90's. And this first post office was established at this quarter section in between my father's homestead and Rupert's homestead by Mr. Snyder, and he named this post office after two of his girls, Julia-Etta, established in 1881. And then when Rupert laid out the town of Juliaetta...

ROB: It wasn't called Juliaetta when he laid it out though was it?

HS: Ah, laid out there into Juliaetta or anyway when they started to lay it out. But it incorporated I think in 91 or someplace in there, but the post office was then moved on to what was called Schupfer and the name Juliaetta went with it.

ROB: Oh, so that's when the town changed its name from Schupfer to Juliaetta?

HS: Yes, that's when the town changed its name. In the Juliaetta library there's a article, the signatures of the ones who changed the name.

Then the school, the first school that I remember, I can just remember it being washed out, (was) next to the middle Potlatch where the highway bridge now is. But the first school that we attended was in 18 ah, I was five years old that be ah '97, and it stood, it was in the intersection of the street that runs up from where the depot was. (I could get those streets now) and in the intersection of those two streets, right on top of the hill. I remember that we used to coast right out the--the front steps and get in a washtub or something and slide clear on down into town. It was a two story building. Burton L. French, ah I don't remember whether he taught the year we went, but he taught at that school and that school burnt in 19 and 01 I believe it is, 1900 or 1901, and they had a temporary school down below what was the Grand Central Hotel, below main street, until the new school was built where the present school is now. And the school that was then built burnt down and the present brick school, primary school, is setting there, setting on that location. And school, in there was practically sixty pupils in a room with one teacher. School started at nine o'clock, recess at ten thirty till ten forty-five, noon at twelve till one, then ah two thirty til quarter to three, to four o'clock. And ah that was school, teaching the different subjects, no sports included. Any sports that had was after school on Saturdays or Sundays. (It went to) eighth grade but we missed some school every year on account of helping farm. We had to plow with a footburner they called it, with two or three horses, and we usually had two of them. We'd have to stay out of school and do the plowing in the fall and also in the spring, and help seed it. In those days on the farm it was practically lived off what it produced. Mother had chickens she had about hundred, hundred-fifty chickens and took the eggs to the store for groceries and things. Most of the crop

was wheat and corn, and the wheat was generally for hay, sold some of it, and fed the rest of it to the cattle and the horses. And the off time in the summertime we'd usually work someplace and try to earn a few extra nickels. I remember picking potatoes for ten cents a hour, riding cultivator horse for ten hours a days for two bits, and there was ah...but when harvest came my brother usually run the binder and father done the shocking and I dragged the bundles up closer to where he could set em up, when I was younger. And then at times some of the summers they had some of the wheat thrashed, and there'd be a horse power thrashing machine brought down from American Ridge by Martin Thomas. And later we'd get some of the steam thrashers. Generally there'd be some shipped in, new ones, and they would thrash ours before they would take them up on the ridge. And I remember, we used to sell for five dollars a ton, take it out of the barn after it was stored or out of the stack. We butchered usually a beef and a hog or so in the fall, and probably sold maybe a front quarter of the beef for five cents a pound. And ah, our chores when we came home from school, I got home from school it was practically time to get the cows, and generally they's about as stubborn an animal, they'd be the furthest away on the place, and that would be three quarters of a mile. I want to go get the cows and bring them in and milk em. And first mother had the milk in pans in the basement and let the cream settle on top, til the cream separator came into use and we got a small cream separator and cream station, Hazelwood Cream Station at Juliaetta, run by Mr. Kennedy was operated for him, and we'd take our cream through the separator and take it down to the cream station. And later they had a truck go through and pick up the cream and ah...

ROB: The cream station was at the railroad? It was shipped out on the railroad?

HS: The what?

ROB: The cream would be shipped out on the railroad?

HS: Yes, the cream was shipped to Spokane, it would be pasteurized there at Juliaetta and shipped out to Spokane on the railroad. And when my mother had more eggs than the store demanded they used to send to Spokane by the cases, and get I think about ten or fifteen cents a dozen. And ah, as boys, different farms, small farms around there, after school was out and Saturdays we were busy, but we usually had Sunday to ourselves quite a little, and mostly in the springtime we used to go out and shoot squirrels. And ah, we did have a ball team at (Juliaetta), we couldn't take time off enough to play with the school teams so we had what they called a scrub team, and we usually played the school team on Sundays but we generally could beat em. But ah, that was the sports. If we'd go to Kendrick to play the team up there, we'd walk up to Kendrick and play, and ah maybe on the way home hit for the swimming hole and then walk the rest of the way home. And as we grew a little older, ah the tramway warehouse and the tramway was just opposite across over on Potlatch Ridge from our place. We used to go over there. It was owned by a Mr. E. W. Porter and Lawrence Porter's part interest. He was manager ~~there~~ but we chummed a lot with his son and we'd go over to the warehouse and ah, generally happen, ah roll down some sacks off of the pile if they were shipping out, or we'd ah get em some drinking water and do a few chores, and maybe sometimes we'd get a nickel and sometimes we wouldn't. And ah we'd saw wood for the boiler that they had. A steam boiler there to run the steam engines when they were cleaning or tramming over across to the railroad track with the bucket trams, and we used to saw the cord wood into three pieces so that they'd go into the boiler. (We'd) help a cousin of mine, Joe Schupfer, was

generally fireman. And then they had a telephone line going up the hill to the upper warehouse and to the bank owned by the same people that had the tramway, and ah we'd help 'em fix up the phone line if it got down, sometime move the phone from one end to other, and to get in later they changed to gasoline engines. We had gotten the gasoline engine in 1908 and knew a little about the engine. And they bought a Fairbanks-Morse engine. Fellows didn't know anything about the engine so we got ten cents an hour for either one of us if we'd tend to that engine at the warehouse, and that was our first job.

ROB: The engine helped power the tram?

HS: It was a two horse power, two horse power engine, and I remember they used deisel oil and the tanks were a certain distance away from the warehouse, it had to be kind of pumped in. It got started with a large watertank on it. We'd help there, roll sacks down over and also we'd help Porter with his telephone system. It was R. H. Porter, he was a brother of E. W. or uncle of this boy we chummed with, and the first... ah there was some spare telephone wire in the warehouse and they give us, Mr. Porter said we could have that, so we string it between our houses and got the ringers out of a couple of telephone sets, old ringers that wasn't in use, and made us a telegraph set. We used that for awhile. We extended it to another place or two but it was rather slow going. And ah we got in contact with R. H. Porter and the warehouse and we rustled enough pieces to make a couple of telephones. We put the telephones together ah in an old plug-cut tobacco box and then we used that telephone. And that started us up. Then it seemed like Porter had started his telephone system up on the ridges. The first fellow, fellow by the name of Fredrickson back of the upper tramway warehouse, they hooked him up onto this line. And Mr. R. H.

Porter, he had come from back East, he brought a telephone with him and he hooked it on and then the other farmers wanted service so he got a switch board and some telephones and used the top barbwire for the telephone line and run telephones all over the ridges. We would help him, got to helping him part time on and off. First I remember we got five dollars a week and our dinner, and later we worked for twenty cents an hour for him, and did whatever was to be done on and off until he took sick and we bought it from him in 1915. In the meantime also in the fall I worked at the cannery canning tomatoes.

ROB: The cannery at Juliaetta?

HS: At Juliaetta, there was a large community cannery there. All the available cultivated land was rented for tomatoes, and also the site at Lapwai where Spaulding had his mill, and they still used that flume to irrigate tomatoes on that flat down there that he had. The freight train would bring them up to the cannery every evening. And ah we canned over record...can was ah a common size tomato can, and we canned ten thousand cans on a record day. So I worked there for a month and on through later on and I also canned some peaches and some prunes.

ROB: What was the brand name these were canned under?

HS: What?

ROB: What was the brand name of the cans?

HS: What Brand?

ROB: Yes.

HS: Well these cans are put out, mostly in tomatoes, three brands: we call them the number one and that was a Bridge brand; and number two was next grade was average, good average grade was mostly most of them was and they called them the Seaport brand, that was the pieces left over, but this second brand most of it came under different brands a

lot of it came under Royal Club. They would send the labels, so many labels, and they'd label so many cans, and usually ship out a car load of them to Mason. I believe it was Lewiston Merchantile that handled them. And ah then there was a Clarkston brand, there was a Juliaetta brand, and different ones. It was interesting. For instance one time I was at the place, and they sent the boy to the store to get two cans of Royal Club Tomatoes. And I says to the lady "Why don't you buy two cans of Juliaetta brand and you get the same thing and you get them for two bits, two for a quarter instead of thirty cents." "Oh" she said "no" she said "they don't compare" so I told her I said "now I done run the capper and those cans were all marked" and asked her if she would believe me if we get a can of each and take the label off and see if they didn't have the same mark. And they did. Well, after that she ~~wouldn't~~ buy any Royal Club tomatoes (laugh laugh) so imagination is quite a thing. But she told them how much better they were than the Juliaetta brand tomatoes were but ah ah...

ROB: Did the cannery contract with the tomato growers, or what?

HS: They contracted these tomatoes. Now we had, on our home place they rented the ground, but other places they generally paid, at ah first a little ^{more} ~~more~~, but I believe I wouldn't say this too accurate, but pay about twenty dollars a ton. But you'd be surprised how many tomatoes went on that ground. And after the tomatoes had froze and the canning was over, generally my brother and I would go on to our place and pull the vines and shake the tomatoes off them and pile them up and burn the vines. And then we would just harrow or springthooth this ground, and to walk behind of it it was just sop sop sop going into the tomatoes. And ah they raised them, they bought the tomatoes and rented what ground they could get then, anyway to get the tomatoes. Now that cannery was

run, I don't remember just when it started, but it was running about 1915 and 16. I believe it run in 1913. I believe it burned up, it burnt in 1917 or 18 in there. It was destroyed by fire. And that cannery was on the ground where first was a ball diamond close to it and a park and a warehouse, and then at the present time the Gem State Lumber Company is on on that property. And there used to be, all the wheat was handled in sacks, and first it was hauled to these warehouses, tramway warehouses, and this Juliaetta tramway was a three rail car affair, one would go up and the other one down, halfway in the middle the middle one would split and it would have four rails so they could pass, with a steam engine on top. Take down about fifty sacks of wheat, a little more of oats and other. In the fall there was a lot of apples raised on up on the ridges and the apples would be trammed down, and in cherry season they would pack cherries in the warehouses and tram the cherries down and load them and ship them up by the car loads. There was a lot of fruit raised and shipped out at that time. And prunes, there was prune dryers. There was, for instance American Ridge up there, there was a Hutchinson prune dryer, and the Johnson prune dryer, and the Russell prune dryer. There was three prune dryers right here in one neighborhood with each one with a prune orchard. With a large prune orchard. And up on Potlatch Ridge there was a prune orchard, and prunes was quite a thing. And at home, back to when they was homesteading, my father came over from Austria. He had a half brother in Missouri sometime in the 1860's, and he came to Missouri where this half brother was and then did carpenter work. And then he traveled around with carpenter work and his brother Rupert came and I don't know where they met, but anyway father carpentered Los Angles and San Francisco and they were together at Portland and

they was looking for a place to homestead, and said that they looked at a place there and they was kind of interested, but it needed a lot of clearing. So they cleared off a piece and figured out how long it would take them to clear it, and they figured it a little more and that wasn't the thing. So they came further in and towards Lewiston. My uncle said he came through by way of Yakima, and I think my father done carpentry work along and Rupert was scouting around to see the location. He says that he traveled with Indians. He'd get an Indian to get him a saddle horse and go with him, and hire him to go to a certain place. But he said he never...he always had it laid out that he'd always stop at a stopping-place before where he'd had him hired. He said he just didn't trust them too much, and they'd get to where he could get another one to take him again. He didn't have one for too long, and he didn't use one for the whole journey. He says he came up, I think he was alone but I'm not sure, he came up through Umatilla when General Howard was going down with his army in 1877. He got into Lewiston and he and father then went up into Anatone country and they was in a cabin up there for a few days and ah...turn it off?

ROB: No its okay.

HS: ...ah then they decided to come out of there and they went back to Lewiston. Father done carpenter work but I think it was up in Colton, Genesee country. A fellow by the name of Moxley at Lewiston told Rupert that... advise him to go up to Potlatch Creek up through Genesee, the old town of Genesee was in a different location than the present town is, but not very far out, and to go over Fix Ridge, and down there at the junction where the Middle Potlatch runs into the Big Potlatch that's his last location in there, and they figured there'd be a railroad come through. So he went up and went as far as Genesee, up Fix Ridge and he

looked over and it didn't look too good to him. He went back again, but as time went by again he thought he'd just go up there and go down and just really see what it looked like. And he went on down and he found a lot of nice bunch grass, and good soil, prairie chickens, fish and good fishing, and the salmon in the creek and the Potlatch there, and so they decided to homestead there. So they picked the two places they had, one quarter a mile between them. Father's homestead was a quarter mile wide and a mile long, and he had a cabin on his and Rupert had a cabin on his. Near as I get it they had to sleep on their place a week out of each year and had to be so much improvements made, so Rupert done the improving. He planted an orchard and done some fencing on both the places while father went out and rustled the money. They also took up a preemption of 160 acres someway, I don't know how that worked. Whether they had to pay a little for some of it or something, on Potlatch Ridge. Which is now owned by Doctor Moser and farmed by ah Fred Glen. But in 1888 father went back to Europe and then mother came with him and they were married in ah ah New York.

(End of Side A.)

It was never mentioned one of em, but mother said that the reason they left Anatone. They had a cabin there and they ran out of food. And Rupert he happened to find a pig someplace, and he got it so they had some food. And then the next day or so a stranger came along, and said in those days you took anyone if they wanted to stay you took them in, so he stayed with them over night. And during their conversation he mentioned about that he heard over town, over at I guess there wasn't much town but anyway there, that he heard them talking about they figured there was going to be a hanging there in a day or so. They didn't say who, but anyway, they didn't know whether this fellow came to scare them out so he could get this place, or whether it was actually so, but they

didn't take any chances and they pulled out of Anatone and went back to Lewiston. The only thing Rupert ever told me, I asked him one time if he ever got in trouble with the Indians over by Anatone or anything. Well, he said had a little trouble one time. He said he was riding a saddle horse down and one of the Indian horses followed him, and the Indians started to get rough. And I told my mother about what he had told me, and she said "Yes, and I bet there was a rope between him and that horse" (laugh laugh) so...

ROB: Rupert sounds like he was quite a character.

HS: Yes. Well I guess those days you done the best to get by with. I think they went back to Lewiston and then...did I mention about Genesee, coming down?

ROB: Yes.

HS: I've mentioned that have I?

ROB: You've gotten to the point where they've...

HS: Yes, this is before they met Moxley and he told them to come up through Genesee and go down there and look that over, and he looked it over and found the good bunch grass, and prairie chickens, and salmon in the Potlatch creek there. And so they homesteaded there. And ah Mr. Stranahar, I've remembered him at different times at the fourth of July celebrations or something, he'd be the speaker. He was one of the first settlers on American Ridge and he says when the Schupfers homesteaded down there they felt sorry for em, that they was gonna have to haul all their produce up over the ridges to go to market. But he says it turned out the other way, that the railroad come through (down below) and they had to haul theirs down there. So it turned out all right. And this preemption I was telling about awhile ago that father took up. When mother came they sold that for two thousand dollars, and that give em some money to

help build up the home there and one thing and another. They built it there. Mother said first there was very few people there. There was another uncle, Florian Schupfer, came. A brother of Rupert's and father's. He settled there and I believe it was 1880, ah I wasn't so sure I think it was 1883. But I'm not sure of the date. He came there and he homesteaded there at Juliaetta and most of the visiting or associates until we went to school was with them. Another fellow named there Matt Walcher, he bought a place there. Bachelor he was there, and Mother said that they had apples, orchards that they planted before got to producing apples, and the Indian women would usually come on Sundays to buy apples and would always stay and visit. Said that they'd sit around and have good visit, but then one couldn't talk the other's language, but said there was usually two or three of them and they had a good time anyway. They would pay. They always got along good with them and sometimes they say they'd pay later and sometimes they were very trustful as far as the Indians was concerned in the early times. And mother said there was one fellow there that kept getting apples, and he says "I just don't have the money but I'll pay you" and "I'll pay you" and they give him. They felt like they should turn him down, but thought maybe they would cause some friction. They was kind of careful about it because there was kind of different incidents. But one day he comes, he was just all smiles and he wanted them to come outside and take a look, and she said he had a great big salmon hanging up there. And he told them "I'll pay you. I'll pay you." (laugh laugh) So she said that was well paid, she said that was. And talk about salmon, I can remember there was a railroad bridge across the Potlatch there and I can remember seeing my uncle and different ones on there with spears, and they'd spear the salmon as they went through under. I was up at Coeur d'Alene here a number of years ago,

getting some information about earlier times down here. The people that run a dairy between here and Juliaetta, this fellow's name was Burnes, and so stopped at Coeur d' Alene and talked with him. He had some pictures of down there but none of them that showed anything much, but the thing that he said that he really remembers from down there is they had a sawmill there, and they had the Potlatch Creek dammed. And on Sundays generally his father would, I don't know whether they said open the gates on the dam and let the dam dry up or else close the gates to let it dry out below, but anyway he remembers there was usually about forty or fifty people be there waiting until it got dry and the fish start to flop. And he says he just remembers an Indian just peeling all his clothes off and jumping right in that creek and grabbing the fish and getting them out of there. He says that part he can remember. But he said he went in there with all those people there without a stitch on but he was going to get those fish. (chuckle)

ROB: At that time were the Indians still moving pretty freely through this part of the country?

HS: What?

ROB: At that time were the Indians still moving pretty freely through this part of the country?

HS: No they was pretty well settled on a reservation down below Juliaetta. Like Mox Mox, some of those fellows, I think Waters, they was pretty well settled and actually they was just a dandy bunch of Indians and they always are and to my notion they still are. I can remember that father had troubles some way with the horses, they run away or something, and there was a certain place and I don't know how many people were standing on the side walk watching my father trying to get things tangled out. This Indian went out and helped him. They was just alright. But

there was sometimes, there was a brewery there in town and where they made beer, and in this temporary school when the other one burnt, there was an upstairs and a downstairs in the building with kind of an over-head porch from the top to get out in front towards the street and then go down the side steps. And anyway during the noon hour there was an Indian came up from this brewery and he was just drunk as he could be. Some of the girls started to holler Indian language to him and pretty soon he drew out a knife and he started to cross the street towards the school. I know I for one of them jumped out the upstairs window. I bumped my nose, I had a nosebleed, but I went up around and we all peeked around the corner up above. But some of the bigger boys they met the Indian and talked to him and he went on the other way again, so everything quieted down but ah...(laugh). There was things like that to talk about. To mention about trouble with ah horses, runaway was a very common thing those days. You'd be in the store someplace or something and the first thing you know the people hollering and there'd be a team go down through, tore lose and run away, and then when automobiles came why that made it worse than ever. The train was bad enough. It seemed like, I know my father had to have it and I think all of them did, going from Juliaetta to Kendrick you could parallel with the railroad, and whenever a train came they always start to get their horses to running, sorta speed em up. So they got in the habit when they saw a train coming they figured they had to run, and it got so they couldn't hold em and then they would have a runaway. I know father fixed his hack that he could unhook a lever on the inside and the singletrees would tip and and unhook the tugs and the horses could go on with the neck yoke. (laugh laugh) So runaway was a common thing and ah...

ROB: If there was a runaway in town or something would people try to stop

the horses or let them run right through?

HS: Oh yes, they try to stop them if they had a chance, but generally they'd get someplace where they get tangled up with something, one part of them try to go one way and one the other or something and get out in the brush or someplace. The first Sunday school, they called this Lady Grandma Pierce, she was one of the oldtimers there, she said she taught the first Sunday school down on what was the Aldrich place, which is down a little ways below Juliaetta, was really the first one. Then the Presbyterian had a church in town and later this bought by the Lutherans. My folks, mother was a Lutheran, and we always went to church every other Sunday. That's where my brother and I were confirmed and learned what German language as far as reading was concerned, and also more or less speaking the high German because ah my folks and all we spoke the Austrian dialect. When I first went to school there was very little English that either one of us knew, and I learned it at school. As time went on, I can remember one time I was out in the field and I was a small fellow, and a fellow had asked me to go over to the house and ask the lady the time. When I got to the house I couldn't remember whether it was what time is it, or what o'clock is it, but I asked the lady if she would tell me what o'clock it was. (laugh laugh) Well she knew what I meant, she was a neighbor woman there. We farmed there, and worked for the telephone company in the 1915, and also the local light plant. There was a flour mill there, water power, and they installed in 1903 a generator and served the town with electric power...

ROB: Off the creek, off the water power?

HS: Water power, umhuh, the mill was water power and a little bit later on it served from time it got dark until about midnight. But electric iron started to come in use then they had what they call the electric ironing

morning, and they'd have the power on til about noon, usually on Wednesdays. All of these towns around here had about the same thing. So we worked, we done the line work practically for those people, and then worked for Porter. I think if I remember right, besides Porter my brother and I was the only ones that did climb poles around there. If there was any pole climbing we did that, and so about 1915 Mr. Porter got sick. He had to quit on account of his health and brother and I, we bought it. With his brother being a banker he loaned us the money and ah...

ROB: Porter's brother was a banker?

HS: Yes, the two Porters. One had the telephone and the other had the warehouse and the bank. Porter had a partner by the name of Lawrence, but later Porter had it by himself, and I don't know just when the date was that it changed. Up until 1915 in there, for quite a number of years we'd run that tramway in the fall, and we'd have charge of the warehouse in the wintertime, and load the wheat out, or the grain. It would be trammed down from the warehouse on top which was not a very large warehouse, I believe it was about fifty feet long and then I don't remember how wide, the lower warehouse was two hundred feet long and I believe it was fifty five feet wide, and then there was cable buckets to take one sack apiece over to the railroad tracks and load it across Potlatch Creek and load it in the cars.

ROB: What powered the cable?

HS: We used a gasoline engine on that. We used a gasoline engine. At first the railroad went over there but they couldn't have a high bridge, high water would wash it out. Then they put in this cable tram and that way usually two of our country boys there and brother and I, the four of us we'd usually load the cars out through the winter and give us a little extra in the winter time. Then on Sundays in the winter when there's

not much to do, we'd go over in the warehouse and roller skate. (laugh)
Pass the time that way. My brother worked in the garage business.
Automobiles started to come. Motorcycle. First we had a bicycle and
we made attachments for that, copied it out of a Sears and Roebuck
catalogue so to hold it on the railroad rails. We used to ride it on
the railroad rails and then later we got a motorcycle. Used that on going
out on some trouble work instead of a team. Then my brother worked in
a garage in Kendrick for Guy Lewis, and in 1915 then they ordered a
car load of Maxwell automobiles. We took one of them and had a car, and
just about...soon after we had that why this telephone proposition come
up, so we had to borrow all the money for that, and we had it. There
was two telephone offices here at that time, two systems and most of
the stores had both telephones. On the ridges there was about half of
the people couldn't talk to the other half because one went to one
central office and the other went to the other. But ah in 1915 soon
after we bought it, the old Interstate Telephone Company decided to (a
Spokane concern) to quit this country here and we took over Kendrick
and Troy was taken over at Moscow. Then Juliaetta had their own system
down there, too, that connected with them. There was two systems down
there, they combined with our system to get it all in one system. And
also later the different switch boards up on the ridges at Southwick,
Leland, Cameron, Cavendish, Tikon and out in farm places there was
generally a switch and never could tell how far they could get by call-
ing from one switch on to the other one. When they couldn't hear, why
they had whoever had done the switching repeat for them and they'd
usually get a message someplace, somewhere. But after that quit and
with this Potlatch Telephone Company which we had, we had connection
with the Bell people for long distance out. I took charge of it until

the First World War and I was over in Seattle at Bremerton, worked in a machine shop at Bremerton til the end of the war while my brother took care of the telephone system then here. Up to that time I took care of it, and as I come back I was free. I helped when they sold a car at the garage I would go out and stay with these people for a couple, three days to teach them how to drive. Till in the fall of 1919 Ed Deobald and I bought out Lewis of this Kendrick garage and we operated it over next to where the theatre is now. After two years, a little over two years, I sold out to Ed's brother Brian. Then later they bought and served out of that, and they put in a bulk plant and delivered gas and had a good business there. Ed still owns it. Ed Deobald is still there at times and it's run by two of his boys are now running it. I then run a truck and hauled lumber off of Cedar Creek, and between times beans and wheat for the farmers, with a two ton Garford truck with soled tires. Over the old Cedar Creek grade, that was a bad one up there. Spent one summer that way. The lumber, I remember, I made two trips a day, just pick it up board by board and put it on the truck, and if I remember right hauled right around three thousand feet. Then I'd go down and push it in a box car and load it in the hot day. The fellow, Fred Crocker, that I was hauling for said he got I believe it was 17 or 18 dollars a thousand for that lumber in the car in those days.

ROB: When did you get back to working with the telephone company again?

HS: Well, after I sold out I went to...ah mother and I went to California.

The fellow that I knew, telephone man out of Spokane, had bought the telephone system in Huntington Beach, and as mother and I went down for the winter I went up to see this fellow. He talked me into the notion go buying a pair of climbers and a belt and go to work. So I told him I would after I bummed around for two weeks. I went to work for him that winter and in the spring he offered me a good deal if I

would stay over the summer, and so I stayed over the summer. We run cable out into the oil fields, the oil fields was starting then, and took care of the country phones out of (there are different places that had a switch board) Smeltzer I believe the place was called, and there was two or three little stations out of those towns. Took care of that and then the next winter he persuaded me, of course I figured on if it got winter I'd stay anyway, but went down to Laguna Beach. There was only a toll phone down there, and two more fellows that had never had any experience, ah hired them and we put up lines in Laguna Beach and we installed a switch board. We had about fifty phones on there by the time I left. And mother decided she'd like better come up here, there's more of her friends, so we came back up here a little undecided what to do. While I was here a fellow that owned, that started the Potlatch Electric Company in Kendrick and had it, he persuaded me, I'd worked for him before helped him with line work, he persuaded me to help him out for awhile, and which I did. Then after awhile he told me, he says that fellow that's working for him wants to go someplace else because he couldn't do any line work. He was a graduate and knew his stuff but he couldn't get up the pole. He just couldn't make it. And he wanted me to take it and so I told him I'd take it temporarily. But anyway he went on and I worked for him then. And in 1927 they decided to build up to Bovill and I had charge of a crew of fifteen men there with none of them linemen, all green men. We would build a line up into Bovill and put power in there. And just the time we got near Bovill it was sold to Washington Water Power Company and so I was with the local representative here at Kendrick, taking care of Kendrick, Juliaetta, and Troy first when Wilmot had it. Then built into Bovill. After that we come down here, come back here...Lets back

up a little...it sold in 1927 to the Washington Power Company.

ROB: The man who owned it before that was named Wilmot?

HS: Yes, Wilmot had this Potlatch Electric Company that was started in 1915, and I worked for him before, and then I worked for him, but when he sold to the Washington Water Company they started and made a District office in Kendrick. Served Juliaetta, Bovill, Deary, and Troy out of the office here while before when Wilmot had it until they built this line there was Troy, Juliaetta and Kendrick served out of here, out of this office. Then they put in a local office at Bovill. When we got through in the fall of after it was sold, why most was local men, they were through except about three or four, three or two of us, and we were transferred down to ah Kendrick. Come back to Kendrick, brought our line truck down, which is the first one that that electric company owned, Potlatch Electric Company. It was an old model T Ford with a Ruxtel axle in it, and the roads was dirt.

(End of Side B)

HS: When I first started to work for the telephone, this Carl Porter, the nephew of R. H. Porter, and I was sent up here to Kendrick to take a telephone out of the saloon, and take it up about six or seven blocks on the hillside and install it in the residence. We had one horse and buggy. We came and got the telephone and put it in the back of the buggy and drove up on the hill up there. And we were stringing our wire to the house and this fellow, the saloon keeper, whose name was Terry, he was a rather heavy set fellow. He come up that hill and he was just all out of breath and just looked awful worried and just about scared us to death. We just wondered what we did down there that we were going to catch it. And he come up and he wanted to know where we had that telephone. We told him it was back in the buggy. He didn't

say a word and he went there and opened the battery box and took out his daily receipts. (laugh laugh) So we noticed he felt a lot better and I know we sure did. We sure was relieved. Another time, there those days there wasn't too many people who'd have a phone. There'd be one phone in a certain block and it would get so the neighbors would go and visit and want to use the phone. Then the person who had the phone would want us to stop these calls, but they didn't want to be involved. They didn't wanta, they beins friends. Which then was a five cent charge put on all the calls. And then the operator would call back after the people hung up and tell them that was a five cent call. But I don't think as far as the company, we never collected them just let the people have them. But some of em, they griped about that and they wasn't going to pay the five cents, and some of the business people. But the one that I always think about is, there were two traveling salesmen that come in to Kendrick every week from Lewiston. There was two wholesale houses down there and these traveling men, one week they would hire an automobile and it would take em up to Southwick, Leland, Cameron, Cavendish, Tikon. They called it around the horn and back again. They'd both travel together and split the expense. The other week they would come up on the train and they'd just call up there, different ones. Of course, there was just one line to Southwick. Well, this one fellow he would go to the hotel and get the hotel man to get the different places on the line, and then he'd switch to him. While the other fellow would go to the telephone office and after he was through, he'd give em a fifty cent tip and pay his five cents. And so naturally when these two fellows come up, each one took out from that train just as fast as he could go, one for the hotel...but the operators knew that this other one was coming, the one at the hotel was first alright but they told

him the line was busy. (laugh) And this other fellow got in first all the time. (laugh laugh) They got their four bits, and the other fellow thought he was getting off cheap up there by saving his four bits, but he was second all the way around. (laugh laugh) So it seems that it was a hard proposition in those days, but nowadays pretty near everybody has their phones. But it used to be hard on the ones that have them. The neighbors would get em out. I remember people here that would call from the country, and call a person that had a phone at five o'clock in the morning and ask them if they wouldn't go to get somebody else to the phone. They're friends of theirs and they'd have to get up and dress to go do that, that time in the morning. Well it don't take long til people get tired of that and they say, well unless they do different in there we want our phone taken out. (cough) Did I say where I went to California did I?

ROB: Yes you did. How did it work around here when the...

HS: What?

ROB: How did things work around here when you had the switchboard type operator that had to connect? Were there ever any problems with that?

HS: There was just the plugs to plug in, and the operator just had to listen to see who it was.

ROB: Could the operator always understand what they meant?

HS: She generally knew. The operator when she was on, pretty soon knew practically all by their voice. As I have in this article here, you know, this one women that called and she wanted Newt Heath. This operator, she should have given the number but the operator she knew it, and they'd usually ring em for em, so she rang a dentist because she thought if she needed new teeth why she oughta see the dentist. Same way, this fellow Mr. Heath he still lives over there.

ROB: His name is Newt Heath?

HS: He's pretty well up in years, but a very nice family of them over there, and they have telephone service, and have had ever since then. They still do, I guess. I'd say the oldest one we have on, because he was on when Porter still had it already. But he's an oldtimers...

ROB: Did things like that happen very often? Like new teeth?

HS: No, there was only one that happened. This other one was about Annie Wien. The Lewiston operator called and she (said) the lady down there keeps calling in and asks why she can't get any wine in Kendrick. And she says "Actually I think she's had too much already." (laugh) But she asked the operator, she says "I'm gonna let you talk to her." So she put her on with the operator. Well, this operator recognized who she was right away. Her daughter's name was Annie Wien, and so she rang her for her. (laugh) But any wine, Annie Wien, in Kendrick. She was a German women up here, a dandy bunch of people there. I don't even know whether she drank any wine or not.

ROB: But the operator thought she'd had too much already?

HS: Yes but the operator thought being she wanted some more wine and kept insisting on it, she thought that something was wrong someplace. (laugh)

ROB: Well when when you were stringing the line out to Bovill did many unusual things or odd things happen? Was it difficult job or did things go pretty smoothly?

HS: Well there was a few things that happened. It was a very wet year and it rained a lot. The soil up between Troy and Deary up in there was hard clay and the holes that were dug was half full of water. And a band of sheep came through one time and when we went to work Monday morning we must have pulled a half a dozen sheep out of the holes. In some holes there were two sheep. Most of them was alive and we give them to the

farmer boys up there and they were tickled. We didn't know whose they were or anything. We told them if anyone came back and called for them they'd have to give them up, but they never give them up. I remember that there was a boy in Deary, he was around all the time we was working. I offered him fifty cents a day if he'd dip the water out of those holes as we went. I tied a can on the end of an anchor rod, and he'd have to dip down. And he dipped the holes out and he felt like he was doing all-right, too.

ROB: How deep were the holes?

HS: About four, four and half feet. We had a negro that lives up there in our gang. He was just one the regular bunch. They all knew him, and I guess they went to school together. They lived at Deary and he was just one of the bunch there. But he was kind of comical. I know that sometime we'd lift or push pretty heavy on a pole and he'd say, "boy" he says "I got black in my face when I lifted on that thing" (laugh laugh) and sometime when we'd wash "it ain't no use me washing." But he was was kind of a clown. Dandy fellow and a good worker. There was one afternoon, one day I let a bunch of the men go ahead, all but Tony and I. We'd climb poles and tie the wires in on the insulators, and I sent the other crew into Bovill to do somework in there. They took off with this truck and went up to Clarkia where they could get some booze, and they got pretty well lit up. When they come back they didn't have the Negro on anymore, so they had to drive back and find him. They lost him, they lost him on the way. I remember when they got back they had a deputy sheriff up there, and they had a showhouse up there. He said they was up there and he says "Gosh we got to have electricity in here" but he says "if they ever do that again" he says "I'll have to put em up." (laugh) But I didn't let em have the truck anymore so that didn't happen

anymore.

ROB: Well couldn't they get anything to drink in Bovill?

HS: What?

ROB: Why did they go all the way to Clarkia? Why couldn't they get anything in Bovill?

HS: There was nothing, it was dry then. Clarkia was open, and from here they used to go to Uniontown at times or down to Asotin, Washington.

ROB: Was it a thing each each town could vote on?

HS: I don't know just exactly how that was but it must have been, because they was both lumbering towns. But ah someway they went to Bovill to get this stuff...

ROB: They went to Clarkia?

HS: Clarkia yeh, that was in 1927 so uh...

ROB: Well, did the work proceed pretty regularly? Did you get the the line finished in the time you thought it would take you?

HS: We got the line into Deary, we got Deary in July. We got to Bovill within a few months, but then with five men of us we rebuilt the town of Bovill. We worked in there until the weather got bad, and we had it pretty well taken care of by that time. We was transferred back to bring the truck, Tony and I, down to Kendrick. It was all dirt roads, and snow on it and wet. We took off up there early in the morning, and I have some pictures of where we're prying on it to get it out of the mud holes, and we got down here by evening. But we had quite a time coming through there. I don't think there was a car, I believe we met a few fellows on horseback or something. I tell you wasn't nobody traveling. Oh, and another thing happened afterwards. It was about that time, just a little afterwards, I had charge of Juliaetta, Kendrick, Deary, and Bovill. They sent me a man down from Moscow out of the University, that

they'd hired to help me do some work down here. I needed some work here and up at Deary and Bovill. So we went up to Bovill and Deary and we put in ground-rods. This man was George Brunzell. We drove em with a step ladder first and a sledge hammer, and then I went to a blacksmith here and I had a digger made like they use now to drive rods with, and he thought that was really the thing. And it was. Then here later years at a Trailblazer meeting, I still had this old driver, and I took it up to Spokane and presented it to Brunzell as the first instrument that he run for the Washington Water Power company.

ROB: He later became the president of the Washington Water Power?

HS: What?

ROB: He later became the president of the Washington Water Power?

HS: He was president here until just about a year ago. Often at gatherings (he would) point on me as his first employer, first man he worked for. He tells about driving these ground-rods. And he says the ground was hardpan up there, and sometimes we'd count and we'd get that rod down about an inch on thirty-six licks. We take turns-about. He tells all about how hard it was, and he says you couldn't tell what it would do. He said one time he was taking his rest while I was driving it, he was sitting on a bank, and he said the blame thing came right up under him. (laugh laugh) Course it wasn't that bad, but it made it a good story. He always enjoyed telling that.

ROB: Well how deep would you have to drive em?

HS: They were eight foot rods.

ROB: Drive them all the down?

HS: Yeh, umhuh.

ROB: (whistles)

HS: Yeh, and then this one I made, you see, was like they got now. Piece

of pipe with a pretty heavy weight on top. Push that up and down, and the weight would be up above. You could stand on the ground. But hitting it with the sledge hammer and then the fellow holding it, that was... well, it wasn't only that but neither one of us was too extra good on the sledge, you know. If you missed it and the other fellow's knuckles down below. He mentions in here how he hated to see that knuckle buster, well that's really what kept from getting his knuckles busted. It was just the other way, but then they got it switched around.

ROB: Were the people in Bovill pretty happy to see you when you came in with power for em?

HS: What?

ROB: Were the people in Bovill pretty happy to see you when you came in with power for em?

HS: Oh yes, to get their power. Yes, they was really tickled. They had a steam plant there that give em evening service. They had got it from a brick yard, as near as I understand, at Deary. There was gonna be a brick yard and it didn't materialize or something. But they had a fifty-five horsepower engine driving (I don't remember just what size generator it was) had a hundred fifty-five horsepower engine (that's right) driving I believe it was a fifty kilowatt generator with a fifty-five horsepower engine. No it with forty horsepower boiler. Furnished steam with a forty horsepower boiler, that's what they had there. Fellow by the name Hubert Hall was running it and he shut it down about midnight. So when we got the power in there we hooked up one transformer back in one place and we connected three street lights that were on his plant. We connected them on this transformer and after he turned his on, we watched and about the same time we turned these on. And when he closed down at night and went outside there, why all the lights weren't

out. He thought that was quite a joke on him. He couldn't figure out what happened. He went back in and thought maybe something didn't stop or something. (laugh)

ROB: But he didn't know that you had...

HS: No, he didn't know it. He didn't know that we done that. We just done it just to see what he'd do. (laugh laugh) Why then when we got to Kendrick here there was quite a few of us here. But in those days there was so many different things: the meter reading, and house wiring, and ah appliance repairing, selling, demonstrating, (company sold appliances, ranges and stuff), and collecting and just whatever happened to be. Trouble-shooting. When anyone bought an electric range we would disconnect, stop the meter for ten days on em, so they could experiment with it. Somebody go out and demonstrate and show em how to work it. Then at times our wives were involved. Some woman would have to go out. Generally it was some switch that they didn't turn on or something they didn't do right. And ah...also had cooking school and our wives would usually go out and help with it. It was kind of a jack-of-all-trades from line building, selling, and collecting, meter reading. But after it was here a few years they moved the office to Troy and I was left here as local representative. I took care of Juliaetta and Kendrick for a while, and then as the war came on they took out of the Troy office and Troy was served out of Moscow, and Deary and Bovill were transferred down to me again. I had those on top of these other two, with help out of Moscow if I needed it. Until '48, Elk River had been served by the lumber company since 1906. But when the saw mill lumber company quit, they also served the town. They built a line to Bovill and bought wholesale from the Washington Water Power Company. But in 1948 the Washington Water Power took it over so that added that on to this out of

here. At the present time the man here takes care of Juliaetta, Kendrick, Deary, Bovill and Elk River. He takes a couple of trips a week up to Elk River, fifty miles and back, and just takes care of the moves, and trouble and whatever happens to be, and looks over the lines. It was pretty hard and tough sometimes, but then in those days fellows was younger and we enjoyed it. Being up there on snowshoes, sometimes all night hunting for trouble. Other people, some of them felt sorry for us being out all night like that and everything else and I just always think we do pretty good. I'd ask if they go hunting. They usually do. I says "don't you go up there in the same mountains?" "Yes." I says "do you always get what you're after? Do you climb around too?" "No, not always." But I says "look at the difference we got. We go up there and we know what we're going to find. We're going to find what we're after, and the longer it takes us to find it the more money we get." I said "now don't that beat hunting all to pieces." (laugh laugh) Going up there. Well sometimes be midnight, something happen up at Bovill. In the winter time they'd get too much load on a transformer and burn transformers out. I'd go up and check them out. Sometimes it was twenty or forty degrees below zero. If the transformer was burned out, call Pullman and have the crew bring out a new transformer. They'd come right out, and before morning they'd have service again. Most of them had oil burners in the house, but when it got cold it wasn't enough so they'd open the oven door and turn all the burners on, and it just put too much load on all the houses when they started to have ranges and they pour it on. But it's a whole lot different now that they got transformers with capacity enough. There isn't much worry about not taking it. But those days they had to watch an awful lot just when they put some load on as to whether it was going to hold it or not.

ROB: When you put the lines out to the farms on the ridges did the farmers

generally use very much electricity?

HS: No. (We installed them) first in 19 and 15 and 16. Actually Wilmot's son-in-law came here and put in two diesel engines and served Troy and Kendrick both. And halfway between here and Troy they put on the Frank May place up there, and then they went the other way past and they put on I believe it was George Smith out of Troy. That was in 1916 and they didn't use enough so it paid to have a transformer kept again and everything else. So in 1925 Wilmot told me (I was kind of after him about building out to some people that had asked me about it on the ridges up here, about building lines, making some kind of a deal up here on American Ridge. They wanted some lights.) "He said "I'll tell you what to do. If they buy the transformer and build a line, you go up there and help em. If you can get five of em up there to take it, I'll serve them and give em the same rate they got here in town." So the first fellow I went to was the furthest off. Yes he said, he'll buy a thousand dollars worth of equipment, motors and stuff. The next one I went to they says "well, we just rent here, how about wiring the house." He says "how about wiring the house. We just rent here from year to year and we wouldn't hardly feel like wiring the house, but can you get the landlord to wire the house." I asked the landlord. He said "I wouldn't be interested because I wouldn't get anymore rent" and so that was out. The next fellow, well he had a carbide plant and it was still working. And it dwindled down to three, and that is Walter Bingham (he had his own light plant first) and Ira Haven and ah Frank Benscoter, they didn't have anything. We wired the houses, all except Bingham's, and hooked them on up there. The following year (I still have the records, the ledgers, I looked it up here) there's one of them that hit 20 kilowatts and the other one didn't use ten, and the

other one went about 15...

ROB: That's in a month?

HS: A month. Now that is a minimum of a dollar and a half...

ROB: Oh, for fifteen?

HS: No, ten was a minimum of a dollar and a half. (Fifteen) brought it up to about two and a quarter. But they was below that. There's one of the places that we had put in seventy-five watt lamps, and the lady was tickled. When her husband came home he took them to town and traded them all off for I believe it was twenty-fives. (laugh laugh) That kept theirs down. It just wasn't a paying proposition in '25, but things started to come then...

(End of Side C)

ROB: What were the different jobs that the men did on the thrashing crew?

HS: Well, when we first started out, they used to come down off the ridge. Martin Thomas had a thrashing machine, a horse power machine. From this horse power equipment, the tumbling rod went to the thrashing machine and run the machine. My brother in those days was young and he was always around the machine and working. And a few years later he got a job going out and help oil on the thrashing machine.

ROB: What did the oiler do?

HS: He'd oil the whole machine. That is, see if any bearings got hot and at noon when it stood still oil all the bearings, and just keep it in shape. But he was also real interested in just the running of it and seemed to catch on awful easy about it. And so this fellow, the machine operator that run it, he'd see that Otto got on as oiler. So it helped him out too. So he started that way. Then later on I'd come in too and went out and pitched bundles. Those days we got two dollars and twenty-five cents an hour and started...

ROB: An hour or a day?

HS: A day, yes that's right. And get up early in the morning and get water out of the barrel and wash and have breakfast, and usually started out at 6 o'clock and maybe even before. Then in mid forenoon they'd come out with a lunch, they'd stop about 5 or 10 minutes. Then at noon hour had another lunch. And thrash til it kinda gets dark, then go in and have feed and go to bed. Except I remember one time that I was out hauling bundle, and a straw stack caught afire. And they moved the machine over kinda on a sloping slope, they moved it over on the other side of the valley and set up. It didn't take em long and it was going again. They had to let the fire burn down on the straw stack, they had it surrounded. Well, it lighted up the machine so I think we thrash til 9 or 10 o'clock that night cause we had light. (laugh) Later on, why I would usually go out and help on the separator or something like that. And while I went out to pitch bundles, and sometimes I had a team out and haul bundles. Another time I bucked straw and I was hauling the straw to the engine cause it burnt straw. And then also when I'd catch up with the straw I'd usually help the fireman, relieve him. Cause we'd have to punch straw in with a fork, just keep pushing it in as fast as it would burn. If the steam went down you just pushed it in a little faster and if the steam got up why you'd slow down a little. And that's about the way it went.

ROB: Did they start the fire with straw too?

HS: They what?

ROB: Did they start the fire with straw too?

HS: Yeh, they just started the fire right out. That was straw it was and later some of them burned coal, but most of them burned straw those days. But they'd burn coal or wood when they was moving from one place to another. And then they'd usually burn coal or wood.

ROB: Well, the strawbuck would help the fire man out?

HS: The strawbuck, wasn't really his job but he'd generally do cause the fireman was held pretty steady there just to keep that going. A strawbuck if it wasn't pulling too heavy, or had good burning straw or something, why he didn't need as much straw. And he had a little time in-between. He usually sometime help the fireman out, and let the fireman go get him a drink or one thing or another, and even for the fun of it. Just seemed like it felt right to do. The first machine I remember, the horsepower machine they had, it didn't blow the straw out like they do now. There was a draper...

ROB: This is combine you're talking about?

HS: No, a thrashing machine.

ROB: A horsepower thrashing machine?

HS: A thrashing machine. The horses went round and round and this machine had a draper which carried the straw out a ways, and they had one or two men on the straw pile to make a strawstack. Also to feed these bundles, they laid there and I think there's one man on each side with a knife, and he cut the bands on the bundles and stuck em in head first and spread em out. Stuck em in carefully so they went through even, because it was kinda smaller setup those days. Then they come out later with a knife that cut the bands and they just threw em down in there. And later they come out with a blower on it and blew the straw out, after they got to using steam engines on em. And most of em got to be steam engines and later some of em went to gasoline. I think some of em burned diesel but I'm not too sure. They didn't call it diesel, they called it distillate or something a little different. I guess at that...

ROB: Well after the grain went through the thrashing machine, what happened to it then?

HS: Well, there was a spout that come down first, and hook a sack on it.

It switch then to two spouts, and they can switch from one sack holder to another. There'd be a sack put on the spout and that would be filling while they put a new sack on the other spout. Towards the last they had the bigger machines and they thrashed faster, they also had what they call two sack sewers and a jig. The sack sewers usually sew up two sacks and put em down and go back a little ways, and that's what they'd sit on. Then the jig would put a sack, to start out with, he would put a sack on each one of the fillers and he'd let one of them fill, and just as soon as that one got full enough he'd jig it down and carry it over it to one of the sack sewers.

ROB: What was jiggling it down?

HS: Just to settle it down and get it about the right full. So if he spilled any, if he had too much in there he'd scoop it out on the ground under him, when they'd clean up it would be there where he was. Then he'd carry that sack 5 or 10 feet to wherever the sack sewers were. And they'd sit there and he'd set it between their knees and they'd kinda of get their knees around it and they'd sew it up. And then they'd bounce it up on the knees and get up and put it on the sack pile. Carry it off 10, or 15, 20 feet to wherever they started the sack pile. And this jig, when one sack would get got full he'd have an empty sack on the other place where it come out. He'd switch so it would put the grain into that sack. While he'd jig this one down and carry it over to the sack sewers, then put another new sack on it. By that time the other sack was about full. He'd jig that down, carry it over to the other sack sewer, and put another empty sack on it. And that went back and forth.

ROB: He never got much of a pause then either.

HS: What?

ROB: He never got much of a rest either.

HS: No, they never got any rest unless something broke down or something.

Sometimes something like that would help out a little but...

ROB: Was the oiler always busy, too? Was he kept busy just oiling?

HS: It seemed like the oiler and the separator tender, they was just mostly always watching and see if something was needed. Sometime they'd have a bearing that'd start to heat or something, he'd oil that occasionally oftener. Just kinda look over the thing. And usually in the noon hour they'd go through it and oil it completely again, and if any thing needed adjusting or something like that they'd adjust it up again and try to get it going in the afternoon again. Then they'd have lunch in the fore noon. But first they used to, there at our place when we had the thrashers there when I was smaller, my mother always had to cook for em and boarded em. They usually went home in the evening. There's quite a crew. And those days if a person really thinks about it, a hot stove in the kitchen you know, and then in the dining room all the tables around and people eating there, you could imagine how warm it would be there. It was really warm. They had an hour noon and they'd try to eat as fast as they could and get out and cool off enough, and then get out and go to work again. But later they got the cookhouses up on the ridges, and there was always two cooks. They'd have their lunch and meals there at the cookhouse, they had what they called a flunky. He was a roustabout and he'd get the food and get whatever they needed, water and things like that. Then they also had a waterbuck that had a tank, and he'd haul water for the engines and keep it agoing. It took quite a few people to run an outfit after they had one the size of the equipment.

ROB: How long would it take them to build up steam again in the morning before they could get started?

HS: Oh, it's kinda a guess. I don't know, I've never started a thrashing machine. But we'd run a tramway and had something practically similar to it. We could get up steam in twenty twenty-five minutes with kindlin and wood and fuel, but I wouldn't exactly know what it did take in the thrashing machine. I would say half hour or forty-five minutes, but that would be more or less of a guess.

ROB: Did the fireman get out earlier than everybody else and get working?

HS: I guess. Well, some of them had a watchman at night and I think he started the fire. Now I might be wrong on that, but I kinda believe that they did. They'd have somebody that looked around and done different things that had to be done through the night so they could get started in the morning.

ROB: Was he watching for fires or what?

HS: I'm not sure but whether they used some wood or coal and put in there to hold the fire over night, or whether they started it new in the morning. But it seemed like they was always ready to go when we was pitching bundles. We never got a chance to...(laugh) It was always ready to go.

ROB: Until when were the thrashing machines coming down here?

HS: What was that?

ROB: Until about what year were you working with thrashing machines instead of combines?

HS: Well I remember we got a picture on our home place where Martin Thomas come down. And this picture was taken I believe it was in 1895. And that was a horse power rig. It used to be on American Ridge. I believe that was the only one on the end of the ridge that used to come down there. Then about 1910 I believe it was, I think Otto started to go up. 08, 1907 or 08 that was, oiling. And 1910 or 11 I would either go out and pitch

bundles or go out and haul bundles. Bucked straw for a number of years and then when that wound up, maybe even before, we'd run the tramway. Just as soon as they started to haul towards the warehouse, we'd go and take care of the warehouse and run the tramway. And that's when we kinda quit the thrashing there and went to the tramping business. We handled it after they had it in the sacks.

ROB: Were there any serious accidents with that tramway? Did it ever get away?

HS: No, it got away before my times. Mother said that it got away, someway. The upper end of it it went up the hill and it came in more on a flat. It seems as though when they stopped it the car someway...I've heard different stories. I've heard that they had the lower one unhooked and they couldn't hold it, and I've heard that they backed it up someway and that car put slack in the cable and unhooked and took off. But mother said that she was hanging out clothes and she heard a noise and all she could see on the side-hill over there was a bunch of dust. And it seemed like this car went on down and there was...

ROB: Was it a empty car or a full car?

HS: This was full. It was steep and at the bottom of this steep pitch there was a bench that went out a little ways. And it seems as though when it hit that bench, they tell me that it took right straight out and left the track. Went out in space and just scattered everything there was down over the hillside there. And that part now whether...my idea is more or less it just got away from them. I don't know why they unhooked it or just didn't have any safety hooks on it or something, and it got away anyway. Or else if it was that they didn't fasten the lower one, why then of course just the cable itself would come up instead of the car on it. But they tell me when they first started out they used a block and tackle, and I believe a

horse, and pulled the top car out off this level place until it got to the front of the hill, and the loaded car would bring an empty one up. But that didn't prove out very good. Then they put in this steam engine, it had a twin cylinder engine with two drums. The cable would come up and keep going back and forth. They'd go back under and go around the back drum, and then go around the front one, back to the back one, around the front one, and back and forth about a dozen times or so until it went back out again. Then they had band brakes on it, and the engine could be turned on or off. Whenever the load got out to the front of the hill they could uncouple the engine and just hold it with the brake and let it coast down. And they'd jump the track once in awhile, but otherwise in my time...there was one time before, a car come down and bump something out and some timbers fell on somebody and hurt him I remember, one time. But otherwise the cars was fixed so they wouldn't hardly get off the cable, and if they did get into the brush at the top what we usually had to do is fire up and get a little more steam. But they had engine enough there to pull a car right back out of the brush, back up again. And they'd pull it up aways and work it back on the rails and sometimes they'd even have to unload it to get it on. Then put it on there. It was quite a tram there. After the trucks come in, why then the people quit hauling to the tramway and more hauled down over the hill. It wasn't taken care of, and I think it was 1917 or 18 it was taken and sold for scrap. It was taken down. A funny incident happened there. I wasn't here at that time, but they took the rails all loose, pulled the spikes out. It was iron rails, just like the railroad rails but a small size. They some way had a block, and tackle on the lower end, and they was going to pull it down one length at a time. They couldn't get it to go someway or something, I don't know whether they didn't have the tail end up there tied, but it broke loose. When it did get started,

the rail just started on coming and just doubled around on the side hill over there. One fellow that was up on the sidehill helping along to get it started, he said he took behind a tree. He said the rails would come on both sides on there and they'd double up around the tree and everything else. Brother's got a picture of a rod...right at the time being there's a rail sticking in a tree up there, that the end of the rail went into that tree I don't know how far. It had taken apart where the coupling was and there was about 2 or 3 feet sticking out of that tree now, in that tree where that went in there. We used to like to run that tramway, it was quite a job. Nowadays they work it entirely different. We lived just across from the warehouse. Take us about ten minutes on the bicycle to get over to the lower warehouse, and walk up the tram and get steam up by seven o'clock. We'd usually leave the house at six o'clock and get over to the warehouse at ten minutes after six and walk up over the hill to the top in about twenty minutes. We'd be up there at half past. Start a fire in the boiler and load the first car out. And then whatever help you had, either one or two men, they'd come up on the first tram then. But the first tram always run just practically at seven o'clock. And then at night the help rode down on the last tram. And then the fellow had to walk down to get down. Those days why we didn't have automobiles; the last year we run we had motorcycles, but it didn't even dawn on us to ride a motorcycle around. We just took up the track and made our money. We made thirty cents an hour, three dollars a day. That was good money those days. But on going down there was days that we didn't run the tram, but just went up to the upper warehouse to receive grain when the farmers brought it in. So it dawned on me that I could make a rig and ride down. I took some 4 x 4's, tore them off the warehouse up there in different places, and put them on the rail lengthwise about three or four feet long. Nailed a 1 x 4 or something on the inside for a flange, nailed a board

across the back for a seat, and nailed two 2 x 6's across the front with a space inbetween em so it made a sled that fit on the track. Couldn't jump off. Then take it out to the front of the hill and bent a piece of rod like a letter S and hook it between the space between the two front timbers. Put a pipe and hook it around the cable, around underneath there was always a cable laid between one track or the other, and then use the pipe on top and lifted this cable up underneath. I'd use that for a brake. And so that worked fine. So everytime there was any slack and I didn't have one of those jiggers up there, everytime we had to go up and receive grain, we'd make another one. By the time we got through we had five or six of em. And then whenever the first tram run we loaded them all up and haul them all back again. And there was quite an incident that happened there one time. E. W. Porter owned this warehouse (also the banker). There was a circus coming to town in the afternoon and school was out I guess that day, and Porter told us (it seemed like all the farmers was coming down to the circus) that we didn't have to tram that afternoon if we trammed in the forenoon. Why if it was alright with the farmers up there, if they wasn't gonna haul, we'll talk to over with them, why we could go to the circus. So this boy Marion Porter, he was a young fellow, he wanted to ride down with me. He says "I'd like a ride down with you when you go down on one." We called em go-devils. So he stayed up there when we run the last tram. We took it out to the front of the hill and we got on it. The first place is steep. It starts out steep and there's this bench down below, and as we started down this steep place I tried to slow it down and this rod we had bent in the letter S started to straighten out. And so I told him I says "now it don't make any difference how fast we go when we hit that bench we're going to have to get off, but I'll slow it down the best I can." And so I told him "when I say go why you get off on your side, you get ready, and I'll get off over here." And so we got down there and I got

it slowed down pretty well but still going. "Get off" and he got off on one side and I got off on the other. We bumped a little bit to ourselves but not hurt anything. But I could still hear him when it went down there and the dust was flying, he said "gee aren't you glad we aren't on it now." And it went right down there and knocked onto the bumper and knocked the bumper right into the lower car. Just hit the end of it and it smashed itself all to pieces down there. We had to walk down the rest of the way. After that whenever we rode double we always took two of em. And tied em together and instead of using a hook we put wire around it. Wrap a bunch of wire. But that would always sing. You could hear it all over the valley when you come down, you could hear that thing sing. Just singing away, the wire sliding over the cable. We had a lot of fun out of it too.

ROB: Wasn't there a series of pretty bad train wrecks around here?

HS: On, train wrecks. Yes there was a train wreck when they was building I believe it was a line that runs up the Clearwater, to Stites. I believe that was the one. They was hauling rails down for it. They was up at Troy and I've heard different stories. They say that they didn't want to take a chance of going down, it was frosty and one thing or another. But any way they was ordered to go down with the rails and they came down and couldn't hold it. And as they got down towards up around Kendrick up here, the conductor cut the caboose loose, and held and saved himself and another fellow. The rest of it kept on going. They went and derailed right up into the upper end of Kendrick here, and went into Potlatch Creek. I think there was two or three of them, engineers, both of the engineers and fireman I believe it was (I've got more accurate data of it someplace) was killed. Then they had one or two hearings, trials. This fellow cut himself loose with the caboose, and it seems as though he got canned because they figured if he would have kept that caboose on it would help hold the tail end back,

and it would have alright too. But it was quite a mess. I can just remember going up and see the engines laying in there. It's just been a few years ago there's just still a rail...they were working in that creek and there's just still a rail down in there which was down in there. I've got a picture of that. I've also got the story of this wreck, also of the trial.

ROB: Didn't Kendrick have quite a problem in the early days with fires, floods and stuff like that?

HS: Well it seemed like it didn't have near as much trouble with fires as they had later on, cause it didn't have any equipment that set anything a fire much. It was only smoking was the only thing. And it seemed like those days that more smoked a pipe or something or cigar, and smoke it not at work time. But there wasn't as much that it did catch. It seemed like the only trouble they had would be a straw stack catch a fire or something like that. But later on now, with these trucks and one thing and another, the exhaust I think that's where they catch it. It throws out some spark, or soot would accumulate and then a hot one would go out into the dry grass and set it a fire. But now the hardest of it was pulling the machine from one place to another. On account of ditches and up hill and one thing and another they'd hook it up and pull it with the engines. But they had to cross...I remember they brought in a new machine one time in Juliaetta and they was going to thrash our home place down there first. That was about 1912 or so, I'd say 11 or 12, and unloaded it down there at Juliaetta. Then they couldn't go across the bridges with it, they had to kinda make a road alongside and hold the front of the engine up so it was down, so it didn't rear up over the bank. It was quite a chore to cross ditches like that, get from one place to another. It was alright in the fields when they could go from one field to another, but if they had to go further

it was kinda hard to get anyone down to where we were some years. Why you always tried to find out ahead of time whether we'd be able to get anyone to thrash, and if we didn't we'd just have to thrash the hay down in a place hard to get at. But it used to be about noon you'd hear the whistles blow, three or four of em around the thrashing machines...

(End of Side A)

ROB: There were quite a few floods here in the early days weren't there?

HS: Yes it used to be that we'd earn a few dollars once in awhile when we got bigger, when they'd have some floods or washouts. Expecially on one in 1911 I remember down there they had a cloud burst that covered up the tracks, and they run the trains in on each side, the passenger trains. Transferred and carried everything from one side to the other. You used to get a job helping doing that. Then they had it shoveled out so the trains could get through and it seemed like high water would come up in the gulch and it would cover the tracks up every so often and we'd be called out to help shovel em out. And so we got pretty good pay. We didn't mind when they did get covered up. And that place for awhile there seemed to bother. But in earlier years I could remember about 1900 or 1901, there was two washouts there. One of the years there's a work train came down with a cookhouse and some sleeping cars which they just had fixed up, and the caboose and a car or two with the tools and hand cars. They was going down below Juliaetta. But as they got this side of Juliaetta there on middle Potlatch creek, that bridge had washed out so they couldn't go any further. So they was going to go back to Kendrick but by that time it had washed the track out just about a quarter of a mile behind em. And they couldn't get it back. So in the evening there was, I don't know how many of em, but there was a lady cook and her husband came up to our place. And there's some others that needed sleep for the night, they came up and slept in

the barn. And this other stayed down and watched to see what's going and run what they had left. First it took the caboose, then took the cars in one after the other during the night. They'd run that engine ahead and just keep it, and they saved it and I think one car or two. The rest of it went down and it took a railroad bridge out a little further. It went to the tramway and that gave em still more. And that went down and took the bridge out at Juliaetta there by the depot. On this set-up there was a caboose and a couple cars over across the creek, about where the tramway was just a little below where it went in. One or two had gone in and landed down below Juliaetta, hung up on a place down there. And then later they came down with equipment and pulled them over and put em back on the tracks again, got em out. We used to go over there and play in that caboose. It was sitting there kinda in a sand pile leaning towards one side. You went in kinda made you feel dizzy and kinda goofy. But we should have bought that caboose because I went places and they showed me where water would run up hill, and the ball would roll up hill. But that's what it did in that caboose. We used to go in there because it sure made you think...the optical illusion there made you think that the stuff rolled up hill. So we should have bought that caboose and put a sign there, and we would have had something. But anyway they took it out. I still remember the name of the people. Neff was the name of the cook and his wife. They seem to be nice people someway. I just remembered their name. And I believe it was the next year or either the year before or the year afterwards, one was 1900 I think and one 1901. Heimgartners came to Juliaetta to locate. They came on a train, but when they got to Troy the tracks had washed out to Kendrick and they couldn't get any further. It was muddy in the wintertime, spring time I think it was. So they hired two livery rigs, two hacks, to bring the trunks and stuff. I think there was eight in their family at the time. And they

brought them down on the muddy roads and they couldn't get to Juliaetta because the bridge had washed out on Middle Potlatch there. So we was the first place located on the other side that looked like it was able to put up a few of 'em, so they stopped and come back that far. The folks made room for 'em some way, and unloaded their stuff there and the livery rigs went on back. They stayed a couple, three days til some way fixed so they could get across the creek down there. Made it out all right. Some of them slept in the barn. They often mentioned about it, how they got there and stayed there and remembered the place. So that's two (washouts). Then they had another washout, later years. I've got some pictures of washouts below Juliaetta, down about four miles where it took out track. It was all laying in the creek for about a couple hundred yards. And down below Juliaetta where the water's over the rails. And up here at the depot where the water was where you couldn't see any ties, just the top of the rails stuck out. But it always would do damage someplace along. There wouldn't be any trains for a couple, three days. 1927 I had a wet snow up in the Bovill country, I believe it was Thanksgiving Day, and it rained into it and the wind came into it and it all came down through here. It washed the track out just below the Juliaetta Depot and a work train went down. The engine rolled in and one or two cars I think with it. And also year or two later, first of April I had a flood that went over the tracks. Washed out different places and Kendrick was isolated. They couldn't get either direction. They brought the mail up with a plane and dropped it up on a hillside here. So as far as washouts and train wrecks and something that's a kinda interesting place. Then of course there was a train wreck that they had. They was building the Stites railroad I believe it was, a Stites branch over there. They's coming down with quite a few cars of rails and iron and they had two engines on it. When they left Troy they didn't think they'd

make it, but they told them to go on. But as they got down there they couldn't hold it. And the caboose fellow, the conductor, he cut the caboose loose and he got it stopped, but the rest of the train came down just to the edge of town up here. Both engines rolled in and I don't know how many people it killed. I think it was both engineers and both fireman. I could remember seeing it laying in there. I have a picture of it too, where they've taking it out afterwards. And also they had a trial on this fellow that cut this caboose loose. He wasn't suppose to do that. If he'd left it on they figured it might have held back enough. I believe the history is that they fired him. That was one of the big ones I can remember. One morning they called up R. H. Porter down here in Juliaetta and told him that the engine had got away from 'em up at Troy and was heading down the tracks. And if it got that far they wanted him to go over there right away and put some ties on the tracks. If there's a ties a stack of ties down there across from where he lived then put 'em on someway so it would wreck that engine so it couldn't go any further. And he did that but it didn't get very far. It stopped up above here. It seemed like they dumped it on a sidetrack up there and it lost some of the wheels under the coal car or something, and it drug it back enough so it didn't get this far. Another time I remember we was coming between here and Juliaetta and a bunch of cars went by. I believe it was four cars loaded with cattle went by with a pretty good lick of speed, faster than a train usually goes. And pretty soon an engine come along awhile afterwards behind it. But seems like they went pretty careful, they wasn't going too fast. And in about a couple of hours why this engine, come back bringing those cars of cattle back up again. They got down below Arrow where it got leveler and it run into the back of a freight train. This freight train was also traveling so it was lucky. We got a lot of things when we was kids to see like that those days. Wrecks. Here not too many years ago they had,

I believe it was a snow plow that they'd tied on the back. The couplings were out or something. They tied it on the back of a freight train that went up out of Kendrick, and it got up above about a mile or little over a mile. Why, it broke loose and went on down the track. So they backed the freight train up in order to get or to catch it. Anyway the freight train then jumped the track on the corner and two or three cars of frozen food went down over the bank about a hundred feet. Of course immediately they got some refrigerated automobiles, trucks, to get the stuff out. Then later they put the cars back up on the tracks. There's usually fires along the tracks up there, used to be that the engines spark, brakes would spark and have trouble. No, the railroad had a quite a time with troubles between you might say between Arrow and just above Kendrick here. I've got some pictures where there's a track down here about four miles below Juliaetta. It must be, oh couple three hundred yards where the track is laying in the river. Underwashed it and it just settled down in. And down below Juliaetta where the water was over the railroad and over the highway, and its been quite often that we'd have no train service on account of high water. And the town here in 1901 or 02, 1901 I believe it was, that it washed across up here where that train went in someway. I've heard that it damaged a fill, some of it that held a creek back. Well anyway, the creek come through up there and came down through town and I know it left about a foot or two of mud in the store. I can just remember being up here one time with mother at McGrew's Store (it stood where the park now is) there was mud that they had to get out^d the store. And down here right at the first turn of the street down here, there was Hamlin or Hamley lived there, and Fred Crocker went in to rescue them out. They was surrounded with water. (Went in) with a team and buggy and as he came out I guess something came down and hit the buggy and also it went into a hole underneath and two of the children spilled out and they drowned. So it wasn't just washouts. I don't know, did I mention about

at Arrow they had this high water that washed out quite a stretch of track there and put it over on the other side of the creek. The whole thing, the bridge of Howard Gulch and all just undermined it all and just swung it over to the other side of the river. It was on a turn. They build a new track and filled in. Built a new track in there. We had some more high water afterwards but it wasn't really what they consider high water. But anyway it had underwashed some of this fill that they'd made right at that place, and there's a passenger train that went down at night about 10:30 or 11 o'clock. They usually had a baggage car and a mail car and two or three passenger cars. I have a picture of that too there. But they went in, the engine rolled in and the first cars they didn't uncouple, but the last ones stayed on the tracks. Some of them was halfway down. The engine was down and they never did find a fireman, his name was Skidmore I remember. I don't remember whether the engineer got out or whether he was drowned. But it was a bad wreck, it didn't materialize. Well in those railroad days it was interesting to think about the transportation, when there'd be maybe a hundred Italians on the crew. They'd have these handcars, pumpcars. They'd have maybe a couple dozen of them tied together. They'd go up and down the track on 'em singing and having a good time, just a pumping away. Instead of running them single they had them all tied together, and everybody was a pumping and pumping those things going up and down the tracks. All the railroad work was done by pump cars like that. And take above town, they couldn't pump 'em up so they'd have flat car, and when the morning passenger came up sometime between eight and nine o'clock they had a rope, and they'd put this rope around something on the back of the passenger train. When they got up to the furthest end of the job why they'd cut themselves loose. And do their work. And then all they needed to do is get on and hold the brake and come down, and then they'd coast back home again in the evenings.

But a little later on they made them stop doing that, and then they come out with the gasoline rigs and went that way. It used to take a train about a hour to go from Kendrick to Troy, eleven or twelve miles. I remember we were on a picnic about 1915, 1916 up above Kendrick a couple three miles and a passenger train came up. Had one or two cars of fruit, refrigerated fruit, on it. It would come in on a slow speed, and another boy and I would climb on these fruit cars, and we rode up the track quite ways. We saw a pushcar down there sitting on the side of the track. We got off a little further up and walked down to this pushcar. It had a hole knocked out that you could take a pole or something and put brake on one of the wheels with it. So we got it on the track and we rode down to where the picnic was on that pushcar. We used to play around on the railroad track quite a lot. When they were slow we'd go up to Clyde Spur (on our telephone work) up there about three miles above town, and we'd just get off. Most of the places we know about where the train would slow down quite a lot, and we'd always get off.

ROB: You say you used to ride the trains a lot as a kid?

HS: Yeh, we rode the train. The trains was full. It would be Fourth of July celebration, and specially between Juliaetta and Kendrick it just didn't have standing room hardly. It would be clear full. Ten cents one way or fifteen cents round trip. I've got some tickets dated 1912 yet. Someway they didn't use or take up. It used to be by train going to work, or train going to Lewiston or Spokane or someplace. (You'd) go by train. We used to come up here and roller skate I can remember in early years. Two of us or three or four of us, we'd come up here and we'd always buy a return trip ticket. We'd get 'em cheaper and they was good for a month and we always had one or two in our pocket either way. But anyway we'd go out on the back platform in the winter and they wouldn't come out to take tickets there

cause they didn't think anyone was out there, so we'd have that ticket for the next time. Well, one time I remember that there was a couple more fellows came with us and we all went out on the back platform. They went along too. And the conductor came out. These fellows thought they was gonna get the ride for nothing you know, and the conductor got out and the rest of us had tickets cause we always had one. But one fellow he didn't have a ticket, so the conductor took his hat and he told him the next morning if he'd come down there and bring his dime he'd give him the hat back. So we rustled his ten cents and paid his way. I think there was two of 'em. Well, as youngsters you know they'll always figure out something. So in order to have a little fun there was about eight or ten of us got on that train. We passed the conductor and all but two of 'em got out the back and jumped off and walked down to Juliaetta. They just wanted to see what would happen. These other two, my brother was one of 'em, wanted to see. Said they hunted all the way to Juliaetta, under the seats and everyplace else looking for where the rest of those guys were. But we was on foot going (laugh) to Juliaetta. We thought that was a pretty good joke. (Laugh.) Yep, I remember on telephone work we used to go on passenger trains down to Arrow, and then catch a passenger train up to Myrtle, up to the other side, and then walk across the hill over there. You could go up on the other side and have a team meet you on the other side of the creek about four miles below Juliaetta and come back again. Other times we'd have troubles down toward Arrow. We'd go down there and play horseshoes down there (somebody had a horseshoe set down there) until the freight train came up and we'd get on that freight train. But sometime they wouldn't stop here. Usually when they stopped to take water we could get off. But we lived at Juliaetta and we'd have to walk from Juliaetta and back. But that beat walking all the way. I remember one time where they didn't stop, but as soon as they got on the hill they slowed

down enough so we'd get off. We had a little further to walk, but still it wasn't as far as walking home from Arrow. But we used to ride that freight train back every once in awhile. Get on it. Sometimes they'd never see us, and if they did we'd tell 'em what we did. They usually just all good, even a section boss. He loaned us a speeder to use on the tracks. The little hand speeder, had rubber tires on it to go back and forth. There's a whole lot more..now they wouldn't dare to do anything like that because if something would happen why they'd sue them for the rest of what they was worth, you know. But those days everybody helped together more. There wasn't anyone like that, to take his own chances and that's the way it was. Like when we'd go up on the passenger train and tell the conductor we was just going to jump off up there, he says "be careful." And he'll usually come out when we'd jump off. The section crew would go up on the train in the wintertime and jump off into the snow someplace. They'd throw their stuff off and jump off.

ROB: When you were riding the freights did you run across any freight bums or hobos?

HS: Oh, yes there'd be hobos here most all the time. They'd come in here and get something at the back door or something on the tracks. But I always figured a hobo, the reason he was a hobo is because he wasn't a crook. He was making an honest living. Because there was guys that steal but a hobo wouldn't steal much. It always makes me think of Purley Chaney up there at Troy. Come up there on day and "well" he says "I worked pretty slick on a guy this morning." He was always dressed up in old clothes. He done plumbing and everything else. He says, "one come to my house the other day" and he says, "I saw him coming and I got outside before he could see that I came out of the house. And I just walked out and I passed him" and I says "no use trying here" he says, "no chance." So he says, "the other guy

turned around too and he walked back." (Laugh.) But there used to be quite a few on the train, they didn't bother 'em to much for awhile there. They'd be on there with their blankets, going back and forth and getting along. Cause those days each fellow took his own chance, you might say. You was more on your own. That railroad was quite an interesting thing. There was two trains, two passenger trains each way. One of 'em a day train had a dining car on it, and the night train had a sleeper on it. And they'd pass at Juliaetta or here, and if they passed at Kendrick we used to get a return trip ticket to Juliaetta and ride up on one and catch the other one back again, just for the ride. But that was one of the great pastimes on Sundays was to go meet the trains. The platform would just be full of people on Sundays when the train come in. See the train come in. See two of them there then wait for the next train and visit, and that was their visiting place. And then of course those days the mail was distributed then. You got your mail afterwards. You had mail service in those days, but now we don't have mail service anymore. (Laugh.) Yah you could get your mail everyday of the week, holidays and all.

ROB: When were the bums or hobos around most on the railroads?

HS: Oh, I don't know. I can just remember back there when times were a little tough in there, about 1905 or 06 in there. I believe quite a lot of them were riding back and forth and take different trains. Now some of us fellows, freight train go along and weren't going too fast or something, to get someplace we'd get on it. Even the passenger train. Another fellow and I one time got up here at Kendrick. Passenger train standing there. I wanted to go. Back of the cowcatcher there was kind of a platform up there. I says to the fellow "how about going up there, riding her down to Juliaetta." That's were he was going. I didn't more than say it and he was up there. I didn't back out and I went up too. And we set on that board. At Juliaetta

there was a big crowd there watching the train come in, but the headlight blinded them all. They couldn't see us, didn't anyway. We got off and walked up and down and nobody every knew we was on there. But it was kinda funny riding. It seemed when you got to a curve the blame thing wasn't going to go around the curve. The front end just kept going out over the creek. (Laughs.) But we rode it down to Juliaetta on the cowcatcher. I'll tell you those days you're more on your own. I don't know, you could take care of yourself more. For instance, you take there when I was a youngster. We had a shotgun and a twenty-two. If we wanted a few grouse or pheasant we'd go out and shoot a couple or three out there in the canyon. You didn't have any license or nothing. We'd shoot squirrels. If you wanted to go fishing you'd get your fishing poles and go down and get a few fish. You didn't need a license to do anything. For instance, even in 1920 Ed Deobald and I started a garage up here. We had the money drawer where the money was in...

(End of Side B)

Anyway money drawer in the office. We got a dollar or two and we put it in there, and when we had a little more money than we thought we oughta leave in the drawer we'd divide it out. Each one take half and put in his pocket. When we'd go over and eat at a restaurant, either one of us, why we'd just take a little money out of the drawer. We never kept track of anything. We'd haul gasoline from Pullman, we'd take a truck up there and bring down a bunch of 50 gallon barrels we had, sell out gas. The only thing we paid was taxes at the end of the year, property tax, and didn't worry about anything else. Now I look at it...that was 1920 or '21, in those 50 years there was sure a bunch added on wasn't there? I didn't need no hunting license. It come in then, but they didn't bother you. I never had any those days. I never had any fishing license. We hunted and fished and everything else.

What ever there was you just did it and that's the size of it. But any thing you do you kinda do it on your own. It's your own chances you was taking with what you're doing. Like riding a train or something like that, it's just more or less up to the chances you took.

ROB: What do you think started to change that?

HS: Well, progress I guess you might say. I think that'll about take it. It just kept getting going just a little more. You have to have this and if you're going to have the paved highway you're going to have to get some money someplace. We didn't have those, we had chuck holes in the streets up here. Ed Deobald and I, we put some signs out in the mud holes: No Duck Hunting Allowed. Just for a joke. About October, people take (their automobiles) home. Leave 'em home and put 'em up on blocks and take the battery out. He and I serviced the batteries and kept 'em charged through the wintertime. We'd have as high as 150 batteries in our shop there, just keep 'em charged. There was no cars running or anything else, but we'd overhaul some cars for people and rebuild batteries and work on cars and like that. It would usually be after Easter before it would be much going, unless it did freeze sometime and some would take the car out in winter. The sleds broke a pretty good track, but course they were narrower. Sometimes we'd go out, I know we used to go out and ride motorcycles. We used to go out in the winter and wrap a rope around for a chain and go in the snow.

ROB: Wrap a rope around the tire?

HS: Yeh, wrap a rope around a tire instead of a chain. Yeh, I had my first motorcycle in 1911. I had a Indian motorcycle. I bought it second hand. Single cyclinder it was. It had a brake in it, a coaster brake, but in order to start it you had to peddle it. So you either get on it and peddled it and kinda go downhill a little to start, or else run by the side of it. Then drop your valve, hold your valve open and twist your handle which would re-

lease the valve, and then it would start and jump on and go. And then the next one I got was a twin cylinder one. I went to Spokane and bought it. 1912 I think it was. A fellow took me outside of town up there and I come down the dusty roads. There was a piece of macadam in there around Waverly. Come through that way. But dusty up around Palouse, the roads were just dust. I think it was getting late in the fall and it just looked like it was raining right behind me. And I made it home. Got in the yard down at Juliaetta and I started up towards the house and kaplunk the thing quit right then. And I shoved a ways. It started to rain pretty soon and it wasn't no riding. But the crankshaft between the two flywheels broke on the motorcycle. I was lucky to get home after all I went through all the way there. Well I overhauled it then and didn't get to ride it until I think in the winter sometime.

ROB: Wouldn't there be a guarantee on it or something if you bought it new like that?

HS: It was a second-hand one. The first one I think I paid eighty-five dollars for it and I sold it for that. And the next one I paid one hundred and twenty-five and I think I sold it for about one hundred, I believe it was then. And my brother got the automobile in 1915. He was working in the garage then and bought it between us. We bought a Maxwell, the first ones with headlights and a battery starter.

ROB: When you were a young man what was the social life around Kendrick like?

HS: Well, after school sometime on our way home some of the boys would stop and we'd play catch or play ball or something like that. But generally it was working. Farming or hoeing or something. There'd be a show in town for ten cents, occasionally we'd go see that, and later on there was some roller skating up here at Kendrick. We'd come up here and roller skate. It would mostly be go squirrel hunting or out on the outside, or go along the creek

go fishing, or just monkey around the creek someplace and wait around. Or play ball. In the wintertime there'd be a bunch together and maybe play some card games and something like that. And course Sundays neighbors would get together, too. And coasting, if there was any snow on the ground. But after we got motorcycles, some other boys got motorcycles, so we used to go out Sunday mornings and go up on the hills someplace with motorcycles. Probably go until something happened to 'em and fix 'em up again during the week and ride 'em again the following Sunday. (Laugh.) But we used 'em on the telephone work a little until we got the car and we used it. We still had to use the team til...oh I don't think they discarded the team until 1920 or so. Then you'd have to hire livery rigs to take you out.

ROB: Did there used to be Saturday night dances here in Kendrick?

HS: Yes, they had dances. It seemed like country boys didn't get out very much to the dances. I didn't start to go to dances until later on when I got in the garage business here and one thing and another. But they'd have dances.

ROB: What kind of affairs were they?

HS: What?

ROB: What kind of dances were they?

HS: They had a dance in the Oddfellows Hall up here. And then in the skating rink down in Juliaetta. They usually had an orchestra, a home orchestra that played, and they'd have old-time pieces. Missouri Waltz, Three O'clock In The Morning, and some of those pieces. (Laugh.) They had regular dances, they wasn't the kind they step off now you know. The time has changed. If someone got on the dance floor now dressed like they are, boy they'd have them in the hoosegow. (Laugh.)

ROB: Talking about the guys who used to ride the rails, you know, were there ever any IWW's around here?

HS: There used to be some go through. And of course the hobo, they got so they called 'em all IWW's. And I'll tell you those fellows had a hard life, you know, they didn't have anything. There was no welfare or anything else. It was just what you'd give 'em. Now if somebody hit me up someplace or something, I wouldn't give 'em any money but I'd take him in to a restaurant and ask them what they had. If they had some stew or something I says, "give him a bowl of stew and here's the money for it." And feed him that much. Well a lot of times they give 'em a little more too. You know. Course some of 'em was different, but the hobo bunch they just a bunch of people they just didn't have anything and times was hard now. People around home why it was just help the neighbors. I could remember the neighbors we had. The husband would go up in the timber up here by Bovill and he'd just get back home once or twice all winter. And this woman had two boys and a girl and they had a little garden there. Well we'd give them apples and just lots of things like that. People would just give 'em to 'em and help 'em along. And one just helped the others of the people you knew. I could remember people back since I worked for telephone with Porter, say that was back in 1910 it was, '10 or '11. Go out in the country and at the same time and try to collect up some of the bills people owed. And maybe a fellow owed us a dollar a month, maybe he owed 6 or 8, 10 dollars sometimes. If we was lucky he says, "well we could spare you a couple of dollars" and that would be the size of it. But they seemed like they always make it. They had the income once a year and they'd run out until their crops come in. It was a whole lot more sociability about people. If anyone was sick, why the neighbors would be there and they'd bring in the eats and they'd help, you know. They wasn't left like they are now. Now if anyone's sick they really can't find anyone because they're on welfare, and it's just a hard proposition. There was people that would go out, but they are generally busy, what few there is.

You just have to go to a rest home or someplace. It's alright for the ones that's got it or even if they don't have it now they get this welfare and they're usually taken care of. But those days there was no such thing.

There was a poor farm up out of Moscow and they could go up on a poor farm.

ROB: Where was that?

HS: Well, it was up north of Moscow. I say north, up along old electric railroad there aways out of town. It just used to be just the general name of the poor farm. And whoever could work would do some work and if they didn't that's where they are, just up against it. They take 'em up to the poor farm and the county would keep 'em going. But I don't know whether anyone got any county money, I don't think they did. If they had to ask for something they just had to go to the poor farm and work what they could and the rest of it. If they couldn't work why then they was taken care of. But nothing to brag on. Some person would run the poor farm, the farm and all I think if I remember right. They didn't have nice clean bed or stuff like they've got now, they just had to take care of their own. They'd have some blankets and stuff, I guess it was more up to them to keep them clean and one thing and another, and sleep in the bunkhouses and things. These younger generation they don't what it used to be for those people, even for the kids you know. I know the first bicycle (I was quite older) the bicycle I had or learned to ride on, the handlebars were broken off right close. There was two pegs of wood stuck in there and that's what you guided it with. It didn't have a coaster brake, the peddles went around at the same time. Later I bought a bicycle, a couple of different ones, but there wasn't too many that even had a bicycle. If you had a horse, go get the horse or go afoot. Well if you wanted to go very far, you'd go in the pasture and get a horse. But if it wasn't too far, by the time you went and caught your horse you just as well walk to town anyway. But riding a horse then wasn't the fun as

they take it to be now. We had to ride horses too much. It wasn't a treat. Ride cultivator horse all day with a gunny sack for a pad underneath. Sweat all the way through. Why, on a hot day, 2 bits. (Laugh.) But those days it didn't take very many two bits to capitol your total assets. It didn't take very much and you'd just have twice as much as you had before. I doubt it if the folks hardly ever had any money to amount to anything at home. I don't know just what they did. Then they bought their first binder. I could remember the first binder. I went down with them, rode down and they let me ride on the draper, on the platform coming home cause I wasn't able to walk that far. I think they paid a 150 dollars for it, on time, and paid it off and then we run that binder and bound for other people at a dollar an acre. It used to be my job if you run a lead horse or lead team was to drive the lead team. On our home place I'd ride the lead team. First, before I was able to do much, why whoever shocked I would be out there dragging the bundles up to 'em for 'em, before I could lift 'em up around. A person was out there just as soon as he's able to do something, why you had a job. And course it was bond and shocked, the hay those days, and then they stacked it. Then run the thrashing machine inbetween two stacks and thrash off of the stack. They didn't haul it in like they did later on. Sometimes it'd be late you know and they can thrash later on if the weather didn't hold it back so much. Get it and stack it up. Then later if we had hay, we had hay, in the barn in a stack and we'd usually sold it for five or six dollars a ton. And when people come after hay why I'd go pitching hay, and usually get your five dollars and that was about all. You'd have five dollars to spend on some clothes. Mother raised chickens and she'd get about ten, twelve dozen eggs a day that we'd take to town for groceries and thing like that. And apples and potatoes and stuff like that, we had our own and gathered 'em up and had 'em put away.

ROB: Did you raise your own grain for the chicken feed or what?

HS: Grapes?

ROB: Did you raise your own grain for the chicken feed?

HS: Yes, we raise our own and we even ground it. 1908 Otto and I was at the warehouse there where they had a gasoline engine, and we tinkered with it. And we got one. No, we got ours first. We got one in 1908. We had tinkered around with some machinery before and we hooked this up on a corn sheller. We had a grinder too that we could grind corn and grain, and we had it and we'd usually raise oh maybe six, eight, ten acres of corn. Sometimes we'd run the wagon out there through and just pull the corn ears out right out there and throw 'em in the wagon, and the rest of the fodder let it go down. Some would cut it down and stack it and then husk it as they needed it afterwards and then shell it at a granary there. We'd shell it with this power sheller. First we'd turn it by hand, then this larger one we'd put one ear in at a time and we'd shell and have corn in the granary. Feed that and wheat. If we didn't thrash we'd keep a patch a wheat and put a round in there and thrash it with horses. Just drive horses around it until it was thrashed out, and fan it out with the breeze enough for chicken feed. But it always seemed like there was something to do. Apples to gather, sauerkraut to make, and potatoes to dig, gather apples for the winter, go get the cows. You'd let 'em pasture and had to bring 'em down through a couple of gates and get 'em in the barn and get 'em the feed if they was fed, milk 'em. Then first they had these skim milk pans. My mother would put the milk in the pans and skim the cream off. They got the cream separator. As we grew up why it didn't take long to have something to do. We had a grape patch. We had about pretty near an acre of grape vines and we had three or four acres of orchards at first.

ROB: Mostly apples or what?

HS: What?

ROB: Mostly apples?

HS: Mostly apples. Some prunes and plums, few peaches, pears, apricots, cherries.

There was a good mixture of variety. Early apples, later apples, and I think winesap I think those are. I think those was mostly the later apples, and then we had a few good eating apples. And we'd make two or three barrels of cider, two or three barrel of wine, and a lot of it we made vinegar out of it. Course cider, those days people would come and the folks would have their cider. And we'd have cider anytime we wanted, but we didn't care for it anymore. You get something you don't really care for it. We had bees. We had our own honey but we'd take it to town and trade it for syrup. (Laugh.) We'd get tired of the honey but syrup tasted good. Yes, Otto and we had quite a bunch of bees one time. Sold honey, anything to make a buck or two someplace. Then the cannery, later years about 1913 or '14 in there, cannery came into town. We was always if there was anything like that, if there's anything to learn to see in machinery. But I remember this cannery, when they set it up and put the cappers in there I spent quite a little time there just about the time they was getting ready, just to see how the thing worked. More for curiosity. And I kinda helped this fellow along, handed him stuff and seen how he adjusted it. Well I remember working in the warehouse when they put the cannery in. They wanted us to take some stock in this cannery. There was a stock company. Well we didn't have any money to buy in this stock with and so we couldn't buy any. So they told us the people that had stock was gonna be the ones that had jobs in this cannery. Well, we had a job in the warehouse. Well, if they figured that we couldn't take it well we didn't. But they had that cannery down there and I was working there at the warehouse. One fellow come over and they said they noticed I was around with that guy and wanted to know if I won't come over and come

down and see if I couldn't straighten 'em out. The cans leak, couldn't keep 'em from leaking. So I went down and got it fixed. So I got it fixed got it adjusted so it wouldn't leak and I went back to the warehouse. I think I spent the rest of the day there (at the cannery) keeping tab on it. The next day I went to the warehouse. About a day or so they came over again. They offered me 85 cents an hour if I would come down and just keep that capper going, that's all I had to do was to watch that going. Well, I'd get somebody else to take my place, to finish out the warehouse and I went down but I kept the capper going, and whenever they was towards the end I used to fire for 'em and whatever there was. Cook 'em too and everything else. I worked there. That was good pay when 30 cents an hour at the warehouse, and we got in awfully good time. I would start 7 in the morning. The women would quit at 6, I believe it was 5 or 6. But when we had all the canning to do yet to can what they had put up and clean up one thing and another, and never earlier than 8 or 9. There was about hundred women worked there. They'd scald the tomatoes and then they'd bring them in these baskets and maybe about 3 or 4 screen jiggers, and dump 'em in the dish pans and they'd pare 'em and put 'em in cans and grade 'em. The first grade went in a pile and the others got on a pile and there was a chain went on by there where they can set 'em on. First they'd pile 'em up then after they got enough piled then they'd start this chain and this heater. They would go through in slow progress through the heater cabinet. They'd be in there about 2 minutes and get steamed up good so they wouldn't bush when they was cooked. They go through that and come to the machine and go through the machine. They had a big tray, if I remember right they had 120 on one tier and if they put in two tiers it would hold 240 cans at a lick. And then they put 'em and cook 'em in hot water and cool 'em. But I remember the most record time I put in over 10,000 cans in one day. That was a bunch of

tomatoes. And get 'em out. They also had a cannery in Lewiston. They had trouble down there one time. Why, I canned there at Juliaetta and they started at 7 in the morning. So they wanted me to go down to Clarkston in the evening. So we finished at Juliaetta and they took me down to Clarkston. They had piled up there all days canning, and I got their machine adjusted and canned all night and cooked 'em too down there. Mayham had charge of it, and asked he says, "hey a fellow, John Glenn, up here has fifty ton of prunes he'd like to sell and can 'em if you want to" he says, "we can can 'em after supper sometime if you want to work evening." I said it was alright as far as I'm concerned. It didn't take only a few of us to put boiling hot water on 'em and get 'em hot and can 'em in gallon cans, different machine to can those with. So we took on those fifty tons of prunes and canned 'em after supper. Now I figured I'd just hit a gold mine that time for the wages I got and the time put in and that really kinda put me on my feet. I felt pretty independant after that. But when I bought an automobile why then I spent it again and then when this automobile had had about everything spent on it then this telephone business come up and we bought it. But we had to borrow the money on that and then we didn't no more have one company bought than the other one wanted to sell, so we took them on too. But we bought them on a longer lease. That was the Interstate. We kinda doubled up pretty fast there. But Otto worked in the garage here then and I worked at the warehouse, telephone and different places, and then I went over and worked in the Navy yard in the machine shop til the war was over and I come back. I helped different jobs. I hauled lumber off of (Cedar Creek) about that time. I helped at the garage and helped on the home place putting in down there at Juliaetta. I'd go out and teach people how to drive automobiles. Sell automobile here and I'd have to go up there for a day or two and stay with 'em and show 'em how to run the thing and just odd jobs...

ROB: It sounds like you were the tide of progress around here.

HS: Yeh, then Ed Deobald and I bought out (that was Otto's brother-in-law, he (Ed) wasn't married then either, he farmed up here on the ridge) we bought out the garage up here and we went into the garage business and rebuilt batteries and he done welding and overhauled cars for two years and a half and I sold out to his brother. I liked the outdoors better. I did work in the meantime, while on the garage, line work for the power company and one thing and another and liked that better. So I sold out to his brother and I went down to California and I worked down there for a telephone company. Then then I come back up here and Wilmot talked me into the notion of helping him out awhile. Did that and the first thing I knew he says, "well" he says, "you could have this job as long as you want too" and so it was kinda temporary but I stayed with it. Then they sold to Washington Water Power Company. And the temporary job lasted until I retired in 1957. I've been off 14 years.

ROB: Jumping back for a second did they ever find out how that cannery in Juliaetta burned?

HS: Cannery?

ROB: Yeh.

HS: No they don't. It wasn't operating any more. The fellow that had it, Dustin, he also was traveled on the road and they sold...

Transcribed by Sherrie Fields

Typed by Sherrie Fields