

JESSE SPENCER/MABEL STEPHENSON SPENCER
First Interview

Interviewed by:
Sam Schragger

Oral History Project
Latah County Museum Society

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I. Index

JESSE SPENCER
MABEL STEPHENSON SPENCER

Mr. Spencer: Troy; b. 1885
teamster, farmer.

Mrs. Spencer: Troy; b. 1892
cook for threshing crews, homemaker 2.7 hours

minute page

Side A

- | | | |
|----|---|---|
| 01 | 1 | His father took homestead by Troy in 1884. |
| 02 | 1 | Sly shoots Marshall Hays. Townspeople want to lynch Sly, and he is snuck out of town into Moscow as fast as the team could go. Hays was overbearing, but he was an Oddfellow and had friends among them. |
| 08 | 3 | Shoemaker stabs Driscoll in Troy after they exchange remarks about a girl, and he dies because so many arteries are cut. Shoemaker is apprehended the next day. When he gets parolled, he tells his wife she has grey hairs and he leaves her. He told Jesse's mother that he liked to shoot Filipinos in the war to see them kick. |
| 15 | 6 | Clemm was killed by a Negro resta ^{uran} t owner in Troy. |
| 17 | 7 | As a youngster, Jesse told black Joe Wells to wash his face, and it tickled Joe. Joe escapes from Hays in town. The family got along well with the whites. Joe's relation to the Wells brothers, slave of their father back east. |
| 23 | 8 | Mr. Stephenson homesteads on Moscow Mountain north of Troy in 1900. The place has reverted to timber, and there was a fire there. Mrs. Spencer cooked and took care of her family from the age of twelve. Naming her sister Dolly. |

Side B

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 00 | 11 | Cooking for the family: Mrs. Spencer started learning as a tot. Nursing her father through scarlet fever. Brother had to learn to walk again after getting sick at age of three. Treating scarlet fever. Home remedies for treating chest and throat flu. |
|----|----|---|

Jesse Spencer / Mabel Stephenson Spencer

minute	page	
Side B (continued)		
09	14	Jesse's homesteading, twenty miles from Coulee City, 1907-1919. Raising fat cattle on bunchgrass; irrigated farming. Rattlesnakes stayed in rocky country. Pulling hides off cattle with a team.
20	18	Jesse doesn't like milk or butter, because when he worked at the university they strained out the garget and used the milk.
21	19	Giving up the homestead, returning to farm near Troy after they got married. Before they started threshing in the Coulee country, he drove her around to see the land. Doing an early morning wash, she was terrified by a bullsnake.
25	21	Working in the harvest kitchen in the Coulee country. Mrs. Spencer becomes first cook because the other cook is getting too old to do the work, and lightens her tasks. It was an extremely skilled threshing operation: every man had a job, and they only worked a ten hour day. If they did over 1300 sacks a day, the men got a chicken dinner.
Side C		
00	24	The crew drank lemonade instead of the alkalai water. Quality of some springs in the Coulee Country. Farming not nearly as good as this part of Idaho. The one huge yellow pine on the place.
04	26	Grandmother Spencer homesteaded on Moscow Mountain, did all the work on the place except what the boys helped her with. She herded sheep and made spinning wool.

Jesse Spencer / Mabel Stephenson Spencer

minute	page	
Side C (continued)		
10	28	First time the Spencers met he pulled her hair, she got mad at him. Then she saw him again at his brother's birthday party in 1915, and asked Frank Rowan who the good looking fellow was. Frank buys her dinner basket from an old man at the schoolhouse social; the money was used to buy needed items for the school.
16	30	Jesse's achievements in school. Mrs. Spencer wanted to go to high school badly, but had to take care of her new baby brother, when she was 20. Walking two and a half miles to school.
20	32	Wild Davey had a cabin near Park, and looked like a hippy.
22	32	Shipping wood from Troy; families made a living by cutting a hundred cords of wood a year.
25	33	Italians were run out of Troy while they were riprapping the railroad down the canyon.
27	33	IWWs cleaned up the camps, and were blamed for things they never did.
28	34	Robber of Bank of Troy got caught because he was careless.
29	34	Sam McKeon and his daughter fool the law by hiding moonshine under blocks of wood they're sitting on. He hides moonshine in a pile of chips. (continued)
Side D		
00	35	McKeon buries moonshine. It's said that McKeon shot heel off Summerfield's boot. Mrs. McKeon threatens Gabriel Anderson to discourage him from climbing the pole and disconnecting her phone.

Jesse Spencer / Mabel Stephenson Spencer

minute page

Side D (continued)

03 36

Handling horses right: fitting collars and hames properly. A salve of axel grease and stove polish healed horses' soreness. Favorite teams: one worked by themselves; one horse died from squirrel poison. Mrs. Spencer's father, who'd been a cowboy in California, thought Jesse was great with horses. How Jesse devised a hitch to even-up a three horse team so all pulled the same. He could even a big and a little horse, and a tender and a tough-mouthed horse. He could cut the hair off a horse's back with a line. No good horseman uses a whip. Training a lazy horse without hollering at him. Balky horses caused by ill-fitting gear.

17 41

Driving 32 head of horses on first combines by throwing rocks at them. Heading. Horses killed in runaways when hitches broke.

21 42

Jesse hitches up a colt for the first time with his mother on a snowy trip with their new baby, and Mrs. Spencer's father gets mad. Jesse trains an outlaw horse while currying him. The horse gets crazy and starts a runaway. A horse that kicked and would never give up.

Side E

00 45

Mak~~k~~ing mullein cough syrup. Treating tuberculosis. Getting shivareed. Duthie dug gold on Moscow Mountain north of Troy, and fashioned gold charms out of the nuggets. More shivaree.

08 48

Problems with well and water in the Big Bend country. Warm water wells. A pump at the bottom of a deep well is lost as it caves in, because the owners wouldn't take Jesse's advice. Digging well at the Troy homestead.

16 50

Jesse's father made a living cutting timber. He cleared up an acre or two a year. Father carried fifty pound sacks of flour on his shoulder from Moscow. How their family got by in those days by being almost self-sufficient. The Spencers still grow produce as much as they can.

Jesse Spencer / Mabel Stephenson Spencer

minute page

Side E (continued)

20 52

Making a living in the first years after they were married (1919), as a teamster, growing timothy, and growing own food. Man and wife have to pull together and manage their money carefully. Going in debt is what's the matter with the world. Difference between necessities and luxuries. A family that lives high above their means.

Side F

00 56

Old Weyerhaeuser cries because he won't live to see all the timber cut. Jesse trains a reluctant horse to pull.

03 57

The wet fall of 1893 and the loss of the crop is what made the depression felt here. On a job during the thirties, a man talked about the hard times under Cleveland, but was told times had changed, that he owed his job to Roosevelt. IWWs cleaned up the camps, and were blamed for things they didn't do.

(9 minutes)

with Sam Schragger

January 29, 1975

II. Transcript

JESSE SPENCER:

here
homesteaded out in Troy

here.

SAM SCHRAGER: Do you know how he came to locate around here in this country?

J S: Oh, I don't know, just like everybody else, he got to hearing about the land, and then he come out here to homestead, that's all I know. I never heard him say.

SAM: He took the place and then he went out to work. Is that it?

J S: Yeah, he *filed* on the homestead and then he went out here by Pullman and worked. Yep, that is where I was born over there by Pullman.

SAM: But you grew up right around here, right?

J S: Yep. *Grewed up out here. Yep.*

SAM: You want to tell me again about Marshall Hays and the story of the shootin, the way you remember it? The way you heard about it.

J S: Well, I was out of town at the time that it happened. He went over there to arrest Sly, and then Sly told him never to come and arrest him, he'd kill him if he did, is what he said. So he went up there and he shot him through the neck, cut his necktie off. And then ^{he} started running down the hill, Bill *Povitch* caught him and took him to the tie pile, and there's where he would have died there. He was unloading ties. ^{Sly} he kept shootin at him downtown. Hays boys, they got over there towards where the depot was there, water tank used to be there. Every time *they show up* why he'd shoot at him. He came off down the hill with Sly, it was his folks place there, and they arrested him, took him to Moscow.

SAM: Now about them taking him to Moscow. You told me that some of these towns

people were really after. . .

J S: *Some of them was hostile about it and wanted* to rob him, ^{y'know,} ~~in order~~ to kill him.

SAM: Did they want to lynch him? Is that it?

J S: Yeah, some of them wanted to lynch him. And then my dad, he told 'em it was foolish, just let the law take care of the facts. So the sheriff was down there and he had the team in the livery barn and he took the team out of ^{the} livery barn, right through the back door, back alley, and got him in the sleigh, in the cutter, and then he went up to, probably where the brickyard is now, right under the overpass, ~~by~~ the railroad there. Then he got up and went back downtown, he was afraid that, there was a freight train that come up there on Sunday, about ten o'clock, along in there. *They's a afraid they'd make the engineer take, head him off.*

SAM: Head him off before he got to Moscow?

J S: Yeah, head him off before he got to Mosdow. But the driver was late. It was after eleven o'clock when he come if. And he had a time to get him, and the sheriff told him to take him fast as he ^{could} ~~go~~, you be sure and get him up there. So that's what they done.

SAM: Told him to take him fast?

J S: Yeah, drive as fast as the horse ~~stand~~ it. So that's the way he took him up there.

SAM: Doyou know who was in there in the wagon with him? Who took him in.

J S: Oh, the deputy sheriff is all I know. I don't know what the sheriff's name was. No^w, I don't remember it.

SAM: Why were these guys mad at Sly, I thought this Hays guy was pretty unpopular.

J S: Well, I'll tell you. Old man Hays ^{belonged to a lodge.} ~~_____~~ And some of them, why they called you the marshall, why they respected him. Yeah, he just wasn't liked very much.

SAM: Why was it that people didn't like him?

J S: Well, because he was overbearing, I guess. He'd arrest people that didn't do hardly anything and he'd arrest them anyway.

SAM: I've heard his sons didn't have a very good reputation either. Is that. . .?

J S: Well, one of them was a farmer and the other one, I don't know what he done, just worked whatever job'd come around I guess. And then. . .

SAM: Now when they came to get the wagon, you saw that. . .

J S: No, I seen when they took the cutter out and put Steve in. They carried him up. The deputy and the sherrif had him and they sat him on their hands. They had their hands locked and ^{carried him up} took him out of the back steps of the hotel. They had him upstairs in the hotel and they took him out back step, and then I was there at the livery stable when they took the team out and set him in there and took him.

SAM: Did you ever hear that Mrs. Hays swore that she was going to get Sly?

J S: No.

SAM: I heard that once, I don't know if it's true. Let me ask you about that other one that you told me somethin' about. That was how Driscoll got stabbed that time in Troy.

J S: Oh well, yeah. Driscoll was up. They had a dance up there at the Oddfellow Hall and this here Driscoll, he asked one of the Coxin girls to take her home and she turned him down. And when they went on down the street, why this Shoemaker he says to one of them other girls there, "Has your sister, if it was any she sure made a date didn't she?" And this Driscoll, he asked him of his business, and he went down and it was Sunday night.

SAM: What did you say?

J S: Driscoll was the one that asked this Shoemaker if it was any of his business.

SAM: Yeah.

J S: And then they went on down the street a little ways, and there was, what

Clyde's

they used to call the Hays Building down there about where the Service Station is there. It was kind of dark in there then and he up and knifed him. And he run down to the ^{over there to} the drugstore. It's still there and the drugstore was locked up. And they got the youngest doctor down there and they took took him ^{JP} to the doctor's office and he said there was nothin much they could do for him. The arteries were all cut off.

SAM: The arteries were cut off?

J S: Yeah, just cut him right across the stomach.

MABEL SPENCER: Talk as loud as you can Daddy, your voice is so low anyway. It don't carry.

SAM: So what happened? It took him a while to die?

J S: Yeah, he ^{was knifed} till about eleven thirty I think it was, somewhere around there. And it was around about seven o'clock when he was, next morning when he died. The doctor couldn't stop the bleeding, too many arteries cut.

SAM: It was right here in Troy, he died?

J S: Yep, yep.

SAM: Now what happened after that to Shoemaker?

J S: Oh, he started to go back to work; he was workin on the section and he started to go to work and Doc Woodard was the marshall so they was wathing him just during the night and this affected him. And when they got there, they arrested him. And brought him back up to town and his wife didn't know anything about it, ^{I guess} and the train was comin in to take him to Moscow.

SAM: How did she find out about it then?

J S: Somebody told her. And the train was just about to pull in when she found it out. And they were supposed to send him up for twenty years and his daddy, his father, and he was workin on section, section for quite a while and he was taking care of the family. And they moved over to

Orofino and there's the last ever I knew of 'em. Went over there. And he got pardoned out after, I don't know, it was five years, something that way. And then he come home and his wife was gettin grey-headed. He said he was ashamed of her because she was gettin grey hair. So he left and they said he was somewhere up around Spokane when he died.

SAM: That's just hard to believe that he'd say that, you know.

M S: Yes, but Pete Shoemaker was a truthful man and always was. And a good Christian man that said it.

SAM: So he left his wife.

J S: Yeah, he just pulled out and left his whole family.

M S: Two daughters.

SAM: Well, now did any of the Driscolls try to get revenge for this guy getting killed?

J S: Yeah, this Driscoll had a brother here. He described this Shoemaker to the authorities and that's how they have to watch him. He said, "The fellah that's done it is wearing a brown suit" and described his height and things and they went and watched him so he didn't get away that night.

SAM: So nobody saw the murder, they just figured he did it.

J S: No, there was some of them fellahs that was along there, y'see it was dark, they walk along together, and he just said, "Watch him, he knifed me," so that's all we could do. Yeah.

SAM: Well, that sounds like a stupid murder if I ever heard one.

J S: Oh yeah. I guess he told my mother that he was in the Phillipine War and I think he told her that he was glad to shoot them *Filipinos* just to see 'em kick.

M S: Yes.

J S: He was pretty hard hearted, a man like that.

SAM: Shoemaker.

J S: Yeah.

SAM: I'll be. I'll be.

J S: Yeah.

SAM: Did you ever hear about Clem^m gettin killed in Troy.

J S: Yeah, he was killed here in Troy. I think there was a negro running a restaurant, killed him, I think it was.

M S: A what?

SAM: A negro.

M S: Yes, you're right.

J S: I don't know what happened, he just went down there, I don't know what happened. Anyway, he killed him.

M S: Was it Clem^m or was it Clemen Hagin, Daddy, that got killed. I always thought it was Clemin Hagin.

J S: No, it was Clem^m.

M S: Was it?

J S: It was a relative of Shorty Clem^m. Yeah.

M S: They both lived on the ridge, Clemin Hagin and Clem^m, both.

SAM: Did you know anything that happened to the negro after that?

J S: No, I don't know what happened^{to him}. I forgot about it.

SAM: I just have heard that from one or two folks, that had happened here in town.

M S: Clem^m's out here on the ridge could tell you that.

J S: Well, the restaurant^{of it}, used to be on that, where you go ^{by} the hotel, going towards the depot, and ^{they} had a restaurant on there and there used to be kind of a water hole back in there and he had a restaurant built up in there and they filled that all in there afterwards. And he went down there, I don't know what happened. Anyway, he was killed down there, anyway.

SAM: Well, speaking of negroes, you told me you knew Joe Welles, right?

J S: Yeah. I knew old Joe, and Chuck, his boy ^{Roy and} Chuck Wells, and he had a girl, Mary. Old Joe, he used to stop ^{at the folks' house} when they first

come up to the country there. They'd come through and come to Troy or go into Moscow. They'd stop.

SAM: That was right on the way to Troy? Your folks place?

J S: Yeah.

SAM: Right on the road from Deary?

J S: Yeah, it was a coupla miles. Richard Spencer lives there now. The house there, you go up and around the turn there's a house back off the road there.

SAM: Well, didn't you tell me you play^{ed} a trick on Joe Welles?

J S: Oh, that was when I was a kid, a little kid. My mother told me not to say anything, that he was naturally a black man. So I was saunterin' around there, kid-like, you know, I says to him, "Well, you better go wash your face!" Tickled old Joe, "Well," he said, "I've been ^{He thinks} rooting against a black log." Yeah. Yeah, he was good old Joe. You know ^{that's when} old man Hayes from Moscow down here. Him and a fellah by the name of Gunderson lived up there by Deary, and he was in town and he was horseback. And then he started home, and Joe, he started singin when he was goin up the other end of town. And old man Hayes took in after him and he caught old man Gunderson, but he didn't catch Joe. Joe had a little roan horse. And he slapped Roanie on the neck and told him to, "Take this coon out of here!" he said. So that's the way he done it. He didn't come back to town for a month or two. Yeah. He come back and he was laughin about it. "Take this coon out of here!" he says.

SAM: It's really true that people didn't care that he was a black man, Joe Welles.

M S: No, he mingled with all of us white people. Everybody thought well of him. And Joe was a good guy, no kidding. And his family was good people.

J S: There was two fellahs that lived out here by ^{the} over ^{pass,} about ^{the} divide rather, the house on this side of the divide. And their name was Welles, and they were from back East there, wherever he was. And they come out here

and homesteaded, and he come out after they did and homesteaded up there by Deary. And he'd go out there once in awhile. I think it was their father that had him as a slave, and they come out here and homesteaded.

SAM: Was he close to the white Welles boys?

J S: Oh yeah. Yep, he followed 'em out here. And then when he took the homestead up there at Deary, and he'd go back and forth and visit with 'em. Yep.

SAM: Well, one thing that I really wanted to ask you both was what it was like to be growing up on a homestead? You grew up on a homestead, right?

M S: Did you get that prior that I put that piece in the paper?

SAM: No, I don't think I did.

M S: Well, my sister wrote the poem in '64. And she sent it to me for Christmas-- of our life on the homestead. And I asked for the writing back when they printed it for me. And. . .

SAM: 1900 is pretty late to be homesteading around here I would have thought.

M S: Well, it was, but I don't know how come that the land was throwed open. My daddy was workin in Washington when we heard about it, and we came up here in 1898. And he worked in the woods--that's all there was to do--saw logs, and skidding logs, and things like that until this land opened. And then when it opened there was several others filed a homestead, but he bought this man's lease and used his right for our hundred and sixty that he got. But anyway, he filed in 1900, same as the other guys.

SAM: Where is this now from Troy?

M S: It's right straight north upon this mountain, two miles from the top down.

SAM: Is it being farmed now?

M S: Oh, there's no farms up in there.

SAM: Now, it's just timber?

M S: Yes. And the fire went through in 1930. . .

M S: Wasn't it? '20 . . .

J S: They cleared up some of the. . .

M S: And the timber and brush, of course, has growed up since then, but they said it took all of the buildings off of our homestead, except the log barn-- it was still standing. My brothers have been up there, but I never have, since the fire, I mean.

SAM: Now did he go about starting from scratch? Did he have to build his own house on the place?

M S: No, there was a house. ^{It WAS a house} and one acre of ground cleared where the orchard and our berries and our fruits of all kinds, pretty near, and our garden was inside of a homemade picket fence. This fellah that he bought the lease of, cleared that acre, built that house, and barn, and put that picket fence around it. Then his wife took sick, and he had to do something and he didn't want to lose his right, what money he had in it, so he sold it to my daddy. I think it was five hundred dollars for his work. Now, I'm not sure about that, but I think it was, when my daddy filed on it.

SAM: What was the house like? How big was it?

M S: Well, I just don't know how big it was.

SAM: Well, what I mean is were there many rooms in it?

M S: There wasn't any rooms in it. It was all in one when we bought it. Daddy made two bedrooms in it after we got there. But our front room and kitchen was clear across the front part together. And then there was two of us older ones that slept up in the loft till we got the other part of the house built. He built on to it later on.

SAM: Did you work around the house very much when you were a kid? Were you expected to help out a lot?

M S: I guess I did. This girl that wrote this poem was born when I was twelve

years old the ninth of May, and she was born the tenth of May. And

from then on I did help Daddy with the washing, and I did all of the cookin and all of the bakin.

SAM: You did it all?

M S: I did. If my daddy was livin he'd tell you the same. And I ^{been} the cookin for the whole family ever since. And they make my place jight here now, Jesse can tell you the same, all of my brothers and sisters that's livin, ^{well} ~~well~~ is too, if they want to come, they make this their home. My brothers was just real close; they all come. There's three of em that lives right here in town. And they all come here when they get into a pickle or they want to know something or way back, why they come to Mabel. And of course, my sister lives now in Hartline, she's far away but when we were married, my mother was very poorly when she was born. So she was so little that they couldn't dress her on a knee or on a table, so they dressed her on a pillow, cross the ^{ir} knees.

SAM: Your mother?

M S: No, my sister. My daddy come along and he picked up her hand and the lady was a-dressin her, and he said, "Well, what are we going to call her?" And this Mrs. Meeker, that was takin care, she looked up at him, and she said, "Well, there's no other name but Dolly. She's just like a little Dolly." And she was. She was just as pretty as she could be--she was so little and so fat. So she's called Dolly--she don't know any other name in her ^{owp} family here but Dolly. But her name is Laura Bell, her real name.

SAM: Was your mother not very well after this?

M S: No, she had to stay in bed. Dad and I did all the work. He helped me with the washings because we had to w^{ah}, of course, on the board, carry the water from a spring--eighth of a mile, maybe, from the house, and I couldn't do it

all--twelve years old. And I've got one brother that's a year younger, but he couldn't help me much with housework. He really helped outside though. And my next oldest sister was three years younger. She helped me with the dishes, but the cookin and all that work I did.

SAM: Now you were how old?

M S: Twelve years old.

(End of Side A)

M S: Then we moved off of there in 1908.

SAM: I'd like to know a little more about what it meant for a kid to be doing that kind of work. For cookin, where did you get your know-how to do all the cooking from?

M S: Well, my mother said from the time I could stand on a chair, and I know it was so, I had my nose in everything she made. And now I took her down, that was so. And my mother was a good cook. She was ^{from the east} ~~from the east~~ and her daddy was a German. And she mixed up some of the best German meals I ever ate. And I just stood there and took it all in. And you know, you couldn't buy a loaf of bread then; you couldn't buy a pie; you couldn't buy nothing. You had to make it or do without. So my mother had a yeast starter in a half a gallon jar, and I watched her and I know just exactly how she mixed that yeast up everytime she baked out of it. And I made her too. And I baked with that yeast about twenty years afterward, maybe longer. I think I baked some after Jesse and me was married. ^{out of that} ~~out of that~~

SAM: Same yeast?

M S: Same kind of yeast, yes sir. And his sister that lived in Spokane still baked out of it, only about four years ago. She's been dead four years. And that was the same kind of yeast, a starter.

SAM: Did you have to work all day to take care of a family that size?

M S: I hardly sat down, and yet, I'm an awful light sleeper yet, and if anything went wrong with the family Dad always hollered for me no matter what time of night or morning or anything else. And I always got up and helped him.

SAM: What would happen to the family? You mean that some. . .

M S: Well, some of the rest of them would get sick, or if he couldn't find what he wanted to give 'em--we had to be our own doctor pretty near then. Our nearest doctor then was in Moscow. They got one later on in the years before we moved off of there, out here at Joel. Old Dr. Hunt.

SAM: What were the kinds of sicknesses that folks would be likely to get then?

M S: Well, there'd be flu. There was what the old-fashioned people used to call the grip^{pe}. And they'd get that every winter. Some of them had real bad tonsils--they had tonsilitis. There was most everything, like all bunches of kids have. But we was lucky until, oh, I think it was the next spring, Dolly was about a year old. Dad went to Moscow with a load of wood from off of the mountain. And he took it up to his doctor that had been comin clear from Moscow, that doctored the family when they had to have doctors. And when he come home about three or four days afterward he got awful sick. Oh, he was just deathly sick. And we couldn't get him to bed first. He laid on the floor on a palate. And we got him to bed. And he begin to get the better of his sickness, of the ~~stomach~~ stomach, but he begin to break out. And he had scarlet fever. ~~So~~ we called the doctor. And of course, we all had it. It went clear through the family then. So old Dr. Adair in Moscow would come out, and he'd come as far as he could and when he couldn't get all the way some of the neighbors would go meet him and bring him up. But nobody dared come in. We didn't dare go out because it was quarantined.

SAM: How long did that. . .

M S: It took us six weeks.

SAM: What was it like?

M S: My brother John didn't take it; he was immune to it the doctor said.

So the other four of us all had it. Momma didn't because she'd had it when she was a girl at home she had scarlet fever. Then the next winter my brother Don, the fourth one, took a fever of some kind, and the doctor said it wasn't mountain fever; it wasn't rheumatic fever; it wasn't typhoid, and now I forgot the name of the fever it was, but anyway, he was three years old, and he had to learn to walk over again after that fever was. . . It settled, seemed like in his back and hips, and he kept wanting a little red pair of boots. And my daddy told him, he said, "Well, son, whenever you can walk you'll get them little red boots." And he tried till he just sweat and he couldn't walk. He couldn't get up and stand or he couldn't walk. But finally, after weeks, I don't know how long, he did get so he could walk. But it sure did affect his walkin then.

SAM: Did you have any remedy or way to treat scarlet fever? Was there any prescription?

M S: No, nothing only the doctor gave us a diet more or less with no animal fats much to keep the fever out. And lots of teas. We had to drink sassafrass tea, and there was another kind that he give us. See there was no made juices then you couldn't get juices. All you could get was the lemons and the oranges and things like that and make your own. And I can't think of that other kind of tea he give us.

SAM: What about for some of the other sicknesses like for the flu. Was there any treatment for flu, any home remedy?

M S: Well, nothing, ^{only} just our own home remedies like I told you this here before.

SAM: What were they? What was a remedy that you would use?

M S: For lungs and throat, why you'd take this goose grease and camphor gum and turpentine, equal parts, keep 'em real warm and massage 'em with that every three hours, back and front till it was broken.

SAM: And that worked pretty good?

M S: You bet that worked. And another, well that was years later we used that, was a fried onion poultice. We broke that on my youngest brother when he was just a little fellah. Broke pneumonia with a fried onion poultice.

SAM: What's that mean? You just fry the onions. . .

M S: Fry the onions and put em in a sack like a piece of a flour sack or muslin, whatever you have to make a small sack of to go over the lungs. Put one in front and one in the back, and keep 'em good and warm. And keep them onions warm. We had to keep them on the stove, of course, to keep 'em warm.

J S: Were you ^{ever} _^ up there at the Coulee Dam? You ever been up there?

SAM: Yes, I have been.

J S: That there lake, where the Coulee there. That used to all be farm land. The government bought that all up. That's a retaining lake.

M S: Tell him how far your place was from there, Daddy.

J S: I was twenty miles from Coulee City. And the way up there by Steamboat Rocks they call it, it was about five or six miles across between them two walls. And it was ^{just} all farm land _^ around there.

SAM: How'd you ever find out about that?

J S: Oh, I had an uncle lived up there, told me about it. I went up there and homesteaded. And lived there till the government took it over.

M S: What year did you file, Daddy?

J S: 1908, I think it was.

SAM: How did you make do on that place? Was there anything there when you got there?

J S: No, just the land. And I built a shack, a house and plowed out about forty acres. And I worked for rancher^s all around the country there.

M S: Lots of cattle. He worked on cattle ranches.

SAM: Were there many people around you?

J S: Oh yeah, there were people all around there. Lots of people lived there. Yep. There were people pretty near every 160 acres, I guess.

SAM: You proved up on it. You stayed there. . .

J S: Yeah, yeah I proved up on it. And then the government took it over and made the lake out of it.

M S: He had three hundred and twenty though--acres.

SAM: How did you get the other hundred and sixty?

J S: Oh, I got the additional homestead. And I got three hundred and twenty out of it ~~that~~ away. And there was other people there that brought up other people's rights. Yep.

SAM: Was a lot of it cattle ranching there?

J S: It used to be cattle, in the early days cattle was ^{about} all they raised there, but then they got to plowin it up and they raised wheat and rye and stuff like that, alfalfa. They irrigated some of it. My uncle was on an irrigated ranch up there. When he was up Spokane, he was, I forgot what the ~~folla's~~ name was that owned it and he rented a place from them up there.

SAM: What was the nearest town to you?

J S: Coulee City.

M S: Twenty miles.

J S: Twenty miles. No, that there all went into that retaining lake, from Coulee City north into the river. When they irrigate the whole country

^{where} the Coulee Dam ^{is}.

SAM: Was there a lot of rattlesnakes in that country?

J S: Oh, quite a few. Yep. Some places you'd find quite a lot of 'em and then you go and then you wouldn't find that many for quite a while then. They stayed where it was rocky mostly. Yep.

M S: How many days was it that we put in harvest there, Daddy?

J S: Oh it was fifty days we put in. . .

M S: Together, after we. . .

J S: The thrashing machine. . .

M S: I cooked and he fired the engine.

J S: I worked in hayin^{and} with a header cuttin grain. And then the thrashing machine. I put in eighty-four days altogether--hayin and harvestin^{and} and heading the grain, then with a thrashin^g machine.

SAM: Was it somebody else's machine or was it yours?

J S: Oh, no, it belonged to another fellah. Yep.

SAM: Now how did the crops grow there? It was ^{pretty} good crop country?

J S: Pretty. . .

M S: Oh, not like they did here.

J S: They cultivated grain ^{but} head it good. It raised pretty good, yield pretty good--oh probably thirty bushels, along in there. Out on the, just on the high ground out of the Coulee, why it grew thirty, forty bushels an acre there. It was all wheat. But down ^{there} in the Coulee grain got about eighteen, twenty inches high, something ^{at} the way. Not near like it did on ^{top}.

SAM: Now you sort of wanted to stay out there, is that it?

M S: Yes. I wanted to stay there and me and him buy up some cattle. The cattle was so pretty. And the land that was irrigated when we was married and went

up there and harvested--how many crops did they get Daddy?

J S: Three crops.

M S: Three crops, yes. Of alfalfa. And I never saw such pretty herds of cattle in all my life. They was so fat you could just go down their ^{right} back with your hand.

J S: That bunch grass *all of that country in the* early days. Of course when I went up there they had homesteaded it, and plowed out a lot of it, but they said it was pretty near knee-high.

MS: Yeah.

J S: And cattle buyers come in there and you never seen no fat cattle until you seen one of them. They just *size, work* in and out, they're so fat, when they'd walk. That bunch grass--right about that high.

SAM: It was still pretty good for cattle raising when you were out there then?

M S: Oh yes, oh yes, hundreds of head.

J S: And he had lots of cattle and he took up homesteadin and he moved up to Okinaugin then. And he had his head herdsman, his name was Jim Drew, set his pay on the seven hundred head pasture. And he said he had nearer a thousand head than he did seven hundred. And I've seen him drive out cattle, and he'd bring 'em down through and he'd bring 'em to Coulee City and ship 'em. And I've seen him come down there and they drive about ten, twelve miles ⁱⁿ a day; just let 'em just walk along. And take 'em down in haul two engines pull up out of the Coulee there--they were small engines but they'd have several carloads.

M S: Tell him about--who was you workin for that winter that you skinned so many cattle, Daddy, and how you done it.

J S: Well, Lang and Jensen and unfed cattle, and they let 'em stay out, and didn't round 'em up till so late. And they had the calves as big as the cows was

pretty near. And they just ^{had} 'em *nursed* down and they just starved out and they died and couldn't feed 'em. And then we had to skin cattle-- get the hides off of 'em. Take and skin the legs down ^{a little} and then hitch the team on to the head of the skin on the back of the head a little bit, you know. And take a hog chain and put it around the hide and just pull it off ^{with} the team. (laughs)

M S: That's what I wanted him to tell you.

SAM: What time of the year was this?

J S: Well, right in the wintertime.

SAM: Right in the middle of winter?

J S: Yeah. That make good coyote feed.

SAM: Made good feed?

J S: Yeah, and they drug the cattle off, and the coyotes would eat 'em up.

SAM: It sure must have sounded funny--the noise it made--pulling off them hides.

J S: Yeah, it sure made good clean hides.

M S: That's all the profits they had was the hides, I guess.

SAM: They just couldn't take the meat at all?

J S: No. That was a miserable job.

M S: And he won't eat meat much and he won't eat butter. And tell him why you won't eat butter and ~~and~~ milk.

J S: I worked up ^{there} at the creamery. . .

M S: At the university.

J S: University. ^{I seen} They had cows up there that had that garget.

SAM: Had what?

J S: Had garget.

M S: Had garget in the bag, in milking.

J S: And there's stringy milk. ^{And they'd thin out.} And they'd strain that stuff out of there and then they'd take that up to the university creamery there. I don't know what they

done with it up there.

SAM: Probably made it into butter and stuff like that.

M S: Butter and cheese and stuff. And we got all that stuff free when he was workin there that we could use. Cottage cheese and butter, buttermilk-- anything we wanted.

SAM: Well, he didn't like--it was that bad eh? It was really bad stuff?

M S: To this day you can't get him to eat a bite of butter. He won't drink a drop of milk nor nothing.

SAM: Well, what is the garget?

M S: It's a bag disease that gets in the bag of the cow.

J S: They claim it's from layin on wet ground.

M S: Yeah.

J S: *Or something.*

M" S: And then they get fever in the bag.

J S: And it gets in there, and it's just stringy milk. Just hard when it comes out.

SAM: So why did you pick up and come back here and leave that country over there?

M S: He wouldn't stay there. He rented a ranch before we went up there, out here the other side of his mother's going toward the lake.

SAM: You were tired of that country?

J S: Yeah. . .

M S: He said he lived up there twelve years alone and he was ^{it} livin there any longer.

J S: It was too far from town.

M S: And he come down here. We come down with a pocket full of money. We both had all of our harvest wages. And I never saw such such vegetables and fruit grow in the country than there was up there. And our neighbors just give us all we could use. And I made twelve gallons of green cucumber pickles--

oh, they were good. Great big green tomatoes. And I canned 'em in an old-fashioned stone jar. And I brought them jars down here with us, all twelve of 'em full of pickles. And we came down here with all of our money, a buggy, and wasn't it seven head of horses, Daddy?

J S: I think so.

M S: And started farmin. But he rented the farm before we left here. We left here to go to Coulee City the tenth of August after we was married the twentieth of June. And we didn't, well we had a few days up there. He hitched up his drivin team--he had one of the best drivin teams I ever pulled a line over. And he would take me all over the country after we went up where we was goin to work and seen about our job. And I fixed enough lunch for our dinner and our supper if we'd be out where we couldn't get nothin to eat, and our drinks--we both drank water. And we'd start out just as quick as we got up and we wouldn't get home until after dark for days on top of days till we went to thrashing.

SAM: Were you lookin the country over?

M S: Yeah, he was taking me all over the country.

SAM: Where'd you go? Where'd he take you? What did you see?

M S: Well, I seen everything, I think. And rattlesnakes to boot. And I was just scared to death of 'em. One morning we got up and I put the washin out--you had to put the washin out early ^{and get} it dry--if you didn't why a sandstorm would just whip it to pieces and it was dirty again. I got up and washed and scrubbed the floor--his cabin was all in one room, but it was nice. It was big enough that there was lots of room. Scrubbed the floor and I started out after a bucket of water at the well right at the side of the house--had pitch pump in it. And I looked out, and as I was goin out the door, I got about halfway to the well, I met a great big snake. Oh, god, I went running back in the house and he had side

And I opened one of them windows, windows--you could slide 'em. and Lordy, I let a whoop out of me for him to come quick there was a rattlesnake out there. And he said it was a bull snake. But oh, it was a big one.

SAM: Those bull snakes that. . .

M S: Yes, and I stood on the bed and hollered at him ^{too} foot of the bed. Oh, I was afraid of snakes.

SAM: What do you remember about that harvest? You worked real hard I imagine in the kitchen.

M S: Oh, boy, and it was a hundred and ten everyday we was in the cookhouse. And I don't know how many men we had. Do you know, Daddy?

J S: Oh, about around twenty.

M S: And the old lady I was cookin with was too old to cook, and bosses, they didn't like it, but they had had her so long they didn't want to turn her out down so they said they'd try her. And after we was 'a week or two, why one of the bosses come to me and he said, "Will you take over first cook?" And I said, "Yes, anyday. Mrs. Patrick's a good woman and she's just too old for this job." "Well," he said, "if you'll take over first cook, I'll be willing to pay you more." And I said, "I don't want anymore than she gets. She's a good worker and a good woman." So I went to cookin a nd Bill come in one day and I was fryin doughnuts. And the table that he ate at was right agin the cook stove, closer than that wood box is there. And he sit down at the table--well, he went first and got him a cup of coffee--it's always made ^{and} on the back of the stove. And got him a cup of coffee, and he sat down and he started eatin doughnuts. Well, this Mrs. Patrick's husband was a roustabout for the cookhouse and the machine. And he come in and he also got him a cup of coffee and started eatin warm doughnuts. And nobody said anything because Bill was one of the bosses and he loved to eat. And

he like good cookin. So I kept frying doughnuts and they kept eatin and finally old Mr. Patrick spoke up and he said, "Well, Bill I'll tell you one thing, this cook that's a cookin now, you better keep her elbow out of the shortening can." And that didn't strike Bill a bit and he said, "Well, I don't know know about that. What's wrong?" He said, "There ain't anything wrong. This is just the way I like it and don't say no more about it." And we went all through harvest, we never had a word, nobody but, that old lady was just too old to do that much managin and cookin. And she done the peeling vegetables and helped with the dishes and pickin up and things like that. I done the scrubbin; I done the washin. We washed everyday. And I scrubbed the kitchen everyday and let her go lay down after dinner because if I hadn't have, she coldn't have held out. But we put in--I got fifty and Daddy got fifty-one days.

SAM: Was that the first time you had cooked for a harvest crew?

M S: Oh lord, no. Cooked for my daddy for seven years--he owned a machine, before that. And then I've cooked since him and me's been married, I cooked all over the ridges out here for the machine men when they had a machine. And one of 'em was Ed Ramsdale. Cooked for him two years in the harvest.

J S: *He was* probably one of the best thrashing machine men that I ever worked for.

M S: Boy they were. They were just. . .

J S: Every ^{man} had a job. He was supposed to do that job and take care of it. And if they didn't do what they ought to, they didn't argue with him, they just give him his check and that's all there was to it. And the average of movin' job was eight to ten minutes from one settin to another. Every man had a job to do.

SAM: That is fast.

J S: Yeah. We'd get there and I was firin the engines *and that* start in in the morning, they didn't start early like *lot of* machine *men*, and in the night we'd be through supper and you'd hear whistles all over the country where they was workin. They worked about ten hours ^{about} was as long as they worked.

SAM: Really? ^{You mean} you didn't work from dawn till dark?

J S: No, sir. We'd go and have breakfast around six o'clock. And then we'd start up the machine and run till noon. And then we'd have supper. I forget what time it was we quit.

M S: About six o'clock we had supper.

J S: About six o'clock in the evening.

SAM: And you got as much done as the other outfits did?

J S: We made better average.

M S: Yes.

J S: *There,* I forget what it was now. How many days it was. But we averaged thirteen hundred and sixteen sacks with a thirty-two inch machine, so you know they were putting the grain through pretty fast.

M S: And that was a chicken dinner. And the boys would get the chickens and then take 'em to the engine and and scald 'em and pick 'em and everything for us. Everytime they got that many sacks over, why it was chicken dinner--fried chicken dinner.

J S: Yes sir.

J S: Sure, everyman had a job. And that's what he was supposed to take care of.

SAM: I've heard that cooks had the hardest jobs of all on the crew because they had to work so long.

M S: Well, I think they put in the longest hours, probably. But I don't know. I tell you, you work in the hot sun at a hundred and ten out there. Them men really did work now. And they worked hard.

SAM: Did you get enough sleep when you were on a job like that?

M S: Oh, yes, like I told. . . . (End of side B)

SAM: Why do you think that was? Do you think the lemonade would be better than water?

M S: Oh yes.

J S: Yeah, the lemons would make it so you didn't get diarrhea or anything like that.

SAM: That's different. It wasn't often that you'd have lemonade. Most crews it'd be water.

J S: Yeah. Y'see the change in water, why you couldn't tell.

M S: And there was so much alkali in that water up there. Oh it was terrible some places.

J S: On top of the high ground it wasn't alkali, but on the Coulee it was alkali water.

SAM: Did you have trouble getting water on your homestead?

J S: No.

MS : He had one of the finest springs right above his house that ever flowed. *See, that*

J S: *was good water.* Some kind of spring around there that run the year round. And there was

one spring there on the Tom Ferguson place that *Cordrell* Ferguson, his

brother, said he'd been watchin it for thirty-five years and

it never changed. And there was a white streak about that wide, it was, I

judge it was about that far down on the rock in that spring. And you could
 got there in the wintertime and it'd run the same. It'd run there
 down into a little lake. And then you go in in the hottest days of the
 summer and she was rollin just the same. She come off into kind of a hill,
 and it would run that way year round. And that there's all in that water,
 in that storage lake now. And they're just wonderin what happened to them
 springs and that storage lake over in there.

SAM: Do you remember how you found the homestead that you took up? How you
 found it? Did you have a locator or did you find it yourself?

J S: No, it was already surveyed out. And then there was land taken up around
 it and just had vacant ground there and I filed on it.

SAM: Did you ask around and find out where there was open ground?

J S: Yeah. My uncle and a fellah name of Morton, there, William Morton, lived there.
 And he knew all about it. 'Bout the vacant ground there so I ^{just} went and filed
 on it.

SAM: How do you think that country compares with this country?

J S: Oh, it ain't near like this is for farmin. The stakes up there on ^{the} high
 ground there. They raise pretty good crops.

SAM: Did you have trouble gettin timber? Gettin wood to build your house?

J S: Oh no. I got the lumber ^{had to buy lumber,} they shipped lumber in. Yeah. No, there was trees
 over in the ^{big granites (?)} but there wasn't any trees out - I had
 one big pine tree on the place I lived on.

M S: That's all the tree there was.

J S: It was about, I bet fifty feet out of the big limbs spread out. It was sure
 a big bunchy tree.

SAM: Now when you were a boy livin here, was it your aunt that you spent a lot
 of time with? Was that your aunt or your grandmother?

J S: Oh, my grandmother. I spent quite a little time with her. She had a homestead up on the Moscow Mountain. And I stayed up there with her quite a bit. Yep.

SAM: Well, from what you were sayin before, it sounded like she was quite a special woman, and I thought maybe you'd tell me a little bit about her.

M S: Well, really I didn't know much about her. She didn't live too long after we was married. But I know quite a bit about her when she was on the mountain because we used to go by her place and stop. But she was a wonderful woman--could do anything. Chop wood, saw logs--well, I can too. But she did it alone up there for so many years on that place. I don't see how she did it. And then she had a little band of sheep to take care of. And they just looked beautiful. She'd herd them all day.

SAM: Did she spin her own wool when she was here in this country?

J S: Yes, out at Jesse's dad she did. I saw her and Grandma, his mother, spin some wool. They'd card it first on cardin boards. And they have little handles like the one I called 'em a curry comb, like they use for a horse.

J S: And they'd card it and then take it. . .

M S: Jesse could card it, but I couldn't.

J S: Take it in a roll, and then you take a spinnin wheel and you turn that and there's a needle. It sticks out and you just winds up and makes a yarn out of it. And just keeps agoin, and you keep *winding it on*.

M S: There's one or two, used to be two spinning wheels here in town yet.

Anna Marie Anderson's got one up on her daddy's homestead here. And then Lena Olson used to have one, but some couple of quacks came in and beat her out of her spinning wheel, took it and never paid her for it. She was alone. A little bit of an old lady. She's pretty near a hundred years

old and still livin.

SAM: Did she make the wool, your grandmother, from her own sheep?

J S: Yeah.

MS : She sheared ^{her} sheep too.

J S: Yeah, they'd take and wash the wool. And then they'd card it.

M S: That's what she made that bedspread out of I showed you. Her own wool.

J S: Yeah.

SAM: She had to do everything ^{for} herself on the homestead, right?

M S: ^{Oh yes.} Only what the boys helped her. Sometimes Jesse's brother'd go and stay a little while; well, he had two brothers that would go. And Jesse would go and stay a little while with her.

SAM: And she was right near your homeplace?

M S: No, she wasn't near. She was clear across the canyon.

SAM: Oh, I see. W

M S: We had to go down and around to get to her place. But it wasn't very far right straight ^h through, but right across the canyon.

SAM: Did you say that she made cedar shakes?

M S: Yes. She made shakes. 'Cause I seen her. I don't know, I think Jesse has got her froe or his daddy's froe out here yet. Make shakes with. Which one was it, Daddy? Grandma's froe that she made shakes or your Dad's?

J S: I don't know. It wasn't Daddy's. I don't know whose it was.

M S: It was Grandma's then 'cause only two had one.

SAM: It ^u sounds to me from what you ~~were~~ saying before like she was a very independent woman.

M S: Yes. And boy did she have a temper. If she told ^{you} no, you better take no!

J S: No, I take when we ^{were} workin down here for Minkler. We used a froe and a mallet for makin these pickets. Then they got the splittin machines, a long time afterwards,

and they made pickets down there for quite a while with a froe.

SAM: Well, I was going to ask you for the story about how you first met

Mr. Spencer. How you met him the second time, too.

M S: Yes. My egg lady's coming.

Got to get my pocketbook and pay her.

SAM: Would you tell me the story now about how you first met this husband of yours?

M S: Oh, first time I seen him he made me mad. He pulled my hair. And I

jumped over the teeter board and took after him. And of course, he'd run.

And I told him if he was the last man on earth I wouldn't have him. And

we was pretty good sized kids--both of us then. He was stayin with his

grandmother then goin to school. And then I didn't meet him anymore till

1914--no, it was the first part of the year of '15. When is Bill's birthday,

Daddy?

J S: I don't know.

M S: I met him at his brother's birthday party, anyway. And I asked Frank

Rowann, he's the guy I went there with.

SAM: Oh, you were there with Frank Rowan?

M S: Well, we ^{ve} know~~n~~ him ever since we come to this country. And he lived out there then on the same road. And I said to Frank when we was eatin supper sittin on an old trunk, and I said, "Who is that guy standin in the kitchen with his hands behind me?" I said, "It'd be a good lookin girl to catch on to him" because he didn't say nothing, he just stood there and grinned and watched the rest of us have a good time. But oh god he was good lookin. He's lost it now. But Frank says, "That's Jesse Spencer, don't you know him?" I said, "Nope, never did see him before." And I'd forgot all about him goin to school up there when we was all on the mountain.

J S: I was too young when I went to that school up there to go.

M S: Well, you wasn't very young if you stayed with your grandma and walked that far and I wasn't either.

J S: I was about nine or ten years old and you wasn't in school then.

M S: Well.. .

J S: When I went up there. I didn't go very long, then they built the Spring Valley Schoolhouse, and I went there then. I went from my grandmother's place down there, I don't know.

SAM: Well, what happened then? Did Frank Rowan introduce you to him or what?

M S: Yes. Later on. And then he asked me to take me home that night, and Frank told me to go ahead. What year was you up there? Now, we was still on the homestead.

J S: You was on the homestead, but you wasn't goin to school because you wasn't old enough.

M S: Well, Jesse, I went to school from the homestead.

J S: You went to school up there at ^{that} another school, and I went to ^{the} ^{Randall Flat} school on top of the hill there.

M S: I did too.

J S: To Mrs. Blackburn.

M S: I did too.

J S: You hadn't been to school there.

M S: We walked from the homestead up there on that hill to school. You ask John. That's right where Lee Radl got him down that time and was a ticklin him, and Andy Dyer pulled him off of him. If he hadn't he'd a tickled him to death. Right up on that schoolhouse platform. Didn't have any cloakroom or anything then up there. Just a great big porch ^{out} in front with no foof or nothin on it.

SAM: Did you tell me, by the way, that you and Frank Rowan used to go together

when you didn't have anybody else to go with.

M S: Oh, once in a while. And he went to a basket social one time at the schoolhouse, and he was bound he was gonna get my basket because he wanted my supper was why. Him and his brother ^{Jack} stayed at our house an awful lot when we lived down on the flat. So first, old man Vittittle, an old widower, got my basket, and my brother told me before I went over there, he said, "Mabel, I'll bet you ten dollars that Vittittle'll get your basket." And I said, "If he does I won't eat with him." He was an old Tennessee guy, and his family was all growed up and gone, and he was dirty. If he'd a been clean I would ^{'ve} eat with him. And ^{he} got my basket first and Frank went around and bought it from him.

SAM: Why did your brother think he was going to get it?

M S: Oh, he just told me that. And he told me before we left home too.

SAM: He was just guessin, eh?

M S: Yeah. And I just made a plain round basket and put a big red rose right in the center of it--a white basket and a red rose in the center.

SAM: How did that work now? You bid on the basket, was that it?

M S: Yeah. Auctioneer. They used to have them out there at the schoolhouse quite often to raise money for the schools for different things. Say a new blackboard. One time we had one and bought a desk for the school. The old one wore out so we bought a new desk.

SAM: What do you remember about school?

J S: Oh, I don't remember too much about that, up there at Randall Flat but I went to Spring Valley School, and I spelt the whole class down, and in ^{arithmetic, in} mathematics, I put the whole school down in that.

M S: That's strong.

J S: ^{We} used to draw maps, and I draw ^{ed} a map of the United States and Mrs. Green was the teacher, and she give me a hundred on that map, and it

was there in the little schoolhouse for a good many years, tacked up on the wall.

SAM: Did you like school when you was goin to it?

M S: Oh, I loved it. I started highschool here in Troy, ~~and~~ I walked from ^{Randall} Flat in. And I wanted to go to school so bad, but I never had ^{The time (?) to} do it. My brother was born and my daddy said I couldn't go to school; I'd have to stay ^{to} home and help. So I did.

SAM: This was when you had been startin in high school?

M S: Yeah. Well, I was twenty years old. I had time to start to high school and I'd been waitin to start. I loved school. Used to stand ~~on~~ on a stump up on the homestead and my mother'd have to ^{go} help my daddy throw trees so he could work at the woods in the daytime while we were in school. And I used to stand on the stump and bawl because momma wasn't there to comb my hair and braid it. I had long braids.

SAM: Comb your hair before you went to school you mean?

M S: Yes. Because we had to start early. We had to go two miles and a half. And you had to start early.

SAM: Did You walk that way?

M S: Yes, we walked. Well, once in a while, we'd get a ride back ^{up} home with the loggers. They were loggin up in our neighborhood with teams then, and wide track wagons, loggin wagons. We'd sometimes get a ride with one of them from the sawmill up. But it was about a mile up the mountain from the school before we caught them. And then just once in a while we'd catch 'em.

SAM: When did you start workin around? You was probably pretty young when you started workin at home.

J S: Oh I worked and helped haul lumber and wood and stuff that way. I was a

little kid, nine, ten years old. Along in there. (Break)

J S: He had dogs. Three ^{or four} dogs. ^{He took off} I don't know where he'd go, but he'd go back he didn't dare to go up there by Park, I think it was somewhere.

SAM: He was a character, eh? I mean, he looked pretty funny?

J S: Yeah, he had kinda long hair, ^{He's} like the hippies does now. And I guess his name was Davey Cohorn. ^{That's what they} ^{said his name was.} All that I know is that they called him Wild Davey. and Davey Cohorn.

SAM: Was there any reason why they called him Wild Davey? They used to have a

J S: Why because he was back up there in the woods is all I know.
 wooyard down here. And they'd pile wood up down there. And Bill Dusty used to buy all kind of wood here. He just brung out a car or two everyday.
 ^{GYPPOING} ^{GYPPOOD} wood all over the country.

SAM: Did you cut wood to for th ^{at}? Did you cut wood to haul in to Troy?

J S: Yeah, we cut wood every spring, we cut quite a bit, a lot of wood and they'd bank out a bunch of it and make a long ^{rick} of wood and haul it in in the wintertime.

M S: A hundred cord they made every year; ~~We~~ did too.

SAM: A hundred cord just for the house?

M S: A hundred cord to keep our family goin. That's all the way they had of makin a livin.

SAM: You sold it here in Troy then?

M S: Yes. But we didn't haul to Troy. His daddy did, but we hauled to Howell up here. Loaded out, my daddy did. All of his wood and posts and ties that he had.

J S: They used to have more stuff shipped out of this town here than any town between Lewiston and Spokane. They've seen 'em come in here, two or three cars, and that's all they could take up there ^{for the engine} They'd have to come back and get the second car to take it up the hill to ^{Howell}. Now they don't ship anywheres nothing out here anymore.

SAM: Well, was it mostly wood that they shipped or they ship any other. . . ?

J S: Wood, ties, lumber and everything that way. Used to be mills all around the country. And they haul lumber in here and ship it out.

SAM: Was the town a tough town like I've heard? Is that so? That it was a pretty tough town in the early days?

J S: Oh yeah. Pretty rough. Yeah, you'd see quite a lot of Irish around here. And there were such a bunch of dagos, they called 'em, you know. Come in here and they got in together and run 'em out of town, workin on the railroad. And they wouldn't come back in here for several years. Finally they got so they come back through here workin. No, I guess they claimed that they run 'em out of town.

SAM: Just because they were dagos?

J S: I guess that was it. Yep.

SAM: Was this when they were building the road in 1890 or the Potlatch railroad ?

J S: No, the one goin, the *extra* crews goin down, you know. They used to have crews, they'd come in and *riprap* the road, bank and grade *along the creek* would fit through there and they'd *rip up the* rock. And that's what they were doin. And I guess they run 'em out. I don't remember it, but that's what I've heard 'em say.

SAM: What about the IWW? What have you heard about them?

J S: Yeah. They used to *lay a lot of things on* the IWW's that they didn't do. They were the ones that cleaned the loggin camps up, got the men decent bunks and things. They used to have bedbugs thicker than flies. You couldn't sleep for 'em. And they made 'em clean 'em up.

SAM: Were there many Wobblies around Troy here?

J S: No, not too many I don't think. There was one fellah come in here and I don't know whether it was *St. Marie* or what it was. He come in here and

robbed the bank here and got away with quite a bit of money. ^{children} Had_n lived right here next door. She was workin in the bank when they robbed it. And the detectives said if that guy had worked it right they never would have caught him. He come in here and after he got his money, he went ^{over and} he went and bought a new car and paid for his home, I think. Well, they know he didn't have that kind of money. So they ^{finally} convicted him on it. They said if he'd worked it right they never would have got him.

SAM: Was this in the early days or was this more recent?

J S: No, it was just here ^{in recent years.} It's ^{been} quite a while ago, but I don't know whether it was in early days.

SAM: Was there a lot of moonshinin around here during the prohibition?

J S: Oh, yea I guess there was. Several of them made moonshine, I don't know.

M S: Well, now you know one man out here made it.

SAM: I know a couple. I've heard Sam McKeon made quite a bit.

M S: Why that's the main one right here within the town.

J S: Yeah, he was out here just ^{about} a little over a mile from town. He lived up back ^{up} towards White Pine mill. And I guess he made quite a bit of moonshine.

SAM: He never got caught either, I heard. He's one of the few guys that never did get caught.

J S: Nope.

M S: They said he sat on a block of wood and talked to the officers and under the wood was his liquor, the block he was settin on.

J S: They said his daughter was settin on a box out in the yard and he come in and she had a rug over the box and had a gallon jug under there, and they looked all around and didn't find it, I guess. And Sam, he was in the house there and they come and he had a stone jar with a lid on that, and he was settin on that, told 'em to go ahead and hunt around all they wanted to. He just set there whittlin a stick, he said. And they hunted all around

and they didn't find it. *Tell about some fellow WANTING a* five gallon jug *on the* sharpened post down towards the barn lot. And he told him, just move over, and he took and moved some of the chips where he had it covered up, took the five gallon jug. (Breaks) (END of side C)

SAM: The guy came out there and he had the jug buried in the shavings?

J S: Yeah, he had the jug buried in the chips. And that's what they said he had buried underneath there. They wouldn't look in a chip pile for a jug.

SAM: So he just took it out and gave it to the guy?

J S: Yeah, he told him to bring his jug back. He wanted that. Yeah, I don't know.

SAM: And his daughter was like sittin with a blanket over her lap and. . .?

J S: Yeah, she was sewin something. She had the rug over the top of this apple box, sittin on that and the jug underneath that.

SAM: Well, he must have been a pretty careful guy because he never did get caught.

J S: Yeah, yeah. And they said one time there was a Sommerfield was a sheriff, and they'd sneak around and try to come in and catch him. And they claimed, and I don't know whether it's so or not, they claim he shot the *bootheel* off of Sommerfield out there--had him a-runnin. Now I don't know whether he did or not. That's what they claim--the fellah that told me about it.

SAM: I heard Mrs. McKeon had a pretty good temper of her own if you tangled with her.

J S: Yeah, you didn't pull anything over on her. Yeah. Yeah I guess there was an old fellah up here. He used to be on the telephone line. He was president and he was gonna cut her telephone line off. And she told him if he climbed up that pole, cut that telephone wire off, said he'd never know how he got down. So they said he didn't *get* up and cut the wire off, he left her on. I don't know.

SAM: Was that supposed to be Gabriel Anderson?

J S: Yeah, I [redacted]

SAM: I've heard that.

J S: Yeah, I guess, he left her on [redacted]

SAM: Did you know Butcher Johnson?

J S: Yeah. Yep. Yeah they homesteaded up here too. Yeah, they lived here for years and years. And he run a butcher shop, and I don't know.

SAM: I've heard tell that he used to drive into town and she'd come walkin into town after she got the chores done.

J S: Yeah, I guess they did. I don't know.

SAM: When did you first start drivin team?

J S: Oh, I was just a kid. I don't know how old I was. I wasn't very old.

SAM: How did you learn how to handle horses so good?

J S: Oh I learned from experience. Yep. No, I experimented and learnt.

SAM: You tell me: what's the right way to handle a team?

J S: Well, you gotta fit your collar and your hames up so they won't her their shoulders. And ^{half the} [redacted] people don't know how to pin a collar on a horse. And the horse's neck ^{is narrower} [redacted] At the top ^{than} it is to the bottom. Why you got to fill them in so that your collar fits all the way up and down the neck. If you don't why it'll make a sore shoulder. And I learned all that workin.

SAM: How do you fill these collars in? What do you fill them in with?

J S: Fill 'em in.

SAM: Do you just ^{fit} them?

J S: If a collar's too big ^{they} can put a pad on it. Lots of people didn't have pads on. They just had the collar. But if you had a, you could buckle 'em up at the top together so your collar fits your horse. You'll never have a sore shoulder. Yep.

SAM: Well, now you were tellin me that you run into lots of times, people weren't taking good care of their horses.

J S: Yeah. No, I worked horses and somebody'd fit the collar up on 'em. . .

M S: What was it that you used on their shoulders? Axle grease?

J S: Axle grease and stove polish.

M S: Not the polish, the soot, wasn't it.

J S: That was the reason that there here brick stove polish and they could cut it off and make a sauve out of it.

M S: Oh, that kind. Stir that in the axle grease.

SAM: What does that do?

M S: Heal them up.

J S: Heals 'em. ^{smooth} Makes 'em, coats the skin, yeah.

SAM: What would you say would be some of the best teams that he had? Were there any teams that he had that were real outstanding?

M S: Well, he had two of 'em. He raised one team. Were Doc and Pet own brother and sister, Daddy?

J S: Yeah. ^{MS:} He raised them. They were a span of ^{grays}. And then he had his drivin team, they were big but, boy, they could go. And he didn't raise them. He bought them, I guess.

J S: I bought them up there in the Big Bend country.

M S: And they was two special teams that we kept until they all died. We both loved them teams and drove 'em everywhere and on anything. And every time you'd tell that grey team to go, boy they went. And they could pull the biggest load for a little team. They weren't very big, not real big. But they were really strong and pullers.

J S: I worked ^{them} on a derrick fork. And they never stuck a derrick fork in to what they'd take a load up

MS : They'd go by theirselves without a driver. When it tripped, they'd back up 'cause I've seen 'em do it right up there when we harvested together.

And the horse lived the longest, we kept him till Clyde was three or four years old. And Dad would gather sweet corn from off of the garden up on the hill and bring it down. And I cut it off and I fed him until he died 'cause he didn't have a tooth in his head.

JS : He got that squirrel poison.

M S: Yeah, that's what killed him.

J S: Killed him.

SAM: What was it?

M S: Squirrel poison.

J S: Squirrel poison. It just eat him up.

Shepherd puttin it out for squirrels and he'd throw it out in the grass.

He'd eat the grass and he eat some of them kernels of oats. . .

SAM: Who was puttin it out for the squirrels?

M S: Shepherd, our neighbor then.

SAM: Well, you said that your father thought real highly of his skill as a teamster?

M S: Yes, sir. He said, "He was one of the best teamsters he ever saw pick up a line." My Daddy was a teamster; he drove stagecoach in California in the early days. And he cowboied down there for three or four years on the plains. And he was a real teamster, but he said Jesse could outdo him. People that drove three horses, they couldn't even up the team, and he made the three horse evener, that would even 'em up, you know, and they'd all pull the same. And nobody would ever believe that till they seen it. And seen him work 'em--three horses.

SAM: How did he do it?

M S: I don't know whether he took a piece of hardwood or a two by four or what he made 'em out of.

J S: Six horse hitch. *The horse and he'd put it on the wheel*

and he pulled against three
 in the lead. And then the other two pulled against them four. And you had your
 hitch right back to the plow. And you took just like a three horse *evener*
 and you put that *on there right close to your plow,* then this
 other horse, he had three-fourths the length and then *three, then this little horse they had one horse,*
 Well, I just made a hitch. And every horse pulled the same. Beat all the
 hitches I ever seen.

M S: And he could take a little horse and a big one, one of 'em wouldn't be
 travelling up with the other one, and he'd fix the check so them horses, *til*
 they all evened up.

J S: And now take that grey team I had. The mare she was tender-mouthed. The
 horse he was tough-mouthed. So I had to give that mare about eight inches
 more on that line to get 'em to walk even. Instead of ~~alot~~ of people have
 the idea just because *there* that line had a bunch of holes in it, you had to have
 'em in the same hole. Well, that's what they didn't know how to adjust, have
 a horse, and they *wondered* how I *more* had horses that always walked even. I had
 'em so they'd pull even all the time. That's just adjust in the line.

M S: He never would drive with a whip. I *used to* get so mad at him because he wouldn't
 drive with a whip, but he'd take the end of the line and he'd just cut the
 hair off of the horse with the end of the line.

SAM: Really?

M S: The same way with a quirt or a black snake, *or anything,* well our boy was good too. He
 took it after his dad, though. But he practiced. I held a cigarette out and
 he cut it in three pieces with a black snake, with a leather hopper on it.

SAM: My lord. How come you didn't want to use the whip?

J S: If you gonna have a horse you gotta whip *it* all the time, why you ain't no
 horseman, I don't care who he is.

M S: He told everyone and his Daddy always drove with a whip. And he told every one of them that had a whip that they wasn't no horsemen.

J S: You can't learn a horse to get up and go without a whippin, why you better quit. *I WAS plowing for* a fellow up there had a six horse team. And he had a horse, he was a young horse, oh probably five, six years old somewhere around there. And he was kinda lazy. And he had him furrowin away and he'd be right back. All the time he'd back *behind* and they'd keep pickin on him. Call him Tricks, Tricks, Tricks. I ^{ent} went over there and I went to plowing for him and I took a breast strap off. I had a piece of lace leather about that long. I took my knife and drilled a little hole in that and that breast strap was long enough, I took that and put that lace leather ⁱⁿ on the end of that, and oh, I'd just reach out and never to him. When he get back I just reach out with that strap, hit him on the leg. Well, he'd get up there, he'd get up ~~where~~ he belonged. I'd never say a word to him. He'd come back, I'd just reach out and tip him a little more with that leather, that'd just sting, you know. But it wasn't ^{til} I had that horse long ^{long} walkin up where he belonged. And I wasn't hollering Tricks at him at all. Only time I told him to go was when I started him out. And finally, we kept at it four or five days, goin along there, and this horse was walkin up where he belonged. So Harry Mitchell, he come along, and he was ridin on a saddle horse--he was the one that owned the horses--and he was goin along and the horse was walkin like he ought to. He said, "Look, you know what you've done? Tricks, you got him walkin where he beongs." I said, "I just took the strap off that was hangin on the leather. ^{out here} I just reached out and tipped him with that because I don't holler at a horse. If I can't learn him to go without hollerin at him, I didn't learn him." So I showed him and I don't know how he made it afterwards. I don't know.

SAM: Did you ever run into horses that wouldn't even move?

J S: Oh balky? Yes, I've had 'em balky, . . .

M S: He'd coax 'em out of that too without a whip.

J S: *There was a fella wasn't* tellin it right. And they didn't have the collar fit up on him and all them things. Now a horse, you know, if he's a-pullin, and that collar's goin to hurt his shoulders, he isn't going to pull, ~~that's~~ a cinch. Just like you, if you were goin to carry somethin on your shoulder, you'd want it up here where you could, *if you had it down here* ^{where it could pull} on your shoulder ~~where it hurt~~, you wouldn't lift against it. *You wouldn't want it against your shoulder.* Same way with a horse, yep.

M S: When we first come to the country here, well, him too, I don't know whether he worked on it or not, but the first combines was pulled with thirty-two head of horses. We did have the picture of some of 'em but I don't know where they've got off to. Out south of Moscow on the Snow place, we had one--
th^{irty-two} head of horses. We couldn't drive them with a whip. They had rocks.

SAM: Rocks?

J S: Tom used rocks but I wouldn't stand for anything like that at all.

M S: They'd throw rocks and burn 'em to get 'em to go.

You couldn't reach out thirty-two horses with a whip.

J S: *Seats are way up, and the horse is back underneath you
the seat set up ahead.*

Yeah, I don't know. They drove

that leaders, the rest of 'em was chained in.

M S: To one another.

J S: And fastened to the other double-tree.

M S: Did they just have the lines on the leaders, Daddy?

J S: That's all they had. Lines on the leaders.

M S: Oh, well I never knowed that because I never was out in the field where they was.

J S: I never worked on one of 'em, but I know how I would think.

SAM: It sounds like that could have been pretty tough on the horses.

J S: Yeah, he was a bad one. He would take one of the headers ^{They^{have}} six head ^{on} a header cuttin grain. And that was pretty hard work on the too. He was pushin the header that'd cut the ^{grain}, headin it. And then put it into a header bed till you get the stack and then pitch that up onto the stack. Build a stack.

M S: Dark horses used to lather, sweat, what they call lather till they was white in the hot weather, cuttin on a binder like that...

SAM: Really?

J S: Once in a while they'd have a runaway with a hitch break or something and the horses would run away. They'd get sometimes two or three of them killed when they'd run away.

SAM: They'd just trample each other.

J S: Yeah, just tear a, break a hitch loose rag one another I know there ^{was} one of 'em but two or three of 'em got hurt in it.

SAM: That's because the work was so bad?

J S: No, the hitch'd break and let all of 'em go that was pulling. And then the double tree'd hit their legs and they'd run.

SAM: What about breakin horses? Did you ever break any?

J S: Yeah, I'll say, I broke about a dozen.

SAM: Is there a special skill of breakin a horse?

J S: Used to get 'em up and handle 'em and get 'em so you could handle 'em, that was all.

M S: His way of handling horses ^{is what} got him through with all kinds of horses. He raised a colt from one of them greys that we had so long. And when our boy was right little, three or four months old, he said to me, the snow was deep, he said, "I have a notion to hitch old Jack and his mother up and we'll go up to your dad's." He only lived about a miles above us, out here on the road to the lake. And he went out and hitched 'em up and he said, "Do you

want to go along?" And I wrapped up the baby and we got in the sled and we went up there. This colt, first time he'd ever been hitched up. He just went right along until he gave out; the snow was deep. And Jesse would stop ^{him} and let him rest and he'd rest a while. And got up to my dad's gate and here come my dad out and he said, "What's the matter with you two? Have you gone crazy? Carrying that little baby up here behind that colt, and the first time he ever was hitched up." And Jesse just laughed at him. And we went all the way up there and we stayed a couple hours and we went back. And that horse was always just that good, as long as we owned him and a long time after. My dad owned him, and when he passed away, why they sold him. But he was a wonderful little horse. And it tickled me so well because neither one of us thought anything about that because Jesse had horses of all kinds.

J S: Then her dad got a horse a black team. And the horse was a runaway, he run away, tore up two or three buggies till her dad bought him. He bought the team ^{and harness} for ninety dollars. And they weighed ^{about} 11,000, between eleven and twelve hundred. And fellow by the name of Steve ^{short,} He said to me, "I hear you like a black horse." And I said, "Pretty good." He said, "That horse will kill you." "No, he won't do that." He says, "He's a ^{regular} runaway." "Well," I said, "he hasn't run away from me so far." So I took him and ride him and a fella by ^{Name of} the Woods, out here on the ridge and got some apples. And it was muddy. And so the horse got covered with mud on him and I got all the mud off of him I could when ^{it was wet.} The next morning I went and curried the mare first and got the mud off her and ^{started} clearing his horse and I curried him and he squealed so he upped and kicked at me. But he just barely grazed me. I picked up a pole trap that had aring in it and it made a popping noise. So I hit him two or three times ^{with} that went ^{right} on in to currying him and every time he squealed, I hit him with that there thing, make

him get where he belonged, I just kept up til I curried him. He never did kick at me anymore. Then after we had him, we was going up and, out here

about half-way through here and he started in running. And I think there was a cougar. Anyway, we started and they both of 'em run

and the mare ^{after they run away,} she couldn't slow up. He was just fighting to slow down and we were going home and I told my dad, he got on the back end of the sled like he was going to jump off. "Don't you jump off of there," but anyway, I took, put the line wrapped around, run a line around the stick, on the one, on this horse, and I'd pull back on it, I could hold him, 'cause I had one line there. When we got to home, had to make a turn off of the road, and I ^{told him}, "Now you hang on now. I'm going to turn in." So I took a hold and the line got loose, his line and I just give him a quick jerk and I ^{took, got him} want around towards the barn and we went up there. He just stood there and danced. He was crazy. My father, I told him, "You drop them ^{tugs}, I'll hold the line." He dropped the tugs. And then unhooked 'em.

When we got in the barn we couldn't even tie him up. So I shut the door and I come in, thought I'd come ^{back in after supper.}

he was still crazy and wanted to get out. Then after that I walked him, and ^{if} I was gonna leave him, I'd drive him around in the wagon or anything or on the wagon, I'd wrap a line around the hub of the wheel, make it so it wouldn't slip none, and watch him. And if he'd start up I'd tighten and I'd say "whoa". He'd stop, he thought I had hold of the line. After I had that horse a year or two I'd be going along and I'd say "whoa". He'd stop right there, right now. that's the way I trained him. And he never did get away from me.

SAM: What was it that made him go crazy like that?

J S: Nervous. He was just nervous. That's all there was to it. Yessir, he. . .

SAM: Do you think any horse can be trained?

J S: Yes, sure. You can train ^{most} just any horse. Yep. Start in on the right time,

And you can train most any horse.

I ^{worked} one horse up in the Big Bend country there, and he'd been spoilt.

And that horse never would give up. He'd fight all the time. I had to ride him one time. ^{fella come along.}

wagon. . . And he ^{said, "I, that} was a bad horse. ^{"Yessir, he said, he did." So he} took a hold of the rope, had him tied, and pulled on the rope and that horse struck at him, he was a hand at the barn lot, he just made a (?) where he hit

And that horse never would give up after that. And they ^{run} rode him in, a fellow by the name of Buck owned him, and had him bought and they ^{run} rode him in to a cattle chute and he kicked a rock, bucked up against there and he kicked that rock. He was crazy. I never seen an outlaw as he was.

But I had him going pretty good til that fella took a hold of that rope and got him ^{After that he} started. ^{give in} I never did get him after that. He never give up after that.

(End of Side D)

SAM: Cough syrup. What was in it?

M S: Just take the ^{Mullein} leaves and wash 'em and make the tea. And then put sugar in it and cook it down to a syrup. And take that syrup for a cough.

SAM So it's really just mull ^{ein}.

M S: Yeah, it's mull ^{ein}. It grows all around here. I'm going to get me a flour sack if I can't get nothin else and go out and gather me some for my own bronical and asthma cough.

SAM: What about tuberculosis? Wasn't there quite a bit of that in the early days?

M S: Yes, there was. My youngest brother had T. B. years ago when he was just a kid, but they got it on him, and him young and growin, of course, that his scars on his lungs, but they're all healed up and it's not active. But he has to keep close tab on it yet.

SAM: How was it that they treated it then? What did they do? Did they isolate the person, separate him or?

M S: No, no. They didn't him. I don't know just how ^{old} Glenn was. But he was just a kid, but they done it mostly with milk and cream and diet. He couldn't have any fat meats or anything like that, animal fat. Mama used to have to make his salad dressing out of lemon juice and olive oil. And just kept him good and warm. Now they put 'em outside. They did our brother-in-law and they did one of our neighbors out here, Mattie Johnson that had it. But then when he had it they didn't do that. I don't know which one works the best.

SAM: When you got married did you get shivareed?

M S: Twice up at his place and once down here. We got shivareed here before we went up to his place. And then we got shivareed after we got up there. We heard 'em a-coming and we blowed out the light, we didn't have to turn it out, we blowed it out. I've got his lamp in there yet. And they got up by the corner of the house and one old guy coked his shotgun and it didn't go off and he said, "Dad gum that thing!" And Jesse said to me, "That's Billy Hartman." That's his neighbors just across the road. He said, "That's his by-word." Sure enough it was. They were awful good people up there. They were just like one big family in the Big Bend country. Just real nice people for hundreds of miles around there where we was. Everybody I met. And some of 'em still writes to us. Well, we didn't hear this Christmas from one of the Mitchells up there, but we do every year nearly. I don't know whether she's living or not yet.

SAM: Did you ever hear about claim jumpin in the early days? Was there ever any

trouble with claim jumpers?

J S: No, I don't know.

SAM: You never had any trouble in Big Bend?

J S: No.

M S: They filed a miner's claim up on the mountain when we lived up there for gold. They was two of 'em right below us, but one of 'em left, but the old man and his two boys, ^{Duthie} was his name, they stayed there and mined. And old Mr. ^{Duthie}, he found quite a lot of gold up on them mountains.

SAM: Did they give it a name? Their claim? Their mine?

M S: No, not that I ever knowed of. He had two boys: Joe and Tom. And their cabin was just below my daddy's south gate, line gate. And this old man, he took the nuggets that he got and he made things out of 'em; watch charms, and he made watch chains. ^{watch chains} My mother made several horsehair out of a horse's tail. And he had her to decorate 'em with some of these nuggets. Then he sold 'em. And ^{he} sold 'em for a big price then. But he made several different kinds of charms out of gold nuggets that he got up there. But where he got 'em is more than I ever knowed. Nobody ever knew.

SAM: You know when you talk about the people being close to each other and good friends, did people play jokes on each other very much? Play jokes?

M S: No, not very much in the early times. Not like they do now. And it's sure a cinch they didn't tell dirty jokes like they do now. ^{no use for.} That's something I've got.

SAM: What I was thinking of was sometimes at the shivaree's they sort of tricked people, that's what I mean.

M S: Oh, they might play jokes on something like that then, but I probably was too young to remember if they did when we first come up here. When we was shivareed down here where we was married, Jesse's brother-in-law come in-- he weighed over two hundred. And it rained all day the day we was married and it rained all night. And when they come to shivaree it was still raining.

And there was mud holes out there then. And Jesse's brother-in-law walked into one of them mud holes and lost his oxfords. And he come on up to the house in his sock feet. But Frank Rowan was to our shivaree. He was to our wedding too. But just to play plain jokes on us, well, I guess they did, ^{ne}filled my slippers up in the Big Bend country when we was shivaræed. Filled my slippers with all little bits of tore up pieces of paper. Just stuffed the toe, and when they done it without me seein 'em is more than I know. A little bit of a guy, Tommy Bohow, was his name. He done it. And I didn't even know it until I went to put 'em on.

J S: No they took up there to help dig wells. I went up to dig three wells up there. One well, it had water in it, I forget how deep it was. Anyway, you go through a layer of sand, then you hit blue clay. And you couldn't hardly pull it out of that. Then you go on down, about four feet or something that way, and you hit another streak of sand. And when ^{they get} to water, that water was so warm you couldn't drink it. You'd have to set it out and let it cool.

SAM; How deep did they have to go?

J S: I forget how deep it was. It was fifty or sixty feet, something that way.

SAM: Did they witch the wells?

J S: No.

M S: How far was them warm water wells from your good spring, Daddy?

J S: Oh, that was a long ways. Yeah. No, that's Steamboat Rock.

M S: Oh, that's a long ways.

J SL And they're out there kind of in the middle of the Goulee there. We dug a well there and we went down through sand and rock. Had to curb that all the way down. And they dug that down, I forget what it was now. Seventy or eighty feet, something that away. And we got a well drilled in there.

And ^{then} went down about three hundred feet, I think it was, just through that sand and boulders. And that casing, you drove that down. And then

they had a, it looked like rubber capping, ^{looked like} and it was just like you take a knife and stick it into a piece of rubber, you know, and it'll pull back. Well, that's the way it was. ^{they} Never did get through that. They finally took and they hit water down at the top of the ground and then they took off forty feet of the eight inch casing. And they had a deep-well pump in there with one big ^{cylinder}. And they had that and then they got a centrifugal pump and they put that down and they had a shaft and ^{when} they started pumpin that the fellah that lived there said, "Where'd you put that pump? In the bottom of the well or down on top of that pipe?" Well they knew ^{what} the bottom of the well, ^{they} pumped it out everyday when we was digging it. ^{But} it on the bottom. "Well," I said, "when you put it down at the bottom and it'll cave in." He said, "No, I don't think so." So they started up and they got it pumped out and after the ^{was down there a while} pump you could hear the boards crackin where they ^{coming}, the two inch plank. You could hear it crack in there every once in a while. And I told the fellah that they left there ^{to run it} that they were going to run it day and night to see what it'd pump. I said, "That's going to cave in ^{just} as sure as the world 'cause you got that water out of there and that boulder rock is going to cave it in." And so I went home to eat supper and I come back, about eight o'clock there was a man crying that it caved in. Well, he run the pump, I guess, for an hour or better and no water come out at all. I said, "You might ^{just} as well shut that thing down. You could run it all night and you won't get no water." Well ^{they took and} the water raised back up. And they took and raised that pump up then, it raised up about close to twenty feet. And then they started in pumpin again and it caved in plum at the top of the well then. And they ^{never} did get the deep-well pump out 'cause they bent the pipe in there and last I ^{ever knew} it was still in there.

SAM: I'll be.

J S: Yeah, that was no good.

SAM: It was just bad ground, eh?

J S: No, you see as long as that water was in there it held pressure against the ^{boards}, there was nothin but sand and gravel rock. It was just gravel. Oh that there just caved right in.

SAM: Well, on your family's homestead over here, did you have any trouble with water? How'd you get it?

J S: No, they dug a well there. We had a well down ^{below} the house there from the of the house. And then they dug a well when they built the new house, and they dug a well up there by the house. And it went down into that blue basalt rock there for eighteen feet, I think it was, get water.

SAM: How did your father make his living when he was living just there? Was it mostly cuttin timber?

J S: Yeah, he worked around cuttin timber. He'd make cord^{wood} and sell that, yeah. Then he had a lot of timber on the homestead there and he cut that and they logged it off, yeah.

SAM: Did it take him a long time to get the land cleared up to start farming?

J S: No, they'd keep cleanin up an acre or two every year or so. It didn't take too long.

M S: You had to have five acres cleared before you could get the title to the place. That was in the filing.

J S: Yeah, you were supposed to have five acres, yep. The oldtimers, they had quite a time. But they could buy more for a dollar then than you can buy for ten dollars now.

M S: Buy a sack of flour for fifty cents more than once.

J S: Yeah, you could buy a fifty pound sack of flour for fifty cents.

SAM: Where did your father get his supplies from at first?

J S: Oh, he got 'em from Moscow, most of 'em.

M S: Carried it home on his shoulder.

SAM: Really?

M S: That's what he told me.

SAM: He carried the flour in the flour sack home on his shoulder?

It took at their house.

M S: Yep, fifty pounds of flour. Fifty pounds a week. His mother and him had thirteen children and they raised eight out of thirteen. So there was eight children and him and her to feed.

SAM: Must have been a pretty tough go at first.

M S: Well, it was for sugar and coffee and flour. And you could raise your meat.

Both beef and hogs. And feed wasn't so high then, but what you could buy a load of feed once in a while to feed out a beef or a hog that you was going to butcher. And they had a good orchard on their place and we did too. Lots of fruit. And they would raise lots of garden. Raise all their tomatoes and cabbage and onions and beans and corn and everything they ate. I've been out there when Grandma and Grandpa had a fifty gallon barrel of sauerkraut, and we used to have the same at home every year. So I don't believe it was a hard then as it is now to pay the prices ^{that} we have to pay to live. Even though we raise everything here that we can raise except beans and corn and tomatoes and cucumbers for the frost. And I can off of our garden here. And just what we have to buy, it takes an awful lot of money to buy the rest of it. Of course we can't raise no meat of any kind. But I did raise three hundred chickens out here.

SAM: Really?

M S: Yes. Jesse fixed me a fence at the end of that woodshed there, from there out

to the street. And we got 'em little. Raised 'em up to fryers. And boy, I made money, but I couldn't stand the feathers on the chickens, and I can't work with 'em anymore. Otherwise I'd have some chickens *in the locker* of my own. And you know, people come clear from Lewiston and Pullman and everywhere, and bought them fryers right out of the pen, took 'em home and dressed 'em. And my sister-in-law out here and I ^{bought 'em} together. She got the same amount out on the ranch, but she had everything to feed hers. ~~He~~ was workin in the warehouse and they got the screen^{ings} and the clean^{ings} all give to him and she had lots of her feed. But we had to buy ours.

SAM: When you were first married, was it tough then? When you set up your homeplace back here? Were those hard years?

M S: No, it wasn't bad. Harvesting was good. Your grain crops was good. And there was lots of work. He had teamwork nearly the year round--winter and summer. In the summer he'd take both teams and go harvesting. And in the wintertime he had clay hauls and things like that in here at the brickyard that he worked his horses nearly all the time--winter and summer. So it wasn't too hard. And the place we had was so ^{wed} to Timothy, and he cut the timothy and have it baled and then the Potlatch took it right out of the field by the ton, only what he kept for his own. And it wasn't too hard, for us anyway. 'Course we had ^{fruit} on the place we was on, some, not all kinds. And we always had a big garden, and I raised three hundred chickens out there, and they were big chickens. We ^{had} our own meat, beef and our hogs. Our own cows: milk and butter and eggs and everything. ^{So} it was ^{n't} hard for us anyway.

SAM: What happened when the 1930 depression came along? Did that affect you very much?

M S: No, we were in Moscow the first depression. We lived in Moscow fifteen years after we quit ranching. And we was up there during the worst part of it and

during the war. We moved back down here in '45, just before the war closed. Mill fellow up here that drove the mill come up after Jesse three different times before he got him to say he'd come back down here and run the engine for him, sawmill.

J S: I worked down here in that sawmill for four or five years, *Weyerhaeuser*, they didn't pay no wages for that.

M S: And if you managed your money right and you both pulled together, it don't cost you so much to live. But if a man pulls one way and the woman the other, it's going to cost you some money to live. I don't care what anybody says. I tell the kids upstairs they're crazy because they're not investin their money; their both makin good money. Of course, the government'll get a ^{big} share of it; they have no family. But just the same, they're not managin their money. And I don't want to tell 'em because it's not none of my business, but if they asked me now they'll get told, don't kid yourself. And I'll tell 'em how to save their money, not spend every dime they've got, always have a little nest egg to the side of 'em. I have and it's just ~~tho~~ through our management, that's all, and workin together.

SAM: Does it mean doin without a lot the you want?

M S: Yes, it does. But why want so many things when you know you can't pay for 'em? People nowadays who go, what's the matter with the world right, now is people are going in debt. If they couldn't get credit, we'd be on good terms right now. But they get too much credit. They get in the hole, and then, what do they do? Take bankruptcy. Go somewhere else and start in again and they'll go in debt again. They've done it right here under my nose, so I know.

SAM: Did it used to be that way in the early days or is this all new?

M S: No, no. You could get credit if you needed it. But you had to be in need of

it. And you had to be in good standing and paid all of your bills beforehand or you couldn't get no credit. And it should be that way right now. The world'd be better off if there was no credit on things that you can do without. I don't say that you can't live without groceries, we all know that. Or you can't live in a house without fuel. Things that's necessary, we have to pay the price and go along and live with it. But you can live with but a side of it and have them things that you need to have. But you don't need to go in debt for a lot of fine furniture and a new car. We got a neighbor over here that's a-worrying us both. And they're good neighbors; they're good people, both a-workin, both young, and got four children, and they're all four in high school this year. They'll have three next year, one of 'em finishes. . .

J S: They say that he owes the bank eleven hundred dollars a month. So I don't know. . .

M S: That's his check, Daddy. That ain't hers. That's his, 'cause I was with her.

SAM: Well, I would think that a husband and wife would pull together naturally. I don't know why they'd pull different ways.

M S: They're supposed to. But you take a wife that is extravagant, say in the kitchen. I've got some of 'em in my own family. And throw it out the back door faster than he can bring it in the front door. That's the old saying. And that's not pullin together at all. Or if the family needs clothing or needs something in the house, and the man goes out and buys a new motorcycle or something like that without the wife knowin it, and pull the money the other way, why that's not pullin together at all. These folks over here are pullin together, spend their money together, but oh, dear at the money they spend. They've got two boats, they got a new camper, they got a new pick-up, they got a new car, they've got three new snowmobiles, they've got two new motorcycles

for the boys, and then they built that big garage up there that ain't finished.

J S: They built that garage up there, and that garage ain't worth fifty dollars to 'em. But they got a boat and some the other stuck in there. It ain't bringin him a dime.

M S: Last winter it broke in with snow and it laid there all summer.

J S: Last winter, instead of bracing it from underneath there, it wouldn't hold it up. I was out there in the yard, standing there and looked at it, and that wet snow last spring and I said to myself, "If that roof stands up under that snow, I'll miss my guess." And I just stepped back to rake couple rakesfuls of snow that I had left there and I heard a crash, you know, and I looked up and here went that roof goin down and the snow all piled up in the middle of it. That laid that way all summer. They went up there and dug the snow off and our neighbor up here told her he seen the snow slide off of it. Well, he never seen the snow slide of--he seen a little slide off of the front edge of the roof, but the main snow all went down in the center of the thing there. They had that plyboard floor in there and that laid there all summer. Then they took it out and they put concrete in there. And that concrete's up on top of them planks, on top of that there plyboard, and I don't know how much short, was over . two and three tons of concrete on top of that timber there. And then they've got they've got the thing and it ain't bringing em in a dime. I'll bet a coupla good apartments there, one up overhead and one down the side, they could rent them for hundred and twenty-five, thirty dollars a month.

M S: Oh, they've got a swell place in the bottom for apartments and it's just out of this world if it was finished up and in apartments.

(End of Side E)

J S: . . .from Lewiston, come up there to Fernwood. And we was standin there talkin, or settin there rather, talkin and he said he worked in a camp, it was just ^{across} from Fernwood there on the hill. He said, "That used to be a camp over there." "It ~~was~~ ^{er} there when old man Weyerhauser was there and there was a fellow come along there, he told me what his name was but I don't know what it was, and he said to old man Weyerhauser, "What are you cryin about." "Look at all this pretty timber. I'll never live to see it cut. A lot of the rest of us won't live to see it cut." "You crazy old mutt, you're cryin about that. Just forget that, maybe a lot of the rest of us won't see it cut." So, pretty good. Yep.

SAM: There was one story you told me too about this guy whose horses were so balky they wouldn't move at all and you got 'em to move. Do you know which story that was?

J S: Oh I worked a grey team, that a fellow by the name of Paine down here had. And one of them was balky. So I'd go up to 'em and fit the collars up on 'em and handled 'em a while. ^{I worked him} And he'd pull every time I'd tell him too. And he could see over the back of the blind, you know, and they made him nervous. So I worked haulin lumber, and I ought to put a load on about twelve hundred feet, maybe not that much. And yet he goes jumpin back and forth. So I stopped him and the mare, she was a little slower, she was slow in startin. So I just took the line and whacked her a time or two on the leg, made her get up where she belonged, and I'd speak to 'em and they'd pull even. And I kept workin that horse that way, and I got them so that I could come to a hill, I'd pull 'em a little ways and stop 'em. Let 'em catch a wind and ^{on} little further. And I kept on workin that horse till he pulled just ^{anywhere} I told ho to. They said that he was balky. I said, "He ain't balky, it's the driver who's balky.

J 8: . . . and they claim if hadn't been for the wet weather they lost the crop. And I've heard my dad talk about it, in '93, I don't remember much about it myself. But if they hadn't a ^{lost their} crop here and the wet, rainy fall they said they heard the news they even had a panic. But they lost their crops and it made 'em bad because it rained so much. And he said that's what rained probably over this part of the country. And when Roosevelt was elected the first time and they had this, we was workin up out of Moscow there on the weed control. And we went out after Roosevelt was elected, ^{was} out on the job, and Martin Pierce was our foreman and he said to Roy Harris and some of the other fellows, I forget what their names, and he asked, him said, "I voted for Roosevelt, who did you vote for." Roy said, "I voted for Roosevelt." And he called the other fellow by name, "Who'd you vote for?" So he said, "Jesse, who'd you vote for?" ^{I said,} "I voted for Roosevelt." He said to Sam Hunt, he said, "Sam, who did you vote for?" He said, "I won't even tell who I voted for, my brother pretty near lost his job for tellin who he voted for." Well this Martin Pierce says to him, he says, "^{We ought to} kick you off the job. ^{Be glad} Roosevelt's got a job here, go on if you can make a livin. You voted against him, well we know who you voted for." So we're all workin and so we went to talkin about Cleveland's time. Well, I ^{I said,} spoke up, "Listen, Sam," I said, "Grover Cleveland is dead a long, long time ago. And his time, just forget about it. I heard my dad talkin about it and in '93 they had the rain. And they wouldn't have known there was a panic if they hadn't a lost their crops. There's too many of 'em talk about Mr. Hoover's administration, he ain't to blame for the panic altogether, ^{he} maybe some. But it's the ^{other} guy that's to blame for this panic. So no^w forget about it, let's let him rest. He's dead years ago.

Let's forget about that."

SAM: He was a Republican because Cleveland was a Democrat, right?

J S: Yeah, and in his time he was votin for his party, he wasn't votin for the man 'cause he was votin for the party. But like Martin Pierce said, "We'll kick you off the job. The president worked to get somethin goin so that you could make a livin and then you vote against him." Yeah, that was sure pretty good.

SAM: Hey, were the IWW's in this country for very long?

J S: Oh they was here, I don't know, four or five years, I suppose.

SAM: You really think they did good in the camps?

J S: Yeah, I think there were lots of things of danger like *setting fire to shocks* and things like that that they claimed IWW done it. I think it was farmers that done it.

M S: He worked in the camps when they was here so he oughta know.

SAM: You was in the loggin camps in those days?

J S: Oh, I worked in the logging camps some, yeah. But they cleaned the camps up so they were decent to stay at anyway.

SAM: Did they come around to get members in the camps, the IW's?

J S: I don't know. Nobody ever asked me to join 'em or anything.

SAM. Where there any tough characters in the logging camps? Were there any men that were real. . .?

J S: Oh, no there wasn't--they were just common people, just all they was.

Just as good as people there as anywhere else. Yeah. Things go like that and you pretty near forget about 'em.

SAM: You remember quite a bit.