

The following interview is with Hazel Corbeill taped at Kellogg, Idaho on July 30, 1975 by Connie Richard.

CR: This is sort of a fact sheet, we can sort of fill it out quickly and then we can just talk. We'll see how it goes. Your name?

HC: Hazel Corbeill, it's French.

CR: Have you ever had a nickname Hazel?

HC: When I work in the hardware store from '49 the woman who ran it was a very flubbery lady, very business like and she was forever saying, "Hazie bug we need this done or we need that done," she had a real high squeaky voice. Other than working for her she was the only person who ever gave me a nickname.

CR: What was your maiden name?

HC: That was a very complicated thing. My mother's family was living in West Virginia and she met my father and they were married there. Later he made a trip up to Canada to visit his parents, they were on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls and he went hunting while he was up there and he was accidentally shot and killed. This was three months before I was born. Her parents at about that time were just preparing to move out west again so there she was a 19 yr. old bride and very pregnant and so she came with them. Her father's folks had been trying throughout that time to have the marriage broken up, they were very aristocratic British background, they had been living in Canada for quite some time. My mother's family was an emmigrant family from Norway and they felt this was beneath their particular family so my mother had letters from them urging that it be broken up. Well anyway there was no chance of her going to their home so she prepared to leave with her folks. They got as far as North Dakota and they stopped long enough for me to get born there and baptised there and then they moved on to Wash. state and from there she went to Canada and she was cooking for the railroad crew up in Sasketechewan. She met a man there and married him, now at that time I was probably not quite two years old but in those days they thought the child would have a more

respect for the man of the household if she thought it to be her father. So I was never known by my rightful name of Hazel Drewery. It was just before I was married that they told me, my mother told me. Frankly the subject comes up frequently in the paper, should the child be told?

CR: How did you feel about that?

HC: To me it was the greatest relief ever because my step dad was an awful man. I had a younger sister, almost seven years younger, and as a child I often wondered why he couldn't like me at all. He was always so outrageously mean and the partiality went so far that; I mean I was scared to death and I never understood why, now it didn't hurt, in fact it was nothing but relief when I found out that he was not my father. I often wonder when I see these items in the paper about whether or not the child should be told. In my case, I could've had a far better understanding because even as a child I had more understanding than many adults did. So it was nothing but relief. However, I had gone all the years that I had in any public schooling by the name of [REDACTED] and under the attitude of thinking that he was my father.

CR: Did he ever adopt you ever?

HC: No.

CR: So really your name was Drewery all that time.

HC: It was Drewery. However so many of my legal papers and everything were in the other name.

CR: Ok why don't I put both names down.

HC: His name was [REDACTED] and they pretty much arranged a marriage for me at the age of 16 because that was the only logical disposition of a 16 yr. old girl. I wanted an education so badly that I cried for days. He was about five years older than I but we had absolutely nothing in common then. The marriage lasted for seventeen years because I'd been brought up to think that it was a contract and that's that. So that name was [REDACTED]s.

CR: What was your date of birth?

HC: Dec. 4, 1909

CR: Place of birth?

HC: Carrington, North Dakota.

CR: Your first residence in Idaho was where?

HC: Bonners Ferry

CR: Did you come with your husband?

HC: No; I said I was married when I was 16, I had gone to 24 schools before that.

CR: Let me ask you a couple of questions about that early marriage. Were most girls at that time getting married young like that?

HC: Most of them, no. Many of them were getting married early but it was usually because of pregnancy.

CR: Way back then?

HC: Oh yes the stigma was there but you had seven month babies in those days.

CR: You mean they were born premature?

HC: No that was the explanation.

CR: That just shocks me.

HC: So many, especially a lot of older people sit around quite snugly and talk about the degenerate group that we have now but really except for the cover ups there was more hypocrisy then. In my situation the wedding date was set for two weeks after my birthday. My birthday was on the 4th of Dec., I was married on the 16th of December. When I went into the principal's office, I told them that I would be quitting and it was all I could do to keep from crying because I loved school wherever I went. That was one delight in my life. Immediately he looked me over in the right places and says, "you too?" I was quite taken back. I was really very innocent, I didn't quite know what it was all about. Then I found later that he had made the comment on the side that I was the third this

month because they were pregnant. The heartache of getting married that early in those days was that schooling was done, it was finished. I found out later that I had lots of time but there was no books. Whenever I was in school, at least I had access to books and I'd been a reader from the time when I first started in first grade and there were no books or papers or anything in the home I was in. I went back to see if I could possibly enroll again in high school but it wouldn't be the proper atmosphere for the innocent. I guess it's been since war years that it has been acceptable for a married person to continue on to school which is wonderful. On the other hand I do think that there should be a few restrictions. I mean if a boy gets married at 16 or 17 I don't think that he should be encouraged to take part in all the other;

CR: How did they choose the man that you were going to marry? Did you know him before?

HC: Yes we lived in Preston, B. for a while but the last place we lived in was a small town restaurant. My folks operated this, they did a little bit of everything. This was a small cafe and there were three rooms upstairs to rent out. This family came in from the and bought a saloon across the alley from the restaurant but they couldn't move into it immediately so they stayed in these rooms. I was nine years old at that time. They were a family pretty similar to my family, moving from one place to the other, I mean every year or two, moving. Our two families became acquainted there and later on we moved to Iowa to several places in Iowa and then came back to Idaho and eventually moved to Mullein, Idaho and that family living up there was in Mullein.

CR: The same ones?

HC: Yes. Later on we moved from Mullein to Hayden Lake, from Hayden Lake to Kellogg. When we came to Kellogg this family was living here. There was no letter correspondence there. I was nine years old there and I was 15

when I came to Kellogg. Their oldest son was 21 and he had a job in the mines. He supported his folks and his folks lived with us during the 17 years that we were married.

CR: All seventeen years?

HC: There are things I'd like to say about;

CR: Well go ahead, I'd like for you to say anything that you want to say.

HC: I hate to hurt anyone but I have a very self centered mother-in-law

It doesn't really help to build a marriage no matter how seriously one takes the contract. Speaking of marriages in those days, they talk about how many marriages now are kind of hit and miss and peculiar and so on and so forth. Here I was just past my sixteenth birthday, my mother went along with me to stand up for me. No other witness came along. We drove to Wallace, we went to the courthouse to get the marriage license and went to the Justice of the Peace to be married. He looked at me and looked at my mother and said, "how old is she?" she said, "she's 16" he says, "do you give ^{your} consent" she says, "yes"

I never was questioned as to a yes, no or

CR: They didn't see if you wanted this or not.

HC: No.

CR: Your wishes were not considered.

HC: It just wasn't necessary, the judge had the same attitude that the school principal had had. It was two years before my first child was born. It was just taken for granted that anyone who got married at that age, well that must be it.

CR: Did you feel like your parents wanted to get rid of you is that why they wanted you to get married?

HC: No I didn't know it at the time but my mother's health was very bad. It was becoming very bad, she died two years later. Her marriage had never been happy. She wasn't the kind to complain, there again she had married

this man and that was the thing in those days to make it work.

CR: You accepted it.

HC: Yes but on the other hand she knew the man well enough; I think the one fear that she may have had, there really was no communication between us but I think the real fear that she had that she might die was what would become of me if I were left with him. It wasn't a matter of richness . Yes he had a job that made him stable. It was a matter of not only inviting him to the house constantly but we went to church in a group and my mother and step dad were in on it. Of course he would of been glad of to get rid of one more to feed at any time. I think he begrudged me from the time....

CR: You didn't have a very good childhood then did you?

HC: No it wasn't a childhood. My mother's family all believed in there was work to be done. From the time I can remember there was work. In fact now it's almost It's the first town in my life where I've felt my time was my own to do with what I want. I work when I feel like it and I read when I feel like it and no responsibility to anyone. I find it a very happy sort of living.

CR: I guess you deserve it after all those years.

HC: My mother came from a family that was do it yourselfers. They also believed that to keep hands busy was the best solution to everything. I can remember out in the homestead up in Canada long before I was of school age. Piecing quilts by hand and if one little backstitch was out of place anywhere along the seam, I'd have to pick the stitches out and go back there and start over. By the time we moved into where I started school and that was the fall before I was seven years old. There's another thing, in all the years that I did go to school I only once, I believe, did I start school when school started. Only once or twice was I going to school when the school was over. There would be

changes in school in between. The folks would always seem to move a little too late to get me started in the beginning of the semester or period whatever it was called then, and they would always move just before school was out, a month or two months before school was out. That's how it was with my first year in school. Even at that time my mother took in sewing and I'd better be home right on time to start making button holes and stitching in hems and I was seven years old then. I didn't feel put upon because of the work but my reading was considered a waste of time and I developed an awful yearn for reading and I exhausted libraries in every school that I went to, everything that was readable in every school that I went to. I couldn't read it at home maybe that made quite a student of me and all the good grades. I would rush through my lessons and then rush to the library. There was always work to be done at home, always. When we lived in Bonners Ferry, the summer that we were there the folks had an old deserted farm, it was on the south bench. They were quite large acreages up there. This one, someone started to build a house on it but never finished. It was finished on the outside at all. Somehow my dad got permission to live on the farmland for the summer on a share crop basis. He had to put in so many acres of potatoes. We had three cows and they would turn the cows loose to graze by the railroad tracks. There was a drop off, I would say 30 feet or so to the lower level of the ground. It was good grazing down there. At the time of the day when the trains would be coming through I'd have to go down there and keep an eye on those cows to be sure they wouldn't be on the tracks when the train came. It wasn't to be wasted time. In those days women wore *camisoles* over their corsets. This *camisole* was cut straight around at the top and that straps over it. But it was the thing to have a wide lace band, a crocheted lace band. The ones that I made were probably about four inches wide, different types of stitches and different patterns.

CR: Do you have any left?

HC: Probably not. Through the course of that summer I crocheted these bands for other people at \$3 00 each. I was twelve years old that summer. I don't know how many of those I crocheted. I was supposed to have some money for school clothes and I know that was my mother's intent; I was not only a stranger in the school but I was always horribly disastrously dressed.

CR: Because you were poor?

HC: Yes and even if there was money, it shouldn't be wasted. However my mother's attitude was that clothes were just a matter of vanity. She was a good seamstress, she made beautiful things for customers but I ever remember a garment at home that ever fit me because she always allowed for extra growth and shrinkage. The clothes wore out before they ever fit. There again the economy of it, they were always made longer than anybody else's and sometimes hemmed like that. She was very small herself and I guess she thought there would be no end to where I went. I was always the tallest girl in the class. I don't feel that tall now because the new generation of girls are tall. Anyway I don't know how many of those I crocheted. I know there were many many and most of the crocheting was done down there herding the cows and we'd have orders for maybe three or four from one customer so there was no worry about that. When it came time to get those school clothes my step father went with me and he was gonna get me a pair of shoes that were, by God going to last me. In those days men's and boys work shoes were made extremely wide with a big humped up hard toe. Have you ever seen any of those in museums or anything? It was quite common then.

CR: He made you wear those?

HC: That's what he bought for me. The shoe came down with a great big built up toe like that and it was humped up. The boys wore those in seventh

and eighth grades, they could kick everything with them. They came up about seven inches. Now there's a size difference, I had quite large feet if he got some that were too short for me, goodness knows there was plenty of room for my feet to spread out this way, they were a dollar cheaper than if you got the next size so they were not the most ungainly things ever put on a girl but they were also entirely too short. To this day the only part of my body that is the only distress for me is my feet. That was just one, there was an old second hand store there where he had some old ladies button shoes, you've seen those in the gay 90's. A high french heel, it was a bit of a curved heel and then they came up and they had a row of buttons down here and were extremely pointed. Here I was a child of nine years old with that of chubby feet, four pairs of those at fifty cents a pair, cut off the heel so it brought them down. They were so tight. I walked over a mile to school for several days in the months that we were there and eventually towards the last of it there would be holes cut in my side to make room for my feet.

CR: Did your schoolmates make fun of you with these shoes?

HC: Don't they ever; besides that I was a stranger. Perhaps that did me a lot of good because what I mean is that in later life I could always understand the other persons problems or distresses. There were times, of course one doesn't need to be too concerned about people's problems because much of it is of their own doing. However there can be so much hurt through ignorance, I guess that's what it is. My step dad was extremely penny pinching. My mother was, too. However I do think that had she had any realization that such things could have a lifetime; effect on a person's health situation. I've been lucky I've managed to put up with it. But had she thought of it in those terms, she would've managed somehow, she wouldn't for vanity, but she would've for health.

HC: There is a matter of ignorance.

CR: I have some more things to fill out.

HC: But life wasn't all hard either. I really think of my childhood as so far far back and my marriage was so far back. Every phase of my life was a different life. I've had some very good and some very wonderful years.

CR: What was your original locale before you came to Idaho?

HC: Iowa before that, British Columbia before that.

CR: Do you remember what year you came to Bonner's Ferry?

HC: It was either '20 or '21, it was just before Thanksgiving, a week before Thanksgiving.

CR: How did you come here?

HC: That is a story in itself.

CR: I mean what kind of transportation?

HC: Yeah that's what I mean; my dad had some work that summer, my mother had taken in some sewing but they had left Brit. Col. to go to Iowa in the first place. He had relatives there and they intended to go and stay for about two years but they were anxious to get back out west because they had left a few belongings that they had stored in Brit. Col. and they had been skimping and saving, too. Get transportation out here. We came to Iowa by train. He found an old Detroit car body at the city junk yard in Iowa and somehow he managed to scrounge up a '48 Ford chassis. He set the Detroit body on top of the Ford chassis now that was a Ford Model T. It was a little bit of a chassis and the hood was a little bit of a short thing. The Detroit was about twice as high as the hood should be. This was just boarded up in front and this body stuck way out beyond the Ford chassis, it was a very peculiar arrangement. That was before the car bodies were closed in, there were curtains with little glass windows in them that you buttoned down if the weather was bad. Everything they owned was in it. It had wooden spoke

wheels and thin little tires around them and everything they owned was in that. They had \$700 saved up to come out west with and the night before we left my step dad had gone out to celebrate by a drink or two, although he wasn't, he'd drink at unpredictable times, he wasn't what one would call a drunkard but he had an engaging conversation with some slicker that took his \$700 of the \$750 in return for some kind of sticks of solder that he was supposed to sell for a big profit and he was going to make all this profit all the way out. Well it really wasn't that profitable and it did leave them without any money to start with, \$50. And when I said they had everything they owned on this car, what they couldn't put inside they tied on top and the things they tied on back or on fenders, included a wash tub, a bottom boiler, a couple of extra tires and a bundle of spokes that was resurrected from a dump that would fit these things. Then everyday would be a real hard days' journey, it was a rare tourist that ever made a 100 miles in a day in those days. This sounds strange when you think of how quickly you can go over what used to be the Yellowstone trail through Montana and into the Dakotas. In those days they were just building some of those roads knocking them out of gumbo. If the cars were doing 35 miles an hour you were speeding. So it was a slow process and by the end of any days journey the first thing you do was to stop someplace where you could have access to water and fill the tubs in the boiler or whatever with water, take all those wheels off the car, remove the tires. Put the wheels to soak in these tubs of water.

CR: Why did they soak them?

HC: Well the friction of all this driving, the air friction, the heat friction and the juggling would dry out the wood to the extent that the spokes would start falling out. So this was a nightly occurrence, to put the wheels to soak. Sometimes the wheels in the spokes would become so worn

that when they'd replace them after a thorough soaking, they would take pieces of canvas and pound them into place. This went on, it took us two months to come from Iowa out here because we had to stop and work once in awhile. The overnight stops that people really aimed for were the places, the tourists coming from the other direction would tell us where the tourist park. A tourist park was in a place where there might be a few trees, there might be some limbs broken down or some of them there might be a merchant like a little country grocery store and encourage the tourists to park there by having a load of wood unloaded every day so you could build a campfire, it was out in the open. Pitch your tents if you wanted to or sleep on the ground if you wanted to. Those tourists parks were such a Godsend for travellers. A good many of them like my family were travelling to some place specifically. Nobody but nobody would of ever crossed to the west coming from Iowa that had a car that looked like ours. This was beyond belief. I wish so many times that I had a picture of that Detroitter body sitting on an old Model T chassy.

CR: How old were you then?

HC: I was suppose maybe around 10½.

CR: You seem to remember it pretty clearly.

HC: I have a good recall. That reminds me of this friend of mine, [REDACTED] who has written the books and some of her stuff will send to me for a critical reading and time and again I have questioned her description of some of; one time she wrote an article about a lumberjack back in the 20's that packed his lunch and took a thermos. I wrote back and said, [REDACTED] they didn't have thermos's then, they had the old tin bucket with the top and they'd have the coffee on the bottom half and in the inset at the top they would have their lunch whatever it would be, baked beans or something like that. The lower lunch could be set over the campfire to heat that and the upper part could be heated. Yet she found herself writing

about thermos because she became adjusted to it.

CR: Who came with you from Iowa to Bonners Ferry?

HC: My mother, my step dad and my little sister.

CR: Do you just have one sister?

HC: Yes

CR: Your mother's maiden name?

HC: [REDACTED] that sounds oriental but it was Norwegian.

CR: You mentioned she was a seamstress, did she have other ways of bringing in income?

HC: She worked all the time no matter where we were.

cr; Can you remember the major place?

HC: In Bonners Ferry when we were out on the south bench when we were out there in the summer season and I took care of the cows and crocheted things. One of the farms some distance from there had several sheep. She went to them and arranged to cut the wool from the sheep before butchering season and she ^{carded} ~~carted~~ the wool and prepared quilt batts with cheese cloth covering for that woman in return for keeping half of the wool.

CR: Does that mean she made it into yarn?

HC: No, carding; have you ever seen wool carding?

CR: I don't think so.

HC: A couple of flat things about the size of this with nails sticking out on each side and you have it with the nails facing and you lay a piece of wool in like this and that separates the fibers of the wool, the weeds and seeds and things, a good portion of it falls out. After you worked it once that way, you've got the large weeds and stuff done, then you wash the stuff good, you dry it in the sun and you do the carding process all over because you've lost some more junk out of it, you see. I've carded wool, too. I was born in 1909 which by all rules and regulations should

a partially civilized time to be born. My mother was a pioneering that went back beyond that. So I was introduced to things of that type but were not common place in 1909, I mean in the years following 1909. Anyway she carded enough wool then for the neighbors that we had all the wool batts we needed in the years to come, too.

CR: So after that is when you made it into a yarn?

HC: It has to be thoroughly carded before it can be spun into a yarn. When you finally have carded all the mess out of it, you have a narrow piece of wool filler that looks very much like a polyester filler. And these narrow piece with a cheesecloth backing stretched on a quilt frame. Then these pieces are laid overlapping which is about half overlapping like that in rows in each direction. Then the other piece of cheesecloth is put over the top and these are tied together and stitched together and that makes a quilt back.

CR: Pure wool, I guess they don't have those any more.

HC: You don't wash them very often either.

CR: When was your mother born?

HC: 1889, Jan. 10. She died before she was 39 years old.

CR: Where was she born?

HC: She was born in Bruynard, Minn.

CR: What was the date of her death?

HC: Nov. 16, 1923

CR: Do you remember what year she was married?

HC: She married my father in 1908 and she married [REDACTED] in 1912.

CR: Now do you know anything about your father's family?

HC: Yes

CR: Did you find out later?

HC: Before my marriage my mother not only told me about the first marriage but she had a bundle of letters that she saved including marriage certi-

ficante, including letters from his mother. She didn't want her friends in Canada to know that he had married what she called a servant girl. There were also friendly letters from his father. His father must of been a very fine person but his grandfather, the engineer who planned the first power plant for Niagara Falls and he apparently was very well educated and very competent construction engineer.

CR: What was your father's first name?

HC: [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]ery. I started to say though she told me all this. She suggested that she and I both write to Niag. Falls on the Canadian side, too; it's Ontario to try to get in touch with some of my father's family. So I could establish some connections with them. She wrote a letter and then had me write one and sent them both to the postmaster there with a note in it asking if anyone there could get in touch with this family. His mother was still living at the time, it was in 1926 and I received a letter in return. My mother received what you would say was a note. I received a letter, oh probably a page of tablet paper like they used to use for writing and in it she said that it was very strange to be brought to her attention because she never knew if I was ever born, existed or anything else and that if I wished to communicate with her it would be fine for me to write letters but she did not want the letters to be sent to that address. Instead she had a trusted friend that I should post them to her because after all her present family. She had remarried after her husband had died and her present family knew nothing of the present association between her son and her mother. Under the circumstances I never wrote to her, I had pride even in those days. As I said my father was killed in a hunting accident, he had three brothers and I know he was extremely fond of all three. My mother had letters that had been written to her congratulating her husband on their marriage and wanting pictures of her and very letters. All

three of those brothers died, were killed from injuries in World War I.

CR: Did your father have an occupation or a job?

HC: He had been sent to I believe it was West Point. My mother had all these letters and things and after her death my step father just burned everything that was hers. I was too young to question or do very many things. The picture was in a uniform in a military school and there was so much told me at one time. My mother was so disturbed, ours had been a non-communicating family and there were so many questions I would like to have asked but I didn't want to create all this disturbance. I believe it was some kind of agreement between Canada and West Point, they had an exchange system there that he entered. West Point wasn't too far from

I gathered that perhaps that he was not employed
His parents were really supporting him in this school.

CR: He was quite young when he died then?

HC: Yes he must not of been more than 22 at the most.

CR: Do you know the year of his birth?

HC: No

CR: And you don't know the date of his death?

HC: No; yes I do it was three months before I was born. That would've been in 1909. It would've been along in September I suppose

CR: What was your sister's name?

HC: [REDACTED]

CR: We have a section on spouse and children. You've had two marriages, right?

HC: Yes, I have two children by the first marriage in fact they were three born to me in that marriage. They were all born at home. The doctor came to the house and the first one my mother-in-law lived there. She of course knew all about childbirth and she was not about to be participating in a birth. Well that was alright I didn't want her to be participating in the actual birth. I wanted my children to at least have a little security

in the very beginning. I was very strong, very healthy, There were three roomers in the house and I'd been doing all the washing in the house and hanging it up and all the rest of it and the cooking and the dishwashing. As I said I had a strong back so I was in extremely good health. When it was evident that I was going to be giving birth on that particular day there were various things that had to be done first and so on and so forth and finally when the pains became regularly I went to bed. I had not laid down very long when I felt absolutely certain that the child was being born and kept telling my husband who was there to go for the doctor. We were over a mile out of town and I was afraid the doctor might be busy and I thought he should be there. My mother-in-law said, "don't you bother the doctor now, she hasn't shed a tear yet and she's going to do some hollering yet before this is over" and he was used to doing what his mother said and she knew, she had children, she knew. I was becoming absolutely panicked, not because of any extreme, internal distress, emotional distress of knowing that this child was being born and this was about 4:30 in the afternoon and two of the roomers came home from work and heard me absolutely yelling to get the doctor, the baby is coming. I heard my mother-in-law yelling, "Now you just got back and it's gonna be a lot harder than that because they don't come that easy, she's gonna do some hollering before that child comes." One of these roomers took it upon himself to dash downtown and get the doctor and he was there about twenty minutes after the baby was born. Because of my stress I had torn myself wide open so he had to give me a shot of cholorform and sew me up and it was no great handicap and incidentally, the washing, the doctor insisted I stay in bed for ten days, that was the rule in those days. My mother-in-law agreed to that, I stayed in bed for ten days but the washing was waiting for me on the tenth day.

CR: What were your children's names?

HC: [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

CR: Date of birth?

HC: [REDACTED] was April 14, 1928 and [REDACTED] was Feb. 8, 1930.

CR: Where were they born?

HC: In Kellogg or just out of town.

CR: Do they have an occupation now?

HC: Yes [REDACTED] is with the Oregon State school of Forestry and he has been ever since he got out of the Korean war. After I broke out on my own and broke loose from the mother-in-law I managed to help [REDACTED] through college and his technical forestry and at the end he was in the last eight months of the Korean war. When he came home he immediately sent out applications for work in forestry. and got on with the Oreg. State School of Forestry and has been with them ever since. He was working as an analyst until the administration cut down the funds for that.

CR: What does the other son do?

HC: On his 18th birthday he enlisted in the Air Force, that was in 1948 and he stayed with it for 20 years.

CR: Did you have children by the other marriage?

HC: Yes twenty years after [REDACTED] was born I had a son [REDACTED] and that was quite an expericne that's for sure.

CR: What year was that, 1950?

HC: No '49, he was born in June it was almost 20 years after.

CR: Was he born here in Kellogg?

HC: Yes

CR: Does he do something now, too?

HC: Yes he teaches at Post Falls and he's busy all the time. He has a wonderful little wife. A new granddaughter for me, she's ten months old now. I have a great grandchild who was born in January and a great grandchild

born in

CR: A great grandmother already.

HC: There was no rushing, I was 18 when my oldest was born so that was older than a lot of girls were then and one of my granddaughters was born the same year that my youngest son was born.

CR: That happened with my mother

HC: Did it?

CR: Yeah she had a daughter when she was about one or two and my sister had a son. Isn't it funny having two little ones and having an aunt and an uncle.

HC: I wasn't too conscious of it because my only grandchildren; all from [REDACTED] who was in the Air Force and he married an English girl and staying in the Air Force for twenty years and seventeen of them were spent overseas and I was busy at that time running my own business here in town and a very demanding business. It didn't give me travel time I never saw those children, whenever there was a re-enlistment period come up he always arranged to be with me, it might be a week or maybe two weeks but it was just a visit on route from one base to another and it was very infrequent and even during those visits, the shop still took my time.

CR: I have a section here on personal information for you and we talked about a few of these things and you said you went to school up to the age of 16 in 24 different schools right?

HC: Yes and I had some wonderful wonderful school teachers. I was always an honor student. There was a funny thing in those days I suppose they still exempt you from certain examinations, if your grades are high enough. It seems to me I heard [REDACTED] talking about it a time or two. It was quite common back then. It was a special reward to anyone with high grades from about the seventh grade on up, you didn't have to take an examina-

tion at the end of the semester. It was my hard luck to always be exempted from one school, but when I enrolled in another regardless of what time of the year I would have to take a major examination because they didn't believe these straight 'A's or straight 'E's or whatever it was. When I came from a country school and enrolled in Kellogg, it was definitely a country school then, with the outdoor privies, I had straight 'E's for excellence and a note from the teacher written on the final transferral and all the rest it, it was very highly impressive for my work and ability, and handed it to the superintendent, who always looked down at his nose at me, who said, "Well, country schools always have a different standard than we do. We will absolutely, we must have you take a thorough examination here before we know where to place you for sure." But he was so severe. Speaking of this education and my mother-in-law, shortly after radio station KWAL started in this valley, they had a Spelling Match every Saturday, it was sponsored by [REDACTED] dentist from Spokane; the first prize was a \$25 certificate. I listened to one or two of them on the radio and decided I was good enough for that because really during all of those years of that marriage the only reading material I had that was really my own that I could be sure of having was the dictionary, and there was the Bible too, and I read both of them backwards and forwards and made beans with the dictionary. When I heard the words that the people missed on those spelling contests I decided I could spell. But, oh man, did my mother-in-law ever bereave me when she thought that I was going to take that spelling test on the air - it would make her the laughing stock of all her friends and everything else; it was absolutely ridiculous - I was not educated, I should not try it, but I ^etryed it anyways, and I won the first Saturday. I was down there bright and shiny the next Saturday, and I won; I won the third Saturday, I won the ^uforth Saturday, and that time they told me "this was it", they made a new ruling as of then, that you could not enter after

three weeks, but I went four times.. and she (mother-in-law) also berated me every time that I re-entered because it was nothing but luck the first time, but it made me all the more determined. It was , you see part of the education was having that dictionary, and there was nothing else to read.

CR: Well let's talk about the different jobs you've had. Can you tell me a little?

HC: The first job that I ever had was to take a census in 1940. In taking the census, I signed up for two precincts at Wardner, and I couldn't reach high bottom, I guess because I could talk, I mean, there again I could identify. There were mostly poorer families up there, they were very fine families - the majority of them, but there were. . . it wasn't the best residential area. I could identify with them because I've lived in so many different areas of the continent, and I met people from many different nationalities and a little of that rubs off all through, so I do have a good memory and a little of the association rubs off and probably helped prepared me to meet people and my success up there was phenomenal, really, there was no-one admitted. Then the enumerator asked me to complete a couple of precincts that someone had started and decided they just couldn't catch anybody at home or just couldn't get the answers to the questions. They just barely started their precincts; they were down on Park Avenue and McKinnley Avenue, so I did those. Then he asked me to take a precinct that was over in Kellogg and Division Street area that someone had only half completed there. I finished that. I finally ended up after doing dabs - here there and the other place including a lot of Pinehearst- it was Pine Creek then, there was no town-he asked me to do the mop-up work; that was a coupon in the paper asking that anyone who had missed the census, to fill in the coupon and mail it either to me or to the paper, and I would go around and get there name. The result was that I was named the outstanding

enumerator in the state of Idaho, and the Compton I. White was the congressman from this district at that time, came up to this ranshacked house where I lived, I didn't own a bathrobe, I had a cold that sunk in that day and I had my husband's bathrobe on to go to the door, he came in. . . did you ever see Compton White or ever see a picture of him, the old Compton White? He must have been about 6'4" or 5", and about yea broad; he had the broadest shoulders than anybody I ever saw, he just filled the door, and a big booming voice the minute I opened the door - me with this old flannel bathrobe of my husband's tied around me- he reaches out, "Let me shake hands with the best goddamn census taker!"; I'll never forget that. But, anyway, I had to write a human interest report on that which is supposed to be in the files of Congress, I don't know. There was a lot to tell.

CR: What were the other major jobs then that you had after that?

HC: Well then I was asked to get involved with politics along the way; I was the first woman from this county, this miner's-men's county to run for legislative office in politics. Actually, my census-taking work probably had little bearing on becoming acquainted with people because I made friends alot, even though I was only in the House for a few months. There was feeling of friendship. I didn't realize it so much at the time being, but later on it came to light. Then... it's an entirely different story though, and I was first woman to ever run for legislative office in this county, and was so nearly successful that I ran for the First Office-was State Representative, the Second Office was State Senator, and again I was successful in the primaries, I made a good showing in the end, but in the meantime, before the finals in the Senate race, I had bought a little flower shop; in between time I was also working in a hardward store, and I met alot of people there and many of those became my friends. I was first to handle the kitchen department, kitchenwares I should say, and there were some vages and dishes, nic-nacs and things of that type. But this was during war years,

in fact I was working there when the war broke out on December 7, '41, and they were short-handed, and people were having to do a lot more of their own work, and before long I was cutting glass and setting saws and you name it, I was, I knew more about tools than so-called carpenters that came in and wanted a hammer- you could sell him a ball peen, do you know what a ball peen hammer is? One of those that has a knob on one end and a little bit of a thing at the other they usually use them for tacks or something, when they came in to go to work at the mines they were supposed to have their own hammer and saw. They'd buy a ball peen hammer and a rip saw, or even a key-hole saw or anything else, and turn out for work with a ball peen hammer and that. You couldn't get the hardware merchandise, you see, so when you got down to just the dregs of it, they would buy anything and a rip saw was when you were ripping lengthwise. Now the prescott saw will cut across the board well. But you use one in place of the other-doesn't work well; you see my merchandising is still with me. Well, it was 1943 that I bought the flower shop and that was a tremendous undertaking, I mean I even went in debt for \$3,000 on it, but there again it was a matter of the friends I had made. Some of the best customers at the hardware store were people who insisted on my waiting on them all the time, and they owned several rental properties, and I would tell them about new things that were economical - they watched their pennies - but if there was something new that seemed to make sense from speeding up the painting in the house or something like that when they were re-conditioning these properties, they would listen to me and sometimes try a sample of it, and so on and so forth; they learned to be dependent on me to be absolutely honest in my recommendations of whether I knew anything or just thought I knew it, and when the opportunity came to buy that flower shop, actually there again it was an accident; the people who owned it were friends of my boss, this woman that called me HAZIE bug. They came in and tried to sell her the shop, the busi-

ness, and she said, "Now what in the world would I want to do with that, I've already got more work than I can do here." And they said, "Well, Hazel does such a good job with your artificial flowers and everything, that she would be artistic in arranging flowers; she could learn it easy; you could put her in charge of it." And she said, "Well, I don't want to expand now." And after they left the store, she said, "You know HAZIE bug, that wouldn't be a bad idea, if you could be put in charge of that, and it might work out alright." You know when I worked for her I was paid \$1.50 for a six-hour day. I walked a mile, about a mile and a quarter, from home to downtown, walked back up the mile and quarter afterwards, and paid \$1.50 for a six-hour day. I had learned a great deal from her. In fact, everything that I knew about business management I had by observing what she did and how she did it. But, I had never had a raise; there were times that she would be gone two-three weeks at a time, for various reasons; when she was gone I did the posting, one time set out the statements, but I also did all these other things. Window dressing; she had taken great pride in her window dressing, no one in town had windows like she had. When she was gone one time, after she came back a man who made his living by taking pictures of people and then, for things, in town and selling it to the owner, came around to sell her a group of pictures she had taken of the window, and it was the window I had put in while she was gone. From then on I was the official window dresser. But, as I thought about this, I was busy working when I thought about it, I thought, "Well if anyone as careful with her money as she is could even think of. . . just for a minute, of buying that shop and put me in to run it, why shouldn't I be able to get along myself?" I knew nothing about floristry, absolutely nothing. But, I went to the people during my break and I asked them how much they wanted for it; that was all I was interested in, and they wanted \$3,000 for it. I had a bank account of \$79, and was really proud of that because I never had that much

until I had started working out. They said, "Oh, maybe you can borrow something. You couldn't borrow it from the bank because you wouldn't have the security for it, but there are individuals that lend money." And one of the names that they named to me was this old couple that used to be such good customers at the hardware store. So I went to them before I ever went home that evening after I got off work. And, they asked me if I knew anything about business, and I said, "No, but I can learn anything if I work hard enough at it." Well, they knew that I was a good worker, they knew that I had a certain amount of logic on my side, and they knew as early as I could tell that I was honest in every respect, and you know, they loaned me the money. Makes it face value, because that was all there was to it. They checked up on me frequently to see if I was saving the money alright, and I was, I didn't have to make a payment for a year, and I was depositing money in the account to make that payment plus interest. And they were very happy with the arrangement. I was too.

CR: So you owned that for . . .

HC: Thirty years.

CR: Had you already remarried?

HC: No. I remarried in 1947, that's why I started giving my son's birthday as '47, but it was '49, but [REDACTED] and I were married in '47. It was very good marriage, except that when I expected [REDACTED] by that time I had paid off the . . . the mortgage on the flower shop, I had bought a new display refrigerator, and display fixtures, because I had found what I had bought was a bunch of broken-down nothing. In fact, the people who had sold it to me had said, "Oh the flower business, you don't have to be open for business all the time, you just make sure you have some flowers, watch the papers, when there's a funeral, you know, get a few flowers in. If you have weddings, they always book in advance, so you can get some in just for the occasion. Otherwise, there's no point in keeping stuff on hand

all the time." But you see, I had to make something of it or I couldn't afford it. With them, they had other business; they were funeral directors too, and they also owned a lot of rental properties. They didn't need it for a living, I did. So, I tried to make a business out of it, and the one thing I had learned merchandising it, and also ordering because I did much of the ordering, when I was at the hardware store, was the gift line. So I was the first florist in the Inland Empire to incorporate a gift line with the flower business. I was also the first florist in the Inland Empire to include artificial arrangements. In those days florists thought that was going against their business. I said, "Absolutely not!" Sell real flowers with sentiment, always, but there are ~~ays~~ some people that are too practical to want real flowers; they want something they can see they've spent the money on for a long time, and they are not your customers as long as you are selling only flowers, but you gain this extra customer. It wasn't long before I was talking it up in the florist meetings and everything else. Speaking of learning from scratch, if it's a grocery store you can sort of check up - either openly or on the sly - and see how your competitors are doing, see what they are doing, try to get other ideas from what they are doing. When it's a small town flower shop there so often is no one you can learn from. Now there was a competitor shop here. However, the person who was in it was a beautiful designer; she could make the most exotic things you ever saw. The one I bought from her was, but [REDACTED] was something special in designing, but she had absolutely not the slightest concept in the world about money or what to do with it or she owed everybody in the country. I remember the first year I was in the shop was when the income-tax department passed this ruling that merchants should make an estimate of what their income for next year would be. Well how should I know an estimate, I just bought this. I had no idea what I would be doing for the year. I had talked to [REDACTED] [REDACTED] about it, who had been my

friend through business - before, through the hardware business, and I said, "How in the world should I make an estimate about this?" She said, "Aw Hazel, forget it. I put my money in the shoe box or in the cigar box under the counter; if I need it for something I take it out of there, and what's left...there isn't any left. Every time I pay bills and stuff, what I can pay, well, there isn't anything left. There's nothing to worry about, you don't even have to file income tax." Well me, I was so proud of **having** an income, or thinking I had one, that I wanted to; be right with the government as well as the rest of the world. The gift-plan incorporated, and later the other...oh, what I was talking about was when I expected Dave my first thought was to sell the shop, because I very definitely believe that if a mother has the ability to be anything like a good mother at all, that the children need the association. Now, that doesn't mean that I am against all mothers working out; there are some mothers who are not half as qualified to be a mother to their children as perhaps someone who is running an accredited nursery. . . because all women aren't born mothers regardless of their physiological aspects, but I had a deep feeling about taking care of a child, so I wanted to sell the flower shop. My husband had a very good job at the Bunker Hill, was a cabinet maker in the carpenter shop there, and I knew we could live very well on that, and besides if I sold the shop well there'd be a certain income from that and he says, "Oh, don't do that, I've always wished that I had a business of my own, and I've been around long enough to think that I'd like running a flower shop and you keep it and I'll *meet* the banker and come in it with you, and you can stay home and take care of the baby and during rushes well probably you can give a hand if I don't do alright."

Well, there again, we had a good marriage but he did not have business savvy, and did not have the stick-to-itiveness enough to really see the constant. . . he'd been used to working with a boss all of his life, a boss

that had regular hours and would lay out the routine work. When he worked for a boss, or when the pressure was really on, he wasn't a lazy man, but oh man he sure did escape when there was just deceptively idle time, when the phone wasn't ringing steady or the guard wasn't in and he couldn't see doing the books or doing this or doing that - the things that needed doing. Also he did not have a good concept, at least at first when it was needed so badly or the make-up work as he had seen it it looked so easy when I did it. There again, he didn't have the stamina to follow through to finish things up nicely, and I was an artist in my way. So the result was that I working during night right up...now we told you the baby started coming more than a couple weeks overdue and the first place my pregnancy was such that I didn't think it as being a pregnancy; I had been told ten years before that I could not have another child because my uterus was out of place so I didn't think this as being a pregnancy. I was thirty-nine years old and I thought possibly I was having an early change - menopause - because of the fact that my uterus was out of place, see. So, it didn't even occur to me that it was pregnancy, and it went on and finally there were other signs that even then I didn't think as being pregnancy; I thought perhaps it was a tumor or something that was creating a swelling of the breasts and a few other complications because I couldn't run up the hill as fast as I used to and things like that, so I went to the doctor about it and took him about five minutes to tell me I was pregnant, 'should have known better', and I told him that he himself had told me many years before that I could not be pregnant. He said, "Well, physically you can't, but you are." So, there it was. It was amazing to me but not too awfully dismaying, but he said that my dates didn't really mean anything because really I've gone four or five months without any menstrual period. And he suggested that he just keep examining me - that he could determine; he didn't think I was three months along now, but he could determine when I was three months along,

that was the projected date from that time - which he did. That was fine; the date was to be April 28th. I forget what time of the year Easter was that year, but it was April sometime or another, and Easter rush at the flower shop was an awful era. And then right after Easter, there is no rush between Easter and Mother's Day - which is the second Sunday in ^{May} April. So, shortly before Mother's Day I went into the hospital to have the induction shots to see if they couldn't speed up the delivery of the child I was carrying, get it over with Mother's Day, but nothing happened. So I left the hospital again, went back, worked through Mother's Day - my feet were so swollen that they came out over the tops of my shoes. When I say worked, I mean 18 - 20 hours a day on my feet. This went on until after Mother's Day, and immediately after Mother's Day you get right into the graduation of all the schools and all the corsages and all that hub-bub about that and then right into Decoration Day with all the grave decorations, and in those days they were very expensive, and there's no let up. So right after Mother's Day, I went in for induction shots again - still nothing happened - and worked through the graduations and weddings, and the Decoration Day work. By that time thought, "Well from here on end, it gets easier." The child was born on June 9th; I worked all that day - had a tremendous garden wedding that I was getting flowers orders all over the country for, they were good friends of both my husband and I, and we were going to the reception, and when we got home I was going to clean up and get ready to go to the reception about 7:30 that night, the reception was as 8:00. I told my husband to go ahead and change first, I was going lie down on the davenport a little bit, and by the time he got changed, he said, "Well, you'd better get with it!", and I said, "No, I think I'll just stay here. You go without me." He argued a little but because he was just used to my going everyplace with him - we did everything together all through the years - but I said no, I just couldn't do it. For once my back ached,

my feet swol~~e~~ up something terrible, and I just didn't feel like it, so I stayed there and before he came home I knew the baby was on its way. Then, they kept you in the hospital four days then, I was in the hospital four days. Then my husband came to pick me up on the evening of the fo^urth day, he says, "God, you're going to have to come up to the shop and help me get things going up there; I've got a great big funeral tomorrow, and I don't even know where to start. I haven't even started any of the work yet." There again, he couldn't organize his mind to do this or do that. He would work out the difference when I would lay out the work for him, but he couldn't organize it. So, I got the baby home - put him in a basinette and fixed a sandwich here for each of us and went up to the shop and worked that night at the worktable. The baby was a work-bench baby. Well, the flower shop supported us all the years of our marriage anyway; my youngest son had things a~~l~~ot better than my older daughters did.

CR: Were you happy in your second marriage?

HC: Oh, very happy. There was a~~l~~ot of work, but work isn't bad if it's congenial. In fact, it wasn't work that I scoffed about in the earlier days, it was the tension, always the tension. Well [REDACTED] was...he wasn't, he couldn't really operate a business but he was a congenial sort, a very gentle soul and we shared so much. I never a~~l~~ook outside seeing those rustling leaves out there, and the shadows on them, that I don't hear [REDACTED] say, "Hey, I'm down here". See how funny the color is out there, how different that one branch is or something? You know, he was a very quiet man, but I don't feel bad about his dying considering that the hardening of the arteries have been taking its toll, even in the last four or five years we were in the shop. It was getting progressively worse. And then not too long after I got rid of the shop, his mind was going more and more blank until he knew absolutely nothing; all bodily functions were just an accident. I mean, there was no way of explaining anything to him or making him understand

any slightest thing.

CR: Was he much older than you?

HC: Eight years. Age, you know, is a funny thing. I'll be sixty-six in December, but I know I am more active both mentally and physically than some of the people down in the rest home in their fifties I know....are far more decrepit than I am. This was the thing that really bugged me when I finally had to put [REDACTED] in the rest home after he had a stroke or two, so he was paralyzed too and I couldn't even manuever him around, and I had been 'on guard' with him, so to say, for twenty-four hours a day so long. But anyway, by the time I put him in there he didn't know me at all. However, when I'd go down there to be with him, I knew I would save practically everyone in the rest home from prior acquaintanceship as customers from the shop, and so forth, and it was amazing to how many, many of them were people I thought of as young people...some of them no older than my older son. Age is such a queer thing; now this Mrs. [REDACTED] that I had spoken to you of - 86 years old and it's absolutely fantastic how alert she is. I think she may have some difficulty with her legs; she wheels around in a wheelchair much of the time in there, but she is quite competent in handling it...and she says herself that she has some trouble with her eyes, however I don't think she is completely blind, but ...86!

CR: I need a little more information on your ...your husband's name was [REDACTED] [REDACTED] right?

HC: Yes.

CR: And, what was his birth, the date?

HC: 1901, the day after...let's see, November 31st...which is Halloween?

Well, his is October 30th then.

CR: Where was he born?

HC: Phoenix B.C, which is an extinct town now...his parents have traveled alot

too, however, they were in Murray towards the last of the Goldrush days, they lived in Wardner during the earlier 'groove' up there; they lived in Burke when that was a roaring mining town, but they travelled around a lot too, although all [REDACTED] schooling was right in this area. He wasn't .. he may have gone to Murray school for a year or so, I don't know, if so it was this first year or so; and he went to school in ^{Calgary,} Alberta for a couple of years, but the rest of it was all either in Wardner or Kellogg.

CR: In what year were you married then?

HC: In 1947.

CR: Here in Kellogg?

HC: Yeah, well...yes, yes; started to say that's because we had a problem getting me over there, get the license signed, but we were married in Kellogg by [REDACTED] of the United Church.

CR: And what year did he die?

HC: [REDACTED] A year ago Thanksgiving.

CR: Oh, it wasn't very long ago. In 1974?

HC: No, '74 was last Thanksgiving...it was '73.

CR: What do you do with your leisure time, you know, what is your favorite thing to do when...I guess most of your time could be considered leisure, even though I'm sure you do a lot?

HC: It's all considered my own time now, but as for what's my favorite, I wouldn't know. I ... last winter I enrolled in an art class because all my life I had wanted to do some oil painting. That's one that I made, and there is another one over there on the wall back over...can't see it very well from right there. This one here is the second one I painted and the one over there is the third. This little one over here that leaves that great big athletic son of mine made in seventh grade; he took one semester of art. But then, you see over there is one that's made of dried flowers and milkweed pods and rose hips and ivory grape; every so often I have someone

ask me to make one of those for pay. I've done quite a few of those.

CR: Did you learn that through your floral shop?

HC: I created that type of work. I received alot of recognition in the floral industry, now I learned by myself the hard way, there weren't even books on designing in those days. But I studied pictures, I studied painting, I studied everything...by studied, I mean on my own, you know, in reading the papers, watching social pictures in the paper or looked at bridal bouquets in the Sunday Spokesman Society Section. I studied every available thing as to how to put flowers to come out with pleasing designs at a profit. But as time went on the L & M Florists had a little design competition once just to see how it would go, and I don't know, I suppose there were about thirty at the meeting and I brought a little design too, really quite routine, and I was unanimously voted the best one there. Later on the Northwest Florist Association had a design competition at their Northwest Convention which includes seven states and two provinces, and there was absolutely no way anyone could tell who any thing because you were given a number and put a number on the thing, and you had the other number which was put into a closed box, you see, that had your name on that one, but there was no way they could discover who had made any of the things unless you went around and said, "See, I made that one, look for it.", and then they balloted, and these were all professional florists, retailed florists that knew designing, and little ol' Hazel from little ol' town of Kellogg got first prize there. I have a little trophy some place or another collecting dust or mildew for that. In the Florist Association also I joined F.T.D., and the Florist Telegraph Delivery Service it was called then, now it's Florist Transworld, but I joined it as soon as I qualified for it and I was the first woman ever elected Chairman of the M.N.F. unit of the F.T.D., and then I was the first woman elected as a district representative to national meetings from the M. & M. Prairie. Now the M. & M. Prairie includes everything

from Grangeville, Idaho up to Canloops, Kimberly, Trail B.C., Nelson, all of those towns up there in on it, and over to Cowsbell, Montana and up through O in Washington, its a large area. Incidentally, when I was the district representative to National, the continent was divided into ninety-one districts. Only ten districts were represented by women - ten out of ninety-one. So it was a man's world even though small towners think of flowers being a woman's job; it was really a man's world in the business end of it.

CR: Okay, I want to ask you one last question here; what are some of the reasons or the factors that have made you stay in this small town?

HC: 'Cause you just happen to get dumped there. There were always responsibilities here, and there was a series of strikes in this town following World War II, you see wages and prices were frozen during the World War II, and then immediately afterwards, when this wage-price was released, well there were strikes, for about seven years, there was a strike every year, and the flower business was of course a luxury business, something you could do without, so it was really kind of rough trying to keep rent paid and what-have-you in the flower business. And, I was offered a job at that time in Spokane where I would have from \$20-25 a day as a free-lance designer, and there were several florists there that assured me they would keep me completely involved. Now, \$20 a day was a lot more than I was making in the shop there during that time, my husband and I together. But, we owned our own home here, our son was enrolled in school here, my husband's roots were so deep in this here territory that it wouldn't have been sensible and practical when I thought about it to move on the strength of what I alone could do over there. For one thing, he would be extremely unhappy; he could not rate that kind of pay. \$20 doesn't sound like much now but at that time it was big pay. Furthermore, I didn't have to worry about my son here; he showed signs of being an athlete from the time he was eight years old.

Here he was involved in baseball in the summer, all summer long. If he wasn't playing in it, he was watching it. He was thinking it, talking it; during the winter months he was at the Y.M.C.A. after school all the time. By the time he was ten years old he was even permitted to take younger children. Younger children were kept out of the Y as a rule, anyone under ten. When he was up there, if he would agree to keep charge of them, to keep them from getting really wild or mischievous, they would let younger children go in with him. By the time he was 12 years old, he was helping the coaches coach the farm league in baseball. He was always involved in something; and he could go to these places without special car transportation.

Alright, in Spokane if a boy wants to participate in athletics, somebody's going to have to run ^(the Y.M.C.A.) service; and this was one of the things I probably considered more than anything else. Prior to that there had never been any choice. I could not have found anyone to lend me the price of buying myself a little business in a strange town. I was stuck here until I was making money on my own, but I was able to make money on my own because someone had confidence in me and by the time I had reached the point where I had various offers, it wasn't just that one - that one I gave a lot of consideration to because times were rough right then, but there were various things that made it impossible for me to move although I can see a lot of advantages from a personal standpoint, but I couldn't see the advantages for my family. And after retirement, I did tentatively try to talk [REDACTED] into moving to Coeur d'Alene. I was a little bit selfish in that because I had never seized pursuing different types of things. I don't have a sense of inferiority any longer because of my lack of education because I had done many things. I've even had quite a number of articles published, including in the F.T.D. Trade Journal and one year they had three of my articles in the course of that year, and they were given the Trade Journal's top rating for editorial excellence; so I think maybe

I wasn't too bad. You know. I've also had a few other things published and I hope to do more writing. So I wanted to move to Coeur d'Alene, In the first place, I like the town and liked the air-no smelter smoke, I liked gardening; in fact we've got a back yard with a garden burned to a crisp out here. I do quite a bit of sewing; not because I really like it so well, but because I have to sew my own - I am so out of shape, I mean there's just not enough up here for down there or the other way around, so then I'm ~~was~~ uncomfortable, so I do my own sewing. Because of that my relatives are always bringing in something about this suit and it's too tight or too loose. And lately I've had some demands from the rest home, and I'm trying to avoid that because the sewing goes back too far into my childhood and those days when it was an obligatory job always - there some instances where I can't discourage it but I don't mind it for myself, but I find that more and more I get these...I did a couple of shifts for a very dear friend of mine who's just recently in the rest home. And, immediately I get requests from several of the others to do something similar and I'm trying to evade that trouble, vouche for something.