

CLARA GROVE

Minute

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Clara Grove cont.

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The following interview is with Clara Grove

CG: I was listening just a bit ago about, Paul Harvey on the radio was telling about a woman who just recently was 100 years old, and someone said to her, "To what do you mostly attribute to the fact that you are 100 years old?"; she says, "To the fact that I was born in 1875!" Ha! Ha! I can't think of a better answer. Well, I wasn't born that soon, quite, but I was born in 1879; on a farm two or three miles from a little town called Vanmeter over in Iowa. And, when I came to Moscow, twenty-eight years ago, there was a woman from Portland come back to visit in Moscow; she had lived here most of her life - she came back for a little visit from Portland, and she was one of the Vanmeters for whom that town was named; just a little world. Every now and then I get called on by Good Will work of the name of someone I have know in Harvey, No. Dakota, or in Redfield, So. Dakota, or in Moore, Montana, or over in Washington, or somewheres or other - it's just a little bit of a world. But, anyway, we're here to have a good time together, and just to set the stage for what my life has been - I'll tell you a little incident that happened to me when I was just about three years old. You wouldn't think it now, perhaps, but I was so shy that I would be physically ill if I had to meet a stranger. And, one afternoon mother and two callers were sitting and visiting by the open door, and they kept talking about my gold curls and blue eyes; that's an awful thing for a child to have - gold curls and blue eyes - because people make such a fuss over it, and they don't give you any privacy at all about it. But, anyway, I was so frightened of them that I got behind mother's chair, and that brought me between her and the open door. And after the three of them got busy enough talking that they wouldn't notice me, I slipped out that open door! And, just a little way from that open door there was the well where we got all the water we used. And, the well had a square-board curb that came out, I presume, about that high, I don't know, but it couldn't have been very, very high. And it, instead of being set square on the board cover,



of the well, had been set cornering like this with the two squares so that inside this standing up curb there was a small  $3/4$  piece of the board of the covering over the well. Well, I wanted a place to hide, and it looked to me like a good chance, so, I went over to the well, and I can remember now - I got hold of the top of that corner, but how I heaved on my chunky little body to get it up over the top of that, but I did! And, I dropped down on this little  $3/4$  little piece of board, right here just above the water, and there I crouched. And, after a while, I heard mother say, "I wonder where Clara is...I must see." Well, the three of them went out, and mother would call my name, and the other two would call my name. When mother would call my name, I'd start to rise up and climb out; and, when the two strangers would call my name, I'd crouch right down there again, just above the water. And, by and by, my mother said, "I have to look in the well." And I could not understand how it was that she grabbed both of my arms so hard that it really hurt...mother! ...pulling my arms so hard that it hurt! I just didn't think it could be true, but it was. Well, I could understand it later - why. Well, that was then. And then there was the time on the..oh, no, I'm not going to tell you that incident now, no, I'll tell you something else. I've had quite a varied life - I guess I've had about everything. Among other little things, when I was 82 years of age, I went up to the University to enroll as a student. Well, the reason I was doing it was that my daughter had been talking - she and her husband have both graduated here in '31 - and she had been talking about me going to the University, which I have never had the opportunity of doing. So, this time when she was home for her summer visit, she said, "Mother, you go up on that hill and enroll." Well, she had been a student here and graduated, but she didn't stop to think that enrollment was over for this year. So, as soon as she got on her bus, I went up on the hill and said I wanted to enroll. "You can't." "Well," I said, "that's what I came for." "You



can't enroll when it's closed for the year." I said, "Well, anyway, I want to enroll!" And she said, "Well anyway, you go on and see Dean..." Well, anyway, to go see somebody; names will not stay with me at all. But, I went to see him, and he was just leaving - and not only leaving, but leaving town for a couple of days...I don't know whether it was because I was going to enroll or not. But, anyway, he sent me to Dean, you know, I'll know the name in a minute if I can think of it, but, anyway, I went to him and said I had come to enroll. Well, he said, "You can't..would you like a ride home?" I said, "I plan to get a lunch on campus and enroll, and go to class this afternoon." Now, if you want to know the greenest-green frosh they ever had was, you're meeting her! But anyway, he saw that he couldn't drive me home!...it was noontime, so he said, "Well, come back at one o'clock." So I went back there before one. And, he talked to me for a while about it and he had a professor who was under his wing, who was teaching a course. And, he talked with me a while and he asked this professor if he would take me in his class. Well, out of good-naturedness he said he would; I went to class at one o'clock that afternoon, and I went right on for two years! And, I about planned to death to go a third year, or possibly a forth, but well, I was stricken in a bed for too long a time to think about ever going back. Although I wasn't in lying in bed for ten years, the amount of hurt sort of hung on for ten years and by that time I knew I was not capable of doing the class work. You all probably know the name Rigg Gibbs; well, my last semester, I was determined to get into Rigg Gibbs Journalism class. I understood perfectly well why Rigg Gibbs didn't want me. "There had once been a returned missionary on my campus and she enrolled in everything clear down the alphabet, and attended every class, and took the whole class to herself!" Well, Rigg Gibbs was afraid to have an old lady come in and take the class for fear the students wouldn't get enough out of it. Well, for one thing, I knew what he was afraid of, I used to teach myself - I had seven years of it before I married; I didn't say married at that time, I said



'took a school of warm' - that's the way the alumni announced their marriage. Anyway, I was determined to get into Rigg Gibbs' class, and he and this dean talked together quite a while trying to say what they wanted to without me understanding what they were saying; but I had a pretty good idea of it anyway. And, finally, he said yes, I might get into his class. There was one time the whole semester that I spoke when I was not spoken to. And that was the next to the last class; I must tell you how Rigg Gibbs introduced himself to the class. He stood up before us, very reluctantly sort of, and he said, "I am not a professor - I am Rigg Gibbs. And the first one in this class to sell a manuscript, may have the privilege of" - from here we sat just like this - we were going to have the privilege of "buying coffee for the class." Well, the next to the last class, as Mr. Gibbs started to rise from his chair after dismissing us, I got up quick and I handed a letter to Mr. Gibbs, and I said, "Will you please read this?" He looked at me in astonishment, now this was the one time that I had spoke when I wasn't spoken to, and he looked at me a little bit and he said, "Why, this is a manuscript acceptance!" I was the only one in the class who did sell a manuscript that year. And I turned around to the class, and I said, "Would anybody like a cup of coffee?" And Mr. Gibbs said, "Oh, Mrs. Grove, you don't have to do that!" I said, "Mr. Gibbs, I worked the whole semester for it; are you going to cheat me out of it?" He said, "No!" Now, there was this little shop right here. To you students, the Student Union is just a place that you go on, and you've been everywhere in it, and it's all familiar to you, and all I had ever been to in the Student Union was in the lower hall and in the office. That's all I knew about the Student Union. So, I insisted that I buy coffee for the class, and Mr. Gibbs said, "Alright!" He said, "The next class is our last class of the year and we'll meet at the Student Union at the usual time, and Mrs. Grove will buy the coffee." Which I very happily did! And we went up, oh,



in the 'stars' ceiling, you know it, I'm sure; anyway, maybe it's been.. probably has been torn out now - there was an upper place where the ceiling was stars...and moons and so on. And it was really interesting to me to be there; I've never seen it before. And we had our coffee and when we finished it he said, "Now, pull your chairs up close." So, they choved the second table up and pulled their chairs up, and he told us a...and Rigg Gibbs writes in a most interesting way, and he speaks in the same way that he writes. I was extremely interested in what he said, and the rest of them were bored almost to tears before he got through; I didn't care - I was having a good time. He was telling us about a manuscript he had written and sent to one of the biggest of the United States magazines. And, it came back, and he said he felt so terrible about it that he just threw it in his desk and thought no more about it for a couple of weeks and he thought, "Well, I might just as well open it and see. So he opened it and there was a letter. "Dear Mr. Gibbs,...This manuscript is exactly what we want except that we want it in depth, and we want you to take your family, and at our expense retrace every step of your trip on which you wrote this manuscript and rewrite it for us." So, that was what he did; he left his family somewhere in the east with her people, he went on to New York and he told us how he went to the top of the Times Square in the office of this magazine, and the second-in-command said the 'head' man would be back in one hour and he thought that with his glance of the manuscript that it was what they would want, but it lay entirely with the head. And, told him just to come back in one hour and he would get his answer. Well, he said he went down to the ground floor, and he walked 'round and 'round and 'round Times Square and every time around he looked at his watch because the hour 'must be' up now! But it wasn't; but when the hour was up, he went back and they accepted his manuscript. Well, I don't know what he got for it; it might have been \$2,000-3,000 or something like that. Anyway, it would



have been real money. That was one thing that I did, and I have done so many more things...I'm not going to tell you any more of them now. My name is Clara Marcella Grove, and the 'Marcella' was given to me by my mother because it was the given name of a schoolteacher who was very special to my mother. So, I never write my name without this initial in memory of my mother - I'm always Clara M. Now, I want the rest of you just to start right in and say whatever you want to, or ask whatever you want to, only let's don't have any blank pauses, there's no need of them in here, not comfortably. Who's first?

Donnie: Yeah, when we were driving through campus, you had said the campus had changed an awful lot since you first had seen it...

CG: How it...my hearing is pitiful...may I say, the way to speak to any person who's hearing is difficult, look directly at the person, and instead of trying to speak so loud, speak clearly and a little bit slowly because it is not all in the hearing, it is partly because all of the reflexes are slowing down - not so much in some people, but quite alot in other people - and the reflexes, being slowed down, we hear the voice but we don't understand the words. So, if they are spoken clearly with the mouth wide open when you speak, and a little bit slowly, the person is much more likely to get the whole import of it.

Donnie: Right! How has the campus changed?

CG: Oh, how has the campus changed? Well, the things that are still familiar to me is Morrell Hall and Science Building, and the Ad. And, the rest of it is just a great big huge hodge-podge that's thrown down everywhere. Ha! So, there was in that row of dwelling houses, I don't know whether any of them are there yet or not, I haven't been on the campus for a year or two, two years I guess it is, but there had been a dwelling house that was Hiram House. And then later they moved over and had a real fine house, but, the Student Union wasn't anything like it has been for years now.



It was, well, it was just there - just a good sized building and quite ambitious for that time, and for what else was on the campus. The A.T.O., well it's still in the same location. And, I cooked for six years for the Alpha Kai Omega, but that's been moved. And, I was with the Tri Deltas for a year; I presume they are still there. And, across from them is the same Gamma Delta, is it?

(Voice): Alpha Phi.

CG: But there are still some of the old landmarks, but, the engineering building was just a little bit to the right and in front of the Ad. It was, oh, it was a little bigger than this house, but not so awfully much. And that was the engineering building; but, I put my son-in-law through. There are some of the other buildings but the Tekes were right across from where the Alpha Kai <sup>Chi</sup> was, I don't know, they're not there now; they have a real ambitious building, but they were there. And, I tried to think of two of them next to each other, one by the other side of Deakin pretty well down this way; anyway, I think they're still there. But, all tolled, it is so different; I think if I tried to come up here by myself I could get so lost the Police couldn't find me! But, who else wants to know something?

(Voice): What courses did you take?

CG: I was taking a Journalism course, and, I wish I could remember the name of the good man who did get me in! The trouble was, they couldn't have me just sitting on the campus forever; and I wouldn't leave! Well, when they enrolled me, then I went home at the proper intervals, otherwise, I wasn't going! And, as for Rigg Gibbs, there never was a better teacher than Rigg Gibbs; nobody ever stole his class from him. And he made one mistake in a whole semester, and he said, "There, I shouldn't have said that! I should have waited for you to say it." That's the only mistake that he made that whole semester; he was in absolute control of that class, and he said that with only one manuscript accepted, that he blamed himself. Well, I don't



think he was to blame; I think he gave us all that anybody could give from a teacher's desk. And I did enjoy that semester so much. What was it you wanted to know?

(Voice): Oh, when you first came to Moscow, what did you do?

CG: What did I do? Well, I worked for a little while in the newspaper office for... I was going to tell you his name and it slipped away from me - the man who was there then - he died years ago. I was there a little while, but most of the time that I have been in Moscow I've been either cooking or nursing. I've nursed in Moscow Hospital, and in the clinic in Colfax and the Sister's Hospital in Colfax - three of them; and I did private nursing mostly for quite a long time, and I like the nursing work very much. And I cooked one year in Pullman - my first year, just part of the year. I cooked what they had - unfortunately, just couldn't manage the cooking, so I replaced work during not so far into the term, and I cooked for the Alpha Kai Omega there, but since that, they abandoned the dwelling in which they were housed and built farther up on the campus. They had just a dwelling, a two-story dwelling, and the cook had a shabby out in the back yard! I lived out there while I cooked for the Alpha Kai Omega in Pullman, but it was nice and quiet out there. And, I had the compliment when I left; one of the girls said, "I wish you wouldn't leave - I like your cooking." Well, that makes you feel good no matter what you're doing!...if somebody likes what you did. Was there something out there that you wanted to say?

(Voice): You said that you taught for six or seven years?

CG: I taught for seven years. I taught country schools excepting one year I taught the first three grades in Norneil, Montana, a town. That is, we called it a town...we had a general store with the post office in it, and we had, well, there was a home right across the street from it; there was a hotel with, I think, four rooms...might have been five possibly - not any more, I'm sure. And, we had a schoolhouse over here, and then over here



was my schoolhouse - an early-day cabin that somebody had built and gone away leaving it there, and they used it for the first three grades. I wasn't quite as old then as I am now; I was kind of young and dreaming about some things, and one morning we had a guest at school, a very important guest, I thought, and it was quite customary in the schools at that time that we had some kind of an opening exercise every morning - I think all schools had something - and it was very customary that they recited quotations such as, "'Tis hard for the glorious to be poor.", and, "An empty sack can hardly stand upright, but if it does, just scalp 'em." All that kind of thing. Well, I was going to show off before this teacher, and I said, "We'll have quotations this morning." And we started right here. And, by the way, one of those boys, <sup>with</sup> his brother had a store over in Pullman for years. But, anyway, here one boy stands up and there had been a little road show; I don't know whether you know what a 'road show' is or not, I can tell you if you want to know. A little road show had been in the town the night before, and these two little boys had attended the road show. One of these little boys popped up from his seat and he said, "Turkey in the straw; haw, haw, haw!" Well, my hair was standing up on end, and the other little boy pops up, and he says, "Turkey in the hay; hey, hey, hey!" I thought I was ruined before that guest! Do you know what a road show is?

(Voice) Is it like a medicine show?

CG: Well, they had one in Troy when I lived there, which I did two years before I came here, forty ~~eight~~ eight years ago. And, Dad and Mother and the upper teenage son and daughter were the road show, and Dad didn't have to say, "I hate this, and I told them not to do it, and I won't do it" - apparently it was written all over him, he didn't need to say anything. But, anyway, I went to their little road show, and when it came Dad's turn to speak, he just stands there and the son repeats his lines for him, and Dad won't say it..ha!..ha! I didn't blame Dad any, their dialogue, well it



wasn't anything! It was just a little collection of words back and forth, but, there was nothing to it! Nothing funny, nothing interesting, nothing entertaining...just a little back and forth talk and Dad wouldn't take his part. But, that's a road show when people just get up something that they can and in those days, of course, they went about with the horse and wagon. Of course, now they have a car . And, there are not other shows that a road show, well, it's something unique - it might have quite a big patronage. Was there something you wanted to ask?.....

IM: Mrs. Grove, how do you keep going when you get discouraged sometimes?

CG: I will have to go way back to the time my daughter and her husband lived in Denver, Colorado; I visited her every summer for thirteen summers. And, she always took me to see her doctor. He was one of the most unusual doctor's that I have ever met, and I have met alot of them. And he knew more about my physical and mental condition than any other doctor that I ever saw. And, as I saw him for the last time he said, "Now, Mrs. Grove, just keep going." These are the only comfortable, reasonable pleasant years that I've had. Well, I wanted to eat the next meal every time, and if I did, I had to keep going. So, I did keep going and the background of this man, this good doctor telling me this, has had a large play in the cut. Just, it's really real personal, if you'll pardon me, I know. But, just two or three weeks ago, I had a whole week - Sunday to Sunday - that I call the 'Recession'. Well, up, right after it, I've had what I call the 'Renaissance'. Well, during this thing I call the 'recession', you know, you might be 96 some day, you might record a little of this.

IM: I hope I will!

CG: I wasn't ill in any whatever, I wasn't suffering at all; I just wasn't there. I would lie on my bed the usual hours, I would get up and sit in my chair, and there I would sit. I wasn't there! This was a real recession, and I could not summon an ambition to go on. I think the reason was



that I had been terribly physically over-working, and I think I used up all my physical resource to push the mental. But, suddenly, it's over. And, as for health, I have better health these late years than I ever had. And, well, I've been alone forty-four of these forty-eight years; we came from Troy, and, by the way, my daughter and I owned the Troy news at one time. And, Wilbur Johns, from \_\_\_\_\_, or who sold it to me - which ever way to state it, I had know in Willow, Montana. He had the paper there and I had been a reporter \_\_\_\_\_ for him. But, I had done that in my teen years, and one day he did & I - to make a claim to you, we had hand-set the type, we didn't use a machine; we just picked up one letter after another and put it in the box. Then we took it to the stone and emptied that when they had it full, went back and filled it up again. Well, it happened that Mr. Johns and myself both sitting tight from two different cases, and we both got to the stone at the same time, and as we were emptying our type onto the stone, all at once he lifted his head and looked at me and said, "Mrs. Grove, do you want to buy this paper?" And I said, "Yes, I do." Just like that! He said, "Well, let's go to the bank and make out the papers." And I said, "Well, let's go!" And then, fifteen minutes from the time I had ever heard about that he was going to sell it or that I was going to buy it, I owned it! I owned the press. Now don't miss the press on that. The press was a huge old thing, oh, taking up a quarter of this room. It was a huge thing, and in order to feed it, it hand-fed of course, I stood on a box about this tall and reached up here and fed the papers in. And, the first few I fed in, about every other one, or every third or fourth one, would wind around the roller instead of going out onto the platform. I had never run a press; I knew nothing about it - I had been setting type, runs of Mr. Johns, and doing a little general work but there were things I knew nothing about. But, anyway, I bought it. And, I presume you don't know what a boilerplate is; anyway, it is type that



has been set up, and then molded into a solid block on a base. And, a newspaper keeps more or less of that on hand in case they have to go to press, and there is a blank spot, they get this boiler plate and print that in there, and it may be something about Queen Victoria or anything else. But, anyway, it fills the space so you don't have blank space on your paper. Anyway, he said, "Now here's some boiler plate, undoubtedly your going to need it." Need it? I hadn't been running that paper more than six weeks until I had to run a supplement to put all the news on. And, I had to keep on running a supplement in order to give all the news. But, my daughter Ethyl was graduated from Troy and was ready for the university, and the way she came to go to the university - the first time I ever held her in my arms, I began talking to her about, "When you're big enough, you're going to the university!" My people were not university people mostly, and I made up my mind that part of my people would go to the university, and I talked that to her until we didn't know anything else! But, that she was going to the university. And one woman said to me one time when we were in real hardship, "Now, Mrs. Grove, you can not put that child through the university, you just send her to business school, and in six months she can get a job as a secretary and she'll be all set." Well, Ethyl refused always to be a secretary, and I don't believe in forcing a child into something they don't want to work at, if it's possible to avoid it, and we had talked about this university until maybe we couldn't do it, but we didn't know we couldn't - so we did it, and she got through. And, she always boasted to her husband, Lawrence Langford, "Ha! Ha! Lawrence, I graduated before you did! She did. She was B.A., and he was engineering, and she went across the platform before he did. She graduated that much before. And, they've had quite an adventurous life. They were in Denver, then moved to Montana, Wyoming, Tennessee, Washington, and by that time, about forty years was up and Lawrence retired. And, the two of them to-



gether built a sumptuous new home...right near the Mohobi Desert. There is an interesting political fact in connection with them buying land in Lake Montezuma near the Mohobi Desert. Before Lawrence was an engineer this is politics, but, anyway, everybody knows the facts about some politics...Lawrence, before he was an engineer, was a cabinet-maker, and a carpenter. I always said that he was born with a square in one hand, and a saw in the other. And, that was his natural work, as you would say, he was really into it; and engineering, electrical engineering. So, he was determined that he would build his house and he would wear it; and he would have it like he wanted it. Well, for the money, they had allocated for purchase of land they could get more land at Lake Montezuma than they could at any other place they could find, but beyond that was the political fact that unless Lawrence would join up Carpenter's Union, he could not build his own house. I think that's getting very, very rank, and it's time that everybody got into politics and cleaned them up a little bit. But, anyway, they built their house there, and there they live in the desert wind and heat - 110 is a very common summer. Well, what else did you people want to talk about?

(Voice): Speaking of politics, what's been your favorite president?

CG: We haven't had any favorites for years, but, going way back; by the way, I didn't get my list of presidents and, as I mentioned, names do not stay with me. But, further back, there was all the presidents...oh, there was Teddy Roosevelt, he was a favorite. And, of course, I know all about his doings at the time, which was different. It probably would interest you to know that I talked with the man who was in the boat with MacArthur at the time when they out-ran . Well, I talked with him and I asked him what he thought of MacArthur. He said, "As a soldier, I'd follow him into hell, but I've no use for him as a man." And, he said, "We just got into the boat and out-ran them, was the only way we got away."



And, he said, "After we were all in the boat, MacArthur sent one of the men back to the quarters to get a bottle of wine, with the enemy right on his heels." Well, no wonder he wouldn't think much of him until after! And, I don't know whatever became of young MacArthur; we heard so much about him just as a little guy, and then never another word. And, one of the things we heard at the time was that he had never seen a football game...because they were settled here, some of them couldn't put together a football game. My opinion is that maybe he didn't miss much to not see football. Basketball is my game.

(Voice): You like basketball, not football?

CG: Yeah. And, my daughter and I were at a basketball game in the new gym, it was new at that time, and I don't know why they didn't make a proper egress; you could get in, but when a crowd tried to get out, that was something different. And, I was caught in that crowd, and I could barely squeak, and I said, "Ethyl!" And, she simple, she was bigger and taller, she just simply doubled her arms, "Get back!", and they got back. But, I was really being crushed. Before that there was a time when I was in a crowd and the police broke up the crush. Who was that president that they said committed suicide?...on the Alaskan waters? Well, anyway, there was a president who died suddenly. It was...he did commit suicide because of something that was about to break out, in Washington. And, some said, "No, it wasn't suicide, that he did not suicide; that he had been fed food that had stood until it contained a poison element, that it was spoiled - that was why he died." That was quite an improbably story, I think. But, anyway, I was caught in the...

IM: Would you like to have a drink?

CG: No...I was caught in the line that was waiting to get into the hall where they were putting a memorial service for this man, just a line of us. And, they were jammed so that a policeman with his club, he didn't hit



anybody, but he threatened with it, and people began to move back a little but, I was caught in that quite unpleasantly. So, there is such a thing as being utterly crushed in a crowd. When I enrolled, I presume they have practically the same form you to fill out as they did then, perhaps so, a form that you tell all about your beliefs and disbeliefs and what you've done and what you haven't done, and so on, and it asked 'what occupations have you held?'. Well, I started writing in the blank that was given there, and I went down with all the space there was below it, and I went up the side, and I went across the top, and I went down hills, and I think I had nearly all of it down. You folks don't know what hard times are. I've been through them, other times, other places, long ago. I was still in South Dakota, I'm not sure whether it...yes, it was South Dakota - it had been Dakota Territory for the first years we lived there, and then it was divided and made into North and South Dakota and the spelling was changed from D-a-c-o-t-a-h to K-a-k-o-t-a. But, we had hard times there. Businessmen who had nothing and no place to go were on the road stopping at doors and asking if they could have some food. I remember mother feeding; she fed everybody that came along, not that we had it to spare, but she always had something for them, and we always had something. Someone said to me, as just a child, "Yes, well someday your mother will find that she's feeding will kill her!" Well, a child, of course, I ran home and told mother! And I've always remembered what mother said. "No man is as dangerous as a hungry man." Would you agree with that? I would. I remember a young couple, it was a time here in Moscow that there was no housing, they hadn't even begun to bring in the abandoned dorms from the Army settlement, they hadn't begun to bring those yet. There was no housing. No such thing. I took in a student couple, and then I took in another student couple, and June said to me one day, "Did you hear me and Al fighting?"; I said, "No, I didn't hear anything." "Well," she said, "We had a fight, and it was a



serious one." I think they had been married at least over three months, maybe a little bit more. Didn't do anything wrong except she didn't know how to cook, and Al was getting hungry...and you girls cook that up and remember it. And, when you get ready to announce your marriage you just tell them that you've taken the school of one - and there you are!

IM: What do you think of the women's movement?

CG: I think they are silly. One asked me, "Wouldn't you like to be equal with men?" Now, I don't mean any slur at all, and I said, "No, I'm not going to be lowered with the men; I want to stay where I am!" If you notice the newspaper pictures of the weddings, if you want to know which is the bride you have to look to see who wears the veil. Well, now, you just notice. The men look like women, and the women look like men. It's true among the people you meet or deal. I don't know what's the matter with you folks here! It doesn't prevail; you're out of date! But, it is quite prevalent, especially in the grade school age. Someone even consulted 'Dear Abby,' about how could she make it right with the boy that she said was a girl? Do you all read 'Dear Abby,'? I do, I always said there wasn't any use for them to publish if they didn't have 'Dear Abby,' ! But, some of the questions they ask her are so silly. For instance, there was a woman who said that she needed her back porch so badly and her husband had done a little work on it, and he was so busy helping the neighbor women that he couldn't finish her porch! And, what could she do about it? Well, the answer is simple, call in two or three couples for an evening visit, when there is a little silence, well, just say, "Well, I'm hoping that my husband will get my back porch finished, I need it..." and she's talking loud so everybody hears her, " I hope my husband will get my back porch finished soon because I need it so badly, but he's so busy helping the rest of you, he can't help me!" Well, the next day, that porch would have been fairly finished! You don't always have to hit a person in the face to tell them



what you want to say, but I do think some of the questions that she gets are very foolish. One boy had one the other day that was quite a poser; if anyone knows the answer do tell 'Dear Abby,' about it, he didn't like any of the games - football and so on - and he didn't, well he was a booky boy - he liked his books - and he didn't like those things. Although, he said he did like swimming, and he took calisthenics enough to keep himself fit; well, that's good too, but it doesn't have quite the benefit that the game against the other fellow has. You learn more if you play a game against somebody else - you learn alot more, you could read a book about it. And, what could he do, because he would go into the eighth grade and he would have to take part in the football and so on and on, and how could he get out of it? Well, I don't know if you read it or not, but 'Dear Abby,' didn't quite know how he could get out of it. That since life is made up of having to take some things like they are, he'd better just be resigned about it and take it. Which I though was a very sensible answer. Now what else do you want to talk about?

(Voice): How many years were you married, Mrs. Grove?

CG: I was married in 1907, and from then on for a while - mine was not a long marriage. No, my husband died years ago, so I didn't have a long marriage.

(Voice): Was it a happy marriage while it lasted?

CG: No, it was not a happy marriage. Well, I <sup>don't</sup> think we'll go into it; I think we'll let it rest right there. But, there are rules for happiness and unhappiness, and one of the great rules for happiness in or out of marriage, anywhere - in the schoolroom, on the street, anywhere you are - is tact, t-a-c-t. And, how many, think now for a minute, how many really tactful people do you really know? They're scarce, and they are getting scarcer, I think. Well, this is a different time, times are not now like they used to be. For instance, in the good old days, a child who would address a grown person by his Christian name instead of saying 'Mr.' Smith would



be most certainly reprimanded for it; it was not done - only relatives and very intimate friends called you by your Christian name; you were 'Mrs.' or you were 'Mr.' There really was a depth under that. There was a formality at that time that we don't have now, and that formality was sort of a fence between you and various undesirable traits, performances. It is true that formality is a restraint; do we have any formality now? I belong to a group of women in which, well, I imagine the youngest one would be middle-aged or close to it, and some of them are old women - mostly. I'm not old, I'm only 96, that isn't old. But, it was decreed that we were to call each other by our first names. Well, when I was a child, you never heard of the women meeting together calling each other by their first names. It was always Mrs., Mrs., Mrs., Miss...and it is a restraint, it is a good thing, but there is the fact that we don't have it anymore, and we have to get along without it until...you see, the trouble is that when people make a change, they don't make a gradual change - they go overboard, lock, stock and barrel, right overboard - "let's have something different", "let's destroy that", anything different, and that's the way that we go from one era to another. And, it's a little bit confusing to some of us who lived through a couple of periods. But, these years of mine now are the only comfortable years that I've had. I had to live with my grandparents for quite awhile. My grandfather was born in 1812, and my grandmother in 1824. Oh, I'm going to tell you something! My grandmother always said that she was married when she was 19; well, that went on that grandmother had been married at 19 until they'd been married about 50 years. The schoolteacher one day heard grandmother telling somebody that she was married at 19, and Alice, "Why Myrtle, that doesn't work out, you were 19 and you were born in 1824, and you were married in 1845." You math students...well, to me, the funny part of it was grandmother considered that a child, ~~grandmother~~ was a little wic ked, but she was determined. Everything had to be exactly as she did it



because her mother had done it that was, and certainly her mother did it right, and she did it like her mother did, so why did we want to do it any different? Well, being right about the work, I, for real, had myself got up at five in the morning; grandmother had probably been up and in the garden for an hour before that! But, by nine o'clock or ten at the latest, my grandmother came in and laid down on her bed, and she slept from one to two hours. And, in the afternoon she went back to her garden just to be sure it was there and it loved her and all that kind of thing, and then she went bed and sleep for one or two hours, and went to bed at eight o'clock. And, Uncle Will came in for his supper; now I had supper for grandmother and grandfather when it 's straight up six o'clock they came to the table. And, Uncle Will came in sometimes between eight and nine, with a pail of milk, and I gave him his supper that I had cooked for him, and took care of the milk. And then, I was free to go to bed about ten and sleep until five, and the only salvation that there was for me, possibly - there was no other, was that I keep at work from the time I got up at five o'clock until I went to bed at ten o'clock. You, well, you were a desperado if you didn't work all the time; there was something wrong with your head. Why wouldn't you be at work? That was the way it was then! But, she spoke kindly to him whilst I was there. I always remember that; and I remember grandfather told her that she had to! Now, she and I were getting the eggs and the butter, ready for Uncle Will to take to town, and she amazed me when speaking nicely and saying, you know, I was going to take them to town, not Uncle Will, I was going to take them, she amazed me by saying, "Now, you get a quarter's worth of sugar, and a pound of coffee, and you can have what else the eggs bring for yourself." I nearly fell over with surprize! And those South Dakota plains were someplace to live. The annual rainfall was 14 inches. With people trying to raise crops. I remember the night that Uncle Will did his thrashing, did his whole thrashing one day. At that time with



a binder. They cut the grain, bound into bundles, and then a man followed and set these up, oh, four bundles in a bunch, leaning against each other so they stood up, and then the thrashers came and two men on a wagon with pitchforks threw these into the wagon and hauled them to the machine, the thrashing machine, and they were thrashed ; it was all that operation to get the separation from the wheat and the straw. And, Uncle Will came in after the thrashers had finished and gone; it was just about nine o'clock when he came in. I saw by the way that I was giving supper to a sick man, so I waited 'til he'd nearly finished his supper, and I said, "How many bushels did you have, Will?" He had 100 acres, and he had 300 bushels. And that same year, there was a woman who had planted, as a sort of garden project, five acres of squawcorn; I'm sure you've never seen squawcorn. It grows about so high, and it puts out two or three ears on one stalk, and its really a field corn, and oh, how we loved that corn - it was all we had for creamed corn. And, it wasn't quite as fieldy as the real field corn, but this woman went over her five acres of squawcorn and got enough for the Thrasherman's Supper. I tell you, those were lean times. And, there was a man at Mullet, talked to him, Mullet was our town - Mullet was probably sixty or eighty miles from there. There was an article in the paper about so-and-so at Mullet that harvested 12 bushels to the acre of his wheat. And, I read the article to grandfather; he said, "Oh, yes, that will do as a newspaper story, but anybody knows that he never did it, twelve bushels - nobody ever did that!" Well, it was the first man anywhere around there that had gotten twelve bushels to the acre. He had used that brand-new dust-mulch idea. We had just thought of it then; remember, it was the late 1800's. He had really raised progress of today. Then, I kept hearing from people there, friends and relatives, about there being so much rain that they were just rained out. Well, I said, "If I could see it, I could believe it." Well, I went through that same territory, not through



Palkin, but through Aberdeen and Rigby, over in Pureland, and I saw a corn field that had been planted in my railroad ditch. I believe it had filled the track up from the level of the ground, about, oh, a foot and a half, something like that, it would build it up to the track on this elevation, and then there would be this ditch on either side that would be perhaps so wide. And I saw a place where that was planted to corn, and in mid-July, that corn was standing in three or four inches of water. Well, I had to believe that South Dakota had gotten too wet. But, who knows what 'gumbo' is? You know, tell us.

IM: It's a hard clay that nothing will soak through, it just stays there.

CG: It's just about as near like, well, like plastic as it could be, and still be soil. But, these ditches would hold water that was, well, we hauled water in barrels to have it - it was a common thing. Had a barrel on the strongboat, or maybe two barrels on the strongboat, and hitch a horse to it and haul water from where you could get it. And, sometimes it was a long way to it! But, the gumbo would hold the water longer than any other soil would, and there was one family that was having no water, at that time, excepting what she got in this railroad ditch, but, oh, the water supply they had! And she was washing one day, when the neighbor woman came in and said, "Well how do you get your clothes to look like anything washing them in that water?" "Oh," she said, "they may nay the whiter, but they smell the sweeter." So, she wasn't delaying herself worrying because she had no decent water. And, at my grandfather's, you can see how Hoosiers who believed in working from daylight to dark, to go out in the middle and go do things, they had built there house up here, and when you went over here about a quarter of a mile, and down into the coolie, there was a spring that never ran dry, it ran all year. And we got our water from there in a barrel, hitched a horse to the strongboat and hauled it in that way. And that was the water that we had, and it was very good water from that spring.



Well, by and by, grandmother suddenly died. And my sister quit school and went to keep house for our grandfather in Broken Wheel. And she was, she was not for work, like grandmother was, but she was to having her own way like grandmother was, and she wanted them to dig a well up here by the house. "Nope. No use. Nope, no use; there's no water there!" Well, right here by the house it was dried gravel, but over here, just a matter of, oh, a hundred feet, maybe fifty feet, there was a little sort of depression and over here there was nothing on and on and on but the buffalo grass. And, over here, in this little depression, the grass grew green and about that tall; she just had an idea there must be something to make that difference. And she remembered that right down here in the coolie was that spring that never run dry, so she wanted a well..."Nope, no use...", she knew how to get it; she said, "Well, don't dig the well, and I won't stay! I'll leave!" They dug that well! But, I never could remember if it was forty or sixty feet, sixty wasn't considered your deep well, a hundred was deep. But, they dug a well, and they got a supply they could not pump dry, ever. There for forty-fifty years, no, it wasn't fifty, but for many years. They had lived right here hauling water in a barrel, I don't know what they'd do without Ethyl, she says. I'll tell you, life on the plains in those times was something. I know one time I was four when we went from Iowa to Dakota Territory, and I had a brother who was ten years older than I was, well, the difference between four and fourteen is quite alot, it isn't so much between some other ages, but right there it's a big knot! One day I was saying something about grandfather and grandmother being so awfully harsh, and so harsh with all the children, their grandchildren. And, this brother of mine says, "Well, they tamed the continent!" They did! And they had great times doing it! And, the first recollection we have of our family, by the way, when I bought our place here over on the other side of town, I named it 'Blarney Castle'. And when I bought it it



consisted of two rooms only. Nothing more...and out it front there was alfalfa that was more than knee high, most beautiful alfalfa crop I ever saw; went from the house clear to the street. I got most of it out; I have a little of it left that I don't try to get out. But, anyway, I named it 'Blarney Castle', and when we had first we both registered at the University and giving the Methodist Church as our preference. The Methodist minister, of course, came to call, and, I welcomed him to 'Blarney Castle. And, after a little, he said, "Well, why do you call this Blarney Castle?" Well I said, "Don't you think it would take alot of blarney to make people think it is a castle?" And, beyond that, the earliest, one of the earliest ancestors that I know anything about, had kissed the Blarney Stone. So, if anyone asks me my nationality, I don't admit to English or the Swiss-Dutch at all, I'm Irish. This ancestor of mine, when he was a husky, big teenage boy, went from his inland home in Ireland to the coast to see the ships! And, he was walking along back and forth on the dock, so delighted that he could see the ocean and the ships, and a sailor came up to him and he said, "Boy, would you like to see the inside of a ship?" And, what teenage boy wouldn't want to? So, they went on and the sailor showed him everything on deck and explained it all, and he said, "Now let's go down and see what's below!" So, they went down to see what was below, and the boy said, "What's in this room?" And the sailor took the bar off the door, and says, "Well, go in and see!" The boy got to see when he was in the bolt was shut the sailor on the outside, and, he was kept in there until they were so far at sea that there would no possibility of him leaving. And, then he was put on deck with the others, put to work with the others, and when they reached this shore, there were no harbours- no wharfs, there were harbours but no wharfs, but they anchored far enough into the harbour that they thought that nobody could possibly swim to shore. And the crew, because it was not winter all the way across the Atlantic,



had slept on the deck; when they were sleepy, they just lay on the deck and slept - that's all there was to it! They had pretty rough times for sailors at that time. And, he, with the other sailors, was there when they anchored far enough they thought no one could swim back. He has Irish blood, and he just didn't want to be indentured; do you all know what 'indentured' is? Of course you know, that's when you would be sold to some farmer and would have to work as a slave until he was 21, and when he would be 21 it was supposed that the owner would give him a horse, bridle, and saddle; sometimes the owner did, but he was free at 21; and, if he tried to leave before he was 21, he was fair game for anybody's bullet...it wasn't murder, it was proper punishment for leaving before he was 21, so there weren't many that tried to leave because there was no place to go! Well, this fine young Irishman in his teens didn't want to be indentured. So, during the night he managed to slip overboard without being heard and he swam to shore, and the minute he was on shore, he started running. Well, he hadn't heard much about this country, he knew there was a country here, and that's about all. But, he started running with no destination, and set to get away from the water, get far enough from the water that he couldn't be overtaken. And he did. Well, that is the most that I know about him, practically all that I know about him. But, that is the Irish line that we have and how we got it. And, my grandfather was a fine old Irish gentleman, and, at that time, there were very few really tall people, and he was 6'3"; and held himself very erect. And when he was seventy-five, his children said to him, "Now, father, we've tried for years to get you to quit working on the farm; you're too old," just seventy-five, "and you just have to quit now; this is your seventy-fifth birthday, and you are not going out to the field today, and you're not going to the field again!" He sat down in his chair and sat there until he was ninety-two; the extent of his activities during all those years was that he sometimes emptied the ashes for grand-



mother, and he practically always did the churning for grandmother, and you churn like this, and he could bring the butter faster than anybody else who ever would churn. And, he just very calmly went at it, just like that, and there's the butter!

(Voice): Mrs. Grove? I think we should stop for the day.

CG: I think we should, I think we should, and I'll be so glad to meet all of you again, and want to have good times together and you should be primed up with what you want to ask and what you want to tell! Anyone of you knows something interesting that might be useful if known, because sometimes some of the most useful things have come out of some little incident that seemed to have no point to it.

(Voice): How soon, or when would you like to get together again?

CG: Well, I think that perhaps you the class should decide it, my time is not taken by other people's time. Of course, I do have my Good Will, in fact I'm the manager of the Moscow Good Will, and have been for almost ten years; a most interesting position, I meet such interesting people both on the phone and in person. So, I think you and the others should decide.

(Voice): We'll meet again in two weeks, same time, and I'll come and get you, again, and I'll take you home now!



