

## MEMORIES

BY Esther Squires-Case

**These are a few memories of life as I have observed them.**

My parents were Edward Eli Squires and Mary Louella Talcott. They were married in Hollenberg, Kansas, a little farming community in Washington County, Kansas. After the ceremony, they left immediately by train for Medford, Oregon. Grandpa Squires had gone there with his wife and 5 unmarried children, William, Florence, Walter, Alvin and Sarah.

Grandpa had done well in Kansas where he had raised corn and fattened pigs for the market. He bought a fruit orchard in Medford and knowing nothing about growing fruit, he soon went broke. Grandpa was far sighted enough to have kept his land in Kansas. He returned to Kansas and soon swung free from debt at his former occupation.

**A few words about Papa's brothers and sisters:**

Uncle Will married Charity Tinney and moved to Kooskia where he reared a large family. Some of his descendents now reside there. Uncle Walt studied to become a school teacher and later became an ordained Presbyterian minister, author and world traveller. He and his wife, Elizabeth, had one son, Leslie, who graduated from Stanford University and worked in the U.S. Diplomatic Service. Al married and divorced. Florence died in her twenties. Aunt Tade married Leonard Barr. They had two children, Elizabeth and Samuel. Both became missionaries.

**Mama's brothers and sisters**

They consisted of Elmer, Art, and the twins, Hattie and Chester. Chester was the only one who came to Idaho to live.

Papa leased part of Grandpa's land and lived in part of the large house and did well but the gold fever and a longing to go back out west kept working on him. Mama was reluctant to go. Finally she consented if Papa would give up his idea of going to Alaska with the gold rush. She had four children at the time, Lawrence, the twins Edith and Elva, and Albion. She was afraid he would go and come back broken in spirit.

Papa had a sale, the first of their three public auction sales. Then they boarded a train again for the west. This time they took the train to Portland, Oregon. From there they took another train to Riparia, Washington. At Riparia they boarded a boat for the trip to Lewiston, Idaho. At Lewiston, they were met by Scott Stone who

## Brush Ranch Days on Harris Ridge

Papa was known to have said he was no farmer but a frontiersman. He still had the "lust for gold". He heard of some "diggings" back on Maggie Creek which was back of Harris Ridge. So again he sold his farming equipment and moved to Kooskia, Idaho. That fall there was an epidemic of measles in Kooskia. Not wanting the children to get it, they bought tickets and all returned to Kansas.

Things weren't the same in Kansas. There were seven children now and they bothered the grand parents. Albion was uncontrollable with the other kids around so Papa bought a brush ranch on Harris Ridge. Once again the family headed west to Idaho and moved into a small cabin.

The land was covered with trees and brush. The two small cabins had dirt floors. Starvation may have set in but for the "care" packages from Grandpa - which was usually in the form of cash. The woods abounded with white-tail deer. Ab and Papa soon became experts in bringing home venison. Five more children were subsequently born. They were Eric (August 15, 1906), Esther (February 21, 1908), Warren (November 17, 1909), Hattie (March 5, 1913) and Alice (July 7, 1914).

One of the small cabins was used as my birthplace. It was ordinarily used as a cellar. As my birth drew nigh, Mrs Hilda Laine was called to assist. She was a Finnish mid-wife. In those days mothers rested in bed for 10 days after giving birth. All Mama's deliveries proceeded in the normal manner.

The need for a larger house was real. House logs were cut again and a four-room house was built on top of a nearby knoll. Warren, Hattie, and Alice were born in this new house. Warren was killed in a timber accident while felling a tree when he was 17.

One special event was when Mama gathered us small children around her one day after she had risen from childbed and we all went out and gathered beans that had fallen out of the pods and on the ground. I felt so at one with her then.

One story that was told often around our house when I was small was of the time Mama, Elva, Oliver and Jude started out late one evening to find the cows. Now it was late in the summer and the cows had to wander far to find feed or brouse. Milking the cows mornings and evenings was a necessity for the survival of the children.

They started out looking for the cows, listening for the bells as they went. Darkness was falling fast and no cows. On the brink of Suttler Creek Canyon they heard the bells - so down into the canyon they went. Half a mile on they came upon the cows. Now cows have a homing instinct and started out of the canyon. Mama grabbed one of the cows by the tail and called for the children to follow. Needless to say the children had milk to drink the next morning for breakfast.

CHAPTER 3

Thumb and forefinger. If you moved your hand while shooting, that was called fudging. You then lost your turn.

Our log house had an air hole near the ground. Nights I would lay in bed and listen to the frogs croak. To the east of the house was a natural pond. In the Springtime the frogs would set up a musical concert that would be so fine to listen to.

At school plans for our Christmas program started soon after Thanksgiving. Recitations were assigned, carols were practiced and skits were learned. A day or so before the program, a tree was brought in and decorated with strings of popcorn and lots of homemade decorations. Candle holders were clipped to the tree branches to hold small candles that were lighted just before Santa Claus made his appearance. A few weeks before the event, each family was solicited for a small amount of money to help pay for treats for each child. The treats consisted of a mosquito bar pack filled with candy and nuts.

Papa was a Socialist. He read socialism and talked socialism. Somehow I grew up hating the word. It seemed that it branded us. I felt apart from others. Sometimes he would bring drifters home. They would be interested in mining for gold, mostly. Later Papa became something called a Democrat. I guess they advocated most of the Socialist principles.

One fall Edith and Phoebe worked at the Riverside Hotel in Kooskia. There was a pole drive on the river and they needed extra help. Edith became acquainted with Henry (Whitey) Mohr, one of the pole workers. She later married him and thus, our family branched out.

Edith and Henry lived in Kamiah the first year. The next summer Henry had a contract to cut poles near Caribel. I spent the summer with them there. I was quite lonely as I was used to having my small brothers and sisters to play with.

Les and Nettie Pursley moved to Harris Ridge. They were distant relatives of ours. Both were musical and religious and started the first Sunday School there. They brought Reverend Beech from Clarkston to hold revival meetings. Papa, Mama and my three older sisters were converted.

There was no place on Harris Ridge for water baptism by immersion so one Sunday we all went down to the Clearwater River, a distance of about 8 miles, for the baptism service. After that we all joined in a picnic dinner. I was about 5 years old at the time.

The Sunday School continued until the Pursley's moved to Portland. Wolford Johnston from the American Sunday School Union came at different times and started Sunday School, which would continue for a while. It would take an unusual person to continue the work.

I was 7 years old when I started going to school. Somehow I had been taught a little reading at home so I started in the 2nd grade. The teacher would put word 'families' on the black board, such as

an	cat	ill
can	rat	mill
fan	sat	fill
ran	mat	kill

Another teacher by the name of Alma Kile wouldn't keep any daily schedule. She would take all the time she needed and the next day we would start where we left off the day before. It seemed to work just as well as any other plan.

Each child packed their own lunch, usually in a lard pail or in a tobacco box. In the fall we would go outside and sit on a log to eat. We would shake a small bottle of milk that we carried until a lump of butter formed. The teacher would have us gather leaves on the way to school and we would have a writing lesson by writing about the leaves.

In the spring, this same process was used for any birds we saw on the way to school. I always seemed to be more interested in other things than birds so I would make up a story. Reading lessons seemed to be well intersperced with having to memorize poetry. At first I would refuse to memorize. Then I would memorize on the way to school. Usually only a couple of verses at a time. I'll bet the teacher would of liked to have wrung my neck. At recess we would play "pum-pum-pull away". If you didn't run across the designated field you would be pulled away. Then you would be caught and would have to be 'it'.

TRUE VERSION OF John's DEATH

I believe this is the true version of John Deputats death.

The ranchers of Harris Ridge all raised cattle and used the state land back of the ridge for free open range. A Cattlemans Association was formed and each member had a little book where they registered all brands and ear marks of the cattle. Each fall the cattle had to be rounded up. Among these were Onnie Ranta, a Finlander and John Deputat, an Austrain. As Onnie was wandering along he heard some strange noises at the top of a hill. John was a practical joker and jumped out from behind a tree as Onnie approached. Onnie raised and shot John. Onnie ran for help and Johns brother, Andy Kalita arrived a short time before John died. A coroner was summoned from Grangeville and concluded that it was purely accidental.

Editor's Note:

Another version of how John Deputat lost his life is as follows:

Several Harris Ridge families, including many Squires and Ranta kids, had a picnic on State land back in the timber. John Deputat went and he was kind of the jokester of the group. John enjoyed making noises like a wild animal and frightening people.

Early in the evening as people began to pack up and head for home, John left the picnic area and headed for his home. The sun was low in the west and several stretches through the tall timber were kind of dark along the road. People were hurrying along when suddenly they could hear an animal growling and thrashing around in the brush near the roadway. There was some consternation as adults ran back to protect their children. Out on the roadway jumped this apparition snarling and growling, children screamed, people ran, and one man had the presence of mind to take careful aim and shoot. Thus ended the life of John Deputat.

His farm was later sold by the State and Whitey Mohr bought it.

## Papa and Mama

One summer Papa had gone to the harvest fields or to the Forest Service to work. So Mama, Jude and I went to Kooskia to do a little trading, as Mama called it. We went by horse-and-buggy. Mama was quite able with a team of horses. These were Indian ponies, Fannie and Fred.

When we got to East Kooskia, we had to cross the Middle Fork River by ferry. There was a bell attached to a high post. We would ring it by pulling a rope attached to the bell. This alerted the ferryman who would come down and let us on the ferry and cross the river. This process would be repeated when we returned. Lou Fitting was the ferryman and he charged 50¢ per trip. Lou was the bachelor uncle of Tom, Bob, Jack, Ray, Grace, Frone, Geneva and Eva Fitting. They were the children of Lou's brother Gus.

Phoebe said Mama always took Jude along as he was such a willing helper. She took me along as I was so hard to get along with at home. I wonder if that could be true. Seems like I was always in trouble at home and at school.

The river bank where the ferry landed was built up so wagons could go off without going down into the edge of the water. Mama drove off the side of the built up area so the horses could get a drink. The sides of the ramp to the boat were steep and the wagon almost tipped over. Mama thought it was better to let the horses drink there instead of driving them up on the land and then unhitching them and leading them to water.

## Papa

Among Papa's many skills was being an able blacksmith. He could take a 3 inch strip of iron and shape it into the face of a sled runner, make holes in it so it could be nailed onto the runners. He could take a piece of iron and shape it into a horse shoe, weld cleats on it to make it what is called 'sharp shod'. Being sharp shod was priceless in the winter when there was snow and ice on the roads. Also it gave the horses more purchase when pulling heavy loads on the ground. Horse shoes also protected the horse's hooves from constant wear on the ground.

After the iron was put into the forge and heated to red hot, Papa would remove it with tongs, take it to the anvil and pound it to the shape desired. Often he would have to heat the iron several times before he finished shaping it. Then he would plunge it into cold water. If he were making horse shoes, the horse's hooves would be rasped and clipped and then the shoes would be nailed into place. In about three months the process had to be repeated as the horse's hooves kept growing. The hooves of the horses we kept in the pasture a lot would keep growing and throw the horse's posture off.,

**Mama.** As I said before, Mama was a very moral woman. Her Mother died when she was about 15 years old. Her father didn't take another wife until all the children were grown. Then he went to Illinois to meet a widow he had been corresponding with. He looked pretty seedy as he didn't buy any new clothes. She almost didn't accept him. Grandpa Tallcott always said he was just a plain man and wanted plain food. He would have corn bread and milk for supper.

Mama had a Methodist up-bringing - no card playing, no dancing and no moving picture shows. The first I remember was no cards in the house. Gradually the boys learned how to play cards away from home. First we had a game called Rook, then a Flinch deck and finally playing cards. Dancing was the same way. Papa would escort the family to school and other doings and as soon as dancing started, he would escort the children home.

I guess they gave up on these worldly things as pressure from the family took over. If the standards aren't kept by the parents, the children flounder. Mama had no use for neighbors that borrowed and didn't return. Any borrowing we did which was seldom, was paid back quickly. I know she hoped to save her daughters from a life of drudgery and endless child bearing. She thought teaching school would be an escape. I guess hard work is the only escape if there is any.

Mama had a nice alto voice and loved music and singing. In this part, she and Papa were miserably mis-mated. When Grandpa Tallcott passed away they shipped the family reed organ out to Mama, along with some song books. Some afternoons when the work was done, Mama would sit down at the organ and play and sing. She had attended revival meetings when she was in Medford. She liked especially "Shall We Gather at the River" and one song that included the phrase "Bring forth the royal diadem and crown him Lord of all".



## More of Life on Harris Ridge

After we moved to the Hendrickson Place we would spend Sunday's going to the river to swim. We would go down the hillside to Suttler Creek and then follow the creek to the river. It was quite rocky but we didn't mind. When we started back we walk back up the creek and stop at Hank's place. He would make us 'dough gods' by mixing flour and water and then cooking them on top the stove. We didn't mind and ate them with relish. Hank would also slice cucumbers for us to eat.

Some Sundays we would meet at Ranta's place, play baseball or cards or croquino. Mrs. Ranta would stand in the door and laugh a loud Ha-ha-ha. She would always make a pan of sweet cake to treat us. She also had a big two-gallon coffee pot. She would add a couple table-spoons of new coffee to the grounds that were left from the last pot. It sure tasted good.

One incident that stands out is Oliver's accident when we were living over at the old place. Oliver was about 13 years old and he would take the shotgun out in the woods to hunt pheasants. As he was going through the gate at the top of the Hendrickson Hill, he leaned the gun on the lower bar of the gate, not realizing the barrell was pointed towards him. The butt of the gun fell from the gate and the gun discharged shooting Oliver in the shoulder.

The Hendricksons heard Oliver yell and summoned help. The custom was to go to the top of the hill and whistle for Waino to come up. Felix Ranta came by with his hack and team of horses and took Oliver to our house. News like this travels fast and soon neighbors started coming by to see if they could help. I remember Mortimer Tinney was there. He was the father of Ed, Lloyd and Aunt Charity - or Aunt Chat as we affectionately called her.

Someone called Dr. Verberkmoes from Kooskia. He came with his buggy and team of horses. He was heard to say in later years that this one thing he had to his credit if nothing more. When he made it to Harris Ridge in time to save Oliver's life. Oliver was bleeding profusely and he thought that in another hour the story would have been different.

Dr. Verberkmoes bound the wound and stopped the bleeding. Later Papa took Oliver to Kooskia to stay with Edith and Elva who were batching and going to High School. Ted went along with them so Oliver would have some company. With Oliver in Kooskia it would be handy for the doctor to come and care for his wound.

As soon as Oliver could, he started to attend classes in Kooskia. He was a good student and could hold his own with Marie Mulledy and Ralph Gelbach. When he came home he had picked up something like a Yodel. We could hear him coming from a distance

Phoebe and Albert were living in a little cement block duplex building on Travis Lane in Lewiston. They shared it with me as I was going to Normal School in Lewiston at the time. For the Spring quarter, I was taking practice teaching at Sweet Water. We had to teach in a training school for 3 months to get our teaching certificates.

One Saturday I spent the day and night with them. The next day I had to go back to Sweet Water which is a couple miles east of Lapwai. Just as we were all about to leave to take me back to Sweet Water, here came the landlord, a man about 70 years old. He had a little Ford roadster with one seat and open windows. He had it all decorated with beautiful lilacs. So I rode to Sweet Water with him - like a bride sans a husband.

Some families were as poor as our family was - no money. Papa took some deer hides down to the Penny Ranch to barter with Elizabeth Penny. Now Elizabeth Penny was a Nez Perce Indian and could speak very little English. Papa brought back some money - Mrs. Penny had a little Civil War pension or something. Albion (Ab we always called him), being the oldest was given the part of taking the money to school. Imagine his pride as he marched down the aisle and handed the money to the teacher. So the Squires children's treats were well redeemed.

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The twins, Edith and Elva, were born in Kansas May 24, 1885. They were almost identical. They, like all the others received their 8th grade education on Harris Ridge. Both attended High School for a couple terms. Elva had to drop out of school one winter and help take care of Hattie who had pneumonia. This was about 1915. They were successful and pulled her through. This self-sacrifice on Elva's part must have been rewarding as she had a part in saving a young life.

Elva and Phoebe went to Silcott and worked on a fruit ranch. Phoebe worked in a packing house and Elva worked in the kitchen or cook house. White Brothers and Crum were the owners of the ranch. They raised cherries, peaches, apricots, plums and apples. The help lived in tents set up around near the house.

Irrigation ditches ran along the upper border of the orchard. The house was large. The big kitchen contained a double cook stove which was heated with wood from limbs pruned from the fruit trees. A large screened-in porch was back of the kitchen. The office or front room was flanked on each side by bedrooms. A stairway took off from the dining area and upstairs there were two bedrooms and a bathroom with a large bath tub.

At the ranch Elva met and later married the ranch foreman, James Marshall McGoldrick who was from Tennessee. Their first born, Marshall Edward, was born at the ranch on July 13, 1920. I was so happy when Elva brought him to Harris Ridge that fall. Mack, as we called him, was never very robust. One winter he, Elva and Marshall spent several weeks at a sanitarium in Portland where he tried a milk cure for his stomach trouble.

Mack and Elva left the fruit ranch and moved to Kamiah where they took their savings and bought a place. Times were hard so they left the produce ranch and moved into Kamiah. Later they came to Harris Ridge. Mack bought a truck and hauled railroad ties and wood to Kooskia.

When the birth of their second child became imminent, they moved to East Kooskia and rented the old Graham House (which is still standing). Clyde Alexander was born on December 7, 1926. Hattie and I were so fond of Clyde. We would take turns leading him around by the hand.

One Spring I was away working and came home early to help Mama. It was near Marshall's birthday so I bought him a pair of socks. I called Elva and told her I had a present for Marshall and for him to come down and get it. He unwrapped the socks but wouldn't accept them as he wanted a toy air plane

he sold the ranch, which now included Edith's and Jude's place, and moved to Kooskia. Ab passed away on August 24, 1965, in Seattle where he had gone for treatment.

**Phoebe** was the independent one. She was smart and liked to plan. She said that if it were not for growing old and dying, she would never marry. She was adventuresome and like to ride horseback. Summers she worked on the fruit ranches and came home for the winter. She met and married a fruit ranch foreman, Albert Oglesby. Their children were Bryan, Theodore (called Teddy) and Melvin.

They lived and worked on fruit ranches and later Albert bought two lots on Maple Street in Clarkston and built a house. There Phoebe would baby-sit and Albert did handy work for a living.

I remember one summer Papa and Mama moved to Kamiah where they lived in an Indian cabin while Papa took treatments. Hattie was quite small then and went with them. Phoebe, Jude, Eric, Warren and I stayed on the ranch. Phoebe and Jude had to sacrifice their summers working out and stay on the ranch and care for things. Phoebe did so with a willing heart and took great pride in keeping the grocery store bill at a minimum. She was firm but never mean.

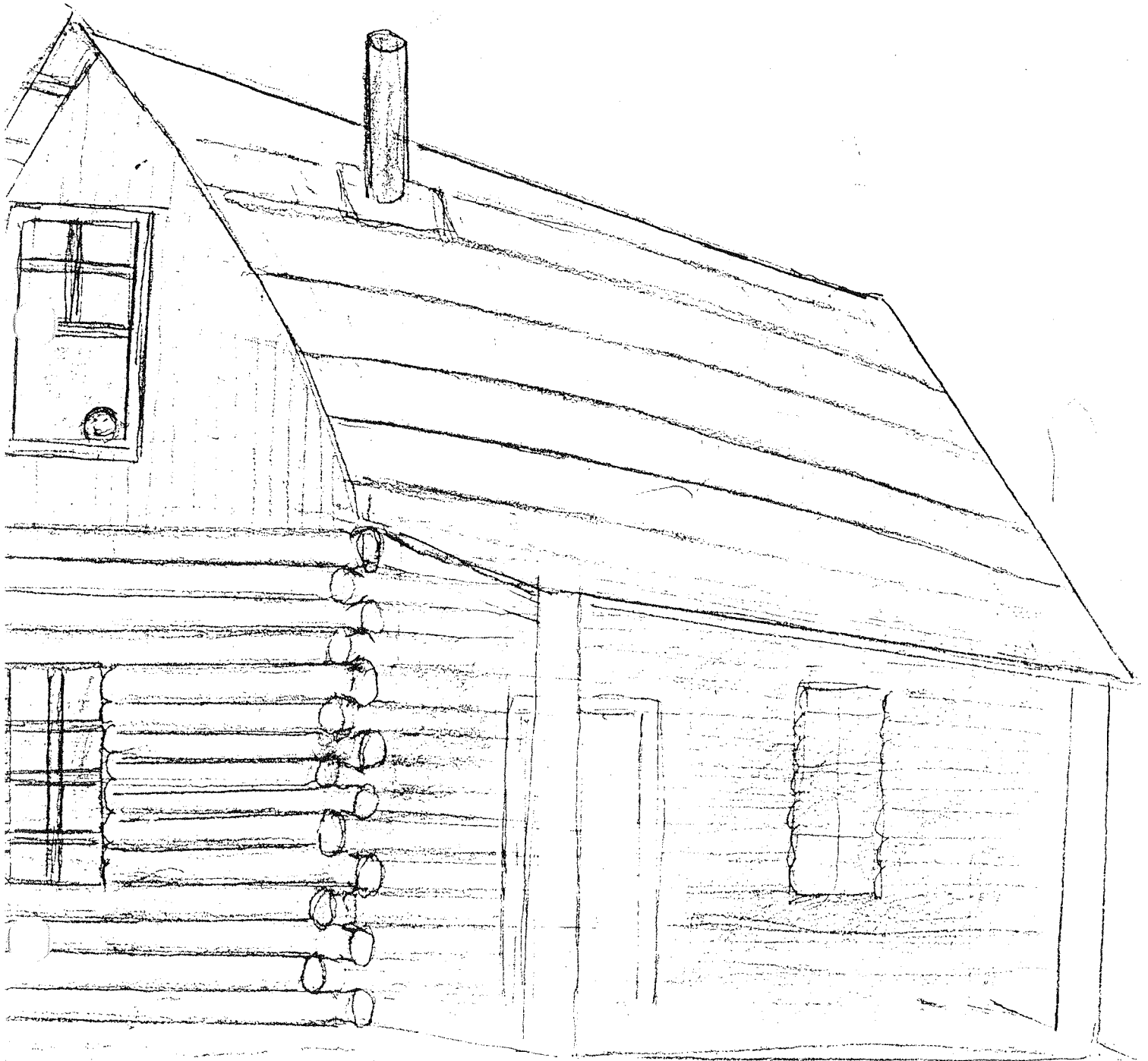
**Oliver.** An article in the Lewiston Tribune described Oliver, after he retired, as flat bellied and blue eyed. He was always very slender and thin. He stood about 6 foot 6 inches. One summer when Oliver came home for a visit between jobs he saw the need for someone to farm and do some managing. He stayed and helped run the ranch for six years. He sacrificed any plans he had for his life to help out at home.

He built up the herd of cattle, bought horses, built much-needed farm buildings and cleared more fields. He was always a reasonable man and lived that way. He married Nellie Haggard of Lewiston. She bore him four children. The first died in infancy. The others were Walter Dee, Albion Lee and Owen Chester.

Oliver worked on the ALCAN Highway during World War II. After the war he returned and they moved to Fresno, Calif. where he worked as a carpenter. Oliver said he spent some of the happiest and most enjoyable times of his life there in Fresno.

He and Nellie were happy together. She would adjust to almost anything if she and Oliver could be together. For a couple of years they rented their home in Lewiston and lived in a tent at Ahsahka while Oliver worked in the pole yard. Oliver put two tents together on a foundation and added windows

The house on the old place. Hattie is peeking out the upstairs window.  
Hattie & Warren & Alice were born here.



At the baptismal service on the Clearwater River when Papa and Mama were baptised, Mama requested they sing "Shall We Gather at the River".

**Jude** - One incident that struck me funny as well as it did Oliver who told it about Jude. Jude and Betty were married in Portland, Oregon, during World War II. He brought his bride to his place on Harris Ridge, which was the original place where the folks lived when they first came there. By the time Jude bought it there was a barn, a small house and cleared fields.

Of course after leaving the shipyards, they had to live off of their savings. Jude was very thrifty. He had a little tractor and was starting to plow a garden in a place that had not been cultivated for years.

Not wishing to plow with the tractor in low gear as it took too much gas, he went plowing along in high gear through the packed soil. Clods of earth went shooting out back of the tractor. Oliver laughed so much at this that tears came to his eyes.

Betty had two grown sons, Jack and Glen Grey. After Tish was born, Jude said they could see the handwriting on the wall. Jude would have to go back to work. Neither cared for the thought in a few years of Tish riding a school bus to Kooskia and back each day. Jude sold his place to Ab and they moved to Asotin. Jude began working for P.F.I. at the mill in Lewiston.

After Betty passed away he thought of remarrying. He went to the Senior Citizens Center in Clarkston where he met Helen. They just danced together. Jude with his Puritan upbringing would never bring her into his house. He helped her some at her place in N. Lewiston. When dancing he would stand as far away from her as possible - and hold her hand very limp.

When Warren was 17, he wanted to earn some money to buy a truck, so he went to Pierce to work in the woods. He never returned as he was killed in an accident. Once when he was in the first grade, he had been sick and was just going back to school. He had Phoebe's paint box. It was frosty and cold. When we reached Brown's gate, he fell down. When he got up, he went back to Mama and I went on alone. It seems sometime that little boys somehow don't have much stomach for school. I am sure he enjoyed his childhood and youth and is traveling on. When I was at Normal School, the news came that he had been killed at Pierce. I went to the packinghouse to get Phoebe. She, Albert, and I went to Kooskia, where we layed him away on Nov. 11. I didn't go back to school. I just stayed home with Mama and Papa.

The last time I was on the Ridge, the barn that Papa and the boys built was still standing. It was made of large logs and had a shake roof. It must of been built about 1913. It had housed a lot of cows and horses and also held a lot of hay. Not far from the barn was a deep well. The overflow from the well ran through a trough. In this trough we would put the milk to keep it cool. Later when we had moved to the Hendrickson place we had a large cellar where we kept the milk. The butter we put in a bucket and suspended in the deep well by a rope.

We had a grist mill in the grainary that we would grind corn or wheat every day for mush that evening for supper and for breakfast the next morning. Each day the lamp chimney had to be washed and the coal oil lamp had to be filled with coal oil for the evening light. Later we had gasoline lamps and lanterns which illuminated the rooms better. One thing that we had for evenings that we used if we had to go very far was a "palouser." A palouser was a 5 lb. pail with a candle stuck through a hole in the side. This way a gust of wind didn't influence it very much. And the light reflected out the end.

Phoebe and Albert were living in a little cement block duplex on Travis Lane in Lewiston. This they shared with me as I attended classes at Lewiston State Normal School. The spring quarter I went to Sweetwater to practice teach for 3 months. One Saturday I spent in Lewiston with them. The next day I had to go back to Sweetwater which is a couple of miles East of Lapwai, ID. The landlord showed up. He had a little one seated Ford roadster that had no side curtains, just a top. It was all decorated with beautiful lilacs. So, I rode back to Sweetwater like a bride even if the driver was an elderly man. He seemed to have the capacity to enjoy life.



My son, Richard married Nancie Riggins in Kendrick on December 2, 1988. They now reside in Orofino, ID. She has 3 daughters and a son, John. So Dick becomes an instant father and grandfather. She, Nancie works at Grangeville as a receptionist in a Doctors office. Dick works out of Coeur d' Alene for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

My mother and father were excellent folks  
They both had a feeling for practical jokes.  
So when I was born they were both of one mind  
They decided to give me all the names they could find.  
It was Jonathan, Joseph, Jeremiah;  
Timothy, Titus, Obediah;  
William, Henry, Walter Sim;  
Rueben, Rufus, Solomon, Jim;  
Nathaniel, Daniel, Abraham;  
Roderick, Frederick, Peter, Sam;  
Simon, Timon, Nicholas, Pat;  
Christopher, Dick, Josephat.

Uncle Chet Talcott would sing this song at public gatherings.

## Danny

To Barbara and Merle one August day  
In a hospital down Ritzville way.  
To them came a darling boy,  
Come to join a sister in joy.

Joy to live and joy to be  
Joy to give and joy to see.  
Came from heaven, though it seems otherwise  
To a world of dreams.

A boy for now and a man to be,  
Was sent from heaven eternally,  
A baby it seems with food to live,  
But by his will a life to give.

In service with song and praise  
With faith to live his earthly days-  
With faith to live and love and see,  
His plan was best for little Dee.

So please excuse these silly words-  
Words so futile in his sight-  
Who has already told about his plan-  
In his book of holy writ to man.

## Nancy

With sincere eyes and pattering feet  
From heaven came to witness bear  
To all who within her radius come  
Of reflected innocence plenty rare.

To bless all as she goes along  
Merry of heart and joyful too  
Is this beautiful fair haired child  
With eyes of laughing blue.

A challenge to Mamma and Daddy too.  
As alert as the birds at dawn,  
Watching knowing praising giving,  
Contented just to be a living.

At one with eternal good  
Thankful for her daily food.  
Trusting faithful as she goes,  
May she never know the world of woes.

## Warmth

Sitting within our rooms four walls  
Is our wood burning, heating stove.  
Sending <sup>off</sup> its radiant warmth  
To many freezing toes

Cheering lustily as it burns  
Grateful just to do its part  
Responding gaily to the match  
To warm each chilling heart.

Oh, how my heart turns again  
To a stove at one long time  
And to a Mothers hand so fine  
Stoking the sturdy knots of pine.

Toiling just to make things go  
A pioneer in this western clime  
Loving all and leaving none  
Was this fleeting mom of mine.

Ever this image returns to me  
With full nostalgia of things so dear,  
Which are doomed to pass away  
leaving me with a bitter tear.

## Rain

Refreshing impartial as it falls , on rich and poor the same.  
Comes's the drops from above rythmn as though it were a game .  
Blessing the farmers crops in answer to the farmers prayer.  
The delight of all small children who wade in puddles rare.  
Raising the river for the boat, Scouring the gutter clean and sweet.  
Never begrudging as it goes, pattering on the busy street.  
Giving the sturdy woodsman a rest from his labours mighty  
Un assuming giving all , Collectively cleansing rightly.

Johnathan, Joseph, Jeremiah;  
Timothy, Titus, Obediah;  
William, Henry, Walter, Sim;  
Rueben, Rufus, Solomon, Jim;  
Nathaniel, Daniel, Abraham;  
Roderick, Fredrick, Peter, Sam;  
Simon, Timon, Nicholas, Pat;  
Christopher, Dick and Jehosephat.

Do you know the rest of  
this song?

Part of it goes: "My Mother and Father were both of  
one mind. They dedided to give me all the names  
they could find."

George worked in the summer for the Forest Service - first as a smoke chaser and then as a cook as it paid more. One summer he was working as a cook on Rhoda Creek when the Ranger, the late Fred Shaner, was making one of his regular inspection trips. The Ranger saw one of George's knives and that it had deer hair around the handle. He chose to ignore it. All rangers are honorary game wardens without pay. So thanks to Fred Shaner, the crew had fresh meat to supplement their diet of beans, bacon and prunes. Fred later became my brother-in-law when he married my sister Hattie who now resides in Asotin, Washington.

After taking a short course in Forestry at the University of Idaho, George received his appointment under the supervision of Charles McGregor. George now had steady employment. The field employees were always layed off no later than October. As a temporary employee George would go to N. Dakota and winter with the Roy Weld family. He would help Roy with the chores and Mrs. Weld like to have him around as he always kept the water pail full and the wood box and coal bin full.

Before heading for Columbus, Kansas, one winter to visit his mother and sister, he shipped his clothing to Kansas City and rode the freight train. There was not much sleep until they reached a division point near Butte, Montana. Sand used on the brakes was heated so this made a nice place to sleep and rest before going on.

## II

The Selway River trail to Moose Creek took off from the road which ends at Selway Falls. It is a mountain trail, winding over bluffs, down to creek bottoms and up over hills. Much of it is rocky. Major resting places for travellers included Three Links Creek, Ballinger Pinchot and Cupboard Creek. The trail near Cupboard Creek wound around over the top of a cliff that seemed hundreds of feet high.

My first trip to Moose Creek was in the spring of 1930. I had a beautiful young mare named Toddy. We mounted our horses that first morning at Selway Falls. It was fifteen miles to the Three Links

We put our daughter in the ration box on a pillow and started up the trail. At Three Links Creek, the mules were fed the grain we had used to balance Barbara on the mule. The next morning George used a pack of lumber for balance. Being of an uneasy nature, I lost 10 pounds on that trip.

Late in the fall George would return to Kooskia to work in the supervisor's office. By that time Barbara could ride sitting on a pillow which I had placed between myself and the saddle horn. This was much easier on my nerves. I had often wondered about taking our baby daughter so far from a doctor. Dr. Verberkmoes, in Kooskia, said Moose Creek was a wonderful place for children, so far from childhood diseases.

Our son Richard was three months old when we again had to tackle the Selway River Trail. Barbara was 6 and able to ride by herself. This time George fixed up a grocery basket. It had two handles and he reinforced the bottom and we started up the trail with Richard in the basket balanced on the saddle horn in front of George. The trip was uneventful and the little boy was well tanned after two days on the trail.

The last fall I spent at the Moose Creek Station I had an overwhelming longing to winter there. It must of been a premonition or something as I never did return. Like a lot of other things, I didn't get this fulfilled

Eventually they built an airport below the station and a dwelling for the Ranger and his family. I was priviledged to be the first to inhabit the Ranger's house. There was a nice bathroom upstairs and a furnace in the basement, away out in what was to become a Nationally recognized Primitive Area.



the station where he and George had built a log cabin before George had become a ranger. There he took his family with very little food or household equipment. Geo ? gave Fae a job packing. Every day I would hurry through my work and take my 2 children and go over to visit with the Smiths. Sometimes I had a horse and sometimes not. I would take her some food stuffs. She started having eye trouble and came with her 3 children to stay at the station with me. I would look earnestly in her eye, but see no foreign object in it. Fae finally quit packing, and all 5 of them flew to Lewiston with Bert Zimmerly one day. Smiths later went back to Springfield Ore. to live. I miss her Violet very much as she was a gentle, sincere sort of a person. In later years, they stopped to see me here in St. M. on their way home from Yellowstone Park.

I understand the F.S. bought up those places at 3 Forks and burned the cabins to the ground. I never approved of it as it seemed a waste--those places had historical value. I discussed it with George, I said that someone might need them for shelter. The F.S. position was that no one had any business being there. I didn't like the attitude. There was an old cabin at Dry Bar which was a mile or so below 3 Link Cr. another one at Elbow Bend which was later abandoned, and the trail Crew used a trapper cabin back among the cedars. All were burned.

F.S. regulations were not practiced 100% in the back country. One fellow here on the ST. Joe wouldn't stop and help a motorist on the road with a flat tire as the regulations prohibited it. You can imagine how the people residing along the river felt about the unfriendliness. George's policy as far as people were concerned was to lend a helping hand.

One winter he had a crew at M.C. for the winter which was unusual at that time. He promised them a plane at Christmas with mail and fresh supplies. The supervisors office refused to pay for it, so George chartered the plane and paid for it out of his own pocket. He wouldn't let his men down! George was fearless in carrying out.



were eating heartily of the roast when someone disclosed the fact that it was bear. Bob immediately refused to take another bite.

Moose Cr. was rattle snake country, and so was Harris ridge where I was reared. The timber rattlers season is short about 2½ month, I figure. Several would be killed on the flat every summer. I had several encounters with them. The 2 children were playing on the back porch and in and out of the kitchen. I was washing dishes at the sink under the open window when I heard the buzzing of a rattlesnake. I makes somewhat of a serging sould. For a minute I didn't know what it was, then I saw our cat standing in a sort of charging or stalking position by a Willow tree that had grown up some stalks about 5 ft. tall. Then I decided there was a snake in the bushes and called the men who were working in the comessary. They came running with a shovel saying, "let me do the honors." I was very thankful for the cat who located the snake and called my attention to it as it might have saved the children from a traumatic experience.

Another encounter I had was on the Freman Peak Trail. When I grew up, the ward was "if you see a rattler, kill it as it is one less to bite a person." So as I was riding down the trail to the station-I had been up elk hunting - when I heard or saw a rattler above me on the bank up the trail. I dismounted and got a big stick and startet beating the snake, which was very foolish, as my beating was just enough to annly it. It leaped down at me and I ran down the hill below the trail. I missed me and there it was about 6 ft. from me. I quickly climbed the bank and mounted my horse and hurried on about my business, and the snake went his.

Summers at the station would be quite uneventful for me and the children. One summer when I just had the one child, before the dwelling was constructed, I lived at the station. For my board i cooked dinner every roon for the men. Another summer my job was to take the weather and report it. We had a place about 5 feet square fenced off out in the yard. Inside it we had 3 small logs on fods 1", 2" and 3" which were about 15" long. These had to be weighed every day to determine the moisture content of

We had cold canned beans for supper. Next morning--nothing for a cup of hot coffee. We had dry bread which we tried to toast over a smoking fire. We reached the camp about mid-morning suffering from lack of food. The noon call for dinner was really appreciated.

One summer when we were at Magruder, George took Barbara on some horseback trips around the district. After the first trip I learned fast. Barbara came back looking starved. Before they left again, I baked cookies, bread, and plenty of chili beans to send along. One trip they visited Frank<sup>K</sup> Lantz down on the Salmon River. Frank and his wife had a nice ranch down the river from Salmon City which they reached via boat. Lantz's were hungry for visitors and treated them with the best of ~~?~~ and mountain hospitality.

One fall after fire season was over a period of release and relaxation had set in. I guess it had rained. Our daughter was in school at Hamilton so George, Dick and I left the station for Two Lakes which was high in the crags. George thought it so beautiful up there, and always wanted to take me up there. Now was the time. We left the station horseback to the Blum Ranch where we dismounted for a while. Velma offered to keep our 3 year old, but I couldn't see myself enjoying the days at the Lake without him. I would wonder how he was, etc. Before we reached our destination I guess I had second thoughts as the horses became tired and the going was rough. Around some of the mountain lakes there were so many big boulders that the trail wound in and around among them. We spent 3 days fishing and camping before returning to the station via a different route over 62 mountains and Shissler Peak to the Station.

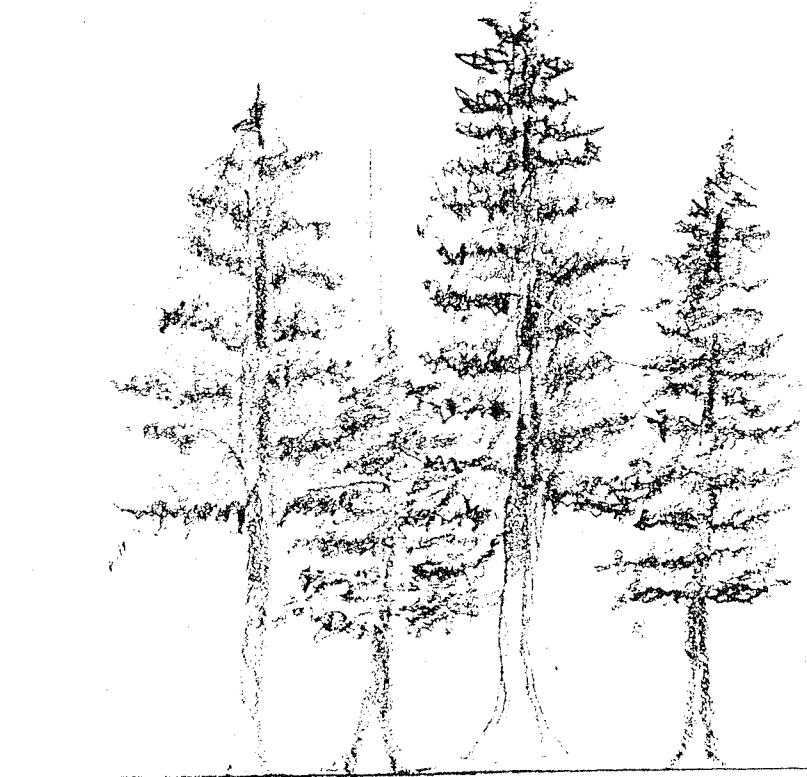


## More History

One year at Moose Creek the Forest Service bought a string of burros or donkeys thinking that they could be used to move trail crews or pack supplies to lookouts cheaper than mules. This was true as far as feeding them was concerned as they ate less than mules and a lot of food that horses and mules didn't eat such as eating out of garbage pails, etc. However they presented quite a problem on trails when they came to a creek. The donkeys refused to get their feet wet. They balked at a creek and wouldn't go. The experiment lasted about one season. However, the burros were nice to have around the station. We would saddle one up and Barbara would ride around with someone leading it. I'd take a loaf of bread and dangle it in front of the donkeys nose and it would move forward to get the bread.

One fall George got a young elk calf. He sent it from Moose Creek to Elva at Kooskia as she was widowed. I guess Elva was overwhelmed with an elk to use and take care of. She canned a lot of it and must of enjoyed it.

Papa didn't get to come to Moose Creek when Uncle Walt and family came. So, that fall he came up on an elk hunting trip. I remember well how straight and tall he was. He had his hunting gear with him. A nice skinning rifle. We had a little dog we called Monk as she looked like a monkey. We would call, "money come here." Papa thought we were talking about cash. He and George went up by Shissler Peak and both got elk. I guess this was the first and probably the only elk that Papa had brought down.



## The Day Mt. St. Helens Erupted

May 18, 1980

Here it is 5:30 p.m. St. Maries is dark. Volcanic ash has so completely covered the sky. One-half hour ago I could see the old High School building. Now I can't see it at all.

Earlier, I had been up-town visiting Doris Johnson when we went outside to bring in some clothes. We noticed the sky was darkening and thought it was a Palouser (a severe dust storm of the Northwest). I remarked that this was the time of the year when we could expect any kind of weather - wind, tornado, rain or dust. A friend called saying Mt. St. Helens was erupting. the sky had turned from dark to pinkish grey.

At 4:40 p.m. a fine ash had settled all over everything. The leaves on the trees are white. A car at the neighbors is blanketed with white. Towns near Yakama have about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch all over everything. Scribners house is barely visible.

At 6:00 p.m. it is pitch dark. I know the neighbors houses are there as the house light is barely visible. Ordinarily the sun would still be shining.

At 8:00 p.m. we are advised by television to keep flashlights handy. All you hear on T.V. and the radio is about the eruption. My flashlight was out in the car so I took a wet washrag and put it over my face. I had a black sweater on. Outside I looked up and ash filled my eyes. It was falling like snowflakes. When I came back in it looked like someone had sifted flour all over my back - only the ash was a slight tan. Only hope the ash will be lessened by tomorrow. It won't be quite so eery. There is an inch of ash all over everything.

4:30 a.m., May 19th. The valley looks like it is filled with smoke. Pale sunshine is filtering through.

11:15 a.m., May 19th. The fallout is increasing again. The fine silt is covering my steps where I had swept it all off. The sun has disappeared. All is white again.

May 21st. The sun was shining real ale again. Then the ash settled in again. I guess the wind is stirring and pick-ups stir it up. Now at 7:00 a.m. I can see the hills again. I went out and watered the lawn today. It looks better. I hope the ash settles in to the soil. The back yard looks like a mud patch. I took the car out of the shed, washed and dried it and covered it with bedspreads and drove it back in. The City watered our streets and they look better. I could of gone to town but I didn't. I wanted to stay out of the fierce dust and it wouldn't be very good for the motor of the car. I took the hose and sprayed the top of the house. The ash fell like mud.

This concludes my narrative. I am in my early eighties. Have had lots of adventures. I was created happy. I had 3 wonderful children. Barbara, Richard, and Shirley, 8 Grandchildren, and 8 Great Grand Children. Richards wife, Nancie brought 3 more grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren. Have had many nice trips since I've been alone; Reno, Seattle, Canada, etc. Could of gone to Singapore as the Craners were there for 3 years. I had lost my venturesome spirit so I didn't go. Have had no financial worries or problems. I kept my home in St. Maries.

Many thanks to my nephew, Clyde McGoldrick of Tuscon, AZ for sorting out this story from various notes I mailed to him. I knwo Oliver, Edith and Phoebe could of enriched this story if I'd had foresight to have interviewed them.

Lovingly Dedicated to the Memory of  
CLYDE ALEXANDER MC GOLDRICK  
December 7, 1926 - August 13, 1990  
and  
BARBARA BETH CASE CRANER  
December 4, 1930 - October 13, 1990

