

# LATAH LEGACY

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*The cover photograph shows a family standing in front of their handsome barn. The farm dog looks expectantly toward the camera. The only identification on the photo is the name, "Almer Pierce." The print, remarkable for its clarity and detail, is from a glass negative.*

The Latah County Historical Society, a non-profit organization, was incorporated under the laws of the State of Idaho in 1973 as the Latah County Museum Society, Inc. In 1985 the Articles of Incorporation were amended to change the name to its present one.

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## Growing Up in Latah County

### James Bramblet

**Note:** *This article continues the memoir begun in the last issue. Mr. Bramblet was born in 1924 on Big Bear Ridge. The family moved to the Camas Prairie near Craigmont, Idaho, and then to Texas Ridge. Mr. Bramblet's parents were Jewell and Effie; his brothers and sisters were Everett, Lyle, Fern, and Mary.*

*He begins his story by noting that his purpose is to show what it was like back in the 1920s and 1930s, to live without running water or electricity, and to attend a one-room school.*

When harvest started it meant working from daylight till dark and sparing no effort. People who have never experienced a grain harvest do not understand what the Lord meant when He said, "Look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" (John 4:35). He meant, it's time to go to work and EVERYBODY needs to pitch in.

Some may wonder why, in the Book of Ruth, Boaz was sleeping on the harvest floor. I have seen men during harvest go unshaven,



*A tired and dusty harvest crew. Those in the foreground are sitting on filled grain sacks, with one man seated on a pile of empty sacks. In back is a team of horses and a wagon in front of the threshing machine.*

### **Harvest**

The work on the farm that is most important and most exciting is harvest time. Since the wheat crop is the primary source of income, it is important that harvesting be done promptly and correctly.

Every year Papa used to walk out into the standing wheat, stop periodically, thresh out a head of wheat in his hand, and chew it. He could tell by doing this how long it would take for it to be ready for harvest. If a heavy rain or a hail storm should come before the wheat was harvested, it would be a real disaster, not only for us but for all our neighbors, and especially for the businesses in town where we had been charging things until the wheat was harvested.

and their clothes showed that they didn't take them off at night to sleep. Harvest took place late in the summer but before school had started, so we children got in on all the excitement. To us it was a lot of fun.

During my short time on the farm I saw great changes in the methods of harvesting wheat. The first thing I remember was the threshing machine. The wheat had all been cut with the binder and shocked, and the shocks stood in rows all over the field. When our turn came, a large machine was brought onto the farm and placed where Papa wanted the straw stack.

With the machine came a lot of men with their wagons and teams of horses. Everett tells

me it took twenty-seven men to do all the jobs. All these men and animals had to be fed, but fortunately they usually got our harvest done in one day. Of course we had been working hard getting the grain cut, shocked, and ready to be threshed.

The machine was set up with a steam engine furnishing the power to run the complicated-looking monster. At daylight the machines were started and the wagons began hauling the bundles out of the field. A loaded wagon would pull up on each side of the machine and the drivers would start pitching bundles in the machine from both sides.

### ***The Sack Sewer***

A stream of golden wheat grains would pour out on one side where the "sack sewer" would have two sacks under two spouts. The grain would flow into one of the sacks until it was full and then would be switched to the other sack. While the second sack was being filled the sack sewer would place the full sack between his legs and deftly and quickly sew the top shut so the wheat could not escape.

The full sack was placed on a pile, and by then the next sack was nearly full. Sewing sacks was a very demanding job and demanded a certain skill. Papa was very good at this job and often did it, not only for us, but when the threshing machine had moved on to other farms.

The needle was very large and hooked onto special heavy string that was already cut to length. He pulled the needle with the string on it out with a flourish, threw a half hitch around a corner of the sack making an ear. Then he took three stitches and pulled the string tight. He did this three times until he had exactly nine stitches. He then made another ear on the other side of the sack and the sack was ready to throw on the pile. Each sack weighed about 120 pounds, but Papa threw them around with ease. His row of stitches made a perfect roll, each stitch looked exactly alike, and it appeared that it had been done by a machine. The sacks he sewed never leaked.

Papa taught both Everett and Lyle to do it and as young men they got jobs sewing sacks during harvest. I doubt that their sacks ever looked quite as perfect as Papa's, but then no one else's did either. He later showed me how

to do it, and I found out just how difficult it was to make that perfect roll that kept the wheat from leaking. I never did it very much because, by the time I was grown, the wheat was being pumped into a truck with solid sides and hauled to town in bulk. It is probably just as well that I didn't have to do it, because my work looked pretty amateurish.

### ***Straw Stacks***

The straw that was left after the wheat was removed was pumped out a very long spout and created a large strawstack. Strawstacks were fun places for children to play. They were twenty-five or thirty feet high and thirty or forty feet in diameter. While they were being made, there was chaff and dust flying everywhere, so all you could do was stay back and watch.

As soon as the harvesters left, we would start clambering up the sides of the stack, slipping back almost as much as we climbed but finally arriving at the top. We would stand on top and survey the countryside for a while and then jump out over the side and slide rapidly to the bottom. If you got into a wrestling match on top, sometimes you would both roll down together. There didn't seem to be any way to get hurt on a strawstack. Such quality of fun has never been invented since strawstacks went out of style.



*Fritz Olson sews a sack while Carl Freden stands beside the grain chute. In between them is Andrew Hawkinson. Empty sacks are piled in the foreground.*

But straw was not only for fun. During the winter, when forage for the animals got scarce, they would supplement the hay and grain we fed them by hanging around the strawstack and munching on straw. They would eat in one place until it made a tunnel, and they could walk in out of the weather. As they continued to eat, the tunnel would become a good-sized room. These were also fun places for children to play. Those who have studied in history about the "haystack prayer meeting" may have wondered how a haystack could be a shelter from a storm. It was no doubt just such a straw cave as I have described.

Straw was also used to fill straw ticks, which were cloth mattresses without anything in them. When stuffed with straw and put on a bed it made a nice soft place to sleep. Straw was used as bedding for animals, and made excellent insulation for a cellar or for storing potatoes, carrots, or other root vegetables where they would not freeze. Since it was so abundant it seemed like a free commodity.

### **Combines**

When combines replaced threshing machines, the excitement of having a big crew move in wasn't as great. Papa and one of the neighbors, Orville Buttrey, went together and purchased a combine. The combine cut the standing grain and threshed it at the same time. This eliminated the work of cutting, shocking, and hauling the bundles.

Our combine was pulled by eight horses, with four hooked near the machine and four more out in front of them. Orville Buttrey drove the team, and Papa or Everett or Lyle rode on a platform where the grain came out, and sewed sacks. There was a slide that held three sacks and when filled the sack sewer would trip it and the full sacks of wheat would slide off onto the ground. This was done in such a way that the sacks were lined up across the field, and this made it easy to load them onto a wagon or truck.

At first we hauled the grain to town with a wagon but later it was hauled by truck. More modern combines eliminated the sack sewing, and the grain went into a large bin. A truck with a solid bed would drive under the bin,

and the grain would flow down by gravity into the truck and the truck would haul it to town to be emptied into the grain elevator. The wheat in each truck was weighed, tested, and credited to the proper owner. Each step in developing the machinery eliminated certain jobs. The combine meant the end of strawstacks, as the straw was scattered over the field.

### **Swedish Neighbors**

After we moved to Texas Ridge, we lived in a community where there were a lot of people of Swedish descent. The adults spoke with various degrees of Swedish brogue, but the children spoke English perfectly. They had a custom in regard to farming that was new to us. Every morning at exactly 10:00 a.m. the ladies would bring refreshments to the field. They always included coffee and perhaps hot chocolate, pastries, and fruit. The men stopped working, shut off the machinery, and everyone

enjoyed fifteen or twenty minutes of relaxation and refreshment. At 3:00 p.m. the same thing happened again. When we worked at the neighbors we enjoyed this, but it never became a custom at home unless we had neighbors helping us. I assume this custom

was part of the Swedish influence.

We came to appreciate our Swedish neighbors. They were generous, friendly people and good neighbors. They had various kinds of food that we had never tasted before. One was a flat bread made with oatmeal. Mamma learned how to make it and it was wonderful for snacks. The first bite wasn't all that great, but it was sort of habit forming, like potato chips, and you found yourself continually going back for more. It had a long Swedish name that we couldn't remember, so we just called it "Swede bread."

### **Harvest Money**

There is another matter in connection with wheat harvest that should be mentioned. As soon as the wheat is harvested and hauled to town, it is evaluated as to quality, and a price is established by the bushel. A deal is then made with the granary owner, and a large check is received and put in the bank. Papa

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*We came to appreciate our Swedish neighbors. They were generous, friendly people and good neighbors.*

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then went around to the grocery store, the clothing store, the hardware store, the garage and the doctor's office and paid all the bills we had acquired during the year. This must have been a satisfying experience for Papa, as it was the result of an entire year of work.

When we had a good year we would buy extra things like new farm equipment, new clothes, and other necessities. The price of wheat was usually about one dollar a bushel, which was about two dollars a sack. The year the depression was starting the price of wheat was dropping every day. I was a very young child, but I remember Papa discussing with other farmers about the wisdom of selling the wheat before the price went down further, or if they should wait in the hope of the price rising again. Everett tells me that those who waited only got eighteen cents a bushel. Papa sold his when it was about twenty-five cents a bushel.

### ***Life in the Depression***

Of course things we had to buy also became cheaper, but those drops in prices lagged somewhat behind the things we had for sale. We sold eggs for eight cents a dozen, a butchered pig that had been twenty-five dollars went down

to eight dollars, and the price of cream went down accordingly. We were entering a period when money was scarce, but one thing we always had was plenty of food because we raised most of it. Scarcity of money during those years created a certain mind set among people my age and older, so that ever after we have been frugal. If younger people wonder why their grandparents are so careful with money, perhaps this is the reason.

During the depression it was hard to find money for buying clothes. As a result, old clothes were patched and re-patched. Shoes were worn till they practically fell off your feet. I had just one pair of shoes that I wore everywhere. When I was in the middle of my growth spurt, my big toes came right through the end of my shoes. Before I was able to get a new pair, my toe stuck out beyond the end of the sole. I don't remember feeling embarrassed about wearing them; I suppose it was because others were having similar experiences.

Since we cooked and heated the house with wood, cutting and sorting wood was a big job. In the winter when other farm work was not pressing, Papa would often cut wood. If we were not in school, we helped him. A tree was felled and then cut into lengths the right size to fit into the stove. These blocks were then split into a convenient size to handle.

We sometimes cut the blocks off with a crosscut saw, but that was hard work (chain saws had not yet been invented). Papa bought a gasoline powered saw that leaned up against the log and the motor moved a saw back and forth till it cut through the log. The saw was then moved down the log and another piece was cut.

After the blocks were split they were loaded into the wagon and hauled home to the woodshed. My job was to pile the wood in neat piles along the inside of the woodshed wall so that a maximum amount could be stored. As soon as I got one load stacked, another one would

be brought. I was always glad when the woodshed was full and we had the winter's supply of wood.

Some years we had a good-sized field of potatoes. As the field was plowed we would drop seed potatoes into every third or fourth furrow and

they would be covered as the next furrow was plowed. Everett got tired of doing this and invented a way to avoid it. He put a piece of stovepipe down between the plowshares and a box of seed potatoes on the plow. As one person drove the team, another would drop potatoes down through the stovepipe. The potatoes were planted about the right distance apart.

Seed potatoes were usually cut into several pieces to make them go farther as each eye on the potato produces a plant. When the potatoes were cut, you had to be sure there was at least one eye in each piece.

After the potatoes came up, they had to be cultivated and hoed all summer. The part I remember the most was harvesting potatoes. We had a potato digger that dug the potatoes, shook out the dirt, and left them lying on top of the ground. We would straddle the row with a sack slung between our legs, pick the potatoes up and put them in the sack. Of all the jobs I did on the farm, this seemed to be the

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***We sold eggs for eight cents a dozen; a butchered pig that had been twenty-five dollars went down to eight dollars . . .***

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most physically tiring. I'm not sure whether it was bending over or dragging the increasingly heavy sack, but at the end of the day I was completely exhausted.

### **Butchering**

We also did our own butchering. This was usually done in the late fall or winter so it would be cold enough that the meat didn't spoil. We didn't seem to be a bit squeamish about eating an animal that we had raised from infancy and treated like a member of the family. I suppose we knew all along that its main purpose in life was to become ham, bacon, or steak for our table.

Butchering a hog was quite complicated because you need very hot water to remove the hair. Other animals were skinned, but it is almost impossible to skin a pig. Some people had special vats with a place underneath to build a fire and heat the water. We usually used a 50-gallon metal barrel to heat the water.

When the water was hot, the pig was shot with a .22 caliber rifle. We always kept guns for this purpose and also for hunting squirrels. You imagined a line from the pig's right eye to his left ear and another line from his left eye to his right ear and where the lines cross is where you put the bullet. The pig dropped to the ground and immediately a long butcher knife was thrust through his breast into his heart, allowing all the blood to flow out. This was called "sticking" and is where the saying, "bleeding like a stuck pig," came from. The sticking had to be done quickly, before the animal began to kick around.

When the death throes were over, the carcass was immersed in the hot water several times, laid on a table and scraped thoroughly to remove the hair. If the hot water treatment was done properly, the hair came off easily.

Next, a cut was made under the tendons of the back legs which were hooked to each end of a singletree, and the body was hoisted up and hung upside down. An incision was made down the front so that all the insides fell out into a container. Certain organs, such as the heart and the liver, are edible and they were retrieved. Papa always found what he called the sweetbread and removed it for eating. The sweetbread is the pancreas and when cooked properly is quite tasty.

Papa also liked to remove the brains from the head and cook them with eggs. He and Mamma seemed to like them but the rest of us couldn't quite stomach the idea of eating brains. This was probably just as well because I have since learned that brains have more cholesterol than any other food.

The main carcass was allowed to hang in the cold air and cool over night. The next day a meat saw was used to divide it into two halves and then these were cut into hams, bacon, and other cuts.

Papa always cured the hams and the bacon by smoking them and rubbing special flavored salt into the meat. Regular wood could not be used for smoking because it contained pitch which flavored the meat. He would try to find old abandoned orchards and use the wood from apple trees. If he couldn't find apple wood, he would cut thorn bushes and use them. Anyway, his ham and bacon always tasted good and this was a means of preserving meat before refrigeration was available.

Pigs always have a layer of fat about two inches thick just under the skin. This is trimmed off and rendered into lard. We had a large black kettle, designed to have a wood fire built under it. This was filled nearly full with chunks of the pig fat, each with the skin still on it. They were cut into pieces of about two inches wide and four to six inches long.

As the heat rendered (melted) the fat, my job was to stir it occasionally with a large wooden paddle to keep it from scorching on the bottom of the kettle. Also the wood under the kettle had to be replenished from time to time. This was an easy job and I always enjoyed the odor of the rendering lard. It smelled some-



*The 1927 Sears, Roebuck catalog advertised this machine for scalding hogs and other farm tasks*

thing like pork chops cooking, only stronger.

When the fat was all melted, the fire was allowed to go out. When the lard was cool enough to handle but still in liquid form, it was poured off into gallon buckets. The solids that were left were called "cracklings" and when dry were almost completely free of grease and were good for chewing.

Most of the cracklings were used to make laundry soap by using lye and following a certain recipe. It was very strong soap and not suitable for washing human skin. The many gallons of lard were our source of shortening for cooking. Mamma often used it for making doughnuts, which were very good, but probably a major source of cholesterol.

Since butchering was usually done in the late fall or early winter, the lard would keep until we had used it all. Occasionally during the summer we would have to buy a bucket of lard at the store. This was before the days of vegetable shortening.

Butchering a calf or cow was much different from butchering a pig. The animal was shot and then it was bled by cutting the throat. The skin was entirely removed by skinning it with a knife and the carcass was then hoisted up in the air and gutted like a pig. A cow made a lot of meat, and the problem was preserving it.

Sometimes my mother would can meat just like you can green beans. This canned meat, when opened, was very good, and the juice made excellent gravy. Sometimes several neighbors would get together and butcher one animal and divide the meat. A few months later a different one would provide the animal for butchering and then the third one. This way one family did not have to consume or can so much at one time.

When an animal was opened, the children always wanted the bladder. The bladder was emptied of urine, and a straw was inserted and it was blown up like a balloon. It made a tough ball that could be played with roughly, and it never popped as a balloon sometimes does. It could be kicked like a football or batted like a baseball and was practically indestructible. The only trouble was that in a few days it dried out and became like parchment, and

then it would crack and the air would leak out. For a few days, however, it was an interesting toy.

### **Women's Work**

I have been telling you mostly about men's work outside, but Mamma and Fern, and later Mary, had plenty to do in the house. A family of working people eats a lot, and the women prepared and served the meals.

Mamma baked all the bread in the oven of the wood range. The yeast she used she called a "starter," and each time she used it she saved back a little and poured it into some water left from boiling potatoes. The yeast would grow in this potato water, and by the next bake day was ready to use again.

She would make a large batch of dough, and when it was mixed she would put it into containers and let it rise. This meant the yeast would work and cause the bread to expand.

Later she would knead it, or work it until the gas from the yeast escaped and the dough was smaller again. She did this several times. The more she did it the better the bread was. The last time she formed it into loaves, and put four fat loaves in each pan. Then she

would put them into a hot oven and keep them there until they were nice and brown and well baked all the way through.

She always made one round, flat loaf in a pie pan because we loved to take the fresh crust when it first came out of the oven, slather it with butter, which immediately melted into the bread, and eat it. To protect her good loaves she made this round, flat one for us to tear up and divide among us. All my life I have been hunting for bread that tastes as good as those hot crusts, fresh out of Mamma's oven, but have never found it. I'm not sure how old I was the first time I ever tasted "boughten," baker's bread, but I could hardly believe it was bread. It was so soft and fluffy that it seemed more like angel food cake. It didn't taste bad, but it took an awful lot of it to appease a farmhand's appetite.

Another big job Mamma had was keeping our clothes clean. When I first remember, she washed in a washtub with a scrub board. After

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***All my life I have been hunting for bread that tastes as good as those hot crusts, fresh out of Mamma's oven.***

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the clothes were individually scrubbed, they had to be rinsed, wrung out, and then hung on the clothes line. With the size of our family, washes were really big. The line worked fine for drying when the weather was sunny, but when it rained or was freezing there were problems in getting clothes dry. Strangely enough, in the winter the clothes would freeze when they were wet, but eventually they would dry anyway. I guess you could call it "freeze dry."

At first Mamma wrung out the clothes by hand, and then she got a wringer that was operated by turning a handle. A little later we got a Maytag washing machine that had a gasoline motor. The exhaust had to be put out the window or door so the inhabitants wouldn't be asphyxiated. This made the washing quite a bit easier but the clothes still had to be hung out to dry. After we got electricity, we got an electric washing machine. We never did have an electric dryer.

After the clothes were dry, they had to be ironed. Solid steel irons were kept on the heated area of the cooking range all the time. When Mamma got ready to iron, she had a holder that fit over the irons and locked into two holes, one on each side. She would iron with that iron until it cooled too much and then she exchanged it for a fresh, hot one. Needless to say washing and ironing was a full day's work.

On the same day she still had to cook all the meals, clean the house, and take care of the children. Unless Mamma was sick, she worked all day long. Mamma also did a lot of sewing. She had a Singer sewing machine that was operated with a treadle. Besides sewing and repairing our clothes, she made shirts for the boys and dresses for the girls.

She was also an expert at making quilts. She seemed to always have a new quilt in progress. After the pieces were all sewed together into a beautiful design, she would put up quilting frames in the living room and fasten a solid piece of cloth to them. On this would be laid out either cotton or carded wool, and the quilt she had made would be placed on top. The quilting frames would hold it tight and she would stitch it through with some kind of design. The stitching held the cotton or wool in place. Often neighbor ladies would come over, and they would quilt and visit at

the same time.

When she had quilted one side as far as she could reach, the frames would be rolled up a ways and she would do another strip. One of the ladies who helped her did a very sloppy job, and after she had gone, Mamma would take out what she had done and do it over again.

When it was all finished she would put trim around the edge and it was done. Without realizing it we often slept under covers that were quilting masterpieces. No one seems to know what happened to all those nice quilts except for one that I have that Mamma made when she was only eighteen years old, and it's so old it's falling apart. One piece has stitched into it, *Effie Kittrell, age 18, Ilo, Idaho, July 29, 1909*. Ilo, Idaho is now Craigmont, Idaho.

Mamma also used to tat. She used a shuttle with thread inside. Her hands moved so fast you could hardly see what she was doing, and she could talk and laugh without missing a stitch. She made lots of frilly things such as trim for tablecloths or pillowcases. When she was well, her hands were always busy. Fern says that everything she knows about cooking, sewing, and housekeeping she learned from Mamma.

I'm very thankful for the work ethic I learned from my parents. I don't think they consciously taught it to us, but there was always work to be done and everyone did all they could to help. Writing this chapter almost makes me tired all over again, but at the same time I wish young people today could have some sort of these same experiences. I don't remember ever feeling abused because I had to work. Work was just a part of life. As the Bible says, "If any would not work, neither should he eat" (II Thess. 3:10). The connection between eating and working was very evident in our farming lifestyle.

### ***Entertainment on the Farm***

When the work was all done or it was a special day, we took time off for recreation. Of course, we always had to do our daily chores, but there was a time in between for fun.

During the winter months all field work was at a standstill, so once the wood was all in we had time to play. On the Fourth of July we always took off work and celebrated. Usually we went to Winchester, where there was a



*Fourth of July parade at Kendrick in 1904 before the fire.*

lake, and sometimes camped overnight. Anytime we stayed overnight someone (usually Everett and Lyle) had to stay home to do the chores. They could ride over on horseback and join us during the day. Winchester Lake was stocked with catfish, and they were fairly easy to catch. A float was attached to the line and when it went under the water, there was nearly always a fish on the hook. They were good eating once their very large heads were removed and they were skinned. There was no limit, and we caught lots of them.

The town of Winchester always had a Fourth of July celebration that lasted several days. There were various entertainment booths and ice cream stands. We didn't have much money, but Papa would dole us out what he could, and we would make it stretch as far as possible. Quite often the Kittrells and the Heaths would meet us there, and we would have a good time with our cousins. The Heaths had ten children so we each had cousins our own age.

Sometime in June the town of Craigmont had what they called the June Picnic. There was always a parade, a horse race, and lots of entertainment. The butcher barbecued a pig and a beef and the bakery provided buns so that every family got as many free meat burgers as they had members in the family. Craigmont's celebration also had lots of booths and various forms of entertainment.

After we moved to Texas Ridge we usually

went to Kendrick on the Fourth of July. Kendrick was about 12 miles from our house, down at the foot of the ridge on the Potlatch River. We quite often met the Heaths who lived near Kendrick.

Every year the town had foot races for various age groups. I used to win the under eighteen boys' race and win a dollar each year. I also ran in the men's free-for-all, but a student from Lewiston Normal School, who was on their track team, lived in Kendrick and he always won. My cousin, Gordon Heath, who was

about my age, also ran and came in behind me by about one step. Kendrick had a nice park where we had a picnic and enjoyed having fun with our cousins and friends from the community.

### **Christmas**

Christmas was another time that was fun and exciting. We all saved what money we could, and sent off to Montgomery Ward or Sears, Roebuck and Company to get each other presents. They were delivered by the mailman, and everybody watched carefully to see that his package wasn't opened by someone else. The mailbox was on the main road, about one-fourth of a mile down what we called the lane, although it was a road that crossed Lawyer's Canyon over to Ferdinand and Highway 95.

Grandpa Kittrell had planted poplar trees about every ten feet all the way from the house to the mailbox, and they had grown to about 30 feet tall. Because of these trees this seemed like our own private lane. Just before Christmas it was well traveled when it was time for the mailman to come.

Every year someone bought Papa a Tarzan book or a Zane Grey book, which was passed around and read by everyone old enough to read, long before Christmas. Of course Papa always pretended it was a big surprise. A Christmas tree was cut from the woods, dragged home, set up in the living room and decorated.

On Christmas Eve Santa Claus always burst into the room. For some reason Papa was always out in the barn or somewhere, and missed him. I remember when Papa took me on his lap and told me that Santa Claus really didn't exist and how disappointed I was. After that it was still fun to fool Mary into thinking Santa Claus was real.

I later decided not to fool my own children that way, and told them from the beginning that Santa was just a made up person like Rudolph and Peter Pan. They seemed to have just as much fun pretending when they knew the truth. The few weeks before Christmas always seemed like an eternity, but I guess that is true for children in all generations.

### **Horses**

Riding horses was part of our life but it was also entertaining, just as driving cars is for young people today. I began riding almost as soon as I learned to walk. A trotting horse can be very rough on the rider. I used to bounce up and down and it was extremely uncomfortable. Papa told me that if I just relaxed and let my shoulders do the bouncing it would be much better. When I tried it, I found he was right. From then on my buttocks stayed in contact with the horse at all times and I soon became a proficient horseman.

One time Everett and Lyle rode with their friends to a rodeo. I was too young to go along, but when they came back they decided to have their own rodeo at home. We had a bull calf that was about half grown, and they thought he would serve as a bucking steer. They took him out into the plowed field and put a rope around his middle for the rider to grasp. They discovered that they were too heavy for him to support, so they decided I would make an excellent rider. I wasn't all that enthusiastic, as that young bull had a very mean look in his eye. They explained to me that all I had to do was hold tightly to the rope and I would be fine. They reminded me what a good horse rider I was. Flattery will get you anywhere!

My brothers, who later became preachers,

were already very persuasive. They finally converted me and helped me aboard the young bull, who was not all that enthusiastic about the idea either. I held onto the rope with one hand and his tail with the other. He began running and bucking, and I soon discovered that the architects of this ride had neglected one eventuality. When the calf went sideways the rope slipped around and I slipped to the side with it. Before I swung under his belly, where four cloven hooves were flying viciously, I had the good sense to let go and drop onto the plowed field. I wasn't hurt, but it ended my career as a rodeo rider.

Our farm was on the edge of Lawyer's Canyon, and it was only about a mile walk down to the bottom where there was a small stream well stocked with trout. Although Papa, Lyle, and I only fished occasionally, Everett got addicted to fishing. Every free day he would get his fishing gear, dig some angleworms, and disappear. He nearly always came back with enough fresh fish for a meal for the family.

### **Hunting**

Another summer sport was hunting squirrels. I was allowed to have a BB gun when I was six or seven, and I think I got my own .22 caliber rifle when I was about ten. Papa and my brothers taught me how to line up the two sights with the target and how to squeeze the trigger without moving the gun.

Ground squirrels were very plentiful in the pastures and along the roadway. They were a nuisance because they ate the crops along the edge of the field. Some people poisoned them, but Papa was afraid our stock would eat the poison. They lived in burrows in the ground and were very cautious about coming out when people were present. In the spring the baby squirrels were born, and when they began to come out they were not nearly so careful. If you sat still near their burrows, the young squirrels could easily be picked off one by one.

Papa drilled me on how to handle a gun in a safe way and all the things not to do. The modern idea that if people have guns they will



*James Bramblet with his .22 rifle*

shoot each other was not yet invented. I never heard of anyone in our community being shot, either on purpose or by accident, although every home had guns.

I learned to shoot quite accurately. One time when we were in Winchester on the Fourth of July, there was a booth where they shot a .22 at moving targets. Since it cost to participate, I didn't want to use my limited funds for that purpose. A man who was slightly drunk was trying to hit the targets and was consistently missing. I gave him some advice, so he gave me the gun and told me to finish his round. The moving targets were little metal squirrels, and I just aimed at the place they were passing through and squeezed the trigger each time one came in line with the sights. I knocked them all over one by one without missing.

The man was so impressed that he paid for another round. By then a crowd was gathering to see the little kid that could shoot. I hit all the squirrels again, but following them were some flags that were smaller and I missed some of them. I was also getting nervous from all the attention.

One time Everett, Lyle, and a number of their friends and cousins rode horseback about twenty miles to a circus at Cottonwood. I pleaded with them until they let me come on my own pony. I was about ten and they ranged from fourteen to about eighteen. We had a great time, but the main thing I remember was my experience with Everett McClaren, one of the older boys who went with us.

I was always very careful with my money and after everyone else was broke, I had some left. Everett wanted to borrow a dollar from me, but I didn't believe he would ever pay me back. He had a fine saddle horse with a fancy saddle and bridle, and he told me that if he didn't pay me back in one month, I could have the horse with saddle and bridle. This persuaded me, and I handed over the dollar. When I got home I marked on the calendar exactly when the month would be up, and I had plans to go and collect my horse. Papa told me Everett would never in this world let me have that horse, but I knew where he kept it, and when the day arrived, I planned to just go over and take it out of the barn. Papa said, "You can't do that." But I planned to have that horse home before anyone knew what I was

doing. As the day drew nearer I got more and more excited about owning such a fine horse. One the day before the fateful day, here came Everett McClaren riding over the hill on his horse that was prancing along with head held high. Everett had the dollar in hand and all my plans went down the drain. Oh well, life has its little disappointments.



*These Kendrick women performed in the play, Old Maids Convention, perhaps at a "literary."*

### ***The Literary***

Another form of recreation was a community meeting called, "The Literary." Morrowtown was a small village, about four miles from our house. There was a hall there with an auditorium where the entire community would meet. Anyone who wanted to could perform. Some played instruments; others sang or gave readings or told jokes. Groups would prepare plays or skits.

When I was small I got up with a vegetable grater behind my back and said, "George Washington was a great man and Abraham Lincoln was a great man, but here is a grater," as I pulled the grater out from behind my back. Hopefully other jokes were funnier than that one.

Both Everett and Lyle tell me they performed on occasion at the literary. Florence Broker married Rossie Bean, and a standing joke was to talk about Florence Broker Bean. She was a retired school teacher, and I think

was the one who organized the literary. Everett tells me that they had the Literary when he was small, so it must have gone on for some time. I'm not sure how often it met.

There were also parties held at the school house, especially during the winter months. The desks were pushed back against the walls and various parlor games were played. The one I remember the most was *Skip to My Lou*. I have no idea who Lou was and whether you spell it Lou or Lew. We all sang, "Skip, skip, skip to my Lou, skip to my Lou, my darling" as we skipped around in circles with a partner of the opposite sex. As the song progressed, we "measured our love" and "went in and out the windows." It was filled with music and activity, and I suppose was about as close to dancing as one can get without breaking the rule of "no dancing in the schoolhouse." People of all ages participated, and the game went on and on.

There were numerous other games, such as Cat and Mouse, the Flying Dutchman, and others whose names I have forgotten. Winter evenings were long, and we did not have radio or television for home entertainment, so people were looking for something fun to do.

### **Baseball and Other Games**

Another community activity was baseball. The men and teenagers would meet together and have a baseball game. Sometimes it was at the schoolhouse or wherever there was a baseball field. Every family had balls, bats, and mitts that we took to school and to these community ball games. At picnics or any other events a baseball game was apt to break out. Sides were chosen, and the captain of each team decided who was to play each position.

I was too young to play, but Everett and

Lyle always played. Lyle was nearly always the catcher on one of the teams. Two brothers, Harvey and Clarence Kaufman, who were grown men, were good pitchers and were able to throw a hard fast ball. One time one of the Kaufmans was pitching and Lyle was catching without a mask. The batter barely ticked a fast ball and it lifted just enough to miss Lyle's mitt and hit him in the forehead. He dropped like he was shot and lay on the ground unconscious. I remember being frightened at what had happened to my brother. After a bit he came to, reached for the mask, and said, "I think I will wear this from now on."

After we moved to Texas Ridge, I got involved in both community and school baseball games. I also became a catcher. There isn't much competition for that position because it's where one is more likely to get hurt. Playing in the field can sometimes be boring, waiting for a ball to come your way, but the catcher never gets bored because he's involved in every play.

Our family was large enough that we could entertain ourselves with games at home. Papa was an expert checker player. I learned to play pretty well but was never able to beat him on a regular basis. When Everett came home from college he brought a chess set and taught me to play chess. After chess, checkers wasn't much fun anymore.

We had lots of other games we played together. We ordered a board from the catalog which had many games you could play. It had pockets in the corners and cue sticks for playing a game called Carom. We settled on a few games that we liked and never learned to play most of the rest of them. We also played card games such as *Rook*, *Flinch*, and *I Doubt It*.

Papa sometimes read aloud to us during the

*This Potlatch team has just beaten Bovill. Although we have many photos of basketball teams, this is one of the few we have of this sport.*



long winter evenings. We could each have read our own book, but before we had electric lights it was difficult to have enough kerosene lamps for everyone to see clearly. After we moved to Texas Ridge, the game of Monopoly became popular and we used to play it by the hour.



*Unidentified huckleberry pickers*

### **Huckleberrying**

Another family sport was huckleberry picking. Out on the Salmon River breaks there were lots of huckleberries. It was about fifteen miles from our house, so we either rode horseback or took the wagon if the entire family was going. Sometimes someone stayed home to do the chores and we camped overnight.

Everyone picked huckleberries, but the little children mostly just played around in the woods. The entire family could pick five or six gallons a day, and when we got home, Mamma canned any that we didn't eat fresh. Anyway, it was a great family outing and was considered more play than work. One night the team of horses got loose and went home while we were asleep. The next morning someone had to walk home and bring them back while the rest of us continued to pick huckleberries.

### **Winter Fun**

During the winter there was plenty of snow for winter sports, and we always had both sleds and skis. The sleds had to be purchased from the catalog, but our skis were homemade. We planed the front end of the boards thin enough to be bent and then soaked them in hot water until the wood could be bent without breaking. We attached a wire to the front end and anchored it the right distance back. The double wire was then twisted until the front of the ski was bent upward and held by the wire. We attached a leather strap and presto! a pair

of skis.

Those neighbors who had store-bought skis could go down the hill faster, but at least we had skis. When the family went to town or to church or anywhere with the sled and the team, I would tie a long rope to the back of the sled and ski along behind like a water skier behind a boat. By pulling on the rope I could make myself swing out in an arc and thus go faster than the trotting horses. Occasionally there were places where the snow had drifted and made natural little jumps. If I fell down in the snow, Papa would stop the team and let me catch up. In the winter Papa had rows of little bells that he attached to the horses' harness where it went over their rumps. This made a nice little melodious jingle as the horses trotted along. When we sang *Jingle Bells* at Christmas time, we knew what we were singing about.

Everett and Lyle and their friends used to make jumps to go over as we skied down hill. One time they made one at the top of a dropoff that caused them to be about ten feet in the air for a little ways. After some practice they got so they could land and stay on their skis. I wasn't very big, but I tried it anyway. When I got up in the air I just collapsed and landed in a heap below. After that I limited myself to the smaller jumps.

Sometimes the snow would melt a little and then during the night it would get very cold, freezing the melted snow on top. This crust was excellent for sledding. You could walk on top of it to the top of any hill and then get on your sled and coast down. When there wasn't a crust you had to tramp out a trail in the soft snow for sledding.

There was one long, rather steep hill over near the Bean family farm, called the Bean Hill. Sometimes large groups of children and young people would congregate there and have coasting parties. This was part of the main road, so it was already tramped down by horses pulling sleds. We didn't have to worry about traffic because horses don't try to run over children. Everybody had his own sled and it was great sport.

After we moved to Texas Ridge we added another winter sport. Everybody had ice skates and skated on the frozen ponds. I suppose this was the influence of the Scandinavians in the community. We used to meet at Lathrop's

Pond and have skating parties. We would build a big, roaring fire on the shores, skate awhile, and then warm up. We played skating games and couples would skate around holding hands. If the girl was just learning to skate, it was a good excuse to put your arm around her to keep her from falling. I never became expert at skating because I never had good skates and my ankles got tired. I enjoyed the parties, though.



*The photo identifies the skaters as Mr. and Mrs. Al White and Dr. and Mrs. Rothwell and the year as 1900. Both couples were from Kendrick where Dr. Rothwell practiced and the Whites operated a drug store. Donated by George McKeever.*

### ***The Charivari***

Another form of community entertainment was what we called a charivari (pronounced shivaree). Because of its strange spelling it was often used in spelling bees. I find that most people today have never heard the word and don't know what it means. It was a community function performed after almost every wedding. Newlyweds at that time couldn't afford to go on honeymoons. Also, weddings were simple and cost practically nothing.

Strangely enough, those low-priced marriages lasted much longer than many of the expensive ones we have today. In those days, "till death do us part" really meant something.

After the couple was married and had returned home, their friends and acquaintances

would meet at an appointed place, bringing with them various noise makers. Cow bells, metal dishpans, gongs, horns, whistles, or any other thing that would make noise. After dark, usually about ten when it was assumed they would be cozily in bed, everyone gathered as quietly as possible around the house. Keeping a crowd like this quiet is not easy.

At the given signal everyone began using their noise makers and their voices as well. After about ten minutes of raucous noise the door opened and a blushing bride and groom came out and invited everyone in for refreshments, which mysteriously were all prepared and ready. They would really have been disappointed if no one had come to charivari them.

As you can see, life was not all boring work. We had lots of fun and, except for Halloween, it was good, clean fun, supported by the community and by our families.

### ***Animals on the Farm***

From my earliest memories, animals were an important part of my life. We had many farm animals, and as I grew, I made a sort of hobby of acquiring various animals and birds that were out of the ordinary. Some of these were domestic and others wild.

We always had a least one dog and sometimes two. The dogs were both pets and working animals to handle the stock. The first dog I remember was Jeff. He got that name because the dog before him was named Mutt. Mutt and Jeff were well known cartoon characters of that time. Mutt had passed on to dog heaven before I was born, but Jeff was part of the family in my first memories.

Jeff was an Australian shepherd and very intelligent. He would go out in the pasture, round up the cattle, and bring them in on command. The cows usually came in to be milked, but if they didn't Jeff would go get them. I am told that Mutt also did this, only he always did it at dusk whether told to or not. One time when there was an eclipse of the sun in the middle of the day, Mutt went out and got the cattle. Lyle tells about one day when Jeff was herding the cattle across the road, a stranger stopped and asked to buy him. Jeff was no more for sale than one of the children.

Our dogs were not house dogs and would not normally come into the house even if you

called them. Jeff, however, was deathly afraid of thunder and lightning. Whenever there was a thunderstorm he would run into the house, crawl under the bed, and lie there shivering until the storm was over. Something must have happened early in his life to cause this fear. We never bought dog food but fed them table scraps. They had all the milk they wanted and always seemed to be healthy.

Another dog that is hard to forget is Jackie. He was a small black dog with white trim and must have seemed like a little black devil to the stock. Jeff was always gentle and only nipped at their heels if they wouldn't go where he wanted. Jackie, however, would dash in and bite a heel at the least provocation. He could dash in and give a quick bite and be gone before the animal could kick him. Once he misjudged and was kicked in the head by a horse, but when he came to he seemed to be all right.

On Texas Ridge I had to take the cows across the road to a pasture on the other side. They liked to dally between the two gates to eat grass. Jackie and I developed a system that got them across quickly. When the cows came to the gate, I would go across the road and open it on the other side. Jackie would stay way back until both gates were open then he would come running. The cows soon learned that the last one through the second gate would be nipped on the heel. The result was a stampede across the road without any dawdling.

Other important animals on the farm were the horses. Horses were the power that pulled our farm equipment and were also the means of locomotion when we traveled. Papa loved horses and was good at training and using them. As time went on most farmers gradually changed from horses to tractors, but Papa never did. He claimed he couldn't afford it, but the real reason was that he preferred horses.

We acquired many of our horses because

they had some quirk that a neighbor couldn't control so they would trade or sell them at a reasonable price. Everett tells me about riding in the wagon with Papa when they met a neighbor and stopped to chat. The neighbor complained that one of his horses was prone to run away every chance she had. Papa offered to trade one of his, an old plug, for her. The neighbor agreed, and they changed the harness right there in the road. All the time Papa was changing the harness the neighbor was saying, "I tell you, Jewell, she runs away." But Papa thought it was a good deal and was glad to get a young, energetic horse. The horse's name was Bess, and Papa always teamed her with an unexcitable horse like Chub or Nag who kept her from running away.

Maggie and Roany were two horses that were let run wild till they were several years old and their owner didn't think they could ever be broken to harness. Papa bought them for very little and proceeded to break them. Maggie never did get over the habit of kicking at whatever moved behind her, so she had to be handled carefully. She became a valuable work horse, however, and produced several colts for us.

Roany was very nervous and high strung, but she also became a good work horse. She always pranced along with her head held high and kept as far in front of the other horses as the connecting lines would allow. It was also impossible to fatten her. No matter how much she ate, she stayed very thin. Papa tried several times to have her bred but without success. I guess she thought life was too urgent to have time to be a mother.

Our best team was Tom and Queen, both Maggie's colts whose father was a full-blooded Percheron. Men used to come around with stallions and offer to breed mares for a fee, which didn't have to be paid unless the mare produced a colt. Tom and Queen were light



*Mother and her son in the barnyard with their family cat and dog. They are not identified.*

colored like Maggie, but with dappled spots on their rumps which is typical of the Percheron breed. Since Papa raised them from colts they were well-trained, well-behaved horses.

Most people who tried to train colts were either mean to them or were not forceful enough. Papa was never unkind to an animal, but they always knew he was in control. He treated them a lot like he did his children. Old Nag was slow and stable and not easily disturbed, so when Papa was breaking horses he often hitched them with Old Nag. Nag plodded along unperturbed, kept them calmed down, and they soon learned that pulling a wagon or a plow wasn't so bad after all.

Papa never had the male colts gelded until they were fully grown. I suppose this was so their bodies would develop more naturally with testosterone flowing through their veins. When Tom got to the age where he could impregnate a mare before Papa got around to having him gelded, he mated with his own mother. Because Papa thought that the colt wouldn't be any good, he planned to kill it as soon as it was born. Lyle happened to see the colt and begged Papa to let him have it to raise. Papa consented, and the colt grew up to be a nice looking little mare.

She was almost white like her mother but with a little gray, so Lyle named her Smokey. Lyle gave her special care and he rode her everywhere. Papa called her a cayuse, a term first applied to horses bred by the Cayuse Indians but later given to all wild horses which were often inbred. Lyle never allowed anyone else to ride Smokey, but after he went off to Bible school she became my saddle horse. After Mamma died and Papa sold the farm and all the animals, Uncle Newt Heath took Smokey who lived into old age.

Before Smokey was my saddle horse, I mostly rode Polly. Polly was a beautiful little pony, solid black with a white star on her forehead. I don't know where we got her, as she was there in my earliest memories. She was a really neat little saddle horse but had something wrong with one of her front feet. Papa said that one leg was shorter than the other. You didn't notice it unless you tried to get her to run too fast or if she turned sharply

in one direction.

We used to ride her to school, and later whenever we rode her past the schoolhouse she thought she was supposed to turn into the schoolyard. I always had to struggle to get her past the schoolyard gate. One summer I had a frightening experience because of Polly's disposition to go to school. It was shortly after the Lindberg baby had been kidnapped and killed. This was a big news event at the time. I was riding Polly over to Uncle Virgil's place and had to pass the school. It was in a little swale where you couldn't see any houses except for the roof of the Randall's house.

As I was riding down the hill and almost at the school, a car approached me slowly, pulled to the side of the road, and stopped just before I met it. A single man, a stranger to me, opened the front door and put his feet out on the ground. One of his hands wasn't visible and I was sure it must be holding a gun. As I rode past he said, "Whose boy are you?" I was

sure he planned to kidnap me and I pointed to the roof of the Randall house and said, "I live right over there," and kicked Polly in the side with the intention of galloping over the hill.

Polly responded nicely until we got to the schoolyard gate, when she insisted on going into the yard. We had a bit of a struggle, while all the time I thought I had a pistol aimed at my back. I finally won and we galloped over the hill with the strange man sitting and watching us. My heart was pounding with fear as I made my getaway. When I got to Uncle Virgil's I told Glen about it, and he thought it was a big joke. Later Papa explained that kidnappers are only interested in rich people's children and that I didn't qualify.

The best horse we had was Chub, a full-blooded Percheron, large, well built, and exceptionally strong. He was light brown with typical Percheron dappling. In my earliest memory, Chub was always around. He was obviously Papa's favorite horse. Many years later I found out that Chub had been a wedding gift from Grandpa Kittrell to Mamma. I suppose Grandpa knew that he was really a gift to Papa.

Papa used Chub when he worked in the

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***The best horse we had was Chub, a full-blooded Percheron, large, well built, and exceptionally strong.***

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*Logging in the Bovill area in 1908. Most work horses were a mixed breed of draft and quarter.*

woods skidding logs and taught him to break the logs loose when they were frozen to the ground. Chub had a way of leaning into the collar if a load was stuck and giving a funny little hump with all his muscles. If the load didn't budge, the harness would break.

Eventually, like all work horses, Chub got too old to work. A work horse uses lots of energy which comes from his food. When he gets old, his teeth wear out and he can no longer eat enough to keep up his energy. When examining a horse to buy, the first thing to look at is the teeth, thus the saying, "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth." When a horse gets too old to work he is of no further value to his owner. He is usually sold at a low price to someone who can use his meat, either for trapping or feeding animals.

When Chub got too old to work, Papa just put him out to pasture and continued to care for him. He would curry him and make over him, just as he did the other horses. One morning Chub was down in the barn and couldn't get up. When a horse can't get up it means he will soon die. Papa understood this and asked a neighbor to come over and put an end to old Chub. Papa left the barn with tears in his eyes as the deed was being done.

Other valuable animals on the farm were the cows because they gave us both milk and meat. Cows do not have the individual personality of dogs or horses, and it is a good thing they don't because it would be difficult to eat steaks from them. Beef steaks are so good that you don't think about which animal produced them.

When a new calf was born one of us usually claimed it for his own. Papa encouraged this because that person was then more willing to care for the newborn. One time Fern claimed a newborn heifer Holstein that was white with small black blotches instead of the usual large black spots. Fern thought it was so pretty that she decided to name it Mountain Lily. Everett and Lyle said the spots looked like rags so they started calling the calf, "Rags." The real reason was to aggravate Fern.

This calf grew into a cow that we milked for many years, and she was always known as Rags. I soon discovered that if you were going to claim a calf it paid to claim a bull calf. Heifer calves just grew up to be milk cows and no one could tell your milk from the rest. Bull calves grew up to be sold for beef, and if it was your calf you got the check. I later realized that Papa didn't really lose by this arrange-

ment because we had to use the money for school clothes and other necessities that he would have had to buy for us anyway. He probably also realized that he was helping us learn to handle money early in life.

### *Raising Poultry*



*The 1934 Sears, Roebuck catalog advertised this 100-egg capacity incubator with a circular hot water radiator. A kerosene stove heated the water, and a thermostat regulated the temperature.*

We also had chickens, which provided us with eggs as well as meat. Occasionally Papa would buy several hundred baby chicks from the catalog, but most of our chickens were hatched by our own hens. Every spring, after laying eggs for a month or so, a hen will become broody. She stays on her nest, and when she does get off she runs around clucking.

When this happened we would select a suitable number of nicely shaped, hard-shelled eggs to put under her. In exactly twenty-one days the eggs would start hatching. Soon the hen would be leading a dozen or so baby chicks around the barnyard. Whenever she found some food, she would cluck excitedly and all the chicks would come running to get in on the feast.

When the chicks were about half grown you could tell the roosters and pullets (young hens) apart. As soon as they were big enough, most of the roosters became fried chicken, but most

of the pullets grew up to be laying hens. We always kept one or two adult roosters around so the eggs would be fertile if we decided to use them as setting eggs. When the young roosters began to mature they started trying to crow. Their first efforts were really pathetic and somewhat humorous. In a few weeks they had mastered the art, impressing the pullets and hens.

Occasionally a hen would secretly lay her eggs out in the weeds, and we wouldn't know it until she walked out proudly with a brood of little chicks following. One time I discovered such a nest prior to hatching and found that one egg was double yolked. Occasionally a chicken will lay a large egg which almost always has two yolks. I guess this is the hen's way of having twins.

When I discovered this double-yolked egg, I couldn't help but wonder what it would hatch. I envisioned Siamese twin chickens or some other monstrosity. Every day I checked to see if the eggs were hatching. Finally all but this large one hatched. When I realized it wasn't going to hatch, I did an autopsy and discovered that all I had was an oversized rotten egg.

The year before I started to school, one of our hens hatched only three chicks, so Papa decided to set her again. I agreed to take care of the three little chicks since their mother was busy hatching another brood.

These three little chicks seemed to think I was their mother and followed me everywhere. I took very good care of them and watched over them just like a mother hen. They were MY chickens and Papa showed me to mark them so when they grew up I could tell them from the others. When a chick is first hatched you can clip off one of his toes and he doesn't feel it. Ever after that any chicken with one toe off was mine, and I was free to set her and raise more chicks. Of the three, two were pullets and one a rooster. I persuaded the family that he should be one of the roosters we kept.

I had lots of fun raising those three chicks. When I wanted to do something without them, I would put them in a warm place, and they would sleep till I got back to them. One day I was lying on the floor on my back and they were playing around on my chest. As I lay there I fell asleep and my mouth fell open. I woke up with a strange fuzzy feeling in my

mouth. One of the chicks had his head in my mouth, possibly looking for a drink.

After the three chicks were grown, one of the pullets was injured with a tear in her skin that opened up her craw. When a chicken eats grain or other food it is stored in front of the neck in a pouch called a craw. The food is slowly fed into the gizzard where it is ground smaller and digestion begins.

The injury didn't seem to harm the chicken as she continued to run around with the others. The other chicks would try to eat grain out of her craw, and sometimes she would reach around and eat it herself. Since she didn't seem to be sick or hurting, I caught her and decided to try to sew her up. I got Lyle to help, and we threaded a needle and began to sew.

There was a subskin that we sewed first, and then stretched the outer skin over the opening and sewed that. She didn't seem to feel anything as we worked, and when we turned her loose she seemed as good as new. We used plain cotton thread and never tried to remove the stitches. She got perfectly well, became a mature hen, and lived a full life.

Aunt Virgie Kittrell had some ducks, and I decided it would be nice to have ducks as well as chickens. She gave me a setting of duck eggs, and I put them under one of my hens when she became broody. Aunt Virgie informed me that ducks take twenty-eight days to hatch rather than twenty-one.

Also baby ducks have a difficult time hatching unless you sprinkle a little water on the eggs whenever the hen gets off them. When a mother duck gets off her eggs she always gets in the water and returns with wet feathers that soften the shells naturally. If they are under a chicken this doesn't happen, so it has to be done artificially.

The duck eggs hatched on schedule and I became a duck owner. Little ducks just love water so I gave them a shallow pan of water which they could jump in and out of without difficulty. The mother hen took good care of the ducklings, but she never understood their strange behavior.

They were bigger than chicks and grew much faster. To see them all trying to get

under that hen when they were almost as big as she was, was really comical. When she finally left them, as hens do when their chicks grow up, she probably heaved a sigh of relief.

We had a small spring-fed pond about one hundred yards below the barn. When I introduced the ducks to this pond, they stayed there, acting as though they had gone to Heaven. When winter came I brought them up to the barn, but as soon as spring came they wanted to go right back.

Aunt Virgie showed me how to pluck the ducks to get their down which is great for stuffing pillows and mattresses. This can be done once a year. Ducks don't lay as many eggs as chickens, but we tried eating them anyway. A duck egg is larger, the yolk is much richer, and the taste is similar but stronger. Domesticated ducks do not make good parents, so I continued to use hens when I wanted more little ducks.

After we moved to Texas Ridge, I also acquired some geese. There were three of them, one gander and two geese. Geese are just the opposite of ducks as far as raising their young. The Ganders are very large and help raise the goslings. A full grown gander is very aggressive when protecting the goose and her eggs or goslings. The sight of a large gander coming toward you with his head down and wings extended and hissing like a snake

can be intimidating. When he bites he leaves a blood blister the size of the end of his beak. He can also flail his wings and do a lot of damage.

As geese mate for life the odd goose had a hard time getting the gander to pay attention to her. When her eggs hatched, I found that quite a few of them had not been fertilized. Those that did hatch she had to raise by herself as the gander was busy with his own mate and her brood.

During the time I had geese we always had roast goose for Thanksgiving and Christmas. It was a novel experience butchering a goose. When you cut or wring a chicken's head from its body, it jumps around "like a chicken with its head off," but quietly. When you cut a goose's head off it jumps around like a chicken but honks when the carcass hits the ground. I guess the voice box must be further down than

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***The mother hen took good care of the ducklings, but she never understood their strange behavior.***

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the chicken's. The first time I beheaded a goose I thought I hadn't done it properly, but as it turned out he really was a gone goose.

### ***Pigs, rabbits, and sheep***

Our pigs were always kept in pens and hardly seemed like part of the family. When the little piglets were first born they were cute, but it didn't take them long to get as dirty and ugly as their parents.

One time when I was quite young I happened to go out to the pigpen during the day when the old sow was having little pigs. She didn't seem to be in any pain, but just lay on her side and grunted as one by one the piglets popped out like corks out of a bottle. When each was born it began crawling around until it found her milk faucets and began sucking contentedly. Each piglet was enclosed in his own little pouch when born. In one case there were two of them in the same pouch, identical but smaller than the others. Almost every litter has one or two small piglets called runts. This was a large litter of pigs, ten if I recall correctly.

I had another interesting experience with pigs one time when we were visiting the Heaths. Uncle Newt had a heap of potatoes covered with canvas. The little pigs kept getting into them and my cousin Gordon was supposed to keep them away. One time when Gordon wasn't around, Aunt Mildred sent me down to chase the pigs away from the potatoes.

As I was busily grabbing them by the tails or back legs and pulling them out from under the canvas they squealed at the top of their lungs. When I heard Aunt Mildred shouting at me I looked up to see the mother pig heading toward me with her mouth open and the sun glinting off her big, white teeth. Somehow she had escaped from her pen and was coming to rescue her piglets with a very unfriendly look on her face. I dropped the piglet I was holding and raced toward the house with the old sow right on my heels.

There was a high porch with a fence around it to keep the babies from falling off. I sailed right over it without even opening the gate. That was probably the most important race I ever won, and Mamma and Aunt Mildred were cheering me every step of the way. The old sow searched around under the porch for me.

We also had rabbits that were supposed to

be kept in pens, but quite often they escaped and became domestic rabbits running loose. They found protection under the buildings, and when a doe was ready to have her young, she would dig a hole, collect dry grass or straw to line it, and just before giving birth, scratch hair from her belly for a warm lining. When she left the babies she would cover the hole over with dirt and dig it out when she returned.

The problem with having rabbits running loose is that if you decide to eat one you either have to shoot it or find some way to capture it. I developed a fool-proof way of catching them. I would wait until one I wanted was outside eating grass. I would take a burlap bag and put it inside the hole with the opening of the bag around the hole. I secured the bag and camouflaged it. When all was ready I would get the rabbit between me and its hole and then run toward it with loud shouts. He would immediately run to his hole, then usually hesitate because it didn't look quite right to him. As I was hot on his heels he eventually jumped in. All I had to do was pull the sack out with Br'er Rabbit inside.

Every spring herds of sheep were driven by our place on their way to summer pasture, returning in the fall. As they were driven down the lane I used to climb on top of a fence post and watch the hundreds of woolly backs pass under me. As the last of the herd went by, I would jump down and follow with the shepherds and get acquainted with them.

One year in the fall one of the shepherds promised that in the spring when they returned he would give me a lamb. Sure enough, the next spring as I was sitting on my fence post he said to me, "Go get a little rope, it takes a little rope for a little lamb." I got the rope and he gave me a very young lamb whose mother had died. It was a male, and we named it Jerry.

Lambs are born with long tails that are always cut short just after birth. Jerry's hadn't been cut and we never did amputate it. We had Jerry for many years, and he always had that long tail that nearly touched the ground.

When Jerry got too big to be my pet, he went to pasture with the cows. Everett said, "He thinks he's a cow." Even when the herds of sheep came by, Jerry just stood with the cattle, eying those strange, woolly creatures

that were passing.

Uncle Virgil had several ewes, and every year he would borrow Jerry for a few weeks for breeding purposes. When Jerry arrived at Uncle Virgil's place and found he wasn't a cow, he did his job with great enthusiasm.

As Jerry grew up he found it was fun to butt things with his head. I used to butt heads with him when he was small, but as he got larger his head was harder than mine. If he saw someone walking away from him, he butted them in the seat of the pants. This was sort of cute when he was small, but when he came to weigh over two hundred pounds he could send a person sprawling. The family knew to watch him, because when you looked at him he acted really friendly. It was only the back sides of people that he attacked. If we neglected to warn visitors about him, it could be embarrassing if they came to the barnyard with us.

Every spring Jerry had to be sheared, and we got an amazingly large amount of wool. Fern tells me that Aunt Rose sometimes used to buy it, but I remember Mamma washing it, carding it into flat sheets, and using it for filling quilts.

### ***Pheasants and other wild pets***

I also liked to catch wild animals and try to make pets of them. One time I found the nest of a Hungarian pheasant with three eggs in it. These are small game birds, about the size of pigeons. They were good to eat, but were so small it took quite a few to make a meal. I brought the three eggs home and put them under a broody bantam hen. I wasn't sure when they would hatch so I checked every day. Finally one morning when I got up, two of them were hatched and the other had a little hole in the shell.

If you watch a bird or a chicken hatching it seems like they are never going to make it. They struggle and struggle, than rest awhile before struggling again. After watching awhile, I decided it needed some help. I broke the shell a little and pulled it away. This was a bad mistake because chicks need that exercise in order to survive. Papa explained this to me after it died. Needless to say I felt very bad that my good intentions had caused its death.

I still had two little pheasant chicks which the bantam hen took very good care of. One of

them disappeared when it was small, but the other grew to be an adult. When it got older and was able to fly, it remained with the chickens. When winter came and the chickens had to be locked in the chicken house, we made a small hole that it could go through but the chickens couldn't. He always came back at night and didn't go very far from the chickens. When spring came and other pheasants came around, he went with them and we never saw him again. I trust he found a mate and had a pleasant life of pheasantry.

Once our family visited some friends who had a magpie they had captured when it was a nestling. It had learned to talk like a parrot. Its name was Andy and it could say, "Hello, Andy" and "Andy's hungry." I thought this was really something and hunted and hunted for a magpie's nest so I could have my own talking bird.

I couldn't find one, but I did know where there was a crow's nest with young crows in it. I remembered that Edgar Allen Poe had written about a raven that said, "Nevermore." A crow is really a raven so perhaps one could be taught to talk. As the crow's nest was very high in a tree, I got Lyle to help me, and we captured two young crows. The parents didn't like the idea of our kidnapping their children, and they attacked Lyle while he was pulling the caper. When he came down from the tree he had blood on his hands and arms where they had pecked him.

The young crows were almost old enough to fly, so I clipped their wings. I found out what to feed them, which was raw meat like freshly killed squirrels and worms. They were always hungry, but I had to be careful not to overfeed them. Fern decided to honor their constant demand for food by giving them a lot of bread. The bread clogged their digestive systems, and a few days later they died. We had named them Jack and Jill, and I talked to them constantly so they would learn to talk, but they died without saying a word. Thus ended my efforts to acquire talking birds.

I also discovered how to capture ground squirrels alive and try to make pets of them. In case anyone is interested, ground squirrels do not make good pets. I captured them by drowning them out of their burrows. I would find a burrow near a supply of water, like a creek. Remember, we didn't have running

water with hoses.

I used a five-gallon bucket, dipped the water out of the creek, carried it to the burrow, and poured it in. Some squirrels came racing out the minute the water hit them, and those I couldn't catch. Others were afraid to come out until their burrow was full of water. Then they came crawling out and collapsed. These I could pick up (very carefully as squirrels bite) and put them in my sack. Then I put them in a large wooden barrel with straw on the bottom. They soon dried out and frisked around, making burrows under the straw. I don't remember how long I kept them or what happened to them. Possibly they became crow feed.

Another wild animal I had was a young skunk. Although he was crippled in the front feet from being caught in a trap, he got around fine. He had been given to the young pastor, Willard Turner, who knew I liked animals and gave him to me. He told me that if you hold a skunk by the tail, with his weight on the tail, he cannot expel his odoriferous spray. I believed him but didn't experiment to find out if it worked. Instead I simply moved very quietly around the skunk pen, making no loud noises or sudden movements. If I forgot and moved too quickly, the skunk would whirl with his cannon pointed toward me and his ammunition ready.

Skunks don't like to expel their perfume, especially around where they live, and do so only when threatened. Mr. Skunk was a friendly, playful animal and seemed perfectly happy in his remodeled rabbit pen. I kept the pen on the porch of our former, now empty house. The rest of the family avoided close contact with my new pet.

For several weeks he never used his defensive equipment and we seemed to be getting along fine. But one day when I was home alone, I went out to visit with Mr. Skunk and found that he had escaped from his pen. He was frolicking around under the porch of the old house.

The porch had several floor boards missing, and his tail would come up through these holes as he passed under them. I thought that if I could grab his tail, I could put him back in his

pen. While I was trying to maneuver him, he smelled the place up a bit but that didn't deter me.

During this process Uncle Bob Regan happened to come by. For some reason he seemed to want to talk to me from a fairly good distance and he didn't stay very long. Eventually I succeeded in grasping the skunk's tail through a hole in the porch and lifted him out, being careful to let his weight rest on his tail. As I carried him I looked down just in time to discover that the preacher's theory was incorrect. The expulsion hit me right in the eye. I'm not sure what is in skunk musk, but it really burned my eye. I guess I'm fortunate it didn't permanently impair my vision. I hung on and got the skunk back in his pen.

My next job was to clean myself and try to get rid of my skunky affiliations. I changed my clothes and washed the best I could. Fresh water made my eye feel a lot better. I thought I had done a pretty good job, not realizing that the olfactory nerve loses its sensitivity when exposed to a strong odor over a period of time. In other words, I became generally unaware of my stinkiness.

By the time the family came home I was in the house and had pretty well put out of mind my former escapade with Mr. Skunk. Mamma was the first one into the house and her first words were, "Jimmie! Do you have that skunk in the house?" Of course I didn't; what she smelled was me.

The odor lingered for several days, but fortunately the olfactory nerves of the rest of the family got used to it the same as mine. Some of them thought it was humorous and others that it was downright disgusting. For many years Uncle Bob liked to tell this story with some slight distortion of fact. I don't remember what happened to Mr. Skunk but suspect that his next escape was a permanent one.

The pond where I kept my ducks was teeming with various kinds of animal life, serving as a laboratory for learning some informal biology. There were lots of frogs which every spring laid millions of eggs in the shallow water. These would hatch into tiny tadpoles, each with a tail propelling it through the water. They grew rapidly, and in a few

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***Mr. Skunk was a friendly, playful animal and seemed perfectly happy in his remodeled rabbit pen.***

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weeks their tails would begin to disappear and legs began to grow. Eventually they would become little frogs and come out of the water onto land.

If they had all lived, they would have overrun the place, but there were other animals that liked to eat young frogs, such as garter snakes. Once a snake got hold of a frog's back legs it would move gradually up the body until all was swallowed. The frog would struggle at first, but soon give up and be swallowed. Most snakes are not large enough to swallow an adult frog but can swallow one that is half grown.

Once I saw two snakes with a hold on each end of the same frog. As the two snakes approached each other, the larger one just opened his mouth a little wider and moved right over the head of the other, continuing until he had swallowed it. He then moved slowly away to find a quiet place to digest the frog and his own little brother.

There are also living things on a farm that can only be classified as pests. In addition to the ground squirrels, we had trouble with rats and mice. We found that if we kept a few cats around, the rodents tended to stay away. Flies were always a nuisance so we used fly spray and sticky things hanging from the ceiling.

The worst pests were the bedbugs. The outside walls of the old house had been poured full of sawdust for insulation. Because of this, it was impossible to get rid of them. When we moved into Grandma's house we made sure everything was free of bedbugs.

Bedbugs are little, flat, red bugs that come out at night and bite people while they sleep. After a night of feeding, they are still red but not so flat. If you squash one you find it is full of your blood. We tried to keep them out of our beds by putting a jar cap of kerosene under each leg. This didn't work because the little buggers would crawl up onto the ceiling, out over the bed, and drop down for their night's feeding.

Some people actually moved out of their houses for a day or two and fumigated them with a powerful gas that killed every living thing inside. That didn't work in the old house because of the sawdust in the walls.

A magazine ad guaranteed a product to kill bedbugs for only one dollar. When you sent the dollar they sent you two little blocks of wood

with directions of how to place the bedbug on one piece of wood and hit it with the other. They were right, it did kill that particular bedbug. Most people today have never seen one. If you are one of those, don't worry about it as you haven't missed much.



*A photo of the Bramblet family taken about 1933. Standing in back are Mrs. Effie Bramblet, Lyle, and Everett. The children in front are Mary, James who is holding the family cat, and Fern.*

**James Bramblet now lives in Tacoma, Washington. We will conclude his story in an upcoming issue.**

**From Novenas to Nutmeg: An Excerpt from  
the Journal of an Ursuline Nun  
Julie Monroe**

*I am convinced that my little dog, Teek, and I have walked every square inch of sidewalk within the Moscow city limits thousands of times over. While it is often true that with familiarity comes contempt, that is definitely not the case with one spot in Moscow, the Ursuline Convent of Our Lady, located on the corner of D and Howard streets in the northern part of town.*

*Each time I walked past the thick four-foot-high masonry wall that lines the front of the Convent, a question popped into my head. Why in the world is there a convent and parochial school in Moscow, a small rural town in northern Idaho which is not a particular enclave of Roman Catholicism?*

*An opportunity to answer this question arose during the spring of 1996. Enrolled in a historical materials and methods course at the University of Idaho in Moscow, my major assignment was to edit and annotate a primary historical document.*

*Through the assistance of Sister Margaret Johnson, principal of St. Mary's School, and Barbara Astin, a member of St. Mary's parish, I was given access to a collection of books, newspaper clippings, account ledgers, photographs, and photographic slides, all documenting the activity of the Ursulines as teachers and as members of a religious community since their arrival in Moscow in 1908.*

*Among these materials, I discovered a handwritten journal recording the thoughts and actions of a writer from the period beginning August 30, 1908 and ending June 20, 1910.*

*The identity of the writer is unknown as there is no indication of authorship anywhere in the journal. The journal entries, though, make it clear that the writer was intimately involved with the convent and the Academy.*

*An excerpt from the journal, August 30 through December 31, 1908, follows. I made few editorial changes in transcribing the excerpt. I standardized punctuation and dates, abbreviated time references, and followed the*

*writer's convention of abbreviating proper titles, such as Fr. for Father.*



*Sr. Mary Carmel McCabe,  
second from left, c. 1960*

**Aug. 30.** Leaving Toledo, Ohio, August 30, 1908, we, Mother Mary Rose Galvin, Sr. Paula Slevins and Sr. Mary Carmel McCabe, arrived in Moscow, Idaho, after a long tedious trip.

**Sept. 5.** We were met at the Depot by Fr. Hendrickx, Miss Fitzgerald and little Mickey Tierney. Father [Hendrickx] had a carriage waiting for us and we were at Mr. Thomas Tierney's in a few minutes. Mrs. Tierney had supper for us and we remained at their home two nights. Mr. Tierney is one of the first settlers of Idaho.

**Sept. 6. Sunday.** We went to Mass and returned to Mr. Tierney's for breakfast. "Tom" had on his Sunday shirt and hence wore Mrs. Tierney's brown gingham apron, tied around his neck as a bib. After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. George Weber took us to see the house, which has been rented for a year at \$25.00 per month. There we were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Shields and Miss Talbot. Father had appointed as trustees of the school, Mr. Weber, Mr. Shields, Mr. Jerry Day and Mr. Rubedew. These gentlemen have been most kind and have given generously. The parish have donated, (or promise to donate) a block of ground opposite the city park. The non-Catholics have

helped generously also towards the school. One thousand dollars has been collected for us to open school on.



*Sr. Paula Slevins (left) and Mother Mary Rose Galvin outside the Convent of Our Lady, c. 1930.*

**Sept. 7.** Mother Mary Rose and Sr. Paula were obliged to go to town to buy a few necessities, beds, food, etc. so that we could move into the house at once. We left Mrs. Tierney's after dinner. We have no . . . range so we cooked supper over a little stove in the parlor; that is, we made coffee. The house has nine rooms and is much better than we expected.

**Sept. 8.** Our Lady's Nativity. We had Mass and Holy Communion in church at 8:00. Father preached a little sermon to us after Mass, telling us what a great field we were entering upon, how much a Catholic school was needed etc. etc. We made coffee in the parlor, after we came from Mass. Cleaning all day. We teased Mother Mary Rose for buying a nutmeg grater, among the necessary household goods, forgetting to buy the nutmegs. It looks as though it would be a good many days before we would have time to use either.

**Sept. 9, 10, 11.** Cleaning and buying.

**Sept. 12.** School desks came from Spokane. Also black boards. Two men are at work putting them up.

**Sept. 13. Sunday.** Holy Communion at 6:30. Mass at 8:00. Vespers for the first time in Moscow, sung by Father and Mr. Ebel, fol-

lowed by Benediction with [the] Blessed Sacrament. It is very warm.

**Sept. 14.** Opened school at 9:00 a.m. Took names and grades of the children and then dismissed them, as the desks were not up. Registered the following children: Gerald and Bernard Friedman, 7 years; Ray Gavin, 11; Elva Kelly, 8; Carl Makowsky [Markowski], 8; Verne Patten, 11; Jack Rodner, 9; Leah Robbins, 6; Josephine Riley, 17; Mildred Riley, 13; Jessie Randall, 9; Ray Robbins, 12; Adaline, 8; Margaret Robbins, 6; Michael Tierney, 6; Emiline [Emmaline] Weber, 12; Edna White, 6; Laurence Wright, 6; Lenard Yost, 11; Joe, 13 and Madeline Wall, 10; Mary Allen, 15. Twenty-two in all.

**Sept. 15.** Irene Ebel came to school, is to help with the work for her board. 12 years. A nice little Catholic child. It seemed home like to have a child in the house at night.

**Sept. 16.** Mary Allen came to board and help with the work. She cooks pretty well and is a great help.

**Sept. 18-23.** Busy with school and house work. Manage to get in our prayers between times.

**Sept. 24.** Bishop Glorieux said Mass in church at 6:30. After breakfast he came to see us. Visited the school and was very kind and gracious. Gave us permission to have the Blessed Sacrament, Mass once a week.

**Sept. 25 and 26.** [No entries.]

**Sept. 27.** "Potlatch Sunday." Father went to Potlatch for services there, so we had no Mass. We went to the church at 10:00 and made a long visit. Sr. Paula sang *O Salutaris* after everyone was gone.

**Sept. 28.** Dora May, 17 years, from Kendrick, Idaho, came. Our first regular boarder paying \$20.00 per month. Fifteen dollars for board and \$5.00 for music. Our first music pupil.

**Sept. 29-30, Oct. 1.** Very busy with school and work.

**Oct. 2.** First Friday. Sr. Paula [Slevins] and children sang the Benediction after 8:00 Mass. Holy Communion at 6:30.

**Oct. 3.** Sr. Paula gave the first drawing lesson to a class of four, each paying \$.25.

**Oct. 4.** Rosary Sunday. We had a meeting of the ladies at the Convent, to see if some arrangements could be made to reorganize an altar society which had disbanded on some

disagreement before we came. Mrs. Yost was elected President, Mrs. Rodner, Treasurer and Mrs. Robbins, Secretary. We agreed to make the altar bread; the society furnishing the irons. They have been buying them from the Sisters in Portland, Oregon.

**Oct. 5.** . . . , one of the day pupils, came to board for two weeks, while her mother went for a trip.

**Oct. 6.** Mrs. Allen, Mary's mother came to . . . Slow as a snail.

**Oct. 7.** Mrs. Yost, Mrs. Rodner and Miss Gavin called to ask advice about an objectional [objectionable] member who insists on attending the meetings of the altar society. We did not wish to mix up in their quarrels, but we did what we could to make peace.

**Oct. 8-9.** Everything going on pretty well. Nothing of any importance. We are getting the house into pretty good order.

**Oct. 10.** This morning, the feast of St. Francis Borgia, we had our first Mass in the Convent, Fr. Hendrickx gave us the altar table and stove; we had a small tabernacle and steps made. Sr. Paula aided by Mother Mary Rose and Sr. Carmel lined the tabernacle with white satin a beautiful emblem of a lamb at the back. White silk curtains, in front all looking very smart and pretty. The tiny room, 8' x 8', 2" opens off of Mother Mary Rose's school room and is really but a sanctuary. Still we three can fit in at once for our prayers. Now that we have the Blessed Sacrament it feels like a Convent. We are to have Mass every Saturday and Holy Communion on Sunday. In the evening Mrs. Weber and Mrs. Shields called and presented us with \$120.40, proceeds of a social given some time ago for the Sisters who would open a school in Moscow. Our Lord is truly good to us in giving us so many blessings both spiritual and temporal.



*The Ursuline sisters first rented this house from Charles and Julia Moore. The source of this photo taken around 1908 is unknown.*

**Oct. 11.** Sunday school classes at the Convent.

**Oct. 12.** Marcus Ebel, cousin of Irene, six-year-old came to school.

**Oct. 13.** Carrie and Helen French, aged seven and six, entered, daughters of Professor at University.

**Oct. 14.** Helen Howell entered. Boarder, half pay, half work.

**Oct. 15.** Our new Helen is rather a burden.

**Oct. 16.** All going on pretty well, thank God!

**Oct. 17.** We are busy cleaning house today.

**Oct. 18.** Twenty-one children at Sunday school.

**Oct. 19.** Vyvien Clemans, aged six entered; takes music and drawing and painting. A cute tot, very bright.

**Oct. 20.** Nothing of any note, all going well.

**Oct. 21.** Feast of St. Ursula. Gave the children candy.

**Oct. 22.** We fear we will have to dismiss Helen Howell.

**Oct. 23.** Mr. Sterner took picture of the house, gratis.

**Oct. 24.** Helen Howell, misbehaving grandly.

**Oct. 25.** Mrs.

Weber had our few boarders for dinner.

**Oct. 26.** Dismissed Helen Howell.

**Oct. 27.** Mr. and Mrs. Weber called after supper and gave us \$135.00 collected on the thousand [dollars] given us to start school on. Article from Spokane paper, put in by Mr. John Weber, son of Mr. G. [Godfrey] Weber. Picture taken by Mr. Sterner.

**Oct. 28.** Letter from Right Rev. Bishop Glorieux giving us permission to have Mass in our chapel every morning, excepting Sundays and feasts of importance. One dollar from an Italian who went to Holy Communion this morning.

**Oct. 29.** All going well, thank God.

**Oct. 30.** Father came for Mass but would not remain for breakfast.

**Oct. 31.** Hallow's eve. The boys tore down

half of the fence.

**Nov. 1.** Sunday, All Saints. Babe Gross came to board. Music especially.

**Nov. 2.** Holy Communion in our chapel at 6:30. Mass in Church at 8:00. Gerald Hodgins entered.

**Nov. 3.** Nothing of any note.

**Nov. 4.** Beatrice Dwyer came. Our third boarder.

**Nov. 5.** Beatrice is a real Catholic girl.

**Nov. 6.** First Friday. Fourteen outsiders for Holy Communion at 6:30.

**Nov. 7.** Father remained for breakfast on Saturday.

**Nov. 8.** Sunday. Nothing of any note.

**Nov. 9.** Mr. Loring, architect, called to see about building. Grace Rubedew entered. Jessie Randal [Randall] left, leaving the city.

**Nov. 10.** Frances . . . , age 5, entered. Mrs. G. V. Friedman came to take music. We now have 38 children, not 45 as stated by the Spokane paper.

**Nov. 11.** Nothing of any importance. Our school is going on very well, and we feel encouraged for its future. It is quite cold.

**Nov. 12.** Mr. Day, Mr. Shields, Mr. Weber and Mr. Rubedew [the Academy school board] called to talk over school affairs. Talked about location for permanent Convent. Want us to look at old Court House as a central and ideal location. Mr. Weber brought \$37.85 collected and also the bill for school desks boards, etc: \$296.72.

**Nov. 13.** Mrs. Wright, mother of Laurence and Clement, visited Sr. Paula's school. She was much pleased with her boys' reading etc. Father Thol [Aufmkolk], the new pastor of Potlatch called this afternoon.

**Nov. 14.** Nothing of any importance.

**Nov. 15.** We went to take a look at the Court House. Do not think it would answer at all. Mrs. Wright sent us a chicken, nicely dressed.

**Nov. 16.** Little Marcus Ebel withdrawn from school until Spring.

**Nov. 17.** Fr. Hendrickx gave Sr. Paula permission to fix the lock on the tabernacle. It was certainly a great privilege but an awe-inspiring thing to open and work at the lock so near to Our Lord. In painting the tabernacle the paint had run into the lock and hardened so that it was impossible to turn the key.

**Nov. 18.** Mr. Webber [Weber] called last

night to tell us that our boarders are talking around town that they do not get enough to eat. It is the old boarding school story. We had to laugh as we have been wondering what they did with all they have. They are getting so fat that they themselves are talking about it. Mr. Weber was so nervous at telling us for fear we would be hurt.

**Nov. 19.** One of our benefactors.<sup>1</sup>

**Nov. 20.** Miss Moody called to ask us to help her as she wishes to become a Catholic and was afraid to go to Fr. Hendrickx. Mother Mary Rose gave her a catechism and persuaded her to go see Father which she promised to do tonight.

**Nov. 21.** Fr. Hendrickx remained for breakfast as it is Saturday. He was in a fine humor over Miss Moody.

**Nov. 22. Sunday.** Fr. Hendrickx sent a framed picture of St. Caccelia [Cecilia] to Sr. Paula. Miss . . . , the drawing teacher of the Public schools, called to make arrangements to take painting lessons. She will come for a private lesson on next Saturday at 1:00 pm.<sup>2</sup>

**Nov. 23.** Nothing of importance.

**Nov. 24.** Mr. and Mrs. Shields sent us a nice big turkey for Thanksgiving.

**Nov. 25.** Dora May with Babe Gross left at 10:00 am for Troy. Dora took Babe home with her for Thanksgiving. Miss Talbot brought us a mince pie, a fruit cake and some sweet potatoes.

**Nov. 26.** Mass in our chapel at 6:00 am as Father is going away for Thanksgiving. We had a fine dinner over with Mr. Shields' big turkey, etc. Mary Allen took Beatrice Dwyer home with her for dinner so that we were alone, same [save?] for little Irene Ebel. We set our table in the girls refectory and felt very fine after eating in the kitchen for two months. We set a little table for Irene in the school room, fixing it up with apples and candy which delighted her. Price and Kittler sent two small turkeys and a quart of fresh oysters.

**Nov. 27.** A very cold day, heavy frost. We had no Mass as Fr. Hendrickx was away. A letter from a Miss Nolan, former pupil of Toledo, asking if we were in need of a "lay" teacher.

**Nov. 28, Saturday.** Father took breakfast and was very jolly. Cold.

**Nov. 29.** Very cold. Sr. Paula had a private pupil, yesterday, for painting. Miss Tiffney,

one of the public school teachers.

**Nov. 30.** Babe Gross and Dora May returned. They were weighed while away. Dora brought down the scales [at] 142 [pounds], Babe, 153. Before they came to us two months ago, Dora weighed 115 [pounds] and Babe, 140. It looks as though they were starving. Quite a heavy snow last night, the first of any account to remain on the ground.

**Dec. 1.** Began teaching a Christmas entertainment. Josephine Rielly [Reilly] withdrawn from school for awhile.

**Dec. 2.** Bought a few little things for a Christmas tree.

**Dec. 3.** We bought a doll very cheap, then a pretty head and after cutting the hair dressed it for an Infant. It looks real cute and smart for poor folks. Perhaps next Christmas we may be able to buy a real wax Infant.

**Dec. 4.** Received today the following letter from Right Rev. Bishop Glorieux. [The original letter is affixed to the journal.]

**Dec. 5** Fr. Hendrickx remained after his breakfast, until nearly 10:00 so that we had to rush with the Saturday cleaning.

**Dec. 6, Sunday.** Cold and sunny. Mass, Benediction and Confessions as usual.

**Dec. 7.** Father sent us word to send a drayman to his house for a confessional prie-dieu and candle sticks, and we will hereafter have confession on Saturday in our chapel followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The prie-dieu and candle sticks are certainly missionary style. Mrs. Shannon sent us four chickens, a jar of sauerkraut, and about four gallons of jelly. May our Immaculate Mother reward the good kind people who help us out in these ways.

**Dec. 8.** Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Holy Communion in our chapel at 6:30. Mass and Vespers in Church as on Sundays. A cold, rainy day.

**Dec. 9.** Nothing of any importance.

**Dec. 10** Nothing of any importance.

**Dec. 11.** Mr. May and "Archie" May, father and brother of Dora, came to see her. Snowing hard. We are all half sick with bad colds and it makes it hard teaching and doing the work.

**Dec. 12.** We had Confessions and Benediction in our chapel this afternoon. Sr. Paula and the girls sang without organ. Mother Superior of Toledo sent us a few pious books and tells us to expect meditation books from Benziger at

Christmas.

**Dec. 13.** A beautiful sunny day. Nothing of any importance.

**Dec. 14.** Every body half sick with colds.

**Dec. 15.** The colds continue.

**Dec. 16.** Nothing of any importance.

**Dec. 17.** Busy preparing for Christmas.

**Dec. 18.** Babe Gross went home for the Christmas vacation.

**Dec. 19.** All going well, thank God.

**Dec. 20.** Mrs. Robinson gave us \$5.00.

**Dec. 21.** Rehearsal of Entertainment.

**Dec. 22.** At 9:00 am we had a rehearsal and sent the children home for dinner. At 2:00 pm we had the *Old Sweet Story* in Readings illustrated by Living Pictures. Most of the "mamas" [mothers] were here. Thirty people in all crowded in our small room. The children did well and all were delighted. Fr. Hendrickx rose after the entertainment and gave us such a puff that we are still in the air. "The Sisters are my best friends in the whole west and I know all the sacrifices they make cooking and teaching when sick and suffering etc. etc." until we had to hide from shame. We thought he would never stop. Emeline [Emmaline] Weber gave M. M. Rose \$5.00. Mr. . . . , a box of candy to Sr. Paula. V. Clemans, three handkerchiefs. L. and C. Wright, candy and Picture crib. Mrs. Merwin brought us three jars of fruit. Mrs. Makowsky [Markowski] two jars of fruit and a chicken.

**Dec. 23.** Mrs. Robinson sent us six jars of fruit.

**Dec. 24.** Mrs. French brought us a plum pudding. Mrs. Wright sent us two jars of fruit, a chicken and some homemade bread; Mrs. Friedman a goose; Mrs. Shields a check for \$50.00 and a large electric iron.

**Dec. 25.** High Mass at 5:30 at which we received Holy Communion. Next Mass at 8:00 and late Mass at 10:30. Vespers at 3:00 pm followed by Benediction. The morning was cold and snow quite [likely], I think. We had to hurry home after Benediction and scarcely escaped a downpour of rain. Mrs. Robbins sent us a mince pie, a jar of fruit and some bacon. We had a lovely quiet Christmas. Mother Superior of Toledo sent us *Hammonds Meditations*. Ella Galvin sent \$20.00 for us to get what we liked for Christmas and we bought some books. We sent Fr. Hendrickx a box of cigars [cigars] and a Dutch pipe holder. Mrs.

Ebel brought us a cake and some butter and three little drawn work pieces.

**Dec. 26.** Confession and Benediction in our chapel.

**Dec. 27.** A few callers.

**Dec. 28.** A quiet Holy Innocent with our one novice. Mrs. Carithers sent us a large head-cheese.

**Dec. 29.** Enjoying the holidays and getting a good rest.

**Dec. 30.** Still alone, enjoying the holidays.

**Dec. 31.** The last day of 1908, a year full of graces and favors in many ways. Mother Mary Rose and Sr. Paula tried to get Lawyer Pickett to see about incorporation but he was out of town. The Bishop wants us to do so and then have the property deeded to the Convent as soon as possible.



*Convent of Our Lady, c. 1930*

### ***Names in the journal.***

**The Ursuline sisters** belong to the Order of St. Ursula, a 4th century martyr. The order was founded by Angela Mercici in 1535 in Italy for the purpose of providing religious instruction for girls. It expanded rapidly throughout Europe. The first Ursuline foundation in the New World was established in Quebec in 1639 and in the United States in New Orleans in 1727.

At the time the journal was written, the Ursulines were affiliated with the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Toledo, Ohio. In March 1910 the Moscow Convent joined the Roman Order of Ursulines. To this day, the Toledo house, as well as many other Ursuline houses,

is independent of the Roman Union.

The little information we have about **Mother Mary Rose Galvin** comes from her obituary published in the December 1934 edition of *The Latah County Catholic Monthly*. Mother Mary Rose was a teacher and principal at the Ursuline Academy in Moscow for over 25 years. According to her obituary, she was the "last of her family, a family which was distinguished for its loyalty and generosity to our holy mother the Church" and she had worked among the "Indians of Montana." Mother Mary Rose died on October 31, 1934, in Moscow at the age of 71. She is buried in the Moscow Catholic Cemetery.

**Father William Hendrickx** was born on Aug. 13, 1843, in Tilburg, Holland. He was appointed pastor of Holy Trinity parish of Moscow in 1904 by Bishop A. J. Glorieux, bishop of Boise. Unfortunately, many of the records kept during Father Hendrickx's time were destroyed in a fire in 1909, and the extent of his involvement with the Academy is unknown. However, the *Daily Idahonian* reported on March 27, 1952, "Financial aid for the Sisters' school here was given by townspeople through the efforts of Father Hendricks [sic], Catholic priest in 1908." He said Mass in Potlatch, Idaho, one Sunday per month. Father Hendrickx retired in May 1909 and died in Everett, Washington, on December 25, 1921.

**Thomas Tierney** immigrated to the United States from Ireland and homesteaded in the Thorncreek area of Latah County in September 1870.

**Mr. Weber** is probably Godfrey [Gottfried] Weber, a local harness and saddlemaker who married Kate Price. They were the parents of John and Emmaline. Weber, a native of Germany, established his business in Moscow in 1879 where he became actively involved in civic affairs, serving as an alderman and chief of the fire department.

The nuns leased the former home of **Julia A. Moore** on the corner of Howard and D Streets. This is currently the site of the Ursuline Convent of Our Lady. The grounds and main building of the former Moore homestead were sold to the Convent on August 1, 1912.

**Mr. and Mrs. Shields** are probably Michael James and his second wife, Sarah Ann Henry. A native of Lockport, New York, Shields came to Moscow in 1878. He opened a farm imple-

ment store in 1879 and chartered the Shields Co., Ltd. in 1895 to oversee his diversified commercial activities. He operated a planing mill and built Moscow's water works and first electric light plants. He also built both private and public buildings, including the original University of Idaho Administration Building.

**Jerry, or Jerome, Day** was an industrialist and businessman, who became Moscow's first millionaire through his family's interest in the Coeur d'Alene silver mines. In 1904 he became president of the Moscow State Bank and the International Harvester Company. He served as senator in the state legislature and was actively involved in the educational affairs of the community and the state. He died in Arizona on March 9, 1941.

**Alphonse Joseph Glorieux**, a native of Belgium, was Bishop of the Boise diocese. Appointed Vicariate Apostolic of Idaho in 1884, he was a dynamic administrator who guided the construction of schools, including the Moscow Academy, hospitals, and other church buildings.

*Julie Monroe divides her work time between the Latah County Historical Society and the Moscow Public Library. She has a bachelor's degree in history and a master's degree in public administration from the University of Idaho. She resides in Moscow with her sister and their two dogs.*

### Notes

1. On this page an arrow has been drawn pointing to a photograph in a magazine clipping glued to the page. Although the words the arrow points to cannot be deciphered, they appear to be the name of the benefactor referred to in the entry.

2. The drawing teacher's name was most probably the Miss Tiffney referred to in the November 29 entry.



*This stone wall is all that remains of the original convent. Despite the Ursuline's long and continuing history in Moscow, our archives contain only one historical photo of the Moore house and this contemporary one.*

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*Sears, Roebuck and Co. carried this selection of greeting cards in its 1944 Fall and Winter catalog.*

I am a pushover for the mail order salesman. Somewhere, I am sure they have a list of "easy-marks." Not only that, they must make a sizable profit by selling that sucker list to other mail order practitioners who prey upon soft-headed people. I am not an utter idiot, but I am certainly fair game for any gimmick peddler with a "help the down-trodden" pitch.

A door-to-door salesman generally gets an icy brush-off, unless I can make good use of the product in question. I am not particularly rude; after all, he has to make a living too. A pleasant "no, but thank you, just the same," leaves him without a comeback. Not even a foot in the door gives him an edge on me there.

How do I say "no, thank you" to an unsolicited package of what-nots that has just arrived in my mailbox? I have three alternatives: either I refuse to accept the unordered parcel, I keep it without paying for it, or I buy it outright. In the first choice I must catch the mail carrier on the fly or wait day after day beside the letter box, just in case an unwanted package arrives so I can refuse to accept it. Obviously this is not a feasible solution.

Having opened the box, I'm not surprised to find it contains one of the following: miniature license plates, note paper of unnamed variety, a thirty-five cent pen priced at one dollar and sixty cents (counting my remittance for postage), or name stickers with my address misspelled. The name and address are correct on the box, but the tags are in error. Why? I have even received them with two addresses, just in case I objected to the first one!

Then, my prize package usually contains cards of seemingly endless variety: birthday, holiday, convalescent, sympathy, sorry I forgot, thank you, announcements for every conceivable occasion, thinking of you (for no particular reason), and just "what-the-heck" cards.

Just in case I might not choose to decide in the sender's favor, a sob-story is generally enclosed inside the each box, along with illustrations and testimonials. The bait may be a picture of a crippled soldier, a paralyzed girl, a hungry orphan, or a boy's camp in need of repairs. Although I know I am being taken, the story reaches out to me. I pay. Momentarily I forget that there are organizations that look out for such unfortunates.

From the amount of items they sell me, one would imagine that I run a private welfare agency of my own.

The glory of getting something for nothing, even a box of cards, is rather intriguing. I have toyed with the idea of receiving and not remitting, but after a few days of casting about for reasonable excuses for sending unpaid cards to my friends, I become conscience-stricken and send the man the money. In a few weeks he sends me more cards to find homes for. I am right back where I started!

Only a fool would lay in an over-supply of stock without having a potential market. Since I have not the slightest intention of going into the retail greeting card business, I must either quit buying cards or make more friends.

I am fed-up to the ears with the audio ads which proclaim "send in your old toothbrush and win a 'kick-a-poo kit,' a 'Cardiac-car,' or a 'pre-paid passage to Patagonia.'" It is my belief that behind every such gift, there is a grabber. A line such as that has to hold a hook, and I refuse to bite! Therefore, why do I fall for the oldest, cheapest sales gimmick of them all, MAIL ORDER MERCHANDISE minus the "order."

You'll receive a card from me at the drop of a rumor; anything from "happy ground hog's day" to "glad to hear you've kicked the nail-biting habit." My friends are floundering in felicitations! I'm becoming desperate. I must make new friends, or lose my old ones!

After much deliberation, the solution is at hand. With every card payment I send the following note: "Help! I am being strangled by sentimentality! I've wished so many people WELL that it is making them SICK. I've licked so many postage stamps that I have contracted LICKUM STICKUMITIS!"

*Erma Burton Bower's collection of short pieces have been published under the title, Semi-Orphans. We are pleased to be able to publish these witty reflections in the Legacy.*

*Mrs. Bower, who died in June 1994, was born in Princeton and lived all her life in Latah County. After the death of her first husband in 1961, she married Charles Bower and moved to Big Bear Ridge.*

*Mr. Bower, who still lives on the ridge, is a long-time member and volunteer of the Latah County Historical Society.*

## Book Review

**Snowbound**, by Ladd Hamilton (Pullman: Washington State University Press, 1997, 228 pp. Photographs, illustrations, maps, notes. \$19.95)

Weather, geography, bad luck, bad judgement, and a man's illness are the ingredients of a compelling story of a party of hunters. Three of them from New York, eager for game and trophies, have hired a guide who knows the terrain and a camp cook. Their destination is the Bitterroot mountains, following the Lolo Trail. The year is 1893, the season is late September, and already the first of the record snowfalls has arrived.

Caught in the unseasonable weather, the Carlin party faced an ethical dilemma, one which became a national debate and still has the power to raise ethical questions about survival and the responsibilities of the group to one member.

Using the historical facts found in William Carlin's diary, A. L. A. Himmelwright's book, *In the Heart of the Bitterroot Mountains*, reports of officers in the rescue party, and newspaper accounts, Ladd Hamilton has woven an insightful tale that weaves the personal stories of these men with the backdrop of the Idaho wilderness. This is, after all, the same stretch of river and mountains the Lewis and Clark party in 1805 traveled through with much difficulty. Almost ninety years later another party of men, these with modern rifles, more food, and relatively close to civilization, almost perished. This leads us to ask ourselves, how would we survive today in similar circumstances?

The author is well known as a senior editor and columnist of the *Lewiston Morning Tribune* and perhaps even better known to our readers as the author of the previous historical novel, *This Bloody Deed*. Mr. Hamilton has mastered the challenge of combining fact with narrative, remaining true to the historical record while providing the reader with a story that is both fascinating and insightful. An enviable goal for any historian.

A bonus for those interested in historical details are the descriptions of the towns of Spokane and Kendrick, the role of the army in civilian affairs, and the logistics of handling pack animals, cooking over a campfire, and navigating rapids on homemade rafts.

The illustrations include photographs, drawings made from photographs, and two maps. In addition, the word images Mr. Hamilton presents are as clear as vintage photographs, and the dialogue and inner thoughts of the protagonists ring true with the turn-of-the-century phrase and attitudes the author so skillfully reconstructs. However, Hamilton employs quotation marks to let the reader distinguish words actually written or spoken dialogue he has added based upon fragments from diaries.

*Snowbound* is an excellent read, taking us on an adventurous journey into the Idaho wilderness. It's also a good choice as we look forward to the bicentennial celebration of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

Mary Reed



*Illustration from the book showing a cold morning on the river. William Carlin at right wears the shirt he made from a blanket.*

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In 1968 interested individuals organized the Latah County Historical Society to collect and preserve materials connected with the history of Latah County and to provide further knowledge of the history and traditions of the area. Every person, young or old, who is interested in the history of Latah County and who would like to assist in its preservation and interpretation is cordially invited to become a member. Subscriptions to this journal and a discount on books published by the Society are included in membership dues. Dues for the various classes of membership are as follows:

	Member	Friend	Contributor	Sustainer	Sponsor	Patron
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<b>Business</b>	\$25-50	\$51-100	\$101-250	\$251-350	\$351-499	\$500 up

*\*Note: For Canada and Mexico, add \$4; for other countries, add \$8.*

Privileges are identical for all classes; the highest dues represent a much needed donation to help carry out our work. Dues are tax deductible to the extent allowable by law.

**The services of the Latah County Historical Society** include maintaining the McConnell Mansion Museum with period rooms and changing exhibits; educational programs for youth and adults; preserving and cataloging materials on Latah County's history; operating a research library of historical and genealogical materials; collecting oral histories; publishing local history monographs; and sponsoring educational events and activities. Our mission is to collect and preserve artifacts, documents, photographs, diaries, and other items relating to the history of Latah County. These are added to the collections and made available to researchers as well as being preserved for future generations. If you have items to donate or lend for duplication, please contact us.

**Our library and offices** are located in Centennial Annex, 327 East Second St., Moscow. We are open Tuesday through Friday, 9 a.m. to noon, and 1 to 5 p.m. The McConnell Mansion Museum is open Tuesday through Saturday from 1 to 4 p.m. Visits to the museum or research archives at other times can be arranged by calling (208) 882-1004. Admission is free to members and donations are requested for non-members. Our FAX number is (208) 882-0759.