

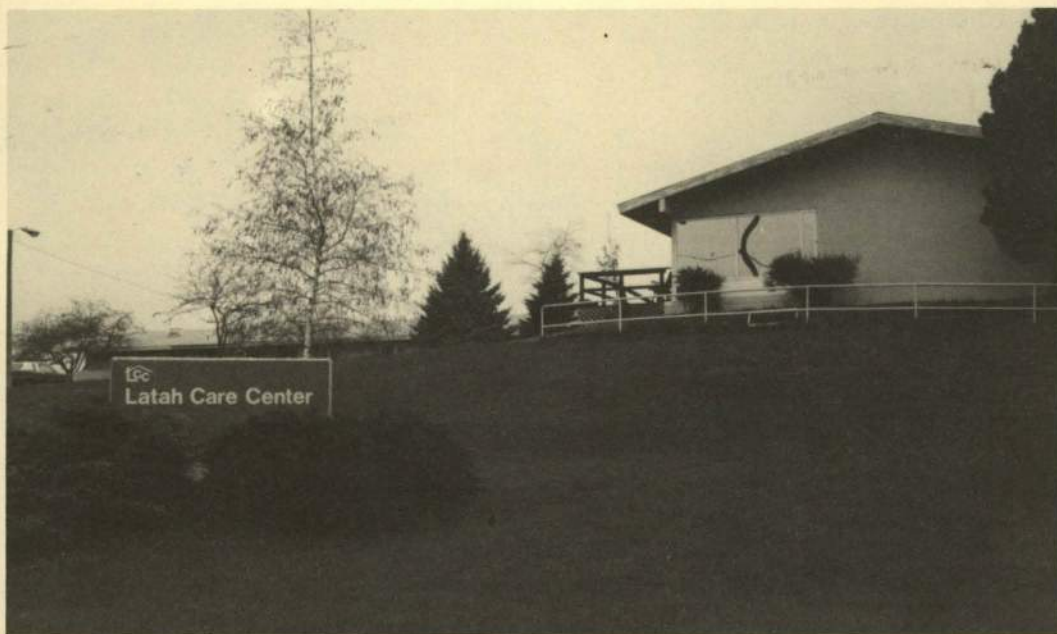
LATAH LEGACY

The Semi-Annual Journal of the Latah County Historical Society

Vol. 22, No. 1

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Spring 1993



Latah Care Center, Moscow, Idaho

Inside this issue:

How Latah Care Center Became No. 1

Tributes to Lola Clyde

Chautauquas Come to the Palouse

Winter in the Country

And other features

Latah County Historical Society

The Latah County Historical Society, a non-profit cooperative society, 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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*Photos are from the Latah Historical Society files, the Latah Care Center,
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What a Woman's Determination Can Do

From Poor Farm to Modern Care Center



he story of the Latah County Poor Farm is remembered well by the last woman who did the enormous labor that it demanded. Grace Dahl Curtis is her name and she lives in Elk River, Idaho.

I first met her when as a United Church Women Social Relations chairwoman I was asked to go check on how the county's poor and indigent peoples were handled.

That came about when two of the men in my family went out to see a former hired man, Bill Carstairs (not his real name). They were fond of him and felt that the life he was leading was pretty rough.

A fresh breeze had come to Moscow in 1947-48 when the wife of the pastor of the First Methodist Church, Elena Goulder, began to band the county church ladies together, whether one faith or another. We just wanted to make a difference for the betterment of this area.

She and I went out to the Poor Farm one afternoon. There we met a most amazing woman: Grace Dahl. With her husband and five children she took care of an average of 47 boarders and five bed patients, giving them food, shelter, laundry and as pleasant an atmosphere as possible. Her main helper was her oldest girl, age about 12, and a cleaning lady who came in two days a week to help change beds and clean rooms. Mrs. Dahl gave baths and shaved the men.

There were bathrooms, crowded bed-

rooms, hot and cold water in the enormous old farmhouse. The fire escape was almost non-existent, but they did not have any such emergency, luckily.

There was a washer-dryer but if the amounts of wet clothes exceeded the dryer's capacity they had to be hung from lines strung on racks over the dining tables in order to take advantage of the heater, a wood stove.

On one trip when I was there, she was impatient for she was trying to mop the kitchen and the water froze on the cold floor before she "could get things wiped up."

The women were sheltered in a cottage, a short trip over the frosty lawn, while extra men were given space in both ends of the woodshed. That's where Bill laid in bed. His urinal was an MJB coffee can.

The idea was not to neglect, but to save money. The buildings were built, if I recall correctly, in 1910.

Mrs. Goulder and I viewed with dismay. This was an impossible task. For example, one of the lady patients was having a birthday. Her grandson had brought her a box of chocolates. She had enjoyed them all and promptly lost them over the bedspread. It was a smelly deal until Mrs. Dahl could get things washed and changed.

On one visit, a dentist from south of the county grabbed my hand as I walked by his bed and begged me to put him on the bus to Walla Walla where he had friends he was sure would take him in.



GRACE WICKS

By GRACE WICKS

No public transportation could handle him in his condition (alcohol) so I had to refuse and ask for help from other sources. He remains in memory as most pitiful.

We women talked this over. What could we do? We had no money. But this was public care. We felt that if the county people knew what was going on, they would respond.

I went to see the Prosecuting Attorney, J. Morey O'Donnell. He told me of a law on the Idaho books that provided for the erection of facilities for handling of aged and indigents from a tax the voters must vote to give themselves.

We had no money but the voters did. If all worked together, we could solve the problem. The main thing was to get the word out, include this in the next election, and see what happened.



It fell to me to acquaint the county. People were so kind. They would invite me to dinner or lunch where I would be asked to speak and then they'd bring me back home. I had a little family so they had to be considered too. However, before the next election I had appeared at 32 such gatherings. Later 10 more joined the drive.

A meeting was held to include the county commissioners to tell them we wanted this change. It wouldn't cost any of our households more than a negligible amount, and would be levied over and over to get enough money to match federal ones called the Hill-Burton Funds.

It was against state law to put money out at interest and wait over the current term, but we did it. O'Donnell once said, "Grace, I wouldn't touch that movement with a 10-foot pole." He just looked the other way as did the other authorities, bless 'em.

The board of County Commissioners

had the new building built and furnished without owing a cent. When in 1957 the patients moved in, it was a going enterprise. The men who handled the business of building were Orval Snow (who was then president of the Idaho State County Commissioners) together with Gerald Ingle and. . .perhaps Herb Zimmerman, but I'm not sure. We owe them a debt of gratitude for their pay was so tiny and the time needed so enormous.



The facility was named the Latah Nursing Home with Idaho License No. 1. This was Idaho's first.

For those of us with loved ones who need and have needed this care, we take great comfort from the well-known kindness of the staff and the facility. They are not only skilled, they are gentle. If one of those we love needs help in the middle of the night, warmth is there and a handy light. They are in the care of someone who knows just what to do. We feel blessed by all of this.

Since its beginnings there have been seven additions or changes in the structure, with new services offered such as therapy, a unit for Alzheimer's, and Home Health Care. In all, 11,270 of our dear ones have been well served.

A tip of the hat to local tax-paying voters.

(Grace Wicks is a longtime Moscow resident, a former Latah County commissioner and a columnist for the Moscow-Pullman Daily News. Here she describes her first-hand experiences of conditions that existed as late as 1948 when she traveled the county to get people to do something about it. And much through her efforts they did do something about it.)

How Latah Care Center Became No. 1



In today's world, we seldom use the word "indigent."

It is used as both an adjective and a noun. As an adjective it means "lacking the means of subsistence; impoverished; needy."

As a noun it means "a destitute or needy person."

It was a common term in the early part of this century and even up to the 1950s and it was the responsibility of the county to take care of it indigents. In Latah County it was the County Farm (most often referred to as the Poor Farm). It was located north of Moscow near the site of what is now Radio Station KRPL.

The indigent and the aged who were

indigent were housed in the big farmhouse. The farm itself provided an opportunity for those who were able to work doing various jobs to help pay their way and to enhance their self-esteem.

The pictures that appear on these pages are of the farm as it looked in 1938. It continued to exist until 1957. The farm was later sold by the county. The farmhouse and none of the buildings remain.

Besides the main farmhouse, the complex of buildings included: a woodshed and rooms used sometimes to house patients; a cellar for storage; a hospital; a smoke house; a granary; a machine shed; a blacksmith shop; a chicken house; a pest house (used in earlier years to house patients with communicable diseases); a hog feed cookinghouse; a cow barn; a horse barn; a



The farmhouse where the indigent and aged lived.

hog house; a pump house, and a root cellar. And of course there was an outhouse or two.

The conditions and of some of the people who lived there are graphically described in an accompanying article by Grace Wicks who saw it all first hand. It was mainly through her efforts that the county abandoned the old Poor Farm and created a new modern facility for those in our society who could no longer take care of themselves.

The voters of Latah County approved a one and one-half mill levy to create a fund to build what was then to be a County Indigent Convalescent Hospital. In 1955 the levy was reduced to one mill, and in 1956 to one-fourth mill. The League of Women voters reported in its publication of 1957 that the fund totalled \$143,000 and Federal aid of \$128,504 had been granted under the Hill-Burton Act. Total cost was estimated at \$264,251 and completion was scheduled for early 1957.

"In the meantime," the League publication continued, "the county leases a farm to private individuals who run a boarding and convalescent home for the aged and physically handicapped."

The Articles of Incorporation for the Latah Nursing Home were approved February 16, 1957, and signed by Frank O. Brocke of Troy, W. H. Peterson of Moscow, Jess Johnson of Genesee, F. H. Brincken of Potlatch, and Dr. Donald E. Adams of Moscow.

"That we the undersigned, being all full-age citizens of the United States and citizens and residents of the State of Idaho do hereby associate ourselves together for the purpose of forming a benevolent and charitable corporation. . ."

One of the original purposes was: "To maintain a nursing home for the aged, infirmed and indigent of Latah County, State of Idaho, without compensation therefore, other than out of pocket ex-

pense."

County commissioners at the time were James Broyles, chairman, Orval Snow and Gerald Ingle.

The State of Idaho issued License No. 1 to the Latah Nursing Home. It was the first to be built and licensed in the state. It operates as a private, non-profit corporation but all property and facilities are owned by the county

Under the original terms of organization, the buildings and equipment used by Latah Nursing Home are leased from Latah County. The Nursing Home was not obligated to pay rent to the county but assumed the county's obligation to care for aged people in the county. Such an arrangement still exists.



he new facility opened on May 1, 1957, and 23 people moved in from the farm. The event was described the next day in detail by Maribel Samuelson in the *Daily Idahonian* under the headline, **"Indigents from 56 to 99 Years of Age Find New Home 'Different' But 'Nice'."**

"This place is too nice for us to live in", "It is much better than I have ever been used to," and "I love it" were among the remarks made by Latah County indigents Wednesday afternoon about their new \$221,000 nursing home they had moved into that morning.

Sixteen men and seven women are settled in the new structure and more are expected to move in within a few days from other parts of the county. Ages of those now in the home range from 56 to 99. Many of them brought their favorite chair from the old home north of Moscow.

Managers Mr. and Mrs. Merle F. Denevan and other employees were busy Wednesday afternoon trying to help the 23 to adjust to their new and different surroundings. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dahl, manager of the old nursing home, helped move the county wards to their new location and assisted in getting them settled. Dr. Donald Adams was on hand to get prescription records in order.

Four of the home residents were born abroad

in Norway, Yugoslavia, Sweden and Russia but are now U.S. citizens. The eldest of the 23, Mrs. Ella DeLany, will be 100 years old July 12.

Others helping to operate the new home are Marie Flodberg, formerly of Troy, registered nurse; Mrs. Thomas Bumgartner, night nurse; Mrs. Lillian Widman, nurse's aid and relief cook; Mrs. Gladys Meecham and Mrs. Carl Mitchell, nurses aides; Mrs. Martha Pierson, Lewiston Orchards, cook; Mrs. Mabel Rogers, temporary cook's helper and former cook at Willis Sweet Hall for many years.

The indigents' first meal Wednesday noon in the new home consisted of steak, mashed potatoes, peas, carrots, sliced peaches, coffee and milk. Twenty-two of the 23 residents were taken to the spacious dining room overlooking the patio for their noon meal at 11:30 a.m. A tray was taken to one woman in her room. Meal schedule in the home is breakfast at 8 a.m., dinner at 11:30 a.m. and supper at 5 p.m.

Tony Kirchknopf, formerly of Kendrick, expressed his pride in the new home.

"I sure am glad to get out of that old place," he declared. "Tell all my friends in Kendrick they'll find me in the this nice new home."

He had lived in the old county home 14 years, having moved there December 30, 1942.

"I love it," Johnny Grover, formerly of Bovill, said when asked how he liked the new home. "It's awfully different from what we have been used to."

Grover was born in New Brunswick in 1864 but has lived in the U.S. for most of his life.

With a geranium plant from his 10-acre farm east of Moscow that he had left years ago, Van D, Walker felt right at home in the new structure Wednesday.

"I couldn't find a better place if I were a millionaire," he remarked. "I'd much rather be here than in the old house."

Most of Walker's family is gone. He said only a niece and a sister-in-law were left.

"I'll tell the world I like this new place," Fred Walters, who once worked for Potlatch Forests, Inc. at Potlatch said.

Earl Marden felt a little uneasy in the new building but agreed that as long as his friends came with him, he liked it. "Friends are all a man

needs," he said.

"This place can't be beat! It is much better than I've been used to," Walter McClintock from Juliaetta said. He napped his first afternoon in the home and reported the bed was comfortable.

"I'm glad to get here," Otis Muck of Potlatch declared.

Several women felt dissatisfied in their new quarters but agreed that perhaps a few pictures on the wall would help "make it seem more like home."

Mrs. George Hall, formerly of Bovill, remarked, "I'm sure I'll like my new home and I certainly like the Denevans. I've known them for a long time." Mrs. Mildred Biggert of Moscow also expressed her approval of the new home and referred to the managers as "extremely nice people."

Some of the residents meandered up and down the wide hallways to look over their new dwelling, while others sat in their rooms or in the hobby room around tables.

One man was having difficulty adjusting to the space in the structure. Roaming the halls, he expressed his displeasure at not finding anyone to talk with.

Residents of the home receive compensation from the Department of Public Assistance, Social Security, and county funds. The new home, built with funds from a tax levy and matched by federal Hill-Burton funds, is owned by the county and leased for operations to a non-profit organization, made up of Homer Petersen, Moscow; Frank O. Brocke, Troy; Dr. Adams; Jess Johnson, Genesee; and F. H. Brinken, Potlatch.



On May 1, 1987, Latah Care Center celebrated its 30th anniversary with a week of activities. Days were set aside for appreciation of staff (then 107), residents, volunteers, and members of the community. The final day was for rededication ceremonies.

The following are excerpts from a story by Sheila McCann in the *Daily Idahonian*:

"We still wrestle with that image of the coun-



Residents of Latah Care Center in 1987 celebrating the 30th Anniversary.

ty poorhouse once in a while," says Verla Olson, administrator. "But I think we set a standard of care for the community that other facilities have to live up to. We were the first to offer physical therapy and we had the first home health program. The needs of the elderly are going to increase greatly in the future and we're looking forward to being here to meet that need."

Today the non-profit center features an open physical therapy room, a beauty salon, and a resident care center for well but fragile elderly. It also offers skilled nursing, home care and rehabilitation.

Grace Dahl of Moscow and her family ran the former care center out of the county's converted poorhouse.

Patients had separate men's and women's quarters, but were treated as part of the Dahl family.

"It was a 24-hours-a-day job, and sometimes I wonder how we did it," Dahl said. "We took the people nobody else wanted, like the woodcutters and loggers that had worked until they just could do no more."

The Dahls cared for as many as 47 patients from 1943 to 1957, with a two-year break.

"I was happy that they had such a nice new building to move into, but it was hard to let some of them go," Dahl said.

"We had to take them there and just walk away, because they wanted to stay with us. They became part of our family."



In a memo to the Latah Care Center staff, Administrator Verla Olson backgrounded some of the Center's history for them in preparation for the 30th anniversary which was to come up shortly. Here are some excerpts from that memo:

Dedication ceremonies [for the first building] were held on April 28th, 1957. On Wednesday, May 1st, 23 people moved into the new building, most moving from the old farm house which was used for many years for county supported people who needed care. Grace Dahl ran the home. It was north of KRPL. The cost of the original building was \$221,000.00. It was built to house 44 patients and had a couple of live-in rooms for staff. Commissioners were James Broyles, Orval Snow and Gerald Ingle. The first Board of Directors were W. H. Petersen, Frank Brocke, Don Adams, M.D., Jess Johnson and F. H. Brincken. Managers were Mr. and Mrs. Merle Denevan. Invocation at the dedication ceremony was by Reverend Sigurd T. Lokken and the speaker was Rafe Gibbs, director of information at the U. of I. Funding was by a bond levy and a Hill-Burton grant.

Additions to the original building were the north wing, housing 24 additional patients, built in 1963, a small office extension in 1967, physical therapy and laundry extension to the west wing in 1969, the new building in 1982 (May) and the

remodeling of the original building as a Resident Center opened August 9th, 1982.

Our state license number is 1 and it is said that this '57 building was the first built in Idaho as a nursing home. This indicates the special feeling our county had for its people needing care. Latah County has always been generous to its people and felt they should be treated with dignity and should receive good medical care. We can be proud of the people who motivated the building of "Latah Nursing Home." Grace Wicks was an influence in the building campaign. Lola Clyde stood on this field and directed the positioning of the building to give the residents the "best view." The early residents were entirely supported by Latah County funds. The Board minutes indicate that one who wanted to pay privately had to apply for special permission before admission was allowed.

The county doctor served all residents of the home. The well-equipped examination room adjoined the doctor's room which was furnished with a bed and a desk and was still intact when I started as a relief head nurse in 1967. Both rooms were converted to patient rooms in about 1968 because of demand for space. The sun porches on the west and south wings were enclosed by 1967.

According to the 1957 Board minutes, Dr. Adams predicted staffing for a whole year would cost about \$22,000.00. Today that would nearly support one nurse.



At present about 116 patients are housed in Latah Care Center and there is little doubt that there will be further expansion in the future. The way society views its elderly is changing and more will be seeking extended care as they become less able to take care of themselves and do not want to burden their families. A warm, considerate and caring atmosphere is important to their welfare.

In an earlier interview, Verla Olson, the current administrator, put it this way:

"We know the best thing we can do is make a friendship between two residents. That buddy system and making sure they have as much power over their lives as possible makes this more like home. I think society is realizing that a home like this can be the best option and a good place to live.

"This generation may still see it as a poor-house. But the next generation may be unable to care for their parents and do not expect their children to take care of them. They will be even more demanding, assertive and expectant of independence and quality care and I think that will be exciting."

Latah Care Center Milestones

1957. Latah Nursing Home the first built in Idaho--License No. 1, County funded, Incorporated.

1963. Hill-Burton grant for the 24-bed North addition.

1967. Physical Therapy addition to utilize equipment donated by R. Weisel family--first in Latah County. County funded.

1969. First Home Health Agency in the area.

1981. 74% voter-approved Bond issue to

build 52-bed nursing facility, remodel 1957 building for 46-bed residential care.

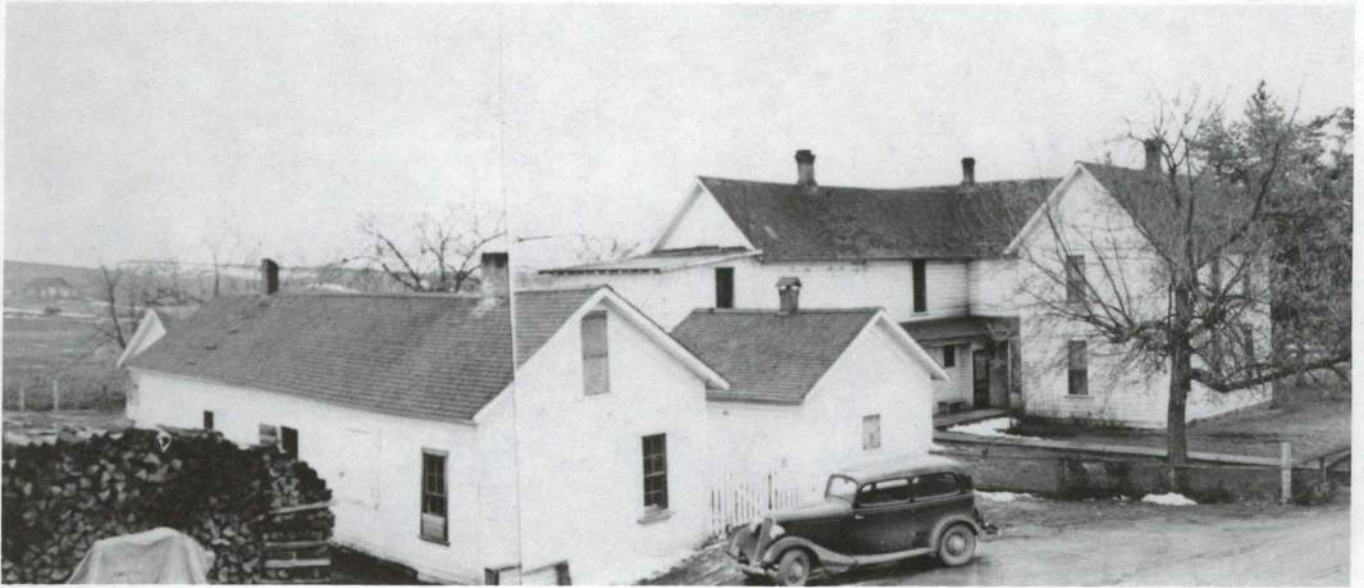
1987. Physical Therapy remodeled with gymnasium addition plus enclosing second floor deck for needed nurses' offices.

1992. Vista South opened for physically-well, confused seniors in a small, secure nurturing setting (a part of the residential setting.

1992. Hydrotherapy addition to maintain the most effective rehabilitation facility in North Idaho.

(As of early 1993, Latah Care Center had served 11,519 patients through all of its various services including 1,220 in skilled nursing care and 9,739 in Physical Therapy.)

The County Farm in 1938



Above: The large farmhouse and the woodshed, where sometimes people were housed. Right: The Pest House where people with communicable diseases were sometimes kept. Bottom: The hospital building.



Latah Care Center, Yesterday and Today



Above: Latah Care Center as it looked in 1970. Left: (top and bottom): Celebrating the 30th anniversary. Below: Latah Care Center as it looks today.



A Wartime Incident . . .



moved to Moscow, Idaho, in October of 1943 when the war was at its height.

Shortly after I arrived, I received a letter from a lawyer in Detroit, a friend of my father. In it he asked if I could find out certain things about the Navy Radio School at the University. He wanted to know the size of the unit here in Moscow, how many officers and of which ranks were attached to the unit and where the students would be sent when they finished training.

I, of course, had none of the answers and was about to write him to that effect when I mentioned the letter to a fellow librarian on the campus. She had been at the University a long time and knew many of the officers commanding the various military units here. One of the officers expressed an interest in seeing the letter, so shortly after that I found myself in the office of the commanding officer of the Navy Radio School.

Having made my business known, I was directed to be seated. In a short while, an upright young sailor approached me, not walking directly across the room but cutting neat corners along the way. Bowing gravely, he requested that I follow him to the commander's office. I was greeted there in a most friendly and informal manner. After reading the letter, the commander said that he did not think the questions asked represented a threat to the securi-

ty of the nation but that he would forward the letter to Detroit and the command there could make discreet inquiries. He suggested that I answer the letter giving just what information was commonly known and saying that I could not find out the answers to his questions. After receiving his thanks, I was again escorted to the outside door in the same square-cut fashion.

I answered the letter as the commander had suggested and heard no more from the Navy. But not long after, I received a reply from the lawyer from Detroit, telling the whole story. His son, his under-age son, was a member of the unit and he was worried about him. He and his wife were divorced and, he said, the relations between himself and his son were strained. He did not want his son to know he was checking up on him.

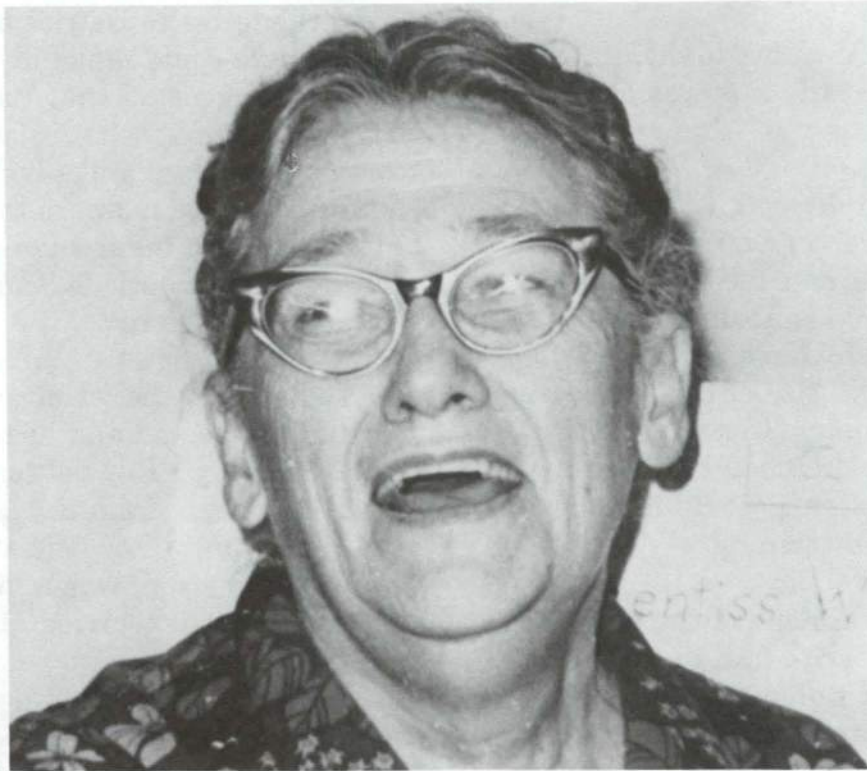
I felt so concerned for the father and wondered if I should have blown the whistle on his son and informed the commander that the boy was under-age. I worried about that but decided it was for the father to do that, though obviously he did not want to.

It is one of those things from the past, those times when you wonder if you have done the right thing. I have never heard anything more about the situation, but if the boy were harmed because I did not speak, what then?

Whose responsibility was it, the father's, the mother's, or mine?

BY NANCY I. ATKINSON

Tributes to Lola Clyde



Lola Gamble Clyde
1900 -1993

Lola Gamble Clyde, one of Latah County's best-known and most respected citizens, died January 9, 1993, at the age of 92.

She was born September 7, 1900, in Moscow, Idaho, to the Rev. Daniel and Isabel Smith Gamble. Her father established the First Presbyterian Church in Moscow in 1880.

Peter Harriman, writing in the *Moscow-Pullman Daily News*, said this about her:

"She was the daughter of a Palouse area pioneer family, and for all her life she appreciated the fact she had been able to see things here nearly from the beginning. She delighted in being able to tell others how the present day Palouse rose from its past. She was nearly as old as the region's oldest institutions, and she had a hand in creating many that are now considered part of the immutable fabric of the Palouse."

Mrs. Clyde was a long-time supporter of the Latah County Historical Society and the organizations that preceeded it. She had an acute sense of history and understood its value to present and future generations.

The *Latah Legacy* is pleased to present on the next pages tributes of others and some of her own words that give us insight into the life and accomplishments of this remarkable woman.

Life Was a Good Verse

It was 1987.

The United States and Russia, locked for decades in the tense grip of the Cold War, stood together, finally, at the brink of accord. As the world looked on, leaders of these two super powers came face to face and shook hands in a gesture of peace and hope for the future. And those witnessing the historic moment on The CBS Evening News With Dan Rather heard 87-year-old Lola Gamble Clyde of Moscow, Idaho, recite:

**"...there is neither East nor West, Border
nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho'
they come from the ends of the earth."**

How like Lola—remembered by her family as a woman with a poem for all occasions—to commemorate this event with lines from "The Ballad of East and West."

As Dan Rather remarked with a knowing smile at the end of the segment: "The lady knows her Kipling." Indeed, this daughter of Palouse area peioneers knew Kipling and a great deal more. For 92 years, her love of learning may have been surpassed only by her love of teaching.

--LCSC Today, April, 1993

Clyde's Passing Closes a Window With a Remarkable View

BY GRACE WICKS

Lola Gamble Clyde was special in every kind of measure. Her excellent memory and warm heart endeared her to more people than some folks ever know casually.

She had not only Christian outreach but Irish wit and fun to go with it. We talked nearly every day.

"Gracie, we need to laugh more," she'd say every time we giggled at the silliest things either of us could donate to the joy of the day.

I'd tell her the latest Paul Harvey funny and she'd counter about the time she fed the Campbell soup officials out of their own cans for her own supply of ice tea glasses had run short.

Or we'd wonder if the money raising of this or that was going well and she would recall writing to Proctor and Gamble for help in establishing the Idaho Youth Ranch. After all, that Gamble was a Gamble,

wasn't he? And those folks stuck together for worthy causes. She got a fat check back right promptly.

Her funeral service was in the Presbyterian Church and it was hoped that as people entered, they would observe the window to the right nearest the entrance on the western aisle.

It is "The Light of the World" given by the Clyde family in honor of Daniel Gamble, the father of the family. He came here as a young man to do missionary work. The date is Dec. 19, 1880. Her Christmas card a bit ago adds to that his words: "I founded the Presbyterian Church of the Wilderness."

Another Christmas card for 1989 reads: "When you wrote of my golden wedding anniversary, I went to the newspaper and bought all of the copies and used them in my Christmas letters."

The Nez Perce Tribe is close to the Clyde heart in several people, particularly Isabel (named for her grandmother) Clyde Bond, who is head of the University of Idaho Upward Bound Program. She knows them all and helps most of them and all who need her.

When Lola sent me fresh tomatoes or a box of raspberries, often the messenger would be a friend from the program, or son, Robert Clyde. Since my family lived on the Tribe's Reservation and that was where I was born, on the phone we would recall stories of our kid days. She and a young sister, Elizabeth Gamble Wahl, often came to cook for big brothers John and Gus while they harvested on "the Roller place."

Bert Gamble was a poet whose writing was published in our local newspaper. He was not a farmer nor was brother Jim, a stock broker in Spokane. None of those men married so when it was time for terminal care, some of them came to Lola who looked after them almost to the end when the hospital was necessary.

It was brother Jim who cared for hired-man friend Shorty Hill during his last months. I remember the Genesee ballgame with Lapwai, where Shorty stood up to wave his hat and extol the virtues of his roan riding horse.

"This is the fines' horse in all the lan'," he proclaimed waving his battered old cowboy hat as he teetered on the fat old rump of his horse. "I, I . . ."
And just before he fell there was Gus ready to catch him.

John said: "I feed Shorty the little soft milk toast with plenty of cream so he'll do the best."

When it came time for Lola to be chosen for Idaho Mother of the Year, Elizabeth Hagedorn came to me to lead the drive. My goodness, I was busy but Lola had this coming. So we set to work. Doris

Cann and Jeanette Platt helped.

We wrote lots of letters as did Lola for she knew people statewide who were in three college fraternities. At any rate, Lola triumphed. She and husband Earl were sent East to receive the honors in New York. They took side trips to Washington, D.C., and had a glorious time.

The 1989 card had a postscript telling about the picture on the front. It read: "This is the Presbyterian Seminary that my uncle, Dr. John Gamble helped establish and from which my father, Daniel, was in the first graduating class."

Back to "The Light of the World" window, Lola later explained, "This is the last stained glass window that famous artist Charles Connick of Boston did, thus ending his career."

Maybe that career ended with a lovely window, but Lola's life lives on in her beloved family. She never said goodbye, she just said, "Love you, love you, love you."

(Grace Wicks is a long-time Moscow resident, a former Latah County Commissioner and a Republican State Committeewoman. Long active in civic and political affairs, she writes a weekly column for the Moscow-Pullman Daily News. Reprinted from Jan. 30-31 edition.)

Tribute to Lola Clyde LCHS Annual Meeting

By MARY REED

It is appropriate that at the annual meeting of the 25th anniversary of our organization we should give recognition to Lola Clyde. I confess that this tribute is done in some haste; somehow we expected Lola to be around forever and to continue telling stories, answering our questions and giving advice, and just being there, our link to our pioneer past.

Lola Gamble Clyde was born on Sept. 7, 1900, in Moscow to the Rev. Daniel and Isabel Gamble. Her father established the first Presbyterian Church in Moscow in 1880. She attended a rural school and the Lewiston Normal School. She taught at the Albion Normal School in Albion, Idaho. Later she went back to college, attending the University of Idaho, and while she was a student there she taught at country schools, including the Snow School south of Moscow and the Gray Eagle School from 1921 to 1922. In 1928 she graduated from the University and then married Earl H. Clyde. She continued teaching at the Smith School in the Cow Creek area north of

Genesee.

In 1929, Lola and Earl moved to the Clyde homestead on Zeitler Road and spent their married life farming the slopes of Paradise Ridge. They had four children, and during the 1930 depression when married women were not allowed to teach, Lola spent her days taking care of the children, the home, and helping with the farm, including feeding the hungry harvest crews.

She contributed to numerous organizations. She was named Inland Empire Mother of the Year in 1952 and the Idaho State Mother of the Year in 1972. Among her accomplishments was playing a leading role in convincing the stingy Idaho Legislature to accept the gift of 400 acres from Virgil T. McCroskey. It was a long battle, ending finally in 1955 with the dedication of the park.

Mary Reed, Director
Latah County Historical Society

The Latah County Historical Society is fortunate to have eight taped interviews with Lola Clyde, which have been transcribed. They contain a wealth of history along with her reflections, wisdom, and humor. Excerpts are presented below:

Mother's influence:

My mother was a very smart woman, a real brilliant woman, and she always believed in women's rights, you know. Idaho got women's suffrage real early, and mother always went to town to vote. She thought that women had just as much right as men, and she was a great prohibitionist. She was very well read, and so I always grew up with the feeling that women were equally important. Almost my first memory would be of Mama having to leave us to go to town to vote. To see Santa Claus and to vote were the twice a year [occasions] when she just had to go to town.

School:

I was fortunate in having some good teachers. And I like to read and learn and I loved the library books. When I got to college my teacher asked me if I'd ever read David Copperfield. I said, "Oh, yes I had. I'd read it 25 times." And he was shocked. He said, "Well, what else did you do when you were in school?" I said, "That's just about all. I'd hurry through the lesson so I could go and get the story books and read them; and I soon had them all read through, so then I'd have to go back and read'em

over again." But that was the means of escape from the mud and the other things that I didn't enjoy about the country schools. And you forgot about the mud on the schoolhouse floor, and you went and got your coat if you got too cold, and it was an avenue of escape, through reading books.

I grew up in the war years. I entered Moscow High School with a class of 110. I graduated with a class of 40, all the rest had gone to war. And of that class, there were only about 12 boys, all the rest were girls. Everybody else had gone away to the First World War.

At one time as a little girl, when I was ten, eleven, twelve, I thought I'd be a lawyer. I thought I'd be the first lawyer to graduate from the University of Idaho. Nobody had graduated then. And I might have if I'd had enough money to go to law school. But going out to teach was a stepping stone to go on and further your education. You could get a job with one year at normal school, and you could go out to teach. So I settled for that.

Teaching:

We didn't have the counseling, we didn't have time, you know. It was all we could do to get those three R's taught and their noses wiped and their hands clean, and their overshoes off and on, especially in the rural schools. But I know in the rural schools where I taught, many of my big girls went on to become teachers themselves. And the reason they gave for that was that I always told them what fun it was to teach. That this was our immortality. That we dipped our fingers in immortality and it went on and on out into the lives of people, we could influence people..... I had great respect for all my children. And I was like a mother to them. I knew there were some children with black eyes and some with blue. And some were a little quicker in the reading. But I always knew that they were all going to go out and make a big contribution in the world. And I see them now, all over when I go and meet them, and the things they remember best are always what good times they had. And how I took their hand and went out and played Blackman with them. And would take them and run through so they wouldn't get caught.

On her marriage:

And in high school I was always on debate teams and things, so I thought that would be good. My husband said he should have known better than marry me because he'd heard me debate, and he might have known that a debate would go on the rest of our lives.

When I was first married, I'll tell you, I was just so busy. We had a great depression and we were down to 28 cents, you know and I had about 17 hired men to cook for and four little children, one right after

the other. Four children all under four years of age. I didn't have time for any regrets or anything else. I was just too busy trying to keep food on the table for everybody.

Well, you know, I had a very wonderful, understanding, lenient husband. Very indulgent husband. And he just said, "Lola, you just go and do your thing and I'll do my thing." and he let me sit on school boards. And I was never a bored farm wife, I just sat on all the boards in town. And at one time I was on 14 different boards for Latah County and the town of Moscow. School boards, library boards, Red Cross, Gritman Hospital, Mental Health, County Health Unit. I just had fun.

Humor:

I'll tell you another cute story about Old Judge Forney. He'd been the first president of the University, you know, before they had a university. He said, "I had the ideal presidency. I had no faculty, no buildings, and best of all, no lawns." And I was sent by the head of the history department with a big bunch of books to Judge Forney. I knocked at the door and Mrs. Forney came to the door, and you'd have thought I was a Fuller Brush man. She started in motioning for me to get away, I had a brief case with me, she thought I was an Avon peddler, I guess. Avon wouldn't have done her any good. So I just hollered in there at her. I said, "Mrs. Forney, these are the Judge's books, and if you don't want 'em I'm going to throw 'em on the porch for you." and I did.

On children:

But children's worries are very real to them. Much more than when we are adults 'cause when we are adults we just can take it more in our stride. Every age has its own worries, I'm like Fanny Hearst, I'm glad I don't have to be sixteen. I'd rather be sixty than sixteen because then nobody can ever hurt me like the boys used to hurt me when I was 16 when I didn't get a dance.

On helping others in time of need:

And then the Ladies aids of the churches, part of their job was to keep the churches clean and bring flowers on Sunday and bake cookies and carry on the evangelism between the families of the church and visit the bereaved and the sick and help each other in any way that they could. And besides raising money to carry on the work of the church, they'd have bazaars....and church suppers. And often the minister was paid in kind. He would get a hog, at butchering time. He'd get so many sacks of potatoes. It was just an old farm custom that some of the nicest things raised, you gave to the minister. The work of evangelism between the families meant: We will love one another: we will comfort them in sorrow,

and sickness and distress. We would visit them, we would bring things. You brought a glass of special jelly, and you baked one of your very special cakes and you baked one of your nicest pies if there was a death in a neighboring family. You brought something to show that you shared in their loss and in their sorry and in their time of need. You were there to help them and be a spiritual comforter as well as a physical comforter. You could get in and turn out a washing for the family if the mother was sick....I think it made the people who did it, they maybe gained more than the people who received. You felt very grateful for your own good health and for your own good fortune, and you wanted to share with somebody else and try to make them try to comfort them in what they were going through. And I think it worked both ways. It was nice to know in sorrow that you were remembered by other people, and it was nice to go and you gained, too. There was a spiritual growth on both sides.

A Bright Day In the Bleak 30s

(A reprint of a letter to the editor of the International Harvester World from Lola Clyde, March 1965)

The year was 1932 and we stood in the bread line--too much bread and not enough money! We? My young husband, myself, four babies all under four years: three hanging onto my apron, one under it. Nine hundred acres of surplus wheat to harvest and only broken tools. Then Heaven smiled! The International Harvester Company would send us two experimental combines to cut our crop if we would furnish gas (no diesel then) and board the men. The men. . . how we loved them! We had both quality and quantity: our regular hired help, the International Harvester engineers, designers, consultants, chiefs of staff. They came in droves. Seventeen, eighteen, twenty or more sat down at my oilcloth-covered table and drank their spring water from my tomatoe-cans with hammered edges (no electric can openers then).

Harvest's second week! The thermometer read 98 in the shade and 128 in my Home Comfort heated kitchen. A little too cozy! One morning at ten till noon the waterboy galloped in from the field to tell

me we would have special guests for dinner (noon dinner that is!). The guest list: Alexander Legge, president, International Harvester; Sidney McAllister, first vice-president; Harold McCormick, chairman of the board.

Thrown? No indeed! Had I not just finished reading Alex Legge's quip to Washington, D.C.'s social arbiters, Dolly Gann and Alice Roosevelt? The story thus:

As Herbert Hoover's great Hunger Fighter at the start of the Depression, he had been asked just what his protocol should be. Was he beast, bird or fish? At formal banquets just where should he be seated? With cabinet members or with senators? Above or below the salt? Just where should he eat?

His answer: "Well, girls, if it will help you out any, I'll eat in the kitchen."

Fine! He could eat in mine. Into my widespread table went another leaf; onto the table went three more tomato-can goblets and three chipped plates (I think I must have invented those Mix and Match-'em style dishes). I opened another jar of home-canned beans and boiled them like mad. We already had an abundance of fried chicken, hot rolls and cup cakes with twin birthday candles on them. It was number two's (Erlene's) second birthday.

I rang the dinner bell. At the pump the men sloshed cold water over their faces, wiped the dirt on the towels and filed in. Tall, smiling, gracious Alexander Legge entered my sweltering kitchen. The youthful sparkle of his kindly blue eyes belied the silvery whiteness of his hair. Immediately the harvest heart and the stove heat were beaten back by the magic of this gifted story-teller. We rode the range with him in boyhood. We shivered as we shook the early morning frost from the blankets in the chill air of Colorado's mile high mountain meadows. We all ate "sour-dough and sow-belly" around his cowboy campfire.

My little birthday girl sat on his lap. Having no social security then she dampened and pressed his sun-tans for him. She combed his hair. He laughed, blew out the birthday candles, sang "Happy Birthday", kissed her. When he left I found tucked into her slipper a five dollar bill. The half-million dollars Alexander Legge left for agricultural research brought no more happiness than did that five dollars. With it I had her baby picture taken.

Mrs. Earl H. Clyde, R.F.D.1, Moscow, Idaho

The original Idaho Territory, established under President Lincoln in 1863 was bigger than all of Texas and was the largest land area ever officially established and named by the United States Government. It encompassed all of present Idaho and Montana, all but a small corner of Wyoming and the western parts of North Dakota, South Dakota and Nebraska. —*Idaho Almanac*, 1963

Chautauqua!

Culture Comes to Latah County



That once was a familiar name around Moscow and the Palouse country. It brought the outside world—a world of culture, education and entertainment—into the lives of people, young and old, in the isolated frontier.

The traveling Chautauquas with their circus tents and their varied programs would set up in small communities for several days or a week and draw people from throughout the region.

Considered one of the few indigenous adult education institutions to develop in the United States, it took its name from Chautauqua Lake, New York, where the first successful Chautauqua was founded. It combined education, recreation and religion and was first proposed in 1873 at a Methodist Episcopal camp meeting at the Lake. They have been described as "somewhere between revival meetings and county fairs in spirit."

Chautauquas were organized commercially in 1912 and traveled throughout the country, setting up their tents in small communities for the big show. They emphasized popular lectures (including some leading politicians), music and dramatic entertainment and were enormously popular for more than a decade.

Several Latah County pioneers, in their oral histories, tell of their first-hand experiences when the Chautauqua came to

town.



ELVON HAMPTON

Elvon Hampton, who was a Genesee farmer, former state legislator and a member of the Board of Regents, University of Idaho, recalled those times when he was a young boy:

And of course then Chautauquas came into being. And that was a time we'd come here in June, try to pick a slack time, and participate in the cultural activities of life. And I remember when I was a kid that used to be great. I'd come here and get an ice cream cone in the afternoon and we'd have afternoon programs and I thought that was great. And we'd have a tent set up down there, you know.

When I was back in Washington this spring, my wife and I went to the Kennedy Center and they had a Chautauqua tent set up there, with chairs in there and some old pictures and reminiscences of Chautauqua time.

What was the program like? What did they put on for the people?

They would have a variety. They would have singing and they would have musicals and maybe a band or more or less of an entertainment of a light nature—

comedy. Not individual artists, because the people just weren't up to that kind of a culture then.

So it wasn't really speechmaking?

No, no. And of course in the afternoon when the men were busy the women would bring the children in so they would gear the programs--the afternoon programs--for that light program. And then in the evening it would be a little bit heavier.

You were just a kid at the time?

Yes.

So this would have been around 1915 to 1920 in there—in that period?

Yeah. I remember my dad, him being a sponsor. They'd have to underwrite this. They'd come through and get people to underwrite this program. And so they would do it. And I remember there would be a time when maybe they didn't sell enough tickets to do that. And of course the agent that was out wouldn't want you to sell tickets at a scalp price, they thought it would hurt the show. And when it got down that they didn't have enough, why then everyone who had been a sponsor here, he had to take those tickets and they would want them to pay for them rather than sell 'em. Well, I know my dad said, "If I had a sick cow and somebody would buy it," he said, "I'd sell it!" And so they didn't let this guy keep 'em from selling, they'd sell the tickets for a dollar if they were two dollar tickets. Just get anything they could.

I guess he would sponsor it because they really wanted to have it here?

Oh yeah, they wanted to have it for the

community, you know. They would get [as many] responsible people as they could, you know. And somebody could underwrite twenty-five or fifty dollars, maybe if they didn't sell the tickets. And they figured they had to have that much money to put the program on. And they supported that as a community enterprise. They would run into some problems if they didn't have too good a show, or if the people had a little tough year and all the families couldn't buy tickets.

Would you say as a rule that most of the families in the area did come to see it?

Oh, yeah, they would make a great effort to come unless they just absolutely didn't have the price. But it was quite a social affair.

I wonder where people usually bought their tickets from?

Well, I think they would go out ahead of time, had advance sales. I think they would have an advance sale. I think they had to have that.



LOLA CLYDE AND THE WAHLS

Lola Clyde, along with her sister, Elizabeth Gamble Wahl and her husband Tom Wahl, also remembered back to Chautauqua time. They reminisced in her oral history.

TW: *The Chautauqua, when they came in they introduced a lot of these acting games. That is, you acted out a fairy story or something.*

EGW: *But that wasn't the kind you played in the old school house.*

That's interesting--that's interesting though. The Chautauqua is something I've heard a little about but I think it's real interesting because it seems to have brought in a whole lot of new ideas from other places. That was a regular circuit that they had. I've heard of Chautauqua, New York, where it originated.

EWG: *Oh, was that where it originated?*

TW: *Well, yeah, it was a non-profit thing. The people that ran these here were Ellis and White--Ellis and White Chautauquas. They went by that name. But in order to get one in your town you had to have enough citizens sign up--pledge a certain amount of money or they wouldn't come. And a lot of them got stuck. And I guess it happened often enough that they sort of died a natural death. But a certain amount of public spirited people, when things were a little bit prosperous, would sponsor the Chautauqua. But I think the Depression is what ended them. I don't believe they came during and after the Depression.*

What would be the main features of them here?

TW: *Oh, they'd put on a . . . you know, they'd stay what. . . two weeks? At least a week.*

LC: *Yeah, at least a week or ten days.*

TW: *Yeah, and they would have programs all day, nearly, didn't they? And lectures and plays, and music and, you know, all the things that. . . They had a tent usually with a stage in it. Then there was usually someone with the troupe delegated to take care of the kids and keep them out from under foot. And they enter-*

tained these kids by teaching them games.

EGW: *A man who I heard lecture there was Private Pete who was a soldier in the First World War. And he gave a lecture.*

TW: *He was a writer.. He wrote a book and sold his books after the lecture.*

And what else was there that was good?

TW: *Well there was one man from Australia describing the land, the country, the aborigines, the people and so forth. And one of the things that he did that fascinated all the kids, if you brought a heavy piece of cardboard, he would cut out of it a boomerang that would work.*

TW: *And so this was a big deal.*

EGW: *Yes. And then I heard two young girls, I suppose maybe high school age. And I think they played a little on a piano to go with this.*

TW: *There was Dr. Miles that lectured there and by some hook or crook, he gave the same lecture at two different years. The same man in the same town. The name of his lecture was "The Tallow Dip."*

ECW: *Oh, yeah.*

TW: *And the tallow dip of course, first thing he explained was that one lady one time was so glad to meet him because, "I've been taking your pills, Dr. Miles, for the last twenty years." But he said, "I'm not the pill man." And then the tallow dip was the old candle, of course, made of tallow by dipping a string in tallow. . .*

ECW: *Then there were good singers. Quite a large group of lady singers. I can remember real lovely fine singers.*

LC: *And William Jennings Bryan toured the Chautauqua too.*

TW: *They had some good performers. Well-known people.*

What about the plays that you mentioned came along with that?

TW: *Well, I can name a few of them. One of 'em was "Cappy Ricks." Another was . . . was it "The Pinafore?" Kind of an operetta?*

LC: *Yeah. H.M.S.*

TW: *Oh, one I believe. . . I think they dramatized "Tolden Hills" there one time, a novel of that period. But I'm not certain. That could have been a separate thing.*

But then you say this had an effect on the kind of games that people played at. . .

TW: *Well, this was the entertainment they did to keep the kids out of the road. While the parents were listening to a lecture that the kids couldn't hardly stand, why somebody was out on the playfield, or several people out in the park, teaching the little kids these games.*



Another insight to the part Chautauquas played in the social and cultural life in the early 20th Century comes from the diary (he called it the "Rabbitt Record") of Floyd L. Otter who lived at 823 East 8th St. in Moscow when he wrote this in 1920:

OTTER DIARY

June 9, 1920

Wednesday. Ruth and I walked up in the mountains and back. Chautauqua started today. The Westcoast. I got a season ticket for \$1.10 and went in the evening. There was the Ithacan Quartette of boys who sang and acted and Elsie Mae Gordon who talked and elocutionated.

June 10

I got Mama a Chautauqua ticket for \$2.75. Wood Briggs gave a talk in the afternoon and they had a play "Mikado" at night.

June 11

Fri. Mr. and Mrs. Scott gave an entertainment in the afternoon and Mae Guthrie Longier talked on "Shasta Daisies and Folks" which was real good. In the evening the Scott Highlanders gave another entertainment dressed up as Scotchmen. Count Tolstoy talked about Russia.

June 12

Sat. The Old Colonial Band gave a concert in the afternoon and Lorraine Lee sang with the band at night. Rained one inch.

June 13

Sun. Mr. and Mrs. Sprague played Rip Van Winkle in the afternoon and W. H. Nation, a nephew of Carrie Nation, gave a lecture on "Chips of the Old Block." He was about the best one yet. At night the Spragues played a play about the Rogers of S. C. and Mr. Nation talked about "What I Think of Your Town."

June 14

Mon. 6 girls called the St. Cecilia Singing Orchestra sang and played in the afternoon and Thomas McClary talked on the "Mission of the Month." At night the Junior Chautauqua, the kids of Moscow, gave a pageant and the St. Cecilia Singing Orchestra gave another concert. They played the violin, piano, flute, trumpet, saxophone, and one girl played three drums, a thing you hit that makes a lot of racket, a rattle, a pencilbox, and a zela-phone. Rained.



till another view of the Chautauqua comes from the diary of Alma Lauder Keeling. She was the daughter of a prominent Moscow businessman. These are entries in her diary from the year 1916 and they provide some insight into the popularity of the Chautauqua in the early part of the Century.

KEELING DIARY

Friday, June 30

Chautauquas started tonight with the Camas players.

They gave a little sketch called "Carson of the North Woods." It was good!

It is still stormy looking and rains most of the time. Rather hard at the Chautauqua.

Saturday, July 1

Went to the Chautauqua with Mama this P.M. Offered to take care of Bill Jones so the Mrs. could go, but I guess she wasn't quite sure of my capability of managing the little rascal. She says she never has left him with anyone yet. So Mrs. J. did it in my place. Guess she ought to know a

little more about kids than I do.

International Operatic Co. this P.M. They were good.

We all are going to bed tonight. Papa had to go back to town to work on his books. Raining hard.

Sunday, July 2

Mama and Dad dehorned a couple of calves the A.M. Prexy and Prem. Nellie proved to be a muley.

We're all going to the Chautauqua this P.M. but Papa took a notion to call up Ralph to see if he couldn't come home for a few days, get his teeth fixed and have a visit.

Couldn't get him on the phone. Dad stayed at the office while Mama and I went to the Chautauqua to the Skibinski-Welch trio.

We all went tonight and heard Skibinski as a prelude and Lou Beauchamp on "Take the Sunny Side." It was a fine lecture and we agreed that it should have done everybody more good than going to church this Sunday morning. The M. E. church didn't close for Chautauqua.

Monday, July 3

Today was music day at Chautauqua. Mama took care of Bill Jones while Mrs. J. went. Hilma and I went together on our two tickets. The New York City marine band played this P.M. and evening. It was fine. Had a bells piece as a feature.

None of us went tonight. Mama took care of little Jones again--or was going to, but Mrs. Jones finally decided not to go so Mama came back home and went to bed. It rained pitch forks and alligators tonight.

Tenor sings tonight with the band. Should like to have heard him, but need sleep worse.

Tuesday, July 4

(Also whistling girl about fifteen years old)

Today is the glorious Fourth. And it sure has been a beautiful day. Cleared off and is warm and springy. Feels mighty good after so much "narsty" weather. Who said it always rained on the Fourth of July?

Folks went to the Chautauqua this afternoon. I didn't care to go so stayed at home and wrote letters. Wrote to Ernest as I have been owing him a letter for about four months or five. Also wrote some to Nell. Think I ought to be hearing from her soon.

Tonight we all went to Chautauqua to see the moving colored pictures taken with tri-color photography [of the] Mawson Antarctic Expedition. It was simply fine, such birds and animals. Was sure worth while. Lecturer in connection [with] who had been on the expedition.

Wednesday, July 5

(Still nice weather)

Didn't go to Chautauqua this A.M. Haven't done that anytime yet. Twice a day is sufficient and more too sometimes.

Mr. Wood Briggs gave some stories, etc., of the south. He is a Tennessee man and was very entertaining. He gave Mark Twain's toast to "The Baby" given at U.S. Grant's Banquet in Chicago. It was fine. Also told some darkey stories and recited Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue" and Poe's "Raven." I like him fine.

Folks went tonight. I wasn't particular

about going. Intended to write one letter then go to bed, but Mrs. Whitson came up so I didn't do either. She left about 9 o'clock. Folks got here before ten. Said the lecture by Sylvester A. Long on "Hungry People" was fine. Sequoia Male Quartet also.

Thursday, July 6

(Chautauqua ends)



and the Chautauquas did end. By the mid 1920s they had become fairly rare. They did not survive the Great Depression. Many factors led to their demise not the least was Henry Ford and his "Tin Lizzy." People were able to travel greater distances in shorter time. Then with the coming of motion picture theaters to every community and the advent of radio that was capable of bringing entertainment directly into the home, it was inevitable that they would disappear as a viable cultural force.

These testimonials show that the Chautauquas met a need for the people of Latah County at a time when they were isolated from many of the cultural influences often available only in the great cities. This was true for great numbers of people throughout the country. The traveling shows are gone but thousands are still attracted to summer meetings at that Lake in New York from which the name Chautauqua was derived.(BC)



Winter in the Country



As I bask in the comfort of our old wood heating stove, a thing of beauty in its day with chrome and ornamentation, I realize that today many people don't know what they are missing. While electric and gas stoves give off a uniform unattended heat, they can't compare to the comfort of "backing up" to a hot wood stove when you are wet and chilled to the bone.

I well remember those days of winter in a house without insulation, with the oil cloth covered kitchen walls and bare wood floors. Those who could afford it had linoleum and a rug in the center of the living room. Wall-to-wall carpeting was unheard of.

The only heat was a wood-fired cook stove (range) and a heating stove in the living room capable of handling large chunks of wood. Each room was partitioned off with a door to conserve the heat. When everyone had gone to bed, the fire went out and the cold came in.

As you snuggled under wool comforters you always knew when the outside temperature was below zero because the house would make cracking noises. If you had neglected to empty the water bucket before going to bed, it would be frozen in the morning.

Water was carried by bucket from a hand-dug cistern lined and topped with tamarack wood planks. Large quantities of water were heated on top of the stove and in a built-in reservoir on the range. This water was used for washing and bathing. You did your bathing in a tub

in the kitchen and then ducked behind the stove to dry off when you were through.

There were no indoor toilets. You answered nature's calls at night with the use of a "honey bucket," "thunder mug," "white owl," or "slop jar." These names were given the chamber pot located in or near the bedrooms and carried out and emptied in the outdoor toilet (outhouse) the next morning.

The outhouse (sometimes called "the place of rest") with its box of corn cobs



and catalogs was located some distance from the house and sometimes you didn't make it if you waited too long to get started.

Lighting was by kerosene or gas lamp or lantern, carried from room to room, upstairs and down. Lanterns were used for outside chores and for heating the cellar in winter. Gasoline lamps with brass bowls and hand-painted china shades were luxury items.

Because there was no refrigeration, fresh meat during the summer was limited to chicken and cured or canned meat.

BY CHARLES A. BOWER

Beef and pork were butchered in the winter and beef was canned. Pork was cured as ham and bacon by a salting and smoking process, then wrapped in cheese cloth and left hanging in the smoke house.

The less choice parts were ground, seasoned, and formed into patties, then fried and packed in stone jars or wide-mouth glass jars. Hot lard was poured over the patties until the jar was full. Sometimes pork was sliced and fried and stored like sausage. It was reserved as needed and was delicious.



Traveling during winter was limited to walking, horseback riding, or by horse-drawn vehicles. Consequently, neighbors did more visiting than they do now.

You made your own entertainment for the "little ones" who played with home-made wooden toys and when Mom and Dad went to a social, the "wee ones" went along. They were put to bed in a blanket on or under a bench while the old folks and young adults socialized the night away.

Literarys, pie and basket socials were held in school houses. Literarys were community sponsored events to advance literature and art consisting of plays, readings, spelling bees, music and singing for and by all ages to display their talents.

Pie and basket/box socials (separate events) occurred on a late Saturday evening at 8 or so. Each lady brought a pie or basket/box lunch to be auctioned off to the highest gentleman bidder who had the honor of sharing it with the lady whose name was on the pie or in the box. There was lots of rivalry, exuberance, and even disappointment when the bidder got the wrong box!

My wife Erma tells of a joke some of the teenagers pulled. They fixed up a real fancy box that looked like one a young adult was likely to buy. It was filled with onions and bacon rinds! The contents were tossed back and forth by the crowd to the enjoyment of all!

Names were unknown until after the auction and the boxes were opened. Boxes were marked for adults, teens or children as these like literarys were family fun/fund functions for school benefits.

In those days, families were large and so were the houses. Young adults would gather in homes, shove the furniture in the corner, roll up the rugs and dance the night away to music by a fiddle, a banjo and a piano (if there was one).

Other home entertainment was by battery-powered radios. My first introduction to radio was in the 1920s. It was a black table model with three dials on the front and a portable horn speaker on top. Dad, Mom and I would get in the buggy and go the three miles to Grandma's house to listen to old-time fiddlers.

Well, it's time to put another chunk of wood in the heater and take my Sunday afternoon nap. So long for now.

(Charles A. Bower is a long-time resident of Kendrick, Idaho.)



This is Wartime Moscow. . .

War Brings Changes to U of I



came to Moscow to be head of the Catalog Department in the University of Idaho Library, arriving in 1943, midway in the course of World War II. I already had experienced the anxieties and inconveniences of the war in Detroit. We had the same rationing of food, clothing, and fuel both for transportation and heating. Added to that were the regular air raid warnings, the sirens filling the air with shrill vibrating sound. Detroit, we felt, with its munitions and air-craft factories, was a sitting duck for a raid from Japan right across the reaches of northwestern Canada. Moscow seemed like a haven of peace to me, but it too had its trials and dangers.

The campus, of course, was a far cry from what it has since become, both in its physical aspects and in the size and composition of the student body. Stationed at the University then were two or more training units, those I remember being the engineering and language units.

Also on the campus was the navy radio school. Before I arrived they had taken over the second floor of the library—the periodical reading room—and had partitioned it into two classrooms and a library. Since the student body was by that time reduced to fewer than a thousand students, it was a manageable situation. But the service library had to be manned and the staff of the University Library, by then reduced to three and one-half librarians plus a few student

assistants, was required to take over that work in addition to their regular hours.

Before I arrived, fortunately, other arrangements had been made and the overtime no longer was necessary. I had nothing really to do with military personnel, since I was busy catching up with work in the catalog department, unmanned for several months. But I do remember two instances that brought me into contact with them.

One morning I arrived at the Ad Building at the same time as the contingent from the military. As I climbed the steps I stumbled and from the men back of me came a sharp "Oh!" Never before nor since has so much attention been paid to my movements.

Later in the year I attended a concert by the University Orchestra, the highlight of which was an oboe concerto, by whom I do not remember. As the heavenly strains filled the air, I was amazed that such talent would be found in a small university orchestra. I learned later that the soloist, then in service, was a principal oboist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Members of these military units lived in the dormitories and the regular students in the sorority and fraternity houses. With the greatly reduced student body, the Greeks were no longer active. The Student Union was small, but in it was the Blue Bucket Inn, one of the best eating places in town, where a dinner cost 40 cents, 50 cents with a piece of fabulous pie.

By **NANCY I. ATKINSON**



U. S. Navy Radio School at the University of Idaho, Class of 1944

Of course we all suffered through rationing. Living by myself and thus cooking meals for one, I found the rationing of meat to be the most difficult to deal with. Being able to prepare food in larger quantities made the ingredients go farther. (But before you reproach me for not cooking ahead and freezing separate portions for future use, the freezing compartment in my refrigerator of the period was the size of two ice cube trays.)

On the whole, though, I got along pretty well. We used to give our monthly supply of meat stamps to the butcher and he would deduct what was necessary as we bought each item. I know that the Sanitary Meat Market gave me more meat than I had stamps. Ranchers in the vicinity who raised their own meat would bring in stamps for the benefit of those needing them.

I am not sure whether butter was rationed or not, but I know I ceased even asking for it because there seldom was any available. But once in a while a quarter of

a pound would appear in my order. Rollefson's Grocery, where I traded, would reserve their supply for their regular customers and give it out to them in rotation. There were always those, of course, who would go from store to store asking for butter, Kleenex and cigarettes, all scarce items. My father and I would split our ration of butter. I would hoard mine, doling it out each morning on my breakfast toast. He, however, would have nothing to do with my meagerly buttered toast and would put a generous amount on his slice of toast until his portion was gone and then do without. Two divergent philosophies.

There was often a trading of stamps. Also outright gifts of canned goods stamps from those who put up their own to those who could not. I stuck one such bargain which backfired. I exchanged my canning sugar stamps for canned-goods stamps on a Friday, planning to cash them in the following week. My friend, in prudent fashion, cashed hers in immediately. I on

the other hand, delayed. On Sunday came the Government announcement that all unused canned-goods ration stamps were void as of that date.

There was no public transportation in Moscow in those days. People car-pooled and walked, but they also had access to the two taxi companies which ran until late at night and would take you anywhere in town for a quarter. Two of the University librarians took turns driving and would always give the rest of us a ride down town at the end of the day. After the war a bus system started up and with the influx of students, many of whom lived in town, it was a prosperous venture.

But with the return of normal times, its prosperity vanished. Gas again was plentiful, cars were again being made, and people drove themselves. The only time the bus made money was when the weather was so bad nobody wanted to drive. The City of Moscow would not subsidize the bus line despite the many petitions signed by townspeople, so it ceased running.

During the war fighter planes were stationed at Geiger Field in Spokane. Groups of them would fly over Moscow and some would buzz the Ad Building. My office in the library was on the first floor just south of the front entrance. One day, hearing the sound of a plane, I looked up to see the tilted wings of a plane fly by the window. That event seemed too close for comfort, and, indeed, the University did

protest and, I believe, the pilot was disciplined. Before I came to Moscow, one of those pilots became too daring and was killed when his plane crashed in a vacant lot on Third Street.

Toward the end of the war veterans began to come back to the University. Many had been wounded and discharged from the service. I remember, one day, hearing muffled cries and sobs coming from one of the upper floors. We found out later that a student veteran had been pushed beyond control by the sounds of the planes flying past and around the Ad Building. I do not remember any other such incidents though I am sure there were some.

When students flocked back after the war, they were a group of serious minded, older men and women who took full advantage of all the University could give them. Many of them too must have had to deal with their wartime nightmares as did those who returned earlier.

I loved Moscow in those days despite the wartime worries. There was a strong spirit of community in the town and on the campus. We used to contrast the Idaho spirit with that of WSU, which, we considered, did not in any way measure up--in the faculty and library staff. I think we felt rather superior, except, of course, in such things as salaries and University budgets.

It all happened so very long ago, but memories of that time are vivid still.

The campus was so thronged with Army and Navy personnel that President Dale felt it necessary midway in the war period to issue the following statement:

"The University of Idaho remains a civilian institution! Apparently this fact needs endless repetition. . .

"Let me offer two suggestions to the civilian students. . . The first is that they preserve all our Idaho traditions and customs to the very fullest extent possible. Students now in the University, though fewer in number than during peace times, are just as much entitled to receive the same attention and to share the same experiences as those who were here before the war. . .

"My second suggestion is that within the limitations of Army and Navy regulations we share the campus life with men in uniform. Let us instill in them all that we can of the Idaho spirit, and help them to join loyalty to our University with loyalty to their country." —Rafe Gibbs, Beacon for Mountain and Plain

The Mystery of Moscow's Postmistress

Did Moscow ever have a woman postmaster (or postmistress)?

The answer is "yes." Her name was Sarah F. Edwards and postal records of Nez Perce County show that she was appointed December 6, 1876, and served until she was replaced by Almon A. Lieuallen on November 20, 1877.

Except for that one fact, the rest remains rather hazy and confused.

In the 27th Biennial report of the Idaho Secretary of State, the following notation is supplied:

Edwards, S. B. (D)—H '76-7, Nez Perce; defeated for J. P., Paradise Valley pct., b. Ohio; raised in Indiana; farmer, postmaster, Paradise Valley (Moscow).

This is the same date that postal records list Sarah F. Edwards as the appointed postmaster.

Then on September 19, 1874, *The Northern*, a newspaper published in Lewiston, reported in its "Local Interest" column:

PERSONAL—Postmaster S. B. Edwards of Paradise Valley, gave a friendly call on Wednesday. He reported the farmers in that vicinity very busy threshing their grains.

Reference Series No. 35 of the Idaho Historical Society provides this information:

"By 1872, enough settlers had commenced farming north of Genesee in Paradise Valley that Alonzo Leland of Lewiston came through that area in an effort to get a postal route extended there from Lewiston. John Hailey, who had been elected

Idaho's delegate to Congress in 1872 responded by filing an application for a post office at Paradise on March 5, 1875, only a day after his congressional term commenced. That office was established two weeks later on March 19.

"Finally Sarah F. Edwards received an appointment as postmaster for Paradise, August 28, 1874. Later that year, Samuel Miles Neff commenced a small grocery store a mile away from Paradise post office, and then Asbury A. Lieuallen (who had come to settle in Paradise Valley in 1871) enlarged it into a general store a few months later. At that stage, Lieuallen acquired Neff's farm (west of Main Street in a townsite he developed as Moscow), and moved that valley's post office a mile from Paradise to Moscow, December 26, 1876. Finally Lieuallen became postmaster for Moscow, November 20, 1877."

This confirms the appointment of Sarah F. Edwards but the dates are confusing. Hailey was elected in 1872 but didn't make the application for a post office until 1875 ("only a day after his congressional term commenced") and the office was established on March 19, 1875. Then Sarah B. Edwards was appointed postmaster for Paradise August 28, 1874. Can you figure it out?

And who was Postmaster S. B. Edwards whom *The Northerner* clearly designates as a "he"? Could it be that he retained the title while she did the work?

Further confusion arises from an article that appeared in X-TRA, self-designated as "Moscow's Fastest Growing Newspaper" on July 4, 1941. It reported on a speech

by C. T. Stranahan, an 1877 pioneer at the Pioneer's Picnic in East City Park. Here is an excerpt of what he said:

"The fall and early winter of 1876 was very disagreeable and many times the horseback mail carrier in making his weekly trips from Colfax was late. Patrons of the office would come for their mail and sit around Mrs. Neff's kitchen stove, muddying up her floors until she became disgusted.

"About this time Asbury A. Lieuallen proposed to start a town on his homestead, which was on the west side of Moscow's present Main Street.

"John Russell and Henry McGregor, who owned homes on the east side of the present Main Street, objected to having the present post office moved unless the new town was shared in by them. The matter was adjusted and the post office was moved from about two miles east of its present site. Mr. Lieuallen proposed to Mrs. Neff that he take the office off her hands and be her deputy until other arrangements were made. She agreed and it was said Lieuallen paid her for all stamps and post office supplies and moved the office without the knowledge of the post office department. I could never find any proof of that statement."

Now introducing Mrs. Neff, supposedly the wife of Samuel Miles Neff who started the first grocery store at Paradise.

This is especially puzzling since an

article on Moscow published in the Spokane Spokesman-Review on September 30, 1951, states:

"All the while Neff was in Moscow he remained a bachelor. He was about 40 when he sold his store and invested in sheep, which he herded over the Palouse hills.

"About this time he married Miss Mary McAboy of Spokane. She lived but a year.

"A year or so after that he met Josephine Terhune at a Methodist revival in Colfax. She was from Oregon and was there visiting relatives."

What happened to Sarah?



et's go back to the records of Nez Perce County, Idaho Territory. Sarah F. Edwards was appointed postmaster December 26, 1876. It so happens that at that time S. B. Edwards was serving in the territorial legislature. Could it be that he turned the office over to his wife Sarah and she was the one who got fed up with those loafers with muddy feet who sat around her kitchen stove waiting for the mail? So she gladly turned the office over to Asbury Almon Lieuallen.

Such are the problems of the historian. But Moscow did have a woman postmaster (or postmistress) and she served for almost 11 months.(BC)

According to the official records of the Assistant Postmaster General of the United States, a postoffice was established at Paradise Valley (later changed to Moscow) in March, 1873. It was listed as a "settlement" with a population of 200.

Touring in the Twenties

Remember prying a tire off the rim, pulling out the tube, finding the hole, selecting a patch, scratching the tube surface, wrestling the cap off the glue, sticking the patch on, pumping the tube up to see it leaked, stuffing it back in the tire, and remounting the tire? Usually in the hot sun and dust, or mud and rain?

Well, that's what touring was like in the Twenties, often several times a day, especially near a town where a garage had spread nails on the road to increase business. During those years my family was on the road every summer, and I remember!

Dad taught at Lake Forest College outside Chicago and we got a big old house with a third floor sleeping porch rent free during the school year in lieu of some salary but had to pay if we stayed in the summer. Since he liked to camp, was a history buff and it saved money, he crammed my mother, brother George, our white collie Chief, camping gear and me into a big boxy Studebaker and condemned to months of touring every year.

We made it to the West Coast twice, Plymouth Rock, and most of the monuments and national parks in between at 40 miles an hour or less. The car was heavy and people and equipment must have added a ton, laboring over rudimentary roads and chugging up hills where we had to back up to make the corners.

No motels then—we occasionally took refuge in a tourist court in really bad weather, but these groups of tiny houses were few and far between, especially in the West. Campgrounds were often just a farmer's field, and George and I were overjoyed when we set up in a school

yard—usually there were at least swings to play in.

Packing everything we needed must have been a chore, but, we weren't exactly like the folks in *Grapes of Wrath*. Dad built a tall box on one fender so Chief could ride safely, nose to the wind. Looking at the old pictures, we must have gone without Chief sometimes, and left a lot of the stuff in the thick, oily canvas tents while we explored an area.



The folk's tent was floorless and fastened to the car on one side, just big enough for their collapsible, flat-spring double bed. George and I slept in bedrolls on the floor of the second tent. The bed-



On the Road

rolls were a bulky pain, but sleeping out in the Rockies could be cold and require a lot of scratchy old Army (green) and Navy (white) wool blankets and heavy quilts.

These were rolled up and separated George and me in the back seat, leading to a lot of "Mother, he's pushing them over on my side!"

When we got too obstreperous mother would decide who was most at fault and make the guilty party ride at her feet where heat from the engine cooked out any inclination for mischief in a hurry.

I usually wore my brother's last year's

By Jean Cummings Rudolph

khaki shirt and shorts and we went bare-foot. Mother said I seemed to stub my toe the first day and she spent the rest of the summer trying to keep me loosing it from infection. Dad always cut our hair soup-bowl style, leaving us scratching the clippings that got down our shirts no matter how tight the dish towel was wrapped around us.

When we were near a city for awhile mother would find a laundry, often run by Chinese, to wash our clothes. We must have bathed under farm pumps, I don't remember any campgrounds with showers. We camped near Washington, D.C., once and after George and I had gone to bed, mother took the dirty clothes to a laundry. In the morning we found she had taken

A L L o u r
clothes, so we
went down-
town in our
underwear
a n d
scrunched
down in the
seat while
she ran in
and bought
us new out-
fits. This no
doubt ac-
counts for the

relatively stylish outfits we are wearing in photos taken in Washington, D.C.

How did mother manage—all the cooking, washing dishes, keeping track of two kids and a dog? For me, it dropped travel by car to the bottom of my list where it remains all these years later, and I didn't have that many chores.

But I certainly learned a lot of social and natural history at Independence Hall, the Washington monument, Lincoln's monument, Gettysburg, the Continental Divide, the redwoods, Yellowstone, Glacier Park, and whatever else Dad thought was interesting.

He entertained us with an endless

repertoire of silly songs, and since we didn't have to do the heavy work, George and I even welcomed flat tires as an escape from our rolling confinement. When we weren't asking for a drink from the big squat Thermos jug or pleading for a bathroom stop, we would each choose a brand of car we passed to see who could amass the biggest total by the end of the day. Except near cities traffic was scarce, so it wasn't that easy.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

We played Alphabet by searching for letters in order on few-and-far-between roadside signs. Coming across a Burma Shave series was a real bonanza. The first to spot a white horse got a point by "stamping" it—licking your thumb and pressing it on the other palm.

On our first trip to San Francisco, we discovered that not all of California is warm in summer; we had to buy sweaters all around. And they proved useful the black midnight dad routed us out so we could be at the top of Pike's Peak when the sun rose. He loved the West and jumped at the chance to move to the University of Idaho in 1929. Thereafter our longest trips took us to Nebraska to see his folks or to Iowa to see Mother's.

When we came to Moscow to stay, we ran into the perpetual housing shortage, and we lived in our tents down where Ghormley pool is now for several weeks before the folks found an old house on Howard Street.

I don't remember any learning *per se*, but we must have absorbed a lot by osmosis. It certainly made the "what I did last summer" essay a cinch.

I can still hear the howl of my first coyote on an inky Wyoming night, the hissing of the Studebaker's overheated radiator and the engine grinding up narrow switchback roads, jouncing in the ruts—the sounds of touring in the Twenties.



Camping Out

Lentils in the Palouse

"Lentils have been an Old World classic for thousands of years. Now they are becoming the stars on all types of New World Menus. From trendy restaurants to school lunch programs, from elegant at-home brunches to easy family suppers, lentils are turning up in soups, stuffings, salads, sandwiches and more.

"Why? Because they are *versatile, easy to prepare, quick to cook, inexpensive, satisfying and very, very nutritious.*"

So reads the brochure published by the USA Dry Pea & Lentil Council in Moscow, Idaho.

The major production of lentils in the United States comes from an egg-shaped area encompassing parts of eastern Washington and north Idaho called the Palouse. The lentils grown here are considered to be the best in the world. Moscow, Idaho, and Pullman, Washington, are in the center of this area. That is why the building that houses the USA Dry Pea & Lentil Council sits on the state line between Washington and Idaho with parts of it in both states.

"A very special combination of climate and terrain is necessary to produce large quantities of top quality, dry peas and lentils. In the U.S. that special combination is found in the Pacific Northwest states of Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana. Warm dry days, cool nights, and rich soils, common to growing areas in these states, are the perfect natural resources for producing high quality, high yielding peas and lentils," according to the council.

The paper that appears below was written by Homer Futter, a retired Latah County Extension Agent, in 1949 for a class he was taking at the University of Idaho. His original approach was to examine the production of lentils as a factor in livestock feed as well as human consumption. His predictions are rather modest compared to what the production of lentils has become on the Palouse. Figures given by the USA Dry Pea & Lentil Council show that 132,027 acres in the Palouse produced 153,096,575 pounds of lentils. Most of the production was exported to foreign countries.

We feel this paper has some significance historically, especially for Latah County which is in the center of the lentil producing area.(BC)

By HOMER FUTTER

To many people living in the northern and eastern section of the Palouse Country the word lentil has become common to their language. To have an industry come into an area without some recordings of its trials and tribulations seems improper. My efforts in this paper shall be to record at least some of the history of lentils in the Palouse Country.

Methods of Research

It was the writer's privilege to have lived in the neighborhood of the people that first introduced lentils in the Palouse Country and to have either grown, or seen grown, this crop for over 25 years. The man that first grew lentils in this country was interviewed along with many of the farmers that later successfully grew lentils. Interviews with processors, buyers and warehousemen were held which along

with the writer's personal experience gives this paper authenticity. A perusal of agricultural data, such as crop reports, market statistics and land use material, failed to turn up much information of value for reasons explainable later.

Description of Lentils

"*'Lentils-Lens esculenter' family 'leguminose' is a small annual of the vetch tribe 6 to 18 inches in height, having many long ascending branches. The leaves are alternate—six pair of oblong linear, obtuse, mucronate; pods are 1/2 inch long, broadly oblong, slightly inflated and contain one or two seeds in the shape of double convex lens and are about 1/6 inch in diameter. There are several varieties of lentils differing slightly in color of leaves and flowers, also with different seed size and shape with many degrees of hairiness.*"¹



The Pea & Lentil Industry Office sits right on the Washington-Idaho border.

History of Lentils

"The native country of lentils is not known but probably was one of the first plants that man brought under cultivation. Lentils are found in the Lake dwelling of St. Peter's Island, Lake of Bienné which same are of the Bronze Age. The red pottage of lentils for which Esau sold his birthright was apparently made from red Egyptian lentils." (Gen. XXV:34)

They have been mentioned as the one food responsible for the strength and endurance of the gladiators of Rome. Lentils are especially the food of the poor people in all countries where they are grown, and the herbage is highly esteemed as green food for suckling ewes and all kinds of cattle. They are generally accepted as a food that will increase milk flow. Lentils are cultivated in India, Persia, Syria, Egypt, Nubia, North Africa, Europe, South America and the United States.²

Adventists and Lentils

The Seventh Day Adventist religion has in the past employed a practice of refraining from utilizing as human food the products of animals. This practice was em-

ployed to the extent that not only meat was forbidden but also the consumption of milk was frowned upon. It was very difficult for the people to find substitutes for meat, and the restriction of milk was soon found to be detrimental to health. Gradually the restrictions allowed milk consumption, and the people found a fairly satisfactory substitute for meat in lentils. The trend now is that it is not a test of fellowship to refrain from consuming meat, but with the people of this religion lentils still seem to be a staple in their diet, and they continue to be very important consumers.³

Lentils Come to the Palouse

Some question appears as to the actual date and as to the first person to raise lentils in the Palouse Country, but the majority of opinion and the balance of information points toward the person of J. J. Wagner of Farmington, Washington. Sam Griffeth and E. E. Reed, both of Farmington, have many supporters for the honor of being first to raise lentils, but as they are across-the-fence neighbors of J. J. Wagner, they undoubtedly were among the first to produce lentils as there was coop-

eration in their production the first few years. It seems that the separate small acreages were seeded in the same field to perhaps facilitate weeding and harvest.⁴

J. J. Wagner was advised by a German minister of the Seventh Day Adventist religion that perhaps lentils could be produced in this section and would help to replace meat in their diet. The year 1920 saw Mr. Wagner seeding lentil seed that he had obtained from Colorado. The harvest of the few rows of lentils showed enough promise that Mr. Wagner increased his acreage and began a program of seed selection with an increase in size and hardness as the goal.⁵

History of Lentils in the Palouse

After a few years of experimenting with lentils in the garden and in small acreages in the field, J. J. Wagner, E. E. Reed and Sam Griffith started including at least a few acres of lentils in their crops every year. They developed their own market directly to the consumer in most cases, although some were sold to a food broker at Portland, Oregon. The market that these men had was primarily with individuals and institutions of people of the Seventh Day Adventist religion and were for small lots of clean, ready-to-eat lentils.

The production of lentils at that time entailed much hand labor as the cleaning machinery was such as to be able to remove only the trash and small weed seeds from the lentils but not any wheat, oats (both tame and wild) or barley seeds that might inadvertently get into the lentils. The only solution to this problem then was the conscientious roguing of the oats, wheat and barley from the crop. As these grain tend to volunteer badly it was no small job to go out with knives and cut out the grains not wanted. For this job many teenage boys and girls were used. This fact alone kept the production of lentils in the hands of but a few men. The lentil harvest was usually one fraught with troubles. Getting a threshing machine to stop and change over for lentils was some times hard to do, as only a small acreage was involved, and the threshing machine owners didn't always have either the know-how or equipment to successfully

handle lentils. For these reasons the crop was mowed, shocked and stacked which resulted in enormous losses from shattering. The availability of seed to new growers was limited. Those farmers growing lentils were reluctant about selling seed, as the market was so limited that only so many pounds could be sold profitably.

It had to come to the attention of Charles Blickinderfor, the manager of the Farmers Union Warehouse Company at Farmington, that some cleaning machinery needed to be developed. His interest in the crop led him to have installed some special cleaning machinery that would separate the lentils from the oats, wheat and barley. The equipment was used in 1934 to process about 2,000 100-pound bags of lentils for those growers that before had cleaned the lentils at home by laborious methods.⁶

Palouse Lentils After 1935

Up to the year 1935 the only lentils raised in the Palouse Country were those that the few growers could find a direct market for. A little interest had been developed by a few food jobbers at Spokane, Portland and San Francisco, but the majority of lentils were sold direct to either the consumer or to stores and institutions. The yields were satisfactory and some of the pea and bean processors were showing interest in their development, but the growers were afraid to encourage others to seed them for fear of flooding the market.

One processing company tried to purchase a lentil crop in 1935 from a grower, but the grower wouldn't sell to them; the processor undaunted made another attempt to buy through a food jobber located at Spokane, and the grower not suspecting the fact sold his crop to the jobber thinking they would be processed and shipped out. This, of course, let the bars down as the next spring lentil contracts were made to numerous farmers in this vicinity. The problem of marketing the lentils before had been in the fact that the small lots shipped out made the freight rates nearly prohibitive, and there had been no active advertising campaign to promote their sales and develop new mar-

kets.

The processing company, of course, had a solution to that. They could incorporate lentils with peas, beans and pearl barley to make up a carload for shipment. Also, their advertising campaign could carry lentils at but little extra expense.

There came into the field many new growers now that produced lentils independent of seed contracts, and though the price came down to 4 to 7 cents a pound on the open market, they were a profitable crop to produce.

The majority of the lentil processing was performed at the Farmers Union Warehouse Company at Farmington until about 1940; then the other processing companies started using their own facilities to process and package lentils.

Changes in production methods became evident about 1938 with the use of combines to pick up the mowed lentils direct. This saving of shocking and stacking costs plus the fact they now didn't need roguing made for cheaper production methods with greater savings from less shattering.

Although lentils were a little known crop in this country, the imports for the year 1937 were 8,837,000 pounds with production in the United States about 500,000 pounds. By the year 1939 imports were up to 9,500,000 pounds with United States production at about 1,000,000 pounds, or about 10% of all the lentils we consumed were produced in the Palouse Country as there were no other areas reporting any lentil production.

The production in the Palouse Country has varied, but the average for the period from 1938 to 1948 is estimated at between 1,000,000 pounds to 2,500,000 pounds.

The year 1942 saw effort being spent in trying to obtain price support on lentils in order to compete with price support crops like peas and beans, but no results were obtained because the area producing lentils was so small and production was of little importance nationally.

Use of Lentils as Stock Feed

From the first lentil straw was noted to be relished by horses and cattle. Their use as roughage increased with their production, and they came in high esteem as a

replacement for hay. It wasn't the practice at first to feed lentil straw alone, but always in addition to alfalfa or clover hay. The screenings obtained from the grain was mostly weed seeds, cracked lentils and other grains and was considered a very good feed by nearly all the feeders using it. Chickens especially relished lentil screenings, and many farm flocks were fed lentil screenings in place of egg mash. Good results were obtained from feeding lentil screenings, oats and wheat with skim milk. Cattle and horses relished lentil screenings if mixed with a little oats or barley. Hogs used lentils with varying success. Some swine feeders couldn't get hogs to eat lentils except if mixed in small amounts with other grains, but my experience showed that lentils mixed one half with other grains were readily consumed with good results.

Results from Feeding Lentils

"Two farmers purchased a herd of registered Brown Swiss cattle and had a high incidence of retained afterbirth and difficult parturition. These cattle were fed on lentil straw and lentil screenings with but little other hay or grain, and it was suggested that the trouble experienced could have been prevented by additional or different feeds."⁷

For a few years farmers considered lentil straw equal to alfalfa hay, but with the advent of the combine making the straw difficult to save, the straw use fell into decline until now but little of it is used. The screenings, if of good quality, are equal to pea screenings in value as a feed, but the use of them alone is not to be recommended from experience gained by the feeders. It has been noted that wild birds such as ducks, geese, pheasants, partridge and pigeons relish lentils and seem to come quite a distance to feed on lentils left as aftermath in fields. Ground squirrels do not bother lentils as bad as other crops and seldom do enough damage to mention.

COMPOSITION OF LENTIL SEEDS

Crude Protein	25.5%
Fat	.5%

Fiber	3.7%
Ash	2.7%
Dig. Carbo.	59.25%
One pound = 1564 calories	
Report made by Drumheller Analytical Lab., Spokane, WA in 1938	
Protein	24.7%
Fat	1.0%
Carb.	59.9%
Calories per 100 gram = 347	

Percentages of minerals in lentils	
Calcium	.098%
Magnesium	.086%
Potassium	.835%
Sodium	.057%
Phosphorus	.368%
Chlorine	.060%
Sulfur	.277%
Iron	.0083%

Vitamins	
Thiamine	300-600 mcg
Riboflavin	190 mcg

As found in "Chemistry of Food and Nutrition" by Sherman, pages 621-636.

No data was found on the straw composition, but a report from an unidentified laboratory was said to show a protein value similar to good quality alfalfa hay.

Summary

We can conclude that lentils in the Palouse Country are a crop of importance. Their production can continue on the limited scale now in operation and be profitable to the producer. Their use as livestock feed can be advised, both the straw as roughage and the lentil screenings.

They should not be used exclusively in a diet, but incorporated with other hays and grains.

It would seem from their mineral composition that they are a good source of minerals plus the vitamins thiamine and riboflavin.

Since the area that seems adaptable to lentils is so small (about a 5-mile radius from Farmington) an over-production problem should not prove important.

Their popularity as food for humans and livestock should increase.

Their average yield per acre (400 to 1,200 pounds) at from 4 to 12 cents per pound, plus the fact they are not expensive to produce, should make for a lentil pro-

duction at least equal to the past ten years.

Farmers feeding livestock that have the opportunity to buy lentil straw or screenings can well afford to utilize them as they are good livestock feed.

References

1. Encyclopedia Britannica, Volume 14
2. Encyclopedia Britannica, Volume 14
3. Paul Wagner, RFD 1, Farmington, Washington
4. Charles Blickinderfor, Farmington, Washington
5. J. J. Wagner, RFD 1, Farmington, Washington
6. Charles Blickinderfor, Farmington, Washington
7. R. J. Wride, Farmington, Washington

On the back cover is an original letter written in 1942 expressing the farmer's viewpoint of lentils as a crop in the Palouse Country.

Lentils fit in the picture of diversified farming very well being a spring annual legume that requires special attention to soil preparation and a timing of operations that has been nearly perfected by experiments conducted over a period of 23 years in the locality by the farmers themselves. They have become adapted to this region and can be grown on a large scale successfully as they are as yet not troubled by any insect or plant disease damage. We are fortunate to find a highly nutritive food plant that thrives on our dry land soil and that can be so readily made available for consumption with no other processing than a thorough cleaning and packaging.

Lentils in a farmer's operations have many advantages, i.e., they may be seeded earlier in the spring than most crops. Their harvest seems to be before the general heavy part of the wheat harvest--they require but little special machinery. They are a legume and put nitrogen into the soil and the method of harvest and nature of their growth leaves the ground in a clean and fertile condition for the producing of a non-legume crop. The one other advantage that seems of utmost importance to everyone is their better ability to control erosion more so than similar crops as peas and beans. This is a very important thing to a farmer as his value is measured in top soil. The feed value of the screenings is high and very good for cattle, hogs and

chickens. The straw is one of the lentil grower's chief sources of hay, being comparable to No. 1 alfalfa.

The palatability and nutritive values of lentils have been recognized through the ages and we are told that the Roman Gladiators kept their strength and stamina at a high point on this vegetable. The nutritive value is very high, being 25.6 percent protein, 1 percent fat, and 59 percent carbohydrates. One pound of lentils contain 1581 calories, 116.57 grams protein, 4.54 grams fat, and 268.52 grams carbohydrates (these figures from *Laboratory Handbook for Dietetics* by Mary Swartz). Their vitamin content is practically complete and coupled with their high food value they supply energy to the working people at low cost.

The lentils make a very good substitute for the meat dish. They can be prepared in various ways even disguised to resemble meat in taste and appearance, and the food values equal that of meat. They are a quick cooking dry food that can be used in such variety from soups, main dinner dish, to a tasty salad. Lentils cooked with other vegetables such as onions, tomatoes

and peppers add great zest to the dish.

People of low income would surely welcome knowledge on this food as it gives them food values and variety they otherwise could not afford. Those of moderate or better income enjoy lentil dishes as a tasty meal which offers variation in diet.

As farmers, we feel we have a product that is necessary to our people and moreso now in our period of war time crisis when food is playing such an important part in the winning of the war. We have an industry that is able to produce, ready to consume, nourishing food and our hopes are that we will be able to continue to increase to do our part in feeding the people better. Without some stabilizing or pegging of price commodities, i.e., peas and beans and therefore we could have to start producing them and that will mean some changes in equipment and a loss in our advancement of lentils.

(Homer Futter is former extension agent for Latah County living in Moscow and is retired from the University of Idaho Cooperative Extension Service.)



**USA DRY PEA
& LENTIL COUNCIL**

Down a Country Road

By Sandra Town Lytle

Just down our country road a ways
Is Grampa's piece of land;
And down the road another stretch,
An orchard, tall and grand.

Around another curve you'll see
A wheat field turning gold,
Which fairly takes your breath away,
Its beauty to behold.

And if you saunter 'round the bend,
You'll spy the swimming hole;
A faithful dog; a boy and girl,
With willow fishing pole.

It turns once more and there you'll see
A tractor gone to rust,
A barn of red, a sagging fence,
And brambles caked with dust.

I pray in heaven we will find
A touch of Moscow there,
With country roads to welcome us,
And red barns *everywhere*.

BOOK REVIEWS

By Kathleen Peck Probasco

Easy and Affordable Video Production for Genealogical and Historical Societies and Their Members by Dina C. Carson. Niwot, Colorado: Iron Gate Publishing, 1992. 8.5 x 12, 104 pp. \$19.95 (library edition \$60)

Easy and Affordable Video Production takes the visual historian from planning through editing, then adds sections on using collaborators in the video and having your video professionally made. As a novice camera person (my moving shots of the sidewalk are definitely forgettable), I was prepared to be less than interested as I reviewed this book for our society. However, Ms. Carson caught my eye early in the introduction when she said "Whether you are a complete novice or a skilled videographer, you can produce entertaining and enjoyable videos without much hassle."

The opening section on which format you should use (e.g., anthology, artifact, scrapbook, guided tour, video journal, instructional, educational, honorary, roving reporter, newsreel, comedy, or archival) certainly opened my eyes to new uses of videos. The rest of the book contains very helpful information on the actual production of a video from equipment to camera angles to special effects and sound. The section on hiring a professional to shoot your video contains many good tips about getting references, determining fees, and special services like storing a master copy. The glossary covers everything about video production from "aperture" to "zoom." The book's index seems detailed enough for a reference book after an initial

read-through.

My one quibble with the book is its design. I personally dislike books that contain a great deal of "white space" on each page. Some pages contain line drawings and some contain highlighted quotations from the text, but several have only a few paragraphs of text. This design puts each new topic on a separate page--I prefer using formatted headings and full pages of text.

While the design leaves me less than satisfied, the information provided in this book is excellent.

The Genealogy and Local History Researcher's Self-Publishing Guide: How to Organize, Write, Print and Sell Your Family or Local History Book by Dina C. Carson. 2nd edition. Niwot, Colorado: Iron Gate Publishing, 1992. 8.5 x 12, 204 pp. \$19.95 (library edition \$60).

Dina Carson has put together an excellent source book for genealogists and local history researchers who wish to publish their findings. She carries the reader through all aspects of publishing, from deciding what to publish to getting the book printed and marketed. Many of the items she emphasizes are excellent: indexes (a "must" as far as I'm concerned), including sources (even the location of the source if it is obscure), examples of types of records to publish.

I appreciated her information on marketing the finished product, because that is one place novice family historians often

need help. They do years of research, pay money up front to get a book published, then stockpile copies of it in their closets because they do not publicize it. This book will open a few eyes to the costs and necessity of marketing strategies.

The glossary gives explanations of printing terms in easily understood English and suggests "you may want to familiarize yourself with the terms before negotiating with any vendor." The index seems adequate, leading readers to entries such as International Standard Book Number, clip art, and serif fonts.

The author chose to include pages with a blank weekly calendar printed on them to encourage readers to develop a schedule for their project. Preceding each calendar were instructions such as "Take this week to write out several different titles and try them out on family or friends, then choose the one that best describes your book." While I appreciated the emphasis on scheduling, I found the calendar pages got in the way of my reading. I suggest the instructions could be highlighted on a page and the calendar pages eliminated, especially when multiple weeks were involved.

The format of the book is pleasing to the eye and the type style very readable.

Another problem is the lack of proof-reading, both in this book and as instructions for writers. I found several grammatical and typographical errors in this 2nd edition (page 91--"ore" should have read "more"; page 182, paragraph 4—"and that each books is to be sent to a different address"; and item 11 on page 101 has a repeated sentence that I do not believe was deliberate).

I agree wholeheartedly with the author's statement on page 1:

Collecting your material and getting a book ready for production is not as overwhelming as you might think, at first. All you need to do is to get organized and get going.

With this book, the production process should become more manageable. I recommend it for everyone who has had a family or local history publishing project in the back of their mind for a while. As the author says, "just read on and get started!!"

(Kathleen Probasco is considered one of the leading authorities in the Palouse on genealogical research.)

Notes from the Editor's Desk. . .

I recently had occasion to go back into the files of the back issues of the Latah Legacy. Volume 1, No. 1 was published under the Latah County Pioneer Museum Society in October, 1972. It was produced on the mimeograph machine which has now become a relic in itself. Modern computer technology has really changed things.

Kenneth Platt was the first editor listed and others over the years have included Jeannette Talbott, Bill Loftus, Keith Petersen, Ralph Jenks and Stan Shepard. I took over in the fall of 1988.

In 1990 the Legacy was changed from a quarterly to a semi-annual publication with the idea that each of the two issues would be expanded to include more material and more photographs. Our problem has been trying to get written material in publishable form.

Latah County has produced successful, influential and colorful people and their stories need to be told. So as I step down from the editorship I leave with a plea to those with stories to tell to write them so others can enjoy and know the county's history.

—Bert Cross

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being advised of changes of address.**

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 tradition 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
Individual	\$10-15	\$16-30	\$31-75	\$76-150	\$151-499	\$500 up
Family	\$15-25	\$26-50	\$51-100	\$101-250	\$251-499	\$500 up
Business	\$25-50	\$51-100	\$101-250	\$251-350	\$351-499	\$500 up

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

Privileges are identical for all classes; the highest dues represent a much needed donation to help the Society's work. Dues are tax deductible.

The Society's services include conducting oral histories, publishing local history monographs, maintaining local history/genealogy research archives and the county museum, as well as educational outreach. The society wishes to acquire objects, documents, books, photographs, diaries and other materials relating to the history of Latah County. These are added to the collections and made available to researchers while they are preserved for future generations.

The Society is housed in the Centennial Annex, 327 East Second St., Moscow, and is 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.

From the Home Front Scrapbook

The first of our three exhibits, *We Are at War*, opened in May. Designed as a scrapbook with pages of snapshots, personal stories, brochures and booklets from this era, the exhibit presents the emotions surrounding the events following the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

The second exhibit, *Life Goes On*, features a U.S.O. canteen scene, souvenirs sent home, and artifacts and photos from the Naval Radio Training school on campus. And, of course, ration stamps and books, and war bond stamps that were the backbone of the war effort at home.

Life Goes On opened in June, and the third exhibit, *Preparing for Peace*, will open in September. The exhibits will be at the Mansion until next summer.

Living on the Home Front

As part of the Home Front project, we sponsored presentations on life at home during the World War II era. The event was held June 29 at the Moscow Community Center.

Mary Reed described the effects of the war on domestic life and how advertising reflected shortages, supported the war effort, and whetted consumer appetites for post-war prosperity. Joann Jones discussed home decorating styles prior to the war and how wartime affected the home interior and exterior by replacing elaborate Victorian and Regency styles with simpler and functional ones, ending with the ranch style house. New ideas for automated kitchens came into vogue. The war also introduced the new Atomic age which in home decorating became molecular designs for clocks and other objects.

Leila Old, Director of the costume collection at the University of Idaho, described how the war brought about more comfortable clothing for factory workers and jitterbuggers, uniform sizes for ready-to-wear fashions, and made it acceptable for men to wear wrist watches (although they no longer had cuffs to deposit their cigarette ashes in). When slacks became acceptable, women didn't have to bother with uncomfortable rayon hose or messy leg make-up.

A reception and viewing of the two exhibits followed at the McConnell Mansion.

Miniatures and Race Cars on Exhibit

Two small exhibits will be at the McConnell Mansion during the summer. The first is a miniature Palouse farm scene and buildings of a miniature village by folk artist Fred Kottke. These pieces, now in the private collection of Vic and Bobbie Moore, are wonderful examples of the everyday materials and authentic details incorporated into folk art.

Also on exhibit will be two apple box derby cars. One was built by Ivan Talbott in 1953 when he was 13, and the second was built by Rod Glasby. Ivan's car won second place in the Moscow Derby and the state derby in Boise; his cousin, David Talbott, won first prize. Rod's car won third place. Both exhibits will be at the Mansion through the summer.

Grant Received for Horse Era Program

The Community Foundation of the Northwest Foundation in Spokane awarded us a \$600 grant for our program, *The Horse Era*. The money will be used for materials to compliment the slides and artifacts. The program, which was given through the Moscow-Latah County library system last summer, will be offered to fourth grades in Moscow and Latah County schools next fall and spring terms. The Appaloosa Museum is sponsoring a demonstration day of saddling, harnessing, and buggy rides as part of the program.

Historic Preservation News

The Director of the Idaho State Historical Society and the State's Historic Preservation Officer, John Hill, joined in our celebration of historic preservation week on May 13. In the afternoon he discussed Idaho's future programs and priorities in historic preservation, and answered questions and concerns about projects in Moscow and Latah County.

In the evening, Members of the Moscow and Latah County Historic Preservation Commissions presented six orchid awards: Gib Myers, Moscow

Community Development Specialist, for planning and obtaining grants to renovate the courtrooms on the second floor of the Community Center; Miriam Abraham, graduate student in architecture, for research and compilation of three resource books on renovation and restoration of historic structures; Peter and Willi Siems, owners of the Jerome Day Mansion, for restoration and hospitality in opening their home for community uses; Michael Houser, graduate student in architecture, for report on Cordelia Lutheran Church and restoration of maid's room in the Mansion; Jeanette Talbott, long-time LCHS member, for her innumerable donations to our collections and service on the publications and collections committees; and, the Washington State University Press, for their commitment to local history through these cooperative publishing efforts with us: *Grubstaking the Palouse*, *Company Town*, and the four Carol Brink books, *Buffalo Coat*, *Strangers in the Forest*, *Snow in the River*, and *Chain of Hands*.

This week was also the occasion of the 81st birthday party for the 1912 Moscow High School/Whitworth Building and the grand unveiling of the Latah County Historic Sites map. Produced by the Latah County Historic Preservation Commission, the map contains 50 sites throughout the county with a short description of each and a history of Latah County. The maps can be purchased at the McConnell Mansion museum store and the Latah County Courthouse for \$2.00 each.

Carol Brink Publication Day Nears!

The covers of the four Brink books have been completed and the books printed and waiting for final binding as we prepare for the official unveiling in early September. The covers are illustrated with photos from our collection, except for the cover of *Snow in the River* which has a contemporary winter photo taken near Elk River falls. The grand unveiling of the books has been tentatively set for Wednesday, September 8, beginning at 7 p.m., with a reception and presentations at the Moscow Library.

Around the Mansion

As Michael Houser continues working on the maid's bedroom, we are making plans for the

kitchen restoration. A wood-burning range with warming oven from the 1930s, a kitchen scales and lard bucket are waiting in the soon-to-be historic kitchen. A kitchen cupboard, the Hoosier type with the built in flour sifter, has been donated and will be arriving soon. We've also received a small oil stove for the maid's room. Watch for the grand opening!

The Mansion has enjoyed the visits of many school classes this spring, and the young visitors have enjoyed the maid who takes them back to the Adair period. She tells them about the coal furnace and radiators, shows them the old rug beater she's going to throw away and the new carpet sweeper. They learn about the parlor piano shipped by train from Chicago then hauled up the hill to the house by team and wagon.

Brand new at the **Museum Store** are notecards with an original pen and ink drawing by Alf Dunn. The scenes include the University of Idaho Administration Building, a combine harvesting wheat, a grain silo, and Appaloosa horses around a water tank in the farm yard. The notecards are printed on high quality paper and will be sold in packages of 8 for \$3.00.

The store is well-stocked and ready for summer visitors. We have just received a selection of reproductions of vintage marriage and birth certificates. These colorful certificates would be wonderful presents for a newly married couple of new parents.

We have just received a supply of large and small 1994 calendars in the Victorian mode, similar to the 1993 ones (which immediately sold out). You'll also find that we have added new titles to our local history books and have a good selection of hand-made scented soap, greeting cards, gift wrap, full-size and miniature paper doll and coloring books, and other gift ideas. We invite you to come by and browse while enjoying the 1930s ambience of the room.

A Good-Bye and a Thank You

After two years of dedicated work as a volunteer and researcher for our Home Front grant, Sue Fodor has moved on to become the Director of the Appaloosa Museum in Moscow. While we miss working with her at the Annex, we look forward

to working with her and the Appaloosa Museum on many cooperative projects. The first of these was a program at the Moscow Library June 23. The program, *You're History!* involved young people in putting themselves into a historical context by "curating" a favorite possession. Sue is also planning the demonstration day at the Appaloosa Museum which is part of our *Horse Era* program.

We all owe a special thank you to our retiring editor, Bert Cross, who has donated countless hours of writing, editing, and overseeing the final production of *Latah Legacy since 1988*. We'll sorely miss his expertise as well as the lively conversations we have enjoyed.

Summer Volunteers

In these hectic days, we appreciate the volunteer services of three University of Idaho students. Lisa Hamilton, majoring in communications, is taking a leading role in the Homes and Gardens tour as a summer intern project. Jim Carney, an intern from the History Department, and Josh Woods, a volunteer from the same department, are organizing records from the local celebration of the Idaho Centennial.

Centennial Annex News

A thorough inspection of the Annex by an architectural consultant, engineers and electricians has given us the information we need to make important decisions on major repairs. The high priority areas needing attention include a new roof, repairs to the rear wall, removal of the outside stair tower, painting exterior woodwork, new rain gutters, and installing a security system. A phased plan is being prepared for these repairs which are estimated to cost around \$20,000.

This summer we will install the **Commemorative Tiles and Plaque** at the Annex which give recognition to those who donated to the Centennial Annex project during the Challenge Grant period. The names of major donors will be inscribed in gold lettering on tiles around the library fireplace. Other donors will have a tile in the entryway or their names engraved on a plaque inside the Annex. Moscow artist Linda Canary is design-

ing the color and placement of the tiles.

We thank all of the donors to Centennial Annex for their patience in seeing this last phase of our Challenge Grant project accomplished.

On another note, the **Landscaping Committee** has been meeting weekly to prepare a master plan as well as plant and weed the existing beds. Enclosed is an information sheet from the committee asking for volunteers to assist on a variety of projects. They are also encouraging volunteers to help at the McConnell Mansion. Al and Vivian Hofmann have been working hard all spring, mostly by themselves, and they would greatly appreciate some helping hands.

Memorials

In memory of Luzelle Musch
Beverly Johnson
Margaret Olson

In memory of Lola Clyde
Agnes Kottke
Barbara Call

In memory of Margaret Walker
Agnes Kottke

Donations to the Collection

Agnes Kottke: souvenir satin pillow covers and bureau runner ca. 1942
Lillian and Robert Otness: household linens
James DeShazer: canvas golf club with 9 wood-shanked left handed clubs ca. 1930
Mary Mink: drafting tool; tobacco jar; shoe polish bottles; meat baster; Moscow advertising media
Ken Hungerford: "Gladstone Bag" suitcase ca. 1920
Marie Scroggy David by Clarice Sampson: glass compote dish
Audrey Barr: wooden spoons in original package ca. 1930
Carol Renfrew: evening gown ca. 1970
Barbara Kraus: kerosene lamp; wooden pull toy ca. 1927; dolls and doll clothing ca. 1900 and 1930; perfume bottles; sheet music; poetry campaign buttons

Cynthia Oslund Cox: Swedish loom made in Troy ca. 1905

Bill Stellmon: box of Bates staples with slogan encouraging recycling the metal for the World War II effort

Jeanette Talbott: women's clothing

Albert Stage: dolls and doll clothing ca. 1860, 1910, and 1938; child's pillowcase

Ole Johnson: kitchen scale with letters, "Moscow, Idaho"; lard can from Walla Walla, Washington I.O.O.F. Grand Lodge of Idaho and Rebecca

Lodge: ballot box with marbles; regalia; banners; 48 star flag; wooden gavel; jardinieres

A. C. and Hazel Wiese: Mutt and Jeff dolls ca. 1920; "Lotto" game ca. 1920; baby clothes ca. 1913; hair comb ca. 1920; beaded evening bags ca. 1920 and 1960; pepper grinder pre-1920; tea towel ca. 1950, Boy Scout badge

Malcolm and Carol Renfrew: oil heater ca. 1927; kitchen "Hoosier" cabinet ca. 1927

Norma Lewis: embroidered lingerie case, embroidered tie holder; "Easter Greeting" sewing kit

Marian Manis: mending tape dispenser ca. 1940; retractable steel measuring tape ca. 1920; pocket cigarette roller ca. 1940

Barbara Wenders: "pomegranate" applique quilt top ca. 1885

Ken and Marian Wise: W.S.C. sweater ca. 1930; record albums ca. 1940; children's records ca. 1950

Donations to the Library

Michael Houser: report, "Cordelia Lutheran Church," with photos and research materials on the church and Pastor Peter Carlson; report, "Moscow Depot: Spokane and Inland Empire Railroad Co."

Moscow Public Library: "Latah County Brands" by Latah County Cowbells; *The Idaho Story*, Vols. I and II; Edward Van Nuland, "Fred's Weekend Adventure"

Frank Ryset: Christmas greeting card from the Regiment of Midshipmen, 1919, sent to Mrs. Mark Howe, Moscow

Moscow-Pullman Daily News: negatives ca. 1980

James Carney: photo of Frederic C. Church by Mary Banks

Bill Murphy: 1929 Christmas Seal stamp

J. Robert Walker: *The Appaloosa*; clippings about the Appaloosa Horse Club; Agricultural Extension bulletins; *Idahonian* supplement, "University of Idaho Commemoration, 1964"

Alice Ingebritsen: programs of debates, musical selections, and readings ca. 1910; teacher's contract between Jennie Hill and Mt. Tomer School, 1921-22

Clarice Sampson: Florence Aller, "75 Years to Remember: Home Economics at the University of Idaho," 1976

Donna Bradberry: photos of the June 11, 1982 dedication ceremonies at the Moscow Community Center

Barbara Kraus: U.S. Senate Chamber pass signed "Wm Borah," 1938; Extension Homemakers 50th anniversary first day of issue stamp, 1964; World War II ration book

Sam Williams: clippings of Lewiston

Gerard Billington, Latah County Planners Office: Latah County map ca. 1910-20

Virginia Slade Heyerdahl: David/Campbell letters transcriptions and clippings

Cope Gale: photos of donor and Moscow friends at Fort Lewis after joining the service, 1940

Frank Werner: newsletter and flyer on his exhibit, "Out of Context" at Port Angeles Arts Center

Harold E. Maker: photos of Deary and Bovill railroad depots and Genesee and Deary grain elevators, 1983

June Critchfield: photo of Hank Skeels sawmill on American Ridge, 1884 from Wayne Randall's original photo

Latah County Historic Preservation Commission: photos of sites in the Historic Site Map, 1993

E. B. Newsome: photo of 1916 Moscow High football team

Norma Lewis: article on the University of Idaho ROTC band by Chuck McConnell

Miriam Abraham: Historic Resource Notebooks of Historic Preservation, Vol. I: Design Characteristics for Preserving Architectural Character, Vol. 2: Technology and Products, Vol. 3: Fort Russell Neighborhood Historic District.

Wendy McClure: case studies by students in her historic preservation class: Michael Houser, "Spokane and Inland Electric Railway Co"; Lee

Bennett and John Day, "Virgil Phillips Environmental Park Farmhouse"; Carey Carscallen, "Crowley House"

Bert Cross: photos of the Pea and Lentil Commission office and the Latah Care Center, 1993

Donations to the Education Collection

Carol Renfrew: crazy quilt; mason canning jar; food chopper ca. 1899

Barbara Kraus: "Ocean Waves" quilt top

Hayden, Ross & Co.: two check writing machines

Marian Wise: *American School Songs*, 1915

Mary Neyens: phonograph cylinders

Marilyn Johnson: photograph album with unidentified photographs

Melva Hoffman: sprinkling bottle with cork-lined cap; strainer; spring wire beater; meat fork; shoe stretchers

Other Donations

Jeanette Talbott: cotton fabric to cover upholstered artifacts in storage

Emily and Tony Codispoti: garment rack for textile storage room

Michael and Ross Christian: VCR player

Bert Cross: television set

Len Bielenberg: VCR recorder/player

Julia Rolland: compost for McConnell Mansion garden

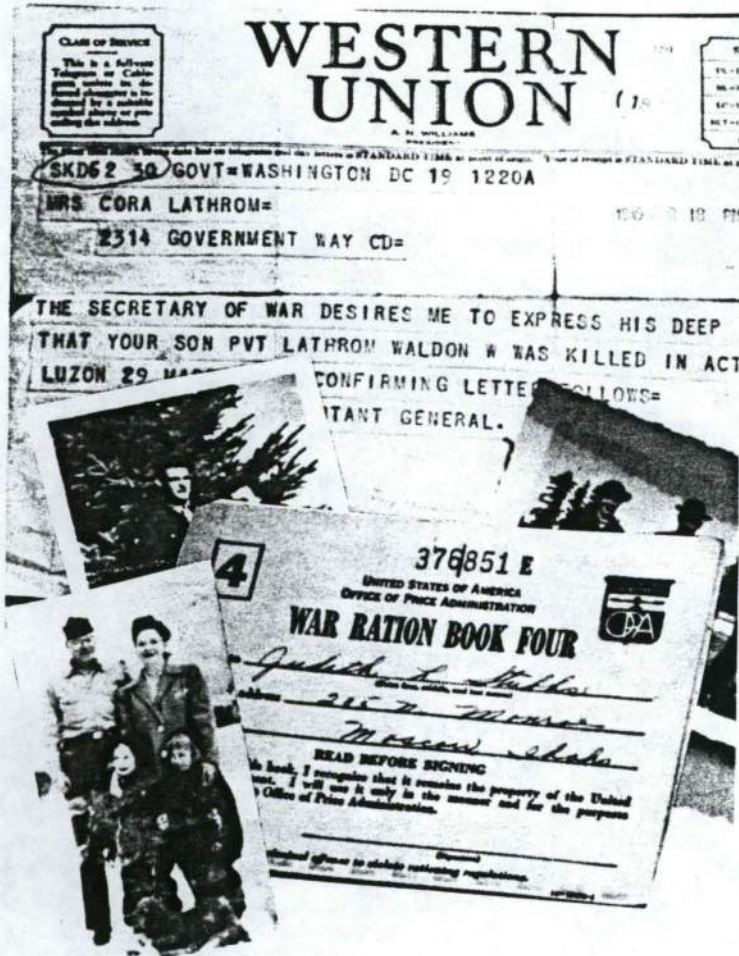
Marian Manis: silver coffee and tea service

New Members

Mildred Beckwith, Boise

Kathie Meyer, Pullman

Molly Pettit, Idaho Falls



Scenes from the Home Front poster



One of the four pen and ink drawings by Alf Dunn now on notecards at the Museum Store

CALLING ALL VOLUNTEERS

Many hands make light work and working together can be fun! The Landscaping Committee needs volunteers to help improve and maintain the grounds at Centennial Annex and McConnell Mansion. We would like to establish a list of Society members to be on call for working on special projects. We don't expect everyone to be available at all times but with a good list of people we could call on, as needed, it would work. We would also like a smaller group of volunteers to do maintenance, such as weeding, throughout the summer. Experience not required. Several individuals working a half hour every week could make a big difference. If you could help please fill out the questionnaire and mail it in or drop it off at the Annex. If you hate questionnaires, call the Annex at 882-1004, Tues.- Fri., 9:00 am - 5:00 pm.

The Landscaping Committee consists of Mary Jo Hamilton, Suvia Judd, Deborah Berman, Dick Naskali, Pam Peterson, Nancy Johansen, Dick Beck, Jim Mihan, a landscape architecture student who has been helping with design concepts, and Scott Windley, an architecture student who has been advising on the design of the front entrances for universal access. This year the committee has been concentrating on designing universal access and re-doing the landscaping on the east side of Centennial Annex. Most of the summer work will be handweeding, with some planting. In fall we may be doing some planting of trees, shrubs, and perennials, when we dig up the old perennial border on the SE corner of the Annex. We'd love to have some volunteers to help with these jobs. SO PLEASE ADD YOUR NAME TO THE LIST OF VOLUNTEERS.- The Landscaping Committee.

Please fill out, clip and return to Centennial Annex- 327 East Second St. Moscow, ID 83843. Or call 882-1004.

- A. Add me to the "on call" list for landscaping projects at Centennial Annex and McConnell Mansion. Yes _____ No _____
- B. I could also be a regular weekly or bi-weekly landscape maintenance work crew volunteer this season. Yes _____ No _____
- C. I would like to do the following (check those that apply):
Handweeding _____ Help lay a drystone wall _____
Planting _____ Other _____

Name _____ Phone: _____

Address: _____

