

LATAH LEGACY

The Semi-Annual Journal of the Latah County Historical Society

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Spring 1992



Troy, Idaho

Inside this issue:

Centennial Salutes To:

Juliaetta, Idaho

Troy, Idaho

Pleiades

The Lewiston Tribune

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 1968 as the Latah County Pioneer Historical Museum Society Association. In 1985 the Articles of Incorporation were amended to change the name to its present one.

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Photographs in the Pleiades article are used with permission of the University of Idaho Library Special Collections. All other photographs are from the files of the Latah County Historical Society.

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Manuscripts concerning any aspect of Latah County history are welcome. They may be submitted or mailed to the editor or assistant editor at the above address. All manuscripts submitted will be given consideration for publication.

Centennial Salute:

JULIAETTA, IDAHO

April 19
1892 -1992

INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this work is to present to interested persons, far and near, reliable and valuable information concerning Juliaetta and the surrounding country; to inspire our citizens with a desire to up-build and beautify our city, and to induce those of a distance to investigate the opportunities offered for additional industries; to make public our many natural resources and the climatic conditions of the great Potlatch country, of which Juliaetta is the geographical and commercial center.

In order that this work be properly accomplished, every effort has been made by the editor to make it complete and correct in every detail. The historical data has been obtained from the most authentic sources. The descriptive matter has been written with the view of clearly setting forth, without exaggeration, the true existing conditions. The reports of the yields of grain per acre, as herein given, are absolutely reliable, as is also that of the different varieties of fruits, berries and vegetables.

Throughout, the effort has been made to render the work neat, efficient and attractive and thoroughly practical in character; so that future generations as well as the present will look upon it with pride and consider it one of

their most precious treasures.

Marion T. Curry

Juliaetta, the Metropolis of the Potlatch

Unlike the great majority of western towns, Juliaetta did not spring into prominence with a magic growth, nor has she ever experienced a great speculative boom, which, in the majority of instances, retards rather than promotes the growth of a town. But on the other hand, its geographical location, together with the progressive spirit of the business men, has resulted in continual and normal growth up

to the present time. While we would not make any wonderful or exaggerated predictions for the future, it is conservative to state, judging the future by the past, that we are assured of continued growth, progress and prosperity.

Naturally, the Indians were first to realize and appreciate the natural wealth and resources of this section, and in the days of the early pioneer they were so numerous and in some cases hostile, that it made very early settlement most impossible. To obviate, in a measure, this difficulty, the Nezperce Indian Reservation was granted by the federal government in 1858, thereby making it possible after a number of years to confine the Indians to the reservation, and permitting the home-

The town of Juliaetta was incorporated on April 19, 1892. It is now moving in to its second century. The material here is from the archives of the Latah Historical Society and looks at the city from the perspective of Juliaetta in the year 1911. The following excerpts appeared in a supplement to the *Juliaetta Sun* entitled "Juliaetta, Latah County, Idaho" and which was edited and compiled by Everett Tiller.

According to the 1990 census, Juliaetta has a population of 488 with 210 households.

seeker to make permanent settlement without fear of being molested.

The silvery waters of the Potlatch, the abundance of timber, the beautiful and fertile prairie lands, and the enormous amount and great varieties of wild game and fish, all furnished alluring promises of peace and plenty to the homeseeker. These promises have now become realities, and the productiveness of this vast area of land so far exceeds that of many other states, we have come to realize that this is truly a land which flows with milk and honey.

In 1878 Rupert Schupfer, now of Spokane, Washington, homesteaded the land on which is now located the town of Juliaetta. At that time--thirty-three years ago--evidences of civilization were truly rare and the only means of transportation was by horseback over Indian trails. When we look back and see this country in its primitive state, it seems incredible and almost impossible that such wonderful developments could have been made in comparatively so short a period. At that time the Indians did not approve of the settlement of this particular section, and even Mr. Schupfer had difficulty in protecting his home. American, Potlatch and Fix Ridges were at this time being homesteaded, and the many advantages offered by this locality resulted in rapid developments. In 1881-82 Holbrook & Lavett built what is now known as the Juliaetta Flouring Mill. This industry proved an important factor in the development of the town and necessitated the building of wagon roads from all the surrounding country into Juliaetta, thereby making this the commercial center.

Moscow was the post office address for this entire section before the establishing of an office here. Mr. Charles Snyder, who came from California in 1876 and took up a claim on American Ridge, saw the necessity of a post office in this locality, and it was the result of his effort in particular that the office was estab-

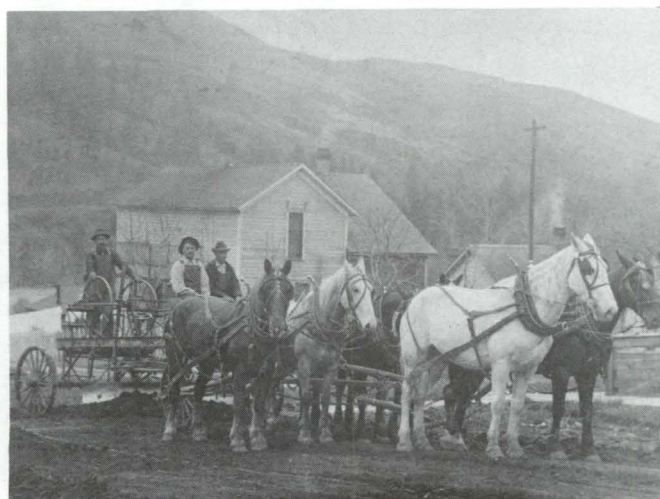
"In selecting a name, Mr. Snyder expressed his parental love for his children--naming the office in honor of his daughters--Misses Julia and Etta. . ."

lished in the year 1881. In selecting a name Mr. Snyder expressed his parental love for his children--naming the office in honor of his daughters--Misses Julia and Etta--who are now enjoying health and happiness. Miss Julia became the wife of A. H. Potter in 1896, and now resides in Portland, Oregon; while Miss Etta still remains unmarried and makes her home in Santa Barbara, California. When this postoffice was first established the mail was carried on horseback from Genesee, a distance of sixteen miles. There being no roads, it required two days to make the round trip and in cases of inclement weather three, and at times, four days were spent in making the trip; while now, with the improved roads, an auto will run from there to Genesee easily within an hour. Mr. Snyder also put in a stock of staple merchandise at the time the postoffice was established, this being the first store in Juliaetta.

In the year 1886 Lee & Stuart put in a large stock of general merchandise in the building now occupied by Alexander's store. Within a short while thereafter a \$20,000 stock of merchandise was put in by Durnham & Kaufmann in the property now occupied by Niles & Needham. In 1889 J. L. Hallett of Portland, Oregon, established a banking institution which was ultimately succeeded by the Bank of Juliaetta. By this time it became evident that this was the natural geographical location for a permanent town, and then began work of grading streets, building sidewalks, etc., and this settlement began to assume the appearance of a village. To properly care for the grain which was being raised on the table lands surrounding us, and to secure quick and easy means of transportation, the Juliaetta Tramway was built at a cost of \$25,000 and warehouses erected. From this time up to the present Juliaetta has been recognized as the commercial center for this vast farming section, and each year shows a material gain in population and an increase in the amount of business transacted.



From the top, clockwise: the town of Juliaetta in 1897; the Schupfer homestead in 1892; close-up of the tramway car that carried farm products from the ridge to the town.



The next event which added importance to the town was the building of the Northern Pacific Railway from Spokane to Lewiston in 1890; this town being the terminus of the road until 1893 when it was continued to Lewiston, which was at one time the capital of Idaho Territory.

The Foster School of Healing was established here in 1903 by Prof. Robert Foster. Without ever being publicly advertised, the true merits of this institution have attracted thousands of patients, and the beneficial results received by these people is evidenced by the fact that from forty-five to seventy-five persons attend this School of Healing daily; and its influence for good is being extended all over the Pacific Northwest. This institution has proven to be one of the greatest factors in the development and growth of the town.

Our town is well lighted by a modern electric plant. The waterworks, which is municipally owned, was installed several years ago and furnishes an abundant supply for every purpose. The town has continued progressive and prosperous until we now boast of all the conveniences of a modern city, and our importance is proven by the fact that more railroad tickets are sold to and from Juliaetta than any other town on the Spokane-Lewiston division of the Northern Pacific railway.

The Juliaetta Concert Band is composed of eighteen pieces and each of its individual members possess remarkable musical talent. Every citizen of our town is justly proud of the band and greatly enjoy the open air concerts which are frequently given during the summer.

This band has won an envious reputation throughout the entire section, yet the many compliments paid the boys has only inspired them to greater efforts. Arrangements have been made to employ an eminent instructor, that they may continue to grow more proficient in the musical art.

LOCATION AND CLIMATE

We are located in practically the center of the great Inland Empire which is fittingly described as the paradise of the American farmer. To be exact, we are located on the Spokane-Lewiston division of the Northern Pacific Railway, 117 miles south of Spokane, Wash.; 26 miles south of Moscow, the county seat, and 23 miles northeast of Lewiston where the Clearwater river empties into the Snake, and 380 miles east of Portland, Ore. The elevation of Juliaetta is 1,087 feet while the plateaus, or as they are locally known, the ridges immediately surrounding, average about 2,400 feet above sea level. It is therefore evident that the town itself is located in a canyon, or in other words, the Potlatch valley. By virtue of this location we claim superior climatic conditions to any town or city in the entire Northwest. The average temperature is

56 degrees, which is 5 degrees warmer than the state of Ohio, and 10 degrees warmer than Iowa. High winds and sand storms are entirely unknown here; intense hot and severe cold weather is never experi-

enced in this vicinity, the thermometer rarely reaching 100 or going below zero.

Our summers are ideal---in the evenings of our very warmest days we are blessed with a cool and refreshing breeze from the snow-capped peaks of the Bitter Root mountain range. In winter we seldom have snows that lay on the ground more than a few days, and then the cold weather period never lasts longer than from three to five weeks. In the autumn and springtime no country under heaven shows a more beautiful natural picture. To lovers of luxuriant vegetation this section in the springtime offers unequaled beauty and grandeur. The wild flowers form an artistic and elegant border for the green fields of growing grain; while everywhere the canyon sides are decorated with beautiful blossoms which blend their various colors into vast fields of loveliness. Here the approach of

"In the autumn and spring-time no country under heaven shows a more beautiful natural picture."

autumn does not bring forebodings of a disagreeable winter, but on every hand we see almost unbounded fields of sun kissed ripened grain; while the harvesters are busy gathering the abundant yields, and the spirit of peace and thanksgiving pervades the entire land.

THE FOSTER SCHOOL OF HEALING

This institution attracts sufferers from every known disease, and they come from distant states as well as from this and those surrounding us. The methods used in treating the patients vary according to their respective needs, yet in all cases mental suggestion forms the basis for permanent cure and continual unfoldment into higher and broader fields of both physical and mental development.

This school is unique in its character, because there are no particular rules, creeds nor dogmas taught or practiced. No objections nor criticisms are made to any of the many methods now used in the treatment of diseases. However, true principles of living, capable of universal application are incorporated into the teachings of this institution, yet the manner in which these supreme laws governing the perfect manifestation of life shall be individually applied is left to the judgment and discretion of the patient.

Nevertheless, it is the fundamental object of the institution to inculcate into the minds of its patients the reasons why it is necessary to live, both physically and mentally, in accordance with the natural or infinite laws in order to manifest a healthful, bodily condition. These reasons are explained in such a simple and logical manner that these scientific facts are readily comprehended; and when once thoroughly understood it becomes a joy to live in harmony with the absolute laws of life and thus enjoy health, happiness and prosperity, instead of being subject to sickness, disease

and sorrow.

The gradual unfoldment of the processes of magnetic and suggestive healing involves so many grand and beautiful things that it becomes a new revelation of the life principle. It is not by any means an imaginary force, but a real natural function which will cure disease of whatsoever character in a brief space of time. The application of its principles to the study and cure of disease is, indeed, but one of the spheres of its activity. It aims to be as broad and inclusive as life itself, to consider all problems which our rich, solid and intellectual life suggests; including self-control, self-healing, self-knowledge, power to heal others by magnetism, telepathy, suggestion, intuition, the secret of which leads us to certain success in every undertaking in life. They keep us hopeful, cheerful and happy; in harmony with and at home with ourselves; fearless, free and independent.

The permanent good which is accomplished by this institution is being manifested daily by the great number who, after attending this School, return to their homes and not only remain in health themselves, but assist others in expressing life

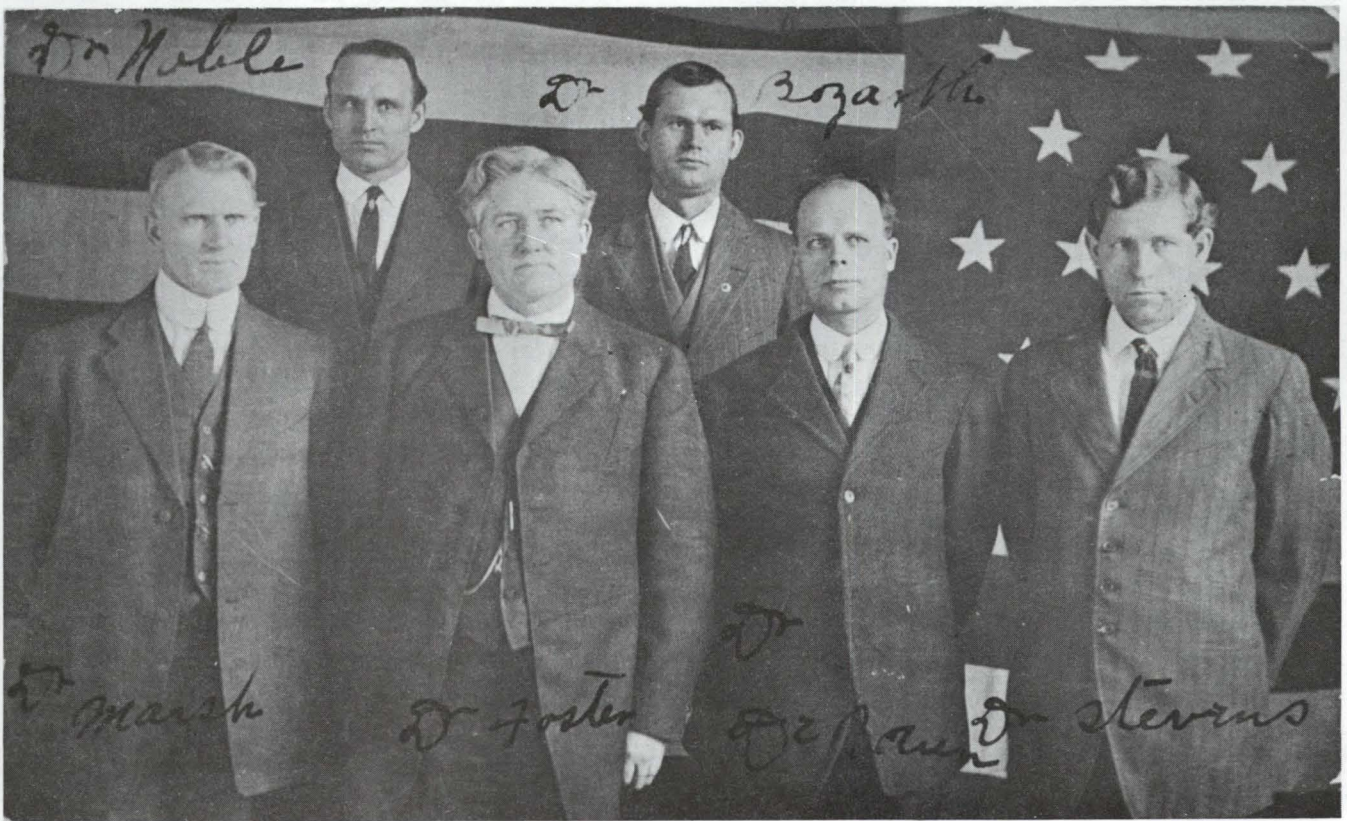
more abundantly.

To obtain beneficial and lasting results it is necessary that the doctor be all the etymology of the word implies--a true teacher as well as a healer; and not merely one who, with the aid of antiseptics, is able to relieve pain. That Prof. Foster's work includes all that is implied in the words "doctor and teacher" in their broadest sense, is self-evident, and the life and character of both himself and his institution substantiates the statement. The essential and important features of any healing institutions not alone its ability to relieve diseased conditions, but its true virtue lies in teaching the patient with immutable principles governing life, which, when understood, gives to the person that power which conquers and overcomes disease and diseased conditions in

"The gradual unfoldment of the processes of magnetic and suggestive healing involves so many grand and beautiful things that it becomes a new revelation of the life principle."



Top: The Foster School of Healing as it appeared in 1911. Bottom: Graduates of the Foster School of Healing, with Dr. Foster second from the left in the front row.



whatever form. It is because of the vast and inclusive principles which are taught by the Foster School of Healing, that its influence for good is continually growing and will ultimately evolve to that state of evolution which knows no bounds.

Daily lectures are given in the assembly hall by Prof. Robert Foster, the founder of the school, or by one of his assistants. In these talks various subjects conducive to health and happiness are discussed; the reasons why certain causes produce unharmonious conditions in the physical body, and how it is possible by a change of mental attitude to eradicate the cause of any existing disease. In these lectures the scientific facts which govern manifestation of life are ably explained, and many patients are thereby made to see the true way of living, and reap the reward thereof. These lectures comprise a part of the treatment, and are attended by many persons who find them unusually interesting and instructive.

This School is rapidly becoming prominent throughout the Northwest as a healing institution of phenomenal success, and Juliaetta is indebted, in a large measure, to its founder, Prof. Robert Foster, for the prosperity and prominence which our town now enjoys.

SOIL AND VEGETATION

Not many years ago, in fact many of our citizens who have not grown old, remember the time when Fix, American and Potlatch Ridges furnished an abundance of bunch grass for the wild horses and Indian cayuses that roamed at will over this beautiful prairie land. In this uncultivated state, these ridges did not even then present a barren and desolate appearance, for the luxuriant vegetation furnished an abundance of food for the wild horses and other animals which made this land their home even in prehistoric time.

Could we but view this section as it appeared only about 35 or 40 years ago we would see vast stretches of rolling land covered with heavy growth of bunch grass, with here and there a clump of trees to indicate a spring or the head of a canyon. To the North and East timber covered mountains are visible, while to

the South and West one's vision ends with the horizon and what may still be in the distance is left to the fancy of the imagination. But today the scene has changed and we see this country transformed into highly cultivated farms, striped with fine roads, divided off in large fields by wire fences; dotted with modern residences, big barns and beautiful orchards. Everywhere evidences of prosperity, happiness and contentment abound, and the farmer truly enjoys the good things in life in this Great Potlatch country. . .

Here the soil consists primarily of volcanic ash, yet for unknown ages, the surface of this land has been enriched by decomposed vegetation, until now the soil averages from four to seven feet in thickness. Here we also find a strong sub-soil or clay. It is principally because of this impenetrable clay that the moisture is retained in the soil, making irrigation entirely unnecessary. The great variety of farm products, fruits and vegetables which are grown here abundantly seems almost astonishing, nevertheless true. The staple food products are raised here with the least effort and the returns the best, per acre, of any place, it matters not where you may look. . .

OUR CHURCHES AND OUR SCHOOL

The social and moral environment of a community depends largely on the influence of its churches and schools. Juliaetta has four churches, the Catholic, German Lutheran, Christian and Presbyterian, while other denominations hold regular services. The exceptionally high moral influence which exists here is largely due to the work of our churches and Christian people.

The Juliaetta school offers to boys and girls the opportunity of receiving a good high school education. Each year the School Board, which is composed of competent gentlemen, makes a special investigation of the ability and character of each of the teachers employed, and patrons of the schools are always highly pleased with the progress of their children. With such surroundings, parents find that the refined and elevating atmosphere makes an ideal place in which to rear their

children, who grow into manhood and womanhood free from the vices which sometimes beset the youth who grows up under conditions which are not so favorable.

Idaho has been, for a number of years, a local option state, and considerable activity has recently been taken in State politics by the prohibitionists. Two years ago, by popular vote, several of the counties of the Inland Empire abolished the legal sale of intoxicants. The result has proven very satisfactory and that element of society which is addicted to the excessive use of such stimulants has disappeared, and we now see higher moral influences existing throughout the county.

THE PORTER SCHOOL OF ART

The word "art" is so commonly used in such an indiscriminate manner that the true etymology of the word is sometimes forgotten and the impression of the truly classic is not fully conveyed. Yet the fact that, upon merit alone, the works of Mrs. Daker Porter have created a far greater demand for her paintings than she is able to supply is sufficient evidence of the genuine artistic talent manifested in her productions. Her paintings are done in both oil and water colors, still a preference is given water colors, because with the use of this material she is enabled to obtain the same, or even better effect, without spending the time necessary in painting with oils. The rapidity with which Mrs. Daker Porter accomplishes her works is even astonishing to artists of years of experience, and the result is a delightful harmony of delicate tints and pleasing contrasts formed into an entrancing object of phenomenal loveliness.

We regret that the state of Idaho cannot claim Mrs. Porter as a native daughter, yet we are pleased that she is a permanent citizen, with full power to exercise such citizenship by voting at every state and county election. Mrs. Porter was reared in Detroit, Michigan, where her family now resides, but permanently located here with her husband, Mr. R. H. Porter, in 1904. When quite a young girl Mrs. Porter attended the New York School of Art, in charge of William Chase, the great portrait

painter. Aside from being prominent as an artist, Mrs. Porter is also an accomplished vocalist, receiving her training in New York and sang soprano in the Calvary Presbyterian, a leading church in Detroit, a number of years before her marriage.

It is her intention to maintain a studio in Juliaetta at an early date, while at present she carries on her work at the ranch home one-half mile from town. In this locality Nature furnishes many beautiful models for the artist's brush, and the entire environment supplies inspiration for the production of the grand and beautiful.

It is impossible to fittingly describe the individuality so forcibly expressed in Mrs. Porter's painting. Her original ideal "heads" have become highly popular throughout the United States and find a ready sale in many leading art stores.

FRUITS AND GARDEN PRODUCTS

The variety of fruits, vegetables and berries which are grown here is only limited to those products which are raised anywhere in the temperate zone. The rich, luscious and delightful flavor of the fruits and berries grown here cause them to demand a preference in any market where they are offered for sale.

Each season many carloads of cherries, pears and prunes are shipped to eastern markets; while melons and berries are shipped to the surrounding markets. Peaches, grapes and strawberries are grown with the greatest ease and each year we have an abundant crop. The great amount of fruit grown here demanded the establishing of a packing house. This need was met by Niles & Brackney, who established this enterprise in June, 1910. A home market was thus created for these profitable products, which has greatly stimulated the fruit growing industry of this section. From June, when cherries get ripe, until after the apple season in November, this packing house is kept busy caring for the fruit, and many young orchards are now beginning to bear.

Centennial Salute:

TROY, IDAHO

April 19
1892-1992

Troy, Idaho
"The Biggest Little Town on Earth"

Troy
Today: "The Biggest Little Town on Earth"
Tomorrow: "Idaho's Busiest Industrial City"

Troy, Idaho, located in Latah County within the famous "Inland Empire" of the Northwest, about 100 miles southeast of Spokane, Washington, is an incorporated village of 600 inhabitants, nestled in a picturesque, wooded valley in the southern foothills of the Thatuna Mountains.

It is a prosperous village of well-kept homes, churches, business buildings and streets; it enjoys such modern civic advantages as a first-class water system, local and long distance telephone exchange, electric light and power, a motorized fire department, gravity sewer system, rail and state highway service, together with educational advantages offered by a modern, well equipped combined grade school and accredited high school,

and close proximity to the University of Idaho, 13 miles to the west, at Moscow, the county seat of Latah County.

HISTORY *(Past, Present and Anticipated Future)*

Established in 1891 when the Northern Pacific was built from Spokane, Washington, towards Lewiston, Idaho, Troy was originally the hub of a flourishing sawmill and lumber industry and a heavy shipping point for a variety of forest products; it continues today as a thriving community basing its prosperity mainly upon the products of fertile, surrounding farm lands, which once were crowned with giant fir, cedar, white pine and tamarack. Ever increasing crops of peas, beans, alfalfa and wheat, together with dairy products are gradually replacing the revenue which once came wholly from timber. The lumbering industry still persists but its greatness lies in the past; yet long before it has dwindled into insignificance, another

Troy, Idaho, was incorporated as the town of Vollmer April 19, 1892. On September 13, 1897, after an election in which two-thirds of the citizens approved, the Board of Commissioners ordered that the name of the corporation be changed from "Town or Village of Vollmer" to "Town of Village of Troy."

The 1990 census lists the city of Troy with a population of 699 with 268 households.

Two excerpts from material in the Latah County Historical Society archives depict Troy at two different time periods. The first is from a 12-page folder submitted by the Troy Chamber of Commerce. It is not dated but content suggests it was written in the mid-1930s.

The second provides a view of Troy from the perspective of Troy High School students in the year 1948. The donor was David Kitch.

equally available and permanent industry will have risen in its place. This great potential industry is based on the mining, processing, sale and manufacture of KAOLIN, a very rare and valuable clay, and basic raw material. One phase of this industry, the manufacture of firebrick was established by daring local residents 20-odd years ago and continues in successful operation. Diversified industrialization of the northwest assures a steadily increasing demand for this local product, and the development of a large market for a very profitable supplementary products.

"Thar's gold in them thar hills" applies to the hills northeast of Troy even though the term "gold" is a misnomer for the treasure they contain. Tucked away beneath the shadow soil of these ancient hills, lie untold tons of potential gold--a hoard of non-metallic wealth, awaiting only the opportune time, and the ingenuity and enterprise of man to transmute it into gold.

PROPHECY

The Northwest is destined to become a great, industrial empire. Many existing and potential advantages assure this future, among which the advent of cheap, hydroelectric power, excellent transportation facilities, ideal climate, and abundant resources of fuel and high grade raw material, are the most outstanding. The building of the Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River in Central Washington promising an ultimate delivery of 2,520,000 horse power of electrical energy, is the keynote heralding the rise of a new industrial empire. As construction of the dam proceeds, the influx of new industries and the expansion of existing ones will gain momentum. The completion of the dam, and the actual release of power will provide the final impulse for an unprecedented boom. No observing, farseeing man will gainsay this prophecy. Hand in hand with the advance of industry will come the development of natural resources, the search for, uncovering and utilization of nearby raw materials; the winning of treasure from the hills. The kaolinized hills northeast of Troy are important links in

this chain of industrial evolution.

(The following was written by the Troy High School Class of 1948.)

BEGINNINGS OF TROY

In a dark swampy canyon, so thick with forest growths that birds could scarcely fly through it, the town of Vollmer, later known as Troy, sprang into being.

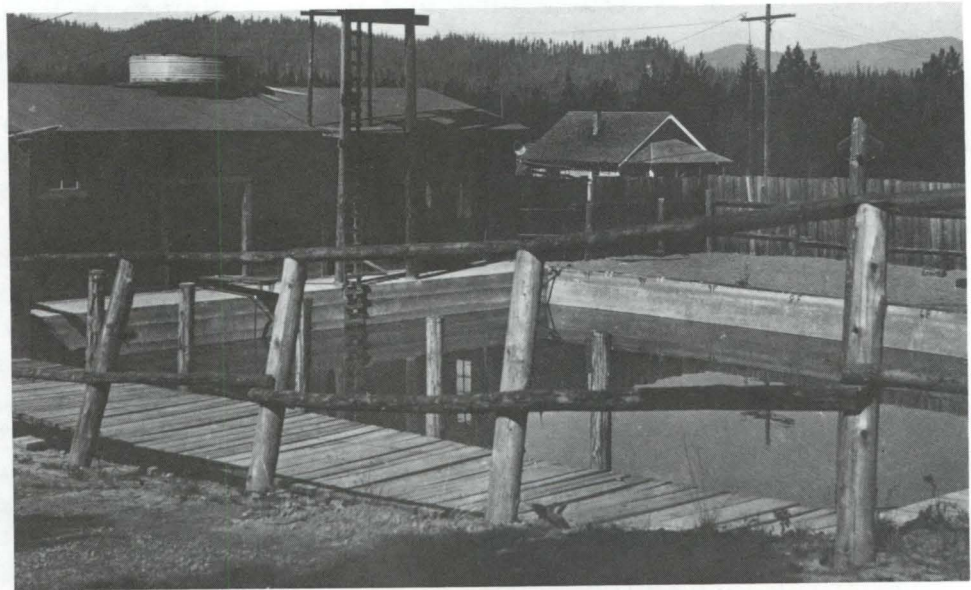
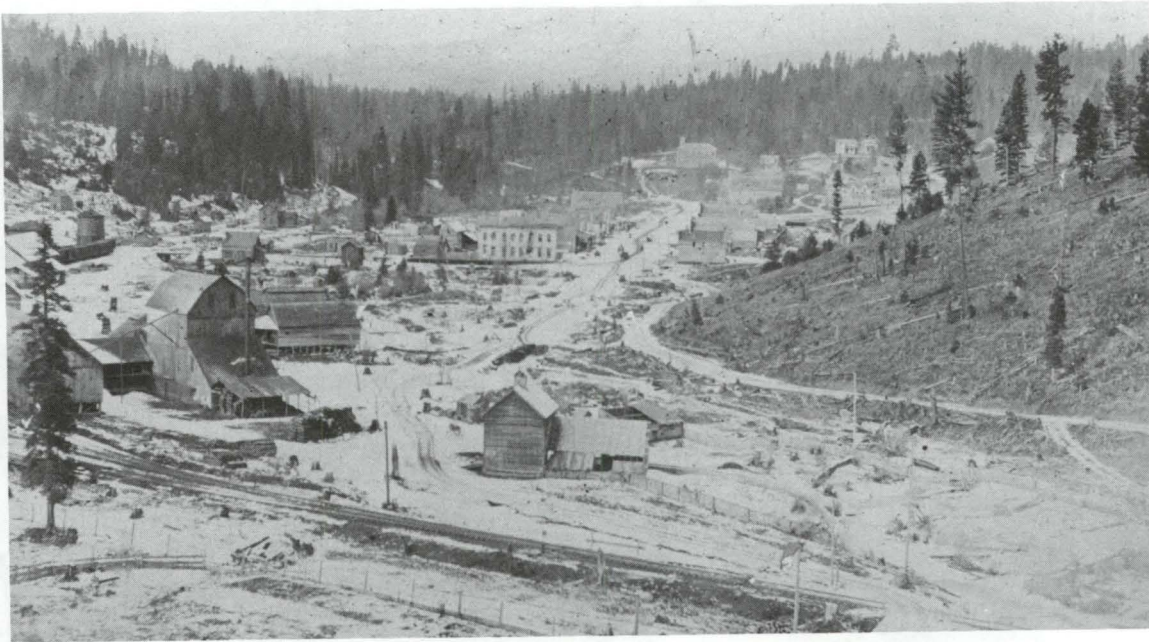
The first evidence of a settlement in the immediate vicinity was a sawmill built in 1885 by J. Wesley Seat, located approximately where the Round Hall is now. Later he moved it to the center of town, behind the site of Clyde's Service Station. Finson and Roe built the second sawmill where the Creamery is now located. In 1890, Erickson's sawmill was built on the lot across from the printing office.

In 1890, John P. Vollmer was instrumental in bringing the Northern Pacific Railroad through the Palouse Country to Lewiston and hence this region. A year later he built the first store in town. It was considered fitting, therefore, that the town should be named Vollmer.

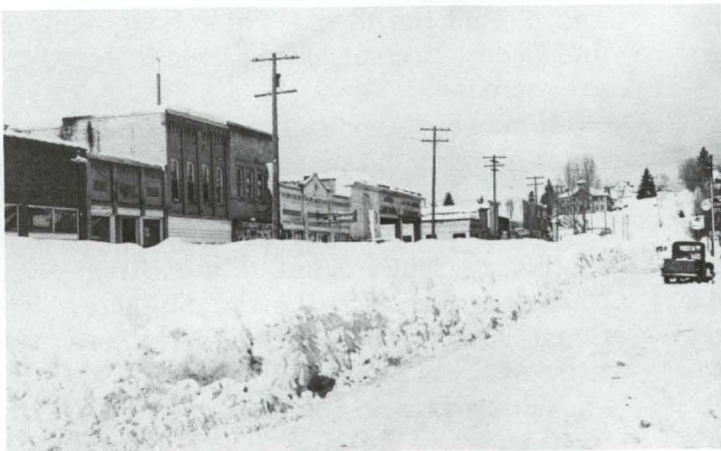
J. W. Seat homesteaded the original townsite of 160 acres. In July, 1890, A. T. Spottswood, Fred Veach, I. C. Hattabough, and Herbert Hamlin, of Moscow, knowing that the railroad ran down Huff's ranch Gulf and realizing that there would be need of a supply point at this distance from Moscow, purchased from J. W. Seat the quarter section of land on which the town is now situated, and in the fall of the same year formed a townsite company and plotted the town. Later Seat, Vollmer, and George Bremer also became interested in the company.

It may be interesting to know that, according to the original plat and description of the town of Vollmer drawn up in July, 1891, the following streets were to run northwest and southeast; South Front, Main Street, Elm, Chestnut, Locust, Cherry, Mulberry, and Cedar; running southwest and northeast were to be Avenues First to Ninth.

With the coming of the railroad, the settlement began to build up. The only part of



From the top, clockwise:
Troy in the 1890s; the photograph directly to the right is labeled in the LCHS collection as "Troy Swimming Pool," but its existence has never been verified; Christie's Saloon with customers; downtown in the winter of 1949.



what is now Troy that was not then covered with big tamarack trees and swamps was that which is now the center of town. After the timber was cleared away for the little settlement, large stumps remained in the middle of the street until about 1905. Large limber piles from the sawmill stood on the street, or more aptly expressed, road. At one time there were two feet of sawdust on the main street.

Even in the very early days the town supported a newspaper. The pioneer Paper in Vollmer was the *Vollmer Vidette*, which was established in 1891 by T. E. Edmondson, but which ran only a few months. *The Vollmer News*, later known as the *Troy News*, was established in 1894 by Charles Moody, who ran the paper for some time.

History of Transportation

The Northern Pacific Railway which travels through Troy, was here before the settlement of Vollmer. When the crew of men were working on the grade between Troy and Kendrick, they often went upon the ridges to the farmers and bought eggs, butter, and other supplies.

There have been two train wrecks near Troy since the railroad came through, both of which occurred in the 90s. One of these wrecks was a runaway when the rails were slick and the brakes would not hold. The fireman and engineer jumped to save themselves. The conductor uncoupled the caboose from the rest of the train and by doing so saved it and himself. The rest of the train overturned on a sharp corner near Kendrick.

The other wreck was above the brickyard. The engine and two box cars hit a washout; the engine left the track and rolled down the bank to the creek. Both the fireman and the engineer were killed.

Roads

The highway that travels through Troy today was once an Indian trail. Later when Troy was being settled it was made into a dirt road. This road was almost impossible to travel when it rained and in the spring. It was said that they hauled sawdust from the sawmill and dumped it in the streets so the

horses and wagons could travel in and out of town.

Later when the new road was under construction they found stumps and logs in the main street of Troy.

City Government

Vollmer, which is now Troy, was incorporated April 19, 1892, with S. A. Anderson, A. H. Charles, P. J. Scallon, F. H. Finson, and L. Moore as the first Board of Trustees.

The Board of Trustees pass all city laws which are known as ordinances, which govern only the city of Troy. Some of the ordinances deal with such articles as: when dogs can run in the city limits, drunkenness, and many others which help to make a good city government.

The Board of Trustees is elected for a term of four years. It is their duty to pass all ordinances governing the city of Troy.

The city officials are the clerk, treasurer, secretary, marshall and judge. They are appointed for a term of two years by the Board of Trustees. The trustees also decide their wages.

The clerk keeps all the city records and ordinances.

The secretary keeps the minutes of all meetings and carries on the correspondence for the city.

The marshall heads the police department. He enforces all the ordinances passed by the Board of Trustees.

There are two fire departments, city and rural. The equipment includes one truck for the city and one that answers county calls. The fire chief heads the city fire department. The county fire department is mostly on a volunteer basis. The water department is under the head of the water commissioner, who is in charge of all city water.

History of Departments

E. H. Taylor was the first marshall in Troy. He was succeeded by Marshall Hays who was a very ruthless man when handling persons who had broken the law. He had great courage to deal with people who were unwilling to obey the law.

Once during Marshall Hays term, a young boy and older man attempted to rob the post office. Hays hid behind a stump in the street. When he saw the older man in a upstairs window, he shot him through the lung. He was removed to the hotel and the coroner brought a coffin to the room where the man lay. In the meantime, Dr. Scallon tended him. He recovered, but two years later he died of consumption. It was reported the boy became insane.

In 1902, Hays is reported to have lead a sheep-herder into town behind a horse with a rope tied in the handcuffs, on the man and then tied to the saddle horn, as the blood ran down the captive's head while he was being brought into town. Hays had also broken a cane over a man's head one time when he refused to go to jail.

Hays died in 1904 when he went to investigate a report of a drunken man who was beating his wife. The man saw him coming and shot and fatally wounded him.

Another exciting event occurred when a man by the name of Driscoll quarreled with a man sitting with two girls at the I.O.O.F. Hall. After the man had taken the girls home he met Driscoll and stabbed him. No reason for the stabbing was given.

Arrests include drunkenness and speeding, of which there are only a few.

The first serious fire in Troy was in 1893. Some of the loss was covered by insurance.

On June of the same year a fire started in the drug store. It burned all the buildings on the block except the Vollmer Milling and Mercantile Store which was saved by the efforts of the fire department. The water used in putting out the fire was pumped from the creek.

Another fire wiped out the buildings from Sandell's north to the end of the block. The fire was set in the saloon so the insurance could be collected (by the bartender). The plot was discovered and the bartender and the owner were sent to the penitentiary.

As a result of those fires an ordinance was passed to have all business establishments in Troy constructed of brick to lessen the fire hazard.

The first water system was in the center of Troy, and many people had their own wells. In the early 1900s, wells were drilled and water was piped from the springs in the mountains to the various homes and buildings in the city. This was the real beginning of the present-day system. Later water was piped from a dam built on Moscow Mountain in 1939.

ORGANIZATIONS

Red Cross

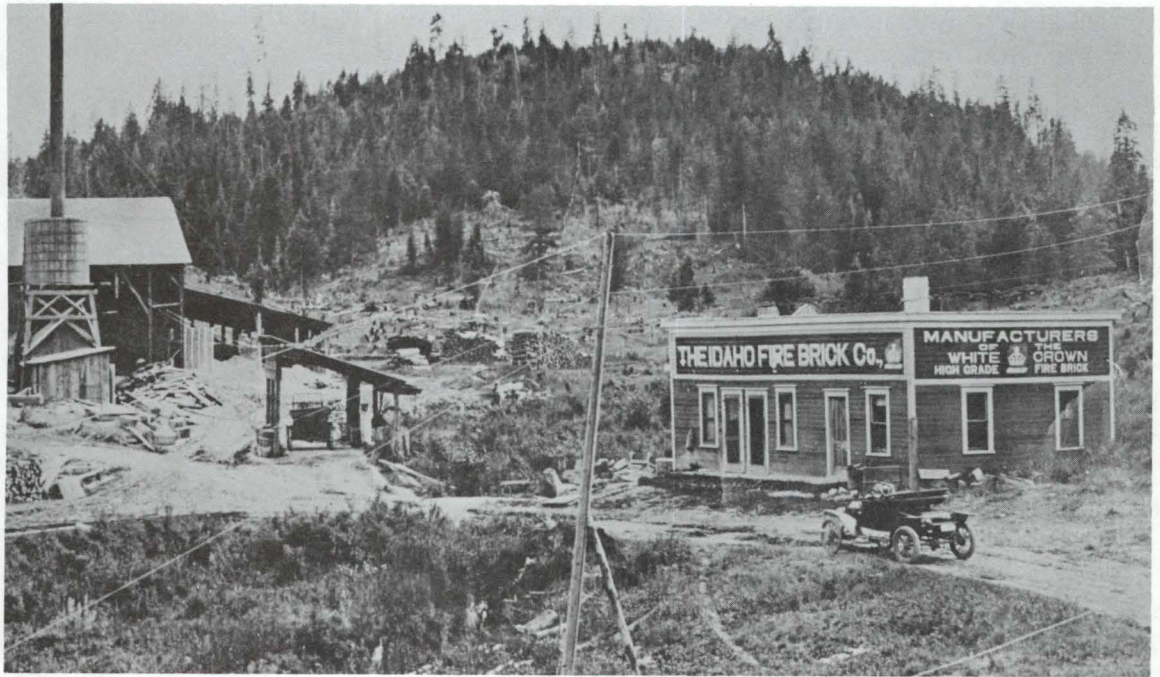
Before wartime, the Troy Branch of the Latah County Chapter of the American Red Cross was more or less under the direction of one leader who saw to the Troy Red Cross roll call, sewing and collecting clothing for the needy families and any other problems that arose.

In 1943, it was deemed advisable to re-organize with an executive committee of 10, and because of the stress of war, much was demanded of each member. During wartime Troy was proud of their production of sewing for foreign war relief and of army and navy supplies. This organization is proud to say that they had many outstanding and faithful workers. Their roll call each year was always more than asked of the members. One year, 90 to 100 percent was asked and 183 percent responded, which is remarkable for an organization of any kind. Some of these workers put in as high as 100 hours a month.

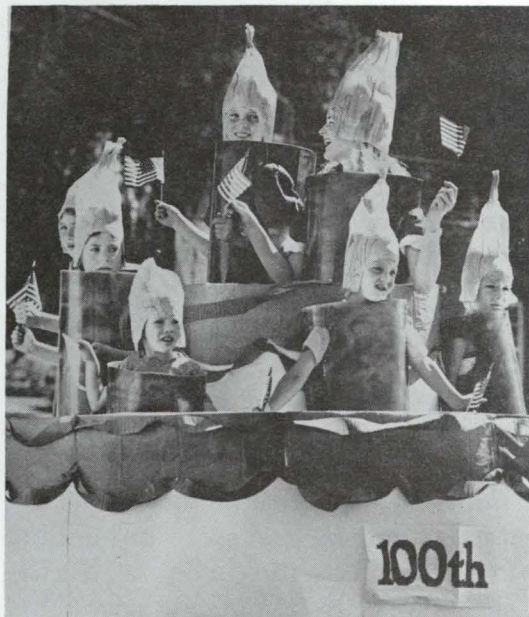
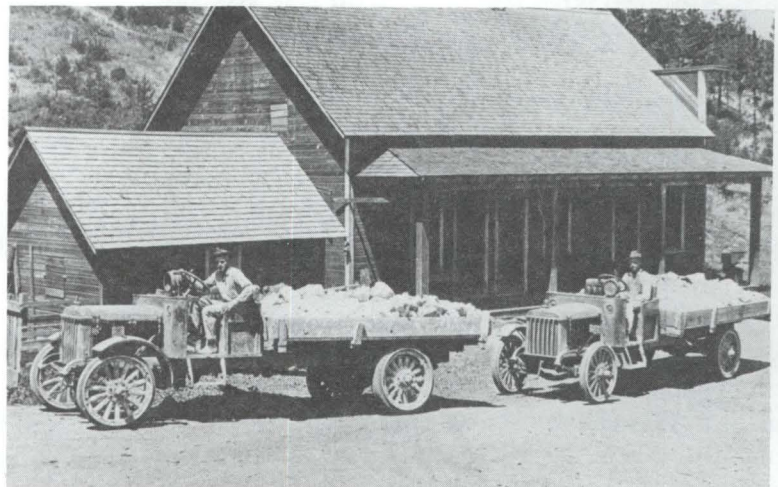
Grange

It was in February, 1931, farmers were enjoying their fires and winters supply of food when a new organization, the Troy Grange, was founded. A building had to be secured in order to conduct their meeting, therefore a Grange man, Henry Kaaen, purchased a building next to his Hardware Store. George Hoidel was elected as the first Grange Master and soon the membership climbed to 120.

The duties of the Grange Master and the members are any or all problems of the farmers and farming. Meetings are held every first and third Saturdays of each month.



From the top, clockwise: the Fire Brick Company, a major industry in the town; trucks to transport the clay needed for bricks; Troy Lumber Company, another industry; youngsters help celebrate the centennial.



Parties, programs and dances are the forms of recreation and entertainment of the Grange members.

Sportsman Club

In the summer of 1938, a men's organization was formed by many of the Troy men who were anxious to preserve our supply of wild life and fish. This organization was later called the Sportsman Club.

This club was very active for two years. The membership the first year reached the number of 123, under the presidency of Paul Cole. They then joined the Latah County Wild Life Association.

The club reorganized in 1944 with Moscow, thereby joining with five counties in Idaho: Lewis, Nez Perce, Latah, Clearwater and Idaho which compose the District #2 of the Wild Life Federation. This organization is also affiliated with the State Wild Life Association.

Chamber of Commerce

The Troy Chamber of Commerce was organized in January 1931. The charter membership of the club was 49 members. The membership at the present time is 57. Two of the earliest members were Frank Brocke and Frank Williamson.

The C. of C. is genuinely interested in the Soil Conservation Program. The Chamber has originated essay contests that each and every boy and girl in the high school can compete for prizes. One in these series of contests was offered two years ago in which many pupils competed.

The Chamber also discussed other current problems; especially problems concerning the school. For the past three years they have offered a Citizenship Award to the class in the high school that has the highest number of citizenship points gained through good behavior, high grades and work throughout the school year.

Another point of interest to the Chamber of Commerce is the future development of Troy's prize clay resources. It is now used in producing fire bricks but members would like to visualize its other important uses, such as

using it in the production of paper and pottery.

Schools

As we have progressed along the line of industry, government and recreation, so have we advanced in education. Originally there were 14 school districts who had the traditional one-room county schoolhouse.

Typical of these was the "Dry Creek Ridge Schoolhouse" erected in 1896 by the community of farmers. For 38 years it served as the rock of education for the youth of said community. However, getting an education in those days was much different that it is today. A three-month term was considered sufficient and this was held in the spring, winding up just after the 4th of July.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of the original schools is the "Spring Valley Schoolhouse," built just when William Jennings Bryan was running for president; the school was called "free coinage" after the current political issue.

When the population increased, the majority of people were Swedes who could not really pronounce "free coinage." Therefore the name "Three Corners" was applied, due to the fact that two roads met perpendicular at this spot. Later it was called the Dinsmore school and finally it acquired the name "Spring Valley" after a spring nearby where all the passing truck drivers stopped to get a drink.

INDUSTRIES

Brick Yard

Over 25 years ago, white clay was discovered on a ranch north of town. Samples sent to chemists were reported of unusually high quality fire brick. As a result the Idaho Fire Brick and Clay Company was organized in 1912.

In June, 1928, the Company sold its interest to a group of Coeur d'Alene mining men whose desire it was to expand the plant to bring it up to a modern refractory plant. A large amount of money was spent in building the 580-foot tunnel into the clay mine. At the present time there are 20 men employed and

the clay is hauled into the factory by truck.

The capacity is approximately 20,000 fire brick and shapes every day.

Sawmills

The first sawmill in the community was located about where the Round Hall is now. It was built in 1885 by J. Wesley Seat. Later he moved his sawmill to the center of town, behind the site of Clyde's Service Station.

In 1890, Erickson's sawmill was built on the lot across from the printed press. There were seven or eight sawmills in the near vicinity of Troy about two years after it was established. In 1919 Troy was the most important shipping point on the Northern Pacific Branch south of Spokane. Of this tonnage, Troy shipped about 450 carloads of

railroad ties, 800 carloads of wood and grain, hay and beans.

Farming

As the timber disappeared, farm lands have come into being. Troy is the center of a rich farming district. It is the shipping point for large quantities of beans, as it has a modern bean cleaning plant. In recent years four new elevators have been built. Even now, during the last two years, hundreds of tons of grain have been poured on the ground because of no storage space.

The Idaho Bean and Elevator Company was purchased in 1916. The biggest bean business was from 1918 to 1923. The average amount of wheat handled is approximately 200,000 bushels, with very little variation.

New History of Troy

A comprehensive, detailed and illustrated history of the town of Troy, Idaho, written and published by Stella E. Johnson, is now in print. Its title is *History of Troy*, published in 1992 and commemorates the centennial.

Of the book, Mrs. Johnson says: "I have attempted to preserve the memories of many of the early residents of the Troy Community. They have shared with you and me memories of the lives of their mothers, fathers, grandparents and neighbors. The development of this community is tied in with the lives of the families who settled here, raised their families and left the imprint of their culture upon the area."

She begins with the early history of homesteaders in the Troy area, provides sketches of Troy pioneers and doctors, details the history of the churches and the schools, and cites contributors to community life by various businesses and businessmen. Industries of Troy are also dealt with: the fire brick plant, the bean and elevator company, the Tractor and Implement Store, Latah County Grain Growers, and the Rauch Lumber Company. Pioneer families are listed as well as a calendar of historical events.

Of special interest was the description of the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) Big Meadow Camp during the depression years. "The young men at the Big Meadows camp were from large cities in the East. Some had never ridden in a car, caught a fish in a stream, walked in a forest, or worked in a job," she writes.

The fire of August 17, 1931, which destroyed many of the farms and forest around the town, is also described.

The book (334 pages) is for sale in the Gift Shop of McConnell Mansion in Moscow at \$30 per copy.

Centennial Salute:

PLEIADES

1982 - 1992

By Judy Nielsen

In 1892 seven faculty wives met in the home of Mrs. Franklin Gault, wife of the University of Idaho's first president, to form a book review club. These women were Mrs. F. B. Gault, Mrs. L. F. Henderson, Mrs. Sarah Ostrander, Mrs. J. M. Aldrich, Mrs. C. W. McCurdy, Mrs. J. E. Bonebright and Mrs. Charles P. Fox.

President Gault joined them in the living room later, and when he learned they did not have a name he suggested "The Pleiades Club," comparing the seven ladies to the seven stars in the constellation. The group adopted its formal constitution on March 1, 1894, and joined the General Federation of Women's Clubs in November 1895, thus becoming one of the first federated clubs in the state. They maintained membership in the federation until 1988 when they were no longer able to meet the standards of the organization. The first yearbook was printed in 1897.

The first project of the Pleiades was the "gold and

silver book" which it had made for Idaho's exhibit at the 1893 Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Mrs. Gault suggested the idea, Miss Annette Bowman, a faculty member, designed the box, and the Gorham Company made the item from Idaho gold, silver from the Coeur d'Alenes, and semi-precious stones, including rubies and opals, from Latah County. The "book" was rescued from the 1906 Administration Building fire thanks to a student who ran into President McLean's office and carried it to safety. It was exhibited in the library for many years and is now again on display in the office of the president.



These were the early members of the Pleiades club of Moscow. Beginning at the top and clockwise are Mrs. Gault, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Ostrander (center), Mrs. McCurdy, Mrs. Bonebright, Mrs. Aldrich, Mrs. Henderson, and Mrs. Chrisman. All were charter members except Mrs. Chrisman who came to Moscow with Lt. Chrisman March 9, 1895..

Members of the Pleiades also helped to organize the Historical Club in 1895, and in 1901 these two clubs began to raise money for Moscow's public library. A joint committee from the clubs met at the home of Mrs. Theodore Reed and agreed to canvass the town for funds. Pleiades took the west side of Main Street and the Historical Club the east side; \$340 was subscribed. A room facing east upon the alley on the second floor of the Brown building

was rented for \$3 monthly, a man was hired for cleaning, and a few essentials purchased.

Members of the two clubs served as librarians, keeping the room open two afternoons and evenings a week. They started correspondence with the Carnegie Foundation in 1903 and in 1904 were granted \$10,000 toward a new library building which was completed and accepted in January 1906.

In 1946-47 at the urging of the General Federation of Women's Clubs to write and send packages of food and clothing overseas, the Pleiades extended aid to two French orphans, Yvette and Marie-Reine Henner, ages 17 and 14. The club sent six or seven boxes to the Henner girls and two to a neighbor, school teacher Marthe Luttenbacher, who wrote to the club on behalf of the young girls. Among the items sent were chocolate, jello, tea, gum, syrup, powdered milk, canned soup, sugar, peanut butter, lentils, dresses, shoes, skirts and blouses.

In 1968 Pleiades made a contribution of \$350 to the Fund for the Performing Arts Center (now Hartung Theater) at the University by selling a collection of 100 etchings which it purchased in 1915, and which had been on display at the Public Library. The etchings were executed by the most prominent

etchers of the day from 100 masterpieces chosen as the 100 most famous paintings of the time. Pleiades member Frances Prichard arranged for the sale.

The club still maintains a membership of 15 or 16 members and meets in the homes of its members every other Thursday. For the first 40 years Shakespeare plays formed a part of its program and roll call was answered with a Shakespearean quotation. Programs now include literature, music and current events. The club continues its active participation in civic and charitable projects.

On March 19, 1992, University President Elisabeth Zinser became the 100th member of the Pleiades to sign the membership book. Other current members of the club are Lois Butterfield, Kathryn Cushman, Elizabeth Dick, Jane Dunham, Fae Gagon, Betty Gibb, Betty Hervey, Lori Keenan, Marguerite Laughlin, Judy Marineau, Laura Menard, Liz Molina, Kay Owen, Jeanette Peterson, Carol Renfrew, Agnes Schuldt and Willi Siems.

(Judy Nielsen is library assistant and works in Special Collections in the University of Idaho library. She is also a member of the Board of Directors of the Latah County Historical Society.)

Signatures of Original Members

Charter Members
Active.
Mrs. F. B. Gault
Mrs. L. F. Henderson.
Sarah Corraw Ostrander
Mrs. J. M. Aldrich
Miss Lucy Carter Brounigh
Mrs. Chas. P. Fox.
Harriett E. Cushman.
Sara Ellen Pol.

Associate.
Miss Harriet E. Cushman Feb. 27-1896
Miss Sara Ellen Pol " 27-1896
Mrs. Bertha D. Kaufmann - Oct. 13-1898
Mrs. Florence C. Johnston - May 25-1899

Honorary Members
Mrs. Frank B. Gault Dec. 8-1898

Centennial Salute:

THE LEWISTON TRIBUNE

September 29
1892 -1992

By Helen W. Cross

Two brothers from Texas, Albert and Eugene Alford, met in Portland on a day in August in 1882 to try to get together enough equipment to start a newspaper in Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River.

But the printing supply dealer they consulted caused them to change their minds--and direction.

"Go up the Columbia and on up the Snake

to the little town of Lewiston, Idaho, where they're going to open up a big Indian reservation and, furthermore, the railroad is coming in," he told them. "It looks like a pretty big chance for someone."

It sounded like good advice to the Texans. Albert, then 29, had been in the Pacific Northwest for a year, working on the Tacoma Globe in the new state of Washington. He had seen what the railroads could do to frontier communities--turning them into commercial centers

The *Latah Legacy* takes this opportunity to salute the *Lewiston Morning Tribune* on its 100th birthday September 29, 1992. While the *Tribune* has been published in Nez Perce County, it has always had close association with Latah County. In fact, in earlier years, especially the 1960s, sometimes more news of Latah County was carried in the *Tribune* than in the *Daily Idahonian* published in Moscow.

Without doubt, the recognition and influence of the *Lewiston Morning Tribune* reached its peak in the 1950s and 1960s when it was led by the team of A. L. (Bud) Alford as editor and publisher, and William F. (BJ) Johnston as managing editor. At that time the *Tribune* became known in the West as one of its best small daily newspapers. It became a beacon in a sea of mediocrity and attracted talented journalists from throughout the country--not because of its pay (which was meager), but because of its reputation created by the Bud and BJ team.

This short introductory history of the *Lewiston Morning Tribune* was written in 1979 by Helen W. Cross, an associate investigator on a project history of the *Lewiston Morning Tribune*, sponsored by a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. She died in 1982. This is the first time it has been published.

In 1967 the *Tribune* acquired part ownership in the *Daily Idahonian* of Moscow and later became the majority stockholder. In 1981, eleven years before its centennial, the complexity of stock ownership distributed among the many heirs, forced the *Tribune* to sell its controlling stock to Tele-Communications Newspapers, part of a publicly-owned corporation cable television and microwave common carrier firm. Now both the *Tribune* and the *Moscow-Pullman Daily News* (formerly the *Idahonian*) are wholly owned by Kearns-Tribune, a private corporation operating out of Salt Lake City. A. L. (Butch) Alford remains the editor and publisher of the *Lewiston Morning Tribune*. --B.C.

overnight.

Both brothers had grown up in a railroad metropolis--Dallas, Texas--where Albert had worked for the *Dallas Morning News* and Eugene had been in fire insurance and real estate. The national recession of the early 1890s slowed down business, prompting Eugene to join his brother in a venture on the Western Frontier.

However, instead of continuing westward from Portland on the Columbia to Astoria, as originally planned, they would follow it in the opposite direction by train until they reached Riparia, Washington, on the Snake. Here they would hop a riverboat to reach the 43rd state of Idaho which had been admitted to the Union on July 3, 1890.

The brothers were reliving their own family history. Three generations of Alford had now zig-zagged across the nation from coast-to-coast--from New York to Missouri to Texas and now the Pacific Northwest.

The last frontier had been reached when Albert and Eugene stepped off the steamer into a town they had never seen before but where they would live out their lives and establish a legacy for generations of Alford to follow.

The courtly gentlemen from Texas with their drawling speech and deeply ingrained political loyalties were to begin publishing a Democratic newspaper in a Republican state.

Lewiston already had a firmly established Republican newspaper, the *Teller*, which had the field to itself after six other newspapers had tried and failed. By then the 16-year-old Teller "led the van of progress in north Idaho" and was publishing eight-page editions on a power press in a modern-equipped office next to the Lewiston city hall.

Albert and Eugene, with their legendary "shirt-tail full of type and used Washington hand press" rented a room under the Grostein and Binnard opera house, and with a crew of three gave birth to the *Lewiston Tribune* on September 29, 1892.

It looked like tough going ahead for the toddling infant. Often it was.

But the first years were fairly smooth. The newspaper soon outgrew its first quarters and moved to the second floor of Neal's furniture store on the south side of Main Street between Second and Third Streets. Two years later it moved two blocks further up--on the second floor of the new Adams building. The next move was to the second floor of the Cash (now Erb) Hardware Store on D Street.

By 1895 it was printing bi-weekly, then tri-weekly until 1898 when it responded to pressure for news caused by the Spanish American War by purchasing its first linotype and publishing six days a week (everyday but Monday) in the afternoon. By October of 1898 it had switched to morning publication, seven days a week.

Wallace B. Stainton, the son of a Lewiston doctor and former mayor, was a member of the founding staff and became the newspaper's first city editor. He resigned after his first year with the newspaper for "a visit outside," reported the *Tribune*, "after being continuously engaged in this office since the first case

was laid." He was commended as "exceptionally efficient, diligent and worthy."

Stainton later returned to the *Tribune* and except for a term in the Idaho legislature, he stayed until his health forced him to retire.

Albert, the editor, also was chief mechanic, using wrench and hammer as often as he used his pen.

Eugene, the publisher and business manager, roamed the countryside on horseback in search of subscribers. Under his two titles, he served as bill collector, cashier, bookkeeper, circulation manager, and did advertising and printing job work.

Albert's wisest decision, after deciding to start a newspaper, was asking his brother to join him. While Albert had turned a classical education at Washington and Lee into a writing career, Eugene had studied law at the same institution before going into business.

The courtly gentlemen from Texas . . . were to begin publishing a Democratic newspaper in a Republican state.

According to Robert F. Karolevitz in his book, *Newspapers in the Old West*, "Not the least incidental factor in establishing a frontier newspaper was making it pay. Early journals had publishers, editors and printers (often the same person filled all three roles) but there seldom was any mention of a business manager. That's why scores of little papers went broke before the ink dried on their first editions."

The *Tribune* had a business manager and the ink got dry on every issue. But cash was short and sometimes publication was periled because there wasn't enough to pick up newsprint that arrived C.O.D. on the dock.

"Neither of them had a bean," recalled the Lewiston doctor who would loan them money for the rolls of paper. Dr. Samuel Salsberg had come to Lewiston from Philadelphia. He and James W. Reid, an attorney from North Carolina, lived at the Raymond Hotel where the brothers, residing in a small house next door, took their meals. As leaders of the Democratic party they welcomed the opposition to the *Teller* and helped the Alford's to raise money for other equipment.

Albert never married but Eugene fell in love with the girl who lived across the street, Alice Clair Larson, who gave birth to four Alford heirs. She outlived all but one and, on the death of her husband in 1946, became the principal stockholder in the newspaper. She died in 1979 at the age of 97.

A third brother, George M. Alford, came out from Texas in 1902. In between Albert and Eugene in age, he was in charge of the bindery until his death 20 years later.

When the *Lewiston Morning Tribune* moved into its present plant location in 1961, then editor and publisher Albert L. (Bud) Alford, son of Eugene, one of the founders, wrote:

"The *Tribune's* existence in its early years--and indeed, in some of its later years--has been precarious. It has survived, we believe, largely because of the character and courage

and enterprise of those long since gone, the founders who shaped the growth of the newspaper and gave it virility. They had energy, the gift of sound planning and foresight and the will to sacrifice for the public weal without stint. They gave direction to this newspaper in accordance with their ideals. It is not by accident that the *Tribune* has become a senior among the institutions of the community."

The *Tribune* would survive his sudden death some seven years later--he was stricken while preparing to cover the national political conventions as he had done every four years since 1932. A third generation of Alford's was already in training to take over.

Bud Alford's front page editorial for the special New Building edition, from which the above was quoted, was a tribute to the founders and loyal staff members who preceded him. But the same words could be used again for him and his successors.

One of the key phrases--"the will to sacrifice"--praised the persevering, pioneering founders, but it could apply to him as well.

He was a scholar--with the highest grades--in his senior year at Washington and Lee University in Virginia (where his father and uncle had been students) when he was called back to the *Tribune* in 1928 because of his father's illness. At the age of 21 he took over as managing editor, filling the chair of his uncle Albert who had died the year before.

He would become one of the Pacific Northwest's best known editors, respected in national journalism circles, attracting attention for the clarity of his editorials, and the quality and depth of his news columns. Under his leadership, the *Lewiston Morning Tribune* would become one of the most widely read small dailies in the United States, and used as a study guide in many university schools of journalism.

As a newspaperman, Bud's sharp mind and phenomenal memory (often he took notes on the inside of a match cover) are legend but

"They gave direction to this newspaper in accordance with their ideals."

it was his demand for perfection that became traditional on the *Tribune* under his direction.

He was, according to William F. (BJ) Johnston who served as managing editor under Bud, "driven by a compulsion to produce the best newspaper his mind and heart could encompass."

But he always would regret not completing his degree at Washington and Lee.

After 18 years as managing editor, he was forced to take full charge upon the death of his father in 1946. Bud was a reluctant publisher, not overly concerned with the business side and the newspaper did not always prosper financially under his direction.

"Above all give the people a GOOD newspaper, the very best within our resources and abilities," he steadfastly maintained but admitted that it was not a formula for making money.

During a period of financial troubles he would write:

"I was fortunate among those of the children of our family in being privileged to sit with and work with the founders of our newspaper, Albert H. and Eugene L. Alford, my uncle and father. The association with Uncle Albert was brief, but I believe few have ever had a better and more considerate tutor, or one with more profound knowledge of the business of the world.

"Nor, during my unsolicited (and let it be here recorded unwelcome) stint as publisher of this newspaper, have I seen or heard the equal of my father in his special genius in newspaper management.

"Both I believe were distinguished in one particular objective--they cared more that the *Tribune* should be regarded as a good newspaper in its field than as a profitable or popular newspaper."

Any doubters of the founders' goals, he said should examine the day-to-day files of the *Tribune*, in editorial opinion and news, from its beginnings.

"There have been slips, detours and occa-

sional retreats, but of the record as a whole since September, 1892, I am proud, and I believe all connected with the newspaper share this feeling."

Destiny--determined by World War II--would alter the natural chain-of-command in direction of the *Lewiston Morning Tribune*.

G. Gordon Alford, a young brother of Bud Alford, could have made a considerable contribution to the family enterprise. Following his graduation from Washington and Lee in 1942--with a B.A. in Journalism and a lieutenant's commission in the U. S. Army--he was killed in a bomber crash in 1944.

Gordon was the last of the male Alfords to follow the Washington and Lee tradition, and the first to graduate. His work on the *Tribune* had been mostly in advertising--his interest was in the business side--which could have balanced Bud's intense absorption with the editorial function. It might have been a replay of the original AHA-ELA team

In 1941 Alice Alford graduated from the University of Idaho with honors in Journalism and English, and joined the skeleton World War II news-editorial staff. She,

the first female member of the founding family to work in the city room, soon proved her competence as a thorough reporter and a writer versed in the use of the English language. Her career "out front" was short--she would become a full-time wife and mother--but she would continue to be actively involved in the *Tribune* as a member of the corporation's board of directors until her death in 1977.

When the third generation took over, again as a team of Alfords, traditions would be broken. Charles H. and Albert L. Jr. had gone to western universities instead of "down South" and Charles would leave the *Tribune* as associate publisher and advertising director, to become an executive in his maternal grandfather's plumbing and heating supply business. He would be the first of the Alford men not to stay with the newspaper.

The other, Albert L. Alford Jr. (known as

He was . . . "driven by a compulsion to produce the best newspaper his mind and heart could encompass."

"Butch"), a graduate of the School of Journalism at the University of Oregon, would bring a new philosophy and management style to the *Lewiston Morning Tribune* as its editor and publisher.

Bud's sons had both started out as messenger boys at about age 10 (he himself had sold newspapers on the street at an even earlier age), had worked summers during school and college years until becoming full-time staff members. Charles had worked up to be advertising manager and Butch was general manager at the time of the death of their father. Charles was killed in an auto accident in 1978.

Butch, not yet 30 (he was the same age as his great uncle Albert when he became editor of the *Tribune*), temporarily took charge until being named chief executive by the board of directors at the end of 1968. Entrusted with traditions of a 76-year-old institution, he undertook the awesome task of attuning the *Tribune* to the tenor of rapidly changing times.

To return again to Bud Alford's words: "The gift of sound planning and foresight." The Tribune Company, under the direction of the energetic Butch (most outwardly public spirited of all the preceding Alfords with the exception of his great uncle Albert) was expanded in the next 10 years into a regional empire.

In explaining the multi-faceted holdings of the family corporation that controls the *Lewis-*

ton Morning Tribune, the young publisher emphasized the need for building up a healthy profit-making institution against the threat of being absorbed by a newspaper chain.

No newspaper can remain independent indefinitely without showing a profit for its stockholders which tend to multiply with the generations as has been the case with the growing complexity of the *Tribune* from that simple first partnership in 1892.

The *Tribune's* mission will continue to be the same as in the past," the newspaper's third editor and publisher said in assuming his post in January of 1969.

"We will, first, cover the news of Lewiston-Clarkston and the Lewis-Clark Empire in depth. As has been stated by past publishers, the pledge remains of printing news fully and impartially, interpreting the chronicle of passing days to the best of our ability and with due regard for the common interest, and in joining the strength of our influence with all the forces for advancement of the area and the state."

(Helen W. Cross had both a bachelor's and master's degree in journalism and for many years was Moscow correspondent for the Spokane Daily Chronicle. Later she taught journalism classes at Washington State University. This article was part of her research for the National Endowment for the Humanities grant.)

It is my wish that the fundamental policy of this newspaper shall continue without deviation--printing all the news, without regard to consequences; expressing its informed, intelligent (we hope) and at least clear opinion on the news in its editorial columns only, also without regard to consequence.

Should it ever resolve to a choice (and I trust not), the decision of the news office shall have priority over the counting room. This is stated with full knowledge and realization that there cannot be a free and fearless press unless there is a newspaper which is economically sound, which has a profit sufficient to keep and to nurture and prosper its own properties and peoples.

--A. L. (Bud) Alford

Days of Early Deary Recalled

**Dr. Frank Davis writes of his experiences
as a young man during summer vacations**

In the late months of 1907 my older brother Mark was a druggist in Troy, Idaho, working for the Johnson Drug Store where he became friendly with George Thorp. Mr. Thorp had some ready cash, so they organized the Davis-Thorp Drug Company to open their new and first store in Bovill, Idaho.

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company was logging that country and taking the logs to Potlatch mill, which at the time was supposed to be the largest sawmill in the world. The company developed townsites along their logging road which was known as the Washington, Idaho and Montana Railroad. They had Yale, Harvard, Deary (named after Bill Deary, the woods foreman) and Bovill; later they added Elk River.

In 1908 Mark opened a store in Deary and moved there to live; his son Frank was born in Deary. There was an old railroad doctor there

by the name of Worthington who had a lot of stories and told them over and over. He had a book on Biblical sayings that are still remembered, one being: "What did Adam and Eve do when they found the difference between them?" The answer: "They raised Cain and did it again when they got Abel."

My summer vacation was spent in Deary during 1908. Good fishing and I received a weekly sum for sweeping out the store and arranging the candy case, and Mark let me fill the prescriptions written by the veterinarian. Played baseball with the town team and really had a time that is dear to the heart of all boys.

During the summer of 1909 I was working in the store for pay and for all the money the vending machine took in. A physician, Dr. Hinkle, was there then, and he lived in rooms over the drug store as well as having his offices there. His wife had left him, and I

Dr. Frank Davis was a physician in general practice in Cowlitz County, Washington, from 1919 until he retired in 1979.

He was born in Ohio but his mother, who became a widow in 1901, decided to move with her three boys to Washington or Idaho.

Dr. Davis writes of that move: "Her mother, grandmother White, objected long and violently because she was afraid of the Indians and outlaws and feared they would kidnap or kill me. Mother was determined and decided to take the chance."

Spokane then became their home. During that time while growing up in Spokane, Dr. Davis as a young man he spent his summer vacations in Deary and the Troy and Bovill area. Here he recounts some of his experiences. This excerpt is part of his autobiography.

Dr. Davis retired one day before his 87th birthday but kept a small office in Kelso, Washington, where he visited with friends and typed his autobiography. He died about three years ago.

The original is in the collections of the Cowlitz County Historical Museum. Portions of the autobiography dealing with his life in Kelso have been published in the Cowlitz Historical Quarterly. This excerpt, which should be of interest to our readers in Latah County, is published with the permission of the Cowlitz County Historical Museum.

always thought that her reason for doing so was because of his excessive drinking; so Doctor had me sleep in a room there because he hated to be alone. A gambler, Butch, is all that I remember him by.

Doctor Hinkle liked to fish, and we would go fishing-wading those days in the Palouse, Potlatch and Clearwater Rivers. One day we decided to go a long distance to a river we had never fished. Dr. Hinkle rented a team and buggy from Sam Nesbit, the livery stable, and in the morning cooked breakfast over the sterilizer and left Deary as the sun was sending out spiral of light. Was making good time on the level ground, but we were soon in the rolling country. We went down a small hill, and when the team started up the next incline the tongue of the buggy came out of the neck yoke. Doctor saw what was happening and pulled on the lines, hollering "whoa boys" but the team was hell bent for getting away from that buggy. During all this I did not know what to do so took hold of the back of the seat and one of the braces for the buggy top. Soon it all happened. The team was running up the road, the buggy tongue had been torn from the buggy and was sitting upright along a stump, the buggy was on its side down the road. The mystery is how it happened, but I was sitting on the seat cushion over by the fence.

Team Hooked up Wrong

Dr. Hinkle was lying in the road still saying "whoa boys." A farm house was close so I walked him up there, put him to bed and then took off through the woods on a trail to Deary. Sam Nesbit and his dog were asleep in his bed at the stable. When I woke him his first words were, "What in hell are you doing here?" I told him that he hooked the team up too long, and he began to cuss that we had ruined the best team he had. With another buggy we set out, but I stopped at the farm house to be with Doc and several days later he was back on the job. We never did get to that stream.

Dr. Hinkle had been a doctor in Moscow, Idaho, before coming to Deary. He had been the captain of the cadets when in college and had an engraved sword to prove it. He was

addicted to alcohol, but for all of that he taught me a lot of things about medicine and life that one cannot get out of books. He served in the medical corps during World War I.

When the revenue officers would come into that part of the country, the sheriff at Moscow would call the drug store in Deary and ask if we had seen fellows that had the description they would relate. We would then know what was coming, so no more liquor would be sold as long as they were around. One day my brother had to leave town for a few days and asked Sam Nesbit to look after the store, also advising that the revenue men were there and gave their description, so do not sell any liquor. Upon Mark's return he had a \$350.00 fine to pay because he found these fellows to be good companions and the two revenue men and Sam had killed a lot of good whiskey.

Game Ran for Three Days

Butch, the gambler, had games upstairs quite regular. One time he had a game that run for three days, and since they were all well-known loggers it was safe to sell them drinks from the huge stock of liquor the drug store had. It would be my lot to pack the drinks up there. Would watch the game. Black Jack, or some call it 21. I had \$25.00 of my wages so went up and got into the game. Never won a hand, but lost all of my \$25.00. That did not seem like the law of averages to me, so found that the vending machine had \$20.00 so took that amount and got into the game again. Just like before did not win a hand, so my total loss was \$45.00 and felt very low and had the wonder of how it could treat me this way.

The game broke up that evening, and the next day Butch proposed that we take a walk in the afternoon up Spud Hill, now called Mount Deary, to do some shooting. He was a nice fellow and a good companion, so off we went. After some shooting we were sitting on a big rock and he said, "That \$25.00 you lost yesterday, was that your wages?" "Yes, it was," was my reply. He said, "Here is your \$25.00 and that \$20.00 was from the vending machine?" Told him he was right. He said,



This was the town of Deary about 1910 near the time Frank Davis was a visitor.

"That \$20.00 is lost and I'm doing this to teach you a lesson. Never play poker with a professional. All during the game I knew every card you had and was dealing from the bottom of the deck as well as from the top, so you could not win. Hope that you will always remember my advice to you now."

Latah County went under local option in 1908, and all the saloons were closed up in the incorporated towns. Deary was an unincorporated town so a man in Troy, 16 miles southwest of Deary, had a bar, back bar and a lot of liquor he could not sell. He went to the county commissioners in Moscow and asked for a license to open a saloon in Deary. The board told him they would give him a license for a year provided he could get the majority of the people of Deary to sign a petition saying it would be o.k.

He was a big natured Swede by the name of John Saline. His first stop after getting to Deary was to come to the drug store. The petition was drawn up and signed there and was on its way around the settlement. Soon the opposition got out a petition, and when it

was all done each petition had 30 signatures, which comprised the adult population of Deary. What to do. They could not think of another person, and at last my brother Mark said, "Here, Frank, sign your name here." I did and that made a majority. The next day Mr. Saline called from Moscow wanting to talk to the kid, stating that he would be up next day to open his saloon in a small annex to the hotel and build a building to house a real saloon.

He run a real nice place and always said it was my saloon. If I went into the saloon in the evening, John would take off his apron and little jacket and say for me to run my saloon.

At the end of the year in June 1909, the final day of his operation was at hand. He had sent over to the drug store three big barrels of bottled beer and each barrel had my name on it. He asked that we spend the evening together and wanted me to see the closing.

He had hired three bartenders from Spokane, and Deary was packed with loggers,

people of all kinds, women, etc. One could not get up to the bar, and John and me sit across the street watching the milling crowd, drinking and getting very rowdy. At 11:45 p.m. we went over to the saloon. John got up on the bar and told them in 15 minutes the saloon would not be selling any more liquor, but he said he had a lot of beer and whiskey left that he would let them have for free if they would pay the bartenders.

They had thrown the money on the back bar during the day. With gunny sacks the money was scooped up into them, and two deputy sheriffs were there with a head of the local bank. With the full sacks the money was transported to the bank and placed in a cage there.

Insight into Human Nature

It was a wild experience that one may imagine, and have been glad to observe it as it gave me an insight into human nature that could not have been found before or since.

John left Idaho and never heard of him again until January 1912. Left Davenport, Washington, where I had been working and went to Spokane. A saloon was across from the N.P. Depot and went in for a glass of beer. The bartender was a huge man, and when he turned around it was my old friend John Saline. I told him I was on my way to Coeur d'Alene to see my mother and arrange for funds so that I could go to business college in Spokane. He said that I did not need to go any further than here because he always wanted to take care of my education to repay me for the favor I did him in Deary in 1909. It seemed that he had made a fortune there with his saloon in Deary. Not wanting to be indebted to anyone and the signing of that paper had been the idea of Mark, I told Mr. Saline that I appreciated his good offer, but that it was impossible for me to accept.

After getting out of business college, worked in Spokane, drove a car for some of the time and Mr. Saline had three saloons in Spokane and had a standing order that every time I came into his saloons there would be no charge and that a case of beer was to be put in my car.

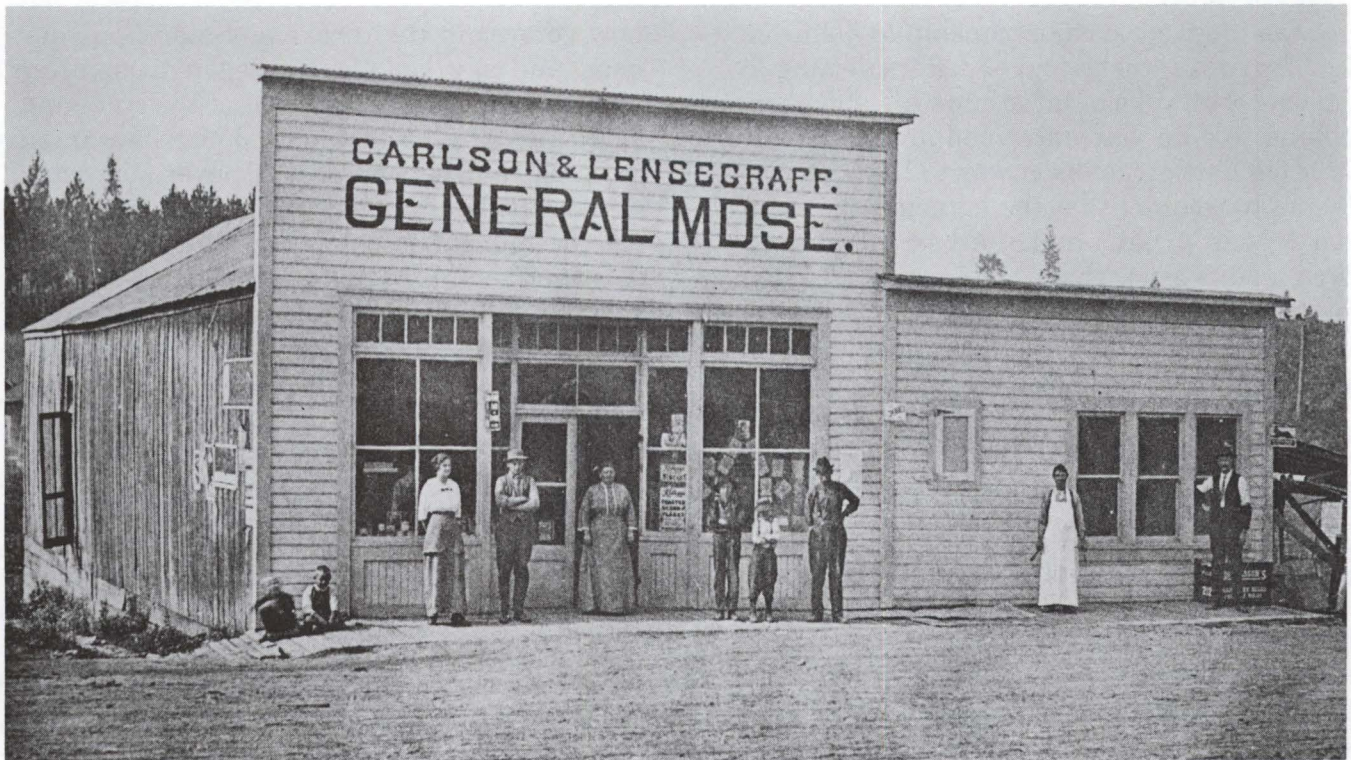
Having left Spokane for medical college in San Francisco, lost track of a lot of people, Mr. Saline included, but while in medical practice in Kelso for a number of years, took care of the employees of the N.P. Railroad extra gang when a large Swede cook came in. Told him that he was as large as my old friend, John Saline. He said, "Do you know John?" When I told him our association, he then told me John was in a hospital with an incurable disease and did not recognize any one.

Mark Harvey Davis was born to Mark in Troy in 1907. It was my first job of being uncle so went from Coeur d'Alene to Troy to see the new boy. My mother was there, and she had the old superstition that a new born baby had to be carried to the highest point in the community so that he would always have high ideals. This had to be done before he was ten days old.

I was 15 at that time, so took the baby in my arms, walked and crawled up the highest damn hill one could imagine. My mother was right behind me to see that I got to the top. Mark may have been benefitted by it because he became first cameraman for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, but know that he never gave me credit for it on my struggle to get to the top of that hill.

A Beer for the Horse

While in Troy Dr. Olson asked me to go along on a country call which seemed like a good idea to me. When he came to get me he was on horseback and was leading another saddle horse for me. Off we went, my horse always prying ahead to get his nose before the other horse. Straining to quiet him down was getting tiresome. At last we came to a meadow in the timber, and there was a log cabin with two big double doors in front and beer signs on each side of the door. Dr. Olson said, "Would you like a bottle of beer?" Always liked beer, so got off the horse, tied it to the hitching rail in front. Dr. Olson stayed on the horse and asked me to open the double doors. When the bartender saw Dr. Olson, he reached under the bar and put out a big shallow pan and set it on the bar along with three bottles of beer. He poured one bottle into the pan for



Although Frank Davis worked in a drug store, this shows an early general store.

the horse and one each for the doctor and me.

At 15 years of age a quart of beer began to make me feel that I wanted to ease up on my eager horse, but kept doing as before as I did not want to offend the doctor. When we arrived at the patient's home I fell into a stack of hay and after an hour or so when the doctor came out had lost the greater part of my beer hypnosis.

On the way back we stopped at the same road house, the horse, the doctor and the kid had another bottle of beer. My horse seemed more eager on the return trip than before, but held him back until we got to the west end of Troy's Main Street where Dr. Olson turned off and advised that the horse was to go to the livery stable at the east end of Main Street. With no other horse to contend with, let my horse loose and we went down that street like a race horse. People came out to look and when in front of the barn, the horse made a sharp turn to go in, and I kept right on going forward over the horse's head, falling in the street. My brother Mark saw the whole thing and came to see if I was hurt, only to find I was o.k. but inhibited mentally because of too

much beer.

Bovill had three saloons, also other stores. It is still there, and when there in 1972 believe that it has decreased in population and in business establishments. It was a town that was very quiet.

July 4, 1908, James J. Jeffers was to fight Jack Johnson for the heavyweight championship of the world. The fight was in Reno, Nevada. Jeffers had been idle for eight years and was very heavy and had not trained for the fight. Johnson was the first Negro to have a shot at the title so there was great feeling for Jeffers to win and keep up the white supremacy.

The three saloons and the drug store went together to pay the cost of having the returns sent to Bovill. My part was to go two blocks to the depot for the returns and get four copies and deliver them to the saloons and would read the return to the crowd around the drug store and then post it on the window.

Tommy Burns was a heavyweight boxer, and he sent word to a friend of his in Bovill to bet all he could scrape up on Jeffers because the fight was fixed and after it was over Jeff-

ers was to give the championship to Johnson.

The first returns told of Jeffers getting in the ring with rolls of fat around his abdomen, looking like he was untrained and not ready for a big battle. Johnson was to have gone to Jeffers to tell him that the agreement was off and this is a fight and the best man wins. Even in his poor shape Jeffers lasted eight rounds. Johnson was the winner and for years after that there was the race by the white fighters to beat Johnson. They were called White Hopes.

Operator Whispers Outcome

Anyway when delivering the returns to the saloons this friend of Tommy Burns was waving a thousand dollars in his hand to bet on Jeffers. This man was there when the delivery of the first three rounds. When I was at the telegraph office in the depot that operator whispered to me that we were four rounds back in the fight and a flash just came through that Jeffers was knocked out in the eighth round. Took the fourth round down to the saloons and could not find the heavy better, but did get word to him through a friend, saving his money; however he never came to thank me.

Never was a Boy Scout. They never had them in my boyhood days, so guess my tip to this fellow would be called my good scout deed for that day.

During my time in Deary in the summer of 1909 was still working in the drug store and the long distance phone for Deary was in the store. Weyerhaeuser had a land office in Deary selling town lots, acreage, etc. It was managed by a Mr. Henry. He had a high opinion of Mr. Henry, and since he represented the owners of the land, he was the boss and everyone had to do as he said. One day saw Mr. Henry standing in front of his office and decided to play an old trick on him, called him by phone and said, "This is the telephone company, Mr. Henry, and we are testing your telephone. Please stand one foot back and say hello; o.k. now stand one foot to the right and say hello; o.k. now one foot to the left and say hello. He did all this as he was told, and then I said, "That was all fine and we thank you so

now go over in the corner and stand on your head and say hello." He began to splutter around, but I run out in front of the store and saw him storming around and how he wanted to catch that person. I was never suspected and no one heard or saw me do it, so know my joke on him would never be found out.

Another funny thing was when the band was practicing in a large upstairs dance hall, a fellow came in the store with a lemon cut in half and a candy stick in it. He asked me to go upstairs and get in front of the members playing the wind instruments and keep sucking on the candy stick. Up I went and set there sucking away on the candy stick, but soon the band stopped playing and the wind playing fellows run me out. Seemed that the saliva built up so fast they could not play the horns, etc.

There was no police or law enforcement officer in Deary, but they would haul a logger or anyone that was out of line into a sham court. One fellow had some big books and they would put them on a table in the upstairs dance hall and would have the ingrate up there standing trial. He would always be found guilty as charged and assessed a fine. The money was kept until they had a large enough amount so they could all get together and have a party. Sometimes they would invite the men that paid the fine. Could that happen now? Fun seems less prevalent now.

No Doctor in Bovill

1908 the David-Thorp Drug Company had stores in Bovill and Deary. Mr. Thorp was in the Bovill store, and Mark was in the Deary store. Bovill did not have a doctor, and when anything of a medical or surgical nature took place, the people would all come to the drug store. Mr. Thorp slept in the back room of the drug store. He wanted to go away for two weeks, so Mark sent his kid brother to look after the store.

I was 16 years of age and knew a lot about how things came to be but did not know how to correct them. At this time Weyerhaeuser woods about Bovill had a big and dangerous forest fire. The townsite of Bovill was in a big clear meadow, and the Potlatch River run at

the west end of the Main Street. The smoke was so thick you could not see across the street. It was quite scary to be in the store and have a group of Indians pressing their faces against the window glass to see what was inside. To further cause a big worry was the wind began for a two-day blow and brought burning embers from the trees in and over the settlement. All buildings were of wood construction and the thought was when will one hit the building and burn down the whole business district.

The deputy sheriff came in the store at the height of the fire and asked if I had a wool blanket. He instructed me that they had an alarm set up at the depot and if the town began to burn, on the sound of the alarm I was to take my blanket and head for the Potlatch River, wet the blanket and crawl under it while in some hole in the river that was to be deep enough to cover my body. Waited two days and the fire seemed to be lessening, so put the blanket back on the bed.

Stopped the Bleeding

One evening a man that had been splitting wood at the Smith Hotel run into the store with his left thumb cut off at the terminal joint. It was bleeding badly, so had him hold his hand over a pad on the scales. What to do? Had to stop the bleeding, but how? Picked up a bottle of hydrogen peroxide which we always used on the farm and poured that on the severed stump and after a time wiped the foamy red stained mess off and the bleeding was stopped. Iodoform gauze was seen, so dressed the stump with that and advised that he go to Palouse to have the doctor there cut back the bone to put a padding on the end of the thumb. Asked what he did with the severed end, and he replied, "Threw it over into the chicken pen and a big rooster was eating on it when I left." Never heard about the fellow after that.

It was quite an active two weeks, and the demand for my services was sure far greater than my ability to serve. Was routed out one night to deliver a baby and had to help get an old lady that knew something about it. She

seemed old then, but by now she was not as old as I am now as I look back into my past.

One day a young man went into the woods alone, good warm clothing, provisions and everything that one could need, but he did not come out when he should. Where could he be? It is supposed that he became lost and the search party found him 100 yards from the road with his clothes torn and all the evidence of panic when he found himself lost.

A man came to Deary with a large supply of surplus army things. He had rifles stacked in military fashion in front of the store. It was a nice display, but there was not much sale because firearms were not necessary around there.

A farmer was having marital troubles and on this particular day his wife rented a buggy from the Sam Nesbit livery stable to take her to the farm to get her personal things.

Lady Dropped Dead

When they pulled up at the yard Sam guided the buggy so the wheels were turned to give her free access out of the buggy. She had one foot on the step and her back towards the house when shots came from the house and the lady dropped to the ground dead. Sam speeded the horse out of there and to town to sound the alarm.

The rifles stacked in front of the store disappeared as men took off. Once out there my old friend Butch, the gambler, got up to the house at last and worked himself to the front door. He saw blood running under the door and called the others to come in and upon opening the door the old farmer had settled the whole affair.

The lady was given a burial in the local cemetery, but the old farmer was brought to town by two hobos that were taken off the train. His body was put in a warehouse that was infested with rats and after several days two other hobos were paid to put him in a hole some place. Idaho was wild in those days, but was never afraid to be out day or night. However in our present time would not feel safe and free to be out as I was back in the early 1900's.

Museums and Kids: Making Connections

By Mary Reed and Sue Fodor

How do you make history interesting and meaningful to children?

Like many other museums and local historical societies, we realize that family, community, and national values are imbedded in our local heritage. We also know that today's children are often losing the connection between their own lives and the lives of those who have gone before them.

How can we through our museums reconnect children to the past? The challenge is to encourage children to feel they are part of their community: its past, present, and future. This means finding new, sometimes non-traditional ways of teaching. It usually means learning what works through trial and error. We begin with the assumption that children learn by being involved, by asking questions, solving problems, and handling and using objects.

In past years, we have sponsored various children's programs and activities. Our children's history fair was part of the ice cream social featured washboards and wash tubs, rug beaters, and other vintage equipment. We developed a hands-on program, "Recycling Ideas from the Past" and a program on Carol Rylie Brink's childhood that uses slides and artifacts. We have even begun impersonating a maid at the McConnell Man-

sion for school tours in an attempt to help make history come alive in students' imaginations. An immediate goal at the museum is to install a children's hands-on exhibit in an upstairs room.

But, we know we need to reach more children and explore topics that will not only appeal to them but will teach them about the diversity of people and cultures in this region. Inspired by these goals, we initiated a program last summer on Native American culture. It was an ambitious undertaking. We designed a self-guided teaching and activity program, borrowed a slide program on Nez Perce music and culture, and borrowed artifacts from the Appaloosa Museum and Nez Perce Historical Park. The program was given at the Moscow Library and at most branch libraries throughout the county. In conjunction with these programs, a Nez Perce artisan demonstrated corn husk weaving. The Latah

County Arts and Culture Committee provided funds.

In preparing the program, we spent much time for research because we believe that historical interpretation for children should be done with as much care as that for adult audiences. We went to the experts at the Appaloosa Museum and Nez Perce National Park; We read scholarly accounts of Native Americans, and folk tales and legends as told by the Nez Perce. We researched our oral



Dorothy and Gwen Bovill at the Bovill Hotel.

history collection for accounts of how white settlers and native peoples got along and what they thought about each other.

Errors quickly appeared when we gave the first program at the Moscow Library. The slide program was much too long and detailed for the very small children. The sight of their squirming bodies quickly convinced us to reduce the number of slides and dispense with the taped script. Also, we felt uneasy about interpreting another people's culture without their guidance and involvement. By the end of the summer, we had gained enough experience to begin thinking about a new program for summer 1992.

A lunch with our friend and colleague, Claudia McGehee who directs the Appaloosa museum, inspired this year's program. We all liked the idea of another collaborative project. What could be simpler or more natural than a program on horses? So, "The Horse Era: Work, Travel, and Recreation with Horses" was born. The Latah County Arts and Culture Committee again approved our request to assist with funding.

The formula seemed a sure-fire one by combing the natural attraction between children and horses with the joint resources of our two museums. We had oral history interviews, photographs, reminiscences, newspaper transcriptions, and fire insurance maps showing the historic location of livery stables and barns. The Appaloosa Museum had a corral and people like George Hatley to demonstrate how to saddle, harness, and ride horses. Both of our museums had artifacts that children could handle, including a saddle to climb on.

Information Reflects Real Life

We knew from the previous summer program that if children can relate their own lives and experiences to the information you give them, you've got their attention. We worked on the script with that in mind. We wanted the information to reflect real life: the flies and manure piles as well as the rodeos and horse races. We found numerous newspaper accounts showing the other, somber side of the horse era. Milan Herbert Vosburg was kicked by a horse in the breast; he developed tubercu-

losis and died four years later. A student at Washington State College in Pullman died of a cerebral hemorrhage a few months after being kicked by a horse, and George Bacon of Kamiah, a traveling salesman, was killed after being violently thrown against the saddle horn by his bucking horses.

These horse-related accidents also showed a parallel with our modern automobile age. We felt that stories about horse-related accidents were essential to children understanding the reality of that era, but we also felt that some children might be too young for the starkness of the accounts. So we softened the account of an accident we selected as being fairly typical of the times when horses were used in the fields and youngsters were exposed to dangers of working around them.

The news item reporting the death of 15 year-old John Cecil in August 1911 recounted how he and two other workers were loading straw into a wagon. When the owner of the field came driving through in a hack, the team at the straw stack became frightened and started to run. Cecil attempted to hold the team but was run over. He never gained consciousness and died shortly afterward.

Incident Used as Example

In interpreting the accident for the slide program, we used the incident as an example of how farm boys learned to work with horses and could drive teams. Our story line was altered to recount that the boy was knocked down when he tried to stop the horses from running away by grabbing the lines.

We left out the death, but we wonder if we should have stuck with the original version. More generally, we wonder how to incorporate death and other sober and disquieting aspects of life in our interpretations. This is a problem we will continue to work through by trial and error.

The Horse Era program reaffirmed the fact that children are interested in the lives of other children. During the slides, the children became transfixed when any mention was made of Carol Brink, the little girl who had no mother, father, sisters or brothers but did have her pony, Tommy, to explore Moscow's

streets and be part of the Fourth of July parades.

In describing the different ways in which horses were a necessary part of life, we talked about Native Americans and the effect the horse had on how they traveled and hunted. Photos of Nez Perce women on horse back and Nez Perce at Genesee's annual fair indicated other cultural relationships.

The slides moved through the topics of horses in the country, horses in town, and horses for fun. Wherever we could, we used local history and photos of local scenes like the Palmer horse hospital in Bovill, George Weber's harness shop in Moscow, a horse and delivery wagon outside the Moscow Steam Laundry, Nez perce riding through Genesee, and the livestock show in downtown Moscow. We ended with slides showing how people use horses today for work and pleasure.

Children Became Restless

Adults loved the slides and wanted to linger over them and know exactly where each one was taken. Children became restless if the images slowed down; five seconds was plenty. After all, most have grown up in an age of television and videos which encourage short attention spans and are action-oriented. One child did ask very perceptive questions about who took the photos and why they weren't in color.

But it was the hands-on part of the program that captivated the children. Although "greenhorn" Sue was caught holding a bridle upside down and not giving a certain snaffle bit its proper name, everyone greatly enjoyed seeing and handling the objects. Children would play the part of a horse as Sue demonstrated various pieces of horse tack. Everyone wanted to try the curry comb, and the room fell silent when Sue range the sleigh bells. The great length of the buggy whip stretched out between two children, elicited much interest and creative guesses as to why it was so long. The two most unpopular objects were the prickly horse hair rope (younger children were reluctant to touch it) and, surprisingly, the horse feed. Perhaps we live in such a deodorized society that we avoid any strong

natural smells.

As a finale, the Appaloosa Museum sponsored a demonstration day. Around 300 adults and children came to enjoy horseback rides and rides in a buggy pulled by a team of draft horses. They learned how to saddle and harness horses and how to take care of them. In a pasture behind the museum an Appaloosa colt frolicked with its mother and many visitors toured the museum for the first time.

'Horse Era' Program to Continue

A retrospect of what worked and what didn't came next. Because of the time we spent developing the program and the benefits of working with the Appaloosa Museum, we decided to keep the "Horse Era" as one of our on-going programs. We also need to reach much larger numbers of children. The only disappointment we had was the small audiences at a couple of the libraries. In large part this is due to the many conflicting summer activities such as vacations and sports camps. The solution appears to be to take the slide and artifact program into the schools in the spring and end with a demonstration day at the Appaloosa Museum.

The program also demonstrated that although children and adults enjoy the same topics, they have different attention spans and interests. Revising the program for both audiences seems the best way to make use of the work we did this year.

A remaining question is whether to sponsor any summer programs or events for children. This summer we discontinued the children's fair which has been a part of our ice cream social. Should we revive it? What about the larger problem of finding the balance between education and entertainment? How can we keep children interested in local or community history and avoid boring them? Should we sponsor activities and crafts that are popular and entertaining but teach children little about the real past of Latah County, and of a past that includes recent history?

Whatever we decide, it's clear that children have become an essential part of our educational programming. The Latah County Historical Society will never be the same.

Swinging Through Time and Space

Could it be true?
Was it that long ago
you were born in a depot,
a child growing up
in the forests of Idaho,
the largest pines in the world?
Father, Irish ruddy
faced agent
of WI&M Railroad
doled out cigars and jokes
to all the trainmen
the day your were born.
He laughingly told you
the train blew its steam
and smoke (which you believe).
The engine changed its bell
and blew its whistle
out of Harvard on to
Princeton and to Yale
on up to Bovill,
and back again
to the Potlatch mill.
Was it that long ago
you climbed box cars,
ran their lengths,
jumped the chasms,
onto the next,
climbed the trestles
with trains whistling
down the tracks?

Neighbors asking,
throwing up their hands,
"What will that child climb next?"
As always father quipped,
"She's as agile as a cat.
She'll land on her feet,
she'll not fall."
You'd like to believe
father held his breath
when you lept on a pulley,
swung out over a pond,
dangled like a fish
from a hook on
a long cable
lashing over shrill trills
of Redwings swaying
on Cat-tails.
You flashed through
orange setting suns
and floating moons
to the keroaking tunes
of two thousand frogs.
Like a pendulum
you swing, streaking back,
barely grazing three
vertical poles
in shape of a tepee.
Could this all be true,
was it that long ago?

--Annette Hellberg

As I Recall: Moscow in 1927

By Margaret Walker

My arrival in Moscow in the fall of 1927 was via a local six or eight passenger bus from Spokane. If I remember correctly, the one-way bus ticket was \$2.00 and the trip took six hours. The road was narrow and only hard surfaced in the several small towns. It was a winding and curving road since instead of cutting through a hill the highway skirted around the bottoms of the hills. The current highway to Spokane is the third road, each one easier to drive on, thus cutting the traveling time.

I had been invited to spend the weekend with the Carney's, former neighbors who lived across the alley in Spokane. They had moved to Moscow so their four children could attend the University of Idaho. At that time I had several months' experience as a secretary in Los Angeles, living with my Uncle Harley, Auntie and Grandmother. I arrived in Moscow with only my gown and other necessities in a paper bag, not realizing I would never return to Spokane but spend the remainder of my life in Moscow. I've come to regard Moscow as a "heavenly place" to live and myself as very fortunate to live here. However, as to how and why my home became "Moscow" is another future story.

Grain Elevator Burns

In the fall of 1925 the Latah County Grain Growers elevator, located on the southwest corner of Main and Eighth Street, had burned. The fire must have been quite a disaster as people were continuing to talk about it two years later.

The Gritman Hospital, located on the southeast corner of Main and Seventh Streets, was owned and operated by Dr. Gritman, one of three doctors in town. The hospital was a brown, three-storied wood building with his office and infirmary on the ground floor; the patients rooms were on the second floor with

no elevator; and I heard that the operating room was on the third floor.

The population of Moscow in 1927 was almost 5,000 people. It appeared to me everyone knew all their neighbors and everyone else in town also. Very few people ever locked their doors or even had keys anymore. A stranger in town was most noticeable and remarked about.

There were 27 churches in Moscow. The two largest were the white clapboard Presbyterian Church on Fourth and Van Buren Streets (the present location.) Clifford Drury was the minister as I remember; and the grey stone Methodist Church on the corner of Third and Adams, looking the same then as today. There were two Lutheran churches; the one on Sixth Street (formerly the old Methodist Church) was for the Swedes and the church on the northwest corner of Second and Van Buren was for the Norwegians.

Two Churches Combine

Eventually the two churches combined their congregations to form the present Emmanuel Lutheran Church of today. The other many smaller churches were scattered around town, some still in use today under different names. I remember seeing three small, plump elderly Mennonite ladies, the only remaining members of that congregation. These ladies were always together dressed exactly the same in dark, long full skirts and white caps on their heads.

Directly across Third Street from the Methodist Church was a three-storied red brick school building. Maybe it was the first Whitworth School. The two lower floors were for grade school students with the upper floor for high school pupils. The elementary school was located on the present site of the Russell School. It was a white, two-storied small wood frame building.

Next to Bob Wood's Varsity Cafe (now the

Old Peking Restaurant) was a vacant, one-story wood structure which formerly housed Blanchard's Saloon and Pool Hall. South of that was a vacant lot with a well-defined path down a short, steep incline from the sidewalk. This path served as a short-cut to the University.

There was only one theater in town - the Kenworthy. The admission price was 25 cents and on Saturday nights was shown serial movies such as "The Perils of Pauline." Of course we always had to attend if only to discover how the heroines escaped from their various predicaments at the conclusion of the previous week's movie.

Nothing Open on Sunday

All stores and businesses were closed on Sunday. If, for instance, drugs were needed in an emergency, the druggist was called at this home and he delivered the medicine where needed. It was unthinkable to have a grocery store open on Sunday. Even such a thought or discussion was frowned upon.

On the south side of Third Street between Polk and Howard Streets was a boardwalk spanning a deep gully in which a very small stream from a spring ran down the gully to Sixth Street. This gully was eventually filled in with old stoves, bed springs, excavation dirt, clippings from trees and bushes, etc. When the cement sidewalk was constructed, homes were built on that side of Third Street. As I remember, Howard Street from Third to Sixth Street was only a dirt road for many years until it was finally paved. I walked on this boardwalk to Mrs. Carrie Westover's boarding house for my dinners.

North of Creightons Store, when it was on Main Street and next to Bjorklunds Hardware Store, was the Pastime Pool Hall and Saloon. There was a bench outside in front of the saloon where men were usually sitting. The Pastime was open for business 24 hours of the day. A "lady" never walked on that side of the street! According to hearsay, there was sawdust on the floor and they served the best flapjacks and breakfast in town.

The southeast portion of town (south of Sixth Street) was called "Swede Town"

because mostly Scandinavians lived there. The present Fort Russell Neighborhood Historic District was where the financially successful business men built their large homes, all of which are occupied today. The red light district was beyond the railroad tracks south and west of A Street along Jackson Street. Some of the original houses are still being used, mostly as apartments for students. Below the hill from the Fort Russell section where the ground is flat and where Paradise Creek flows, were small wood-framed homes for the ordinary working class. This area was called Poverty Flats. On North Main and B Street was located the vinegar works; a business which made that section of town redolent with the strong odor of vinegar.

East of Hayes Street was all farm land and orchards. Hordeman's Pond was really in the country then; an excellent place for picnics.

Librarian Censors Books

The grey stone Carnegie Library, with the curved steps on each side of the entrance to the front door, was used as extensively then as now. A small elderly lady was the librarian. Once I asked for a special book which she refused to give me, saying, "You are too young to read that kind of a book." I was 17 years old! (I wish that I could remember the title of the book now.) There was considerable dissatisfaction in town regarding her censorship of books she allowed people to read and finally she was replaced.

Across the street from the library on the corner of First and Adams was St. Mark's Episcopal Church with the parsonage attached to the west end of the brown wood frame building.

In the 64 years both the University and the town of Moscow has changed in character and physical appearance. Of course the whole world is changed and some people call it progress!

(Margaret Walker has lived in Moscow since 1926. She first worked as Tax Roll Clerk for Latah County and then became administrative assistant in the UI College of Education. She is now retired.)

DEAKIN STREET - 1928

By Mary Norie Banks

The owner, Mrs. Minerva Ricketts Williams, was showing us the house she was willing to rent to us for \$40 a month. The exterior was certainly not prepossessing: steep gabled roof, narrow front porch, tiny patch of grass, no trees or shrubs. Inside we peeked into the living room, noting its round-bellied stove, then climbed the stairs to take a hasty glance at two bedrooms, one large and one small. We could have the larger one, I figured, and Dick, -- who like Bill and me had just been hired to teach Freshman Composition at the University of Idaho -- could have the smaller and pay us a share of the rent.

"We'll take it," we hastily informed our prospective landlady, secretly rejoicing that we'd be living just two blocks from the campus.

"You may want to have a register cut in the ceiling above the living room stove. There's no heat upstairs, you know, and I'll be glad to have a register put in if you'd like."

"Oh no, we never like a heated bedroom," I assured her, remembering balmy spring breezes blowing through open windows.

It was the fall of 1928. We were young then, and life lay before us like a magic carpet of adventure, innocent adventure, true, but nonetheless exciting ones such as a settling on a rented house as our base of operations for the school year, our first in Moscow, Idaho. Moving was a simple matter -- a few suitcases of clothes, a few cartons of books, a big box of wedding presents. And once ensconced in our new abode we felt exhilarated by a great sense of belonging, at being at peace with ourselves and with our choice of academic careers.

The house at 713 Deakin Street seemed just right for us. Its closeness to the campus

far outweighed its shortcomings. We soon came to appreciate the big, old kitchen with its wood range, its meager cupboards and minimal sink and drainboard. Its oilcloth-covered table was ample in size for the influx of grateful friends who began coming to share our toast and marmalade after an eight o'clock class.

When our friend Dick moved in with his orthophonic phonograph and stack of record albums, friends began dropping in during the late afternoon hours to hear a Haydn symphony or a Brahms quintet. Whether Bill or I or Dick were there or not, our music-loving friends came in, picked out their choice of albums and settled themselves comfortably on our big old Morris chairs to listen. We would

come home with the day's supply of groceries and I would prepare dinner for ourselves and Dick. But always at least one bemused music-lover would still be daydreaming by the phonograph, and more than once our meal for

three became a meal for four.

That winter we had a week or two of weather colder than I had ever experienced, the mercury sinking to 30 below zero. Friends who had been dropping in for toast and marmalade, or for classical music, came now to warm their faces and hands at our cheery living room heater. Our supply of wood was ample; we kept both stoves well-stocked and were comfortable as long as we stayed downstairs. But Oh, that unheated bedroom! Never have sheets felt so icy, never has my body been so abused! I finally realized what our kind landlady had meant when she proposed the ceiling register which I so blithely rejected.

We went to Seattle for Christmas vacation and returned with what was to have been a fine airedale puppy, but which had become --

"We were young then, and life lay before us like a magic carpet of adventure. . ."

through some clever bargaining by the kennel owner--not one, but three airedale pups. Why we ever accepted two extras I cannot say. You can imagine what a problem we faced when we arrived at our snug little cottage with Jerry, Barney and Patsy. The extreme cold had not abated. The woodshed we intended as a shelter for the pups was inadequate protection; they would have to be kept in the house!

Both of us having duties on campus, the pups had to be confined during our absences. Bill contrived a pen for them about six feet square in a corner of the kitchen. There they played, fought, rollicked, ate and slept until they were big enough to leap over and escape their imprisonment. By then the weather had moderated and the pups were moved out to the woodshed.

When my parents drove over from Seattle to spend a few days with us during the semester break, they stayed at the reputable Hotel Moscow and treated us to dinners at its famous dining room. But when later that spring our cherished friend Pellegrini -- newly hired as debate coach at Whitman College -- paid us a visit, we made other arrangements. An old friend as dear to us as Pelly was not to be sent off downtown for a bed for the night. After all, our double bed was wide enough for all three if all three slept quietly and turned only in unison! So our little bedroom with its low-sloped ceiling and heaped-up quilts welcomed our visitor as no hotel room could possibly have done.

Next door to us on Deakin Street was the famed "Blue Bucket" (later replaced by the University Bookstore). And since its upstairs was a ballroom, we heard every weekend the recorded dance music to which the students were dancing. Like an echo from the past, a certain piece was heard over and over, a popularized arrangement of Liszt's "Liebestraum" (Love's Dream). At age fourteen I adored the original piano version of that piece and literally played it to death. At age twenty-three I found it sadly trite and sentimental.

On dance evenings our car, parked at the front curb, was a convenient place for a bit of amorous relaxation between dances. We had to be careful not to make too hasty a departure, with uninvited passengers still hiding in our back seat.

The wide world of symphonic and chamber music was for most of us at that time a new discovery. Our easy references to Ravel's "Bolero," Schubert's "Unfinished," the Beethoven Ninth, the Verdi "Requiem" might have seemed a bit pretentious, but were nonetheless fresh and sincere. I recall a group of us purchasing a record album each month, taking turns at choosing what to order. "Iota Chi" we called ourselves ("I owe da guy") with shared cost and shared ownership. Five albums for five individuals (or couples) were divided by lot at the end of May. Our lot was Schubert's Ninth Symphony, which we enjoyed playing for many years afterward.

Literary masterpieces past and present were also hailed as objects of veneration. Our zest for them was honest and well-informed. References occurring in our discussions were often to books newly published:

Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms*, Huxley's *Point Counterpoint*, D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterly's Lover* (banned here but available in a French pirated edition). The sonnets of Edna Saint Vincent Millay were favorites, especially for reading aloud. Our little home listened well to readings and discussions, which became in time an essential part of our Deakin Street memories.

As the school year neared its end the subject for discussion amongst us was a decision Bill and I had made to go to England that very summer to spend a year there. That decision grew out of a rather casual remark Bill made to me as we were driving home from a Christmas shopping trip to Spokane. I can still see in my mind the snowy fields that flashed past as Bill was saying, "Anybody who plans to teach English literature should go to the source and get to know England first

"On dance evenings our car, parked at the front curb, was a convenient place for a bit of amorous relaxation between dances."

hand." To Bill this remark may have been theoretical; to me it was the opening of a door. As we rode along that wintry day I said to myself over and over, "We can do it. We can do it. I know we can!"

Thus began a determined effort on my part to cut every cost, save every penny, and to study the map of Great Britain, as well as brochures from steamship companies. By late spring we had reservations on the Belgenland for departure in mid-July. Our possessions would soon go back to storage, Our dogs would go to new homes. With a reduced teaching schedule spring semester I even found time to make myself a smart new outfit (on a borrowed machine).

Our friends, as one by one they learned our plans, were wistful. They'd be coming over too -- next year. But their "next year" never did come. We sailed from New York three months before the Wall Street crash, and by good fortune did live and study for a

year in England. Those with hopes of "next year" had to wait many years for the realization of their dream. We ourselves came home a year later and stayed in the U.S. thirty-three years before we again visited England. A year of job hunting followed our year abroad. That hunt led back to Moscow, to the world of teaching, to old and new friends and now to the joys of parenthood. A big rambling house across town became our new home. The little house of Minerva Ricketts Williams was now just a memory. In fact, it had simply disappeared. And although I thought I saw it in a different location with a different coat of paint, it was never seen again at 713 Deakin Street.

(Mary Banks, a wife, mother, grandmother and great grandmother, taught piano for many years and also taught Freshman Composition at WSU. She is noted for her photographs of people and places in the Palouse.)

Notes from the Editor's desk . . .

This is the first issue of the *Legacy* in which we are able to use our own laser printer. The Latah County Historical Society purchased a NEC Silentwriter Model 95 this summer and it makes our task of publication much easier. Before this, Lois Melina, publisher of *Adopted Child* in Moscow, donated the use of her laser printer so we could print out our pages. To her we express our thanks.

Manuscripts Needed for Publication

We are looking for interesting stories that deal with Latah County history and people. This could include autobiography, biography, stories of particular events, development of industries, and notes about interesting people in the past. Manuscript should be in story form and may deal with recent history as well as with the earlier times. We also will accept poetry for consideration.

While we cannot guarantee that your story will be used, we encourage all you would-be writers out there to try your hand. Manuscripts may be submitted at the Latah County Historical Society Annex, 327 East Second, Moscow, ID 83843.

Society Past President Dies

Ray M. Berry, 95, a retired professor in the College of Education at the University of Idaho, died February 5, 1992. He was born in 1896 at Fox, Oregon. After serving in World War I, he began teaching school in Idaho. In 1944 he became superintendent of Moscow public schools and in 1946 joined the faculty in the UI College of Education. He served as president of the Latah County Historical Society in 1974.

A Correction in our Last Issue

In our article on early logging in Latah County in Vol. 20, No. 2, a grandson called to say that Axel Anderson was an immigrant from **Sweden**, not Norway as stated in the article. We are happy to make this correction. --B.C.

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**Note: Due to the high cost of returned issues, we appreciate
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.