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Mary Jane Lamphear, Mrs. Wicks' great aunt. Her family background in upstate New York. She sold bibles in the South after the Civil War, despite hostility to Yankees, and an attack by a dog.

Mary Jane Lamphear's dressmaking business, in various major cities. The quality in good material and good dresses. Dress design was exquisite. Accessories and care of dresses. A silk quilt of various dress materials. Local town women often had hand-me-down dresses. Her fiance dies on a trip of a throat infection; the ring he gave her. Her reading glasses.

Mary Jane Lamphear's Idaho homestead had many small graces about it. Her financial reverse came about through trusting people. Mrs. Wicks' memories of being cared for by Miss Lamphear. She catches a weasel, tries to keep a bear cub, and explains why she has no fear of being alone.

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Mary Jane Lamphear cared for her sister-in-law in her last illness. She and her brother then lived together tranquilly. She reads him the newspaper as he sits in his old chair. He eats her excellent meals with his old knife. He treats Mrs. Wicks in Troy. Mrs. Wicks' first white stockings, and her first party. Some of the graces that Mrs. Wicks learned from Miss Lamphear.

Joshua Lamphear, Mrs. Wicks' grandfather, was either rich or poor, "a chicken and feathers man." His market in Michigan. He lost big on a trotting horse, so they came to Genesee, which was much like Genesee, New York.

Mother's first years in Genesee. Grandmother builds her a summer kitchen.

Lamphear home at Hog Meadows; they often hosted travelers. He located many on homesteads. Living in Troy from 1910, he was known as a sporting man. The Lamphears cushioned the lives of their daughter and her children. The old pet cat.
Staying at the Lamphear's. At a dance with the Bovill girls and a big survey crew. At the Warren's for Sunday dinner, Lou Jain saw a deer jump on the table. Lou uses his teeth to catch a fish that'd fallen between two planks of a bridge at Bovill.

Barbara Walters, Josh's wife, was Pennsylvania Dutch; her family background. (Family baby dresses are preserved at the museum.) Mother's wedding; father's bachelor cabin and holdings. Grandmother's work. To Mrs. Wicks' family, cemeteries were most important for loving remembrance, honored on Decoration Day.

Her father, Lewis Jain's, family background from France and Switzerland. An ancestor was the sole survivor of a Huguenot massacre; relatives and history in Geneva. Great-grandparents and their children took a ship to the new world for opportunity. Grandparents nearly starve to death homesteading at Boulder because of locusts destroying crops; emigrating to eastern Oregon in 1877 and then Genesee. Grandfather hiked down to Hatwai Creek twice a week with a bale of grain on his back to feed his stock through the winter.

Grandfather Jain's success. Meals at their home. Combing grandmother's hair. Grandfather's church and social functions. Death of their daughter made Jain family very careful about allowing their women to work.

Father's first peach, in Colorado; his pleasure in making custard and berry picking. Uncle Charlie carries a kitten home by the tail; this was a favorite bedtime story for Mrs. Wicks. In the Willamette Valley, father and other boys chased salmon out of the creek; he shot a pack rat which exploded into a thousand pieces. He fell asleep as he walked with an ox to Idaho.

In the panic of 1893, it was hard to afford stamps for mother to write letters back East. Father's schooling; grandfather never had to fight with Indians. Visit from Steven Reubin, a Nez Perce minister.

Parents voted on election day. His suit from the Sears Roebuck catalog, with its large selection. Borah was regarded as something of a rounder by the family. Politicians sought out father's views. Strong concern for good government is a family tradition.
Sundays on the farm; mother worked hard cooking and entertaining.
II. Transcript
GRACE WICKS: I want to talk first about Mary Jane Lamphear. She was a maiden lady, born in 1843, in Verona, New York. And she never considered herself a New Englander. She was an upper York Stater. Her next, she was the oldest of the family of Richason and Mary Roberts Lamphear. "In later studies of the family history we learn that it was spelled with an 'm' rather than an 'w'. And with various endings, such as ier, and ere. But this family always carried the ear syllable." She was the oldest of three children, her parents having been married 1841. They lived on the same home which still is in the family. I believe the last owner I knew of to have it was Blair Lamphear, in that location. The family were farmers and cheese makers. Mary Jane, as the oldest of the family, I should say that her next brother was Joshua Giles, my grandfather, and then sometime later, a son Edgar Roberts Lamphear was born. As the oldest of the family, Mary Jane was given a very great deal of the household responsibilities. Her mother not being particularly well. The story was told about the mother almost 60, being completely casted. She had her feet in the oven door with a little rocker drawn up in front of the kitchen range. And was greatly babied by the whole family. She wore a shawl and a little cap. Because of her advanced age, which of course was about 57. And the meals of the family were prodigious. Of course they did a great deal of outdoor work in a cold climate time and they could handle a great many strong foods. But pie for breakfast was very usual, on top of a very substantial breakfast, which included meat and potatoes always. The pies were made ahead of time and stored on the shelf of either the milk room or the outdoor cellar. These remained cold both summer and winter. And there would be maybe twenty pies in a row and they would be the substantial kind. Mince, pumpkin, apple and so forth. And those were brought in from time to time to be sliced and eaten. Auntie, as she was known to us children, was the main cook and the main manager of the household.
She was most unusual in that she was a businesswoman throughout her life. And took care of herself very adequately indeed. With some very distinct periods in her career. The first thing I know of that she did was to be a Yankee young woman who sold bibles south of the Mason-Dixon line immediately following the Civil War. She met much hostility as a down east Yankee, they didn't call her a 'damn yankee' but they did call her a down east Yankee. And the most dramatic incident of this hostility was when a man set his dog upon her. She had no defense but a tiny, little, pearl handled pen knife, which I have, in the pocket of her many folded skirt. She put her hand to this, but of course, there was no opportunity to open the blade and the beast came roaring at her, and put his two great paws right up on her shoulders and his face right in hers. But she managed to stand her ground and the dog did nothing of hurting her. And the man who owned the dog was utterly amazed. I've always wondered whether she made a sale with this impressed gentleman or not. (laughs) At any rate, I don't remember if I heard whether she ever made a sale at that place or not. But she did make a living. Selling bibles in this very difficult situation. As time went by, her needlework, which throughout her life was an art became her source of livelihood. And I don't know when the periods were, I do know that through her long years she had dressmaking establishments in Toronto, in Cincinnati and in Chicago, and I believe, though I'm not sure of this, in Marquette, Michigan. One time or another. She had a large workroom of women who helped her and at one time she had a designer named Van Buren who was a Hollander, who worked for her. The fashion of the day was very elaborate and materials were very costly, being woven only eighteen inches wide. Being very heavy in quality and costing a great deal. Twenty dollars a yard was not unknown. With the dollar at that stage of the game, you can imagine what a garment cost especially, designing, drafting the designing and execution of the dressmaking establishment. Auntie's name, M.J. Lamphear was on an embroidered label which went onto the back of the
garment. And if a woman, in those days, of quite a wealthy man, had two
dresses of this quality during her lifetime, she was considered very
fortunate. The materials were of exquisite quality. I have a silk quilt made
of their scraps. Of course, now they are well over a hundred years old.
And those are intact and beautiful in every way. It's only after we got to
synthetic materials which had metal woven in them, had tin woven in them,
etc., that materials cracked after a period of time. But these materials
of Auntie's were, are, in beautiful shape. As are the silks, which were
pure silk, that made the threads that held them together in their fine
and delicate stitches. I know that my great aunt was in business in 1869
because I have a bound volume of patterns from the Petersons Magazine of
that year. They were bound by a cousin of hers named Roberts in New York
City. And for my wedding present my mother gave me the May and the
February fold out pictures, which I have framed on my wall. Together with
a beautiful piece of crewel work in shades of green and gold and off white
in a water lily pattern. Those three framed delights have been a precious
part of my home ever since I have been married. Which now going back to
1929, makes it 45 years.

SS: Would you describe the design of the dresses of that time?

GW: Well, we think we have nice clothes now, we think our French designers are
very talented people. But as I look at these pictures as I sit here, they
are exquisite in detail. And finished in design. The human being who wore
them was greatly enhanced in dignity and beauty and she was a complete unit.
Her waist must be very tiny. Her bosom must be ample. Her hips, it didn't
matter, because the skirts flowed widely. And the ruffles were hand made
and hand hemmed. The pleatings were done on a fluting iron. The puffs were
done by hand. The gorgeous ribbons and laces were imported. Sometimes from
Italy, sometimes from Belgium, sometimes from France. The jet was hand
cut. The garments were looked at in the pattern books, which were numerous.
And then the purchaser bought what she wished. These garments were elaborate evening wear, they were wedding wear, they were morning wear, for afternoon tea and calling complete with exquisite little hats. Lovely, dainty boots, and charming, warm, coats. The women's tasks in taking care of these clothes was par for the course for these women to have perhaps two outfits during their entire lifetime, of this quality. Because materials at that time were used and reused by turning the materials from right side to wrong side. Sometimes the wrong sides or the underside of the first side were quite as pretty as the outsides had been. And a frequent practice for the garment to be turned and used almost as a new dress. Because of the new appearance it would have. Though of course the pattern would have to be much the same since the folds would be there, etc.

Now they could press materials in those days, but they had no dry cleaning. So the grooming of a woman had to be very, very careful. And her only deodorant was talcum and since there was no dry cleaning, sponging had to be resorted to a great deal, because of course women did perspire. But of course women on this social level frequently the idea of culture and gentility was not to be vigorous physically. So they were very careful in their physical activities. And didn't (pause in tape) Itself is a work of art.

SS: The silk quilt.

GW: Uh huh. It is an exquisite piece of handwork. I am sorely tried in my decisions as to how to handle it to the greatest advantage. I would like to cut it into squares and frame it so that it would be under glass, the various parts, and give it to the descendents of my parents. But I hate to cut it up because it's such a beautiful thing and also because I am not sure of the care to which the framed pieces would be subjected. Because unless people are taught that old examples of a culture which is now gone by will be properly handled and properly appreciated. Then again,
WICKS

I think, but it belongs to these people. And they have a right to it and I would be so happy to give it to them if I thought they would treat them with loving respect. This is a decision I have to make before my life ends. I have taken a sample or so of the materials on the lower shelf there of that exquisite little flower piece, which after all these many years, still shows the shadings of colors. Dyes were not as secure in those days as they are now. And light faded them. As a matter of fact, light fades our dyes presently. But those dyes in that little framed piece of embroidery still hold in delicate pinks and blues for the flowers and many shades of green for the leaves. I framed that in a gold leaf frame, because I wanted it to be kept as the exquisite thing it is. There are many other samples in this partly finished quilt that I could also give and I have to make this decision.

SS: Did the women of Genesee have dresses like the ladies of the larger cities?

GW: My mother did. But hers was a hand me down from this aunt. Women in Genesee had dresses they made themselves. Or at best, had a dressmaker make. Now my grandfather, Barbara Walters Lamphear, the sister-in-law of the woman about whom I have been telling you, was a pioneer seamstress. And I have a beautiful lion glass compote which was given her in 1886. As a thank you for having made a trousseau in Michigan for a friend who she didn't charge. And so in gratitude, this lovely piece of glassware was given her, and that now graces my electric organ. And from time to time I put different flowers in it to enhance it's pleasures and right now it has poinsettas in it. But the pioneer women in Genesee, unless something was sent to them, did not have this quality of clothing.

SS: Would that be true of Moscow as well?

GW: Of course, yes. Because there were no conditions which allowed an establishment that cost such as this one did. It had to be in a large city area.
Because this was the top drawer. Well now to continue about Miss Lamphear, she was engaged to a gentleman in Chicago, at one time, and they were to be married. He took a little trip down into Illinois for business and failed to come back. And her dismay put her on a train to go down to see what had happened. And she found a raw grave. He had been attacked by some dreadful throat infection which killed him forthwith. And since she was a fiancee, there was no information in his effects to notify her. And so she learned what had happened, but never did she marry. And I presently wear this diamond, which is about a 4/5ths carat that was her engagement ring from this gentleman. As she grew older, the joints of her ring finger grew large with rheumatism. So she couldn't wear the ring, but as long as I can remember seeing Auntie undress, on her corset was pinned a little satin sack and in it was this diamond ring which was her dearest possession. I also have another piece of lovely jewelry which perhaps was not her, a gift from her beloved. But was typical of the time in that they didn't have bifocal glasses. She wore glasses, but she had to have heavier glasses with which to read. And so I have this lovely gold pin, that I presently wear which has under it a hook and on this hook she put the nose piece which was gold of her reading glasses. And carried it on her person, usually on her left shoulder and left shoulder area, and from that extended a gold chain with a little chip diamond in it. I got this fixed, ready to wear down at the Dodson's Jewelers recently, because it's in style presently and of course is of such exquisite quality I'm very proud of it. But she always wore this as a means of being able to read wherever she was in her busy day. 'Cause she'd have to hook on the heavier lenses in order to be able to read a recipe or a label on a fruit jar or whatever it was, as she moved around her work. In due time, about the turn of the century, she came west and joined her brother Joshua and his wife Barbara Walters, who I just mentioned
in Troy, Idaho. And since grandfather was a locator of people on claims, helped her to get a claim of timber 18 miles into the tall, tall timber out of Orofino. The easy access, easier access timber claims around Bovill were long since taken. And so her holding was much more inconvenient. But I have here a picture of her on this claim. And she is in this log cabin with a breeze way in one end and one room for living purposes. And as usual, there are graces about her life. She has climbing cucumbers and climbing sweet peas on the lower end of her house and in her yard and at the northern part of it, she has a, some little trees started which she is put a stake beside it and is getting ready to grow. Outside also, is the washtub and the washboard where she kept tidy. And as she leans against her chair, it is a lovely old antique rocker of solid oak, covered with a tapestry back and cushion. As she leans on it now I can see that the light catches on the lenses of her reading glasses. She undoubtedly wearing hers, although that is not visible. Whether she had on her usual glasses or not is not shown in the picture, I'm sure she was. As she leans on the back of this rocking chair you can see her nice hands. She always had her hair curled, she always was dressed properly when anyone saw her in the morning times. And she always had a certain grace about the food she served and the way in which it was consumed. She was a delight to know, and many of the small graces which came into my life were due to her. Oh yes, I see down by the doorstep that she has pie plant, rhubarb, growing.

SS: Do you know that cabin was built?

GW: That was hired done. She made herself as a concession to her outdoor life, a pair of very large bloomers that came clear down midcalf. And these protected her in her heavy work around the place. And she had chickens, but no cow. And I have a letter of hers which thanks the family for sending her butter.
and other supplies. I'm sure she was very low in the financial position at this time and the brother and his wife are subsidising her, I'm quite sure of this.

SS: Did she ever express her feelings about leaving the city life to come to such a rural place?

GW: Of course she did, but this is not recorded. And I was such a tiny little girl that I don't remember, so I would be fabricating that, so I shan't mention it. Undoubtedly there was deep heartache in this. And the reason I have heard, that the reason that she came west was that she had financial difficulties because she trusted people who betrayed her trust. She lent money particularly to the girls who worked in her workroom who were unable to pay. It was just one of those things that you couldn't fight. And so, it was to her loss. Now I also see that she has these garments on as she's standing there. Her waist, however, is one with a puffed sleeve at the shoulder. She has on one of her exquisite white lace collars of which I found several the other day in a box of hers. She crocheted them. She tatted lace for them and she bought them from importers. But they were perfectly beautiful, and she had a little tie at the center of them in front and I never saw her without a lovely little collar on the top of her dress, around her neck.

Auntie was the kind of person who took care of people. No one took care of Auntie, but Auntie took care of people. When we would have a major illness, she would come and help. When my parents wanted to go to the World's Fair in Seattle in 1910, she came and took care of us children on our farm. At that time I was four years old, almost. And I remember being with her every place and how I adored her. And she carried me, large child that I probably was by that time, she carried me a very great deal, and I remember sitting on her lap, and playing with her sweet cheek which was always soft and lovely to kiss. And burying my nose under her...
left ear. And smelling the good smell of her talcum and her person.
To me, she was the very essence of protection and warmth, acceptance and comfort. I remember another incident which shows Auntie's particular flavor. On this farm where we lived, which is at the top of Coyote Grade over in Nez Perce county, where I was born, in 1906, and now this was 1910, so of course I can remember, we went out to get material to start the fire. And always dad or the big boys had wood cut and kindling cut and usually they brought it into the house. But this time, for some reason, we went after kindling. And in and out of the stack of wood, there darted a weasel. Auntie just walked right up to that pile of wood and plucked that weasel forth by the back of his head, took another piece of kindling and dispatched him forthwith. Now for any human being to be fast enough to catch a weasel is unheard of. But to catch him by the back of his head where he couldn't hurt her was out of this world for dexterity, aggressiveness and completeness of the human being involved. (laughs) But this she did. She also always harnessed and drove her own team, which were special to her. Another incident of Auntie's Orofino days, I must not fail to tell, was of her going to the spring for water, which was outside her yard, and carrying home the water, two buckets of it. When in her path appeared the sweetest little cub bear. She set down one bucket, scooped the bear up into her apron and made for the house. The mother bear was right upon her. So she had to drop the baby, get inside the gate, which she made just in time. But her intent was to save this cute, little for us Jain children. Course, it's just as well she didn't make it. That was what she was thinking of and what she was bold enough to try. Another thing that was charming of her at this interlude, some one said to her, "Miss Lamphear, weren't you afraid way off by yourself like that?" She said, "Afraid? Afraid of what?" She said, "My white old hairs would frighten anybody away and I can prove it, because one night I looked up from reading before I went to bed and there was a man's face framed in my window. I went to the door
and called and called but he run away and never came near me. (laughs)

Now wouldn't that be the response of a completely individual human being?
She was delightful.

(End of side A)

GW: ...grandfather and his wife in their final illnesses, Grandmother died first and it was many many days that Auntie didn't have her clothes off to sleep. She just bathed and changed clothes and kept up so that she could tend to her sister-in-law at any hour of the day or night. She died of a combination of Bright's disease and diabetes and it was a very trying illness, but Auntie, who was older than she by at least six years, managed to do it. Then there was a sweet and peaceful interlude where she and her brother enjoyed great companionship in Troy. And from time to time she sold off the holdings on her timber claim. They lived very comfortably in a nice little house which still stands, in Troy. At night there was a very good light in the dining room and under that would go the rocker. And along side was the nice heating stove. And Auntie would establish herself there and read the daily paper from cover to cover. Out loud, so that her brother in the kitchen, who's eyes were sadly impaired could sit in his little chair, which he had bought for his mother when he was about 16 years old which, it along toward 1850, and which still is in the family in the home of my brother, Ben Jain in Lapwai, he would sit in that little chair, which was a rocker, but which had long since had the rockers worn off so flat from use, that it was a stationary chair. It was of white hardwood, kind, I couldn't tell you for sure and it had been used so long that it had a certain satiny look from the hands and the clothing that had touched it. Grandfather, whom we called Josh, always sat in that chair in the kitchen window. At a lovely which he held dear, and listened while Auntie read him the paper. This was a nightly ritual. And one in which I shared when I went to visit them. They had a fancy light in the middle of the room. It didn't shed
the power that the one right behind the chair had. And lots of times I'd sit on Auntie's lap while she read. Or sometimes I'd be tucked up on the couch on the other side of the stove while she read. But however it was it was a complete, warm, comforting loving occasion, which we all enjoyed. And of course, we'd all be digesting one of her super suppers.

Dinner was at noon, but we had steak and potatoes just as often for breakfast and for supper as we did for noon. We had three generous meals.

And grandfather ate with his knife. And it was worn almost to a point from long years of use. Because it had been part of the silver of his parents' wedding household equipment. And his teeth had long since somewhat vanished. So that he had one tooth north and one tooth south, one upper and one lower. But with that he was able to handle all of the vittals that came his way. And oh, such goodies as she cooked! For example, at breakfast, there would be sourdough hotcakes, thin as paper and delicious to the taste. And they always imported some maple syrup from the east, because after all, the other syrup wasn't fit to eat. And they loved baked potatoes, and oh my, how I envied grandfather, the way that he could pile a nice bite of baked potato on knife. It did look so tasty. And I was never able to achieve this. As a matter of fact, Auntie would have slapped my hands if I had, as near as she ever slapped my hands which was just not at all. A look was enough. But I can remember eating. And for breakfast oh my, how we did love the heavy clotted cream on corn flakes. Of course, the regular thing was cooked oatmeal which had been on the stove all the evening before. And was the best stuff you ever tasted, with all that good, thorough cooking, that heavy, heavy cream on it with plenty of good sugar. Sometimes white and sometimes brown. It made a variety, to use both kinds. But oh how good those cornflakes were, and to this day, I try to put some top milk or half and half on 'em and see if they'll taste anywhere near that good, but they never do. (laughs)
Another thing that was typical of that period when I visited those two,
were the treats that grandfather bought me. We'd go to town, and of course,
I never called him grandfather. He was Josh. Josh would invite me to go
to town with him and we'd walk over to the village, which was probably about
four blocks and he would buy me both candy and gum at the same time for
a treat. Well now in the Jain family, you were allowed candy or you were
allowed gum, but goodness sakes, you never had both. But so with Joshua!
He would supply and flirt with a little girl. With all the treats she
saw, she wanted. And what was popular then, in the form of gum was a long
tube, about the size of a pencil. It was white wax with a slight sweetening
in it. And it was wrapped in tissue like paper that had red markings on it.
With a little flip at each end. After you chewed that, for about so long,
though, it got so it was crumbly, so you knew it'd done it's full measure
for you. And you threw it out then. But until that time, oh my, how that
was treasured. Another treat from that interlude that I must tell were
my first white stockings. And my first black patent leather Mary Jane
slippers. My parents bought me the Mary Jane slippers, but I had dark
stockings until I went to Troy to visit, Then forth with I was taken to
town by Auntie and white hose were bought for me. And they were a delight-
ful thin weave or knit, lisle thread, which was a combination of very fine
cotton. And those I can remember walking to Sunday School, and just out
of the bottom of my vision, would come those two little white reminders
of elegance in which I was then arrayed. Oh my, I thought they were
wonderful. (laughs) Another thing from this interlude of Auntie and
Joshua was my first and only childhood party. At about age 10, Auntie
had all the neighborhood children in. About four of which I still see
after all these fifty odd, almost sixty years. She had them in for an
afternoon party for me, And this was out of this world for privilege.
We had watermelon as our afternoon party treat and that was wonderful too.
Delightful slices of this red meated, sweet watermelon, I can remember it now. Because at home, watermelon was sliced and you ate it with your mouths. But at Auntie's party, the slices were round. You were given a fork and a plate and you sat on a chair and you ate properly. I'm sure none of the children had ever had watermelon served that way before. But it was good for us all. We thought it was pretty fancy.

Auntie also took care of Joshua in his last illness. He died about 1918. And then she lived on alone for several years, until she came to Genesee where my father bought a little house and moved it next door to our porch. So that Auntie could have covered shelter as she came from her house into ours to take her meals, because she always ate with us. And while my mother wasn't the cook that Auntie was, by that time the circulation was not good in her hands, or her feet, and it was hard for her to hold things like needles and measuring spoons or that sort of thing, so mother did the cooking and Auntie always occupied the end of the table. She had graces in her food consumption, and she taught us where to put silver and how to handle napkins and some of the nicer graces of the day. And she knew how to introduce people and to accept introductions. And she always held her head so high and her carriage was so lovely. And when, as a high school senior, I would have in guests, she would come and preside at the table and I was always so proud of her. She died from pneumonia on a visit back to Troy to see friends. She died in a residence which then was a hospital. That's right on the main street of Troy. A mutual friend told me one time that she was boarding in the hospital at the time Auntie was ill in an upstairs bedroom and that the heavy breathing could be heard over the whole house. But the doctor reassured my mother, who went immediately to Auntie's bedside that pneumonia was the friend of older people. By this time, Auntie was around 83. And she died then of
WICKS

Wick pneumonia and was buried beside Joshua and Barbara in the Burnt Ridge Cemetery. Where I make an annual pilgrimage at Decoration Day time. She is a person who was very special to me. And to whom I owe much of my appreciation of history. And of an early day culture. Throughout my whole household, and throughout my whole life, her influence has been a strong thing.

Now I'd like to talk about her brother. Joshua was a "chicken and feathers man." He was either very poor or very rich. He made it and lost it, time after time. He was born about 1845 in the same home as his sister, in Verona, New York, about 1845. His youth was a very usual one. And his going away from home occurred about 18 to 20. He had been taught the trade of cheese making. But he wanted to go west, as all young men did. So he went to Michigan, Salt River Michigan, where he found this Pennsylvania Dutch girl named Barbara Walters. I'll tell more about her later. They were married, and to them, one child was born, my mother Lela Mary Lamphere in 1875. I don't know the dates any closer as to the marriage or the time of coming to Michigan. I do now that they migrated later to Gladwin, Michigan, which was in the tall timber. And there they had a combination grocery and meat market, I have a lovely pure linen white apron, with lace four inches deep, crocheted. That grandmother wore as she tended the store. She also was a very capable person who cut meat for the customers, and this meant that she had to lift heavy pieces of beef and pork to the chopping block in order to tend to them for the needs of the salesmanship. But this she was capable of doing, She was deeply involved in this operation, because Joshua's job extended beyond the store because he was out into the country frequently and my mother was delightfully taken along. She loved those trips, And Josh would go from place to place and pick up the produce which he later sold in the store, particularly he addressed his attention to acquiring meat on these trips.
During this time they made a lot of money. They lived over the store and they had maids who became friends of the family of lifelong standing. One was a girl from London and she was as close to the family as any daughter could have been. She was married from their household and was always considered like a foster child. I can't remember her name right now. My goodness, I don't know why I can't, because she was so frequent in the conversation of my mother. Other help were the daughters of neighbors, this was usual. But there usually was help in the home, so that my mother learned domestic skills in this interlude. Mother was a very cherished child, being the only one, and it never occurred to anyone to give her a job to do. She was cared for exquisitely throughout her childhood. And since she loved to read, she was allowed to do so. And this meant that she was a bookminded woman all her life, because she learned to enjoy it, at an early age. Joshua stayed there and later invested in a hoop factory. And made hoops for barrels. This was a very fine venture and lent a great deal to their affluence. However, about this time into their life came a trotter, a very fine trotter, whom grandfather bought. And he loved horse flesh. And he loved this trotter. But it was in the days of Dan Patch and as long as I can remember, a picture of this illustrious trotter was always in the Lamphear household. Now our horse, Joshua's horse was not Dan Patch, nor probably his equal because grandfather dropped his money but thoroughly. On this venture. And in due time, with just enough to get along, they migrated to Genesee, Idaho. The reason they chose this place was because Genesee was like the Gansevee valley in New York state. And also Genesee, the town, as it turned out, when I viewed them both, about 1928, you couldn't have found two towns that were more alike than those two. One main street, about four busy stores, a post office, a pool hall, a about five or six churches. Families that had lived there for years and intermarried and loved each other and respected each other
and told tales on each other. Two towns very, very alike. Well, grandfather
and grandmother came in some style. I have the lovely little red kid shoes
that mother wore. And she and her mother came together. Josh having gone on
ahead. And mother's outfit went from the bold red of these lovely little
shoes to the pale pink on the top of her lovely little hat. Grandmother
outfitted her, as she always outfitted her, from her own skills as a
seamstress. Which were considerable. And I guess, with her dark eyes and
her pretty hair that she looked like a very ravishing beauty. She came
and made quite a stir in the pioneer town. And my father was considered
quite a successful beau. He plucked her forth and married her. In about
13 months. I have a letter of hers which she wrote to him, a love letter.
When she stayed in the building in which I presently sit and have my
apartment. It was called the Hotel Del Norte. And the owner was Vine Favor.
And he and his wife, Lena Favor were hosts to my mother as she came over
here in 1893, spring, to take a teachers examination. In 1892, when she
first arrived here she attended high school with the father of Kenneth
Platt. John Platt, With some of the Follets from Genesee. With a number of
people who's pictures I have turned into the museum that were early day
pioneers of Genesee. She went to school just that one year in high school
and that was as far as the high school went, and so she completed such
work as was available to her, before she married my father. All through her
life with my dad, it was cushioned by the skills and devotion of her
parents. And of Auntie. At one time, my grandmother Barbara came to visit
her on a Sunday. And decided that the one room cabin which my father
offered her upon their marriage needed a summer porch. So she just went
out where dad's extra lumber was lying, she found some posts and some
board and post hole digger and she came over to the house and measured
and dug holes and set posts and nailed boards and put in a floor and made
a summer kitchen. This was a great boon for anyone who cooked for crews, which of course, everyone did. And this cookstove, that way, could be moved out of the one room. Well now to continue with Joshua. Because it wasn't long after he came that he established a meat market in the old town of Genesee. And since, I believe the town of Genesee moved to its present location in 1888 when the railroad came, I believe that his was one of the last businesses in old town. The house in old town, that they lived in, is still there and the barn was only torn down recently. It was in our day known as the Caulvin-Swenson house. I don't know who lives there now. But it is the only living structure in the old town of Genesee. They lived there and then they came to Genesee and lived on the corner south of the church. Then mother was married and the Lamphears moved over to Hog Meadows, which is about five miles west of Bovill. And there they had a very rough dwelling, who's picture I have. And it was a clapboard house with the boards placed vertically and there must have been some cracks between the boards, because then the other boards were placed over the cracks and that was the construction which was quite usual at the time, when they were able to get sawed boards. And it had a large porch and it had an upstairs and that's where Josh and Gran, as we called Barbara, Josh and Gran lived, Gran was a famous cook, and as people went by, of course, anyone at any point, any place at this time invited a traveler to eat with them because it was cruel not to, because there were no restaurants along the way. Unless you were hospitable to people, perfect strangers that you never saw before and would never see again, unless you were hospitable to them, you knew that that human being went without his food that meal. It was something that no pioneer ever did if he had enough food to share. So being right on the main road Josh and Gran were frequently the hosts to travelers. It grew the custom to stop there. And rest the team and get a meal and go on. And many times they were paid. And this was a very
lucrative place for Josh and Gran. He located people on claims nearby and his compass, with its rawhide thong, is still in my possession. He was well known for his being able to locate people and of course, at the turn of the century and previous to that, the whole area was taken up in claims. And so this was a very nice source of income for them. They retired, in due time, to Troy, Idaho. I, in my own mind, it was around 1910. They had very nice furniture in their home. They had an excellent span of driving horses, a good buggy, and they lived in some style. It was said that Josh Lamphear was a sporting man of the days. He'd drive in this very good looking rig, as it was called, and he wore kid gloves and he wore a fine black Stetson hat and his clothing was always special. His shoes were of the best. And he would come in and put a gold piece on the saloon counter and set them up for everybody. And sometimes it was a large enough gold piece that people could drink all day. He was widely known and greatly loved. He loved to tell a story and his anecdotes and his timing were outstanding. He used the language of the day. He was never profane. And he was a charming person to know. I loved to sit on his lap. He always wore heavy, woolen underwears in winter. And heavy woolen pants. His coat did not match his pants. Nor did his vest. And he always had a broad, gold watchchain across his front. But what I liked to do was put my head on my left shoulder and be up close to his beard which was soft and red. Even after his hair was turning gray, his beard was still reddish. And I loved to smell his beard. And smell his neck and cuddle with him there. He had a special flavor for me that was nothing but pure love. His hair never did get very dark. And always in that interlude as I say, the parents cushioned the life of their daughter and her children. We were frequent guests in their home. And of course, we always stayed over night. And I have some letters of my brother, Ben, the second born in the family. When
he was about ten years old and spent the whole winter with the family, in Troy, and went to grade school there. He was very lonely and he poured out his heart in this letter, talking about everything Josh had done with the animals that week. He'd bought this steer here and sold that horse there and found a bunch of hides with Ole Olson, and he'd done this and that and Ben was privy to it all. Ben's life has always been one to do with animals. And I sent this letter to him and his wife recently, so they could have it to enjoy and to keep. Because it dates so far back, About 1905, maybe, or '4. And the wife Agnes Jain, when she read it said, "And Ben's life even then, was wrapped up with animals." Because all his life he's been a cattle man. And so the Lamphear's took in the little Jains and loved them and cared for them. Part of that year, Lou was also there. But Lou was the Jain favorite, and Ben was the Lamphear favorite, Quite obviously from the correspondence. At this time, I might speak of only of the children's life with them, but of my visit. When, that I can remember best. There was an old kitty involved who was important to me. Because I could play with her and she was as gentle and sweet as she could be. And every night, Auntie and I gathered her up and took her out to a portion of the chicken house that was held separate as a repository for chicken feed and miscellaneous about the place for storage. And there was a barrel half full of grain and on that was a nice soft feather pillow and a few pleasant rags, woolen in quality. With which Kitty could be comfortably put to sleep. So we went out every night and we put a lid over that barrel so she stayed inside and didn't get out and roam and get in trouble. Of course, she had kittens from time to time, but the nights were definitely incarcerated. She was such a member of the family, that when Auntie came to Genesee to live in the little house, she still found a place to put Kitty to bed every night. And when Kitty died, we never found her. And we didn't know
if it was an animal crawling away for their end, which is typical for dogs and cats, or whether she was dispatched by an accident or something. But Auntie's heart was deeply...

(End of side B)

GW: ...put Kitty to bed. Grandfather always had cows to milk. And always sold milk and always sold cream, and Auntie made butter. And oh, such good quality they were! And the neighbor children would come with milk cans to get the milk. And oh my, the cream would raise way down on that milk, because Grandfather favored jerseys. And in this day, through the yard was the main travel to the school of the children who lived up on the hill behind the place. And they came down and went over a **stile** at the west end of Grandfather's yard. Oh my, that was a special thing! Troy was wonderful. Grandfather had a **stile** over his fence. Down where I was brought up, you just took your chances with the barbed wire. But Grandfather had a **stile**. And you could sit on it and eat lots of bread and butter with sugar on it. And that was a lovely place to survey your world from when you were given a treat. Not only that, but Troy was very sophisticated, because they had bells on their cows. My. And they had a train at night. And I can remember one particularly difficult period when I was put to bed on a wool sheet. It was hand woven and it was special company stuff. But oh my, wool to this day drives me right up a tree! That night, all I can remember is my poor itchy back and that dreadful, dreadful sheet. But the train came through and that compensated a bit for that night's agony. (laughs) How I remember that! I must have been maybe three, four years old. But I can remember that very well indeed. Very vividly.

SS: Do you remember any of the stories that Lamphear used to tell? I've heard he was quite a story teller out at Troy.

GW: I'm sorry that I can't and I have none of his handwriting. And if we were able to get tape recordings of Ben Jain, who is very alert indeed, perhaps some of those stories could be told by him. I couldn't tell you. I'd have
WICKS

to fabricate. I could tell you a story that is along these lines. Because it is a true one and occurred during their Hog Meadows interlude. They were friends of the Bovills, who was an earl and lived very nicely indeed. And the girls were the age of my older sister. And at one time Gladys Jain, who later was Gladys Jain Magee, and who is very alert indeed at 75 and you could get her recording. She lives in Lewiston. She told me the story of going to visit the Grandparents Hog Meadows and of being taken to a dance at Bovill. In the home of the Warrens who were contemporaries. And lived in Bovill. And they went to this dance and a survey crew came to the dance and there were 17 young people with this survey crew. And the only women were there were Mrs. Warren and I suppose Mrs. Bovill and my grandmother and I don't know who else, but those at least. Maude Warren was the daughger of the Warren family and she was much in my family's history because she worked on the silk quilt and you can see her stitches different from Auntie's because she had different materials with which to work. But those women were few, so the didn't miss a single dance. And my sister, who sat on a trunk in the corner watching the dances figures with the Bovill girls, told of how pretty the women's skirts looked as they whirled on the floor in the dance steps.

That's one little story from this Hog Meadows interlude. I have another told me by my brother Lou, who said that they were invited, with the Lamphear's, to the Warren's for Sunday dinner. And two things happened. During the dinner a pet deer came in and jumped on the table! And his foot landed in my mother's teacup! Well now, we always had animals at our home and they were part of my father's and my brothers' livlihoods all their lives, but never was one not a dog, not a cat, not one thing ever allowed in the house. But the Warren's apparently had been quite so strict, because in came the pet deer and right on to the Sunday dinner table. And oh, great was the dismay! I said to Lou, how did mother handle that? He said,"Oh, it went off very nicely. They just brought her a clean cup and some more tea."(laughs) Lou told a cute story on himself. He said that there was a log bridge. And he was given a
bent pin and a string and he went down there and caught a nice fish. Fishing off that bridge, just over the stream that still goes right down there by Bovill. And he started to take it off the pin and it wiggled away. Slippery little thing that it was. And fell between the cracks of the bridge. And wedged there. Only it's little tail up towards the fisherman. Well Lou tried with his hands as best he could, to pluck that fish forth and he couldn't make it. and it just had him frustrated no end, so he reached down, and with his teeth, he grabbed that tail in a firm grip, and that way he retrieved his fish. And when he was a man past 70 and standing at my brother, Don Jain's Bovill home, have you met Don Jain? Well he's the youngest of the boys and he lived in Bovill, when Lou and I were there for Sunday dinner, after Lou was 70 years old, oh maybe 1971 or so, to Sunday dinner we were all invited. Why Lou stood there and leaned on the fence and looked at the bridge and told me this story. Now those are just a few of the anecdotes that I remember. I'm sure the older ones of the family would have many if you were to ask them. I think that now will close my speaking of Joshua, except to say that he was eligible to be a son of the American Revolution more one way. And his family was a very proud one in York state. His wife Barbara Walters, I want to touch upon her history this morning. She was Pennsylvania Dutch, which of course, is German. And she was the product of a second marriage of her father, Jacob Walters, who was a German migrated from Switzerland. He was a handsome man, with heavy, dark hair, cut exactly in the present style. We would call it a page boy, these days. That's what it was for him. Just level the bottom of the ear. And parted on one side and brought over. That is the style of hair that his portrait shows. He married first and had two daughters and his wife died and he married my great grandmother whose picture I have here. Who was a Roberts, her name was MaryAnn Walters, was born Cable. He married her and had other children. A son and at least two daughters, that I recall. Three I guess, so that he had five children. And he lived in Pennsylvania. And I'm not sure how my grandfather, Barbara Walters and
grandfather, Joshua Lamphear got together. But I do know that my mother was born to them in Salt River Michigan in 1875. I should say here, because it should be recorded, that in the Latah County Historical Museum are the baby dresses of Joshua Lamphear, Mary Jane Lamphear, Lela Mary Lamphear and Louis Giles Jain, her child, born in 1894 in Genesee. All of those baby dresses are presently in the museum. And they show the culture of the time, the welcome babies had at the time and the transition of materials and styles of layettes through the 120 year period. There is also a baby coat and hat that was used for mother's children, who were born in the '90's. So that is of cultural and historical record kept in the museum here. They were on display among the very first things that were displayed at the museum. And of course, at that time, they covered a 130 year span of saving as well as creating. To get back to Barbara, I have told a bit about her in telling her story of how she helped him husband in the store and how she managed her household with the help of maids who were called hired girls and who were as often as not, the neighbor's daughters. And treated as nicely as any guests. I also told about her building the summer kitchen. She made my mother's wedding dress which was dark green wool with a lovely green plush yoke. Mother's marriage was in the home of Will Nixon where the Lamphear's were living in 1893. And grandmother was keeping house and grandfather was helping. The notable thing about that wedding was that they went to town and in Follet's store mother bought her wedding shoes. But inadvertently in packing them to bring them out for the wedding, one of one size and one a half size larger was included and this hurt her pride terribly. But the minister tied a very firm knot which lasted nearly 50 years. And the wedding journey consisted of putting mother into dad's hack behind his team and taking her to the homestead, which was closer to Genesee than the Jain of Louis Jain. And putting her down in the 12 by 14 cabin,
which dad had with his bachelor table and his bachelor chair a rocker, pegs on the wall to hang clothes on and some shelves for a cupboard, a cookstove that served as a heater and a bed in the corner. Two chairs sat at the little bachelor table which I know the location of presently. It was a little pine table. With a drop leaf. It looked pretty meager to Barbara for her daughter whom she knew could have married a doctor or a lawyer and had a decent place to live. But after all, how many young men these days, own a home and 80 acres, plenty of stock and their own conveyance. Mostly travel at that time was by horseback. But dad had a good rig. Now you didn't know whether it was a hack, you didn't know whether it was a buggy. Of course dad's would be on the hack side because it was for utility as well as dress. But it was always called a rig, a good rig. To get back to Barbara. She helped granddad with his money making, always. She sewed on the side, as it were. And I've told of the lovely gifts that was given her of lion glass for making a trousseau. She also made the trousseau of the mother of Cletis Morgan. She, her name was Odberg and, Amelia Odberg, and she made her trousseau. And it was a very nice one. The Odberg's had money and they started their daughter off very beautifully when she married her Gustafson husband. Grandmother also sewed for a lawyer's wife here in town named Oversmith. And also for Mrs. Herman Wilson of Washburn and Wilson and also Mrs. Washburn. So that she knew some nice people in Moscow, which was most pleasant for her. Her last illness, she hated a great deal to be a burden to her sister-in-law. But I'm sure between the two there was a very deep bound. And the care was devoted and since my mother had a large family and was many miles away, it fell to the lot of Mary Jane to take care of Barbara. And she was the first to die, of the three of them. And I remember my mother saying that a March burial was such a difficult thing, because the country looked so gloomy and the weather was always so stark and it was the deep pleasure of the family to plant peonys and roses and myrtle on the grave of any loved one that was laid to rest in Burnt Ridge Cemetery or any of the other pioneer cemeteries. Because
the loving care went right on after death. And a cemetery was never, in my family's tradition, a gloomy place. It was a place of loving rememberance. And Decoration Day and the self-respecting care of loved ones resting places was part of the tradition that was never ever ignored or slighted. To this day, every one of us five children remember Decoration Day. We may forget the Fourth and we might forget some other day, a birthday or a something, an anniversary, but never Decoration Day. The loving place of flowers by the whole family over these many cemeteries to which our large family has now spread. That has never been ignored. And I have taught my children until about one year, 1957, when I was ill at Decoration time, my two children, who were then in their early teens, but old enough to drive, my son was, tended the graves in loving rememberance on Decoration Day. And I was proud of them. That's about enough for Barbara. And I think that covers this morning on the Lamphere. Now I'd like to go to Louis Jain, who actually was LOUIS Jain, but my mother told him that since they were anglicizing everything else about their lives, he should spell his name Lewis. And this must have hurt him deeply and jarred him to the core. Because he then was known in all the early pioneer newspaper clippings and John Platt's story, etc. etc., as L. Jain. I think he just couldn't bear to write the new name. But on his tombstone it's LEWIS. I feel badly about this, because I have known his French background very intimately. His family has a distinguished background and since he's part of the family tradition, just a word of history here would be apropos. He was born in 1843 in a most beautiful manner in Morge, Switzerland. It is a city about 10 minutes from Lusane and 30 minutes from Geneva on the shore of Lake Geneva, Lake LaMonde, they call it. His ancestor, a lone boy of 17 was the sole survivor, though we have it in family tradition that he may have had a sister, but this is only a shadowy figure. Was the lone survivor of the Huguenot massacre in 1572 in France. They escaped and made their way down the road as best they could to Geneva where they were known as inhabitants.
natives. One lived inside the walls and one lived out and it's hard for me to remember which was which. I think he was a native because he just lived outside the walls. But we have his bible. And in the front it says: "Claude Benjamin La Brave Garson," The Brave Boy. He came and stayed and founded a family. We have records from what my cousin called, archieves, the archives of Geneva citing his family and their births. That family's marriages and births and financial transactions, where they are buried presently and are still marked in Geneva. What churches they were buried in, which still stand, and so forth. For the four centuries to the present time. The sixteenth century, the seventeenth, the eighteenth, the nineteenth and presently the twentieth. I went in 1972 and was able to find this delightful cousin named Paul Wust who presently lives in Morge, still owns one of the family homes and introduced me to other family relatives who live in many of the family homes. All of whom are about the city. He had gotten the family story from the records that were kept in the family trunks and desks and chests. And he organized it and put it into readable form, narrative form in beautiful French script. It took me a busy two months to translate that into our kind of English, because he put it into his kind of English to help me, bless his hardworking heart. We both had a very busy summer. Devoted entirely to this, with very little recreation and just devoted to the family history. In the course of this story we presently tell about Louis Jain, he was born in a beautiful manor which was sold in the early part of the 19th century. By a great-great grandfather of mine, it would just be one great grandfather of Louis. When he, a British importer had his fortune absconded in large measure by a partner in London. So he divested the family in this manor where my grandfather was born. In 1847 like all families of some means in Switzerland, Louis Jain, at the age of four, was sent to the United States. Because his father, like other sons of Switzerland had to seek their fortune in foreign lands. Because of the small opportunity in the tiny nation. And any family who could, sent their children, particularly their sons, to make their fortunes somewhere where opportunities were more
liberal. So this man, Benjamin Jain, with four sons, of whom my grandfather was the youngest, next to the youngest, at age four, were put on a ship and I have read the letter of the mother of Benjamin saying, what in the world will happen to those four lively boys on that little ship with a father whose nose is always in a book and a mother to whom the children can do no wrong. There are their pictures right now on the bottom shelf. And those were the two people who came to America with their children. They stayed in New York state with other people from Vivay, which is a community very close to Morge. They called it Vivee. Of course in New York state they called it Vivee and in due time they established a colony in southern Indiana where this couple ended their days. In Vivee, Indiana. But it was from Vivay, Switzerland that the people came. They lived a bit of time with these old friends in New York and then they migrated to Wisconsin. Where in 1866 he was married to Adelia Farwell at Masomania Wisconsin. And there they had a son, Walter Farwell, named for his mother and a daughter, Grace, for whom I am named. Grace had a twin sister, Gertrude, but at the time of the confinement, the doctor and the midwife were very busy indeed with saving grandmother's life which was just held by a thread. And grandfather put one little baby twin girl in a pan of warm water and massaged her and saved her life. But he had only one pair of hands, and by the time he got to the second baby, she had died. So Gertrude was another child in the family, but dead at infancy. With Walter and Grace, who became later Mrs. W.C. Cox of Everett, Washington, the family migrated to Colorado. Where they homesteaded the land at Boulder where the University of Colorado presently sits. But they stayed there six years and almost starved to death. Because locusts plagued them and ate every bit of their crops two different years. Grandfather was a sturdy little Frenchman and he carried a gun in his covered wagon, but they encountered
no Indians going to Colorado. However, now here I will read from his obituary:

"Mr. Jain in 1872 joined a wagon train and crossed the Plains with an ox team, going from Wisconsin to Colorado, settling on the land, the agricultural college at Boulder is located upon."

They went over the old Oregon Trail and grandmother was not a well woman at all. And we have some of her diary which she kept only during the early days of the trek, because her health just didn't have the stamina to do everything. And I believe in Colorado she had two children born, Charles and Carrie. And then they came over the Oregon Trail and arrived in 1877 in the Indian Valley near Wallowa. Grandfather, that fall, went up into Washington, around Walla Walla and harvested and found this good land in this part of the country. And heard about the good, black soil up around Genesee and the Palouse. So he went home and gathered up the family and the fall of 1878 they settled about three miles east of Genesee. And they took up a claim and also pre-empted a claim that they were able to acquire. And grandfather was a very strong little person, built very sturdily and his first winter he was here, he took his stock down to the Hatwai where the country was more open from snow. And every week, twice, he put a bait of grain on his back and walked clear down there and back to take grain to his animals so they would survive the winter and he brought every one of them through, which was a tremendous, physical achievement. The family had a very difficult winter. Food was scarce and so limited and grandmother was not well. This was a very difficult time for them.
GW: Grandfather did very well financially and left more money to his descendents in his will than any person in the family has done since, until in this generation. And with the change of the valuation of the dollar, very likely he will do as well as any these days too. He, they spent their retired years, and I guess they came to town to settle about 1910 or so and built a beautiful, for then, home just across the street east from where my mother's Genesee dwelling had been. It is presently lived in by the Emmett family. And Leland Emmett is the son of the family who lives there. And that house was built, so that the saying went, it could have held grain. Because grandfather built it so strongly and had the boards placed by the carpenters in such a way that it would resist any sagging or any of the inroads of time. In so far as wood would be made to be lasting. They lived for some time in this house, but it was on a hill. And then they bought a house which was in the location where the Robinson's live presently in Genesee, just across the street east from the park and on Main street. There they lived for many years, and moved just one house east of that where my uncle Clarence, their final child, who was born in Idaho lived when he was a grown man. Those homes still of course, stand and are used every way in Genesee presently. And as time went by and they became more affluent, they lived very nicely indeed. And spent their winters in California. And their tastes were always simple. But my, I remember coming home from school and their house was right on my route to go home, and stopping and just kind of being there at dinnertime, at noon. And being invited to eat. And I remember that they ate more frugally than my parents did. It was tasty. They would have potatoes, boiled, which you mashed with your tined fork. And sprinkled liberally with bacon fat.
And put salt and pepper on. And then you had the crisp bacon to eat. Or ham or whatever, pork chop or whatever. And they would have creamed cabbage, or creamed carrots. Or any vegetables that they had. Rutabagas, turnips, whatever it was it had thick cream on it. And just delicious. Or there would be cole slaw and Grandmother made wonderful bread, or she had the lightest of hot biscuits. A frequent treat was sorghum to put on biscuits, though she was a famous maker of jelly and preserves. And delicious pickles. And I'd stop and get to stay because it was at grandmother's, I loved her beyond measure. She'd sit on a stool so that my height would be equal, And I could comb her hair. I'd soak her shoulders with water, make it go the places I wanted it to go. She'd let me use the curling iron and frizz it here and there. I always wondered why, when she was through with my elaborate hair coiffures, that she would go to the mirror, which hung above this marbel topped chest and tie her apron more closely around her neck, because it would always be around her neck the wrong way to protect her shoulders when I was operating on her. And I wondered why she would recomb her hair and fix it in a little bun at the back. (laughs) Oh, but she had so many graces and was such a charming grandmother, But I'm talking about her husband now, and here I digress. But grandfather was a greatly loved man. All up and down main street he was well known and of course, had known everyone since he was the very first white men to bring his family to the community. He was a pillar in the Congregational church. And I saw but was too young to know to preserve the first bible of the Congregational church in Genesee which was his gift to the pulpit. He always attended that church and was buried from that church. His attendance at IOOF lodge was a sacred ritual and he always wore the little pin in his lapel. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, GAR. Which was composed of the Civil War Veterans, and I have many pictures of the Fourth of July or stock show parade days. Grandfather would be in a fine Studebaker or Hudson
car, along with the very white and frail old veterans. Grandfather walked with a cane as years went by. But I remember him as a sweet little old man, but never the man to be familiar with as my grandfather Lamphear was. I lived on his lap, but not on Grandfather Jain's. I don't remember sitting on his lap very often. He was not as demonstrative. But he was a sweet little old man, who in his youth was fire itself, but they said he mellowed as time went by. His life was deeply saddened when in her twentieth year, his daughter Grace died. She died in childbirth, having married one of the first doctors in Genesee, Dr. Cox. And she lived in Everett and grandmother was notified and got as far as Rosalia when the wire came do not come because Gracie had passed on, together with her little son. They are buried beside Adelia and Lewis in the family plot with Carrie then along side, because she died five months later of spinal menangitis. She and Gracie having died, left the family with this deep devotion to resting places. And with a tender feeling toward young girls in families who must be protected from too heavy work. Or at any time given tasks that delicate people must not perform. Which is probably why my mother, my sister and I were never required to do poultry work or garden work. We were, what we did was voluntary, because we sashayed forth on our own. But never did my father give any heavy work to any of his women folks. And I'm sure it was because he wanted to protect them from anything such had engulfed his sisters. They didn't die from overwork, I don't mean to imply that. It was just that womanflesh was not to be subjected to the rigors of pioneer living if possible, to protect them. His mother was always frail and always tiny and always fun and that was the tradition on which women were cared for. In the Jain family, Grandfather then was, and grandmother, were left with their three sons, Walter, Charles and Clarence. Walter and Charles were farmers. And Clarence was a barber. At the time of grandfather's death, he had just a few months before, lost the two older brothers and two younger
ones who were born in the United States, survived him, together with one sister. He was a thirty five year member of the Oddfellows Lodge. And ended his days in the home of Clarence in Moscow. And his final illness was in the hospital right across the corner from here. And he died in that room which shows its windows to the north. In the middle of the north wall. And that was where Lewis Jain ended his life on this earth. And then he was buried over at Genesee quite close to the place where I plan to be and where my husband lies. And along side Grace and Carrie and my father and my mother. This is a sweet place to me. And never be anything but a privileged place to visit. That's about him. Now I want to talk about my dad. It says here in his obituary that he came home from spending his winter in Spokane with my mother on March 12, 1939. He was eleven years old when he got to Genesee. And I must digress to tell two anecdotes that are part of the family history and represent pioneer living, from his time in Colorado, which pronounced Coloraido. One of them was of his dad giving him a precious nickle and of his buying a peach. There was no fruit in Coloraido. They had it all shipped in if it came, and this little peach was nothing much but the pit and a dried green skin around it. But dad ate it with such pleasure and then sucked the pit the rest of the day. It was a great treat. Another thing which was wonderful to him was the privilege of making custard. When he babysat at a very early age. And when his parents would disappear over the horizon, of the hilly country, which would be quite promptly after their leaving, he and the other children would immediately mix up milk and sugar and eggs and vanilla and put it in the oven and make custard. And then they'd feast. And this was the babysitting pay they had for being good children when the parents were gone. And another story that they tell of him in this time, was of going with a little bucket up the mountain behind the homestead there at Boulder and picking berries. There were wild berries, but they were seedy and they were small. So that
after the little boy had eaten all he wanted to, he came home with a little juice and a few seeds in the bottom of that bucket. Oh, he felt so important, because his mother bragged about what a wonderful person he was to go and get food for the family. There's one other story that I was put to sleep with year after year and could never hear often enough. And that was about Uncle Charlie, who in Colorado went to visit the neighbors and was given a kitten. The kitten was half wild and it objected to being carried. And so little Charlie carried it by the tail at the end of things, far enough away from his little legs so it couldn't scratch and so it couldn't hurt him. He'd never been told he could take it by the nap of the neck, apparently. And so he came home and grandmother used to tell the story and then dad would tell me the story to go to sleep. And Charlie was crying and the cat was meowing and Charlie had been scratched and the cat was unhappy and Charlie was unhappy and grandmother had to take the little boy and the poor little kitty, and give it all the milk it wanted. And take care of Charlie's scratches and put them both to bed. (laughs) That was what I went to sleep with for years. "Tell me the story about Uncle Charlie and the kitty." (laughs) Well, when they got to the Willamette Valley, the Indian Valley, Indian Creek ran through it, and dad many years later went back and found a chalk deposit that the children had used to write, the chalk sticks on their slates. And he could go back and find that little mound. Buildings had changed and there was just nothing left of landmarks, but he found the little deposit of chalk on a side hill and was able to orient himself. And two things happened there that were interesting: One of them was that salmon came up the creek. And at a ford where the water was very shallow, he and the other schoolchildren were able to chase salmon out on to the dusty road at the side, and he fell upon one, one day. And took it home in triumph to his mother. So they had fresh salmon. This was really a feat. And another time he was told to shoot a packrat. It was up in the rafters of their house there in Oregon and he blazed away at
it and killed it. It just went into a thousand pieces and came right down upon him. He learned never to shoot anything over him after that. (laughs)

That was something, a comical disaster. At least the family put it in that light. And he was eleven years old when they came to Genesee and he said that he would get so tired walking alongside the span of oxen which he drove. His dad drove one and he drove one. He would hook his arm over the nigh oxen's horn. I used to know the names of those oxen but I can't remember anymore. And sleep as he walked along. He would be so exhausted. But he was just a little boy. Grandfather freighted to make his living and so the boy, to have a span of his own to be able to guide them and to gee haw them around where they had to go was of course, a great qugment to the family income. I believe in some of Rob's tapes I have told the story about his shooting prairie chickens and grandfather plowing the sod. I believe I have already told that, so I shan't repeat.

To continue with my father: He farmed on his own homestead, where, as I told on the other tape that he took my mother when they were married. In 1893 of course, there was the general panic because no crops could be harvested, due to the heavy rains. And income was so short and everybody had to barter what trading they did, because there was no cash. And my mother needed, just needed sorely, to keep a correspondence going with her friends back east, was so hard on her, because her postage was limited, because dad just had a desperate time trying to find the cash to buy those stamps! It was very difficult! And so this was something of a cross for him to bear, but he was indulgent with her and did it as much as he was able. But that was how short money was at the time. You could trade at the store, you could trade with each other object for object and throw in something to boot when something wasn't as much value as should be. For example, my grandfather had a saddle horse and he found out he could get along without that saddle horse. And then he could get along without the saddle on the saddle
horse. So he traded those for needed things, very needed things, like a plow, whatever. And that is part of the family story too, but I can't tell it this morning because I haven't done my research properly. But my father went to school in Genesee and also had a little post high school education in a Wesleyan academy down in Lewiston. So he had a little better education than most of the local people did. One of the schoolmasters to whom he went to school was a man named Lieuallen, like the street is named here. This man was a brother of the man who settled here, Almon Asbury Lieuallen. I believe his name was Frank. He was a teacher in the school that my father remembered with great pleasure because he taught him a very great deal. He was a fine teacher. The school was not far from the stockade at Genesee. And of course, the stockade was just north of old town. It was built at the time of Chief Joseph's uprising, when they were afraid of hostiles. But in all the time that grandfather migrated west, at no time did he ever shoot at an Indian, or did he ever need to. He had problems, he thought they set loose his stock on night they were asleep. And there would be of that nature. But at no time did he ever find Indians that he had to fight for his life. And after they got here in the late '70s of course, the Nez Perces were very subdued indeed. And '69 was passed for ten years, so that was not part of his life. My father rented land from Nez Perces. And this was deep in my memory because there was one landlord named Stephen Rubeun who when we lived on the claim which dad bought down on, southeast of Genesee on the place where I was born, which still is in the family, the top of Coyote Grade, when Stephen Rubeun came to see us, he was not only the landlord, he was a Presbyterian minister. His descendents still live down at Spaulding. And just as we live at Lapwai and Genesee. And when Mr. Rubeun came the white tablecloth went on the table, grace was said before dinner and my mother produced as fine a meal as she could. Because they held him in deep respect. I remember him with his nice brown suit and his straight
black hair, his high Indian forehead and his fine great dark eyes. He was a short man, but a heavy man. And to me a very impressive figure. Reverend Stephen Rubeun. Another neighbor was, was it Joe Connor? I can't remember what Mr. Connor's first name was, but I believe I told about him in the tape that Rob took. (pause in tape) You want me to talk about democracy. What I can tell you about democracy is that election day was a sacred day in our household. No matter how busy dad was, he and mother went to vote, after mother got the vote, that is. Of course she didn't have it until along in the late teens but dad always went to vote. And he would come into the house and put on his better clothes and off he would go. By the way, when I talk about his putting on better clothes, I should give a bit of pioneer history here, regarding clothing. When he was married he had a nice wedding suit. And, but he wanted a second best. And so from the very first Sears-Robuck catalog they ever saw, which consisted of six pages, they ordered him a suit for six dollars and ninety five cents. They wondered why that silly figure of six dollars and ninety five cents was given, but they were glad for the nickle, which of course, was the psychology behind having ninety five, rather than the seven dollars. But they bought him a second best suit from the first Sear-Robuck catalog that came their way. And as long as I can remember the family on the farm, every fall the Sears-Robuck catalog showed what was to be offered and what they could buy in one great order to do the family, make the family comfortable for the year. And we got everything from colored crayons to woollen underwear from that order. And ...

SS: Did your family depend more on Sears-Robuck as opposed to local business?

GW: Oh yes, because you see, the local stores had merchandise, but it was exceedingly limited in size and variety. But the catalog held a much larger choice. And so the catalog was used a very great deal. Just as it still is by people on foreign duty for the same reason is there are local stores
but what you need is the wider variety of size and kind and price range, Which they could offer you. And regarding democracy, to continue back to that, neighbor knew neighbor and it still, candidates were offered still by officers of the party. And at that time you could vote by putting one X in the circle at the top of the list of party candidates. And you could vote all Republican or all Democrat. Or all Populist, or whatever, by just marking the X at the top. And my father always marked the X at the top until he had a good Democrat friend named Jim McCain who ran for sheriff over here and he couldn't not vote for Jim Cain. So he broke for the first time, and voted person by person. But as I started to say, the party offered the candidates and since everyone knew everybody, there wasn't a great deal of campaigning. You voted by a man's reputation, a great deal, which of course, still holds. There is more personal contact these days but in those times democracy consisted of people voting for neighbors and then going and visiting with neighbors about things they wanted.

SS: I've read that on the frontier, democracy was a way of measuring how much opportunity that people had.

GW: What do you mean?

SS: Well, opportunity to advance themselves, being much greater on the frontier than it was in the more settled places where society was better established.

GW: Oh, well I'll tell you about how I heard about William E. Borah. He was a very distinguished man indeed and known world wide. But from my parents standpoint, he was something of a rounder. And he was a young opportunist lawyer who ran for office and was elected repeatedly. But once in a while he was supposed to be just a little over fond of the ladies. However, he did marry a Moscow girl who he deeply cherished. I think in that day, even as human beings these days, a little playing around was maybe what happened from time to time, but nothing serious. Or nothing that damaged reputations
or was taken as anything very deeply meaningful at all. But there is a story or two about Senator Borah in this vein, which I shall not give on this tape. I think that the good that he did in his life and the fineness that he represented is sufficient. Regarding Burton L. French, congressman for many, many years, his sister and brother in law were old friends of the family in Genesee. His sister, Lula French, married William English, which we always thought was a coincidence. And Burton L. French was in our home from time to time. And as for local politicians, sheriffs or county prosecutors such as a man named Abe Goff or sheriff's name, Summerfield or whatnot, those people came and spent time with my father, because he was a person who's opinion they valued and who's support they wished. And democracy then, even as now, is a very personal thing. And in my family, in my life I reach back to these days, having been born in 1906 and I'm a state committee woman and up to politics right up to my ears. And I think it's family tradition. We are interested in government and we don't think that politics are dirty because we ourselves try to make it as clean as we know how. And if somebody else messes it up, that's their business. We'll catch 'em if we can. But so far as we are concerned, the business of government is almost sacred. And should be held so. Of course, we realize that things that are dreamed up during a campaign can't always be done because circumstances can change dreams when they're trying to be brought into reality. So something I want to talk about though, after democracy, I want to talk about Sundays.

Sundays on the farm were two things, one in winter and one in summer. In winter they were awfully dull days. Because dad got on his horses and went to the neighbors to do things. Like castrating calves or talking over politics or helping with a sick animal or something. So he had a little sociability. But we were far from church. And we didn't even try to go. And so mother and the children were left at home with a day of rest, which had to be a break in the routine, but which put us to ourselves to make something of. I remember
mother's delicious platters of homemade fudge that were marvelous. In the wintertime to have popcorn, to have maybe fresh apples, now this was a treat. To have treats on the table at noontime was almost just necessary to preserve your morale. And then when summer came and the fresh garden produce came in season and the fryers were ready to be kicked off by my father's expert whip that just broke their necks and then he would hang them feet up and bleed them and they'd be scalded and plucked and cooled and fried and that is meat for the gods. Then mother *would* have new potatoes and new peas if by the Fourth of July, that was a fine year, maybe new raspberries. Of course, strawberries had long since been in season, but if we had those treats for the Fourth of July was a special day. So what happened? My mother worked like mad all Sunday in the kitchen cooking the meal, entertaining the guests, washing up afterwards and long towards three o'clock, she'd get into the living room to have her day of rest which lasted about two hours. Because everyone came to the farm on Sunday, And they never seemed to dream of bringin along a cake even, or a salad. Well, people didn't eat many salads.

(End of tape)