



Bunchgrass Historian

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Merry Christmas!

By Virginia Nell Jacobs Dilts

Remember the Christmas of 1917 or 1918 in Pullman? When a "silver thaw" caused a sheet of ice to cover the hills, streets and sidewalks after the evening church programs?

Children, their parents and grandparents were crawling on their hands and knees to get up college hill from the Methodist Church, because the glare of ice made it impossible to stand up.

Everyone was in good humor as I remember, and were laughing and calling "Merry Christmas!" to each other as they helped those who faltered.

My own concern at the age of seven, was to hold my new doll "Betsy" in one arm while using the other hand and my two feet to scoot myself up the hill and protect the doll's beautiful china face from breaking.

I still have "Betsy" who wears the same clothes made by my mother and grandmother. It was one of the happiest Christmas days in my life because the hardships seemed to bring out the sharing and caring for one another under the early Christmas candles lighted in the morning; and the bright stars of the cold, glistening sky at night.



A Barrel Hoop Wreath Remembered

B. LeRoy Davidson

It wasn't very long ago, as time is measured . . . a little less than fifty years. I don't know where the inspiration came from; maybe Mother was repeating something her mother had done before her.



Bunchgrass Historian

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In the eye of memory of a little boy now grown to middle-age, that day is still as bright as is the recall of the three of us rocked to sleep that night in the big old rocking chair under our holiday wreath. It was the best wreath ever.

Lona Rubin's Christmas Story

When we were children we always hung up our stocking and there would be an orange and some nuts in it the next morning. So we hung them up again and again until finally we would find a piece of coal in the stocking and then we knew the oranges and nuts were gone and we would have to wait until next Christmas.

Evelyn Duarte's Christmas Story

When we were children we lived on the farm out of Uniontown but our grandmother lived in town and as the holidays approached we could hardly wait between visits to her home. She always had a huge tree which was decorated with pieces of candy which we were allowed to eat as long as we were there. We would hunt out every piece but the next time we went there would still be candy on the tree. This was a great mystery to us. It was not until years later when I helped take the tree down one year and found candy behind it that I realized our Grandmother had put more candy on the tree after each of our visits!

An Early Christmas at Pampa School

By Elsie Collins

Our mother (Minnie Fronck) told us as children about one Christmas when they lived at Pampa. It seems that each year a big tree was set up in the school house and each family brought presents to put under the tree for their children. One year her father drove to Colfax from their home down along the Palouse to buy dolls and other toys for the children, a distance of 36 miles one way. There were about 40 children in school and Mr. Lawrence Plowman played Santa Claus. The Christmas program consisted of recitations, dialogues, and singing.

Christmas at Captain Ewart's

By Sara Jane [Ewart] Perkins

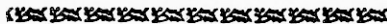
On Christmas, friends for miles around were invited to share in the holiday festivities (home of Captain Ewart). The Christmas dinner was well cooked and nourishing, just such food as could be easily digested. The poor, the lone bachelor could fully appreciate these events, and by way of expressing his sincere gratitude would offer himself heart-free to the blushing maiden after several of these occasions had passed.

The musical genius of that time surpassed that of the present inasmuch as no musical instrument was needed. We had a flute and violin (Charles and Al Porter), but oftener the tuning fork was used, and such a volume of music swelled forth on the wintry air as these words were uttered.

“Up on the housetop, no delay, no pause;
Clatter the steeds of Santa Claus.
Down through the chimney with loads of toys,
Oh, for the little ones Christmas joys.”

(One wonders how many versions there are of the familiar Christmas song quoted above).

From a paper, titled “**Pioneer Days in the Palouse Country**” read to the Colfax Athenaeum Club in 1898 by Mrs. James A. Perkins.



(As Christmas has always been a time of family reunions and celebrations, the pioneers who were separated by vast distances from their families in the East must have felt many a twinge of homesickness during the Christmas holiday season. However, the above tales lead one to believe that their thoughts of home were submerged by much merriment and feasting.)

Mrs. Duarte lives in Uniontown, Mrs. Rubin lives in Onecho community, B. LeRoy Davidson lives in Seattle, Mrs. Collins lives on highway 195 near the Genesee cutoff and Mrs. Dilts is presently living in Walla Walla.

"Memories"

By Virginia Nell Jacobs

I do not remember arriving in Pullman in 1913 at the age of three; but from family conversation, I know that we came from Denver, Colorado by Northern Pacific Railroad to Spokane. My father, Theodore Rider Jacobs, had been a clerk for the railroad company in Denver while studying architecture. His father, George Mellon Jacobs died at the age of forty; so this left my Grandmother Kathrine H. Jacobs and my Aunt Georgia Jacobs in Denver where they worked in the Denver Drygoods and in a legal accounting firm.

My father had heard of a new college being built at Pullman, Washington. Upon his arrival in Spokane he contracted an architectural firm who sent him with his family to Pullman by train where he worked as a draftsman and architect on the new college buildings.

The money came slowly from the State Legislature in those years; and I remember the first little house on "college hill" from where I could walk to Sunday School with other professor's children to the Congregational Church, where Frank Slagle was Superintendent of the Sunday School. It was then that Professor Leroy F. Jackson wrote the "Peter Patter Book" about the people and the countryside of Pullman. Andrew, Pudge and Bobby, to whom the book was dedicated were among my playmates in the neighborhood.

In desperation for faster progress in his career, my father borrowed money to develop the Lawrence & Holbrook Addition to the City of Pullman on Indiana and Garfield Streets; an open apple orchard-four lots with one old house in the orchard, just four city blocks from the present (1973) campus. He built our first new home facing Garfield Street, where we could play in the orchard, listen to the many birds; pack picnic lunches for hikes along the Palouse River gathering wild flowers in the meadows which were in the area of the present "Stadium Way." In the winter, my father's artful hands skillfully made skis to teach me the sport of gliding down those same meadows covered in winter by virgin snow.

I think my first Christmas present in Pullman was a sled which he made. I well remember lying on my stomach on the sled, grasping the front handles while he galloped ahead of me pulling the rope of the sled. As he ran on a board side-walk on Monroe Street near the Present Kappa Sigma fraternity, I could feel the bumpety-bump of the sled on the boards as the flying snow from his heels blinded me to everything except the exhilaration of the fast ride.

In the spring there came sorrow and sadness, tears and partings which I did not understand at the time; but my father was gone. My Grandmother Jacobs and Aunt Georgia Jacobs came from Denver just when I was starting first grade at the old Edison School. Aunt Georgia began working in the Bursar's office at the college where she remained for forty-five years. My mother enrolled at the college with a determination to earn her degree in Home Economics by working part time in the Extension Office. She accomplished this in six years, and was employed as an instructor in the beginning classes until her natural talents led her into the fields of Home Management, Interior Decorating, History of Clothing and Furniture; and Art in Every Day Life.

My grandmother had brought her grand piano from Denver, and Aunt Georgia her violin. We had given up the new house, and lived in the old orchard house at 1905 Indiana where I grew up with three determined women who were musical, artistic, and economical to the point of giving a small girl the feeling of poverty. They were also proud. Aunt Georgia and my mother gradually

remodeled the old house; with my mother pounding nails to build new closets in the upstairs bedrooms; and Aunt Georgia helping her hang new wall paper and curtains. Eventually a central heating system was installed and an electric stove. But I missed the old coal kitchen range where Grandmother let me help her bake bread, and where the stove in the living room had an open sliding door where she would rock me as the board floors squeaked in a rhythmic sound before the open fire.

When I began school, I loved every minute of it, since education was the very air we breathed in Pullman. I knew very little about the farming on the hills surrounding the college except for a few visits when my school friends took me



Grandmother Jacobs and Virginia at the Orchard House

to their homes in the country; or we went out in the hot August dust to watch a steam engine threshing the grain.

From our home on College Hill, we had a view of Kamiak Butte to the north where my future husband, Carl Dilts was working in harvest with his Uncle Will Twietmeyer who drove his Democrat wagon pulled by the friendly old team of horses. In the August evenings, Uncle Will played the harmonica while the coyotes howled over the Palouse hills. Carl later began work as an apprentice linotype operator at the Palouse Republic weekly newspaper until his turn in the family of four children came to go to college in Pullman.

In the meantime, my home entertainment in Pullman was only slightly more sophisticated when on Sunday evenings, we had a few friends in for home-made ice cream, while my grandmother and Aunt Georgia played piano and violin duets.

I never knew my maternal grandparents who wrote frequently from their old home in Fairmount, Kansas after Grandpa Barker's retirement in Denver.

Grandma Barker was known as "Aunt Clara" to everyone in the little community. She loved to visit and read and joke with everyone. Her sister, Julia Hollenbeck Coates often wrote to us too from Springfield, Ohio. She was more interested in our dutiful and successful behavior as descendants of Squire Hollenbeck and his wife Elizabeth Stewart Hollenbeck of Rutland, Vermont; and her grandfather John Stewart of Scotland. When they wrote to us in Pullman, it was like they were sending a message to a foreign land known as "the West" from where their storms came.

Seventy years after my arrival in Pullman in 1913, I retired with my husband Carl Dilts in Walla Walla near our two sons. We had co-published the Garfield Enterprise for ten years after our marriage in Pullman. We co-published the Waitsburg Times in Walla Walla County for 23 years. I also taught high school in Waitsburg for two years during World War II; and did substitute teaching at Wa-Hi after our retirement.

My fondest memories are those early years with my industrious and illustrious mother; my devoted and loving Grandmother Jacobs; and my intellectual and practical Aunt Georgia Jacobs who taught me the real meaning of life and the Universe in which we live.

Poems From The Peter Patter Book

By Leroy F. Jackson

A Man Came from Malden

A man came from Malden to buy a blue goose.
And what became of the gander?
He went and got tipsy on blackberry juice,
And that was the end of the gander.

The Canada Goose

A Canada goose
On the South Palouse
Is singing her summer song.
Her words are wise,
And she greets the skies
With a voice like a steamer gong:
"If you harbor your wealth
And keep your health,
You'll always be rich and strong."

Twenty Thieves from Albion

Twenty Thieves from Albion,
All with butcher knives,
Coming on the dead run,
Fighting for their lives.



See the man from our town,
In a fancy vest,
Knocking all the big ones down,
Chasing all the rest.

Leroy Freeman Jackson was a graduate of the University of North Dakota and held a Master's degree in Philosophy from the University of Chicago. He was a professor of history at Washington State College from 1914 to 1921 when he resigned.

He wrote the Peter Patter Book poems for his own children during that time. They were first published in 1918 by Rand McNally Co. and are reprinted here by permission of Robert C. Jackson, a son of the author.

The son tells us that over the years his father was rewriting a number of them for a modern release at the time of his death in March 1958. He also was polishing a group of poems, "Rhymes for Octogenarians". Many of his serious poems have been published. But as his son says, "His children's verse with its charming humor seems to be his memorial."

Winter of '89-'90

By June Crithfield

Whitman county was young. Only seventeen years had passed since the arrival of the first settlers. Confident in their ability to meet and conquer any obstacle, they reckoned without winter of '89.

The winter of 1881 had given them a taste, a warning of what could happen. But only once in nearly twenty years was really nothing to be concerned about, or was it?

Early in November of 1889, a few flakes of snow fell and the creeks and rivers were being watched for skims of ice that would thicken to hold the weight of skaters. The grass had grown so well in the late fall that stockmen were confident their cattle and horses would winter well, "without throwing them a forkfull of hay". Coal was selling for \$8 a ton and wood brought \$6 a cord.

The small village newspapers about the county reported the progress of winter in those months ahead.

The Uniontown **Journal** in an early December issue mentions, "several sportsmen have taken advantage of the light snow fall and have killed several large jack rabbits. Nick Jacobs, Jr., having bagged several large fine ones."

The Colfax **Commoner** on Dec. 20, reported, "Three inches of snow fell on Monday night. Ground frozen. Sleighing very good and the merry jingle of sleigh bells is once more heard in the land."

Everyone was commenting on the mild weather. Cold with little snow. Bright clear days. On Dec. 27th another three inches of snow fell and sleighing and skating parties were popular pastimes.

The Colfax **Commoner** on Jan. 3, 1890, informed its readers that, "The snow has been drifting badly out of town, during the past 2 days, delaying railway travel to a considerable extent. Yesterday afternoon 3 trains were blockaded by snow on the Union Pacific between Tekoa and Latah. The Portland train has been late every night this week."

The Rosalia **Rustler** for that date stated there was snow one foot deep on the level and Monday night had been the coldest of the season.

In spite of the snow and cold, the settlers apparently were undaunted and pursued the usual activities for good times. Attesting to that is the following ad found in the Colfax paper. "At the dance, given at Howe's on Spring Flat on Christmas night, an exchange of sleigh robes inadvertently occurred. The owner of the plain white robe can find same at this office, by returning a handsome iron gray."

The Colfax **Commoner** later reported on Jan. 10, 1890, "The Union Pacific from Farmington north to Spokane Falls is still blocked against travel. The rotary plow, which went to the rescue of the train snowed in about Tekoa, became disabled last Wednesday. It is understood work would resume again yesterday and is expected should no more drifting occur, that the road will be cleared for travel by Saturday.

The first steam rotary snow plow to invade the Palouse country passed up the road last Saturday clearing the rails of several large drifts of snow to the relief of the three snow-bound trains which were tied up between Tekoa and Latah. The plow will be kept on the Palouse division of the Union Pacific until gentle spring-time comes."

From the Rosalia **Rustler** "Loose cows are becoming a rank nuisance. No sooner does a farmer come to town than his sleigh is filled with half starved cattle that are crazy after what hay they can find therein. The city council should pass an ordinance prohibiting stock from running at large inside the corporation

limits. If they will do so, the farmers will raise up as one man and call them blessed."

Same issue "Mr. Dorsey informed us that horses are still living on bunch grass despite the deep snow, and will continue to do so until a hard crust is frozen."

"The price of hay and straw has gone up fifty per cent since the snow storm commenced. Many of our farmers feel sore they burned their straw last fall, thinking they would have sufficient feed for their stock during the winter."

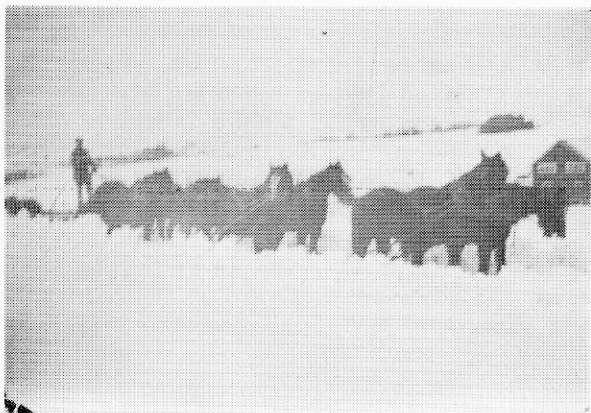
The old year passed out and the new one came in with the thermometer at 17 below zero." So said the Colfax **Commoner**.

The Colfax **Commoner** for Jan. 17, 1890, reported, "The Palouse country snowed in with snow 2 feet deep on the level and many large drifts."

Most stock was at this time faring well enough. People were able to get around and feed the cattle. The ground was not frozen very hard because of the snow cover. Stockmen felt certain the weather would break soon without any drastic losses and they were eagerly looking forward to bumper wheat crops for the year.

The Farmington **Register** for Jan. 24, 1890, stated, "Stock is doing well in the upper Palouse country so far, and if a chinook comes soon the loss of this winter will be small."

A report in the **Palouse City News** for that date said, "The Spokane and Palouse Railroad Company is trading for teams to drive ahead of their express trains to clear the tracks from snow."



Joe Oenning of Uniontown used four bridge planks nailed together in a V-shape to drag the roadway clear of snow in the winter of 1932, when his brother, Bernard, needed emergency mastoid surgery.

Rotary snow plows and horses driven ahead of the trains apparently weren't as successful as the railroads had hoped, for the Jan. 31, 1890, issue of the Farmington **Register** observed, "The most effective snow plow that has made its appearance this winter on the Union Pacific was a crew of fifty railroad employees with scoop shovels."

Winter continued for the Whitman county residents. Tekoa reported the town was full of snow-bound people.

Finally there was a break. The **Pullman Herald** informed its readers, "The light "Chinook" which has been blowing for the past week, has caused the snow to melt just fast enough so that all the water could soak into the ground, and thus the greatest good will be derived from the snowfall this winter."

Although the warm chinook winds were melting the snow gradually thereby increasing the prospects of bumper crops for the year and decreasing the chances of flooding in the small streams, residents of the county were still not without some concerns. And at least one editor was expressing the views of some stockmen in planning for future winters.

The Farmington **Register** presented this view on the matter, "If there is not a fortune to be made within a few years by raising hay, there isn't a fortune in anything. Last winter good hay sold for \$12.50 per ton. This winter hay can't be bought for \$22.50."

"W. H. Stuart, a prominent Snake river stock grower, was seen in Colfax last Saturday. In reply to a question as to how stock had wintered in that section he said his loss might be estimated at about \$4,000. Horses stood the strain well but a great loss among cattle occurred." Reported in the Colfax **Commoner** for Feb. 14, 1890.

Observations made by various editors about the county by this time indicated everyone was watching for every sign of spring and they felt confident it was not far off. The following quotes attest to this.

The Tekoa **Globe** "Wherever the snow has left the ground bare the green grass can be seen making an appearance. An early spring is anticipated."

The Oakesdale **Sun** "Sleighs have served their days of usefulness and are stored away in summer quarters. The good old four wheeled wagons are taking their place. The Spokane and Palouse trains are now running on time."

The Rosalia **Rustler** "Scarcely any farmers came to town last Thursday and Friday and the town cows nearly starved in consequence thereof. The farmers should be compelled to come to town regularly."

The Uniontown **Journal** "The Snake river boats are said to be making regular runs again."

Winter indeed seemed over. The people were settling back to let the mud dry up, content that spring would soon appear on the lands of Whitman county.

But it was not to be. After two weeks of weather that promised spring the county suffered a severe relapse of winter.

As described in the Colfax **Commoner** bearing a March 1 date.

"Another heavy fall of snow with wind and cold, the latter more severe than before, showed the backbone of winter had not been broken, only slightly bent and the serious results were yet to follow. It is hoped, however, that reports concerning loss of cattle is exaggerated. It is known that large stock owners are entirely out of feed and unable to secure any at any price, so their losses will no doubt be large. Thermometers were registering from 15 to 21 below zero for the last 4 days. About a foot of snow again covers the ground on the level."

The Uniontown **Journal** for March 14, 1890 reported, "Squally John says look out for "hi-u" water in the Snake river this summer."

And the Colton **Eagle** carried the following information, "Apricot trees on the Snake river show some damage from frost, according to E. R. Smith."

Whitman county since has had several severe winters with heavy snow falls and freezing cold temperatures. Winters when feed was scarce and livestock suffered. When the Palouse and Snake rivers and all small creeks froze over. The

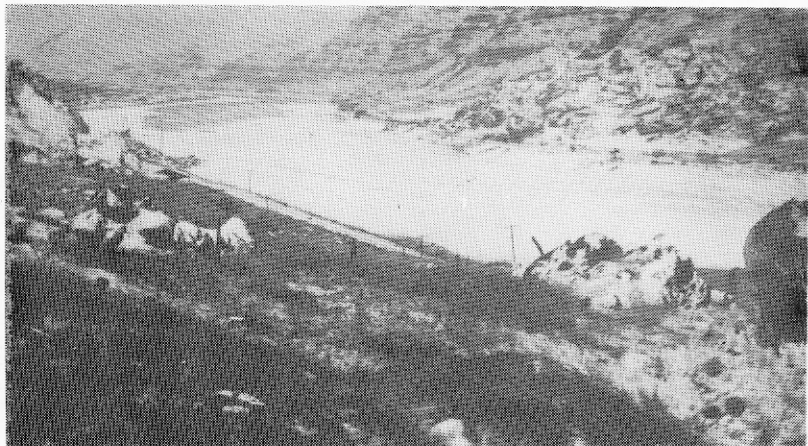


Winter chores: A steam-operated wood saw positioned for work above. Hauling chopped oats by sleigh below. [Joe Oenning Photos]





Joe and Bernard Oenning hauling hay for livestock the winter of 1916 above. Snake river frozen solid for miles in the winter of 1949-50. Hundreds of fruit trees were killed along the river. There was no fruit harvested in 1950.



winters of 1936 and 1968 are remembered by many of us. In 1936 it was virtually impossible to keep the roads open, the wind blew forever it seemed. The Snake river froze over so solidly that people living in Garfield county walked across to Wawawai or Almota for their mail. The ferries couldn't run nor could the steamboats. The streets in the towns of Whitman county were piled high with snow. But at least by then we had better home accommodations and better communication facilities.

We are no longer young as a county. We have learned the lesson well. In Whitman county, one must prepare for winter.

Determined Bridegroom Hikes Sixteen Miles Through Flood

As told by Mrs. Serena F. Mathews
[Mother of Catherine Mathews Friel, Pullman]
To Katherine Almquist

The Pullman flood of 1910, among other things, almost stopped a wedding. On March 1, Miss Saidee Wallis was getting ready to marry Dr. Julian Howard of Spokane when suddenly from out of the hills, which were piled high with snow and frozen solid, came a great flood of water, rising higher every minute with a steady downpour of rain driven by a warm Chinook wind.

The water swept through Pullman and washed out both bridges before even a warning could be issued. Merchandise floated from downtown stores; a piano house lost seven pianos; nearly the entire contents of a coffin factory were swept away. A house went by with a cat perched forlornly on the roof. From the Emerson and Burgan store, where the First National Bank is now located, many bolts of cloth twisted and wrapped around wreckage, were still to be seen months later clinging to bushes and brush. Five gallon oil cans floated merrily along, and it is reported that many farmers fished a year's supply of oil from the swirling waters.

Bride Waits

At the Mathews house, 1703 Ruby street, the present site of the new Kappa Delta sorority house, Miss Wallis was frantically awaiting her bridegroom, and far from planning to jilt his bride, Dr. Howard had started out from Spokane with a trunk containing his wedding clothes. By the time the anxious young man arrived in Colfax, where the license was to be secured, the flood had reached great heights and unfortunately his precious trunk floated away in the confusion, never to be seen again.

Undaunted, the young doctor waded into the courthouse and while standing knee-deep in water finally got his license to wed. But here his troubles were only beginning. Automobiles were not available, trains had stopped running, and no one could spare a horse and buggy to rent to the bedraggled bridegroom. The only way to Pullman and his waiting bride was to walk. So Dr. Julian Howard walked, waded, and crawled, until the following morning he finally reached his destination.

Couple Finally Married

A pontoon foot bridge had been hastily built to connect the two sides of town, but lights were out and food and kerosene supplies were low. The minister hadn't arrived and a new one had to be substituted. A Prince Albert coat and other odds and ends of clothing were assembled to outfit the groom, and the marriage ceremony proceeded without further delay.

Mrs. Serena F. Mathews, now housemother of the Alpha Gamma Delta sorority, sister of the bride and hostess to the wedding party, tells of the water pipes being broken, necessitating draining the pipes in the basement to get water for coffee. The ice cream, too, had a hard journey before it reached the guests, for it had come round-about by the way of the railroad trestle.

So the wedding was accomplished, and Pullman gradually returned to normalcy. In a few days the stores were all having flood sales, and everyone brought cans of food with labels washed off, not having the least idea whether the contents might be beans, brussel sprouts or bluing.

Pullman Herald, Nov. 4, 1938

A Short History of A Pioneer Family of Whitman County

By Elsie Collins

Luhettie and Jonah Turner brought their family across the plains in the 1850's when their son Thomas Benton Turner was thirteen years old. They traveled from Missouri to Sebastopol, California, and settled there in Santa Rosa.

Thomas herded cattle when he was a boy so he didn't get much schooling. Later he packed freight to the mines from Wallula to the Okanogan country, and supplies by mule team to the gold mines at Benton, Mont., from The Dalles, Ore.

He moved to Walla Walla about 1871, trading a team of horses and wagon for squatter's rights to the place on Dry Creek above Walla Walla. Later he took up a pre-emption on what was known as a timber claim on the Palouse river, five miles west of Lacrosse. This turned out to be school land when it was surveyed, so he rented the school section that year and Grandmother rented it from 1871 to 1933. He and Grandmother moved to the ranch on the Palouse river in 1872 and lived there until his death in 1901.

Grandmother Turner (nee Martha Jane Stott) was born in Indiana in 1848. She crossed the plains with her parents at the age of three years in 1851, in a covered wagon. Her parents and family settled in the Willamette Valley near Hillsboro, Ore. In 1871 she came to Walla Walla and a year later married my grandfather, Thomas Benton Turner. They would move in the fall of the year to assure an education for their children. So in 1884 they lived in Colfax during the school term; in 1889-90 the children went to school in Pampa and after that in Walla Walla. My mother, Minnie Fronek, was their daughter.

Mary Chermark and James Fronek were both born in Bohemia. They were married there in 1863 and came to America for their honeymoon six months later, living first at Cleveland, Ohio.

In 1875, James Fronek brought his family by train to Oregon. They had wanted to settle in the Willamette Valley but people there had lost many of their children from diphtheria, so they were advised to settle near the mountains. They bought land eight miles from Silverton and had a dairy, as they were in a Swiss settlement which specialized in cheese and gardening.

They cleared the land of the oak trees and cut them into lengths 75 to 125 feet long and sent them by raft to the shipyards at Portland. They made good money at this as the hardwood was in demand. Working hard they could clear an acre each year. They finally got eight acres cleared and built a house and barn.

In 1885, they left Oregon and came to Washington Territory in a horse-drawn wagon with all their belongings. They settled on land three and one-half miles north of Lacrosse, at a place where Union creek and the O.W.R.R.&N. Railroad crossed. The family of nine children lived in a dugout shelter and a large tent that first winter.

Elsie Collins of Uniontown and Neita Curtis of Thornton are sisters. Their brother, E. R. Fronek, lives at Sunnyside, Washington. All are Society members.



Mary Chermak Fronek and James Fronek came to the Lacrosse area of Whitman county in 1885.

The next spring the Froneks started hauling lumber from a mill about two miles from Palouse City. They had plenty of good milk, cream and butter and raised a big garden. The family traded some at Pampa, a small village some five miles south of Lacrosse. At that time Lacrosse did not exist. Once a year they made a trip to Colfax for flour, dairy salt, sugar, green coffee beans and dress goods. They would roast the beans in the oven, first spreading the beans one inch deep in a bread pan. This amount would make one week's supply of coffee. They also made postum of three-fourths rye and one-fourth corn, which they browned in the oven and ground. They made all their own soap. Kerosene was brought for the lamps but if they ran out of that they would use one-half tallow and one-half grease and often braided strings for wicks. The Fronek family sometimes made their own candles of pure tallow which made a good light.

James Fronek traded some to the stores for clothing. At that time you could buy overalls for 40 cents a pair. They were all waist overalls, and the best grade cost 50 cents a pair, the brand name being "Boss of the Road."

One of their eleven children, Clarence Fronek, was my father.

Society Honored

The Whitman County Historical Society has been honored by an invitation from the Washington State University Department of History to be co-sponsor of the Pacific Northwest History Conference to be held in Pullman, April 25-27, 1974.

ROAST GOOSE

1 goose (about 8 pounds)	Salt and pepper
Potato stuffing	Flour
Salt pork if goose is not fat	

Select a goose that is about four months old; an old goose is better braized than roasted. Singe the goose, wash it carefully in hot water, and wipe it dry before drawing it. Flatten the breast-bone by striking it with a rolling-pin. Partly fill the goose with potato stuffing, stitch up the openings and truss it. If it is not fat, lay thin slices of pork upon the breast, but if the goose has considerable fat, omit the pork. Bake in a hot oven (400-480 degrees F.) for 45 minutes, remove it from the oven, pour out all the fat, sprinkle the bird all over with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, and return it to the oven.

When the flour is a good brown, pour one cup of hot water into the pan and baste the goose often, dredging it each time with a slight sifting of flour to absorb the fat. Allow 18 minutes to the pound for a young goose and 25 for one that is old. Remove the goose from the pan, add a cup of hot water to the gravy and thicken it, if necessary, with browned flour. Garnish the goose with parsley and serve with giblet gravy.

Applesauce is often served with roast goose.

Goslings may be roasted in the same way, allowing, however, only 15 minutes to the pound for cooking.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING

1 lb. fine bread crumbs	2 lemons, grated rind of 1
1 lb. minced apples	Spice
1 lb. raisins	Few chopped almonds
1 lb. currants	1 lb. chopped suet
1 lb. sugar	8 eggs
10 oz. lemon peel	

Boil for 8 hours. This will make three medium-sized puddings.

Homestead Sauce

Beat 2 eggs until very light. Add 3/4 cup sugar and beat. Add to 1 cup cream, whipped stiff, and flavor with 3 tablespoons rum extract. Serve on plum puddings.

ADD A SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP TO YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST

A gift membership in the Society brings the Bunchgrass Historian four times a year.