



The Bunchgrass Historian

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PANIC AND BEDLAM RULE AS STOCK MART CRASHES

Bankers Halt Orgy After Billions Lost--Some Brokers Faint.

By Associated Press.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—The remarkable era of avid public speculation in stocks which has swept over the country during the last five years came to a climax today in the most terrifying stampede of selling ever experienced on the New York stock exchange and other leading security markets.

SEES N. Y. "WAILING WALL"

Speculators Selling Space for
Bodies in East River.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—I have been in Washington on inauguration day, Claremore on Fourth of July, Dearborn on Edison's day, but to have been in New York on "wailing day," when Wall street took that fall spin, you had to stand in line to get a window



Not since the war panic which resulted in closing the exchange for 17 weeks in 1914, has Wall street seen such a dark and trying day, and never in financial history have security markets been thrown into such a tumult.

It appeared for a time that the stock markets would be unable to face the situation and that trading would have to be suspended, but the leading exchanges saw the ordeal through, although a few floor traders collapsed and had to be aided from the trading floors.

Bankers Come to Rescue.

By early afternoon the situation became so grave that a hurried

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Panics and Depressions Plague the Palouse

The economy of Whitman county in years past has fluctuated with that of the rest of the country, and at times it has been worse in the county than elsewhere from conditions prevalent in our local area.

Old timers remember the blight of depression years which during the Panic of '93 was considerably harder because of the financial disaster climaxed by a harvest time of unceasing rain which prevented saving even that grain which had been harvested. It sprouted in the sacks and rotted. With hard times already upon the country this local blow was staggering. But 1893 was not the first year of depression in the Palouse nor the last.

Following the Panic of 1893, there were further ups and downs in the economy of the Palouse, but none was so wide-spread as the Great Depression which started with the stock market crash on October 24, 1929. (front cover from the **Spokesman-Review**, October 25, 1929.)

There was world-wide hunger, especially in the cities, bankruptcies, bank closures and land foreclosures throughout which we were advised that the only fear we had to overcome was fear itself. Our radio disc jockies assured us all would be well if we could just—

“Keep your sunny side up
Be like two fried eggs
Keep your sunny side up.”

or sing

“Happy days are here again
The skies above are clear again
Happy days are here again”

This issue of the *Historian* is devoted to accounts of how the people of Whitman county survived the times of economic depression. □

Why don't the great and only **Palouse News** tell us something about the democratic good times of which we heard so much last fall?—**Palouse Republican**, August 18, 1893.

Waterville, Wash.
Dec. 8 1893

Bryan Westacott,
Garfield, Washington

Dear Bryan Your letter of just a month ago was duly received....

Bryan, I don't know how the country there is going to worry along for the next years. It is enough to discourage anyone. I am satisfied that the year 1893 will go down into history along with '37, '57 and '73 but the last is the hardest of all. Thus the bad harvest there will break the backs of a good many.

Times are hard here although the crops were not injured to any extent.

Bryan, in regard to the hardware business, it seems to me, considering the hard times, that the salary of the manager should be cut down to least \$100 per month, and not to exceed \$60 per month for help. I should insist strongly and I wish you would bring the matter before the board of directors and the annual meeting of the stock holders. If times were good and business paying good dividends the present salaries would be all right, but I do not expect, for my part, that there will be much profit in the last year's business that will be available for dividends. I had hoped to be down for the annual meeting but will not be able to get away. This matter, however, I feel should be brought up. In the firm of Rogers, Howe and Co. of this place, \$100 per month is the highest salary paid, and they do an immense business, probably \$50,000 a year.

With best regards to all,
I am Yours,

J. E. Lawrence

FOOTNOTE: Transcribed from the 1893 letterbook of J. E. Lawrence who came to Garfield in 1878. He was successively a teacher, printer on the **Palouse Boomerang**, **Northwest Tribune** (Colfax) business man, land agent, banker, railroad commissioner and state senator. He died in Garfield in 1927 at the age of 66.

News items show progress of panic of 1893

George Lamphere returned Monday from a trip to Lewiston. He reports crop prospects good, but business rather full.—**Palouse Republican**, June 23, 1893.

Reports have been industriously circulated that the crops are short all over the Palouse, but careful investigation proves the falsity of such stories in most every case. The yield will soon speak for itself however.—**Palouse Republican**, August 25, 1893.

The questions which are now agitating everyone, are bags and prices. How to secure sacks is causing great anxiety. There is no money with which to buy them, and dealers will not sell on time as has been the custom. The banks cannot loan for fear of a run. Money cannot be had; and so far the same can be said of sacks. The crops cannot be handled in bulk, and for the present the whole matter is in a state of uncertainty, and everything is stagnated. The Palouse has never been confronted with such a situation.—**Palouse Republican**, August 25, 1893.

Wheat is being taken on account at 50 cents a bushel by Waitsburg merchants.—**Palouse Republican**, September 1, 1893.

A year ago when the Pullman agricultural college opened there were over two hundred students in attendance. This year there were but thirty-eight and at the end of the first week there were only forty-one.—**Palouse Republican**, September 29, 1893.

Little drops of water have made lots of trouble for the farmers lately. Until two weeks ago the wheat harvest was declared to be unparalleled. Then came the rain. It beat down standing grain, drenched the half-finished stacks and soaked the scattered sheaves left by the binders until the grain swelled and sprouted. Bound grain in the field is moulding, and will be badly damaged if marketable at all. Grain yet standing is reported to be damaged but little.

Farmers are badly discouraged. They planted the largest acreage ever sown in Whitman county and were rewarded by an unusually large yield, but the cold, wet spring retarded seeding so that most of the grain was sown one month later than usual. This made the grain that much later in ripening and the fall rains have caught the grain about half out, and it is difficult to tell how much of that now standing can be saved. Considerable grain now threshed piled up in sacks in the fields has been damaged by the heavy rains. Threshers, headers and binders are idle, waiting for suitable weather to resume operations. Threshing will not be completed before Christmas.—**Palouse Republican**, October 13, 1893.

NOTICE

After November 1st there will be no more credit given at the blacksmith shop in Bristow, Breed & Co., to anyone. Don't ask it.

All persons indebted to the company must settle at once, by note or cash. Bristow, Breed & Co.—**Palouse Republican**, November 3, 1893.

Depression Years 1922-31

By Roy H. Davis

Gladys and I were married June 2, 1922. I began working at anything I could find to do to support us. I painted my Dad's house and when that was finished, I hired two teams and two men to ship manure to a lettuce company in Lewiston. Roy McInturff and I were in this together. We had to pitch the manure onto the wagons, haul it to the railroad siding and then pitch it onto gondola cars by hand. We had shipped three carloads before the lettuce company took out bankruptcy. I bought Roy out for fifty dollars. Over a year later, when it was finally settled, I got \$150 out of it. The bill for labor and other expenses was \$450.



Gladys and Roy Davis in 1930

FOOTNOTE: Gladys Truax Davis just recently passed away. Her grandfather, Daniel Truax settled at the confluence of the two streams that formed Hangman Creek and established a sawmill on the site in 1884. This land was near Tekoa. Her father was Byron Truax.

I worked out until that fall and then rented my Dad's place. I only had a little money. Dad let me break and work some horses he had, most of them were racing stock. We moved into a one-room shack where I now live. I put in the fall crop. We used to vitrol our seed. We would set a half of a wooden barrel in the ground and had a drain trough to set the wet sacks into to drain back into the barrel. We had to move them up the trough as we dipped another half sack. I used to do it after supper and Gladys would hold the lantern for me. I would get wet and blue from the vitrol water.

Steve Reif moved off of the old place and we moved up there. They left a little old stuff in the house. A home-made table, etc. I got a cook stove out of the dump, cleaned it up and used it for two years.

The first night up there we were sitting in the kitchen which was made of wide rough boards nailed together with studding. Reifs had put oil cloth on the walls, the mice ran down the cracks between the boards and ate holes in the oil cloth above the base board, and came into the kitchen several at a time. I found an old rusty snap trap, baited it and caught two mice the first time. The second time, I caught one and as it snapped it killed another one. I set it again and we went to bed. A short time later I heard the trap click and got up and found I had caught two more mice. I bought a dozen traps and caught 55 mice in a very short time. Reif had left twenty two cats there and they had fed them milk. You could hardly get in the house for the cats so when half-brother Vance asked if he could shoot them we said, "Yes." That is when the mice took over.

We got along without very much those first years. I got some chickens and two cows to start with. In 1924, our first child was born. I bought Gladys the best stove Montgomery Ward had for one hundred and nineteen dollars. Paid five dollars down and five dollars a month. The second year of the contract I didn't have five dollars to make the payment. I sold Andy Maxwell a dozen big hens for six dollars and he picked out all the laying hens, so we didn't have eggs for a while. I finally got the payments down to a balance of forty-five dollars and sold a calf to pay the whole thing off. I still have the stove and it is in very good condition. I said then, that I would never buy anything on time again.

I bought a little threshing machine and engine out by Sweetwater, Idaho, and made four headerboxes. I did custom work for three years, heading and threshing for other farmers. We boarded at home and Gladys had from ten to twelve men to cook for. She hired girls to help for three dollars a week.

Jesse was born April 9, 1925 by Caesarean. She was in the hospital at Colfax for fourteen days with two special nurses at seven dollars each twelve-hour shift. The doctor bill was three hundred dollars and the hospital bill was two hundred and eighty-six dollars. I had enough money to pay the nurses and tried to mortgage my heading outfit to get enough to pay the hospital but the bank turned me down. I told the Sister I was taking them home, she said if I did the baby would die. Gladys wanted to take him. I told them I had tried to get money to pay the hospital bill and couldn't. She asked if I would give them a note. I said, "Yes," everyone else had one, you just as well have one." Dr. Bryant wanted a note so I gave him one too. I got enough money that fall to pay them off less the interest. During the summer I only had a little money from eggs and cream before harvest. I went to the other bank to see if I could borrow enough money to rig up my outfit. George Gannon said, "Aren't you banking across the street?" I told him I had been turned down but that I could rig it up for two hundred and fifty dollars. He said, "You go try them

again, if you can't get the money, I'll lend it to you." I went over and asked Fred Forrest for \$500 and he gave it to me just on a note. I could have fallen through the floor. I paid off my note but didn't have much money to go through the winter. In 1926, I bought an old Holt combine from Ed Hoffman and I bought several horses at sales for six to twelve dollars per head. The ground was washed badly and I had lots of trouble with the old combine, turning it over once.

In 1927, my brother Claude and I bought a new No. 7 International combine. We cut a little of my crop and then cut Claud's crop then decided to cut Jay Maxwell's and Jud Thompson's crops because it would help pay for the combine. It began to rain and the wheels sunk in and pulled so hard one of my horses fell over dead. I put on four more of my horses as we had got a hitch out of Walla Walla.



Early Harvest Outfit

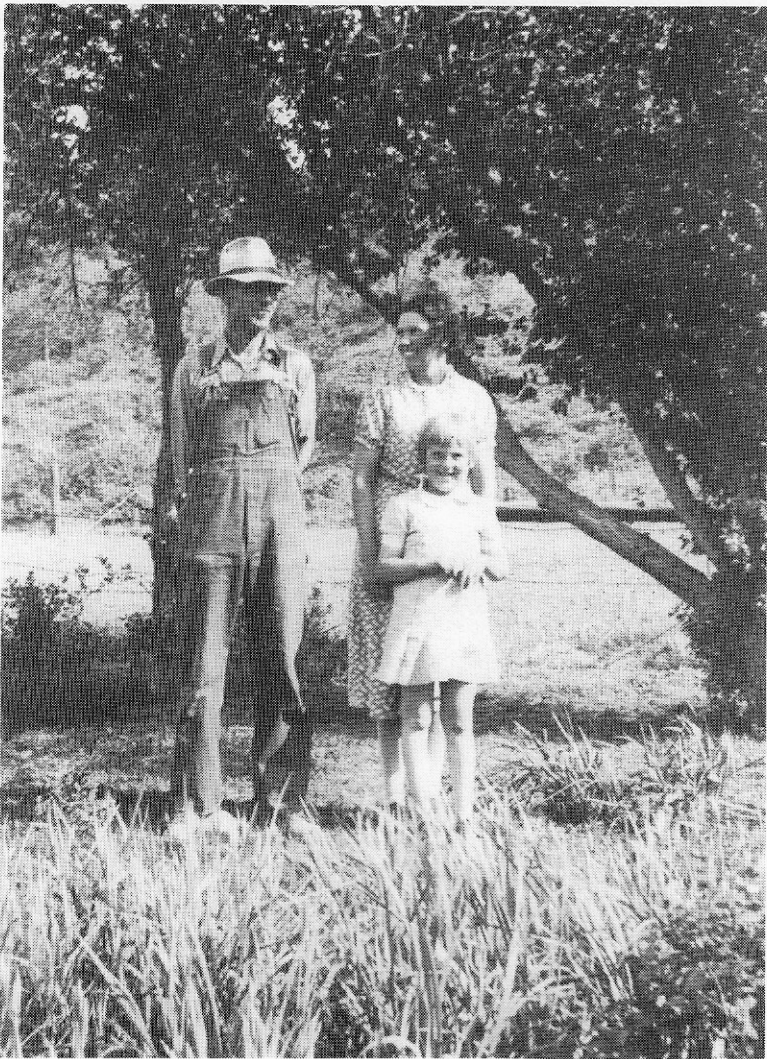
I had 350 acres of wheat still to harvest. We would hook up maybe cut an hour or so and it would rain. We were sacking and the sacks would sprout laying on the ground very quickly, so we hauled them in and piled them. I hired a man to haul with a six-horse team. He had to load light or bank some out to finish his load. I was out harvesting just sixty days. I sold my wheat that year for eighty cents a bushel and took an eighteen cents dock for moisture.

The spring of 1929, I had a sale and then bought a thirty tractor and Harris combine. I cut my crop, and for several neighbors that year, cutting over 1,000 acres with a fourteen-foot cut machine. I was paid three dollars and fifty cents an acre for cutting.

In 1931, I traded my combine for a new one with a bulk tank on it and bulked the wheat. I cut for the neighbors and my own good crop. I bought thirty-seven acres of standing wheat from Fred Maynard for fifty dollars and harvested it. I sold that crop for twenty-eight and a half to twenty-nine cents a bushel. The best crop I ever raised.

I took a load of good pigs to Spokane and got four cents a pound for them. I hauled a case of eggs to Pullman and they offered me eight cents a dozen for them so I brought them home. Gladys ask me what I was going to do with them and I told her we could eat all we could and break the rest on the horse feed and make their hair slick. And that is what we did.

Those were years of real struggle to make ends meet and yet we were only just starting into what has been termed the "Great Depression." □



—Photo Courtesy of Thelma VanTine

G. H. (Hi) and Thelma with daughter Naoma

Thelma VanTine was born seventy years ago near Colfax on a farm in the Green Hollow district. Her husband, Hi, was also a native of Whitman county. They were married in 1928 and spent their entire married life in Whitman county. Hi passed away in 1977 at the age of seventy-nine. Thelma still lives a few miles out of Colfax. Their daughter, Naoma, became Mrs. Fred James and now lives in Pullman.

Depression Days in the Palouse

by **Thelma Richardson VanTine**
as told to **Kay Turner**

This is a conversational narrative rather than a polished English composition. It comes directly from the transcript of the taping done by Kay Turner in her capacity as a researcher for the Oral History Project being conducted by the Whitman County Historical Society. The project is being funded by a CETA grant and the Society.

When we were first married we lived on a farm between Palouse and Colfax. That was the Williamson's place which we were renting.

We lived there two years before the Depression hit in 1929. We were struck by the Depression. We didn't owe so much but what the Bank could recover everything by our selling practically everything we had to cover the debt. We got out with practically nothing and then Hi went to work for a farmer and we lived over in the Clear Creek area for approximately a year. Then we moved to Green Hollow to help my Dad out. When we moved there we moved into a little house—used to be a mill house—it was just a one room, single wall construction building. The first winter we lived in that one little place with two small children. We had a cookstove—wood-coal cookstove that heated it and a cook table, put up some boxes for shelves, had a bed and cribs and so on in there and that's the way we lived.

The next winter (at that time we were getting logs out of the timber there to build a log cabin. They had to be seasoned a bit so any spare time Hi cut them and brought them down and piled them. They seasoned then. That winter we lived in a tent until they got the log cabin up. We were in that tent with two little children, that is, we had the cabin and then the tent as our bedroom (it was on a floor). We had two little children in there and it got down to about ten below zero before we got moved out of the tent into the cabin. My husband worked for a farmer in harvest and earned \$150 that year. That \$150 was used to build that cabin and for us to live on until the next season with the exception of the amount we got out of a can of cream (\$1.50) about once a week. I had chickens and sold eggs at six cents a dozen.

The shingles for the log house cost us \$40 and that was our greatest outlay. The foundation of that building was bridge timbers that were washed down the river and scattered along from the 1910 flood. We had irons that we put in the cement foundation around that log house, we put irons out of those old bridges for reinforcement. Any lumber we used in there, wasn't finished inside, but it was divided off with a closet between the two bedrooms and we had curtains at the fronts of the bedrooms to divide them off. The living room-kitchen was together but it was divided by a chimney and the chimney was built out of bricks from the old prune dryer at Elberton. They didn't cost us but very little, just to haul them away. Any lumber used in it was just planed on one side and Hi went to a mill above Potlatch and got this lumber, it was very inexpensive (I think it came to about \$25.00 for the lumber for the ceiling, the floor and that closet). The logs were left round,



—Photo Courtesy Mrs. VanTine
The G. H. VanTine log cabin with hen house in the background.

we used clay to chink between the logs to keep it weather tight.

We built a cellar back of it, just into the bank. Put my canned fruit and all the roots and things we raised in the garden were all kept in there.

Then we built a chicken house. That was built of logs and Hi used a froe to make the shakes for the roof of that.

We actually had very little money to live on, but we had milk and cream from our cow. We had butter and I raised chickens. Chauncey Kenedy gave me two runt pigs that I nursed along and raised until they were big enough to butcher. We had a lovely garden, it was just dug out of the brush down there and it was brand new soil. It really raised a wonderful garden as well as we had a strawberry patch out of it, it was really wonderful. Then, of course, we used all the wild—watercress was really good for a salad, that was in the little creek that ran from the spring. In the summertime there were sarvus berries and I used to go and gather those to make jelly; chokecherries to make jam; wild currants to make jelly.

Our fuel was from the timber and brush around. We had coal oil lights. Coal oil came in five-gallon tin cans.

We lived there until Karl was through the first grade, he attended school at the Green Hollow School. Then they consolidated the schools with the Colfax system and the children went to school in Colfax. My folks sold the place, so we moved up to the Tate place and things weren't very good then. We didn't have very much, we paid ten dollars a month rent for the place and I had to board the men when they had any men working on the place, that was part of the bargain.

Hi didn't have regular work, but he did work some on the road—ditching the road some in the winter time. He walked and ditched the road out in the Green Hollow area, several miles, every direction. Then he finally was working at the warehouse there, that was just seasonal. Loading out cars with sacks of grain. Finally he worked with Aurelius Richardson (made squirrel poison). Hi took the salesmanship of it and he took squirrel poison all over the whole country—Palouse, Potlatch, Garfield, Endicott, Dusty, all the whole territory. That really helped us out a lot. Made a commission off it.

And, of course, I was boarding men at—part of the time twenty-five cents a meal, part of the time at fifty cents a meal. But, actually all that really did was feed our family, but of course we did have a garden, we did have a cow, we did have chickens. All those things helped. When it was just our family, the four of us, at the Tate place and I didn't have any men I was boarding (in the winter time) it cost about \$8.00 a month for coal oil lighting and what we had to buy for heat and the groceries we had to buy. So, actually it cost us about \$18.00 a month to live at that time, just that way. Of course, the children's clothes and things, people gave me, different ones in the family gave me, things that were older that they could no longer use and I would take the good parts out of them and make shirts for Karl and dresses for Naoma and blouses. There's all kinds of ways of managing. They grew so fast and their feet grew so fast and shoes were so expensive, even at ninety-eight cents a pair we could hardly afford 'em, so I guess I started this toe-less thing by cutting the toes out of their shoes and their feet weren't crowded that way and they still had shoes that they wore every day around home.

I doubt we were spending that much at the log cabin, because we did have the cream check down there, at \$1.50 a week, about \$6.00 a month. I would say that was about all we spent, about \$6.00 a month down there, because we had our wood down there and that would have taken care of any shoes, the coffee, took care of sugar,

baking powder, salt. Those were the essential things, you didn't buy any non-essentials. We had flour that Hi had traded old sacks that were no longer good for wheat, the man that they called the broker up at Palouse traded those and we got flour in return: Enough flour that lasted us for several years, I don't know how it happened that it didn't get bugs in it because it would today, but it didn't then. Wonderful! We had lots of fruit in the orchard there at the folks and I canned fruit, I canned meat, we cured meat. Hi hunted some, he got one box of cartridges and every single one of those, he didn't shoot unless he knew he was going to get his game! He never missed, it had to count! So, we did have some wild game and a few things that way. There was no playing around with shooting at targets.

Medical-Dental Care

If someone got sick we doctored them at home. The children had the chicken pox. Karl was going to school, he brought the chicken pox home. First he brought the whooping cough home and he just got over that and went back to school and then he brought the chicken pox home. So Naoma had the chicken pox and the whooping cough all at the same time. We doctored, it was all done home doctoring. We did, occasionally, go to Dr. Mitchell, but that was terrible if you had to pay a doctor a dollar and a half or something or other. I often dressed chickens and things that way to help pay the doctor bill.

Hi had to have his teeth extracted and he cut cords of wood, he butchered a hog, I dressed I don't know how many chickens that paid for that tooth situation. The bill for that was \$35.00. It took whole dressed hogs and everything to pay for it because a whole dressed hog brought about \$3.00. There were eggs at six cents a dozen went into it, but people in town that were doctors and dentists and everybody needed those things and they needed cords of wood. I don't remember just what they got for a cord of wood, I think it was about \$1.50.

We Never Went Hungry

But we were never hungry because we had fruit and milk and cream and butter and shortening, meat and vegetables. We raised potatoes and everything. We didn't have raisins and things like that and we had lots of cherries and I got the bright idea of pitting those cherries and drying them and they served as raisins. They weren't bad, they were really quite good. They really served the purpose; I ground those up and put them in cookies and things like that and it was surprising how much good you could get out of that. I dried apples and canned applesauce, canned cherries. The folks had some peaches, had set out a row of peaches, they were little white peaches—early peaches and they were a cling peach. I canned those.

The cherries you could put 'em in pudding, rice pudding. Occasionally I bought a little rice and that was a treat. With milk and eggs and some of those cherries you could have a kind of a good rice pudding. I ground them up and used them like you would raisins in lots of different things like cookies, cake, they had a little different flavor, but, still, we weren't particular. We were younger and things tasted good. I baked all my bread, you didn't buy anything at the bakery. You didn't buy anything you didn't just have to have.

Clothing the Family

I bought a little coat for Naoma when she was about two years old, paid ninety-eight cents for it. It has gone through, Naoma's girls both wore it, it's still in pretty

good condition. And it was only ninety-eight cents. It was a little white coat. I sent for it to Bellas-Hess. Naoma wore it and her grandchildren; if any one of them had been a girl, why they could have worn it, too. It was a real cute little white coat, it had smocking on it.

Grandmother Howard gave me an old suit that was shiny, navy blue wool and it was pretty well worn most of it, but I got enough out of it that I made Naoma a jumper-dress. She wore that for quite a while, that was when she was in the first grade, going to school. I made little blouses out of the white shirts the men had, or cream colored shirts, the tails of them were good. You could take those, several shirts, and put them together (the good parts) and make blouses. You could also make shirts. Of course Karl'd gotten big enough then that I couldn't make him something out of 'em. No, it was kind of a patchwork, the blouses were and I didn't have any pattern or anything to go by. You just cut and fit.

I had a sewing machine. A peddle machine that Hi bought for me when he was in Spokane one time. He and Art Richardson brought it home on the back of a truck and they thought it would be better so they turned it upside down. They thought it wouldn't fall off the truck so readily. So it kind of ruined it to a great extent, it never did do too good a work, but anyway it was a sewing machine. I had that until I—I even made formals on that machine for Naoma when she was in high school.

It was an old White. It was a second-hand when we got it and after they had turned it upside down and the head had flopped in the cabinet it had quite a few foibles after that. I'm sure it was probably a real good machine until they . . . They didn't know.

There was no trimming outside if I did a little embroidery work or something that way. Mostly I didn't have time to do that because at that time I was boarding men a lot, when she was going to school. Well, even before she went to school I boarded the warehouse men at Manning, had maybe two or three. Just a short while. But never-the-less, and when we were building the cabin my father and Clarence Richardson and Hi built that and I fed them their dinner always.

Mail and Telephone Service

We had a telephone at Palouse and then we had a telephone over in the Clear Creek area, but when we moved to the cabin we had no telephone. Then, when we moved to the Tate place we again had a telephone, but nearly all the telephones were community co-operatives and the community did all the work on the line and everything and I don't remember what it cost us for central service. Very nominal compared to today. But the line was kept up by the men in all those instances. In fact, the one I had in the Clear Creek area was the Palouse line and the Colfax line and it was kind of like a central system, I could plug it in for different neighbors to call through to the Palouse area or the Colfax area.

Our mail service varied at the Williamson place, the mail was about a mile and a half from home. We walked to get the mail, or rode horseback or some such way. Mostly we walked. At Clear Creek it went right by the door, at the cabin we walked up to the schoolhouse to get the mail. At the Tate place it went right by the door.

Social Life

Our social life was very simple. Up at the Williamson place, up at Palouse, it was just visiting around among the neighbors and the neighbors came to visit us

and had dinner with us. Things that way. An occasional charivari when someone got married and that type of thing. Occasionally two or three neighbors got together and butchered. Then when we were over at the Clear Creek area we didn't enter in too much into the neighborhood affairs, we were invited quite often but I was quite miserable. I was pregnant and having kidney problems so I wasn't able to go. Occasionally we went in the sled in the winter time and went to literary society over at the Clear Creek School and the Glenwood School. But, mostly I was too miserable and we just didn't go anywhere.

Then, when we went back to Green Hollow, when we went to the cabin down there, we had the "Hall"—the Manning Rye Hall." They had dinners and dances and all kinds of community gatherings. And, of course, we occasionally went to dinner among the neighbors and occasionally played cards and things like that. We didn't go to movies, I think while we were at the cabin Will Rogers last picture was being shown at the Rose Theatre in Colfax and my folks kept the two children and Hi and I and Bunt and Eva Middleton went to the show. We hadn't been to a show for years, but we all admired Will Rogers and it was a real treat. We didn't have babysitters, we took the children with us wherever we went, outside of that one time.

Charivaris

Some people don't know what a charivari is. Well, it's actually just a reception for a newly married couple, that's what it really amounted to. Of course, we went and made a terrible noise. You surprised them, if possible. They took any kind of old tin cans, any kind of old anything that would make a noise. At one time some people had had hot water tanks that had burst or something or other and they'd take half of one of it—they had buttons up and down the side, it's what we called 'em—had metal things up and down the side of it and they'd take an iron and run it up and down that thing. Set that tank against the house and run that up and down it, made the awfulest noise, ohhhh—if you could—! They even took the old cider press grinder part out of it and you could beat on that with a stick and that made quite a noise.

When we were first married we came back to my folks in the Green Hollow community. We sort of had the feeling that something was going to happen, so we went to town and bought candy. Hi bought cigars, that was the treat. We came home, when we were coming down the Hollow I said, "If they're going to give us a charivari, if there's going to be one tonight I know where they'll meet. They'll be meeting at Joe Lynch's (that's up on the Maguire place)." I said, "Let's just drive up by and see if we can see anything." We drove up by and sure enough, there was a big crowd all gathered up there. Hi says, "Well, we should just give them the slip!" And I said, "No, that wouldn't be any fun." So, we went back and went to bed and it wasn't too long till we were being charivaried. It was all the neighbors and Hi's cousin and his wife from over in the Glenwood area and his brother and wife from the Glenwood area—were practically the only ones that were from anyplace else. We just had a good time and everybody visited and everyone wished us well. It was just like a reception.

These parties would last 'til midnight. Or, if they didn't get there until eleven o'clock why they might keep up 'til two. As I recall, I think it was around two o'clock before they let us go back to bed. But, they didn't do anything, and, of course, it was in my folks house and if they had it would have been kind of bad.

Then, when we'd been married twenty-one years and were living in Penawawa (it was the year Naoma was married and she was gone and Karl was in the service) the Maders and the Full Gospel Assembly group came down to charivari Winston and Dorothy Johnson Mader. They called up and Hi answered the phone (we were in bed) and he didn't tell me what they'd told him. But, they'd told him if he didn't come down and help 'em charivari Winston and Dorothy that they'd charivari us. So, he just came back to bed and never said a word and pretty soon they started in charivaring us and they had one of those old hot water tanks and it just about lifts you out of bed. Hi says, "Now don't pay any attention, let's just get up and watch 'em out the window." So we did. Here was Fred Mader out there and the whole crowd on the lawn. Every once in awhile they'd get quiet and think we'd sure come out, then Fred Mader would scratch his head and they'd all get to making a big noise again! After about so long of that I said, "Well, now, we've got to open the door and invite them in." So, we invited them in and they said, "Oh, No." I said, "I'll make hot cakes and we'll just have breakfast (because by that time it was about four thirty in the morning)." So I invited them in to have hot cakes and everything and they said, "Oh, no, we can't do that, we've got little kids. But we just had to get you out!"

Literary Society

The Literary Society had programs and the teachers were usually instrumental in working them up. They had recitations, they had fun things and joke things, they danced; it was just a regular party. Everybody took refreshments, we usually were told what they were going to have and you could choose what you wanted to take out of it. Quite often they had Jello salad (we called it dessert then), sandwiches and cake and coffee. We had pickles and that sort of thing. It was all home done things, everybody took it and everybody helped themselves to a buffet type meal at midnight. Then you went home. The children were always included. There were young people, the babies, little ones that were running around, then there were the teenagers, middle-aged ones, young marrieds and the old folks. The older folks were just as happy with it as anybody else. It was nice, to me it was grand, that way you knew everybody and it was like a family affair. I like family! Even if it was the neighbors, it was just the family. They even sometimes made up a handwritten newspaper that told about the things that were happening in the community, so and so was sparking so and so, so and so was this and that, and that was read and always created a laugh and disturbance. That sort of thing.

Good Times at Get-Togethers

The music for the dancing was always local, it was somebody played the piano, somebody had a violin, or somebody had a mandolin and something that way. It was just home talent, everything was home talent and it was more fun than all the TV's and everything else you could think up now. It was home-grown fun.

They sometimes had picnics and things. Yes, we had picnics quite a number of years. At first it was down below Joe Lynch's on my Dad's place, (we called that the "picnic ground") then we finally went down on the flat on the Kenedy place and had picnics down there, too. Seems like it got so there were quite a few rattlesnakes around and everybody was dubious about them down there in the brush and it seemed like down on the Kenedy flat it wasn't quite so brushy. So they decided to do that, it was easier to get into, too, Those were the neighborhood picnics in the

summertime. Wonderful! Lots of fun, everybody enjoyed it. They sometimes pitched horseshoes, the older ones. The kids went swimming, had an old boat and they went around in that some, too. But it was mostly neighborhood people, and that was the entire family, everybody took his family.

We had hobo picnics they called them. Everybody cooked their food after they got there. Or they had barbecues, food barbecued in a pit. They still continued some of that.

Other social things, I can remember when Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, senior Lynch's, had their fiftieth wedding anniversary. They lived down in the little house at that time (which was moved over on the Dodd place and then finally moved to Colfax, that little house).

Learned To Do Without

During the Depression we were just forced to get by without much. I never felt frightened because we were in a rural community where you could grow a lot of your food and things. I'm sure it must have been terrible in cities and towns, it must have been very frightening because there was no money. Everything, while it was cheap, required money, if you were in town, to live. I'm sure the rent on homes and things like that were much greater in a city. It was very difficult because there was no work really, much, or anything that way. You had to learn to make do and get by without much of anything. We did have, the folks had a car. We had a car, too, but it went for paying bills when we were trying to pay our obligations. So we used the folks car to go to town once a week and take the cream in and buy necessities. We bought the gas out of the cream check, too. So, actually it wasn't a fun time and yet, in a way it was, because it brought people together and kept families together. You entertained yourself and you were delighted to see your neighbors and visit with them, pool your food and have a big dinner at the "Hall" and that type of thing. Or a picnic, it was fun and it's still fun, to live like that. It really should have, well, it did, it taught us to entertain ourselves and to be able to feed ourselves from our own little patches of garden and the like. But, it wasn't a frightening time to me. Our children were both born in the Depression and how we were going to pay the doctor, or anything, that was another big question. But, somehow we managed. Gave 'em a little bit along and you were able to barter, to trade things to doctors that they needed, too. So, actually, it worked out very well, for us. We didn't have anything! Don't have anything yet! But if you had your health, a warm place to live, your family was together and you had plenty to eat you were really fortunate. You had much to be thankful for. You could think about, oh, if we just had a hundred dollars a month—oh, that 'ould be wealth! When you got a hundred dollars a month it wasn't wealth, either. It didn't go any further than what you'd had!

You Were a Little Resentful

You were a little resentful 'cause you had worked hard and you'd accumulated cattle and things that had to go to pay, and people who had greater debts weren't forced out because the bank couldn't get fifty cents on the dollar out of them. So, they still kept that, they still saw to it that they stayed on the ranch and so on. And, so, as time went on why a lot of them came out of it and when President Roosevelt got in things began to come out of it and they could keep on farming. Then things got good and a lot of them were really quite well fixed, well-to-do. But, they were the ones who were actually the most fortunate, the ones who were greater in debt

were the fortunate ones. The ones who had just started and weren't very much in debt lost out, because if they had any ways near enough to pay out, why that was it. They saw to it that you paid out. So, we sold our lease for a very small amount, our cattle and horses and everything we had, practically. We did have a couple of cows and a four horse team left, but all the equipment went, everything—to pay. Our car, everything, practically, that we actually had went to pay the bank and to pay for bills around Palouse and places where you hadn't been able to pay. But it was always a good feeling to know that you did your part and you did your share and you did it as near as you could to pay everybody. We didn't take bankruptcy, lot of 'em do that now, but we didn't do that. We just worked it out.

A lot of them were farming their folks places and a lot of them were backed by their parents. We didn't wish to do that, neither of us wanted to do that, so we were on our own and we were doing it our way. I never felt disgraced or anything, because we just did the best we could and paid everything that we possibly could and paid it up as fast as we could. It was kind of nice to get the mortgage back to burn it. I never felt resentful, really, except only in the respect, that it seemed as though they really didn't give you a chance to really see that you could have maybe gone ahead. They just didn't give you that chance.

Whitman County Not Hard Hit

I really don't think Whitman County was hit as hard because Whitman County's always been a productive country, we've never had a farm—wheat failure or anything, nothing has ever really completely failed. People had plenty to eat, if they didn't it was really their own fault. I'm sure that people in towns and cities had a greater struggle than the ones that were out in the country. We were fortunate that we could be out in the country, we were fortunate that we could go to my folks place and build a cabin and have a garden spot and all that. But Hi did the farming and everything and didn't get any money out of that, it was just helping out. My father wasn't well and we were actually helping out. What we had was what he could make besides what he did on the ranch there. He was fortunate, he had been working on the roads some with his four horses, at the time they did road work with horses and Fresno's and that type of thing, no mechanical things much. He then got a job with the county ditching roads so's they didn't wash out and things. They just did that with the shovel and walked, up and down Green Hollow clear up toward Pleasant Valley, clear out that way all the way around that whole area there. Ditching roads, ditching the water out and keeping it from washing it all out. Clean out culverts and that sort of thing with the shovel.

It was just part time. Just when it was really the worst weather, really the bad times was when he was out doing that. It wasn't easy, it was hard work. After you got a long ways from home then you had to walk back, after hours, cold and wet. Hard work. We could use some of that now.□

Talking about The Depression, I don't know, our life mostly down there was Depression anyway! But, I do remember how happy my father was at the time when they had the "pig program," you had to kill some in order to get paid. From the government.□ Mrs. Sophia Delegans of Colfax, speaking of the Depression Years at Penawawa. (1978).



Pullman Main Street ca. 1930

—Paul Bockmier Collection

Bertha Caine worked for the Red Cross

Interviewed by Dorothy Matson
April 10, 1978

Mrs. Bertha Caine of Pullman, Washington was born at Glidden, Wisc., 1902, and the family went to St. Maries, Idaho and homesteaded. She married Roy Caine and they came to Pullman Christmas Day in 1926. They had three children: Bernice, (Mrs. Dick) Emerson, Washington, D.C., Beatrice, (Mrs. Harlan) Gilliam, Cheney and James (Bud) Caine of Spokane. Roy was a carpenter and worked for the college and helped build the first gym. They separated soon after and Bertha had to support her children by cleaning for people. She worked for 30¢ an hour, and walked to and from her jobs. During the depression, she traded a sack of potatoes for a lot adjoining her house. She showed some young people how to make soap and smoke fish. She still smokes her own fish when it is available.

Bertha worked for the Red Cross in 1928, 1929 and 1930

“The first location of the Red Cross was **above** the Corner Drug Store. The second place was upstairs of the Freezer and Locker Plant and grocery Store (now the location of the New City Hall on the east.) This building burned down. The third place was **above** Baird’s Feed Store (now Sayles Insurance.)”

Bob Neill, Senior, was the first head; Mrs. Frederick Herald, the second, and Mrs. Brick Graham was head at one time. There were others. The city made a deal with Hamilton’s Meat Market and other stores for food and vegetables. Mrs. McCalder kept the record of the hours the men worked, and they were paid in meat and vegetables.

Men and hobos traveling through looking for work had to work an hour for the city. They cleaned sidewalks, and cleaned out the brush along the creek. Bertha remembers a contractor building the Lewiston road hired some of these men. “There was no road connecting Lewiston on Grand Street at that time. Travelers had to go around by Johnson to Lewiston. Small horses were used. The equipment consisted of slips, graders, etc. A barb wire fence was put across the road in the spring because of the mud. After F. D. Roosevelt was elected President of the United States, the W.P.A. put men to work building a rock road.

“Some of these men made wire whips and spoons and sold them from door to door.” Bertha has some of these tools in her collection.

Bertha’s job with the Red Cross was giving out clothing of all kinds. The stores would clean out their out-dated clothing and shoes and donate them. Used clothing came from Pullman people as well. Books were kept on the articles, and names of people in need were turned in to Bertha who fed some of the women. She worked for 40¢ an hour, two days a week.

“The Red Cross gave out cards to needy families and the cards were used to obtain day old bakery goods.”

The Hoover Kitchens

“A number of men would bunch together along the river on the Guy (Albion) Road to the Old City Dump and they would pile up rocks and build fires to cook their stews and other food. These were called “The Hoover Kitchens.” (Hooverism)

The City Dump

The city dump had a gate and it was closed certain times during the day. Bertha said, “A man living in a shack there sold fencing, nails, barrels, parts of old stoves,

table legs, and etc. He helped a lot of people." One could fix just about anything by shopping at the city dump.

Times were hard in the Depression Years, but together with the Red Cross, the city dump, the farm women bringing in buckets of prunes, eggs, milk from the dairies, and other farm goods to sell or trade, and with people working together, they managed to survive the Depression Years. □

PANIC SPLASHES INTO WHEAT PIT

Exchange Rout Echo Slices 12 Cents Off Prices.

By Associated Press
CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—Wheat prices dropped out of the blue in a sharp plunge today, following a market of holdings on a market of flowing with selling orders. The market promptly crumpled and prices of cents a bushel below a closing level.

By noon the avalanche had its force and with the stock rebounding, wheat, too, ran to finish 12 to 15 cents than Wednesday.

Final prices were: Wheat, \$1.20 1/2 to \$1.20 1/4; \$1.28 1/2 to \$1.28 1/4; and May, \$1.31 1/2.

BOND MART SAGS WITH STOCK LIST

Prices Sharply Irregular Recent Rise—Convertible Hard Hit.

Average	1924	1925
Ten first grade rail	102.00	102.00
Ten secondary rail	102.00	102.00
Ten public utility	102.00	102.00
Ten industrial	102.00	102.00
Combined average	102.00	102.00
Combined month ago	102.00	102.00
Combined year ago	102.00	102.00

STANDARD FEELS EASTERN CRASH

Mining Stocks Slip, Largely on Coast Selling Orders—Some Margins Wiped Out.

SLUMP IS ARRESTED

...ne Lodges at \$6. Down \$0.50—Columbia, Thomas Reels Show Strength.

SPOKANE 'LAT BS' SHORN BY SLUMP

Stock Market Investors' Brokers' Offices' Prices Tumble

BUT COULD BE

BEDLAM RULES AS STOCKS CRASH

...as the headquarters of transactions in Steel Common, Chrysler, and again, as the market in ...

BROKERS' SHOPS BUZZ ALL NIGHT

Wall Street Eating Houses, Hotels Prepare to Handle Midnight Oil Burners.

MUST CLEAN UP MESS

Cautious Mobs Crowd District During Day Taxing Police Efforts to Keep Order.