



# Bunchgrass Historian

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## The Pleasure Pursuits



A camping trip to the Moscow Mountains was greatly enjoyed by early Whitman county settlers as it is today. This picture was taken by George Ritchey of Pullman on a glass negative. Men are unknown.

Published quarterly in March, June, September and December during the calendar year by the Whitman County Historical Society, at P.O. Box 424, Pullman Washington 99163 to further an interest in a rich and wonderful heritage by sharing memories of those days of early settlement in the bunchgrass country. Subscription rates are \$5.00 year (plus sales tax for Washington residents).

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## The Pleasure Pursuits

Although the life of the pioneer family was not easy, still it was not all drudgery. The people knew how to enjoy life and they took time to do it, following various routes to the individual's goal. There were the simple pleasures such as attending church, visiting neighbors, watching a parade, and dancing the square dance for some; others took a more inventive pursuit and used their spare time to build agricultural implements and gadgets that improve the way of life. There was a slower pace to life then and people always had time to stop and "pass the time of day."

This issue of the Bunchgrass Historian features some of those early day pass-times. □

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## Garfield Made The M.W.A. Picnic A Success

"The M.W.A. Picnic of 1914 at Garfield is now history. A fair estimate of the crowd in attendance would be 7000 for the three days. And every mother's son and every father's daughter of them were instant in proclaiming that they had a good time. And it was the kind of a good time without the dark brown aftertaste; a kind of a gathering that a man could take his family to without fear of the untoward. Garfield has demonstrated once more that people can enjoy themselves to the limit without booze. The picnic just closed has been exemplary in this regard. It was the cleanest thing of its kind that has ever been pulled off in the Palouse. —The Garfield Enterprise, June 12, 1914.

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## Ladies Aid Society Dinner at Dunnigan Hall

The Ladies Aid Society will give a program and good supper at the Dunnigan Hall, Tuesday evening, Feb. 8. An admission fee of 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children under 14 years of age, will be charged, the proceeds to be applied on the deficit in church finances at this place. As to the gastronomical part of the program, the ladies will double-serve everything along the line that the nearest way to a man's heart and consequently, his pocketbook, is through his stomach. As each lady in LaCrosse is arbiter elegantorum, every patron ought to enjoy the supper immensely.—LaCrosse Clipper, Feb. 4, 1910.

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# Recreation Recalled

By J. B. West

In the pioneer days of the Palouse Country, recreation was not a problem. In Palouse, the sawmill whistle blew at 5:30 a.m., at 6:00 and at 7:00. The first whistle was a signal to get out of bed, the second a sort of reminder and the employee was supposed to be at his station at 7:00. The work day was ten hours long and he had to work six days a week.

Farm families were kept busy producing most of their own food such as meat, eggs, dairy products, vegetables and fruit. This meant seven days a week they had to get up before daybreak to tend to the stock, milk the cows and feed the poultry. Their chores were not done in the evening until long after dark. A trip to town used up four or five hours of the day, half of it on the road. Life was not dull as there was always plenty for everyone to do.

The young members of a farm family were assigned their share of the chores almost from the time they began walking. One winter when I was still in grade school, it was my duty to arise at 6:00 a.m. and milk two cows. I would find the cows lying in the deep, clean straw around a strawstack some distance from the barn. They looked so cozy lying there that I longed to lie down beside them and finish my sleep but I had to drive them across the snow-covered field to the barn and milk them. If I had had a feeling of being abused when Dad called me at that early hour, it evaporated after I got out of doors and got my lungs full of the crisp morning air. I have cherished those memories all my life. By the time I carried the milk to the house, breakfast was ready. After eating I picked up the lunch Mother had prepared and walked across the fields to school.

After the walk home from school in the afternoon, the woodbox in the kitchen waited to be filled, then my share of the evening chores at the barn awaited me. After supper, the family gathered in the living room where a warm fire burned and we spent the evening reading by a single oil lamp hanging on the wall. I read my "Youths Companion," which arrived every Monday at our mailbox near the school. When that was read there was always a book to read. I read about 150 books before entering high school. Recreation? I was living it.

As busy as the farm family was, there was always someone who could take care of the chores for a few days so a little trip could be taken. One day in early summer, several families planned a fishing trip to the St. Maries river. All I remember about it is the repeated telling of it. Wagons were loaded with food, bedding and camping gear plus feed for the horses and an early start was made one morning. Little fishing was done, as most of the time was spent on the road. Driving over those mountain roads, through the virgin forests, camping by a clear stream with congenial friends, cooking at a campfire, and sleeping under the stars was to be remembered a lifetime.

At another time, several families loaded their wagons to take an all day drive to the Snake river orchards to get canning fruit. They camped at the orchards two nights and returned on the third day. My only memory of that trip is the sight of luscious peaches hanging on the trees and the irrigation water flowing down the ditches through the orchard. I was tempted to wade in that sparkling water, but I did not dare.

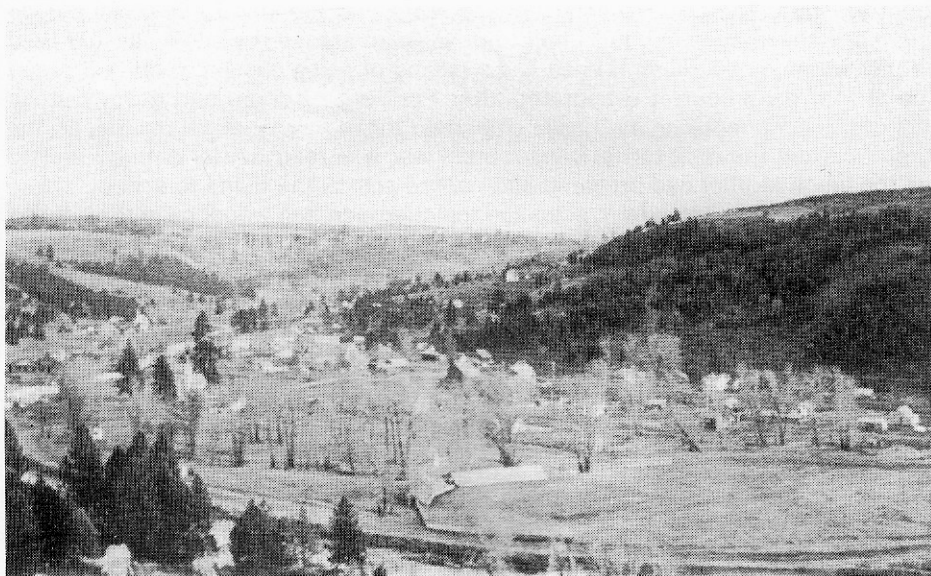
One of Dad's favorite trips was the one to Rock Lake to spear fish. He and some pals would take several days and camp out at night. He brought home very few fish but it was a nice vacation for him.

#### FOOTNOTE:

Mr. West, now 82, is a Palouse pioneer and recorder of the history of the Palouse country. He and his wife recently donated the building which houses the Whitman County Historical Society's Newspaper and Printing Museum at Palouse.

Our family conveyance was a hack. There were two spring seats but the rear one was left unless the whole family was going. It had no top. Travel speed was four miles per hour, so wherever we went a good portion of the time was spent on the road. Going to church should not be considered a form of recreation, but going and coming home could be. Chores had to be done on Sunday just the same as week days, but we had to hustle around so we could leave home about 9:00 a.m. in order to get to Sunday School at 10:00. Often a picnic lunch was taken and there was a social time after the services. The little church house built in the 1880's is still standing in its pretty setting, deserted now after serving as a clubhouse for many years.

In the very early days, camp meetings were held not far from the little church among the trees on the bank of the Palouse river. People would drive from far and near to attend the all-day services. Converts were baptised by immersing them in the river. A story is told that when one of these meetings was in progress, a rider, like Paul Revere, came galloping up with the message that the Indians were on the warpath; that they were burning everything in their path, and killing everyone they saw.



## **The Elberton Camp-Meeting and Picnic Site**

The meeting broke up in a panic. Everyone threw their belongings into the rigs, hitched up the horses and joined those from Palouse and other areas in the race toward Colfax, raising clouds of dust. The message was false.

In town the churches had parties for the young people where there were taffy pulls, and played parlor games, like musical chairs. Organizations like the Epworth League, to which I belonged when in high school, held meetings early Sunday evening. After Sunday School in the morning, the church service would begin at 11:00, with singing and prayers followed by a long sermon. In the evening another service was held which included another sermon. During the week, evenings were devoted to prayer meeting and choir practice. In both town and country, women held club meetings in the afternoon, joined quilting and sewing circles and attended missionary meetings.

At our country school, there was a playtime in the morning before school, and recesses twice a day, as well as the hour at noon. In good weather the boys spent every minute they could out of doors, but the girls seldom came out to play. When the ground became dry in the spring, marbles became the rage. The games were always for "keeps," and soon two or three boys would have all the marbles. The teacher would always stage a contest in kite flying. We had to make our own kites and some of the boys had fantastic success with them.

By far, the most popular game at the school was baseball. There were enough boys to make two teams, so we played "workup," which was just as much fun, as it could be played by a few or a large number. The first boy at bat would be chosen by a toss-up. When he failed to score he went to the outfield, the pitcher came to bat, the catcher became pitcher, and so on. Indoors the teacher would stage various matches like spelling or naming all the islands on earth.

Every year there was a Christmas party staged by the pupils which filled the little schoolhouse with relatives and neighbors. Then there were basket-socials to raise money for the library or other things not provided by the regular school budget. A lunch for two was prepared and placed in a fancy basket and sold to the highest bidder. They usually sold for less than a dollar, but if a young man knew a certain one belonged to his best girl, he might pay several dollars for it. The phonograph was almost unknown to most of us so it was a treat when a wealthy farmer brought his with its great big horn and furnished scratchy music all evening.

The teachers in those little country schools had to teach all eight grades but they accomplished wonders. As a rule, most of the students lived within two miles and had to furnish their own transportation. Some rode horses, some walked and there were few absentees even in the worst weather.

In the early days, a dance hall and a large orchestra were not needed. Dad told me about the winter he was hired at one dollar per hour to play at the dances held in a grain warehouse. They did not break up until 7:00 in the morning. There was considerable drinking, and as the night wore on, the revelers became noisier and noisier but did not become so loud that he could not top it with his violin. I seem to remember him using the same tactic at home when we boys had a bawling spell.

Dancing was forbidden when I was in high school. Our Junior Prom was in a lodge hall where we played parlor games. If a teacher was caught dancing she might be fired, or at least warned not to do it again. My wife and I, with several other young married couples learned to dance in a private home to the music of a phonograph. Then we rented a dance pavilion which the Palouse Chamber of Commerce had built near the city park and equipped with a piano. A father and son furnished the music. Anyone was welcome if they cared to join us and soon those dances became the most popular affairs in town. At the close of the evening each male paid his share of the expenses.

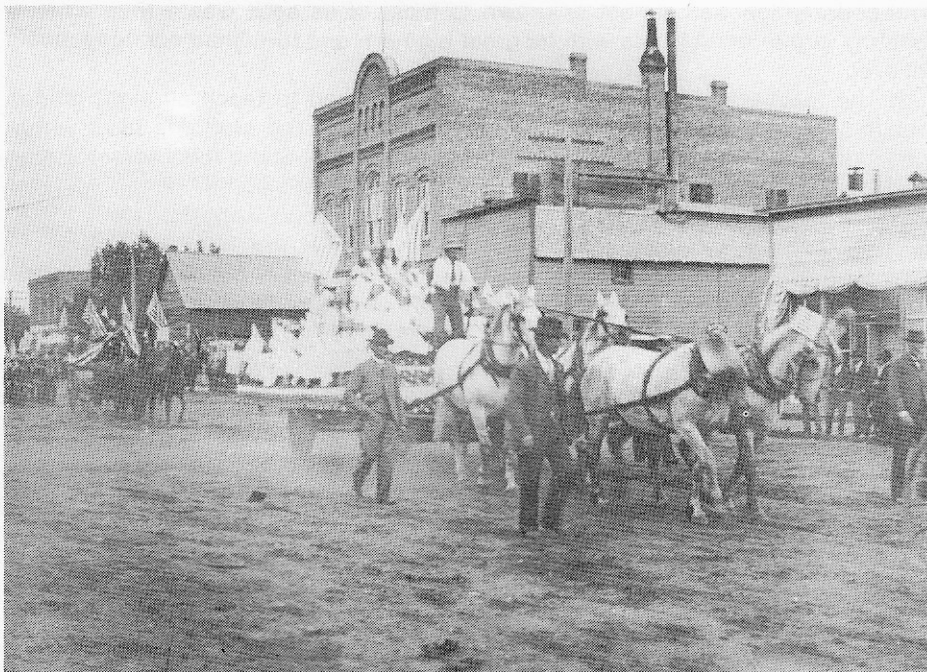
The pavilion caved in one winter from the weight of the snow. The town's first swimming pool was built on the site. The C. of C. sponsored its building with public donations and W.P.A. labor. It was not much of a pool but it stopped the frequent drownings of young people in the river. Eventually the town took over the pool and assumed its management and it was used until the present one was built.

The importance of the fraternal orders in the lives of people began to diminish when it became possible for everyone to own an automobile and radio. These opened up an entire new field of social and recreational activities. I became of age at about that time so was able to join an order. During the first few years of our married life, the lodge played an important part in the social

and recreational requirements of my wife and me. There was always an annual picnic. Members brought their own food and utensils and the lodge furnished the drink—lemonade. To a barrel of water would be added a large chunk of ice, the juice from a case of 300 lemons and sugar to taste.

Initiation of a new member to a fraternal order ran from rough horseplay to serious rituals taken from the Bible. An initiation consisted of many degrees, each degree being conferred on a different meeting night. For a time, our lodge was fortunate in having an infantry colonel, who had retired from the army. He volunteered his services as a drill master in the women's auxiliary lodge. In a month or two, he had those ladies stepping about in such military precision that they won high honors wherever they appeared.

The Elberton picnic was an annual affair that ran through three of the longest days in June. We lived only seven miles away so we always spent one day there each year. Everyone, and I mean everyone within driving distance, spent a day or two at this picnic. It was an ideal place to meet old friends and make new ones. One election year the candidates spent considerable time there. I remember the year that Governor Meade came in his little car. It was the only one there and it attracted much attention, especially from the kids. A news item recorded that Eugene V. Debbs, the perennial Socialist candidate for President of the United States visited there.



**The 1890 Fourth of July parade in Uniontown**

—Courtesy of Lawrence Welle

The 4th of July was always celebrated in a big way at Palouse. The business houses all stayed open all day and the business men spared no expense to make it the biggest day of the year. Prizes were given for winners of foot races, three-legged races, greased pole climbing, and the most fun of all was catching the greased pig which had been turned loose. The boy who caught it and could hold on to it was allowed to keep it for his own. The dusty Main Street was full of men, women and children with firecrackers of all sizes exploding under foot everywhere. Farmers came in to stay the day.



## Bald Butte Band

Pictured above from l. to r. are: Buster Scharbach, Tony Frei, Sep Frei, Ernest Hordeman, Grandpa Fidel Frei, Bill Broemmeling, George Bertran, Henry Frei, and Bud Scharbach.

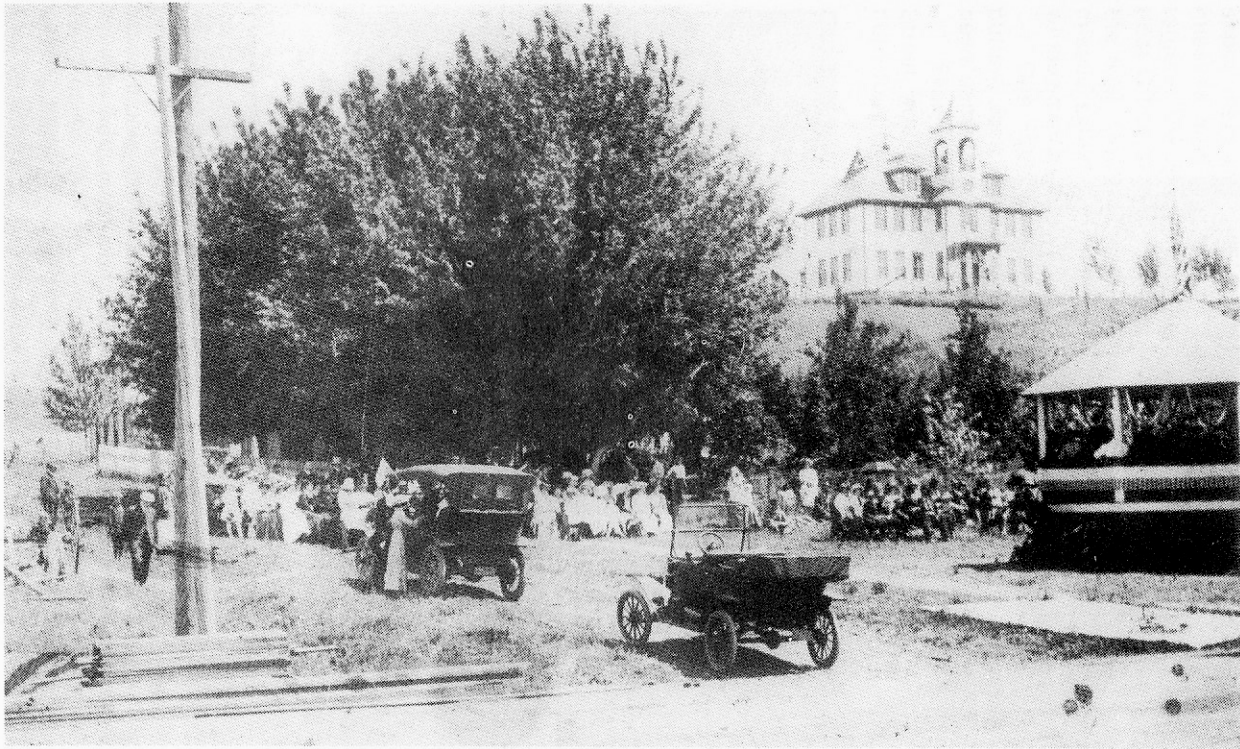
—Courtesy Tony Frei



School children dance around the Maypole at Uniontown about 1920

—Courtesy of Lawrence Welle





Fourth of July celebration in Thornton after 1900.

—Courtesy Neita Curtis



**Katherine Ridgeway, world famous monologist**

—Courtesy of Irene Weitze

Palouse always had a big band. There was a permanent band-stand which was moved to the middle of Main Street for the Fourth and it (the band) played at various times during the day. At a specific time, all activities would cease and someone would mount the bandstand and read the Declaration of Independence, while everyone stood at respectful attention. One year, which I well remember, Katherine Ridgeway, the world famous monologist read it. Her eloquence brought nearly everyone to tears. Born Kate Hogan, she grew up on a farm six or seven miles west of Palouse. Colfax claimed her too, because she had attended school there and a Colfax business man, a Mr. Livingston, loaned her money to go to Boston to study. The Ridgeway Theater, which burned years ago, was named for her. Spokane also claimed her because she attended a small college there, which ceased to exist long ago. She had been kind enough to take part in our celebration while on a visit to her home town.

The last event of the day of the Fourth was the fireworks. Paul Bockmier told me of an incident that he and another teenager were involved in. The two boys were hired by a storekeeper to sweep out and clean up his store before closing late in the evening. When they were through, he gave them a number of Roman candles which he had not sold and told them to stand out front and shoot them off. They each lighted one, and fired a succession of glowing missiles high into the air. Then, like kids, they found it more fun to aim at targets. The Post Office door, directly across the street stood wide open. The Post Office in those days stayed open to distribute the mail which came in on the 6:42. One of the boys pointed a candle at the open door way. The firey missile sailed the whole length of the lobby and through the general delivery windows into the post office itself.

One Fourth, excitement ran through the crowd when word came that the outlaw, Jack Tracy, was on the lam and headed our way. A day or two later the news came that he had been killed in a wheat field near Creston.

Every year after harvest a carnival company would come to Palouse. Main Street would be closed to traffic and a merry-go-round, a Ferris wheel, and numerous tent concessions would be set up. They would stay up to a week or



**Side show attraction at Elberton Picnic, 1911.**

—Courtesy Mike Werner

as long as the money came in. I never had any money to spend but I did earn a ride on the Ferris wheel. The operator handed me a twenty dollar bill and asked me to get it changed into silver dollars. When I returned with the change he told me to take a seat and stay as long as I wanted to. After an hour and a half, I signaled that I wanted to get off.

At one of the side shows, a spieler would come out to drum up business. A cute little girl of about fifteen, with beautiful red hair came out and tap danced, then stood there while the man was talking. I was standing very close

and looked up at her. She was about my own age and I thought how wonderful and exciting it would be to be there in her place. But she looked sad and wistful as though she would have given anything to be one of us. Several years later a motion picture made by the famous child star, Mary Pickford, came to our theater. When her picture flashed on the screen I knew at once that she was the same girl who danced at our carnival. Later, I read that she, her mother, brother and sister under their real name of Smith had traveled the carnival circuit.

Victor McLaglen, the famous movie star, also came to Palouse with a carnival before he was in the movies. He was a big man and a boxer. When he arrived in Palouse he still bore the bruises received in a recent knockout by Jack Johnson, who was the then world heavyweight champion. He did not leave with the carnival, but stayed through the winter. He rented the opera house and gave boxing lessons and staged bouts with his students, who were mostly teenagers. He had a feeling for kids and they loved him.

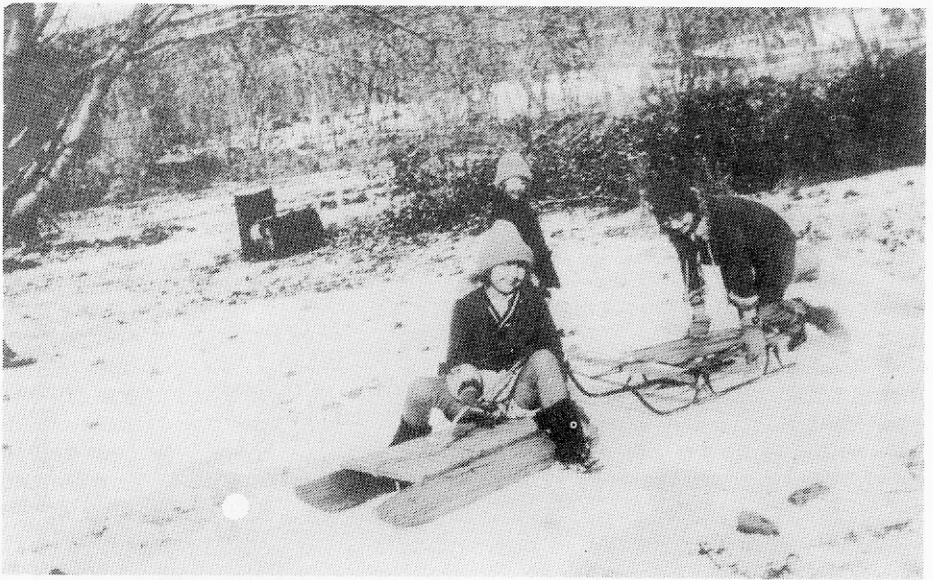
Nearly every year a circus would come to Palouse. The big tent and the usual number of smaller tents containing the side shows would be set up in a vacant lot. The feature of the day would be the parade up and down Main Street. There was always an elephant or two, wild animals in cages mounted on coaches, a Calliope toot-tooting its music, all vehicles gaudily decorated and pulled by four horses in fancy trappings driven by brilliantly costumed drivers. If one looked closely at this finery it seemed to be a bit shopworn, but we were so dazzled by it all that we did not notice. Once inside the big tent, the next hour or two was crammed with thrills as we watched the trapeze artists, the trained animals, the antics of the clowns and other performers. There was enough excitement to last until the next year. It was at a circus that we saw our first ice cream cone.

A county fair at Colfax was a fair as we know it today, where people exhibited what they grew, made or baked with the hope of winning a prize. One of the features was a balloon ascension. One time as a young teenager, I was recruited to help hold down the balloon while it was being inflated with hot gas. Kids were grouped around its perimeter, holding on for dear life as the fabric grew hot on our hands. It almost got away from us before the balloonist got in his swing and gave us the signal to let go. The big bag soared into the air, but there was no thrill for us boys as we looked at our scorched and blackened hands. In those days the fairgrounds were downriver from Colfax. The Inland Electric Railroad ran through the grounds and operated a shuttle service to Colfax. When we were ready to drive home, my folks told me I could ride the train into Colfax where they would pick me up. That was my first train ride.

The big dam on the Palouse River near the east end of Main Street at the flour mill was high enough to cause a respectable size lake to form behind it. When frozen over it made a vast skating rink. School kids would flock down to skate after school and on weekends. Some would not wait until school was out and did not appear at school at all when skating was good. On Sunday afternoon a huge bonfire would be built on shore, the band would march up there to the beat of the drum and make music while everyone in town who could skate was on the ice. Others gathered around the fire to watch the fun.

In the winter, coasting was a sport that young people indulged in day and night. The steepest hill in town was usually picked for a coasting party.

A fast-stepping team hitched to a cutter could usually be hired from any livery stable by a young man to take his best girl for a ride. The sleighbells attached to the harness made a merry sound as they skimmed across the snow.



**A favorite passtime for most children was coasting, often with a home-made sled.**

Nearly any farmer with a bobsled and four horses could be hired for a few dollars to take a group for a sleigh ride. The bobsled would be filled with straw and there was plenty of room for up to twenty people dressed in warm clothes and covered with heavy robes. There would be singing, story telling or just visiting again to the sound of sleighbells. If there were any children in the group they would usually fall asleep. The ride ended up at some place for an oyster supper.



**A typical cutter\* of the 1870's**

—Courtesy Irene Wiggins

**FOOTNOTE:**

\*The cutter shown above was used to carry mail from Colfax to the Collin's Stage Station at the top of the Lewiston Hill in the 1870's. This cutter has been given to the Whitman County Historical Society by Mrs. Irene Wiggins of Wallowa, Ore.



WSU students hitch an easy ski-ride here, being pulled by a team drawn bobsled equipped with hay racks. The bobsled was also popular for winter hay rides.

—Courtesy WSU Archives

The biggest and most exciting time of all was when the spring log drive came down the river. During the winter, logging crews would fall big trees in the virgin forest, saw the trees into logs, skid them to the river and deck them along its banks. When the river began to rise with melting snow, the ice would break up and float away. With the river at flood stage, the logs would be rolled into the water and floated down to the mills to be sawed into lumber.

A special crew was picked from the loggers to ride the logs downstream. They were paid higher wages for this job. They wore spiked boots, carried pike poles and rode the logs all the way, jumping from one big log to another. They were soaking wet all day, and slept and ate when and where they could. It was their job to keep the logs moving; keep them from lodging along the shore, or forming into jams.

At the Palouse dam there was a gate at the north end through which one log at a time could pass. To keep the logs from being carried over the dam itself, a boom built of logs chained to form a walkway was placed diagonally across the river. One end was anchored at the gate and the other a little way upstream. The boom formed a holding pond, and also funneled the logs toward the gate.

When word got around that the logs had begun to arrive, everyone who could spare the time would come to watch the show. The shore would be lined with people for days. The "rivermen" had to ride the logs and make sure that only one log arrived at the gate at a time so they would go quickly through in a steady stream.

The story is told that one of the rivermen was offered a bottle of whiskey if he would ride one of those logs through the gate. The logs would literally shoot through the gate in the swift water and stand on end as it plunged into the pool below, then pop up and float away. There was a good chance that a man would be thrown off and come up on the underside of the log, but it is claimed that he took the dare and lived to drink his whiskey.

Excitement ran high one day when it got around that a jam was forming upstream a mile or two. The rivermen had not been able to break it up, and explosives would have to be used. The crew always had experienced powder men who would take a charge, caps and fuse, hop the logs across the river to the jam, plant it near the key log, light the fuse, then hop back across to safety. If this failed the results could be disasterous. The jam was building up fast with all the logs coming down in the swift current of water. There would come a time when the jam would be so large it would break loose and with all the logs behind it, would sweep the river taking everything before it, boom, dam and all. Main Street would then be full of logs carried in by the high water.

The sawmill company also had a dam just west of town and used the Palouse river as its holding pond for the yearly supply of logs. Part of the year the river through town was filled with logs, bank to bank, and kids got a kick out of skipping around on them.

The Codd sawmill in Colfax also had timber in Idaho and used the river to transport its logs. The Codd drive would have to precede the one to the Palouse mill. One year the rivermen crew of the Palouse sawmill contracted to drive the Codd logs to Colfax.

Palouse was the jumping-off place to the Idaho woods. On payday, the loggers converged on Palouse with money in their pockets and would proceed to indulge in their favorite form of recreation in a big way. They lost money gambling or spent it on liquor and women. Soon they would all be broke and ready to go back to work in the woods.

The Codd drive did not stop in Palouse. The men arrived at Elberton one evening. They were all broke, but gathered at the saloon anyway. All that liquor sitting on the back bar made them desperate for a drink. On a ruse, they got the bartender away for a minute, and two of the men grabbed all the bottles they could carry and left. Then the whole crew cleared out. When the bartender returned he was surprised to find the bar empty, but soon discovered his loss.

He called the sheriff in Colfax and explained the situation. By the time the sheriff arrived with his deputies the crew was plenty drunk. They were all arrested, taken to Colfax and locked up. Then the sheriff called the company in Palouse and told one of the officials he had all the men in jail, told him why and that if he wanted them out, to come and get them.

Time was of the essence. The water would not remain high very long and their own drive had to be started. A quick trip was made to Elberton to pay for the stolen liquor, then to Colfax where the fines were paid. The crew was soon back on the river. When all the fines and cost of the whiskey were deducted from the next payroll there was little money left.

There are a few historical facts relating to recreation and entertainment which should be mentioned here. In 1910, the saloons were voted out of Palouse by a majority of ten votes. It was thought that the visit by Carrie Nation here and her two lectures at the Christian Church brought out the favorable vote that ended this form of recreation.

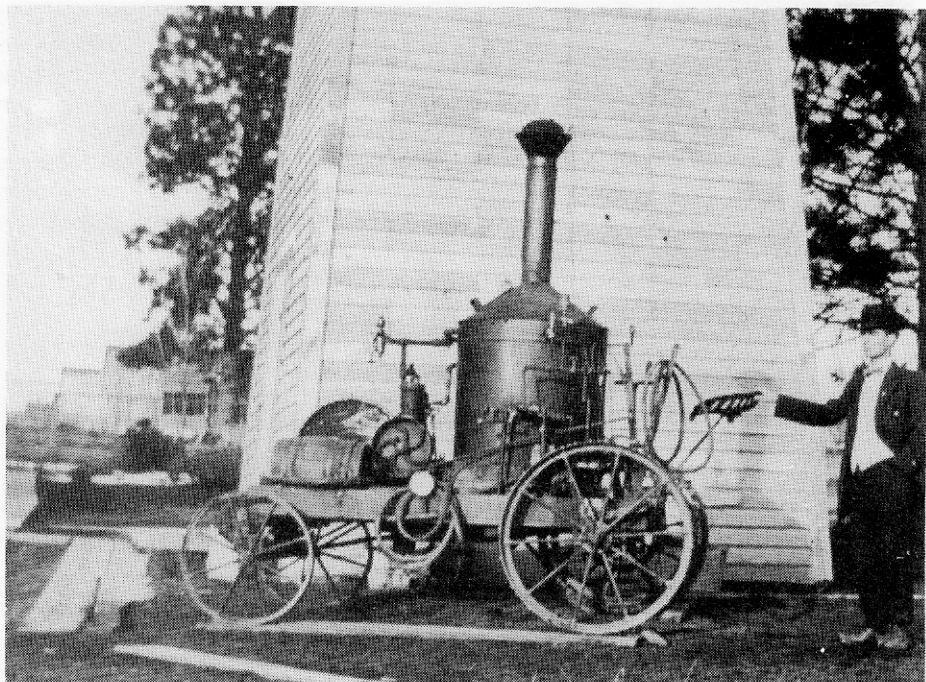
It may be stretching things a bit, but Palouse does have a part in the building of the two largest recreational projects ever dreamed up by man: Disneyland and Disneyworld. Mrs. Walt Disney spent part of her childhood in Palouse. Lillian Bounds married Disney at the Bounds home in Lewiston. □



The cornetist at reader's left, front row, is Paul Bockmier of Garfield.

—Courtesy J.B. West





**Young Paul Bockmier shown with his steam engine, built in 1910.**

**—Courtesy Paul Bockmier**

## **Spare-Time Inventors**

The inventiveness of the early settlers of Whitman county has been carried on by residents of the county today. The truth of the old saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention," is seen all around us.

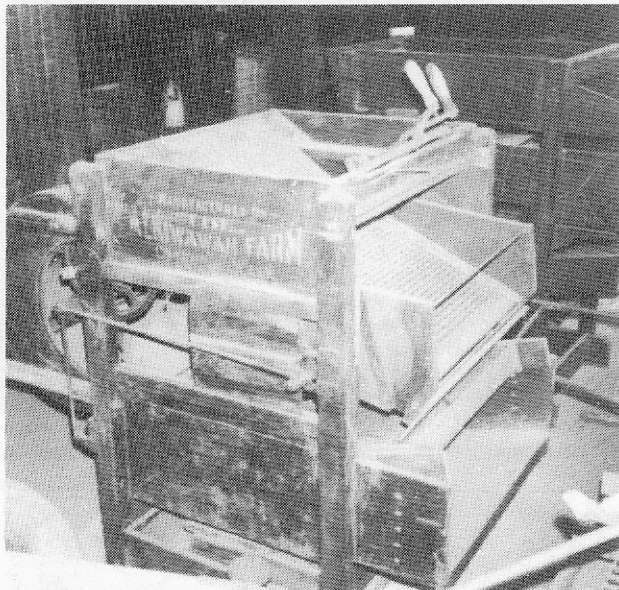
One who has always had a certain bent for mechanics is Paul Bockmier of Palouse. Now 86 years young, he built a traction steam engine while he was a Palouse High School student. This was a two-horsepower engine and a three-horsepower boiler. Built mostly at home in odd hours it was complete with steering gear and brass whistle. Using old farm machinery for many of the parts the whole outfit was mounted on mower wheels which allowed it to be moved about. It was used to spray fruit trees on occasion and was used to run the washing machine as well as heat the wash water. He also employed it in providing power for his workshop.

At one time, experimenting with electricity, Mr. Bockmier installed a system of call bells using storage batteries in his parents' large home, making most of the equipment himself.

While water superintendent at Palouse he invented an improved nozzle for drinking fountains which directed water outward so that all the spill went into the waste bowl and not on the nozzle. This was patented September 17, 1918.

Mr. Bockmier later served many years with the Washington Water Power Company before his retirement in 1956. He maintains a home at Garfield but is presently residing at the Tekoa Care Center.

Myron Ferguson once operated one of the largest wheat farms in the extreme southeastern part of Whitman county. His son, Archie was an inventor of sorts, always playing with gadgets. At the old Ferguson Rimrock Ranch there is still a fanning mill which he invented. Also, the Twin Willows Museum in Uniontown houses a seed cleaning-vitriola machine patented May 7, 1907. Stamped on it, "Ferguson Seed Cleaner and Vitrioling Machine. Manufactured at Alkiawah Farm, Colton, Washington." The Ferguson place was called both Rimrock Ranch and Alkiawah Farm. The above information supplied by Doris Ferguson. □



The Ferguson Vitrioling and Seed Cleaning Machine.

## Elberton Picnic Next

Arrangements are practically complete for the big annual Elberton Picnic which is to be held June 17, 18, 19. Wednesday, the first day will be Colfax day and the program will be in charge of the Colfax committee. The first game of the baseball tournament will be played in the afternoon between Colfax and Endicott.

Thursday, the second day, the Citizen's Band of Pullman will have charge of the morning program and the main event of the afternoon will be the ball game between Winona and Farmington.

Friday, the last day of the picnic, will be "Political Day" and the morning program will be given over to speeches by candidates for United States Senate and Representatives of the Fourth district. Those who have accepted invitations to speak at this meeting so far are: George Turner, Hugh C. Todd, W.W. Black and Ole Hanson, candidates for Senator, and W.D. Lyman, candidate for Representative.

The last game of the baseball series will be played in the afternoon between the winners of the two previous games. In addition to the ball games there will be other sports. The dancing pavilion will be opened afternoons and evenings, and the Citizen's Band of Pullman will furnish music for the entire picnic.—**The Garfield Enterprise**, June 12, 1914.



Byron's Troubadours, Vocalists and Instrumentalists.

—Courtesy J.B. West

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## Colored Jubilee Quartet

“The Epworth League of the local M.E. Church has secured the engagement of the California Jubilee All Star Quartet. They will appear on the evening of May 19th.”—**The Garfield Enterprise**, May 8, 1914.

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## Something For Everyone

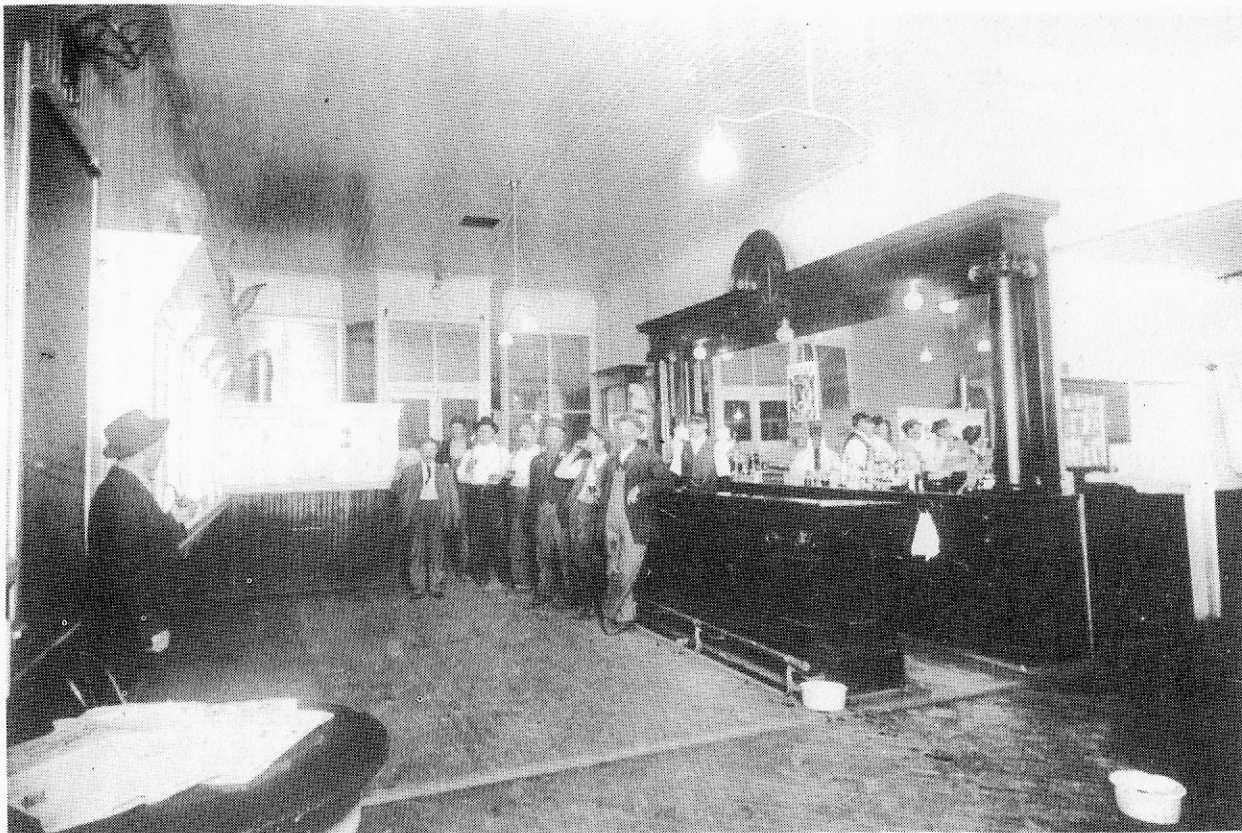
Although the schools and churches sponsored picnics, and civic leaders planned parades and fairs there seemed to be a need for yet another way to pass time. Every town had its quota of saloons and they usually outnumbered the other businesses. Of course, some shady characters were found there, but for the most part, the saloons were a place where a fellow could play a game of cards or pool, talk about crop prospects of horse trading and lift a few of the brewery specials with his neighbors.

The saloon building might not be much to look at but every owner took pride in the elegance of his bar. Many of them were carved and fitted with mirrors, gas lamps and cigar lighters.

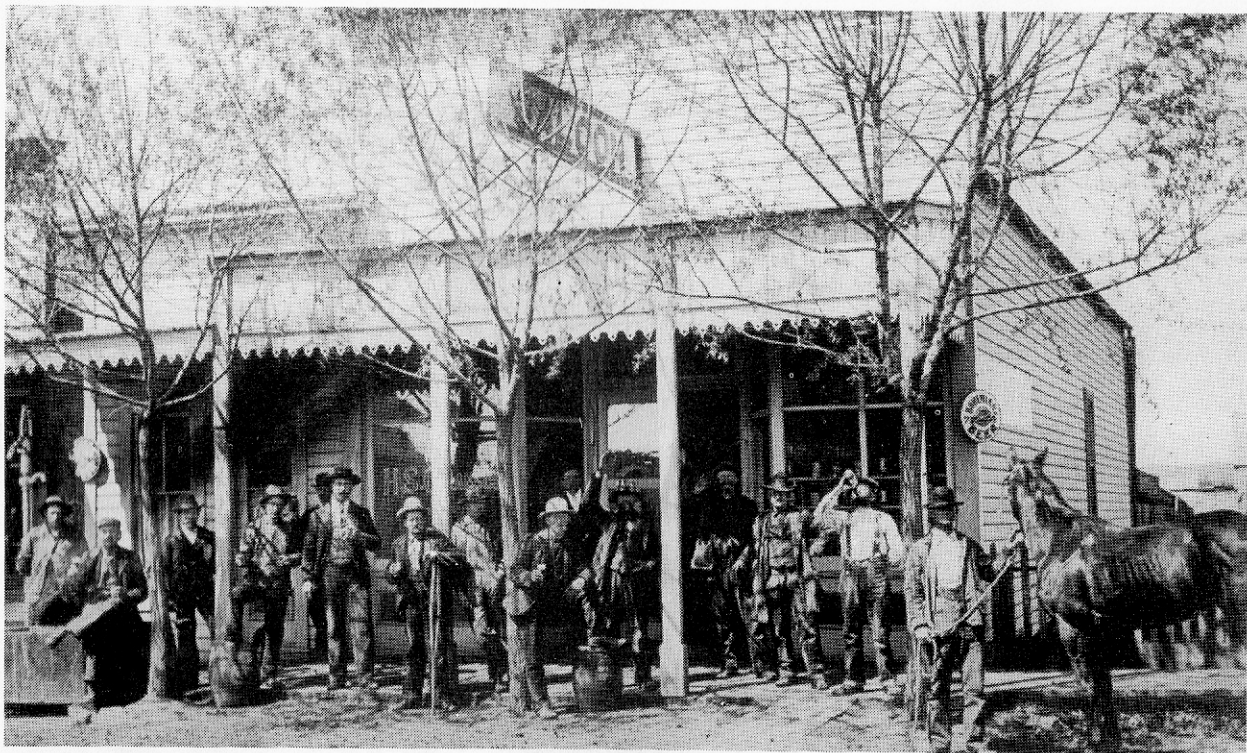
The bar shown in the picture on the following page, was built of Honduras Red Mahogany in 1860 in the East for a saloon in San Francisco and was brought around the Horn. The original mirrors are ½ inch thick and are thought to have been shipped from England. The four pieces that made up the complete bar are the front bar with foot railing, the 20 x 13 ft back bar, a small liquor cabinet and cigar counter. The original gas lights have since been converted to electric.

In 1891, the bar was moved by boat to Lewiston, Idaho, then by wagon to Pullman for a saloon at the corner of Main and Grand. During Pullman's probation it was taken to Palouse. In 1914, when the State of Washington was dry, Ben Scharbach and a group of men brought it to Colton, again by team and wagon. It is still in use there in the Wagon Wheel Tavern and is owned by Lorrie Nelson.

—Courtesy Lawrence Welle



This view of the Gransch Saloon shows Harry behind the bar. First man at near end of bar is August Eckert, Byron Richardson next then Frank Mraz, fifth man is Barney Gardewin, bartender, who finally bought the saloon from Gransch. Last man in line is George Kaiser, the harness maker. Frank Johnne is thought to be the man at the side.



### Patrons of Harry Gransch's Saloon line up for photographer.

L. to R. Jake Wieber sitting on watering trough, Frank Trapp with foot up on barrel, Barney Gardewin in flat topped hat and flashy vest, was the bartender who often bounced the disorderly out the door and into the horse trough, Fidel Frei also with foot on keg, directly behind him in white shirt was saloon owner, Harry Gransch, man fourth from right is Fridel Reisenauer, and Byron Richardson holds lead of horse. Picture taken in April 1917. Others unknown. —Courtesy of Lawrence Welle



The ice cream parlor was an important establishment in the lives of the young people of the community.

— Courtesy WSU Archives



Every fall a group of men would seine for salmon at Penawawa. Man second from the right is Dave Ochs. Can you identify others?



Meat for the table was often supplied by the hunter in the fall of the year.

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The Farmington checker players went to Belmont one evening last week where they met the pick of the Belmont and Oakesdale players in a long drawn out game in which Farmington players reported missing on the streets for a day or two after the defeat.—**Farmington News, Jan. 15, 1922.**

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Colfax—Prosecuting Attorney Burgunder has returned from Olympia where he had the appeal of Scott dismissed. Scott was convicted of receiving stolen property in connection with the race track operations of Schmidler of Uniontown. He is out on a surety bond of \$2,000.—**The Garfield Enterprise, May 8, 1914.**

## *Merry Christmas*

Remember that special friend or relative with a gift subscription to the Bunchgrass Historian or a gift membership in the Whitman County Historical Society.