

GRANDMA'S MEMORIES
As Told in 1994

By Audra J. Horracc Wright
Born July 1, 1909
Goodrich, Idaho

Audra is one of seven children of Jennie Parrish Horracc and John K. Horracc who are listed below:

Daisy Horracc Seger

Effie Horracc Jones

Roy Horracc (Beth's father)

Audra Horracc Wright

Edeth Horracc Buffington Matthews

Mabel Horracc Allen

Artie Horracc Schell

audra was one yr. younger than Roy

GRANDMA'S MEMORIES

Jennie and John Horrace were married in Caldwell, Idaho in 1902. John worked at the flour mill at that time. This was before the first big dam was built on Boise River above Boise. In winters when the snow fall was heavy and the spring was unusually warm, Caldwell would be flooded.

Jennie's and John's first spring in Caldwell was one of those times. They took all of their household goods upstairs and then got out.

I don't know if Daisy was born in Caldwell or Notus. I do know Effie and Roy were born in Notus. John ran a livery stable in Notus where he rented out hacks, buggies, teams and single buggy horses plus horses to ride.

They also had an ice cream parlor. Jennie was also the first telephone central. In those days telephones were boxes on the wall. When you took the phone off the hook, Central asked, "number please". You gave her the number and she rang it for you. Mom was the first Central in that area and there were none farther west in Idaho. I don't know the year Jennie and John moved to Goodrich but it must have been shortly after Roy's birth.

They must have filed on a homestead and built a small house to live in while John and his brother George built their planer and sawmill. George had a house near the planer mill in Goodrich. Audra was born at the homestead.

Things I remember about this homestead: There were so many rattle snakes that we couldn't go out from the house but a little ways to play. Mom would shoot a rattler on the back without killing him, but hurt bad enough he would turn his belly up then she would shoot him in the belly.

Some evenings when it was about time for Pa to come home from the planer mill, Mom would put us four kids on the saddle horse, pick up her gun and lead the horse down the canyon to meet Pa. He was surprised and asked, "Aren't you afraid you might meet a cougar?" She replied, "If I did I'd shoot him in the eyes!" She was surely a straight shooter. Even after she was getting to be frail, she would want to go to the mountains on a picnic. She would take her old 22 shot gun. Someone told Pa if he wanted to get rid of all those rattle snakes to get him a herd of hogs. That truly was the answer.

Since moving here to Sunnyridge Retirement, I mentioned it to two of these men. They said the hogs eat those snake. One of these men grew up in the Cozy Basin area and the other across the river from there at the old pumping plant south of where Marsing is now.

About the next thing I remember, Uncle George's wife died and he and his three kids moved in with us. I got these kids all mixed up. I didn't know which were my two sisters and brother and who were cousins. One morning it dawned on me which were which. We were eating at the table when one of the men explained to us children that they were going on a business trip to sell a big order of lumber. The men got up to leave. Uncle George kissed his three children good-bye and Pa kissed his four children good-bye. I was in my high chair at that time, but I never got the kids mixed up again.

This took place up in the timber in one of the houses. Mom didn't think I could remember this but when I described the house and the grassy hill behind the house that Roy and I use to climb up and rolled down to that back step. She said, "Surely someone told you," but I can still see it in my minds eye as if it were today.

Another thing that happened in that house was: Mom called all us kids in and told us we were to go up to the back bedroom and stay there all the noon hour. There would be some high tone men for dinner. They had come to buy a big order of lumber. They would be talking business. We weren't to be heard. Don't come into the front bedroom which was right over the dining table.

Now the older children were so curious to see what a high tone man looked like and so was I. The plan was soon set up that we would take off our shoes and tiptoe into the front bedroom one at a time lie down on our tummies and peek through the hole in the floor to see the high tone men. The plan was a success. Even I made it.

In the summer we lived up in the mountains where the men cut the trees down and made them into logs. The logs were kept in ponds of water. In the fall the family moved back down into Goodrich where our new big home had being built across the street or what would have been a street if the town had streets and side walks. This was a good idea. The children could attend school.

Everybody' homes and the school as well had to have high fences to keep the wild range cattle out. In the Spring, the cattle ranchers drove their cattle up to the open range east of town and left them until fall. Some of these would come down into town. Everyone had a gate but not one that opened it was a shirl gate like this: These arms turned on top of a post so the gate was always closed. The school had tall posts with boards nailed horizontal from post to post and a style to walk up on one side of the fence and steps down onto the school ground on the other. No gate was to be left open. The school was a large one roomed building used for community functions as well as school. Mr. White was the only teacher that I can ever remember ever teaching there.

Everyone had to go passed our house to get to the schoolhouse. One day Roy asked if he could go out and ask Mr. White if he could go to school. Mr. White said if he would be very quiet and not disturb. Roy was really excited but I wasn't. So he went to school that winter. The snow was always deep but it would freeze with a hard crust on top so you could walk on top.

There was always much skiing, snow shoeing, sledding and the like on the hill by the

schoolhouse. This was done by grownups, young people and kids of all ages. Now the logs could not all be taken down to the planer mill in Goodrich by horses. The snow was too deep for horses. If the snow got up to their nose they were stalled but oxen would just wallow on through the snow. So winter was time to log with oxen. I remember once, the oxen were pulling and broke away from the ox-cart. They didn't stop so Pa had to run and catch them, fortunately there wasn't any snow right there. The family was in the cart. At least Roy and I were there.

In the spring the hill by the school where everybody played in the winter was a huge flower garden. We would ask Mom if we could go there to pick flowers. She would say, "If Vera and Georgia will go with you". They would, so then Mom would say, "Watch out for cougars. Look up every once in a while and look around. If you hear one yowl or see one, run for the house." Once we were up there and one walked out of the forest. Those two big girl cousins each grabbed me by a wrist. My feet never touched the ground until we were in our yard.

One winter we all had the small pox. I remember they would develop to a stage where there would be terrible itches. Mom made us wear mitts so we couldn't scratch because they would leave scars.

Roy would want to go over to the planer mill. Our father would take him along. He gave Roy little jobs to do like stacking small blocks. He was pretty proud to be working with the men. I was forbidden to go.

There were two branches of a creek to cross because of a large island in the center. There were no bridges only one plank across the branch farthest from the house. You crossed the first branch by stepping from one big rock to the other, that was if your legs were long enough. I tried it one day when no one was watching me. I tried to jump from one rock to the next. The result was a badly skinned knee. One of the mill workers happened along. He picked me up and carried me back to the house. He said to me, "You little rascal, you had ought to be spanked for running away when your mother is such a busy person."

She cooked all the meals for the mill employees as well as our double family. She also read story books to these fellows in the evening. I don't think many of them could read. There was no place of entertainment in that small town only the nights when there were literary meetings at the school house.

One spring a nice young couple built a tent house to live in on the island in the creek until they got their house built. Her name was Gussie Abernathy. She was always so nice to us kids and would take us to her house to visit. When Edeth was born she delivered her. There is where Edeth got the name Gussie. Cousin Henry was quite a spoiled Daddy's boy. One day in the Spring when the school yard was very muddy, Henry and another boy pushed Daisy in the deepest mud puddle. She got up and pushed them both down and beat Henry good. When he got home that night Pa tanned him. When Uncle George got home Henry ran to him crying and told his Dad his side of the story and how Uncle John had spanked him too. Uncle George was so mad he bustled up to Pa and was going to fight Pa. Pa told him whose house he was living in. I think this helped George and the children to move out sooner then they had planned.

Georgia and Vera were in their teens and able to cook and keep house. By this time the two men were getting tired of the lumber business too and wanted to move back to southern Idaho. Pa sold the homestead to the Mesa Orchard Company and came down to Sunny Slope and bought eighty acres of land from Keever about a quarter of a mile from the street car Homestead Station. He had enough lumber shipped down to build a two story house, barn, etc. He and his brother George got rid of the sawmill and planer plus their homes there and in March of 1914 we started from Goodrich, Idaho to Sunny Slope with wagons all packed with our belongings. Edeth was just nine months old. I remember Pa drove the team to the wagon I rode in. Mom sat beside him in the seat and held the baby and I sat next to her. It must have taken a week or more for us to make the trip. He brought some of our cattle but I don't know who herded them. We camped along the way with canvas tarp to put on the ground first then covers and another one over that if needed.

It was March and it rained some of the time. A farmer invited Pa to come into his yard and use his hay loft to sleep in. That was wonderful. We just got up in the loft when Mom said, " John I smell a rattle snake." He said, " that's all your imagination." Just then the rattle went " ZING". Pa wasn't long digging the snake out and killing it.

When we got to Sunny Slope and we kids saw that old unpainted two room homestead shack we were ready to go back. There was no water to drink even. Pa had to haul it from Escotts a quarter of a mile south of us until the well drillers could come and drill us a well. Of course that was up by where our new two story house was to be. Behind the little old house the former owners had planted a variety of fruit trees. They were mostly different kind of apples. There was no cellar.

The way the apples and our vegetables were stored in those days were in pits. Holes were dug in the ground and lined with straw then the fruits and vegetables put in. More straw covered that then the dirt piled on top. Vegetables in pits and fruit in other pits. When you wanted something you just scratched back a hole big enough for a hand and arm to reach in and get what you wanted.

In the spring when danger of freezing was over you left the holes open. These pits kept the things very well such as apples, potatoes, carrots and things that could be kept in a cellar. The only trouble was when the pits were open in the spring the honey bees loved the apple pits too. The danger of reaching for an apple was that a bee might be wanting one also. There were only twenty acres of land in cultivation. That didn't raise enough hay to feed our stock. The grass grew in the sagebrush so grazing was good.

There was much work to be done. Pa built a temporary sleeping building of just board walls and a roof with flaps that could be raised in the hot weather.

Then the sagebrush had to be cleared from the fields that could be irrigated. This was done by securing an old railroad rail and hooking horses to each end and pulling it over the sage brush. The brush was saved for stove wood fire.

There were many coyotes that lived in the sagebrush. The chicken house and pen had to be built

in such a way that it could be locked securely and couldn't be dug under. The coyotes howled at nights a lot. We had coyotes for years until a family moved into the house on the old Frost place a half a mile south of us with a band of hounds. I think the family's name was Farmer. More about their hounds later.

When spring came we kids always had to herd the cattle out of the sagebrush hills. We herded them down on land that wasn't taken up on the flat land for farming. We'd take our lunches and stay out most of the day. The cows would eat till they were full then lie down and chew their cuds and sleep awhile then get up and eat some more. When they were full that was time to take them home.

One time I was herding them alone and drove them up over a hill and there were three coyotes. The cows started to chase them. They really ran.

Pa finally got a smaller team of horses. They were just right size for ponies and nice for riding. That was nice. We got to use those to herd cattle. Again you had to be careful. If you were on one and came upon a rattle snake the pony would rear straight up and almost slide you off backward. Pa never let us use saddles. He was afraid we'd get caught in the stirrup and be dragged.

Roy and I would tease rattle snakes when we had the advantage. One day down by the Lowline canal, we saw one in the road on the other bank. We got the idea of tossing a rock up in the air and letting it come down on the snake. He coiled ready to strike but couldn't tell where the rock was coming from. It wasn't long until he uncoiled and started crossing the canal toward us. We learned that day that snakes could swim and we could run faster.

When we first came to Sunny Slope there was a two room school House. Daisy, Effie and Roy went to school that fall of 1914. Roy was six so he got to go to school. I don't remember if the Mc Cormack sisters were teaching then or not. I thought it awful because I didn't get to go, but Jimmy Escott came up sometime everyday to play with me. He always wanted to go to our apple pit for an apple. I wanted one too but I always let him reach in because I was afraid I'd get stung by a bee. He didn't seem to care.

When we were big enough to do quite a bit of work Pa let us drive a horse hooked to a buggy to school so we would get home earlier to get more work done.

Freight wagons from Jordan Valley often came with loads of material to be sold or delivered in Caldwell. If there was a slow dust coming on the other side of the river, Mom would tell us it would be a freight wagon but if it was a fast traveling dust it would be a herd of wild horses and to run to the house. The wild horses weren't easily controlled and would be in our yard and every place. The men herding them had a difficult time.

The freight wagons crossed at the Froman's Ferry and came to our place where Pa let them camp and cook on the corner of our place. If they brought a load with them they hauled it into Caldwell the next day. If they didn't bring a load with them, they left wagons and teams and walked over to the station one half mile and rode in the trolley car into Caldwell and bought up

their supplies. They came back on the trolley car and came in after their wagon and team. They spent another night and then headed back for their homes.

After our new house was built, well dug and land cleared, Pa would have to take the grain he wanted to Caldwell to have it cleaned of weed seeds, etc.

He and Mom decided on the day. Pa drove the work team and the wagon with the sacks of grain and Mom drove the smaller team hooked to the hack. She would do her shopping and Pa would buy what he needed.

Next Pa would load his seed grain and start for home. Mom followed in the hack. When we got out of town a ways they would stop and put Roy and me in the wagon then tie the lines around the brake handle. Pa would warn us not to touch those lines. He would get in the hack with Mom and the other three children and head on home.

The team on the wagon would start on too. They knew the way home even if it did take several changes of directions. The wagon was heavier than the hack so we didn't make any speed. Sometimes it was after dark before we finally got to our home. That old team never missed the way. We played in the back on the sacks of grain as we rode along.

Other experiences with horses reminds me of the time Pa sent Roy and me to go to the pasture down by the pond and bring the four work horses back. We rode our ponies because we had to go down the road west of the barn and along that fence to the pond. We each had caught the two horses to lead back and Roy had helped me on the pony and I had the ropes in my hand. He had just gotten on his pony when a coyote ran from the pond and jumped the fence near our horses. Roy saw it first so had time to drop the ropes on the work horses he was leading. I didn't have time and was jerked off in a pile of thistles. I couldn't put my hands down only in thistles. Roy had to come and rescue me. We then had to catch our scared horses and get them settled down and mount our ponies and get to the barn.

When we were about in our early teens we decided to teach the grown colts to be led and tame them so we could pet them and then try riding them. We had two sorrels and one black. The black was the wildest. He threw Roy off and hurt his neck. Roy sat by Pa at the table. He decided not to try to turn his head when Pa spoke to him as he was afraid Pa might detect something wrong with him.

We had more success with the sorrels. We even put the harnesses on them and walked behind them and drove them to go and then stop when we said "whoa". One day they didn't stop. I think Roy flick the male colt with the end of the line. They started to run and got away from us. Finally we caught them and took them back and decided we had better let them alone.

It wasn't long after that that Pa decided the colts were ready to be trained. We watched him drive them trying to teach them to go when he said "get up" and to stop when he said "whoa". They performed really well. He drove them quite awhile. We disappeared when he drove them back to the barnyard.

That evening at supper Pa said, "You kinds have been monkeying with those colts of mine, how come they got away from you"? I don't remember how he ever knew how we had the "runaway".

In those days at school we played such games as "Run Sheep Run", "Pump, Pump Pull Away", "base ball" and finally "basket ball". Girls base ball changed into soft ball. I know how I hated that old big soft ball. It wouldn't go far enough when it was struck.

We use to have fairs on the school grounds. The whole community and people from farther away used to bring their prized belongings. Women brought such things as cakes, bread, canned fruits and vegetables. Men brought the best cows, calves, pigs, sheep, goats, horses, etc.

One time Pa bought Roy a thoroughbred bull calf. The County Farm Agent would come around and train the farm boys how to feed their stock and curry them and get them polished up for the fairs.

Pa gave me a little old scrub female calf that had the sores. With Mom's help I doctored her up. She was a real pet. I brushed her and did everything for her that Roy would do for his thoroughbred calf. The two calves were together a lot.

The day of the fair came. Pa and Roy put the halter with the lead rope on Roy's thoroughbred calf and started toward the schoolhouse. When they were nearly there they looked around and here came my little old Rosie calf following them. They just let her follow.

When the prizes were awarded, Roy's calf got first and my calf got second prize. Was I ever proud! I think Roy and Pa were rather disgusted.

Years later when cars were the means of travel, we had a new school building with four classrooms and we also had two years of high school there. Roy could drive the old Ford car when our school would attend track meets at Homedale or play basket ball games with them.

Our school group was on the way to Homedale and was in Central Cove area when a boy jumped in front of Roy's car. He whirled the car to keep from hitting him. He did hit the boy and break the boy's leg. Our teacher who was riding with Roy was injured also. I think her arm was broken. Anyway, later on she had to resign as our teacher from this injury. That boy's father came to our place and told Pa that Pa would have to pay for his boy's doctor bills and more for his injuries.

This man didn't know that his neighbors had already informed Pa that this man's son had done this to many people and caused them to ditch their cars resulting in damage. It just happened he had always gotten away with it before. They said if this father was going to sue Pa, they would all be witnesses. Pa told the father this plus the fact that the teacher wasn't physically able to finish out the term of school.

Later on Roy drove the milk truck from our place and gathered milk up from many homes as he went to Nampa to the Jensma Creamery. Some one gave Roy three cantaloupes when he

had stopped to get milk. The same day one of the little boys along the route was showing off his old bobbed tailed airedale dog. He asked Roy what Roy thought of his nice dog. Roy told him he thought the dog was great. Then asked how much he wanted for his dog. The boy wanted a cantaloupe. Roy gave it to him. The boy said, "Ha, Ha, I got the best of the bargain, Dad was going to kill him anyway."

Roy came home with that old dog riding beside him in the seat. The old airedale was homily as a dog could be but what a dog! He and our part shepherd/part hound dog became best of pals. We didn't know it for awhile but whenever the family would all be gone and someone drove up and parked in our yard and started to get out one or the other of these dogs would take hold of their shoe with his mouth. Mom's brother came while we were gone and this is what happened.

One time when we children were home but not our parents, some friend of the family came there. One of the girls had an apple. She held it out to him and said, "Would you like this apple"? When he reached to take it, she jerked it back but he caught her wrist. The old dog jumped and grabbed him by the leg. He never did that when our parents were there.

These old dogs worked as a team. The Mora Canal flowed through our property on the Deer Flat side of the property. One dog would stay on the bridge. The other would go up in the sagebrush above the canal and chase a rabbit toward the bridge. The one on the bridge would grab it as it started across the bridge.

Many more happenings took place in Sunny Slope and the area but less this gets too monumental, I will stop here. Your parents can tell you more from here on.

P. S. Artie just told me the old airedale whose name was Bob, always went with her as far as our mail box when she started for school. She would tell him to go home but he would meet her there every evening on her way home. He did that from the time she was in the first to the third grade. Old Bob must have had arthritis at the end. He suffered so we had him put to death.