

THERE'S JUST THINGS THAT CHANGE

Recollections of Ruth A. Haworth



Suzanne Cofer





SNARE RIVER NEAR LEWISTON

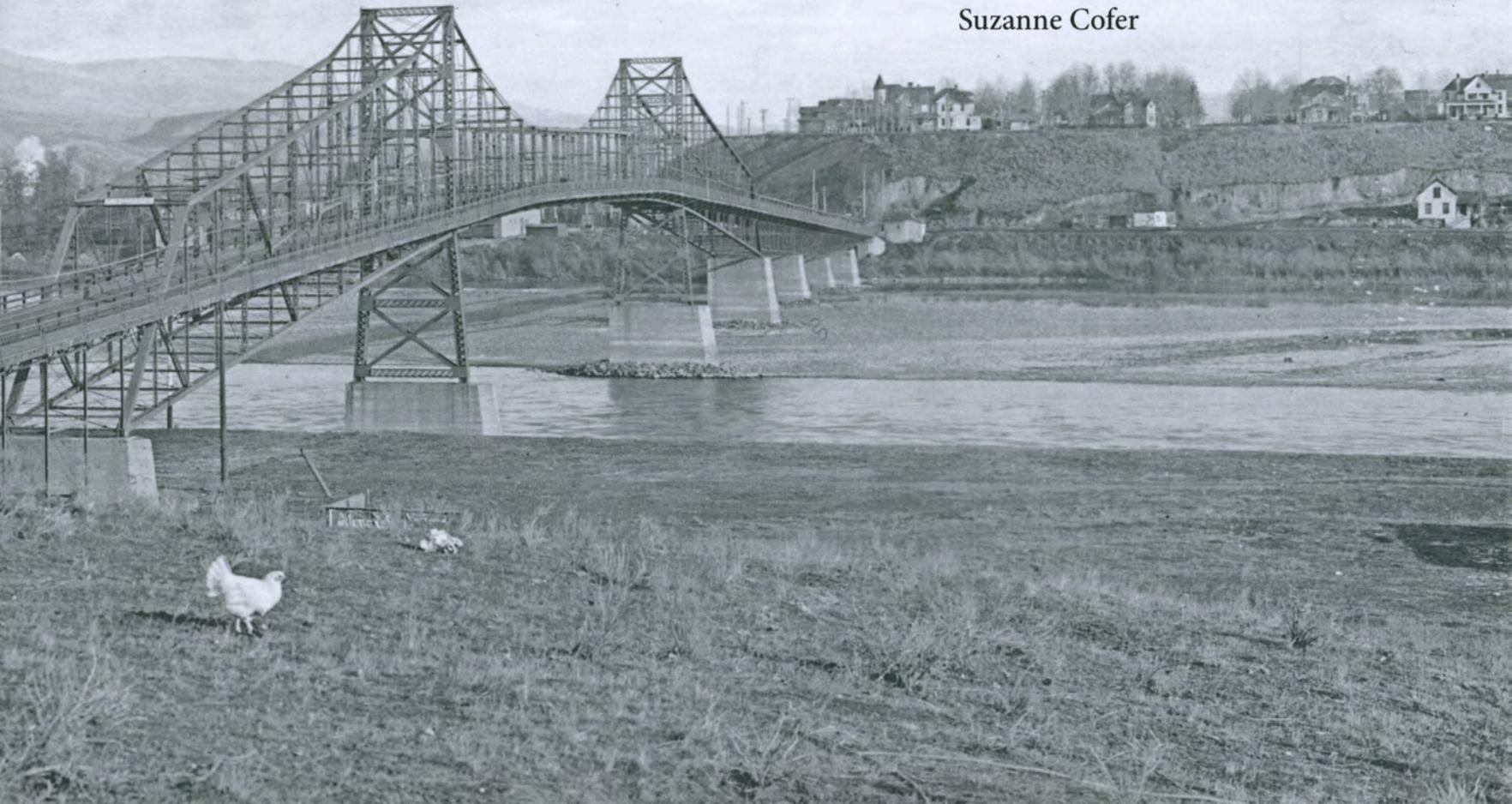
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To the memory of Martha Haworth Adams.





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Ruth A. Haworth, September 11, 1887–November 28, 1985

Preface

Curious children often ask their grandparents what their lives were like, growing up. I was no different. As a young child, I cherished visits when I got to sleep with my grandmother in her large double bed. The crisp white cotton sheets were always freshly laundered and pressed. The pillowcases were hand embroidered, their edges reflecting the cheerful colors of her large flower garden outside her bedroom window. Grandma Ruth even made her own summer nightgowns: sleeveless tea-length floral cotton. I loved the fresh smells of her bed and the cozy cuddle she gave me before saying good night. Sometimes we talked quietly before falling asleep. She would answer my questions about her life as a young girl and farm wife, her voice clear, steady, and warm, the bedside clock ticking softly, rhythmically in the background. Soon I was asleep.

As a young woman, wanting to be able to hear my grandmother's voice always, I asked her if I could record her stories. Years later, as an elementary school librarian helping teachers and students find primary resources about the settlement of Washington State, I remembered the audiotapes I'd made. With a new appreciation for just how young a country America is, I realized how, as a fifth-generation Washingtonian, I might be able to preserve my grandmother's recollections for my family and perhaps a wider audience.

These stories of Ruth's happiest or most important memories are stitched together from recordings I made of Ruth in the 1970s, from my own memory of her stories, and from several other family sources. From *Ruthie's Baby*,¹ an unpublished autobiography by Ruth's youngest child and my mother, Wanda E. Haworth Desilet, I

incorporated descriptions of the ranch, horses, and the Jones School. From Ruth's brother-in-law Arthur Haworth, whose own early memories were written down in an oral interview, I drew details about the arrival of the Haworth family to Clarkston.² Further, I have retold, in Ruth's voice, one of her often-told stories that I failed to get on tape, about the time she disobeyed her mother. From my Aunt Martha Haworth Adams came the colorful story about Ruth's husband, Leonard, bottling beer on the ranch during Prohibition. Most of the genealogical details are from Aunt Martha's research, detailed in her 1988 unpublished manuscript, *Haworth, Jones, and Ruark: Washington Pioneer Families*.³

Originally, for readability and, I suppose, wanting to correctly and respectfully convey her keen intelligence, I smoothed out Grandma Ruth's grammar and many of the linguistic idiosyncrasies that made her such a delightful storyteller to listen to. I abandoned this practice in the end, reluctant to so drastically change the voice I knew and loved. Instead, I restored her stories to their original state, gave them headings, and appended them with a supporting narrative that rides along with her voice, filling in missing pieces. The bold, bordered sections are Ruth's stories. Sparingly, for clarity or context, I inserted dates or place names, bracketing my additions, when practical, to distinguish them from Ruth's own words. In the back of the book is a CD of my original living-room interviews. Though a bit scratchy and patched together, this audio treasure includes the still-excellent stories that ended up on the proverbial cutting room floor, and documents Grandma Ruth's own timeworn and spirited voice so that everyone may enjoy her distinct style of storytelling.

As with almost any family record, this collection is a result of the labors and preserved treasures of many. My Aunt Martha Haworth Adams, who passed away during the production of this book, deserves special recognition and appreciation. She spent large portions of her retirement years preserving our family's historical portraits and photographs, many which she knew would be used in this book. She did much original research of the genealogy of the Jones, Ruark, and Haworth Washington state pioneer families. Our entire family and its future generations owe her a great debt of gratitude. She enjoyed the encouragement and support of her children, Diane Clark, Charles Williams, and Laurie Conforth, and all of her extended family, especially my mother, Martha's sister, Wanda E. Haworth Desilet.

I would like to express my appreciation to my mother who generously allowed me to use and adapt text from her unpublished autobiography describing the Haworth ranch house and the Jones School. Diane and I observed the collaboration of our mothers as they prepared a family history book detailing Martha's work for the occasion of the 1988 family reunion that took place before our 1989 state centennial celebration. Now, years later, Diane and I share a similar desire to continue their work of preserving and sharing our family history.

Diane and her husband, Al Clark, helped to make this book possible. Al organized and scanned our family photographs. Diane and I spent two enjoyable days in the Washington State University Manuscripts, Archives, and Special Collections department poring over the Bob Weatherly Collection, looking for more old photo-

graphs and family details to enhance my grandmother's stories. Without Diane and Al's support on many levels the book may have languished for several more years.

I speak for Diane, too, in expressing gratitude to Cheryl Gunselman, Manuscripts Librarian at WSU, for all of her assistance, especially in locating the period image of Swallows Nest. The staff at Washington State Library in Olympia was helpful in doing a high-resolution scan of a postcard of the historical Lewiston-Clarkston bridge that was among our family materials, and which was shared with the Asotin County Library, which had the same postcard image on file.

My cousin Linda Haworth Marr, who occasionally works as a fiction editor, read earlier drafts of this book. Those earlier more fictional drafts were loosely based on my grandmother's stories. Linda wanted Grandma's voice to be more predominate and preserved, and I am grateful for her sound advice that returned me to the stories as my grandmother told them so many years ago.

My husband, Donald F. Cofer, read the final draft and gave unwavering support to me.

Finally, I want to acknowledge my editor, Leslie Eliel. She helped me realize a longtime goal to publish my grandmother's stories for my family and its future generations, for which I always will be grateful. Leslie demonstrated respect and appreciation for my grandmother's voice and guided my first experience through the self-publishing world with useful insights, grace, and patience.

Introduction

In my Grandmother Ruth's kitchen, during childhood visits to her home, I absorbed not only the aromas of her daily baking but the stories of her life as a young farm girl and, later, as a wife and mother on the Clarkston Flats near Clarkston, Washington.[†] Her voice, rhythmically rising and falling, threaded together a story quilt of her life that was so different from the life I knew.

She told her stories proudly. Although my grandmother had little formal education, she derived her sense of pride and accomplishment from the hard work she did every day to sustain her family. These plainly told stories are her legacy to me, my family, and to all who want to learn, through one woman's experience, about the historical role of farm women in the days of the American frontier and, in doing so, better appreciate their contribution to the expansion and development of the early Pacific Northwest.

Through Grandma Ruth's stories, we get a glimpse of what farm life was like at the beginning of the twentieth century. The schooling she received was in a one-room building several miles from her home on the Clarkston Flats. She attended school only to the age of fourteen. She worked without running water and electricity, brought up eight children, survived the Depression, adjusted to a difficult and major transition from country to town, saw four sons safely returned to her after World War II, and even lived to fly in a jet and watch men land on the moon.

She spoke with utter pragmatism about these changes, which she bore with such strength and courage. "Oh, there's just things that change," she said, "many things, Sue..." Then with laughter and affection she continued, "If you live to be Grandma's age, I wonder what you can be telling." I thought I would start with this book.



Deep wheat in the fields of eastern Washington, ca. 1910.

About Ruth's Parents

John W. Jones and Martha E. Ruark married on November 1, 1886. Ruth was born the following year at Martha's parents' ranch in the Deadman area northeast of Pomeroy, Washington.

John W. was five years old and an only child at the time he emigrated from Wales with his parents, William D. and Elizabeth Jones. They settled in Marion County, Wisconsin, where six more siblings were born. In 1878 they moved to Red Rock, Iowa in Montgomery County. Four years later they traveled west by covered wagon and immigrant train to San Francisco. They continued up the coast to Portland, Oregon. From there they went by riverboat up the Columbia and Snake Rivers to Pomeroy country, eventually settling in what became Asotin County, purchasing a quarter section of land about seven miles west of Clarkston. William D. acquired 2,400 acres of land during 18 successful years in the sheep business, ranging up to 5,000 sheep in the Blue Mountains, and became a successful dryland wheat farmer.

Martha was the eighth child of Thomas and Mary Messenger Ruark. In 1878, when Martha was eight years old, the family moved from the Walla Walla area to Garfield County to homestead 1,100 acres of wheat land that Martha's father had seen while freighting between Walla Walla and Lewiston. The original tract remains in the Ruark family.



John W. and Martha Jones, Ruth's parents, on their wedding day, November 1, 1886.



Ruth's Hometown

The Lower Snake River Valley rests entirely within the southeastern portion of the state of Washington. In this valley where the mouth of the Clearwater River meets the Snake River are two cities, Lewiston, Idaho and Clarkston, Washington. They are named for the famous Pacific Northwest explorers, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. Long ago these explorers traveled along the valley floor, eventually making their way to the mouth of the Columbia River. From the Snake River Valley floor, the hills dominate both sides of the river. Surrounded by these hills, visitors sometimes feel that they have entered another, hidden world.

These soft-folding hills were created millions of years ago through volcanic actions. Lava 3,000 feet deep covered the area. Later the floodwaters of large ice dams smoothed the jagged earth.⁴ Today the Snake River flows through these formations. The Nez Perce

people were the first inhabitants, fishing in the river and hunting near its banks. After explorers and fur traders had investigated the area, the early Washington homesteaders drifted north of the river and raised horses, cattle, and sheep.

In 1862, to encourage people to settle in the western territories, the U.S. Federal Government passed the first of the Homestead Acts, which allowed the government to grant public land to individual farmers. Any citizen, except former Confederates, could file a claim for 160 acres. To obtain title, they needed to occupy and productively work the land for at least five years.⁵

Early settlers also established small orchards, chicken and vegetable farms, and wheat ranches. Young Ruth's ancestors were among those homesteaders, as were her future in-laws.







Ruth, age 16.

Recollections

ALL MY LIFE

My name is Ruth Haworth. I am the daughter of John W. Jones, the son of William D. and Elizabeth Jones. They came with the Henry Powell family from Cardiff, Wales when my father was just five years old. They landed in New York and lived in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Nebraska until 1881. In 1882, the two families came out on the Clarkston Flats and took up homesteads, out there where I lived, in Asotin County, all my life, except three years I lived over in Pomeroy country. When we moved back into Asotin County on the Clarkston Flats we bought a three-quarter section ranch. And there's where I lived, until I was married to Leonard E. Haworth in 1907, November the twenty-seventh.

This collection, the nostalgic highlights of a life characterized as much by strife and tedium as by the idyllic portrayals that follow, begins with Ruth's proud statement of her ancestry, in the first of several interviews with me, her granddaughter.

She was clearly delighted to have her stories recorded, her hard work recognized. She chose which events to relate partly in response to my questions, which were born of pure curiosity and admiration. But also, I think, the stories that came to mind were ones that, in her own mind, most defined her sense of humor, her character, and her strengths.

Ruth loved all of her family and, in her later years, loved remembering them as they were so many years before. She had a strong sense of her own history: her Welsh father became a U.S. citizen in 1903, and her mother was descended from Mayflower passenger Richard Warren: she came by her hardiness honestly.

The flow of the stories and photos in this collection moves from the background against which Ruth was born through her changing family identity: as a child, a young wife and daughter-in-law, a mother and active member of the community outside the family, and beloved matriarch. May her gifts live on through these stories.



Ruth and her younger brother George.

CUTE LITTLE LAMBS

We had one little lamb that would just play and play with us when we were little kids. We had a cellar dug down in the ground and it was built up with boards [and then dirt] clear over the top of it. George and I would run around the house and that little lamb would take out after us just a jumpin' and a bleatin' like a little lamb does. He'd follow us up on to that cellar and then when we'd start off he'd just come just a jumpin' and a tearin' right after us. We used to have more fun with those little lambs. They were sure cute.



MUTTON FOR DINNER

When George and I was little, my grandfather had a lot of sheep. In the springtime in the lambing season, some of the ewes wouldn't claim their little lambs, and he'd give us little lambs to raise, you know. And we'd fix a nipple on a bottle and feed 'em the milk out of the bottle. So one year we raised three or four of 'em. One of 'em was a buck sheep and oh, he growed up and he had great big horns on his head. [Then] the next spring, George and I was out one morning feeding two or three of the little lambs, and George was stooped over feeding the little lamb with the bottle and this buck sheep come around the house, and seen him, and he just made a dive at him, and hit him right in the seat of the pants, and just knocked him for a loop. And it made my dad mad. He said he wasn't going to have no such a sheep as that on the ranch, and knocking us kids around, because in a way he could have hurt George real bad, you know, maybe broke a leg or an arm or....

So he didn't do a thing but go in the house and get the gun and kill him and we had some mutton.

NO MORE CANDY FOR ME

When I was about eight or nine years old, I was over to my Grandfather and Grandmother Jones's, and they were butchering hogs for their winter meat. They had killed one hog and put it in the barrel of hot water to get the hair all scraped off of it. And they took it out and, after they got it scalded, laid it on the table. They took their knives and they scraped all of the hair off of it until it was all clean. Then they washed and rinsed it off a little bit. They had two poles fixed up with a crossbar on it, and they hung this hog up by its hind feet. They split it from in between the hind legs clear down across the stomach into the throat of the head of the pig.

Grandpa began taking all of those intestines, the liver and the heart, and everything out, and I said to him, "Grandpa, what are you going to do with all of that that you're taking out of that pig?"

He says, "Why, Ruthie, they make candy out of this." And I thought "Make candy out of it! I don't want no more candy." And it was a long time before I'd even eat any candy!

MY PONIES

Bess was the name of the pony that the children all learned to ride on. One winter there, it was cold, and we had that big log barn there on the ranch, and he left the door open, Leonard did, and let the horses to get in so they could feed, get their hay in the mangers. And they got to fighting and she was kicking at the other horses, I guess, and kicked her leg through the barn and the side of the wall, and broke her leg all to pieces and he had to take a gun and take her out and shoot her, he had to kill her. And that was the pony the children all learned to ride on.

I always had a nice saddle pony. I had one black mare that I used to ride. And I had my side saddle and my little hat and my jacket, and I had a long riding skirt with a side saddle. They had those long black riding skirts. I used to ride that pony so much. If she'd get out in the pasture with the horses, she'd just run and run. Dad would have trouble getting his horses all back to the barn to get 'em in the corral to get 'em to work in the field with. And one time, she started running, and the other horses after, and she fell, one leg in a badger hole, and broke her leg, and Dad had to kill her, too. So that was two nice saddle ponies, one before I was married, and one after, that we had to kill from getting their legs broke.



APRIL FOOL'S DAY

We had only about six months of school out there on the Clarkston Flats. School would be out the first of April instead of the first of May. If Grandma had to have any help, she always wanted me. So I'd go over. I could peel potatoes and set the table, and I got so that I could make pies. Momma taught me how, and I could help Grandma pretty good... I used to go over and help Grandma, after I got big enough, when they were cooking for sheep shearers.

One time, there was a fellow in Asotin, his name was Guy... He was working for Grandpa. I was about thirteen, fourteen years old. The men were eating dinner that night, and they said, "Do you know it's getting almost the first of April? We better watch out or this little cook will do something to fool us on April Fool's Day." And Guy said, "Well, she'll never fool me." He was about eighteen years old. He says, "Nobody's never pulled nothing on me on April Fool's Day."

Well, Dad came over to the house there, cause they didn't live too far. He said, "Ruth, it's almost April Fool's Day, why don't you get Grandma to let you make some jelly tarts and fool the men with them—put some cotton in them." So we told Grandma and she thought it'd be fun for me to do that. There was about five or six men working there. Momma had taught

me how to make pie crusts, and so I made jelly tarts [out of pie crust]—I put two little crusts together with ... [cotton in between and] jelly in the top [one covering up the cotton]. I made about three dozen of them....

Well, Guy wasn't there at dinner time—[he was out in the field]. Grandma's brother, Uncle Johnnie Jones... was the first one through eating and he's the first one that took a bite. And when he did, that cotton began to pull out and I was just laughing—I got the biggest kick out of that. He pulled that cotton out and he ate [that cookie] anyway!

So then they said, "Now tonight, now listen, don't you say nothing, and we'll all of us eat real slow and just get to talking. We're going to see if we can fool Guy." So [at supper] they all set there and ate. When they seen Guy was full, well, they says, "Well, I guess we better have some tarts." I put the same plate on and they passed 'em around and he took one. He just had to sit there, you know, for a little bit, so Guy took the first bite. And the guys said, "I thought you said the cute little cook couldn't fool you, that nobody ever had." He said, "Well, that's the first time anybody's ever fooled me on April Fool's Day." And they sure did kid him.



COOKING ON THE RANCH

Before I was married my father had a thrashing machine. He and Billy Grimm together. Ocia Grimm helped me cook one year in the cookhouse for the men during harvest. I cooked four or five years altogether at the cookhouse. I started in when I was about fifteen, and I was twenty years old when I was married. We made all kinds of food. We had to get up every morning and have breakfast right at six o'clock. I made hot biscuits every morning. We had ham or bacon, we'd have fried eggs and always hash brown potatoes and coffee. Maybe cookies or something like that to serve with it. Then we'd have roast beef, all kinds of meats or all kinds of vegetables, and things for dinner. At that time, then, in the evening—we called it supper, instead of [like] now when people have their meals, lunch at noon and dinner in the evening—we had all the way from ten to twelve men to cook for. We had no refrigeration whatever and no way of keeping meat. My father went to town nearly every day to get fresh meat and to get fresh vegetables and things. Only in the wintertime when it was weather could you hang it up and freeze it. We never had no freezers, no refrigeration, or anything. And we had no electricity, nothing like that out on the ranches.

During wheat-harvesting time, a horse-drawn cook wagon was used in the fields, which were too far away from the house for the men to return for meals. The wagon was parked in a field and Ruth and her neighbor friend Ocia Grimm would fix the day's meals in it. When one field was cut, they moved the wagon to the next field. Having no refrigeration, Ruth's father would go in a horse-drawn buggy to a slaughterhouse near the Snake River every day for fresh meat and vegetables, and barrels of water too. There were no cars yet, no electricity; they cooked on a wood stove and used a kerosene lantern for light in the evening. Ruth and Ocia would sleep nights in one end of the cook wagon. The men camped out by the thresher in their bedrolls, and Ruth recalled singing songs in the evening led by her father, who had a nice baritone voice, or listening to the harmonica of one of the crew members.

As children, Ruth, at age 7, and Leonard at age 14, attended the same one-room schoolhouse when it opened in 1894. Ruth went to school for not more than six months each year. In the winters, her father rented a home for the family in Asotin, where she attended a school that had several rooms. The school went to the tenth grade. They returned to the ranch in the spring and Ruth would return to the chores that awaited her during lambing season and throughout the summer.





Ruth, right, with Ocia Grimm, a neighbor, at the cookwagon, 1906.

DISOBEYING MOMMA

When I was fifteen or so, I always liked to go to the dances in Asotin. They had a big hall and good music. You did not have to have a date. Anyone could go. I sometimes went with my aunt and uncle and my cousins.

One Saturday when I wanted to go, Momma told me I could if I did all my work. She gave me a lot to do, but I got it all done. I worked hard all day and when I finished, then she said I couldn't go. Well, that made me real mad, so I just packed my good clothes in a bag, saddled my horse, and rode down the canyon to my Aunt Lizzie's. I changed there and went to the dance with my cousins. When Momma found out, she was real mad at me, but it was not right for her to treat me that way after I had worked so hard.

Though “Disobeying Momma” is not part of the recorded interviews, I’ve included it as a first-person account from my own keen recollection of hearing Grandma Ruth tell it many, many times—clearly an important story to her. The summer she was 15 would have been 1903, the year of a notorious murder by a local rancher of Mabel Richards, a 12-year-old girl. I have often speculated that perhaps her mother was more worried about Ruth riding alone down the canyon than she could admit.

As the eldest child, Ruth was given many responsibilities besides cooking, including helping to raise her younger brothers and sisters. She enjoyed embroidering and crocheting, which were considered leisure activities for women at the time. Ruth made doilies to protect the furniture, and embroidered bleached flour sacks to make pillowcases. But she especially enjoyed the social events:

gatherings at homes, dances at the schoolhouse, and basket socials. These events provided opportunities to visit with neighbors—and for young people to get better acquainted.

Grandma explained that at a basket social each unmarried girl would decorate a basket and fill it with a picnic supper. The baskets were not identified by name; the single men got to bid on a basket and then eat supper with the girl who prepared the basket he purchased. Ruth said she had fun with the other girls guessing who would bid on each basket.

From the days of their youth, the Haworth and Jones families knew each other and were friendly. Leonard remembered a social visit he made as a young boy with his family to the W.D. Jones

MARRIED BY A PRISON MINISTER

Mr. Haworth—Leonard—and I was married November the twenty-seventh in 1907. Reverend John LeCornu at that time was the minister, the chaplain, of the Walla Walla Penitentiary. Years before, when I was a little girl, he was the minister of the Methodist Church in Asotin. And he and his wife and their two twin daughters, Grace and Gertrude, used to be awful good friends of my folks and used to come out to the ranch. So when Leonard and I was married we found out that he was the chaplain at the Walla Walla Penitentiary. And Mrs. LeCornu and one of the twins, Gertrude, had passed away, but Grace was still keeping house and staying with her father. So he was the minister that married us. They used to kid me and ask me what I did that the chaplain at the Walla Walla penitentiary married us. But he was just a real good old friend. The family all thought the world of him.

home where he held baby Ruth on his lap. As school-age children, he and Ruth also attended the same area school for farm families. We know little about their courtship, and Grandma never shared with me the nature of Leonard's proposal. However—Leonard told his youngest daughter, Wanda—his father told him after his arrival home he should marry Ruth Jones and settle down.

A clipping from an unidentified local newspaper reporting on Ruth and Leonard's wedding reads, "Carrying a magnificent bouquet of fall lilies, the bride was exquisitely but simply dressed in an expensive gown of cream albatross... After the ceremony, a six-course wedding banquet was served the feature of which was a delicious wedding cake made after an ancient receipt [recipe] which is one of the heirlooms of the Jones family, having been bequeathed from generation to generation since the eighteenth century. At the celebration of each wedding of the daughters of this family the wedding cake is baked to consecrate the marriage vows." The report goes on to mention the gifts that followed: Haviland china from the bride's parents, cut glass pieces, and a pearl necklace from the groom to the bride.

WEDDING GIFTS

Well, let's see, I got a set of berry dishes and sauce dishes, and I got some towels. There wasn't only about 25 or 30, counting children and all, at my wedding.... When we got married and went out on the ranch, I had towels and some sheets and pillowcases and I didn't get but very few dishes. Aunt Carrie and Uncle Bill Smith gave me a dish or two and then there was Mr. and Mrs. Richards, they gave me something, and then of course Mom and Dad gave me a few dishes to bring home with me. And Ella and Mae Foredyce, they both gave me, I believe, some towels or pillowcases.



Ruth and Leonard Haworth on their wedding day, November 27, 1907.



Spencer Allen and Elizabeth Haworth

About Leonard's Parents

Spencer Allen and Elizabeth Haworth came west in 1875 to Willows, California by mail and passenger stages. In 1877 they traveled by covered wagon to Waitsburg, Washington. In 1878 they settled in Columbia Center (now Garfield County). Leonard, their second son, was born soon after.

There was no town in the area at the time. The nearest town was Lewiston, Idaho, a ferry ride across the Snake River. Spencer Allen filed a land entry claim in the summer of 1881, and over the years acquired more land, eventually owning about 600 acres of wheat and ranch land. In addition to farming wheat, he raised and sold horses to the U.S. Cavalry. He was an accomplished carpenter and passed on his building skills to his sons, skills which served the community well over the years.



As Quakers, Spencer Allen and Elizabeth valued education, and in 1896 sent Leonard to the Lewiston Normal School (established for educating teachers for rural one-room schools). Leonard spent a time there but later decided to go to Spokane and work instead as a cabinetmaker. He had been there about eight years when Spencer Allen called him home, at age 27, to take over the ranch so his parents could retire and move into Clarkston. Leonard was an obedient son and returned home.

After their sons were both married and settled in with raising their own families, on the homestead and in a second house in McGuire Gulch, Spencer Allen and Elizabeth began to enjoy their retirement, including traveling to visit friends and family members. Spencer Allen lived until 1913, and Elizabeth lived seventeen more years, until 1930.



Spencer Allen with sons Leonard (left) and Arthur.

Though now all that remains of the homestead is the old cellar and sleeping rooms above it, the achievement it represented lives on through documents, photographs, and oral history that have been preserved or passed down through the family. We know from photocopied documents that the original homestead was 160 acres, and that, in 1882, Spencer Allen built his ranch—house, barn, stable, granary, chicken house, cellar, fruit trees, and 560 rods of fencing posts—for \$970, the equivalent of about \$22,000 in today's dollars. His family moved in in November, 1882. Through examination of other documents, both original and photocopied, held by my cousin Charles Williams, we learn further that two years later, in December, 1889, Spencer Allen purchased 160 acres for \$586.^{††} In December, 1891 he purchased another 160 acres for \$500. They built the place steadily, and then sold the accumulated properties to their sons in 1910 for \$2,000—essentially what they had put into it.





Grandma Ruth generally had a cheerful disposition and rarely spoke critically of others. She loved people and always looked for something to like about everyone she met. On occasion, though, she allowed some other sensibility to override that good habit.

The story on the following spread is one Grandma Ruth told me several times. Even after so many years, it was with strong emotion she still remembered the incidents that occurred in her family at the time of her brother Lloyd's death. I do not know all of the circumstances surrounding these events, and this book only considers Ruth's perspective. To give some context: in our family, Spencer Allen and Elizabeth Haworth are remembered as religious, quiet, kind, hardworking people.

From what little we know, Ruth patiently waited for her in-laws to keep the promise they had made to her and Leonard before their marriage in 1907: that they would retire and move into Clarkston and leave the ranch house and the farming to the sons and their wives.

Earlier stories reveal how Ruth loved her family and was devoted to them, yet nonetheless held a strong value in fairness: when her mother went back on her promise—to let Ruth attend a dance in Asotin on the condition she complete her chores—Ruth, with uncharacteristic defiance, went anyway. Ruth was a dutiful daughter, but her sense of being unfairly treated emboldened her instead to follow her own inner sense of what was fair. Although Grandma told me her mother was very mad at her for disobeying, she never expressed to me any regret about what she had done.

Perhaps Ruth only spoke up to Leonard at the time of Lloyd's death because her inner sense of what seemed a fair agreement had been breached. Lloyd's death was a turning point. Eventually, Spencer Allen and Elizabeth departed from the Haworth ranch house, leaving Leonard and Ruth on their own with their growing family.





THE PROMISE

Leonard's dad and mother promised him that when we got married they would get an apartment and move out and turn the house over to us, because Leonard and Arthur was going to do the farming on the ranch. Well, we came home right after—on Sunday, after we was married on Wednesday—and they stayed there until just after Thanksgiving was over. They stayed until just a week before Christmas. Then that's about when Leonard's father took off and went down to Florida to that religious group where his mother and brother and sister was. Then when he came back, it was in March.

Well, they just stayed, and they stayed, and they stayed there on the ranch.

Well, along in September, 1908, when Mark was born, why, my mother came up to be with me. [She came for about two weeks for each of my eight babies.] Momma did all of the cooking and everything, and Leonard's mother, she just kind of—and Leonard's dad, they went back and kind of set in the front room—and she didn't get up and help do anything.

LITTLE BROTHER LLOYD

[Right after]—Momma hadn't been gone home only about two weeks—my little brother Lloyd died with appendicitis. He had had appendicitis before and they got it checked. And this time he got it, it just started so bad

with inflammation that gangrene set in, and before they could get him operated on, it'd gone too far. They took him into Walla Walla—Ferndale wasn't too far from Walla Walla—and they took him into the hospital and he died.

Well, Uncle Will come down to see me—Momma had a phone, but we didn't—and he told me about Lloyd dying, and that the folks would be up the next day on the early morning train. They brought him up and buried him here in the Clarkston cemetery where the folks had a lot. I had a little [baby] sister that was buried there....

PUTTING MY FOOT DOWN

Leonard and I got up that morning and came down early... [to Clarkston] with a buggy, because we had Mark. Leonard's father, he came down in the hack, but Leonard's mother didn't come. Leonard's father took the back seat now off of the hack so that he wouldn't have to take Mom and Dad out there.

And so when we got ready to go home, Momma and Dad was just sick, because they thought we had the hack and they'd go with us. They wanted to stay with me one night, Uncle Will and Aunt Margaret one night, and then Aunt Lizzie, his sister in Asotin, one night. Then they would have to get back home [to Ferndale] because the other children were all down there.... So I said to Leonard, "Can't your father take 'em up?" Well, there was only that one seat on the car now, and he said they can't go out there because his mother said she couldn't cook for 'em.

I said "Listen here." I said, "I've been doing cooking since I got up with Mark when he was a baby—he was two weeks old." And I said, "My mother knows how to cook." Then I told Momma, "Some way, somebody will be after you and Dad in the morning."

We went out home and Leonard still wasn't going to go after 'em. I said, "Now listen here, I'm going to tell you something right now. If my dad and mother isn't welcome to come out here and stay one night with me now, and I haven't seen 'em for almost a year... ." I said, "Your mother don't have to bother nothing about the cooking. My mother and I'll do the cooking. If you don't [go get them], I'll pack my suitcase and I'll go back home with 'em and you'll never see me or this baby again." And I meant it, Sue, if he was going to not allow my folks to come and see me at a time like that.

Well, he went after 'em and brought 'em out.

ON OUR OWN

I told Leonard, I said, "Leonard, I'm going to tell you something. Now," I said, "you told me before we was married that when we got married, Arthur and Alice [Leonard's brother and his wife] was going to live in the little house down below us, just below the barn, and you were going to farm together. You said your father and mother, as soon as we got married, they were going to move out. Now," I said, "the way your mother's acted and

the way you done about my dad and mother coming out when they brought my little brother up here and buried him, and your mother wasn't going to let 'em come out here—the time has come, right now. You tell your dad and mother that they promised to move out and give us the house to ourselves." I said "What they want to sell in furniture that they don't want to move out of here," I said, "you buy it. With what my mother give me in dishes and things like that," I said, "then we'll have plenty."

So his parents rented a little house here in Clarkston. They took one double bed and dresser and dishes enough for them. And then Leonard paid 'em around three-hundred dollars for the rest of the stuff they left in the house. They didn't even have a carpet on their front room floor. At that time, Sue, you could hardly get a carpet. Everything was china matting. And you couldn't get no linoleum those days. People were mopping just plain board floors in their kitchen.

And so I never lived with 'em after that. She finally went and stayed with her daughter up in Canada for quite a while. Leonard's father was out there with us for I guess a month or six weeks and then he went out. He got sick, and they thought he had cancer, but he didn't. They took him down below Portland there, Cottage Grove I think it was, and went down to Lillian's place—that's Leonard's sister. They put him in the hospital and he died down there.

My mother, Wanda E. Haworth Desilet, wrote in her family autobiography about her memory of the Haworth ranch where she and all of her brothers and sisters were born, a home tucked among the undulating wheat fields where the Leonard Haworth family created many happy memories. This detailed description is adapted from her writing:

Tall popular trees marked the edge of the ranch house. The ranch was 640 acres of wheat land. It had a large granary, a chicken and turkey house, a bunkhouse for four hired men, a small tool shed, and a garage. Leonard's workshop was near the garage. Behind the ranch house was a large vegetable garden, a huge shed for the harvesting equipment, the barn for a few cows, and the corral for the horses. There was a second, small house Leonard built for his mother and which sat right behind the main house, and another smaller, but still nice-sized ranch house further down the gulch that Leonard's brother and his wife used.

A cellar was dug back into a hill behind the house. Leonard framed in the ceiling and the sides, so it would be a cleaner and cooler place to store food. He also created one room in the cellar for Ruth's fruit, cream, and butter.

The kitchen was large and spacious, and had a large iron black wood stove. As you entered, there was a large cream separator anchored to the floor. There was a row of cupboards with a worktable underneath, and a small sink and drain board with cold running water from the well. A large table with an oilcloth

over it, along with a few straight back chairs and two benches, occupied the middle of the kitchen. A window near the table looked out on a large lilac bush that bloomed in the spring.

The parlor was a sunny room with windows looking out to the front yard. It was used only on special occasions. There was a bright-colored carpet in the center of the floor, a black-tufted couch, rocking chairs, a piano, and an oak library table with a colored velvet runner. On the bottom shelf of the library table, rested *The Volume Library*: an encyclopedia of maps, history, literature, science, and math. All of Ruth's children learned to read from its section for elementary readers.

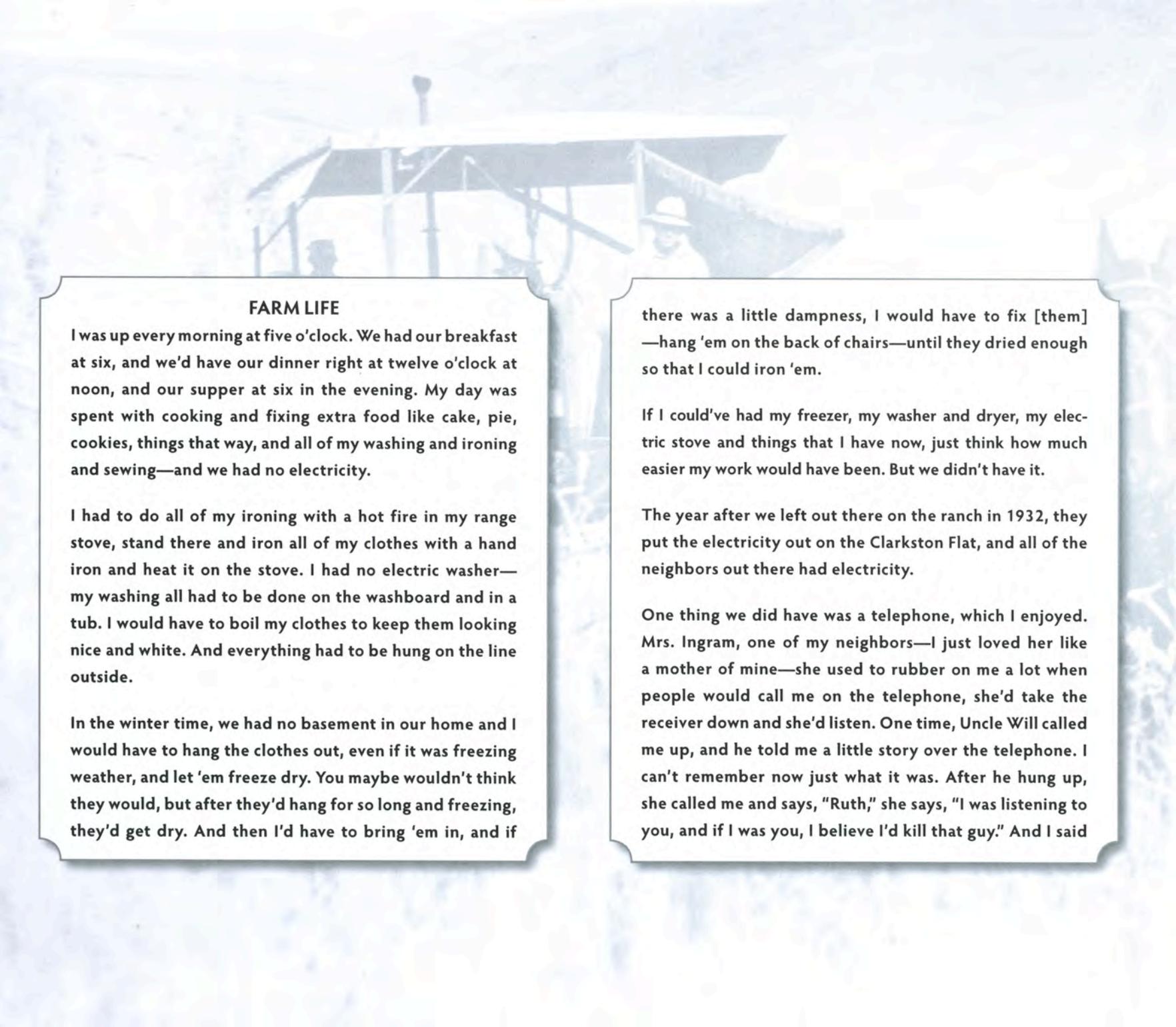
The dining room held a large dining room table and several matching chairs, a china cabinet, and the sewing machine. In the center of one wall was a black coal-heating stove. An open grate in the ceiling let heat escape to the upper floor, warming four upstairs bedrooms.

Ruth and Leonard slept downstairs. Behind the main house, there was a long wooden boardwalk that led to the outhouse. In very cold weather, they used chamber pots that were stored under the beds.

After supper, they relaxed at the huge oak dining table. They popped corn and ate apples from the cellar, and enjoyed playing card games, such as Pinochle and Flinch, by the light from a coal oil lamp.⁶



View of the Haworth barn with some of the farm animals.



FARM LIFE

I was up every morning at five o'clock. We had our breakfast at six, and we'd have our dinner right at twelve o'clock at noon, and our supper at six in the evening. My day was spent with cooking and fixing extra food like cake, pie, cookies, things that way, and all of my washing and ironing and sewing—and we had no electricity.

I had to do all of my ironing with a hot fire in my range stove, stand there and iron all of my clothes with a hand iron and heat it on the stove. I had no electric washer—my washing all had to be done on the washboard and in a tub. I would have to boil my clothes to keep them looking nice and white. And everything had to be hung on the line outside.

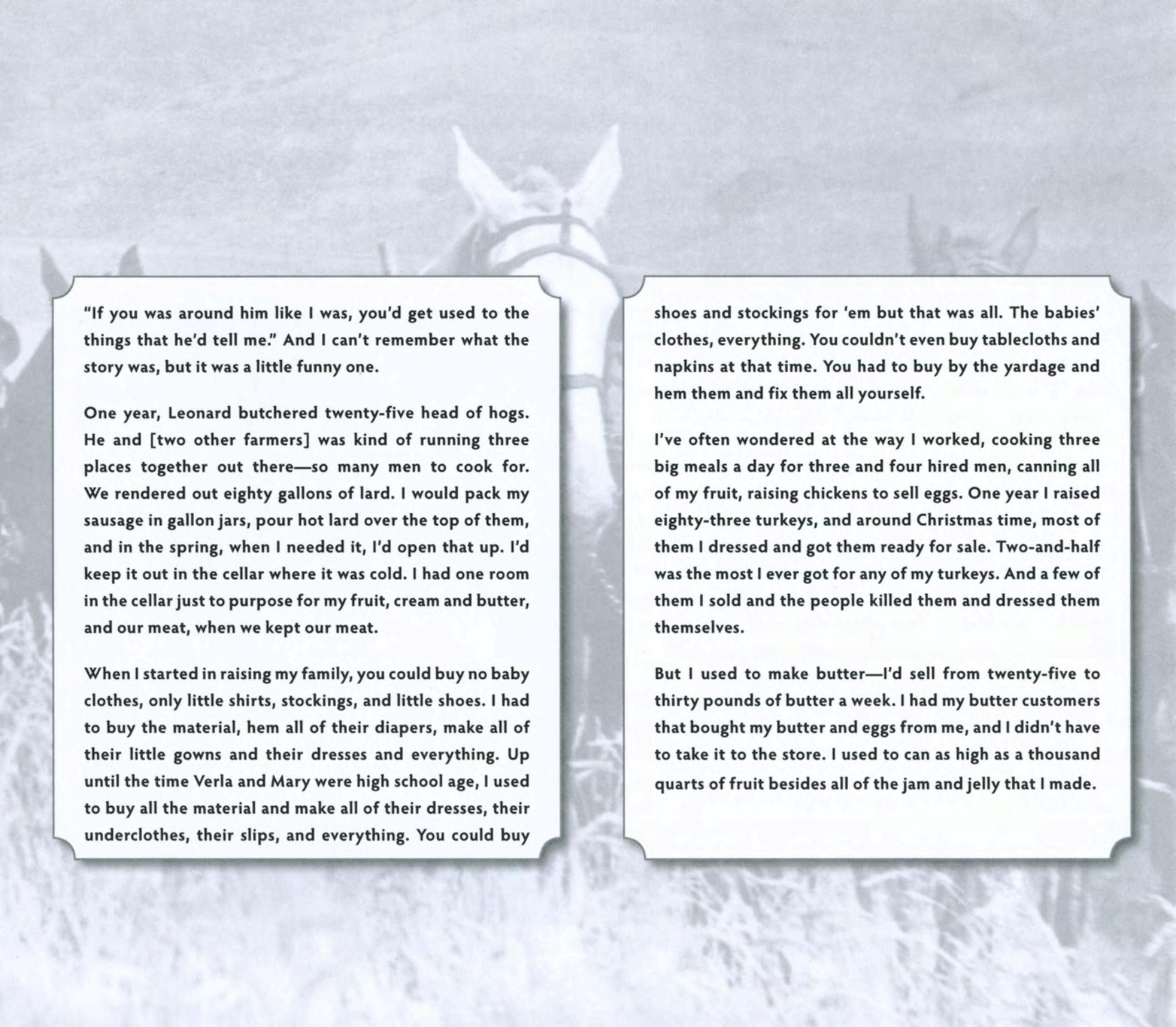
In the winter time, we had no basement in our home and I would have to hang the clothes out, even if it was freezing weather, and let 'em freeze dry. You maybe wouldn't think they would, but after they'd hang for so long and freezing, they'd get dry. And then I'd have to bring 'em in, and if

there was a little dampness, I would have to fix [them]—hang 'em on the back of chairs—until they dried enough so that I could iron 'em.

If I could've had my freezer, my washer and dryer, my electric stove and things that I have now, just think how much easier my work would have been. But we didn't have it.

The year after we left out there on the ranch in 1932, they put the electricity out on the Clarkston Flat, and all of the neighbors out there had electricity.

One thing we did have was a telephone, which I enjoyed. Mrs. Ingram, one of my neighbors—I just loved her like a mother of mine—she used to rubber on me a lot when people would call me on the telephone, she'd take the receiver down and she'd listen. One time, Uncle Will called me up, and he told me a little story over the telephone. I can't remember now just what it was. After he hung up, she called me and says, "Ruth," she says, "I was listening to you, and if I was you, I believe I'd kill that guy." And I said

A person is riding a horse in a field. The horse is white and has a dark halter. The rider is wearing a light-colored shirt and dark pants. The background is a grassy field with some trees in the distance.

"If you was around him like I was, you'd get used to the things that he'd tell me." And I can't remember what the story was, but it was a little funny one.

One year, Leonard butchered twenty-five head of hogs. He and [two other farmers] was kind of running three places together out there—so many men to cook for. We rendered out eighty gallons of lard. I would pack my sausage in gallon jars, pour hot lard over the top of them, and in the spring, when I needed it, I'd open that up. I'd keep it out in the cellar where it was cold. I had one room in the cellar just to purpose for my fruit, cream and butter, and our meat, when we kept our meat.

When I started in raising my family, you could buy no baby clothes, only little shirts, stockings, and little shoes. I had to buy the material, hem all of their diapers, make all of their little gowns and their dresses and everything. Up until the time Verla and Mary were high school age, I used to buy all the material and make all of their dresses, their underclothes, their slippers, and everything. You could buy

shoes and stockings for 'em but that was all. The babies' clothes, everything. You couldn't even buy tablecloths and napkins at that time. You had to buy by the yardage and hem them and fix them all yourself.

I've often wondered at the way I worked, cooking three big meals a day for three and four hired men, canning all of my fruit, raising chickens to sell eggs. One year I raised eighty-three turkeys, and around Christmas time, most of them I dressed and got them ready for sale. Two-and-half was the most I ever got for any of my turkeys. And a few of them I sold and the people killed them and dressed them themselves.

But I used to make butter—I'd sell from twenty-five to thirty pounds of butter a week. I had my butter customers that bought my butter and eggs from me, and I didn't have to take it to the store. I used to can as high as a thousand quarts of fruit besides all of the jam and jelly that I made.

The eldest of eleven children and the mother of eight, Ruth was an accomplished cook from her teen years throughout her life. She cooked mostly without recipes, knowing many of them by memory and knowing measurements by feel. My mother, Wanda E. Haworth Desilet, wrote about Ruth's cooking in her essay, *A Lost Culinary Art: The Cooking Style of Ruth A. Haworth*:

[Ruth's] cooking style earned her the title "the best cook in the county," and her expertise was in continual demand from family and friends for important celebratory dinners. After moving into the town of Clarkston in the early 1930s, her home was similarly "marked" as the place to find a generous meal by men "riding the rails" seeking work during the Depression.

She would complement a limited menu with added condiments she canned. Enjoyed the year around were her tomato relish, spiced cling peaches, pickled watermelon rind, apricot-orange marmalade, dill and bread-and-butter pickles, and her red-and-green-tinted pears and cranberry-orange relish at holiday time. The fruits and vegetables she canned were carefully chosen from select growers, and she took pride in the rows of sealed jars in her cellar, bestowing them freely to family and friends.

Her assorted baked items were also an enticement to her table. After years of baking, her recipes were in her head. Only the aroma surpassed the resulting loaves of white and graham flour bread as they baked. Especially in demand were her biscuits, doughnuts, and peach cobbler. But it was her maple bars that turned her grandchildren into ardent devotees of her culinary talents.⁷

Not only did farm women of Grandma's generation know by heart lots of recipes, they cared for large families, fed work crews, grew vegetable gardens, raised chickens and turkeys, and made their

own butter and cream, selling the extra in town. Although we do not have any photographs of Grandma's hands in dough, her laundry on the clothes line, or the rows of fruit and other delectables lined up in her cellar, we know Grandma and other farm women like her contributed significantly to the microeconomics of their farms.⁸



Ruth, age 19.



The cook wagon. Leonard, far left on the bench, and Arthur, far right, with their crew. Alice, Arthur's wife, is with the colt.

When Leonard took over the ranch, he only kept necessary riding and working horses. It was exciting for the young children to watch the horses being hooked up to the threshing machine. They could watch the harvesting of a small field behind the ranch house. The horses would plant their hooves firmly, their shoulders pushing against the large leather horse collars, straining to get the machine rolling. Once it started, they worked together and kept it going. Sometimes as many as sixteen horses were harnessed, working four abreast. Leonard used his good horse-sense to ensure his horses were well matched to work in the harnesses together. Brought in at night, they were freed from their harnesses and allowed to settle into their stalls. Leonard and Ruth's two older sons would pitch huge amounts of hay from the loft down to the horses to feed.⁹





In the summer, the family enjoyed picnics at Asotin Creek. Ruth would get up early in the morning to “fry some chickens” or make sandwiches or rolls, and maybe a cake. They owned a Paige automobile, and when the food was ready they all rushed to the car. They drove down to the cool, shady shoreline of Asotin Creek, spread out their picnic under the trees, and enjoyed the midday meal while the children played.

In the winter, there wasn't as much farm work, so there was time for more parties. Ruth recalled one time when they had invited some neighbors over for a nice supper. When it was time for everyone to go home, a heavy snowfall began. It was impossible to travel in it, so it was decided everyone would stay over night and wait for morning.

She told me, “We just made the best of it.” Someone played the piano and another his fiddle, and dancing commenced and the fun continued. About two o'clock they were all hungry again, but all the food was gone. So they went out to the chicken house, killed some chickens, cleaned them, and packed them in the snow to cool them down before cooking. Then they fried up pans of chicken, and Ruth made biscuits and chicken gravy. It was almost daylight before anyone got to bed.







Young Haworths with classmates in front of the school. Left to right: Anita Hirzel, Spencer Haworth, Mark Haworth, Willa Coplen (teacher), Verla Haworth (partially hidden), Martin Smith (in hat), Ruby Hirzel, Mary Haworth, and Genevieve Grimm.

As my mother explained in her family autobiography, in the early years, school was held in private homes. Around 1914, Leonard and three other neighbors built a new schoolhouse that survives today, at the junction of McGuire Gulch Road and Peola Road. Known as the Jones School, it cost \$2,500 to build and was about 50 by 40 feet with a porch on the northeast end. The school was built about the time Ruth and Leonard's oldest son, Mark, started school. Leonard served on the school board for many years.

There was not a teacher's cottage so, early on, teachers boarded at the Haworth ranch and other nearby farms. In later years, the teacher would drive back and forth from town each day. Many students rode horses to school.

My mother fondly related in her writings that the schoolroom was large with various sized desks to accommodate all eight grades. At one end was a raised stage, at the other a well-stocked library. There were windows along one side, and along the other side a cloakroom, book room, and a small kitchen lunchroom. A furnace, located in a partial basement and stoked by the older boys, heated the school. One large grate let heat into the room, and in extremely cold weather the children moved their desks in a circle around it to keep warm. Drinking water was in the yard and hand-pumped from a cistern to the right of the porch.

The schoolhouse was used for parties year round, and there was always one in winter. A neighbor with an apple orchard in the Clarkston Heights was known for the best cider. When it was ready, he would take several kegs to the school and pack them in the snow to get cold. Ruth always made doughnuts to go with his cider. The families played cards and other games, and children sometimes recited little pieces they had learned in school. There

was a piano used for sing-alongs. The farms were not close enough for frequent visits, so these parties gave everyone a chance to get together and enjoy each other's company.

At Christmas, children would prepare skits, recite poems, and sing songs. Afterwards, refreshments would be served. The mothers would work hard to prepare, sewing gift stockings to be filled with oranges, walnuts, and hard candy. A huge tree was cut and trimmed with ornaments made by the children, chains of colored paper, popcorn threaded on string, and stars and bells cut from cardboard and covered with tin foil.¹⁰



Jones School, hand built by Leonard and three neighbors.

MY WORD OF HONOR

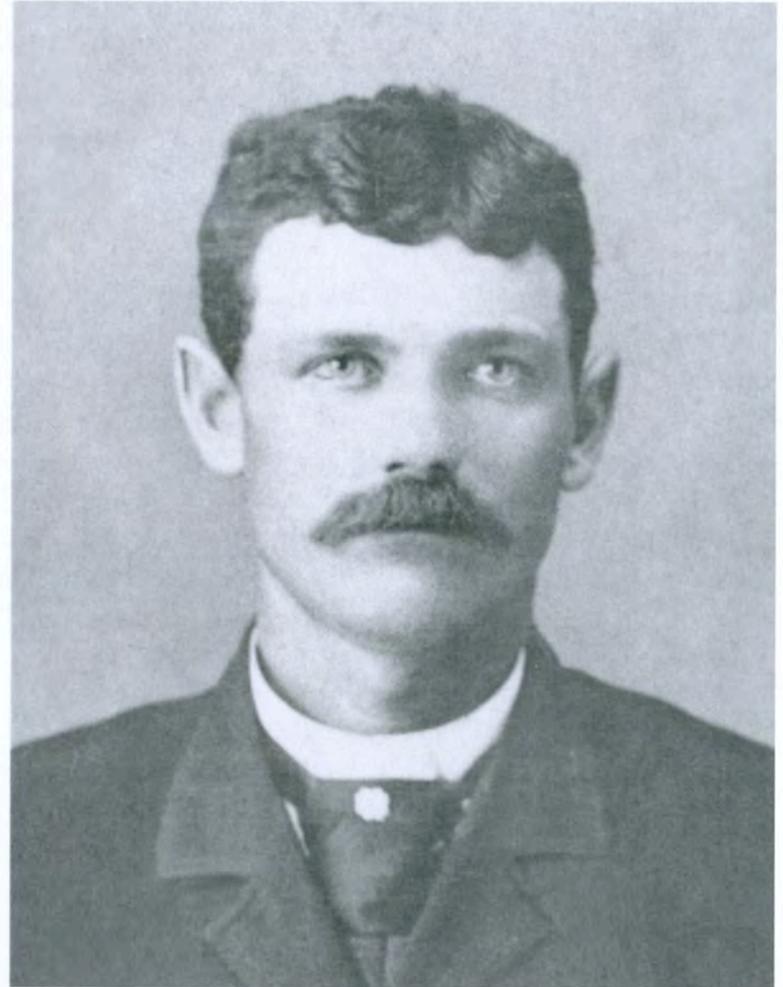
Leonard and I started going to dances when the (oldest) kids was about 16 years old. My dad, Momma told me, she says, "Ruth," she says, "your dad is just worrying himself sick, afraid that you're going to start in drinking and doing like a lot of other women are doing." And I said, "Momma," I said, "he don't need to worry because I'll give him my word, I'll never, never touch it." So one day he come to our place, and I went over, he was sitting in the chair, and I put my arm around his neck and his shoulder, and I tipped his chin up and I looked him right in the eye and I said, "Dad," I said, "I'll give you my word of honor that I'll never, never drink or smoke."

I was talking with someone the other day; they thought it was wonderful that I stayed with my promise. I said I wished my dad was living so he could know that I had stayed with my promise I made him about fifty years ago.

When I was a girl and young woman, Grandma Ruth, following the telling of this story, would often remain silent and look expectantly at me. I never promised my grandmother I would not drink or smoke. I respected her too much to make a promise to her I was not sure I would keep. When I failed to offer a similar promise to her like the one she made to her father so many years ago, it is the only time I ever saw a hint of disappointment in her soft blue eyes.

Prohibition, the national law forbidding the sale and consumption of alcohol, began in 1920, when Ruth was in her thirties. People found a way, though, and one of Leonard's friends who lived in Clarkston would come out regularly to the ranch to make beer because it was safer than brewing it in town. Although Leonard

and Ruth did not keep alcohol in their home, Leonard did not refuse his friend's request to help him brew beer, a beverage served on the Fourth of July or for picnics. They bottled it and stored it in crates in the shade under a boardwalk that had been built at the back of the ranch. No one ever drank very much, though Leonard's devout mother reportedly became quite upset when she learned Leonard was making beer.¹¹



Ruth's father, John W. Jones.



Ruth standing next the 1928 Paige, ready to go to town. Leonard is seated inside at the wheel.

THE HAIRCUT

When women first began cutting their hair off, why they just thought they were just terrible, just like it was when women began to ride astride—they wasn't worth anything or they wouldn't be doing that. And Uncle Will said to me, "Ruth, if you ever cut that beautiful hair of yours off, he says, I'll never speak to you again." Well, I just had two just wonderful lady friends out there on the ranch. Ruby Hirschel went to town and her hair was a little curly, and she had her hair cut and it just looked like she'd had a permanent when the beauty operator done her hair. Well, then, Netta Alboucq, the other one, a wonderful friend, she went to town and had her hair cut.

Well, everybody was just cutting their hair, and I did have nice hair, and there was a little bit of curl to it. And I thought I don't want to be the only one wearing long hair. Leonard said, "You'd better not cut your hair off now, you've got pretty hair and you just let it long." Well one day he was gone to town so while he was gone I shampooed my hair and I took the scissors! And I cut it straight back from here and there. Verla took the scissors and finished it across the back. So I went and shampooed my hair and put some curlers in and fixed it all up and put a hair net on it. And Mrs. Alboucq was there when Leonard came home. He was standing a little ways off from me with a hammer, going to do something. She said, "Well Leonard, don't be hard on the old lady because she cut her hair off." He hadn't noticed it. Oh, he was mad. He wouldn't talk to me for about three days.

So he was getting ready to go to town and I said, "I know you're mad at me but if I ride in the back seat can I go to town with you?" Well we kind of laughed and he kind of got over it.







*Ruth and Leonard Haworth's 50th wedding anniversary portrait in 1957.
They are surrounded by their eight children with spouses, grandchildren, and one great-granddaughter.*

Things Change

It was one year after Abraham Lincoln became President, in May 1862, that Thomas Ruark and his brother decided to move their families west. The Ruarks and their children and 18 other families, each with their own oxen teams, began their five-month journey to the Oregon Territory. The oldest of the Ruark boys was only eight years old; the youngest child, a two-year-old daughter, started the trip on her mother's lap. Their mother, Mary A. Messenger Ruark, was a descendant of Richard Warren, passenger on the Pilgrim ship *Mayflower*. They journeyed from Iowa to the Pacific Coast along the Oregon Trail, following the popular guidebook, *Palmer's Journal of Travels Over the Rocky Mountains, 1845-1846*. (One of the Ruark daughters later married Palmer's grandson.) To this day, descendants of the Ruarks continue to farm portions of the original homestead near Pomeroy, Washington.

When the pioneers arrived onto the Clarkston Flats there were no houses, wells, cars, telephones, or plowed fields. They used ingenuity, shared what they learned, and helped each other to settle their families and make a living from the raw land.¹²

Washington wheat prices averaged more than a dollar per bushel every year from 1924 through 1929. But with a bumper wheat crop in 1931, the price fell to 37 cents that year and 38 cents in 1932.¹³ With the continuing national economic hard times and seven dry years from 1925 to 1932, many farmers pulled through by diversifying their livestock operations or expanding cow herds so they could sell cream and fortify livestock feed with the skim milk. For Ruth and Leonard, after seven long years of drought and not diversified enough, they owed the bank more than they could pay

back. In 1932 they forfeited the house, sold most of their possessions, moved into Clarkston, and found other work: they survived the Great Depression. They lived to celebrate 69 years of marriage, and enjoy many family reunions, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and several trips to California to visit their children, Ralph, Leo, and Wanda.

My grandmother, Ruth Aurelia Jones, lived through nearly a century of change. She lived eight more years beyond the death of her husband and died at the age of 98 in Clarkston, Washington. She is buried in the Haworth family plot in Vineland Cemetery next to Leonard.

In 1972, when I decided to accept a teaching position in Australia, Grandma asked me, "Why do you want to go so far away from home?" Nestled between the ridges that framed the valley she so loved—its seasonal beauty, its history, and its people, especially her own family—she could not see the sense of it. She often told her family she never had any desire to move from this valley and wondered about the wisdom of three of her eight children who dared to live elsewhere.

But things do "just change." I myself never lived in Clarkston, but because of her stories, home, for me too, will always be in the Lower Snake River Valley. I have embraced what she taught me: only make promises you know you can keep; look for the best in people; remember any job worth doing is worth doing well; believe in your own abilities; hold your family close, and create memories with them that will last and sustain the next generation.

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5. William F. Schillinger and Robert L. Papendick, *Then and Now: 125 Years of Dryland Wheat Farming in the Inland Pacific Northwest*, WSU Extension Manual EM004E. Article originally appeared in the Centennial Issue of *Agronomy Journal* 100 (Suppl): S166-S182 (2008).
6. See note 1.
7. Wanda E. Haworth Desilet, "A Lost Culinary Art: The Cooking Style of Ruth A. Haworth" in *Haworth 305th Reunion Cookbook*, ed. Susan Haworth (2005).
8. Gale Collins, "At a Time When Women Can Be Free, Finally, to Move on to Something More," *The New York Times Magazine* (January 27, 2003), pp. 42-43.
9. See note 1.
10. See note 1.
11. Martha Haworth Adams, as related to author.
12. See note 2.
13. USDA National Agricultural Statistical Service, Web. 8 Aug. 2013 <http://www.nass.usda.gov/Statistics_by_State/Washington/Historic_Data/#smallgrains> Wheat> (Prices>All 1910-2010).

CAPTIONS

Cover: *The Haworth cook wagon*. (See Page 29 in this section.)

Page i: *The Haworth homestead*. Spencer Allen Haworth with hack and team.

Pages ii-iii: *Swallows Nest*, a landmark cliff nestled along the Snake River and surrounded by Clarkston Heights, ca. early 1930s.

Pages iv-v: *The first Lewiston-Clarkston Bridge across the Snake River, built 1899*. Photograph ca. 1910.

Pages vi-vii: *Haworth ranch and workhorses near the barn*.

Page viii: *Ruth with her parents, John W. and Martha E. Jones, and younger siblings just prior to her marriage in 1907*. John Lloyd ("Little Brother Lloyd") is on the far left.

Page 3: *Detail, Swallows Nest* (See Pages ii-iii in this section.)

Pages 4-5 (and 26-27): *Haworth combine and horses at harvesting time*.

Page 9: *Detail, young Ruth's eyes.*

Pages 10–11: (*See Pages vi–vii in this section.*)

Pages 16–17: *Haworth ranch crew, planting wheat. Leonard is standing behind the white horse.*

Pages 18–19: *Haworth homestead before the barn was built. The ranch house is visible on the right behind the poplars.*

Pages 20–23: *Haworth homestead ranch house built in 1882 by Spencer Allen.*

Page 29: *The cook wagon. Leonard, far left on the bench, and Arthur, far right, with their crew. Alice, Arthur's wife, is with the colt.*

Pages 30–31: *Ruth and neighbor women atop the team-drawn combine at harvest time.*

Pages 32–33: *Ruth surrounded by family at Asotin Creek, a favorite picnic spot.*

Page 38–39: *Ruth and Leonard with their young family.*

Page 43: *A small card found in Ruth's Bible presented to her in 1900 by her grandfather Thomas Ruark.*

NOTES

†Clarkston was known as Jawbone Flat until it was incorporated in 1907. A document of the history of this area, *From Jawbone Flat to Clarkston* (reference no. ACL0067), is available from the Asotin County Library. Colloquially, the area is often referred to as “Clarkston Flats.”

††Photocopies of family homestead documents may be requested from the National Archives and Records Administration (NARA) in Washington, D.C., where microfilms are kept of original case entries documenting the transfer of public land to private ownership. The online publication *Research in the Land Entry Files of the General Land Office* (Record Group 49, compiled by Kenneth Hawkins) gives detailed instructions about how to make a request. The following Haworth homestead information will come in handy for anyone wanting to make such a request:

State: Washington

Land Office: Walla Walla, Washington

Type of Land Entry: Homestead

Entry man: Spencer Allen Haworth

Legal Description of Land: W 1/2 SE 1/4 SE 1/4 of Section 3 and SW 1/4 SW 1/4 of Section 2 in Township 10 North, Range 45 East of the Willamette Meridian containing 160 acres.

Application Number: 2140 (July 14, 1881)

Final Certificate Number: 1516 (September 29, 1887)

The author has a list of Spencer Allen Haworth's homestead papers from 1881–1887.





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