

Barton and Annie Jarvis History

1908 -

Barton O. Jarvis and Anna Schneider were married on September 5, 1908 at 11:00 a.m. in Colville, Washington at the City Hall. Bart wasn't yet 21 years old and so it was not legal at that time to marry, so Grampa Jarvis had a friend "stand in" for him. After the ceremony, they had to hurry to catch the train to Spokane at noon. Aunt Elsie was bridesmaid and went as far as Valley, where she had to be at work waiting table in the restaurant. In Spokane, Bart and Annie stayed at the Pedicord Hotel (just recently demolished.) Dad bought the silverware and they did some sight seeing on foot (Mom's first visit.) They returned to Valley the next day, as the silver took all their money.

In Valley there was an old house that Aunt Dora owned, near the river across from the cemetery. Mom & Dad stayed there and later stayed with Aunt Dora in her house still standing – John Collins had a really nice home at that time. Aunt Dora gave them a cow that they could milk and they were supposed to get up early to milk her so she'd run with the herd. Dad didn't get up as they had been "chivareed" the night before. Aunt Dora milked the cow and turned her out and Mom & Dad didn't get their cow or any milk. Mom & Dad found another furnished house at \$12.00 a month.

The Kulzer's friend had a mining claim and he hired Dad to go with him to do the assessment work west of Valley. Kulzers gave Dad a job to deliver groceries with mules until January, when business slowed up then he had to find another job. Mom went to stay with Aunt Elsie and Uncle Pete until March and slept on the davenport.

1909 –

Uncle Hersch gave Dad a job located at O'Brien Creek in Hersch's and Otto Miller's mill. Dad just did any job where needed – sometimes just piling lumber. Mom had to stay in Valley until spring, when Dad came and took her to Malo. At the mill there was a storage shed with an upstairs and Mom and Dad lived there and Mom cooked for the mill workers. Leslie worked there also.

O'Brien Creek was a swift creek. Dad helped make a mill pond to float logs. It was nice and warm that spring. Girls (Ethel and Florence) went for a dip. They would have drowned had it not been for Dad knowing how to swim. He saved Florence first, - then Ethel, who fought him, but he managed to get her out. They moved the mill to Malo in the spring, when Mom came up from Valley to Malo.

That fall, the work was slow, so Dad had to find another job. They moved to Republic, where a Schneider woman ran a rooming house and they had room and board there until the next spring.

1910 –

A middle-aged man (her boyfriend) got Dad a job at Ben Hur Mine sharpening steel. They found a house in "Old Town" across from the Kenney's – it was on the flat in back of old Meyer's house above the main highway. There were several houses in there – mostly miners. The James lived in there. Dad had night shift and the James used to take Mom with them to dances. Dad worked several years, then eventually ran the hoist.

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Turner started a laundry in Old Town (when Mom and Dad had lived there several years) and Mom got a job working there. The fellows at the mine “kidded” Dad about her working and he made her quit. At the laundry she did the ironing. She hated to iron white shirts but she learned to do them so they looked like they came from the store. Mom and Dad then had enough money to buy the nice white house near Water Tank Hill, the highest on the hill above town where they lived a couple of years before I was born.

1912 to 1914 –

Grampa Jarvis would come in the fall to stay for the winter (two or three winters.) He smoked a pipe – he’d call me to him and I’d sit on his lap and try to knock it out of his mouth and he’d laugh and laugh. When I was about two, I’d walk on the trail to find my Dad at the mine. One day I walked too far and Mom couldn’t see me. She tried to keep me in and for not going too far, but when she let me go I did the same thing again and she spanked me and tied me up. Dad came home and picked me up and said “Poor little thing.” But that put an end to my walks at age two.

At Christmas Dad wanted to go the Uncle Hersch’s place. Dad carried me on his back and he and Mom walked to the mill.

I remember going to meet my Dad and later sitting on Grampa’s lap. Dad still worked nights so he didn’t go out to dances, as he was too tired. One thing Mom did do was to go with Uncle Pete and Aunt Elsie when they’d come up from Valley with their camping gear. Mom would take me (age 2) and go fishing with them for a couple of overnite trips. Cold rain brought them home. Mom’s little baby chicks got out while we were gone. With the cold rain they were all dead when we came home. I used to love to “hold” those chicks, but always squeezed the life out of them. I used to get on my sled and slide down the hill – they told me to watch out and once I almost was killed by a team and sled. Florence and Art Yenter lived nearby down the hill from Dad’s house.

The spring before my first brother was born in August – I was stung by yellow jackets. I dragged my play box on a string over a large pile of rocks outside the gate of our place. They got down my clothes. Aunt Leah hurried to help Mom as I was screaming. Mom soaked me in a tub of soda water – no other way to treat it. Everything was okay. Then I had measles and Aunt Mattie took care of me and left the window open. I had a relapse. I was so ill I forgot how to walk and talk.

My Mom and Dad sold the house and we went to the Old Mill on Cook Ranch. Dad bought into Uncle Hersch’s sawmill and built a house where my first brother was born. Mom was cooking for the logging crew – the men paid for the groceries and anything left over was hers. When my first brother was due, Aunty Hannah, Aunty Mattie, Leah and Ethel Kent helped deliver the baby. The doctor (Dr. Whitaker) and his wife had taken a walk, as he thought she wasn’t ready yet and he was unhappy because he didn’t get paid. They had problems about who was going to cut the cord – finally Ethel was the one who did it. The doctor checked it and said everything was all right. Ethel had had Herschel in the spring (March?) I was three that March.

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Five years old -

I started school when I was 5 years old. We went to school on a bobsled. It got so cold the "kids" had to get off and walk.

That spring we must have moved to the house Dad bought on Water Tank Hill above the Knob Hill Road. Dad bought the Hall Lumber Yard and ran it and was a cabinet maker. He built the cabinets for the then new hospital down by Anderson's house and Hall's garage. My first brother was two. The Cusicks lived across the road – they had a boy Roy called "Billy". Mrs. Cusick (Sally) would get ready to go to the "Corner Store" (Ivan Zwang Grocery) and my brother would be over at her house, so she'd wash his face and hands and the three of them would walk down to the store – a big event. Someone asked my brother his name and Roy always answered that question when he was asked by saying "Billy Cusick." So my brother answered that he was Billy Cusick. After awhile Mr. (Jim) Cusick told my brother to answer with his own name. Mom and Dad would leave us overnite and my brother and Billy slept together in a six year old crib. Later, Cusicks moved up the gulch to a farm near Knob Hill Ranch. Mr. Cusick worked at Knob Hill. My brother and I walked many times up to stay with the Cusicks.

I went to first grade when I was five years old in the fall. Elvira Gustafson was the teacher. My brother wanted to go with me, but he was only two. He went to all our picnics etc. Then when he was four they let him go to school. When I was six, Mom gave me a big birthday party. My teacher came and most of the kids from the school. Mary Walsh's mother let Mary come (special favor since it was Lent and they didn't go to parties.) I went to Mary's home to get her. Her mother took me up to their bathroom while she took Mary's beautiful hair down from rag curlers. That was my first experience with a bathroom in a house.

Mr. Les Donor was a bachelor neighbor – he lived in a small house on the side of the hill near us. He had a dog – a big water spaniel. He loved to take snapshots – took one of my bother at age three holding his hunting rifle in one hand (standing barrel up) and the hunting dog on the other side. He also took an early morning picture of the four of us. My brother and I had not combed our hair and Mom had her dust cap on yet. We lived there several years.

That Christmas Mom and Dad gave me a real good ring with a tiny ruby. I found it in a new pair of shoes. My Mom and Dad sold the house to Sheriff Jim Moore for \$500.00 to buy into Uncle Hersch's sawmill. Otto Miller wanted out of the business – so Dad bought in. Uncle Charlie had been with them already quite a while. We lived in Uncle Hersch's house at the mill and they moved into a house in town that Dad bought up above Creaser Hill on the flat. My Aunt Mattie was dying with cancer and my cousin Marie took care of her. We'd go to see her. Our piano was there and she'd get me to play hymns for her – especially "Jesus Lover of My Soul." She died in that house

Uncle Frank moved into the house with Aunt Mollie. Pearl was old. Her cancer was very bad. She had surgery at Mayo's three times. She suffered terribly and did her own dressing of her entire face. Then they moved into their own house on Court House Hill

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next door to the Jack May place and by Strowbridge House. She died there – had a big fire in L. R. the night she died.