

FACTS AND FUN OF THE EARLY JOHN LORANG FAMILY AND GENESEE, IDAHO RANCH

By Martha (Lorang) Johnson
Compiled in the Spring of 1985-

John Lorang and Mary A. Gesellchen married in Mount Calvary, Fond du Lac County, Wisconsin -- 11:00 a.m., February 19, 1884. Shortly after, they migrated to Colton, Washington, via train to Riparia, Washington, and up the Snake River by riverboat to Lewiston, Idaho, then up the steep Lewiston Hill by lumber wagon, to the Ranch northwest of Genesee, Idaho – territory, Nez Perce County – which they bought one year later.

Ten children were born to this union. All survived and grew up to maturity before either parent died. Peter, the first child, was born in Colton, Washington. The rest were all born on the Genesee, Idaho, farm except Charles, (the youngest) who was born at Gritman Hospital, Moscow, Idaho, because Mother was rather frail as she had milk leg when Viola was born. From the day Viola was born to the time of Mother's death, Mother had to wrap her legs with bandages from the knee to around the ankle, to keep the swelling down so she could operate her legs and navigate. Sometimes, she had open scores on one ankle or the other.

The Ranch was called the "White Spring Ranch" because a man by the name of "White" owned it when Dad bought it. The word "Spring" was added later because of the two ever-running springs on the place. One of the springs was piped to the house and barn about 1910. Dad had never had any engineering experience, but it worked, and was supplying water. It also supplied water to the cement-basin fountain in front of the house. The fountain had a boy on the top holding an umbrella and the water trickled over the umbrella at all times.

Also, Dad said he paid \$1.00 an acre when purchased and there were no fences and all animals from about the neighborhood roamed together and when Dad had to go to the mountains to get firewood, Mother generally was afraid and would not go out to milk the cow or cows – whatever they had – and Dad would be disturbed about that. Mother said that she would pick up wood chips that she could find about the place to burn for cooking.

The barn was built prior to my memory – but I know it was said that when the barn was built, there was a big barn dance to celebrate. Nor do I know when the workshop, chicken enclosure, or roost or pig pens were built, or the underground cellar, or smokehouse. We never had a garage and our first car, a 7-passenger Paige, was sometimes stored in the grainery. We, also about that time, had a Ford pickup with a short body that operated mostly by foot treddles. We had only mud roads – the Ford would go about 25 miles per hour – and in the spring and fall when we drove it, the wheels would get into the ruts and you couldn't get out of them if you wanted to. Dad was a very poor driver and had many close calls with the Ford – mostly on the mile-run from our house. I remember one time he somehow did something and the Ford was in the ditch headed back home. He also almost went off the Lewiston Hill with the Ford. Charles was with him and Charles said, "Dad, look at the Eagle's nest!" Dad looked when he shouldn't have and started off the grade. Luckily, with much difficulty, they were able to finally get it jacked up and on the road again. Dad was an outdoor lover and of birds and animals.

West of the two Curio houses, Dad grew a willow grove. He had an area that was fenced in to keep a deer he got one time when he was in the woods – a young one. The game warden complained and Dad had to release it to the Manito Park Zoo and it soon died there.

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Dad also had several coyotes fenced in the wired cage. The coyotes would rock the Neighborhood with their cries – usually when you gave the yell first. He also had odd ducks and tree squirrels in a roller cage and they kept the roller continually rolling. It was fun to watch.

We had a cow, “Rosie,” that was brought into the willow grove to be butchered. One shot was fired and it did not bring her down. She went wild about the willow grove and a second shot took her down. Dad mounted many birds, which he had in the Curio House. They were given to the University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho, about in 1955. They were given to keep as a private collection, but it seems they have been mixed with other birds.

In the willow grove, we had a long swing among the towering trees where we could swing to the heavens. Viola and I spent a great deal of our time – in the summertime – two on the swing, pumping each other, while we swung face-to-face.

Each year, Dad and hired men would shoot a cow – skin it – and hang it in the grove where we got our steaks and roasts and such when the beef hung frozen during the winter months.

Also, each year, Dad and hired men butchered a hog or two. They would make a boiling vat of water and dump the hog in there after killing it, of course, and then scrape them with scrapers they always had on hand. Then came time for hams, and sides of bacon for the smokehouse. They were first cured by putting into a brine of brown sugar and whatever, and hung in the smokehouse to be smoked and further cured. Mother also made a raw sausage, liver sausage, blood sausage, and head cheese. We kids had to help to prepare the guts for the sausage fillings. We had two sticks made for that purpose. One would hold the sticks together and the other one would pull the gut through the sticks, which had an indentation in the middle where the gut would be pulled through. We kept that up until it was well cleaned. After that, they were turned inside out and put into saltwater to purify. After that they were then ready to be filled. We had a sausage filler with a funnel that the gut fit over and the meat was filled in the stomper. After the meat was filled in and you pushed the handle and the gut was filled, it hung in the smokehouse for further cure for delicious sausage.

We had apples, prunes, plums, pears, and cherries of every description. Apples were stored in the underground cellar and taken during the winter to Folletts’ Store to buy clothes or whatever we needed. We also sold the produce individually.

Dad planted a walnut tree – but got no walnuts. We also grafted a peach on a plum (as I remember it) and it was a success and the graft bore peaches.

After Mother moved from the farm and Henry was renting and finally bought the farm he cut all the willow grove – each year – and also, the fruit trees for firewood. Henry planted grain, after the trees were removed.

We had a small potato patch for house-use west of the willow grove – I know because I had to pick potato bugs – by knocking them into buckets as we went along. We too, had an orderly vegetable garden spot back of the potato patch.

Days back when I remember, we had an outhouse near the underground cellar, a bit west and south. I remember Mother being in there one time and Viola thought I was in there and she threw rocks at the outhouse – she got a comeback from Mother, “You are going to get it.” What a laugh! Also, we had a small and large hole in the outhouse. Viola was in there on the “little hole” (she was so small) and I came in there and took her off the “little hole” and took possession. She got on the “large hole” and she jackknifed. Luckily, I was strong enough to pull her back on top. I said to Viola, “Don’t tell Mama.” Neither of us did tell her either. That was a close call and I still feel faint to know what could have happened. Viola was always a good and game little sport. I was one year and eight-months older than she was.

While I do not remember the workshed being built, I remember Dad having a fire in a pit and a bellows that fanned the fire from below to keep it hot and burning. There was a handle on the bellows which was operated by hand. The fire must have been from coal and was used to mend iron or whatever.

About the barn – we had cows in stalls on one side on the south end and horses in stalls on the north side. Cows were brought inside about November 1st every year when the raining season came. Otherwise, we milked them outside, by taming the new ones until they would stand still and not kick our bucket over, while sitting on a stool Dad made. I milked as many as 10 cows and went to school three miles away afterwards. We churned butter with a stomper by hand and made butter for sale which we took to Genesee City and sold for 40 cents a round roll of two pounds. The roller was made of wood for that purpose. It had hinges in the middle and you put the butter in and closed it tight, trimmed the edges, and there was a beautiful two-pound roll of butter. Dad let Mother have the butter money to buy our clothes, or fabric to make them. About 1910 or there about, we sold milk instead of butter to Smolt’s Store. We would fill a 10-gallon can, set it to cool overnight in the running water fountain in the front yard, and Ed Smolt would come in his Ford pickup in the morning and take it to his confectionery store where they served meals, ice cream, etc. We filled the barn each year and I remember Henry brought the hay to the side of the barn on a header bed. A header bed was a rack made of wood that fit snugly into the truck body to hold a lot of hay or whatever, to be hauled.

I drove a derrick to hoist the hay into the loft. The derrick line was hooked to a single tree – driven by two horses. Henry forked the hay to be brought into the upper loft and when ready, he would yell, “O.K., go ahead.” He had the hay in the barn and was dumping it. I stopped the horses and ran them back to the starting point, to do it all over again – as Henry pulled the fork back to refork again and we filled the whole barn to the rafters that way. One day when we were stacking hay in the field and I was driving the derrick that hoisted the hay on the top of the stack, Charles (my youngest brother) was playing on the rope that went into the pulley. I was driving forward and did not recognize Charles’ yells as anything other than play, until it was too late and he got his hand in the pulley and ended up with a crooked small finger.

This is pretty late to get to this, but the new house with the four bedrooms upstairs must have been built around 1901, as I remember having a ride in the house when it was being moved on rollers. I remember how much fun I thought it was.

I was born in 1897, and Grandpa Gesellchen died in 1901, and I can remember about his death. I was lifted up to look at him in the coffin, which was under an open window, and I thought why did they put him up so high (I was only small and it seemed high). So my memories go back that far.

I just do only remember the bedroom of the old house before being rebuilt. Mother had a sewing machine and was sewing while I was safely in her bed and the Blessed Virgin picture was over my head. I thought I am real safe with mother close by and the Virgin Mary to protect me. One thing I hope all will remember, to pass on to whoever buys the house – that a deep well is under the wash room – do hope it is cemented over.

In the cupola of the barn, we had pigeons and many of them. On holidays, we butchered them for a delicacy. Viola and I use to crawl up over the rafters above the hay to inspect the nesting – we did not realize the danger as kids. The barn was filled with hay but was still dangerous as we could have fallen down the open loft in the middle of the barn.

Our house was heated by wood stoves, a kitchen range, and a heater in the living room, and dad and mother had a heating stove in their bedroom. Mother would heat bricks which we would wrap in heavy cloths, and put them in our beds to warm them.

Our light was kerosene lamps for years. We even used the lamp shades to heat our curling irons - by putting them in the shade for a time. Later on we put in gas, which was put in the ceiling. It had a mantle which was cloth over the spigot to be lighted. We had a tank upstairs that we pumped up to keep the lights burning. Pretty nice light too. Later dad put in electric lights by buying his own electrical system. It was called Western Electric. Dan had to run an engine frequently to generate electricity. It was good light but a lot of work and worry for dad.

When Dad brought the water from the spring to the house and barn, he also built cement troughs for the animals for drinking. One was in the barn, one in the barnyard, and one across from the house by the road (that is not there anymore). The road was abolished when the new State Highway moved it to where it is now and cut us off from the highway. There is still a road though, that runs from the highway to the house.

This is kind of disconnected writing – but I am putting it into script as I think of it.

When Genesee, Idaho, and the surrounding country was in demand, Mother said that in Genesee Proper, “There were tents all over the place and all was blooming.” It was thought Genesee was going to be a big city.

Dad was always at some Farm Bureau meeting or another to promote this or that and once was asked to run for Representative of Idaho. He put out cards but would not solicit, so, of course, he wasn't elected. Governor Alexander thought a lot of Dad and for what he did and stood for. He came past our place once one Sunday and we had a big gathering there for dinner and he stayed and participated in the dinner. Governor Alexander appointed him to represent Idaho in a World meeting of Farmers –

somewhere in a southern state. He had to stand up and give a talk, and he said, at first, his knees shook, but that he got courage and did very well. It was a farm group of some kind.

Dad's petition changed the road that now goes around the hill up to Borgan's and it cut a small part of Matt Kambitsch's land from his main land and he refused to have anything to do with Dad after that, and said that no Lorang should buy any of his land. The road used to go up over the hill on the north of our property, where Dad planted the trees, which, I think, are still there. It was on our property and next to the fence of Matt Kambitsch. It was reasonable to put it around the hill where it now is rather than go over that rather steep hill. However, it made enemies of neighbors. That was before my time, but I remember that is why we remained unfriendly for as long as we did.

Our mode of transportation was by horse and buggy. The buggy had a top on it and one-cushion seat that carried three by squeezing in together. It was pulled by one horse with shafts hooked to the horse's harness and to the buggy. We also had a two-cushion seat, top buggy, pulled by two horses. It was called a Surrey. Finally, we converted to a 7-passenger Paige and the Ford pickup.

For washing facilities, Dad invented a wash machine that we used for years. It had four legs, and the wash machine set up on them, which were about a foot and one-half tall. The body had a curved bottom like a wheel that was lined with heavy galvanized material. The sides were reinforced to guard against any leakage, and it had a lip on one end where the wringer was fastened. In this curved area, a cradle was set that was held securely by having it set into grooves. It had a handle over the top and sides so that two people, one on each side rocked it to and fro over the clothes to wash them. It was very efficient. After the first washing, the clothes were placed into a long boiler which was placed over a two-hole firebox. Water was put into the boiler and the clothes were boiled with soap (which was made before hand) and consisted of lye and, I think, tallow or lard. I know it did a good job. After boiling, the wash was again put into the wash machine and rocked to thoroughly clean them. The clothes were then wrung into cold water where bluing was added so the wash came out really white. The clothes were hung outside summer or winter. In winter, the clothes froze stiff as a board but they were left there to freeze dry or eventually the wind whipped them dry.

Dad planted wheat, barley, oats, and hay in usually half of his acreage and left the rest in summer fallow - where a great deal of it was planted with corn, potatoes, pumpkins, and squash. All this was hoed and cultivated - I did a lot of weeding row by row. One year, I got \$5.00 for my work. We were informed one year that potatoes would be high in the coming fall, so Charles, Viola, and I planted a small plot for ourselves - with Dad's permission. I don't know what Charles did with his money, but I know Viola and I each bought ourselves a fancy, braided, gabardine suit. I paid \$150 for mine, I remember. We got \$5.00 per sack and sold several sacks - they must have been 50 lbs. each. We were really rich! In the fall, it always was a beautiful sight when the pumpkin vines frosted down with the yellow on the hillside. We girls picked our potatoes and sacked them.

We girls went up in the field of corn in the evening with a header bed on a truck body. We had a scythe with which we cut the corn stock to the ground base and loaded it into the header bed and brought it to the barnyard. It was unloaded for the cows to eat and they just swarmed around to eat it. I don't know which animals ate the pumpkins, but it must have been the pigs. I know that we had a lot of pumpkin pies.

Usually our cellar, that was connected to the house, would have a foot or two of water in the springtime, but would go into the ground as summer approached. The cellar was usually stocked with jellies, preserves, and canned fruits – pears, cherries, and prunes. We ate most of the berries during the summer. Before we had a cream separator, we also had fewer cows and less milk. At that time, we used to put the milk in pans and set them down in the cellar and skim the thick cream from them as it rose to the top and it was thick and delicious.

We had many large gatherings at our house – dinner parties, dance parties, and card parties. One year, the Fourth-of-July was held at our farm. We had foot races, sack races, and a Merry-Go-Round, which was made to go around with horses – going round and round. There were drinks, candy booths, and more. I remember telling about one of my brothers calling from a candy booth, “Two for a nickel, three for a dime.” Ha! Ha!

Dad had trouble trying to pay for the farm. He borrowed \$300.00 from Matt Kambitsch and almost lost the farm because he had difficulty paying for it. I think it was one year when we were rained out, in the 1900’s. We had wet grain stored in the grainery and the hired men, who were living at our place that winter just for room and board, went into the grain bin every day to turn the wheat to keep it from getting hot and mouldy. I was told this but do not remember it. I do remember one year when we were hailed out. We were in Moscow with Mother and Dad buying clothing for us and were on the way home when we saw the hail in the distance. Dad said, “I can see it, we are hailed out,” and we were. Some if it was cut for hay – I was very young when that happened.

Dad never had an English education. He went to a German school in Johnsbury, Wisconsin. Mother had English in her school and after their marriage, Mother helped Dad to read and write in English. They both had a beautiful German handwriting. Dad had trouble spelling, but did a great job and was always for perfection.

Education for the children was as follows: Peter had, in addition to grade school, several years at Washington State College in Pullman, Washington, as also did Barney. Henry had high school in Genesee, Idaho, and Northwestern Business College in Spokane, Washington. Albert attended Lacey College, as well as having grade school in Genesee, Idaho. Christine and Amalia had grade school in Genesee, Idaho, and further education at the Convent in Colton, Washington. Bertha had 8th grade school in Genesee, Idaho, and Northwestern Business College, Spokane, Washington, Martha had grade school and high school in Genesee, Idaho, and Northwestern Business College, Spokane, Washington and later while employed in Spokane, Washington, took 2-years of a Certified Public Accounting course and Commercial Law at Kinman University – at nights- in Spokane, Washington. Viola had grade school and high school education in Genesee, Idaho, and also Northwestern Business College, Spokane, Washington. Charles had grade school and some high school in Genesee, Idaho. He graduated from high school at Gonzaga School in Spokane, Washington.

In the winter, when the snow was on the ground, travel was by a one-horse sleigh or by a bobsled – two horse sleigh. Sometimes we would lie down on the bed of the sleigh with blankets to cover us to keep warm. One time, Charles and I were driving to school in a one-horse sleigh with a rather frisky horse and as we were going down a hill, I held the reins too tight and the horse’s hoofs kept hitting the

front of the sleigh. Well, it scared him and he went faster and faster and I held tighter and tighter. Charles was younger, but tried to help. We ended up in the ditch with a broken sleigh and the horse ran through two wire fences before he quit running, with the shafts still attached to his harness. With my inexperience, as I was very young, if I had not held the reins too tight and let the horse go, it would not have happened. The horse just got scared with his hoofs hitting the front of the sleigh. No one got hurt and we just got the horse and drove him to school, without the sleigh, with the shafts dragging behind. We were going to the Catholic School and Dad had permission to build a one-horse shelter where we housed our horse every day. In the winter and muddy season, many times when we got to school, we had mud on our faces and clothing. The Sisters would wash us up and we would go on to school.

My remembrance of Genesee is in the teens. On the north side of the main street, was Sampson's Barber Shop, Hasfurther Hardware Store, Clark's Drug Store, Rader Meat Market, Folletts' General Merchandise, Meyers Implement Store, and Gus Fickens Blacksmith Shop on the street further south. Also, a livery stable. On the north side of the main street was a bank on one corner and an Exchange Bank across the street, where Fred K. Bressler was President, and Charlie Whalen (Amalia's husband) was the cashier. Later, Don Bressler worked there with his father. Also, on the north side was a real estate office, a law office, and Smolt's Confectionery.

The confectionery store started out as Wm. Smolt Cigars (he manufactured and sold them). His wife was Mother's sister, Christine. Besides helping a lot in the store, she had a millinery store next door. There was a telephone office on the off street north of Main Street and a dentist's office as well. Dr. Hasbrook was the dentist in earlier times and Dr. Leavett in the teens and 20's. We also had a post office on north street. To the west of the city is a park and the Genesee High School. Then on up the hill, the Catholic Church, and the school, and Lutheran Church.

My sister, Christine, was the telephone operator at the telephone company about 1911. It was operated manually and had a switchboard. A call coming in would light up the jack and a lead line was lifted and plugged into the jack. The person calling gave the number wanted and another lead was lifted and plugged into the jack of the number wanted, and they were ready to converse. With that experience, Christine went on to Spokane, Washington, and worked for the telephone company for another 45 years, until she retired at the age of 65 with a nice pension.

My Dad and Mother, John and Mary, traveled for six months through Europe, the Holy Land and visited Lourdes of France and the Sphinx in Egypt in 1910 at a cost of \$3,500 with money earned from operating the farm. We had a diversified farm and many avenues of income to make this possible.

When we drove to Genesee with horses, we had to hitch our horse or horses to a hitching post. I usually tied my horse to the hitching post at St. Mary's Catholic Church and walked the two blocks to the business areas. Mother drove to town but with a very tame horse named "Kate."

Near the spring that supplied water to the house and barn, there was a pond. Dad had goldfish planted there and, every year, he sold them and took some of them to the Davenport Hotel in Spokane, Washington, in a five-gallon kerosene can with slits in the top for air. Every now and then some fish were stolen from the pond.

The Genesee High School was built by Paul Voell, life-time friend of my Father and Mother, and he was assisted by Peter Gesellchen, my Mother's brother.

We had no good skating place close by, so we skated on the creek that overflowed each year and also the pond where the goldfish were. The boys had skates that fastened to their shoes with clamps and we used their skates as we had none of our own. I was so anxious to skate that I would pour water on the incline west of the house - wait for it to freeze - then skate down the incline. We also used to sled on the hill back of the barn - "belly buster" - down the hill and through a narrow gate. We did not have sleds to go around so we would give Charles a dishpan to go down the hill, which did not work very well. It would start out okay, but end up going round and round - instead of forwards,. We had fun though, even getting dumped was fun.

We had a small horse - it was not a Shetland, just small. I used to get on him and ride bareback with legs clinched around him. I had no bridle - just flying high in the wind wherever he would take me. One time, when I was in the open field back of the barn, there were other loose horses there too, so my little horse started running, and all the other loose horses were at my heels. I was very scared and, coming down a steep hill, I fell off. I bragged that I jumped off, but I did not, I fell off. Imagine all the horses back of me - running over me - luckily they did not pound me into the ground.

One year Mother let me go to the country school, which was the Thorncreek School - all eight-grade school. Instead of going by the road, we went through fields following fence lines. I was in the second grade. It was stove-heated and the toilet was an outside privy. In school, I sat in the back and instead of studying, I would look over at the boys on the opposite side. Miss Carpenter decided to place me in the front seat. That did not help as then I looked backward - where more things were of interest. She took me and set me on the top of the desk facing all the children so I bent forward to almost double as I was so ashamed. How long that lasted, I do not know. We played games, girls and boys together. Many times I came home with my dress torn - playing "Pump-pump-pull-away" - as I would not stop when I was tagged. I must have been like the wild little horse. Katie Mertes, our second cousin, was older and used to carry an umbrella to shield the sun, so we used to throw dirt clods at her umbrella. She never did anything about it and just kept walking.

It must have been in 1911 when Christine was working in the telephone office. Viola, Charles, and I lived with Christine in a house Grandpa Gesellchen gave Mother in Genesee, Idaho. It was on the south side, near the railroad tracks. It wasn't much of a house, but it saved us from walking back and forth from the ranch. The house was heated by a heater in the living room and a cookstove in the kitchen, both fired with wood. We had an outside toilet and a well that was open and we put a bucket down on a rope, filled it with water and pulled it back up. One time, Bertha and I, with Viola's permission put her into the bucket and put her down into the well to pick up a handkerchief that had lodged on the rafter below. How could Viola be so brave, and trustworthy of us. Bertha and I were scared, and were glad when she was back. However, we would not have done it, if we were not sure in our minds that she would be brought back safely. Dummies! The rope could have broken or the bucket could have tipped over. It makes me shudder to remember. In 1911, I was 14-years old and Christine was twenty. After school, in the evenings, when Christine was still working, Viola, Charles, and I played "Andy" over the house and went skating on Terhaar's pond - borrowing their skates.

Dad died in 1926. He went to water and feed the calves or cow in the evening. Mother waited for him to come back. He did not return and she was afraid to investigate. She was alone and Henry was not there at that time. She called Bill Borgan, who came and found him. The water was still running for the animals and he was on the hay with his hat on. He apparently had stomped with his feet in the hay – likely from pain. He possibly died from gas crowding his heart. Mother collapsed when told of it. Dr. Gritman from Moscow came to attend to her and looked after her for several days.

We had a black dog for years, we called, “Buff” – until he got too old and died. He would follow our rig when we left. We also had a spotted dog we called “Sport.” Charles had a cat he called his “Sister Cat.”

The house as it stands on the farm has, downstairs – a parlor, dining room, living room, sewing room, kitchen, cellar, washroom, toilet and bath, a hall with bedroom off the hall, and one bedroom off the parlor. There are four bedrooms upstairs. The bedroom off the hall was Mother and Father’s bedroom. From the washroom, there is a stairway that leads to two rooms up there, which were used for sleeping rooms for the hired men. Also I remember a crawl-in place back of the woodshed that was entered from the outside. It was used at times for sleeping quarters for the men.

Mother had a Holy Water font at the foot of the stairs that was always filled with Holy Water. As we went to bed, she would say (as we crossed ourselves with Holy Water), “Gallup Sie Jesus Christus,” which means in English “Praise Be To Jesus Christ.” We would answer in German, “Ein Ewigkeit Amen,” which means “Forever Amen.” What devout parents we had! I would see my Father kneeling at his bed saying his night prayers before crawling into bed. Mother had a Blessed Virgin statue by her bed, not on the ranch, but in Spokane, Washington, in her bedroom. She died in this room at 1824 West Second, Spokane, Washington. She lived with us in her last days at that address. She died of Angina Pectoris. Our family has a history of heart failure and cancer.

When Dad and Mother first came to Washington and Idaho, they lived with the Dahm Family in Colton, Washington. They knew each other in previous years. Since they were all living in one house, they drew an imaginary line indicating, “These are your quarters, and these are ours.” How well that was kept is only their secret. Anyway, Peter, was born while they were living there and Dahm’s son, Joe, too was born at that time. So they must have kept their commitment for some of the time anyway.

Some of the fun things Bertha, Viola, and I would do at home was to play Hide-and-Seek and run races. I would come first, Viola second, and Bertha always last. We had a lot of company and a good game to play was Drop-the-Handkerchief. Horseshoe was another sport. We also played Croquet – after meals – when we should have been washing the dishes. We also played Tag – where you would hit the ball thrown to you, run to a place and back again before you got tagged. There was another game called “Jap” where a person had a stick like a broom handle and another six-inch stick. It was laid over a hole dug in the earth and you pitched it out. If the person out there caught it, you were out, and the other person took over. If not, the person still in charge then laid the stick in the hole and hit it in the air with the broom handle. If still not caught, That person would stay in charge until it was caught when pitched or hit out. It was fun. In the wintertime, we mostly played card games – Pinochle, Hearts, and High Five. We also played some board games – Sheep and Wolf, and Mill.

In the early spring, Viola and I would go into Borgan's field to pick Yellow Bells, Blue Bells and Bird Bills, and bring them to Mother with heavy mud on our shoes, but we never got scolded.

Many times when we went to and from school, we would go through snowdrifts that were hip-high. Also, there were times in the spring when snow melted and the bridge that we went over was covered with water. We crossed two bridges that were built over a creek.

When the water was low in the spring – when Bertha would drive the one-horse buggy – she would try to really scare us by driving with one wheel on the road and one wheel in the ditch, instead of driving straight on the road. The ditch was about three-feet deep so we would almost tip over. Also, when we came to the bridge, she wouldn't drive over the bridge, but on the side and through the creek. It had water in it, but not very deep, but we could have gotten stuck in the mud. Another thing she did – I was hoeing weeds in the garden and she decided she wanted my hoe. She pulled on the uphill side and I was on the downhill side and suddenly Bertha let go and down the hill I went with the sharp hoe which hit me in the shin and made a deep hole - I still have a scar. She also, while we were working in the orchard or wherever, would throw clods of dirt at us. Instead of throwing some back, Viola and I would just cover and take it. We never really got hurt- Bertha loved us – but it was her way of showing off. Ha! Ha!

We had bees and when the time was right, Dad would dress with hat and veil and gloves so he would not get stung, capture the honey cones from the bees, and bring the cones into the house, and it was so good. Every now and then, the bees would swarm and fly away. There were times when they would set on a tree branch and Dad would shake them into a hive for more honey. Every now and then you would get stung by a bee. I remember one time a bee got in Mother's hair and, boy, did that hair fly! She was frantic, but did not get stung.

We caught squirrels in a trap. We killed them with a stick and hung them on the barbed wire fence by the tail to show off our trophy. My brothers went squirrel shooting for the sport of it and, also, it helped to get rid of them. One time I caught a weasel in the trap and such an odor it gave off – for its protection – almost like a skunk.

We used to go huckleberry picking in the Moscow mountains. We never got very many.

My Dad was awarded a first prize medal in 1905 at the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition in Portland, Oregon, for barley. He tried for different awards over the years. I remember him putting grains of wheat on the table and we sorted it over taking out the small grains and any seeds or weeds and leaving only the large grains to plant the next year for an award.

In the fall of the year, we stocked up on sugar, sacks and sacks of it for the winter. We also had sacks and sacks of flour. We had a special tight closet where they were kept. I seem to remember it at the top of the stairs off of the washroom. Mother baked bread which was made with a starter. She used some of the starter and kept the rest of it for the next time. She also made raised doughnuts, coffee cake, cinnamon rolls, cake doughnuts, jelly rolls, and the most flaky pie crust I ever ate. There was one pie I especially liked - a lemon pie - in which she also put the rind of the lemon. It was delicious - sweet, but tartie.

Dad had a hired hand the year around to assist him and Mother usually had a hired girl.

The fall of the year was a busy time when thrashing crews came. They usually had a cook wagon, but there were times when we fed them. At least, I know we had a lot of men eating at the farm at times. We really gave the men delicious feeds. The Davenport Hotel could not have done better. Dad ran the binder and the men behind did the shocking. I remember the man who liked his liquor but was a good worker. After eating his noon meal, he would just run to the field to shock bundles to keep up with the binder. He went to town one day and into Clark's Drug Store and wanted some whiskey. It was not given to him and when the druggist went to the back to the storeroom, this man took something he thought was whiskey – but it was formaldehyde – and he took a swig of it and started choking. There was a watering trough in back of the store so he ran for some water quick. He drank right out of the watering trough. He had red hair so from that time on we called him "Formaldehyde Red."

We had a very tame cow, "Daisy." She had a very large bag and I think sometimes it hurt her when it got very full before we milked her. When she was in the pasture, we would call to her when it was milking time, "Come Daisy, come Daisy, come Daisy," and she would "moo" and come home. She would stop right where you were and we would milk her. She was so tame that you could milk her on either side or both sides. We would also put small children on her back and she would not move, but just let them sit there. There could be a heaven for her.

We had calves that were weaned from their mother so we would feed them separated milk. We would yell, "Here calfie, here calfie," and pound on the bucket and they would come running to get fed. We would put our finger in the bucket and they would suck our finger and drink and every now and then bunt the bucket - which would be the natural way to do if they were nursing from their mother.

In about 1906, when Mollie was fourteen, I was nine, and Viola was eight, we were sleeping in the southeast bedroom upstairs. In the middle of the night, Mollie said she was awakened by the Virgin Mary and our hall was thick with smoke. Mollie led us downstairs and in the kitchen was the hired man who was sleeping in the first bedroom upstairs. He said he was looking for a match to find out where the fire was. He had been drinking the night before and his mattress was on fire. Dad and Mother were soon awakened and Dad came upstairs and threw the mattress from the upstairs porch to the ground before it flamed. If it had not been for Mollie, the house soon may have been in flames or we may have suffocated or passed out from the thick smoke.

In 1910, when my Dad and Mother were traveling in Europe, Christine took care of the household and did a good job of it. That summer, Peter and Albert came on vacation to the ranch. They were outside and Christine heard a shot and went out to look and Peter was lying on the lawn and Albert had a gun. I was hoeing weeds in the upper garden and came to see. Christine came to see, screamed and went back into the house. Viola, the brave one, went to Peter's side and said, "He is laughing!" That was a dirty trick! The rats!

The folks arranged that we had a dressmaker, Miss Clemens, stay with us during the six-months that they were gone. Barney and Henry worked the farm during that time. Henry always loved the land.

In 1909 and 1910, Teddy Roosevelt went on a Safari in Africa. A moving picture was made of it. I had never seen a movie, but shortly thereafter it was brought to Genesee, Idaho. It was shown in an old wood structure. Mother let us go to see it and it was a most memorable occasion. I believe it was free, or if anything, it must have been just a few cents or so. At the same time, a Baptist Ministry came to town to convert people. Mother let us go to it too. I remember baptism taking place. Some of the people in Genesee were baptized. They were dunked bodily into the water fully clothed. It was a real experience for me – never to be forgotten.

When we were children, Mother and Father spoke German to us, because they wanted us to have that second language. So, being the third last of 10 children, my older brothers and sisters came from school speaking English. So, we did not stay with German very long, although I can understand German enough to know what people are talking about. Also, I can speak enough German to converse somewhat. If in Germany, I could ask for food and a bed and places to go, although my German is likely of a very different caliber to what they speak it there.

Mother and Dad many times would be speaking German to their sisters and brothers and I could understand all they were talking about. That is why, even though our brothers and sisters came home from school speaking English, we still kept abreast of it – hearing it from Dad and Mom

Mother belonged to the Altar Society and there were many parties at our house, including playing cards. I remember Father Keiser here then playing cards. I hung around him too much, I guess, and he told me to go to bed! Ha! Ha! Of course, after that I did not like him.

Mother had too many heads to comb and to get us all ready for school was a task. So, for noon lunch for school, it usually was a currant jelly sandwich wrapped in newspaper. By noon, it got dry and the edges turned up with the jelly on it and it tasted like the newspaper.

Our sisters were Sister Lucy, who was very stern, strict, but intelligent. Sister Flavia was a very dear person and liked Bertha. Sister Augustine, who got very fat, had Dyspepsia (food would come up in her mouth and she would swallow it again). She was teaching a class so there was nothing else to do. She was my first teacher at my beginning class and I had difficulty learning as a beginner, so she would take me to her desk (she had a little switch) and if I didn't get it soon enough, she would switch me around the legs – to hurry me up. I told Mother and she stopped that. She said I was too nervous to handle me that way. As I had difficulty in the first grade, I tried so hard at home and the book that I took home to read was torn to shreds, on account of leafing through it so much. I can still remember some of the pictures and verses. I loved that little book.

We had one French priest at our Catholic Church who preached fire and brimstone and pounded on the front of the pulpit. We had a Father Double, who had to leave the priesthood because he could not handle the sobriety required.

Viola told about a bull chasing her and Charles when they were very young. Viola took Charles by the hand and ran as fast as they could. Luckily, there was grape arbor near enough and she dragged Charles through and under it and the bull lost them there. They continued running and over a fence to be sure they were free

Henry Lestoe (a cousin to our neighbor, Borgan) worked for us. He said he was giving me a hope chest. I said I didn't want it so he gave it to Viola. It still exists – someone else has it – not me. I thought he might have other ideas – Dummie!!!

There was a Troutman boy in school in my room and I was afraid of him. He would say to me, "Get away from me, Lorang!" I never talked back. At times this Troutman boy would take our horse out of the horse shelter Dad had built there at school and put his horse in there. We never commented – we were afraid to say anything.

Here is something funny. Christina Broemmeling lived about a mile from school and we lived three miles from school, but we went the same route. One day she said, "I'll bet you don't know your ass from a hole in the ground." I said, "What do you mean?" She said, "O.K.," and she dug two holes in the ground and she said, "Here is your ass and here is a hole in the ground," I thought, "Silly, I know which is my ass." I pointed down to where she said it was and she said, "I knew you did not know your ass from a hole in the ground." I sure was mad at her after that – I all the time knew where my ass was. She didn't need to tell me. Ha! Ha! We were very young and I should not have fallen for that. I really was a Dummie!!

A young pig – to keep it from rooting – was run through a chute and a board was slid over them to hold it in place, and a ring was put in the nose. When Dad sold a bunch of hogs, he always came home with a big sack of candy for us. Our chickens were left to roam about the ranch and the eggs were found in the barn, chicken coop, under sheds, under the barn, or any comfortable place. It was fun hunting them. It was fun seeing the colts, calves, pigs, kittens, or chickens being born during the year. Also, climbing tress as high as you could go, was fun, or jumping off a table by the wash line, figuring the next time you might take off and fly. To the younger ones at home, it was great to have those who had gone to come back for a visit. Sometimes, at a family reunion, there was really a crowd.

In the teens, "20's," "30's," or even into the "40's," everyone wore hats and it was good taste to wear gloves too. In the Catholic Church, women always wore hats, as required, but men took their hats off – for double respect. When a man went outside, he put his hat on again. When he met a lady, he tipped his hat. If he stopped to talk with her or was introduced, he took his hat off and held it in his hand.

The road to our house was muddy in the winter, but graded in the spring and made smooth. It was traveled a lot and became dust. Coming home from school, we would take our shoes off and walk in the dust.

Dad invented a gate that we installed at the approach of our driveway at the ranch. It had a rope tied to the entrance and also exit that opened and closed the gate without leaving the buggy or car. It was nice when roads were muddy. Over the gate he put a curved sign which said, "White Spring Ranch."

Sorry, I cannot relate too much about the older brothers and sisters. Peter was 18-years old when I was five, so do not remember him at home. After leaving and going to Washington State University, at Pullman, Washington, he followed the banking profession. One of the first places he worked was Burly, Idaho. There always was a big celebration when he came home on his vacations. Barney also attended Washington State University.

Barney and Henry worked the farm when Mother and Dad traveled for six-months in Europe in the summer of 1910. The highlight of their trip was the visit to the Sphinx in the desert of Egypt. They both rode on camels, with a black guide on horseback and one guide on foot leading the camels. They also had an audience with Pope Pius X, who is now known as Saint Pius X. Many religious articles were blessed, which my Mother and Father brought back with them. They also made a visit to Lourdes, France, to see the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, where many canes and crutches were displayed, left there by people who were cured.

More about Barney and me at 14-years of age. He took me to a dance to learn to do the two-step. My long underwear was rolled up above my dress, and I had a memorable time

Henry used to save funny papers when away from home and would send a big roll of them home to us kids. He also taught me how to tie my shoelaces. It was a great achievement and I think of it most every time I tie my shoe.

Albert was put in Lacy College to divert his time and love from a Steltz girl in Genesee, Idaho, who was not Catholic. Later, while working in Lewiston, Idaho, he met Hazel, and married her. She was not a Catholic at that time and so they were married by the Justice of the Peace. Dad was really disturbed and was going to disown him. They were then married by a priest and Dad attended the marriage. What a great beginning that was. The children went to a Catholic School and when Ida-Marie received her First Communion, Hazel received Holy Communion too. She was studying silently on the side. What a beautiful family it turned out to be.

Something more about Albert. When Viola and I were about five or six-years old, we were gathering something in a little bucket, that we thought was very special, along the fence line. We asked Albert what it was and he said they were rose seeds and to show our find to Dad, who was working in the shed. So, we gathered enthusiastically all we could find, for Dad to see. When we showed our precious find, he just laughed. We couldn't see anything funny about what we had found. However, we discovered later that what we were gathering so diligently were jack-rabbit turds, that to us were so special. Ha! Ha! You don't forget such things easily.

All the older boys used to play tricks on the hired girl. Those days they wore aprons with ties. The boys would somehow get in back and untie the string and down the apron would come. She would tie it again and think all was okay, and soon it would come down again.

Christine helped Mother in the house. I remember her ironing; my bonnets to go out to play.

Mollie helped in the house too – like baking bread. She was very loveable. She played games with us in the wintertime – in the kitchen – with the door closed to the dining area- as we got pretty noisy at times.

Bertha was more or less of a loner and did not play much. She stayed home from school a lot to take care of Charles. She stayed back one grade and graduated from the eighth grade when I did. She was smarter than me so I just had to study more. Bertha was artistic and did some painting with some training and had a beautiful handwriting.

Martha liked working outdoors best – milking, hunting eggs under sheds and such – hoeing, driving derrick, or whatever.

Viola was small, cute, and loveable. She worked inside and outside.

Charles was easygoing and if we wanted him to do this or that, he would always say, "Yes," – but he did it when he got good and ready to do it. He was always so sweet about it though, you couldn't reprimand him further. He was a champion sack-sewer on the thrashing machine. He was strong too and in high school he also won first prize competition in Lewiston, Idaho, as a discus thrower.

As a family, we had chicken pox, measles, smallpox, lots of flu, mumps (for once I had a full face). We also had seven-year itch and had to have daily baths. Mother was to apply carbolic salve which really burned and we cried. It did the trick though. We also had lice which we brought home from school. Mother fine-combed our hair which, in time, took care of it. Lice would lay eggs on the hair strands and the comb broke them loose.

Viola, as a baby, would have died of whooping cough, but Mother for a last try blew hard in her mouth to revive her. I also had whooping cough too at that time.

Dad and Mother are buried in the Catholic Cemetery in Genesee, Idaho, in a domed concrete Mausoleum. Henry was buried on this same lot and, also, Henry and Marguerite's baby daughter, who died in infancy, is buried there. Barney and Blanche's two infant sons were buried there also on this same lot. Mollie and Charlie Whalen were buried in this same cemetery a short distance down the incline. Peter Lorang was also buried in the cemetery – do not know if he was buried on Mother and Father's lot. Granddad Peter Gesellchen was buried in this Catholic Cemetery in about 1902

Dad was sick a lot in his life time. As I mentioned earlier, he was found dead in the calf barn on the hay. He had his hat on and it seemed that he stomped his feet in the hay. He must have had gas in his stomach which he was bothered with throughout his life. He was feeding the cow and the water was still running.

Mother had Angina Pectoris and died of it. At the time of her death, she was living in Spokane, Washington.

Peter lived in New York with his wife, Charlotte, at the time of his death. He had a heart condition which caused his death. He passed away at his home.

Barney died of a heart condition. He also had cancer of the prostate. He died in the hospital and is buried in Portland, Oregon.

Henry died of emphysema. His throat had to be cut so he could breathe while in intensive care at Sacred Health Medical Center in Spokane, Washington. He died while in the hospital.

Albert had an aneurysm and collapsed in his yard and later died in the hospital at Seattle, Washington, where he is buried

Christine died of cancer of the stomach – which was inoperable – as it was involved with kidney and surrounding organs. She died in a nursing home and is buried in Holy Cross Cemetery, Spokane, Washington

Mollie had a stroke and died in the hospital in Hollywood, California. As I wrote above, she is buried in the Catholic Cemetery in Genesee, Idaho.

Bertha had Parkinson's Disease which could have resulted from taking prescription medicine from two different doctors at the same time. She also had a kidney removed that was cancerous. She is buried in the Catholic Cemetery in Moscow, Idaho. She died in Gritman Hospital.

Martha died ??????? Fill in as you see it.

Viola died of cancer of the stomach after chemotherapy failed to cure it. Her lungs filled with fluid which finally took her life. She died in a Seattle, Washington, hospital and is buried in Seattle, Washington.

Charles was found in his bathtub which was filled with water. It was thought he had had a heart attack before his fall into the tub. He is buried in Seattle, Washington.

All sisters and brothers were buried in Catholic Cemeteries

Dad seemed to like the unusual. One time while visiting a Fair of some kind in California, he had a picture taken sitting on top of an ostrich. He also went up in a balloon, as sort of a challenge, but was glad to get back to earth as he got very scared and the wind really shook the balloon, and for a time he thought it was breaking and on the way down.

The Public Library on Main Avenue in Spokane, Washington, has a book (917.96 or 919.6), called "Discovering Idaho," by Dwight Wm. Jensen, which says the railroad came to Idaho in about 1880 and the telephone at the same time. The telegraph in 1866 and electricity in 1890.

Another book, “Whispers from Old Genesee and Echoes of the Salmon River” by John Platt. It was in the Northwest Room – the book is a dark maroon color (Rov-979-686). It must be read there and can’t be taken out. The “Lorang” name is mentioned several times. It seems one referred to the Theodore Lorang Family and the other to the John Lorang family. (Sorry, I can’t give more on it as my eyes are not strong enough to read it).

My Grandfather, Bernard Lorang, was born in Nantes, France, and was a twin. His brother did not come to America. Where the brother is buried in France is not known.

About twins – my double cousin’s daughter, Virginia Carroll, had twin sons; my niece, Mary-Frances Armstrong, had a son who later had twin sons; my mothers’ brother also was a twin. So, it could happen anytime again.

One place where Mother and Dad visited in Europe, they talked with one person who had known Bernard Lorang and said my Dad was the very image of his father.

The Armistice for World War 1 was signed in October 1918. The United States went wild as did Spokane. We were excited, especially because our brother, Henry, was also coming home. Henry was with the Navy Air Force. The Unit was just getting ready to go into the fighting front. What a rejoicing it was to have him home. He soon married Marguerite Tobin and they moved into the smaller house built near the calf barn. Henry loved the land and wanted to farm, so it was arranged, and he rented the farm from Dad. Their first child, Robert, was born September 25, 1920, and while they were still living in the smaller house, Jim, Joan, and John, were born. Mother and Dad remained in the big house where the 10 brothers and sisters grew up.

In 1926, our Father died and Mother was alone in the big house. So, in 1927, Mother, being alone, decided to come to Spokane to live with us – Christine, Viola, Charles, and myself. Charles was not with us when Mother died in 1938 as he had married in the meantime

The children born to Henry and Marguerite, after moving to the big house in 1927, were Mary-Frances, Mary-Jean, Daniel, Peter, Lois, Mary-Alice, Albert, and Rita. In the 1940’s, Henry arranged with Mother and Charles’ help to buy the farm. After Henry’s death in 1968, it went to Dan Lorang, his son. Just prior to his death when Henry was very ill and he knew he would not live much longer, he sold it to Dan.

