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Title (40 characters per line for fiche): thirsk / Thursk history

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THIRSK/ THURSK

HISTORY

Record of Thomas Thirsk Family

Births

Thomas Thirsk	21-7-1807	South Cliffe East Riding Yorkshire
Mary Ann Threadgold (Wife)	4-10-1812	Howden East riding, Yorkshire
Children		
Ann Thirsk	24-6-1831	Yaphan, Yorkshire
Henry Thirsk	21-3-1833	Yaphan, Yorkshire
Jane Thirsk	8-9-1835	Yaphan, Yorkshire
Thomas T. Thirsk	11-8-1837	Yaphan, Yorkshire
Emma Thirsk	9-6-1839	Yaphan, Yorkshire
Robert Thirsk	8-6-1841	Millington, Yorkshire
Hannah Thirsk	15-5-1843	Millington, Yorkshire
Sarah Thirsk	30-3-1845	Millington, Yorkshire
Ada Thirsk	24-3-1847	Millington, Yorkshire
Freeman Thirsk	20-6-1849	Millington, Yorkshire
Maria Thirsk	20-11-1851	Millington, Yorkshire
Infant stillborn	1853.	
John W. Thirsk	1-7-1856	Highland Park Lake, Illinois

Thomas Thirsk and family emmigrated to America April 1854. Arrived in Chicago May 20, 1854.

Left Liverpool Tuesday April 11, 1854.

Arrived New York Saturday May 13.

Arrived at Chicago Saturday May 20.

Thomas Thirsk, above, son of Robert Thirsk - page 3.

Ship Australia
Capt. Tom. Edward.

FAMILY HISTORY

Robert Thrusk married Mary Ella

Son: D. Robert Thrusk
Born: 1750/51 Place:
Died: 18 Jan 1810
Married: 6 Dec 1792 to:
Anne Marshall
Born: Place: Newbold, Yorkshire, England
Christened: 28 Aug 1774

Children:

John Thrusk
Born: 23 Sept 1793 Place: North Cave, Yorkshire, England

Mary Thrusk
Born: 8 Feb 1795 Place: North Cave, Yorkshire, England

Ann Thrusk
Born: 8 Feb 1795 Place: North Cave, Yorkshire, England

Robert Thrusk
Born: 5 Mar 1797 Place: North Cave, Yorkshire, England

Elizabeth Thrusk
Born: 24 Jan 1799 Place: North Cave, Yorkshire, England

Hannah Thrusk
Born: 30 Dec 1800 Place: North Cave, Yorkshire, England

William Thrusk
Born: 10 Apr 1803 Place: North Cave, Yorkshire, England

Dinah Thrusk
Born: 9 Jul 1805 Place: North Cave, Yorkshire, England

** Thomas Thrusk
Born: 21 Jul 1807 Place: South Cliff, North Cave, Yorkshire, England
Died: 23 Sep 1882 Place: Chicago, Cook, Illinois
Married: to: Mary Ann Threadgold
(Note: Name changed to Thirsk sometime in Thomas' lifetime.)

Jane Thrusk
Born: 25 Feb 1809 Place: South Cliff, North Cave, Yorkshire, England

Thomas Thirsk
Born: 21 Jul 1807 Place: South Cliff, North Cave, Yorkshire, England
Died: 23 Sep 1882 Place: Chicago, Cook, Illinois
to:
Mary Ann Threadgold
Born: Place: Howden, Yorkshire, Eng.
Christened: 15 Oct 1812
Died: 2t Jun 1891 - Chicago, Ill.

Children:

Anne Thirsk
Born: 26 Jun 1831 Place: Yapham, Yorkshire, England

** Henry Thirsk
Born: 21 Mar 1833 Place: Yapham, Yorkshire, England
Died: 4 Aug 1917 Place: Fort Worth, Tarrant, Texas
Married: June 1865 to: Sarah Garside

Jane Thirsk
Born: 27 Sep 1835 Place: Yapham, Yorkshire, England

Tom Threadgold Thirsk
Born: 3 Sep 1837 Place: Millington, Yorkshire, England

Emma Thirsk
Born: 30 Jun 1839 Place: Millington, Yorkshire, England

Robert Thirsk
Born: 20 Jun 1841 Place: Millington, Yorkshire, England

Hannah Thirsk
Born: 2 Jun 1843 Place: Millington, Yorkshire, England

Sarah Thirsk
Born: 1844/45 Place: Millington, Yorkshire, England

Ada Thirsk
Born: 15 Apr 1847 Place: Millington, Yorkshire, England

Freeman Thirsk
Born: 22 Jul 1849 Place: Millington, Yorkshire, England

Maria Thirsk
Born: 22 Nov 1851 Place: Millington, Yorkshire, England

Ellen Thirsk
Born: 5 Jan 1854 Place: Millington, Yorkshire, England

John William Thirsk
Born: 1856 Place: Millington, Yorkshire, England

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William Garside

Son: Benjamin Garside
Born: 8 Oct 1819 Place: Worksop, Nottinghamshire, England
Died: 18 Oct 1890 Place: Holland, Braun, Wisconsin
Married: to:
Frances Kennon (Kennen)
Born: 3 Oct 1819 Place: Barlborough, Derby, England
Died: 28 Aug 1911

Children:

** Sarah Garside
Born: 21 Apr 1847 Place: Worksop, Nottinghamshire, England
Died: 23 Sep 1939 Place: Glade Park, Mesa, Colorado
Married: Jun 1865 to: Henry Thirsk

George Garside
Born: 11 Sep 1848 Place: Worksop, Nottinghamshire, England

Benjamin Garside
Born: 15 Mar 1851 Place: Worksop, Nottinghamshire, England

Frances Garside
Born: 18 Dec 1852 Place: Worksop, Nottinghamshire, England

Joseph Garside
Born: 28 Nov 1854 Place: Worksop, Nottinghamshire, England

Henry Kennen Garside
Born: 6 Nov 1856 Place: Worksop, Nottinghamshire, England

Anne S. Garside
Born: June 1859 Place: Detroit, Wayne, Michigan

Catherine Garside
Born: 1 Aug 1861 Place: Chicago, Cook, Illinois

Henry Thirsk
Born: 21 Mar 1833 Place: Yapham, Yorkshire, England
Died: 4 Aug 1917 Place: Fort Worth, Tarrant, Texas
Married: June 1865 to:

Sarah Garside
Born: 21 Apr 1847
Place: Worksop, Nottinghamshire, England
Died: 23 Sep 1939
Place: Glade Park, Mesa, Colorado

Children:

Ada Gertrude Thirsk
Born: 23 Nov 1866 Place: Chicago, Cook, Illinois

Benjamin Garside Thirsk
Born: 16 Jul 1868 Place: Chicago, Cook, Illinois

George Thirsk
Born: 8 Jul 1870 Place: Chicago, Cook, Illinois

Albert Henry Thirsk
Born: 23 Mar 1872 Place: Chicago, Cook, Illinois

Frances Thirsk
Born: 14 Feb 1874 Place: Chicago, Cook, Illinois

Jessie Alice Thirsk
Born: 2 Mar 1875 Place: Chicago, Cook, Illinois

Lillian Grace Thirsk
Born: 16 Jan 1877 Place: Kingham, Sheboygan, Wisconsin

Joseph Eugene Thirsk
Born: 18 Dec 1878 Place: Kingham, Sheboygan, Wisconsin

Ivy Belle Thirsk
Born: 20 Oct 1880 Place: Kingham, Sheboygan, Wisconsin

Alfred Leroy Thirsk
Born: 26 Oct 1882 Place: Kingham, Sheboygan, Wisconsin

Edna Euloda Thirsk
Born: 5 Mar 1885 Place: Kingham, Sheboygan, Wisconsin

Walter Thomas Thirsk
Born: 5 May 1887 Place: Winfield, Cowley, Kansas

** Clover Burdett Thirsk
Born: 29 Mar 1890 Place: Winfield, Cowley, Kansas.
Married: 22 Jun 1918 to: Emily Estelle Frazier

Henry Lester Thirsk
Born: 12 Sep 1892 Place: Winfield, Cowley, Kansas

FAMILY NAME

At one time there were no sur-names. A man was known by his first name, and the location of his home, or his occupation. John from York gradually became John York, whereas the son of John might become Johnson. Some were known by their occupation. John, the miller, or George, the baker, becoming John Miller or George Baker.

From all indications the family name "Thirsk" was taken from the town of Thirsk. Variations on the name are Tresche, Tresch, Treusig, Thrysk, Uisge. The Domesday Book has it as Tresche, and pronounced "Thrusk". Even further back, there is a Celtic variation, Tre-ussig, meaning "the place by the water."

The history of Thirsk, England, began in Celtic times as a few clay huts along the banks of the Codbeck River. After the Norman Conquest, the Lordship of Thirsk was created as a reward for Robert de Mowbray. The Lordship of Thirsk came into the Bell family in 1723, with a Bell as Squire today.

The town is divided into New Thirsk on the west side of the Codbeck and Old Thirsk on the east.

In what manner, or at what time, the name became our family name is strickly a matter of conjecture. One thing for sure, it is a relief the name was simplified to Thirsk instead of Tre-ussig.

1-1-83 Clover Burdett Thirsk

I am the thirteenth child, born March 29, 1890. I am ninety-two years old now, and I hope I haven't made too many mistakes in names, places, or dates.

As I remember our family - my father, Henry Thirsk, was born March 21, 1833, at Yapham, Yorkshire, England. He died August 4, 1917, at Fort Worth, Texas. My mother, Sarah Garside Thirsk, was born April 21, 1847, Worksop, Nottinghamshire, England, and died September 23, 1939, Glade Park, Colorado.

My father was apprenticed out for seven years learning the tailor trade. At the end of that time, he was a Master Tailor. He did not mind the work, but did not want to be told what to do. So, when he reached his twenty-first birthday, he came to America.

He learned the different trades of carpentry, painting and paper hanging. These trades, along with tailoring, always kept him busy. He was a very careful, and a very hard worker, so he was always in demand.

My father made two trips back to England after first coming here. I do not know how many members of his family he brought over with him on these trips. However, both his mother and father came to America, and at least three of his brothers, Tom, Bob, and Freeman. Both his father and mother are buried in Graceland Cemetary in Chicago.

On one of his return trips from England the boat was within sight of land when a heavy storm hit. It blew them back out into the ocean, and them them another three weeks before they could land. They were plenty glad to reach land that time because they had been on short rations and were getting hungry.

The four brothers had a quartet. They were good enough to be sought after, and sang at any denomination church, or funeral, wake, or wedding. This was extra income over and above their regular work.

On one job, while painting a wharf, my father had a narrow escape. The warf had logs hanging from ropes along the side. The idea of these logs hanging this way was to act as a buffer and allow the boats to come up close. The logs would roll along side of the boat and neither the boat nor the wharf would be damaged. A boat was coming into dock while my father was painting. It kept blowing its whistle and ringing its bell, but my father didn't understand. He thought he would just hang onto one of the logs out of the way, until the boat had passed. Finally, the big boat sent out a smaller boat to pick up my father. When the big boat came into dock, and he watched the logs roll, my father realized what could have happened to him.

On another job a new building was being erected. One of the lathers fell off the scaffolding and landed on his own lathing hatchet. It entered between his ribs and cut his heart open. As a member of the crew, Dad was expected to go to the Wake. All the other men were Irish. Well, it was quite an affair. Some of the men got so intoxicated they took the corpse out of the coffin,

stood him in the corner, and tried to give him a drink. My father, also, got lice on him at this Wake. Mother wouldn't let him in the house, but gave him a tub and hot water and clean clothes, and made him take a bath in the coal shed.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, my father was in Missouri on a tailoring assignment. Back then a tailor would go into your home and usually stay there till the entire family had been outfitted. Dad had come down with malaria fever, and when Missouri declared for the south, he was too ill to leave. However, the family he was working for kept him out of sight until he was over the worst of the fever, then they carried him on a stretcher to the Illinois line where they were met my Dad's brothers who then took over. Dad was plagued with recurring malaria fever the rest of his life.

My mother was a wonderful mother. She came to America with her family from England when she was age thirteen. Their first day at sea, one of her brothers took sick. There was no doctor on board, and as they didn't know what it was, the Captain put them down in the hold to protect the other passengers. He would come at night, after the other passengers had gone to sleep, and bring them up on deck so they could get some fresh air. They landed at Detroit in 1858 or 1859, but after about a year there they moved to Chicago.

My mother's father and older brothers were coopers (made barrels.) Eventually, they moved to Wisconsin where they could get the wood they needed. Grandpa Garside bought a farm covered with good timber and build a house and shop on the place.

Grandpa must have been very trustworthy because the other companies would hire him to buy timber for them. He would pick out the trees, scrape away some bark, and put a company's brand on the tree. He would then send one of his son's crews to cut the timber and float it down the river to the different companies with their brands on the timber.

His youngest son, my Uncle Ben, was well liked by all the wood cutters. He could get more done than anyone else. But, he did have one failing habit, he was very fond of his eye-opener (wine and whiskey.) He wrote a letter to his mother saying, "due to the bad weather they were staying in camp and for a pasttime they were betting on the races." The races - they would each reach inside their shirts and get a louse. They would put them on one side of a bread pan, then put the pan on the stove. As the pan got hot, the lice would move. The entry that would reach the opposite side first would win. Needless to say, Grandma was horrified, but I don't know whether it was the thought of the lice that bothered her most, or the gambling.

They, also, had hotels, or what they called road houses. If a crew from one of the other camps was there, and another crew came, the bullies of each camp naturally would have to fight it out to see who was the boss. My uncle said there were some good fights, and often the crews of both sides would enter into it. As they just used fists there was rarely any real damage.

Nearly all the roadhouses had basements, or cellars, where they kept their supplies. If a customer got too much to drink, instead of calling the police, they would take the customer to the basement and handcuff him to a support beam to let him sleep it off. Maybe that was a better way then what we have today. No "drunk tanks" in the jail for taxpayers to support, no drunk drivers on the road, and the drunks themselves were not hurt.

I never met my uncle until he was somewhere between sixty and seventy years old. And, from the stories that had been told about him he hadn't changed much. I didn't believe all the things he told us about the woods and lumbering in Wisconsin. However, years later, a friend of mine, Mr. Matt Keough of Glenwood Springs, verified the tales. He, too, had been there and he said it was as wild as reported at that time. Grandpa Garside never got over the fact that his son could make a barrel in less time than he could.

My wife, Estelle, and I got to see that country, I think it was in 1964. The brick house was in good condition. It had the same paint my father had put on it over eighty years ago.

I do not know when or where my mother and father met, but they were married in June 1865 in Chicago. They lived in Chicago until 1875 or 1876. I do not know why they decided to move. They had six children born in Chicago, two dying there. Fannie (Frances) died of smallpox at the age of five months, and George drowned in the cistern at the age of three years and nine months.

After the Civil War, Dad took a contract to refinish some houses. These houses were built by Mr. Armour (the stockyard king), close to the stockyards, for housing Civil War prisoners. Many, many of the prisoners had died of smallpox. Even though this was several years after the war, Dad came down with smallpox. My little sister, Fannie, caught the disease from Dad and died at the age of five months. Mr. Armour enjoyed talking to my father and would often come down and stand around while Dad was working talking of many things.

The Chicago Fire was on the 8th October 1871. It started on the southwest side of the city, with very strong winds sweeping it to the northeast. Mother's family lived not far from where the fire started, and Dad's family lived on the opposite side. Dad's folks started over to help Mother's folks and while they were on the way the fire jumped the river and both places were burned. Grandma's Garside's two sons were hurrying her along a street when a sheet of burning tar paper fell on her back and set her dress on fire. The boys got it off before it did too much damage. My uncles had sailing boats that they took out into Lake Michigan and sank. The masts that were out of the water burned down to the waterline. Also, they took the silverware and buried it in the sand, but the heat was so great that it melted the knives, forks and spoons all together. I had a mustard spoon that had been melted pretty bad. I don't know whatever became of it. We used to have a picture of a grain elevator that was burning and the rats were swimming out in a Vee shape until they would give out and drown. All records were burned, birth certificates, naturalization papers, marriage certificates, the works. It had been a very dry summer, about one-fourth the normal amount of rain. The fire raged for over twenty-four hours, three hundred dead, ninety thousand without homes.

My folks moved to Wisconsin in 1875-76. While living in Wisconsin they had five more children. Jessie, age four years and eleven months, fell from the back of a buckboard, landed on her head, and died from the injury.

My father and two of his brothers, Freeman and Bob, moved to Kansas and bought a half section of land. This was in either 1885, 86, or 87. In Kansas, the last three of fourteen children were born. Henry Lester, the youngest, was born with a heart condition (blue-baby). He lived till he was two years old. Ten of my folk's fourteen children lived to adulthood.

Tom stayed in Chicago after the others left. He became active in a Veteran's organization of that day. There was a conference held in Colorado Springs, and Tom was sent to represent his town. The cog-rail to the top of Pike's Peak was new then, and the price was $5.00 to ride to the top and back, a very high price for those days. Tom would not pay it, he walked to the top of Pike's Peak over the dirt road. Going up was all right, but coming down was another story. The slope was so steep his feet were pushed down into his shoes in an awkward way with each step. He wore out a pair of shoes, had huge blisters, and was so stiff and sore he had to stay over an extra day before he could walk enough to go back to Chicago. He told the story on himself, saying it cost him a great deal more than the $5.00 fare would have. But, he did have a reputation for being a "bull-headed Englishman."

Tom had children, I don't know how many. One son was named Fred. Fred was a deaf-mute, and somewhat of a genius for his day. He worked for one of the electric companies, and despite his handicap, was sent to put in plants in various parts of the world. Tom was proud of Fred in later years, but while Fred was young his father was not too kind to him.

After being gone from Chicago for over twenty years, my Dad and Mother took a trip back to visit family members left there. Both of them were amazed at Fred's accomplishments even though he was only a teen-ager then. He had wired the closet doors so as you approached the closet the door opened automatically (probably an early photo-cell idea.) His father said his son's "fool ideas would probably kill them all."

Tom was a stone cutter, and had a marble works of his own. Another story concerning Tom - he had cut his own tombstone, a tall column intricately engraved and carved. However, only his name was on it. Some one asked if he intended to put his wife's name on too. "Hell, no! She'll probably marry someone else after I'm gone," is his reported answer.

Freeman moved with my Dad and Bob to Kansas. But he had asthma really bad, so soon sold out to move to Pueblo, Colorado. He had two children, both became violinists in the symphony orchestra in Pueblo. Freeman is buried in Pueblo.

Bob did not stay long in Kansas either. He moved his family to old Mexico. Bob had several children, I don't know how many, but among the children were a son named Bob, Daisy, Vin (the youngest),

John, Freeman, and Guy. Bob died in Mexico and is buried there.

Vin, Daisy, John, and Guy moved to Florida, not all at the same time. Vin was a surveyor for the Tamiami Trail. He, also, was a game warden in the Everglades back in the days when the poachers were killing off the egrets for their plumage. I guess he had some pretty rough times. We visited him ten or twelve years ago at his retirement home in a little town on the banks of Lake Okeechobee. He taught me how to call alligators, using the bull alligator sound. We were all kinda skeptical, but when we were in the Everglades National Park I tried it, and it works. It is either a mating call or a war call, whichever it is it brought alligators toward us at a rate we didn't care for at all. We left.

John had a son named John who had a son named John. Daisy was married and lived in Lakeland, Florida for many years.

Guy was superintendent of a gold mine in old Mexico. He was an exceptionally skilled person. Later, after moving to Florida, he became superintendent of the phosphate plant east of Tampa.

While working at the gold mine in old Mexico, Guy hired a couple of his brothers to work for him. Neither one particularly wanted to work, they enjoyed their liquor too much. He sent them to put the belt over the drive shaft to work the conveyor belt. They disappeared so Guy went to do the job himself. As he slipped the belt on the shaft his coveralls caught and he was pulled down onto the driveshaft. The coveralls rolled up tearing and stripping the skin from his waist down the front of his legs. He managed to hold himself up off the belt, preventing his death, until help arrived.

Hospital and medical care was primitive, so he was taken to a room, given what medical help was available, and left with one of his brothers to care for him. Friends came by to visit him bringing him whiskey. Guy did not drink, but his brother was soon passed out. About half of one bottle was left by the bed. Guy needed attention, but his brother couldn't be roused. Soon, in desperation, Guy reached for the half-empty whiskey bottle and promptly filled it. When his brother came to he reached for the whiskey bottle and had nearly finished it before he found out what it contained.

When Guy left Mexico to move to Florida the gold mine paid him in fifty dollar gold pieces. Guy stopped off in Fort Worth to visit our family and showed us a pretty good-sized pile of gold pieces.

One of Uncle Bob's drinking sons decided to take off on his own. He loaded his horse and pack mule with liquor and started off. Guy replaced the liquor with rocks before his brother started. His brother got almost to the top of a mountain before he found out what had happened, then he turned around and came all the way back, and reloaded his mule again with liquor. When he left this time no one ever saw or heard from him again. However, soon after he left, some rather strong rumors came to the family that he had been killed in a drunken brawl.

Within a few months of this occurence, Uncle Bob died. And, a few months later, one of his daughters died. Aunt Mary, Uncle Bob's

wife, couldn't stand up under the shock of losing a husband, son, and daughter all in less than a year, and she lost her mind. She moved to Kansas and lived with us for awhile. I guess I was about ten years old then. Mother and Dad slept downstairs, my bedroom was upstairs. But after Aunt Mary came to live with us my bed was moved downstairs and placed each night in front of Dad's and Mother's bedroom door. Aunt Mary would wake up some nights, come downstairs and go to the kitchen and get a butcher knife, or go outdoors and get a hatchet or a piece of stove wood, and head to the folk's bedroom to kill them. She felt "Sarah and Henry were too good and kind to live in this cruel world." She was a small woman, and it was easy for me to stop her, take away whatever she had, and lead her back up to bed. Sometimes she woke up more than once in a night, but usually it was only once. After awhile, Daisy came up from Florida and took her mother back to live with her. Aunt Mary died soon afterwards.

That's about all I remember about my different uncles, aunts, and cousins.

The family moved to Kansas and at first had to rent a house while Dad was building on his ten acres. As soon as the house was built, he planted our acres to fruit trees and berries, asparagras, pie plant, horseradish, and gooseberries, three different kinds of black berries, red rasberries, black rasberries, strawberries, three kinds of rubarb, three different cherries, a variety of peaches and apples.

The cherries were a favorite dish for the orioles, but they would only take one bite out of each cherry. They would land in a tree where you were picking the cherries and scold you. We always carried a flip made of rubber bands and string. The two ends of the rubber connected a piece of leather shaped like a diamond. We had plenty of marble-sized rocks in our pockets, so when a bird would light in the tree we nearly always got him. Orioles were pretty birds, but they ruined a lot of cherries. Then, in the fall, the blackbirds would gather together, move south, and a flock would light on a field of coffer corn. In a few minutes they would clean the whole head off every grain. We used to see them line up on a phone wire and could get anywhere from six to ten at one shot. The blue jays were not so bad and the crows didn't bother us as they stayed along the river. Mice were a constant worry as they were there all year around. Cats and dogs were a necessity on a farm. Civic cats and opossum were scare in our locality.

Dad had built a two-story house and full basement. He dug a service well that made a good cooler for milk, cream, and butter, and melons. Walt, myself, and Lester were all born in this house. The farm was not a gold mine, but we all had plenty to eat and to wear, and plenty of work. My older borthers and sisters worked until they married and had homes of their own.

My Dad continued to do work as a tailor. He was the only tailor who could make his kind of fancy coats and vests this side of the Mississippi River. He worked through a large tailor shop in Winfield, Kansas. They would bring the work to him and he and my mother would

sit and sew and sing. They both had good voices and knew most all of the songs of that day. When I was little I was puny and had every disease the other children had, besides some extra. I missed a lot of school, but my most pleasant memories of my young life was listening to Mother and Dad sing.

A friend of ours had sold a half-interest in a gold mine and wanted some fancy new clothes. He came to my father to have them made but he was rather finicky. Finally my father told him if his head was as easy to fit as his body he would be all right.

Since I had missed so much school, my folks sent me to an ex-teacher to bring me up to the rest of the class. Our school was a one room school for all classes called Walnut Valley School. One teacher taught all grades. Each class would be called to the front of the room to recite outloud. We had spell-downs for our spelling lessons. Only once was I at the head of the class in spelling. It was such an occasion I remember the word that got me there, it was E C Z E M A. I went from the bottom of the class to the top, but the next day I went right back down to the bottom again.

Dad was on the school board and was always very fair with the teachers. He felt that if they had charge of the children they had a right to punish them if they needed it. And, believe me, we knew what would happen to us at home if we got punished at school.

We played games on the south side of the school, so Dad installed one-half inch galvanized mesh wire to all the windows on that side of the school, so we could play ball and throw snow balls and not break the windows.

Sometimes the different country schools would compete in spelling contests. The school board members were expected to be part of the teams. Dad was very precise in his speech and spelling, so he was a welcome member of the team and always faired very well.

Our books were furnished by the school board, and we were taught to take care of them. Most of our teachers were good, some better than others. At this time, if you had three years of high school and passed, you could get a teachers certificate to teach. Our average enrollment was about fifty, from the first grade through the ninth.

We created our own amusements. We played games like Fox and Geese, Wolf and Hounds, progressive ball games, ice-skating, and when the snow was just right we would make snow forts. We would roll up some snow balls as big as we could lift and make our forts about thirty feet apart. The girls would make snow balls for ammunition, and each group of boys would try to take the other fort.

We played another game called Black Man's Bluff. We had a colored family in our neighborhood, and one time when some one said let's play Black Man's Bluff, one of the little colored girls said, "no, lets play old dirty white trash." None of us had ever thought about the name of the game before. It was just a game.

I think the game that taught us the best team work was Fox and Geese. I have seen a large student pick up a small student and carry them across the goal line. Our Wolf and Hounds game gave us a chance to use up a lot of energy. The Wolf would run till he got tired, he would stop, and all the dogs would stop where they were. As soon as the wolf got rested we would all start after him again.

All grades recited every day starting with the first grade. We had to recite out-loud, and it was sometimes hard to concentrate. I don't see how the teachers managed it.

A lot of our entertainment was put on in the schools. About once a month we would have a Literary Night. It was for all local people, and anyone who could recite, or sing, or play an instrument was supposed to add to the entertainment. My brother, Walt, had a gift for remembering tunes. He would go to the road-shows in town and whenever a new piece was introduced Walt could remember it. He would buy a little booklet with the words. Then, at our Literary, he would sing the new song, and this way we all kept up to date with the latest in music.

The Literarys were held at night. We had hanging lamps all around the room, and the room was usually decorated too. It was before we had electricity. Everyone would dress up in their best clothes because this was a special evening.

We had lots of plays, and my sister, Ivy, was usually in them. One play was a Western, and toward the last part of the play, Ivy was supposed to shoot off a shotgun to emphasize what she was saying. All the bigger boys in the school knew how to shoot, how to load a gun, and most of them owned their own gun by that time. The teacher had asked some of the boys to load the shotgun, and they decided to put just a <u>little</u> extra powder in it so the emphasis would be better. Well, Ivy made her speech and held the gun up pointing to the ceiling, and pulled both triggers. Her emphasis was so strong it blew out all the lamps in the room. There sure was a lot of screaming and hollering cause nobody seemed to know what had happened. Well, we got the lamps lit again, and everyone had a good laugh out of it, but that was the end of any gun play.

We all had chores to do around the house it seems like from the time we could walk. As we got older the work increased. Then we would hire out to neighbors too. I started riding on one of the horses of the lead team of the binder when I was eight years old. They had three horses on the tongue to finish making up a five horse team. I would turn my two horses at the corners and keep them pulling their share. I got twenty-five cents a day for this.

Then later on they had a corn sled shaped like a delta-wing airplane. The wings had about a three-foot long knife sharpened on each edge that could cut the fodder off about six inches above the ground. I rode the lead horse on this corn sled. Two men would sit

on the sled and catch the corn as it was cut off. When they would get an armful they would holler "whoa", then they would carry the corn and stand it against the shock. I got twenty-five cents a day for this too.

When I was about twelve years old I worked for one of our neighbors who had a well drill. I used to drive the horsepower that operated the drill. If we were just cleaning a dug well we only needed one team, but if we were drilling a well we used four horses. I would take our team. I learned a great deal about a lot of things. I worked for him the second year too. I didn't draw any money for either year because I wanted to have a well dug at our house. The last year I worked for him he wanted to sell his drill. So, the last job we did was drilling our well by the kitchen door. I had earned enough to get the well dug and with a pump in it. We got good water at ninety-five feet. That well made a big difference in our living. It was handy for the stock too. After we sold the place they struck oil nearby, and salt water came into our well and ruined it for home use. We still used the old well as a cooler.

I also bought his blacksmith outfit, and we used it as an accomodation for ourselves and neighbors. We sharpened plow shares, welding sickle rods, and we shoed some horses. I learned enough to find out I didn't know it all, and I sure didn't care to follow it as a trade. I did not have a shop. There was nothing that the weather could hurt. I had a friction bellows forge. It had a fan wheel, you lifted up the handle and the clutch would release. When you pulled down on the lever the clutch engaged. We used regular blacksmith coal. The anvil was on a block of wood. The small tools were hammer, tongs, and cutter that fit in the anvil. We did good work with what we had to work with.

I worked in the hay fileds racking the hay in winrows, so the go-devil could pick it up and take it to the stack. When I was about thirteen I was working for Mr. Brown, a number one hay stacker. He had three grown sons, and they were the orriest guys I ever knew. They picked on me all the time. So, one day Mr. Brown said, "you come on the stack with me and I will teach you how to stack prairie hay." The rest of the year I did nothing but follow him around the stack, just to get the feel of the hay. You had to see that the pressure was the same all over the stack. The next year he gave me a pitchfork and had me spread the hay and he followed me. It wasn't long until he let me stack the hay alone. The third year he said I was a number one stacker and would get three dollars per day. So I became an official stacker while I was only fourteen or fifteen years old.

Mr. Brown was one of the original freighters on the Santa Fe Trail. His son, Frank, married Carol Thirsk, my brother Ben's daughter.

I leased some ground from a fellow. I was to get two-thirds of the crop and take it off the ground. His one-third was to be left standing unhusked. I hauled all of my share home and stacked it up so I could husk it out as needed. I had all my feed stacked close by the barn for the winter.

I worked for one fellow stacking hay for three dollars a day, and he worked for me cutting corn on a sled for one dollar a day. That was the rate for the type work. He drove one of his young buggy horses hitched to a cart to work one day and tied her to a fence. Along came a thrashing machine, I told him to go stay with his horse until it passed. He said, "No, let her break loose and she'll just go home." And, that is just what she did. His wife unhitched the horse, and I took him home that evening.

Mad dogs were rare when I lived on the farm. I only recall three cases. One of them occured on the day the entire family had gone to Winfield to have our family picture taken. It think it was the summer of 1900. I know it was sure hot riding that three miles into town in a lumber wagon, no shade. We had heard there was a mad dog somewhere in the country, but didn't know where. As we were coming home from town we were about one and a half miles from home and were down a little slope. It was the beginning of a large drainage for pasture land. The road was possibly three hundred feet through this and then went up a little rise on the other side. To our surprise we saw the mad dog coming toward us. The dog was on the left side of the roadway, so Dad drove the team over to the right side, and we all were very quiet. My older brothers, Ben, Bert, Joe and Alfred got out of the wagon and crawled through the fences, two on one side and two on the other. There was plenty of river rock throwing size, they gathered an armfull and walked facing the dog. When they got even they started throwing at him. My brothers could throw a rock about as straight as you could shoot and as effectively, they soon killed the dog. We all took a sigh of relief. That was my only contact with a mad dog, we were all afraid of them. We had lots to be thankful for that we got home safely. I know of a horse that had been bit by one of the dogs. They put it in a pen at the stockyards in Ft. Worth and it would run at the fence and try and bite its way out.

My Mother and Father were good neighbors to everyone. Mother was called on to be midwife to most of the women within any distance at all. There were very few times when we didn't have some one staying with us, too. The folks would be looking after them at our home. HoGue
One lady I remember staying with us was Mrs. Hodge. She was the mother-in-law to my sister, Grace. Mrs. Hodge was a large woman who was going blind, and in a short time, was completely blind. She stayed at our house for a long time to give Grace a little rest, as Grace and Jap lived on a farm with limited conveniences. Their outhouse was not too far from the house so they run a wire from the house to the out-house so Mrs. Hodge could find her way by herself. One day she got almost there when she heard a noise. She thought it was a snake. She came came back to the house and told them what she heard. They went back with her and found a rattlesnake in the path. From then on, some one always had to go with her and wait to bring her back. When she lived with us that was usually my job.

There was another little, old lady that the folks looked after. She had a home of her own in Winfield. I don't believe she was any relation to us, but she was English so the folks took care of her. We always called her Aunty Perigold. Sometimes she would stay with us when she was ill, a week or more at a time.

Other people were good neighbors to us, too. We lived one and a half miles north of the school house, and the Blanchards lived one and a half miles south of the school. In bad weather when I'd leave the school if the storm was from the north I'd go to the Blanchards. If the storm was from the south I'd go home. The folks never worried about me because they knew where I'd be.

On March the 24th, 1901, it was about the coldest day we'd had in a long time, a big storm came out of the north so I headed for the Blanchards. I hadn't been feeling good all day, and by the time I got to the Blanchards and walked in Mrs. Blanchard took one look at me and said, "you've got the measles." She stirred up the fire and moved the coffee pot onto the front of the fire. She got down the dish pan and filled it with hot water and I soaked my feet in it while the coffee was getting hot. This was boiled coffee and it was so strong you had to push the sugar down into it. She poured me a cup of it, but before she gave it to me she took the handle of a spoon and dipped it into the bottle of quinine and all the quinine that stayed on the handle she put in my coffee. It floated around on top but she kept stirring it and she sat in front of me till I drank every drop. The size of the cup was a big mug, about the size of three of our cups today. Then she put me to bed and pulled down the shades so it was as dark as night in the room and there I stayed for about two weeks. She wouldn't let me look at myself, but she said I was so covered with spots there wasn't room for another one anywhere. She sent Mr. Blanchard out hunting for quail and he brought in two. That was my main food while I was in bed.

Mr. Blanchard's name was Perry and the forty-two year old son was a bachelor by the name of Hiram. They were as rugged a pair as you could find anywhere. They raised their own tobacco and both smoked pipes. When they would light up their pipes with this strong tobacco the flies and insects would leave the house.

Although I spent my eleventh birthday in bed my time wasn't lost. Mrs. Blanchard hunted up all her scraps and I made my Mother a crazy quilt while I was getting well. She was still using it until she died, and I remember seeing it around as late as 1942. Also, as I gained strength, I made a little Daisy cheese. They put in the milk and I added the rennet, and dipped out the curd. When it was ready I put it in the press. This press put enormous pressure on the cheese and it squeezed all the whey out.

Mrs. Blanchard was the tutor my folks had hired to catch me up with my schooling, so I wasn't allowed to get to far behind this time just because I had the measles.

The two Blanchard men could do most anything, farming, make harness, repair machinery, or you name it. They liked to hunt and they had a pointer dog named Dan. In the summertime, Dan and I would go down to the Walnut River. I would wade upstream as far as I could and Dad would jump in and get me by the arm and bring me back to the river bank. He was a good life-guard. He would chase rabbits for

me, but when Mr. Blanchard would take him bird hunting he wouldn't pay any attention to rabbits. It was beautiful to watch the two of them hunt together.

Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard wanted to get a small dog to be company for Dan, so I got them a little puppy. He was fifty-seven varieties, but the dogs got along fine together and they seemed to understand one another. There was a transient came along one day in a wagon with a pit bulldog trotting along behind. Of course, our two dogs barked, the man in the wagon stopped and his dog got all set for a fight. Well, Dan stopped at the fence and kept on barking, and while the bulldog was watching him the little dog ran around behind the bulldog and bit him on the leg. When the bulldog turned around to see what had bit him Dan ran down and hit the bulldog and sent him rolling, and before the bulldog knew what had happened our two dogs had him whipped. The bulldog ran under the wagon and wouldn't come out. The man said it was the first time his dog had ever been whipped. He said his dog had paid his way with fights, and he didnt know what to expect now the next time he paired him in a fight. After seeing the way these two dogs worked together, not just this time, but in other fights and in hunting together, no one can say dogs are dumb.

The Blanchards were very superstitious. They were great believers in omens and signs, and they read their tea cups. They had worked at regular jobs before, so they worked their farm for ten hours a day, and then after supper would sit on their open porch and gossip. They had worked all summer, and the prospects for a good crop was pretty much of a certainty. But, on their open porch, like a great many other porches, there were a bunch of nails hammered part way into the posts. Some one, at some time or another, had hung a piece of wire on one of the nails on one of the posts. Every evening about dusk the breeze would come up and blow this wire against the post making an off-tone sound. They never looked to see what caused this sound, they took it as a warning to leave the farm. They sold their crop and all the extra odds and ends they had accumulated, and were loaded up to leave the next morning, so I went down to spend the night with them and say good-bye. Well, the wire sounded off and they told me that it was warning them to leave. I went looking for the sound and found it. I took the wire off the nail and told them that was their evil sound, but that didn't stop them. They got up early the next morning and left. I lost track of them, I don't know where they went. We hated to see them go as they sure were good neighbors.

My folks didn't believe in signs and omens. They taught us to be honest and make the best judgement of things as they come. That has been my motto throughout my life. I think I have learned something from every job I have had.

We had other neighbors. One family from Missouri raised ducks for feathers and eating. I don't think they understook about canning fruit too well as they had several jars of peaches that fermented. They emptied them out in the backyard. The chickens didn't care for them, but the ducks thought they were a pretty good treat so they

cleaned them up. When the men came in from the fields there were dead ducks lying everywhere. They didn't know what had killed them so they didn't trust using the meat, but they thought they'd save the feathers anyway. They picked all the feathers off, then, the family went into town. When they came home they were greeted by a yard full of drunken, naked ducks staggering around. Their peach punch had worn off enough for them to get up, but lack of feathers and after-effects of the punch made it difficult for them to walk. The weather was cold and the men had to put a stove in the duck house to keep them warm until they grew some new feathers. That was quite an experience for both ducks and man, also, something new to us Jayhawkers. The ducks all survived.

My Dad was pretty strict. He was fair, but he expected the rules to be followed. As kids will, we pushed as much as we could, but when Dad came out with the expression, "By Thunder!", then we knew we'd better not fool around anymore.

Sundays were to be kept quiet. Dad would allow us to get up a ballgame in the afternoon as long as we kept it quiet. My brother, Walt, just couldn't help bubbling over. Some one would get a sneak run, or a good hit, and Walt would shout out. In a minute Dad would appear at the door and beckon to us and that was the end of the game.

All farms had dogs and cats, they earned their keep. Walter had a knack with pets. He would walk out on the back porch and the cats would be waiting for him on a shelf so they could step off on to his shoulders. He'd go out into the backyard, and the dogs would be jumping all around him trying to get at the cats. Pretty soon one of the cats would dig its claws into Walt. So Walt would take the cat and give it a toss way out in the yard. The dogs would take after the cat just like they were going to tear it to pieces. The cat would run a little way, then stop, the dogs would stop and all of them would walk back to Walt together.

Walter and I each had a pet calf. Mother would send us out to get kindling and wood for the stove. We got the idea we could get more at one trip by hitching the calves up to our little wagons. We loaded up the wagons, hitched up the calves, and tried to get them to move. I guess they didn't understand this kind of a game. When they started to walk they felt this strange pull and noise behind them, and they started running and kicking. We had wood strewed all over the yard. It only took us about twice as long to get the wood into Mother that day.

We would go hunting in bad weather. We would get rabbits and quail and hang them on the north side of the house. They would stay frozen until we could cook and and eat them. Our other meat we kept in the cellar. What we didn't use in the winter we would slice and fry it down and put it in crocks. Then we would cover it with hot lard, the lard would congeal and seal the air from it so it would keep. With the meat mostly cooked already we could get a meal in a hurry.

Our vegetables and fruits were put in ditches. We would dig a trench long enough to put the apples, pears, cabbages, turnips, squash, and anything that would freeze. We would line this trench with straw six inches deep, put in a layer of vegetables or fruit, cover with straw, then cover the whole thing with dirt. We would mark the different spots where each fruit or vegetable was so we could get what we wanted without uncovering the whole lot. We would make a hole just large enough to reach in and get what we wanted, then fill up the hole. Growing kids are always hungry so we'd slip out and dig down and get an apple or a pear, then cover it up again. When Dad would go to dig up a bunch of apples or pears he said it was "mighty funny there never did seem to be any to dig up."

We made our own vinegar and sorghum, and pickles and sourkrout. We smoked our hams and bacon cured with brown sugar, salt and ??. We canned our own peaches, pears, plums, cherries, gooseberries, pickled peaches, apricots, and whatever else came along. We made racks to dry peaches, apricots, pears and corn. We would fill a rack and put it up on the summer kitchen roof, and if it rained we had to get it off the roof in a hurry. Then the sun came out we would put it back up.

In making our apple butter we had a large iron kettle that would hold about ten gallons. We would start with five gallons of cider and boil it down about half, then add our pealed and sliced apples. When this began to boil we would start stirring it and wouldn't stop until it was done to the right thickness. We had a long stick about eight foot long as a handle, the paddle was fastened at the end at right angles, so you could stand back and the boiling blubbers wouldn't splash out on you. They sure would make a sore. Peach and plum butter follwed the same routine, except the cider. After the butter was the right thickness it was put in open jars and then we would pour melted sealing wax over them. This would keep out the air. The large iron kettle was also used for anything else we needed it for such as rendering out lard.

We had a metal smokehouse about 5'x5'x8' high. We dug a trench twelve foot long by one foot squared, covered with tin or board. One end let the smoke into the house, on the other end we built the fire. This was a smoldering fire to create smoke, with very little heat. The smokehouse had a vent in the top so the smoke ccould vent the hams, shoulders and bacon. They would hang in the house until they were fully smoked. Then we would hang them in the cellar from nails driven into the floor joists. They sure made mighty fine eating. What we didn't eat through the winter, before fly season started, we sliced and fried almost done and packed in crocks and sealed with lard.

I was helping Mother cook ham slices. She was very careful to show me how to put a slice of ham in the hot grease. She would take a slice of ham and let it slide down into the grease. She was busy and I had an idea of my own. I took a slice of ham in both hands

and swung it out and let it drop in the grease. Hot grease went everywhere. There was no real damage, but it proved Mother's method was right.

We also made lots of scrappel. Cook sausage till almost done, add cornmeal and water and cook till the cornmeal is done. It should be a thick mush. Pour it into bread pan and let it stand till cool and you can slice it. It is just as good cold as hot. This was a great lunch when we went to the river to get drift wood. We needed about two loads of driftwood more than we got out of trimming the orchards each year. It was an all-day job, and cold scrappel at noon sure tasted good.

We had taffy pulls, made popcorn, and sang songs in the evenings. Dad played the concertina and we all had good times. One time Uncle Bob came up from old Mexico to visit us. He had bought a new concertina down there, but it was a different key than Dad's, so they couldn't play duets together like they used to. Eventually, Dad's concertina just wore out, the bellows weren't any good any more.

We all had tailor made clothes to wear, plenty of good, healthy food to eat, and lots of hard work to do.

When I was fifteen, my brother Joe's wife, Grace, came to stay with us while she recuperated from surgery. When she was ready to leave I was to take her home, but, as it turned out, she took me home with her as I had never before been out of the county I was born in. I had never ridden in an electric street car. We had to stay all night at her doctor's house. I was very embarrassed, I had never used an inside toilet before. His wife was very nice to us.

The next morning we caught our train for Hydro, Oklahoma. Joe met us there. They had a few errands to do before starting out for their home, so I asked them how to get there. I had not had any exercise for the two days were traveling and I wanted to walk. I got about half-way there before they caught up with me. We got to Joe's place after dark, and Joe and I did the chores while Grace got supper. It sure was nice to be in the country again.

They had a comfortable three-bedroom house, lots of trees and berries, cows and horses, a six stall barn, eighty acres of farm land, and eighty acres of pasture. It was a very sandy soil. The crops were nearly all in. I felt right at home.

Joe was very busy. Besides the farm he was teaching the Ghost Mound School. They (the students) had run the first teacher off, so Joe took over to finish the school year. He, also, kept the books for the bank in Ekly, a small town about six miles from Joe's. And, he was county commissioner. He had two road bosses, but they cared nothing about the complaints that came in about the condition of the roads, so Joe would send me out to repair the road. I enjoyed it.

I hadn't been there very long before Grace had to go back to the hospital in Oklahoma City. That left Joe and I batching. We would

get up early in the morning and while I would get breakfast Joe would do the chores. Then he would go off to school.

Joe had planted locust seeds thick in a row so he could transplant them later. He would dig a trench along one side and all I had to dowas take hold of them just like pulling weeds. I would pull up all I thought I could plant that day., I'd take a team and wagon and plow and go the to west side of his place. I'd plow a furrow and lay the young locust trees about two feet apart, then I would plow two more furrows and plant another row. These trees made excellent wind-breaks. The winds would blow the sand from the road, and from other farmer's fields, and it would settle in the trees. It really was an early soil-erosion plan. It raised this strip of land from eight to ten inches above his neighbors fields. The trees were also used for posts and firewood.

There was always plenty to do. Joe would get home about 5:00 and by the time I had supper ready he would have the chores done. Then, on Fridays, he would go right from the school on his Indian pony and catch the train to Oklahoma City. He would tie the lines up on the saddle and send the pony home. She would get to home about 1:00 AM. I would get up and put her in the barn, take the saddle off and let her out in the corral. Joe would visit with his wife in the hospital until Sunday. He would catch the train and I would meet him wnen he got off at Hydro. We would get home about 10:00 PM, and start in next week with the same routine.

We always had plenty of quail and rabbit and chicken to eat. We made our own hominy and churned anc whatever else there was to do. At Christmas time, we took about twenty to thirty pounds of Christmas candy to the school on the last day before the holidays. Joe passed it out to the children and they enjoyed it very much. Not many of the teachers did something like this.

I planted locust trees all day long on my sixteenth birthday in the spring.

Joe had ten acres of sod on the south side of his place that he hadn't broke out yet, so I plowed that ten acres. That was a thrill to me to break that sod for the first time. Then I planted it to king extra early cotton, adapted to sod. It didn't get very high, but yielded good cotton from sod ground.

This strip of ground was the home of some prairie chickens and as I plowed around the land they would walk from one side to the other. They rarely ever flew as they seemed to know I wouldn't hurt them. Joe said the prairie chickens never returned after that year.

Well, that fall, when the cotton was ready, I tried my hand at picking cotton. The hardest day I worked I only picked ninety-nine pounds. That was no job for me. I had to crawl on my knees and drag the cotton sack. The cotton was so short I could not stand to pick it.

One day about this same time I had to make a necessary business trip to Hydro. I listed corn all forenoon with a walking lister.

Then I got ready to go to town. Joe wanted me to take the buggy or a saddle horse, but I said I would walk, some one would come by and pick me up. Well, I walked the entire eleven miles and no one came by. This was not a highway, but it was a county road and there was nearly always some one coming or going on it. I tended to my business in Hydro, ate supper at a cafe, and started home thinking sure some one would pick me up. But, I walked and walked, and no-one came by. I walked the eleven miles back home. When I got to the corner of the farm next to Joe's I cut across the field.

This farmer never killled out all the bunch grass and when the wind would blow the sand would settle on the opposite side of the bunch grass. It was dark by now and I could not see the places where the sand was piled up. It wasn't long before I stumbled over one of these places and fell. I just stayed there awhile and rested. Pretty soon I made it the rest of the way home. Joe sure bawled me out for not taking the saddle pony. I didn't need any rocking to get to sleep that night. Twenty-two miles walking, plus the listing, made a pretty good day.

Anyone who planted corn had a bumper crop. Instead of shucking the corn they snapped it. They would dump it in winrows. One man had an upright bailer with engine that operated a corn sheller. This sheller had a long conveyor belt, with sides, that carried the corn up into the sheller. The conveyor was laid on the ground between the winrows of snapped corn. It kept four of us, using beet forks, to keep this conveyor full. We only had to work from daylight to dark as day work, one dollar a day. Noon meal was furnished by the farmer's wife. Sometimes we had good food, and sometimes it was very poor. I worked at the very worst food place, the Curtis farm, and I was sure glad when that job was finished. So was everyone else.

Since Joe and all the other farmers always helped each other out I always had plenty to do. Joe was busy at the school, so I kinda took his place when it came to helping the neighbors. I was helping at one farm cultivating corn. We were about the middle of the field when we heard the hounds chasing a civet. Mr. Burkhalter wanted to join the hunt and he wanted me to go with him, but I said I would keep on cultivating. He tied one horse to the cultivator, took the harness off that horse and put it on the other horse and took off on the chase.

The fences around that part of the country were made so you could unfasten the wire and go through, but you had to replace them. These particular places were marked by a stick fastened to the post that was higher than the fence so you find the spot. Nearly all the farmers did some hunting. Coyotes were a menace as they killed young calves and chickens. With the fences fixed that way the farmers could go across the fields, and not have to go around by way of the roads. They sure wouldn't have been able to hunt much staying on the roads.

Mr. Burkhalter's mother was one of the teachers who had been driven out of the school by the students. This was when they came to get Joe to finish out the term.

Joe had a pretty good idea where the trouble was, and who was the ringleader. So when he went to the school the first morning he told the students he had come to finish that term and he was going to do it. The first day and the second day went all right.

On the third day, the leader of the gang gave Joe a sarcastic answer. Joe told him to come up to his desk. Just as he got there Joe grabbed him by his coat collar and almost shook his head off. And, before he could get straightened out, Joe got his pointer which was made for dual purposes. Joe hung onto the kid and laid into him. When he got through there was a ring of moisture on the floor where the kid had run around Joe trying to get away from that pointer. All this time he was begging Joe to stop and he would be good. So finally Joe let him go back to his seat. Joe then turned to the class and asked if there was anyone else who would like to run the school to come on up. He had no more trouble with any of them.

One of the jobs I had was to take the corn to the grist mill. First, I had to sort out the corn, making sure it was the best. Then cleaning off the worm ends, and finally shelling it, and then it was ready to be made into corn meal. I would take the corn about two and a half miles east of Joe's place to an old gentleman (Ican't remember his name) who had an air powered grist windmill. If the wind wasn't blowing he would give me the equivalent amount of cornmeal he had ground already for the amount of corn I had brought. His fee was one-fourth of whatever corn was brought in, or one peck per bushel. He would always inspect the corn to make sure it was clean and good. People for miles around would bring their corn to be ground at his place because they were always sure of getting good meal whether it was from their own corn ground while they waited, or from some he had gound at another time when the wind was blowing.

Things went on as usual until the fourth of July. Mr. Curtis, (the man whose wife fed so poorly), was hauling shelled corn to market with four horses abreast. He had a team of horses and a team of mules. While returning home from Hydro he went to change from one rut in the road to another, and when the front wheel dipped down he slid off the seat and fell in front of the wheels. As he fell he threw the lines up in the air and the team started to run away. He had his legs crossed as he fell and when the back wheels ran over his legs it didn't break any bones, but it cut the calf muscles in two so he could not walk.

Dr. Willis lived on the farm next to the Curtis'. He was a railroad doctor. He was a good doctor, but liquor had ruined his trade, so he moved on his father's farm hoping he could get straightened out again. He sure could cuss.

Some one got word to Dr. Willis about Mr. Curtis so he got on a horse and came to help him. Curtis told him to be sure his legs weren't broke and the Doctor told him he'd make sure. Curtis was lying down in the back end of the wagon, and the doctor started

examining him. He got straddle of Curtis' legs, and Curtis hollered "if his legs weren't broke before the doctor would break them."

The got Mr. Curtis home, and some of the neighbors did his evening chores. But he was unpopular in the community and no one would agree to come in regularly while he was laid up. Mr. Curtis kept calling Joe to come help him, but Joe had all he could do with his own work and other chores he had taken on for other people, and finally Joe told him he'd see to it some one would help him. Joe then turned to me and said, "you had better go help him." I told him I had had enough of them. But, finally under protest, I went over there.

When I went in to see Mr. Curtis I called his wife in too, and then I proceeded to tell them off. I said you worked us all like slaves last fall, and only half fed us. You never have time to help your neighbors, you live strickly for yourselves. Now, you are in need of help and no one has any sympathy for you. I came over here under protest, and not to help you, but to help your stock, they need feeding and caring for. I would not work for you at all if it could be helped. Your stock are afraid of strangers, and you can't blame them as you two are the only ones they know.

Finally, he said are you through. I said yes. He looked at his wife and then said that everything I had said was true. He felt that they didn't need neighbors, but now he could see where he was wrong. So he said if I would just look about stock that he wouldn't ask me to do anything else. He told me what those chores were, and then said I could do them my way.

So I started in to feed the hogs, there were about twenty of them. Then put the feed in for the horses, and waited for the cattle to come in for water. I had to run and close the corral gates so they could not get back out. There were four milk cows, one with a small calf. Her udders were swollen and very sore. The cattle were afraid of strangers, but I finally got them tamed down. It was no easy job.

The room they gave me to sleep in was like a bake oven, so I slept in the barn loft. Also, he told his wife to find out what I wanted to eat, and she was to fix it for me.

She never went to town to do any shopping, so the first thing I knew I was doing all their shopping for them. I bought all the groceries, any household items they needed, and even bought some clothes for them. First, it was just clothes for their son, Cedric, then, she asked me to get some things for her too. I picked out dress goods for her too.

Well, this went on day after day, with no word of complaint from them. Mr. Curtis was getting around a little bit by now, and he asked me to stay on and work regular for them. I said no, but I would stay till he was able to take over. I stayed until around the first of November.

Mr. Curtis told me a little about when he first homesteaded.

When Curtis drew his claim, he, like most single men, built a small cabin about twelve by fourteen feet. He built his cabin on the southeast corner of his place on the brink of a canyon that ran the whole length of his half section of land. He had a screen door that fit in the doorway, also a wooden door. Neither one had hinges on them, just nobs to hold them in place, so most of the time the doorway was left open.

One evening he was sitting outside resting. His horse was tied to the wagon because it served as a manger. His dog was sitting out beside him. All at once they heard the most god-awfullest scream. The horse broke loose and took off, the dog ran into the house and skidded under the bed with Mr. Curtis right behind him. Finally, he got up enough courage to get the door and fasten it in, so whatever made those terrible screams couldn't get in. He said he was so scared he just set in one corner of the room shaking, while the dog lay under the bed whining. Pretty soon he heard something big land on his roof and start trying to claw its way in. Whatever it was it couldn't get in, and at last, it jumped down and went away. It was probably a crazed panther that had come up out of the canyon. He said he was so scared he never once thought about his gun, even though all settlers had guns and kept them ready. No one would believe his story at first, until after they saw the claw marks on the roof and side of his cabin.

When Mr. Curtis got married he moved the cabin to the centerof the west side of his property. Then he built two additional rooms across the end of the cabin. He drilled a well and built a large modern barn and corrals.

Curtis made a garden in his front yard and planted watermelons in it. There were several tribes of Indians who used to go by there and when they saw the melons they would stop and of all the trading that would go on. Trinkets, leather bridles, buckles, knives, anything to get a watermelon.

There was an empty farm about a quarter mile south of Curtis' place. Each season, the first bunch of transit cotton pickers to come in would move in. One fall, about ten to fifteen colored folks moved in. I guess they were about the bottom of the barrel, they were always fighting and drinking, and hollering. The neighbors had tried to get them out, but no luck. Finally, one night, one of them took after another one with a shotgun. Curtis had been listening to the fight, and he took his own shotgun and went out close to the road. He hunkered down out of sight, and when the first one passed by running Curtis shot between them. He said the first one just took air, he had not been running at all up to that point. While the other one with the gun turned in mid-air and run back to where the fight started. Curtis said he didn't know where they went, but they were all gone the next morning.

After the injury to Curtis' legs, both of them kinda changed their attitude towards their neighbors.

I kept busy. I hauled hogs to Weatherford for one neighbor. And, Joe would call up and say a piece of road needed fixing. I would take his team and wagon to fix it. All the time I worked for

him I never collected a penny. So, when I was ready to go to Texas he payed me off, giving me the extra money for hog hauling and for the road work too. I had more money than I ever had before. I went to town and bought me a hat like the Mennonites wear. I really strutted my stuff.

The day my folks had taken Grace and I to the train station in Winfield for our trip to Oklahoma, they decided to stopby the doctors before going back out to the farm. Dad had not been feeling well for quite some time. The doctor examined Dad, then asked him, "don't you have some family in Fort Worth?" Dad said, "yes, Ada, the oldest daughter, was married and lived in Ft. Worth." Well, the doctor told Dad to get out of Kansas just as quick as he could because the water was so bad for him he had developed a terrible case of shingles. The doctor said he would give Dad a limited quantity of medicine to help him till he could get to Ft. Worth and get another doctor. The water in Ft. Worth was artesian water, and supposed to be very healthy.

Well, Dad and Mother left for Ft. Worth the very next day. I was supposed to stay in Oklahoma only two weeks, but I didn't hear from my folks for six weeks, and when I did I found out they had moved to Texas. They wanted me to join them, but I had already started working at the various jobs in Oklahoma, so I stayed a year instead of the two weeks I had originally planned.

My Mother and my sister, Ada, met me at the train station. I was getting hungry, so Mother put all she had available on the table and I said, "is that all you got." I was a growing farm boy, used to working hard and eating hard. Mother told me there was a grocery store right across the alley. I went over and bought enough to fill up on right then, and some extra for the pantry.

The next day Mother and Ada took me to town to buy me some new clothes. They weren't quite as proud of me in my new hat as I was. I got a new suit, the first I'd ever had off a rack as Dad had always made my clothes for me before. I got new shoes and a derby hat. I felt like staying out of sight, but that was the style then, and I finally got used to it, so it wasn't so bad.

My first week in Ft. Worth I didn't do much but go to the courthouse and the museum and a few places like that. I had just about seen all there was to see, and I had to find something to do. My two brothers, Alfred and Walter, said they would get me a job, so I went with them the next morning.

They both worked for Swift and Company, and I got a job in the wholesale market for ten cents per hour, eight hours a day and overtime at the same pay. We put up express orders in the daytime. I had Sundays off at the market. Well, that was the end of the farm.

Alfred, my older brother, ran the night gang putting up city orders. He had been there long enough to know how long it took to fill the orders. He would come out of the office and count his crew. If he had enough men he would say we would be through by around midnight to one AM, then we could rest if we didn't let the night superintendent catch us.

Mr. Jackson, the night superintendent, was a fine old fellow. But, he believed everything should go strickly by the book. It didn't make any difference who you were you had to toe the mark. You had to have a pass to go from one department to another. Even though the work was all done we would have to put in the hours, and we'd try to find places to sleep so we wouldn't get caught by Mr. Jackson.

Al's night crew, if they had any excuse at all, they wouldn't show up, so Al would call me about the time I was through supper. I would go back to the plant and help them. Friday night was always a busy night and I worked nearly every Friday night shift as well as the Friday day shift.

Swift had only one wagon for each route but they had a deal with a dray company, and also, with a man who had three or four extra wagons. This man's name was Roberts. They might need two or three extra wagons each shift to haul the surplus. The drivers were not allowed to handle the meat as it was not considered sanitary. I used to take one of the runs almost every Saturday. If I could, I would go with Mr. Roberts. He would tell me to take along an extra frock and he would help me. Then they didn't know he was the driver. When we would get through we would go get a good breakfast before going back to the plant. Sometimes we wouldn't get to the plant before Noon or up to three PM.

This continued until Frank Cross came back to work. I had been hired to take his place while he got well. He had been shot in an accidental hunting trip.

The plant butcher had just quit to open a shop of his own, so I fell heir to his job. I had over three hundred plant employees I could sell to, besides all the U.S. Meat Inspectors, and most of the office force. Anyone could buy oleo (10¢) - T strips (15¢) or mutton (5¢). Also, Swift had the contract to furnish the T.P.Diner (Texas and Pacific Railroad). They used the very finest corn fed beef and lambs. We got the stuff out of Chicago, and all their cuts were of special size. Johnny King was the office beef man. He was very patient and kind with me. He came down from the office and helped me make the special cuts until I learned how.

The lamb racks, or ribs, were a 5½ rib cut instead of the regular 7 rib cut. That left the chuck, a very choice cut, at five cents per pound. The beef loins were pin bones and flat bones, that left me with the loin ends of the finest beef you could buy.

This is where I really became acquainted with Dr. Frazier, my future father-in-law. He would buy one of these loin ends and I would cut him off several good steaks, and still leave a nice beef roast. I soon learned his regular order and whenever I had an extra good one I would put his name on it and have it ready for him. There were several other special customers who wanted the good meat, so I kept it cleaned up. Also the lamb stew I sold was the best pieces.

I could still work with the night crew, but could not go out on the wagons anymore. Every chance I had I would go to the other departments and see how they worked. I learned a great deal that way. Besides, the route car salesmen had to spend some time in each department and when they came to the wholesale market side I learned a lot from them. I felt quite sure of myself and decided I deserved a raise to fifteen cents an hour. The company didn't think so. Then, I wanted to be a route car salesman, but again the company said no. I didn't stop to think I was only seventeen years old and you had to be twenty-one to qualify. So, next I went to Mr. Methias, the chief engineer. He was very nice, but said he didn't have any openings in his crew, and didn't have any hope there would be an opening any time soon. So, there I was, at a stand-still.

Buddy Smith, one of the city salesmen, had a brother working for the Fort Worth Packing Company. He said they were having a lot of trouble with the market foreman. I went down and talked to the plant manager, Mr. Dumble. He was rather impressed, so he offered me fourteen dollars per week and overtime. And, they wanted to keep a record of each day and I could have a man keep the records, or I could come down at night and make out the records. Since that would be overtime I told him I would rather keep the records myself. That way, too, I would know what was going on. I told Mr. Dumble I would give Swift and Company two weeks notice.

Mr. Dumble was a good boss. He was from a very rich family. His sister married Mr. Rice of the Rice Hotel, the largest one in Houston. His own wife was from a rich family, and Mr. Dumble had a very good education. But, somehow, Mr. Dumble couldn't seem to get ahead in the business world. His family had put him into three or more different businesses, but each time they failed. Finally, an old German hired him and put him in charge of the Ft. Worth Packing Company. This German had fourteen small packing houses similar to the one in Ft. Worth, and he kept them all under his thumb. So he kept his eye on Mr. Dumble, and in time, Mr. Dumble made a success of himself.

This old German also had fifteen hide companies he handled the same way. He drew a president's salary from each one, and each one was a going business.

My first day on the job was to clean out the cooler. There was about six inches of old wet sawdust and empty whiskey bottles under the rails of beef. Then I got down to work. I had explained to Mr. Dumble that I knew how it should be done, but had very little experience. However, we both thought I could do the job all right. They had a man on the killing floor who had been Armour's head hog cutting man, and he helped me learn cutting hogs. I soon picked it up.

I had been there about three days when Mr. Goodly, a grocerman about a half block from the plant, came over to get a pork shoulder. I weighed it up, and put the weight and price down. He said he wanted the fat cut off the shank, so I did, and started to wrap it all up. He then said he didn't want that fat and bone. He said now weigh the shoulder. I told him that wouldn't make any difference in the price, he would have to pay for the shoulder as it first weighed up. He said he would not buy it that way. So he went and

got Mr. Dumble. They came in together, and Mr. Dumble said, "we always try to please him because I rent my house from him." I said, "all right, Mr. Dumble, if you are going to run the market, here is my apron."

Well, that sorta changed things. He told Mr. Goodley Mr. Thirsk is running the market so you will have to deal with him. Mr. Goodley stormed out and didn't take the shoulder. Mr. Dumble said he was sorry to lose him has a customer, but I told him not to worry that he will come back. I knew him from his coming into Swift's and the under-handed way he tried to do business over there. Sure enough about two weeks later he came back and bought what he wanted and we had no more trouble with him.

Mr. Dumble didn't know how to handle men, and sometimes he would interfer with the work unintentionally. The men liked him, but they didn't want him coming around for anything.

Whenever one of the men was sick and missing work the other men would take up a collection. One of the men who worked on the killing floor had a stroke. His pay was by the hour, so it stopped when he didn't work. I sent one of my men with a clipboard around the plant taking up a collection. Then I added up what it was, if it wasn't enough to get the man through the week I would add maybe up to two dollars. Mr. Dumble would then double whatever amount I had put in. That would make a pretty good salary for the man. Mr. Dumble never put in anything from the company, it was from him personally, and it was always twice as much as I had put in. This old gentleman with the stroke only lived a short time. I never knew what happened to his wife. This was before the union, or pension plans, or hospital plans or anything like that.

One day Mr. Dumble told me there was a loss of material somewhere. I told him I knew where it was, but when I told him he didn't want to believe it. Salesmen always put up their own orders. On one route we had an uncle who was the salesman, and his nephew was his driver. The uncle would make up a ten pound order of pork loin and mark it down as eight pounds, and do the same on nearly every order he put up.

We didn't have rail scales so we would work on the hot weight that was marked on the ribs of both forequarters. Shrinkage was figured at three percent for the first day, and two percent for the second day it hung in the cooler. It wasn't anything for this salesman to take off an extra ten to fifteen pounds per day. Mr. Dumble trusted everyone, and he didn't think this man would do anything like that. So, I asked Mr. Dumble to bring in this man's tickets and we would check over the orders. He soon saw that it was happening, so he let the man go. Then, I was told to put up the orders, and that stopped all the loss.

We had city lights that were small and very expensive. I suggested to Mr. Dumble that we use a generator and drive it off the ice machine. We got one, and it was so much better that we soon overloaded it. Then we got a larger one that worked out very well. Also, the wagon sheets were being sent to a laundry and it was costing a lot of money, besides losing a lot of them. I said, let's get a washing machine and do the job ourselves. Well, it soon paid for itself. We then started doing all our frocks and lug rugs and gloves.

John Schilling, our sausage maker, was about sixty years old. Nick Davis was his assistant. They put out the best line of sausage in Ft. Worth. They were sure nice to work with. It was my job to keep them supplied with meat.

I kept this job until 1920, when I took a city route as salesman for two years. It was in 1922 when we moved to Colorado.

I have already mentioned that I got to know Dr. Frazier when he came in as a customer. But, that wasn't the first time I ever saw him. He was the plant doctor and was called whenever there was an accident. One of the Mexican laborers had been seriously hurt in the blood room and some of us were doing the best we could for him while waiting for the doctor. Dr. Frazier came up and I saw a tall, slender, dignified looking man. He squatted down beside the Mexican, took his pocket knife out and slit the man's clothes so he could see the extent of the injuries. Then he started talking to the man in the low-class, gutter Mexican that most of the laborers used. I was not very impressed with this doctor who talked that way. Later, after I got to know him better, I found out he could speak the pure Castilian Spanish also. But the poorer people wouldn't have been able to understand him very well. He had gone with the American railroad company that built some of the railroads in Mexico, and he knew the country and the people very well.

New Year's Night in 1910 - there were five of us used to play and sing and we were invited to a party at Mr. Anderson's house. Mr. Anderson was the sweet pickle foreman at Armour and Company. He and his family were also friends and ex-neighbors of Dr. Frazier and his family. The party was underway when we got there. I met Mrs. Frazier and her three daughters. I also met the three daughters of the Anderson's. We all seemed to enjoy the party very much, but that was as far as it went.

Not too long after that though I got an invitation to come to a party at the Frazier house. I wrote back that I was very sorry I could not attend on account of my father was sick and I took care of him at night. I thought I had done the right thing, but Estelle, the oldest daughter, took it as a brush-off. John, her younger brother, and I had worked together at Swift and Company, and had become good friends. I liked him very much and we stayed friends even though I did not attend their party.

In 1913, Dr. Frazier bought a house just three doors from us. Well, of course, that renewed our friendship and I was forgiven for not coming to the party when Estelle visited our house and she saw my father really was sick.

My father would have one of his sick spells and would be in bed sometimes for three months at a time. He had what they called then granulation of the bowels. He had no control of his bowels and he was so weak he couldn't turn over. I would put a quilt in the bathtub and get the water the right temperature, then I would pick him up and put him in the tub and give him a bath, then pick him up and put him back to bed. He almost lived on wild grape juice. We would gather the wild grapes wherever we found them growing. Mother would strain the juice after they were cooked, put it in jars, and give it to Dad

as the doctor ordered.

We lived on a boulevard that was wide enough to put a tennis court on it. That made a good place to renew and enhance the friendship. The whole Frazier family enjoyed swimming and picniking. The next year I got a car, it was a large touring car, and we sure did enjoy it. If we didn't have eight or ten young folks in the car we thought something was wrong.

I definitely liked Estelle and we were together as much as possible. In the summertime, when it was so hot, we would gather up several of the old folks that lived near us and we would ride around for an hour or two driving about ten miles per hour. After all our bodies had cooled down we would return them home, and put the car in the garage. Estelle and I would go for a walk ten or twelve blocks. Estelle was not very tall, she barely stretched up to five feet, and I was over six feet tall, so she would walk up on the sidewalk, and I would walk down in the gutter and it would kinda average up our heights a little bit. This went on for some time.

I never thought much about settling down at that time, but as time went on I began to look at it differently. I was young, and having a good time. Walter had married and moved away from home. Alfred and I had bought this house for Mother and Dad so they would have a home. We each gave Mother $5.00 per week for room and board. She had more money than ever before. We, also, bought all the meat and anything else we could that they needed.

Alfred got married and moved to Colorado. And, my Father had died. I kept thinking more and more about settling down. There were two girls I thought a great deal of.

One was a niece of my older sister, Ada, (her husband's niece). Ada took the two sisters, fourteen and eighteen, into her home when the mother died. The oldest girl got a job, but the youngest one, Maggie, (Margaret) was still in school. She stayed at our home quite often, and we all thought a lot of her as she was just like one of the family. After she graduated from school she got a job close to our house, and she was with us even more often. Ada had moved out to Stop Three on the interurban, about ten miles from our place, and it was not easy for Maggie to go back and forth to work that far in bad weather. Maggie was a lot of fun, always ready for a picnic or a party, but she wanted to be a working girl.

Estelle had kept house for her family after her Mother's death in September 1910. It really didn't take too much thinking which girl I preferred. I wanted a wife and home-maker and a family. I decided on Estelle, and I never was sorry. I guess it was a good thing I didn't know what the two girls were thinking of me.

Estelle and I decided on a June wedding. And, we thought we'd like to live at the lake for the rest of the summer. I was well acquainted with the camp owner at the lake and I told him of our plans. He said

for us to come out and pick out the cabin we wanted, and to go through the other cabins and pick out what furniture we liked and exchange it with the furniture in the cabin we wanted.

We were married June 22, 1918, in the Episcopal Church by the Reverend Eckels. We moved out to the cabin on Lake Worth for what we thought was to be the rest of the summer.

I went back to work, and we hadn't been out to the lake but a few days when we both started getting chills. They would start about noon, but by the time I would get home I would usually feel pretty good again. One Saturday, I got off early, and when I got home I was right in the middle of a chill. I went in the cabin, and Estelle was sick with a chill too. We went into town to her Father and he gave us some medicine. My Mother told us to come over and live in my old room, so that is what we did.

Well, we got over the chills at last. I helped Estelle and Mother make a pen for an old hen with some little chickens. I said I believed I would go into the house. When Estelle and Mother came in I was out of my head. Estelle called her Dad and when he came he said I had the flu. This was on a Saturday afternoon. Sunday night Estelle came down with the flu. My Mother was seventy years old but she took care of both of us. The doctor would put up our medicine and bring it to us. We would have a fever, and then we would sweat. The doctor whispered in my ear one day, "I don't want to scare you, but I'm losing patients every day that aren't as sick as you two are." We were in bed for over two weeks without a bath. The doctors at that time thought a bath would be bad for us. Between the fever and the sweating the house just stunk.

While I was sick I got a card from the Exemption Board saying if I didn't come in they would come after me. That kinda shook us up. My Mother called the Board and told them I had the flu but would report as soon as I was able.

I was exempt because of my job. We had a bill clerk and he was a good one. He could do the work of two men when it come to billing, but he was not congenial to work with. He had a little "pull" here and there, and he got the idea if he joined the service he would get the manager's job at the storage place in England. Well, the day he enlisted the ship with the crew for this storage place sailed. So, he was just put on K.P. somewhere at one of the southern camps. There wasn't any special job for him and they kept him busy doing every dirty job that came along. Anyway, he was mad at everyone, so he turned me in as a slacker.

When I was able I went down to the Exemption Board. The President of the Board had the same job at Armours as I had at the Ft. Worth Packing Company, so he knew what my work was all about. And, Dr. Frazier was the doctor on the Board. Told them I could tell them who had turned me in, and they laughed and said I was right. Anyhow, I asked them if I would be called, and they said no. Then I asked if we could go ahead with our building plans and they said "Yes, there was no way I would be called."

Well, that was some relief to us as we had made our house plans and wanted to build. We told the contractor to go ahead with the plans. The contractor said it would take two months.

To go back a little bit, we had moved to Dr. Frazier's house shortly after we recovered from the flu. Hattie, Estelle's sister, had married and left Dr. Frazier without some one to care for his household. So, Estelle took over again. Dr. Frazier had decided to sell his house and move into an apartment over his office. That left us free to build our own home.

The contractor became ill, and it was over four months before we could move in..It was one of the very few houses at that time that had running water. The cabinets and fixtures were all made to fit Estelle as she was just five feet tall. This was on 32? Avenue H, Polytechnic, Fort Worth. However, we only lived there about two years.

I speculated in property after we were married. One of the places I got ahold of was four acres with an old style house about two miles of where we lived, south. After the family moved out we used to go out there once or twice a week. There were a lot of cantelopes and rutabagas. We sure did enjoy them and some other things from the garden. Every time we went out there we liked the place better so we sold our new house and moved out there.

This was an old-style, two storied, T house. We rented the upstairs to a couple. He was a pretty good carpenter and they paid their rent by him doing necessary work around the place. We got a Coleman stove and a water heater, screened in the back porch and put in a shower. We were quite modern for the county. We dug a cess pool and put in an extra one hundred gallon tank for water, and we always had plenty of running water.

We sure did enjoy this place. There was a three hundred foot front yard with a walk out to the front gate. There were six arbor-vita on each side of the walk. We bought a small jersey cow and she kept the lawn mowed for us, besides giving us all the milk and butter we could use. We sold this place just before we came to Colorado in 1922.

Our first child, Clover Jr., was born in our new house in Polytechnic. Sarah, our second child, was born in our country home.

We had recovered the little house we had built. The people who had bought it had faulted on the note. We thought we would keep it as it was clear, and we just might not want to stay in Colorado after all and might want to have a place to come back to. But, we never regretted moving to Colorado, so we sold the place again. To show you how things can drop, the oil depression had hit Ft. Worth and Texas, and where we could have sold the place at one time for four thousand dollars, two years later when we did sell it we could only get one thousand six hundred dollars for it. I wonder how much that piece of property is bringing today.

Shortly after we moved to Colorado, Armour bought out the Fort Worth Packing Company. I heard they made many changes. I never regretted moving to Colorado. We liked the western people and their

ways. I think it was good for my health as I weighed one hundred and twenty-eight pounds when we moved, and by Christmas I weighed one-hundred and seventy-five pounds and felt like a different person.

Before I go into the Colorado experiences, there are two or three other things I forgot to bring out earlier.

mentioned that Alfred and Walter got me the job at Swift and Company. The first day I went to work Walter came around at noon and said to come on he knew a good place to eat our lunches. He took me out on the loading-dock. This loading dock was at ground level and there were a few small windows from the basement that opened out onto the dock. He sat me down in front of one of the windows and he went over a bit further to sit down. Pretty soon I found out why he went to a different place. Down in the basement was the purifying room where they mixed Fuller's Earth (Denver Mud) with the lard to purify it. The window that I was sitting in front of was the vent window from this room, and boy, did that stuff stink. It had the odor of something too long dead. My brother was always a great tease, and doing something like this really tickled him.

Also, in the spring of 1910, Halley's Comet appeared. We found about the best place to view it, quite away from city lights. The plant was ten stories high, and that was commercial stories which are higher than a regular house story. Then, on top of the plant, was a water tower. The tower, stand, and roof were between twenty and thirty feet high. When it was plenty dark one night, a bunch of us went to the plant. We had no business there so we didn't want to run into the night watchman. We climbed the ten stories by an old fire ladder hung on the side of the building. It was straight up, not the slanted fire ladders on apartment buildings. When we got to the roof we next climbed the ladder that went to the top of the water tower, then we scrambled up onto the steep roof of the tower. We lay down flat on our backs and watched the Comet. There just wasn't any buildings that were higher than that in those days and nothing interferred in our viewing. It sure was a sight. Halley's Comet is due back in 1985, but I think I will be satisfied viewing it from ground level this time.

One night during the winter of 1917, I believe it was, it snowed quite heavy in Ft. Worth. It doesn't snow very often in that part of the country, and when it does it is usually only an inch or two at the most. This time it must have been at least eight to ten inches, and since it turned very cold at the same time, it didn't melt off in a few hours. John, Estelle's brother, and I decided this would be a good time to go sleighing. We didn't have a sleigh, but that evening when we got off from work, we took the garage doors off. One we dismantled to make the runners, and the other one was the sleigh itself. The sleigh was about four feet wide and the full door length, so it made a nice size sleigh.

Whenever it was necessary to ship cattle in the railroad cars and there was a bull in the lot, new rope was used to tie the bull's head and horns to the side of the car to protect the other cattle. When it came time to unload they would just cut the rope on the outside of the

car leaving the rope tied to the bull's horns. After the bull was slaughtered the rope was cut off and thrown over in a pile of trash. These pieces of new rope were handy to have. If you tied knots in them and wrapped them around your tires you had as neat a set of chains as you could want. You sure could pull out of a mud puddle without any trouble. Anyway, we had a lot of these ropes at our place so John and I tied a lot of them together and made a good length towing rope to fasten the sleigh to the back of the Carter car. It was about fifteen feet back of the car.

A good many of our friends were over on the south side of Fort Worth, so we set out picking them up as we went along. One fellow was sitting on the front of the sleigh with his feet on the runners. The streets weren't built with good drains in them then, and with the snow, slush, and ice there were dips where the water and snow had drained down to it then froze somewhat. We hit one of these dips and the thin ice broke and all that water came spraying out all over this fellow. Well, we stopped and got him inside the car and wrapped him up in a blanket. He didn't want to go back home and miss the fun, so we went on.

One of the girls lived out by Katy Lake, so we decided to go there to picnic. There were about ten or twelve of us and the girls had prepared a picnic of wienies to roast. Katy Lake was made by the railroad building a dam over the draw to make a place for the tracks and the road. There was a good place out there for the car and to build a fire for a picnic.

Estelle had a little white dog that went with us. This little dog was crazy about the snow. She would roust around in the snow, and run and jump into a snow bank, then dig her way out. We had a good time just watching her play in the snow.

Well, we had our picnic and about two hours later we started back to town. We started back about 1:00 A.M. and dropped friends off as we went. The lights on the old Carter car were carbide, both headlights and tail lights. There weren't much good, but since we weren't going but about fifteen to twenty miles an hour they showed down the street enough. As we came by the lower end of Main Street we had to cross seven or eight railroad tracks. Between the ruts and the tracks it was so rough when we went over them that it shook our tail lights out, but we didn't know it. We had dropped off everyone except my sister, Loda, John, Estelle and myself. Loda and John were wrapped up in blankets in the back and Estelle and I were in front. The sled was just trailing along in back.

As we were coming up Main Street, about four blocks from the Courthouse, a car came down the street facing us, pulled around in front of us and parked. A fellow jumped out of the car and started to run in front of us, but he realized in time he couldn't make it, so he put his hands on the right front fender and pushed himself back away from our car. Then, soon as the car passed, he ran behind us to cross the street.

He got about middle of the car when the sled hit him. He couldn't see it coming because the tail lights were out and he didn't expect anything to be coming along behind the car. The sled knocked his feet

out from under him and stood him on his head in the snow, then the sled just rolled on over him. He had on a cap but it didn't protect his ears, and with his head in that frozen slush and the sled going over him it scratched his face, and cut his ears, and bruised him up quite a bit. But, we didn't know it. He didn't feel the sled bumping over him, and we had already gone too far up the street to hear him when he got his feet under him and hollered.

There had been two fellows in the car that parked, and the driver was still in the car. When he saw what had happened to his partner he came after us. We were about two blocks away when he caught up with us and told us to stop. Then we found out it was a policeman who had stopped us, and he said, "did you know you run over a man back down the street?" I recognized the policeman, and he knew me, too. He was Captain of the Degree Team of Woodmen of the World on the south side of town, and I was Captain of the Degree Team on the north side. So he told us we'd better come around to the station house to get it cleared up. I told him I would have to go up and around the block because I couldn't turn around in the street with the sled on behind. He said, O.K. he would meet us there.

When we got to the station house we found out what was going on. A short time before we came along on Main Street two robbers had broken into a store. These two policemen in the car knew their district pretty well, and they had an idea where the two robbers had gone to. We had been passing an all-night restaurant when the police pulled up across the street to check to see if the robbers were in there. Sure enough, they were, so when the one policeman came after us the other one went in the cafe to arrest the two robbers. The one policeman was getting along all right with the two robbers until the man who had been robbed came running in with a hammer. He was a shoe repairman and had grabbed up one of his repair hammers. He was mad and went after the two robbers, he was going to dispense justice right there. The poor policeman was having such a time trying to keep the repairman off these two guys that one of them escaped during the fight and ran off down the street. A druggist on the corner had just closed his store for the night and saw the fight going on and the robber break loose and run down the street. The druggist stepped back out of sight and when he ran past the druggist cold-cocked him with his money bag. He had his money in a leather bag, and most of it was cash, so it made a good black-jack.

When we got to the station house I pulled up across the street and parked. John and I went inside while Loda and Estelle wrapped up in blankets in the car to keep warm. We hadn't been there but a few minutes when the policeman we had run over came in. He had the two robbers and the shoe repairman and the druggist with him. He sure was a pitiful looking sight. He was covered with muddy slush from head to toe, the blood from his face and ears had run down all over his uniform and frozen, and on top of that he was still having to hold off the shoe repairman from attacking his captives. And, he sure was mad at us too.

We got it all straightened out at last. We hadn't broken any law, because there was no law in Ft. Worth against pulling a sled behind a

car. We tried to pay for having the policeman's uniform cleaned, but he had calmed down by then, and said no, that was one of the hazards of his job.

When we went back out to the car the girls were sure glad to see us. They didn't know what all had happened, but they told us that the policeman had come up beside our car when he was bringing in the robbers, and had seen the sled and said, "so that's the damn thing that run over me." He hadn't seen the sled before he was hit, and by the time he had gotten to his feet we were too far away and the street was too dark for him to see the sled down on the street level, so he didn't have any idea what had rolled over him.

John and I both went back to the station house the next day to see if the policeman had suffered any ill effects, but he was all-right. The Fort Worth Star-Telegram had written up a big article about him being run over by a sled, and still doing his duty, so he was something of a hero. He was, also, a good sport and told us that the next time it snowed in Ft. Worth he hoped we would let him know if we were going sledding and he'd stay home.

Sometime in 1920 when Clover Jr. was about four months old we took a vacation and came to Colorado. My sister, Loda, was married by then and she and her husband, Monard, and my mother came out in one car while Estelle and I and Clover were in the other car. We all had a good time. We stayed awhile at my sister, Grace, and her husband's place. They had a big ranch outside of Lamar, Colorado, and had been there several years. We went to Colorado Springs and up to Pike's Peak, but we didn't go any further north or west than that.

After we all got back to Texas we just weren't quite as content. So, in 1922, when Sarah was about two months old we came back to Colorado, only this time we were moving. Loda, Monard, and my Mother came out about two weeks ahead of us.

Walter, his wife, Stella, and their daughter, Bessie, came with us. I had two cars, one was the Carter and the other was a Baby Grand Chevy. We loaded the Chevy with tools and things we thought we would need out here. Mary, Estelle's youngest sister, was fourteen years old and she drove the Chevy. I drove the Carter car with Estelle, Clover Jr. and Sarah. We had the tarp and household goods and food. I had an extra battery that gave us lights when we camped. We had made the two tarps we had, they were large enough to cover both cars and reached to the ground all the way around. We had snaps the full length of the tarp so we could drive the cars side by side about eight feet apart and then snap the tarps together and cover both cars with space between to give us room to move around and a place for our beds.

Our trip out here was something. We averaged one hundred miles a day. Walter did the cooking. He had a big plumber blow torch he

could get a meal while we were setting up camp. Stella was no country girl and didn't want to move out here, so she kept things in a turmoil the whole way. By the time we got to Gunnison I told her she had to change places with Estelle and ride in the car with me. Well, that quieted her down and it made a big difference in the rest of the trip.

One night we made camp just this side of Sapinero up on the Mesa. An old-timer came by and told us the story of a wagon train camped at this same spot. Indians surrounded the camp and wanted food and blankets. One of the young men driving one of the wagons shot and killed one of the Indians who was climbing in his wagon. Well, the Indians said they would not let the wagon train go on until they gave the young man to them. The old-timer never did say whether they gave up the young man or not, he just said they finally got things straightened out without a massacre and the wagon train moved on. That was a nice story for us go to go to sleep on that night.

The roads over the mountains were all dirt, and not very wide or very good then. Also, all traveling by road had to be in the summer because the roads over the mountains were closed from the 15th of October to the 15 of March, and sometime later in the spring.

Well, we got started the next morning and got within about eight miles of Grand Junction when we caught up with a family in an old Maxwell car. It had broken down, so we hooked them on behind the Carter car and put about pulling them to Grand Junction.

Loyd and Ray met us and took us to City Park to camp for the night. Loyd and Ray are two of my sister, Grace's, boys. They were working in the Grand Junction district and knew how to get about.

The next morning Ray took us to Glade Park over the old Slick Rock Hill road. They hadn't made the Trail of the Serpent yet, and that has since been replaced by the much better road that is still a heavy climb. We got to Glade Park a tired bunch.

Monard and Sis (Loda) had come out to Colorado about two weeks before we did. When they got to Glade Park they found a one room store that was for sale, and they started seriously considering buying it. We had bought a sixteen man square army tent before we came to Colorado, and Monard and Sis had roped the tent to the Ford they drove out so they would have some place to stay temporarily. They had fixed us up a place to stay about two miles from the store. We made camp and called it a day. Shortly afterwards Monard and Sis bought the store. It was the only store for miles and miles, Grand Junction was the closest, so they had to stock a wide variety of items.

The next day we compared maps, rested, and looked around the camp. We met Mr. Jefferson. He had come out about ten years before and knew just about all there was to know of that country and could tell the wildest stories. We were afraid to get out of sight of camp.

The Jeffersons lived just over the ridge. He and his wife had two boys and two girls. They were from Missouri, and their motto was, "never do today what you can put off till tomorrow." But they were good neighbors and helped us a lot.

Mr. Jefferson had told us about the deer, so we just had to go deer hunting. Mr. Jefferson sent his youngest son, Tommy, to go with us. Now, we had all been hunting lots of times, but not deer hunting. We were used to going out after a rabbit or game bird, so we spread out like we were hunting rabbits. We kept up a steady stream of conversation between us, and we had enough guns to fight a war. We did just about everything wrong. We found evidence of deer all right, but needless to say, they kept miles between us. Tommy sure was disgusted with us.

Well, we soon got down to business. We got the county surveyor, Mr. Sleeper, to help us find the vacant land. He knew all of that area by heart. After surveying a lot of land Mr. Sleeper said, "you look like good fellows and I want to give you a tip. You have got a lot of good land, but you need water. Get all the land you can on the Little Delores." He took us out on a high bluff, which was the south boundry of the land we were getting, and he showed us the east and west line of the Old Spanish Survey, and also the U. S. Survey. The stakes were about fifteen feet apart. The line went across the river and took in about fifteen acres of alfalfa that some other fellow had extended over his own boundry. Mr. Sleeper said this all takes in the land you have picked out, but he said there was a catch to it. The old-timers around here had run everyone off that filed on it. Well, my brother, Walter, did not want any part of trouble, so I filed on the claim.

We set up the sixteen man tent to live in until I could get a cabin built. I built up a brush fence on my line right to begin with. Everything was going pretty well till one morning I heard a noise outside. I looked out and there were three cowboys with about fifteen bulls. They were trying to drive them over the brush fence on my line. So I thought, well this is the showdown. I got my shotgun and went outside the tent and said, "the first man that drives a bull over the fence I will load down with buckshot." That kinda changed the plans, they rounded up the bulls and drove them through the gate.

Our place was divided by what they called a #4 Highway. It was a public road, but if I had our gates closed, they had to open and close them. At that time the cattlemen would just open a gate and leave them open and let their cattle just drift up to the summer range. The cattle would spread out eating anything they could find to eat. We had to keep our gates closed in spring and fall when the cattle changed feeding grounds or the cattlemen would just let their cattle eat our crops too. We soon got all that straightened out, and they would open a gate and drive their cattle through our property and out the other side and then let them stray again. But, they respected our gates and our boundry lines.

The father of one of the cowboys who had tried to drive the bulls through the fence was Mr. Luce Moore. He had the land just above our place, and he became one of our best neighbors.

We soon knew lots of people on Glade Park. And you sure had to watch what you said to some of them. Mostly you didn't enquire too deep into what they were doing, where they came from, or why.

Pinon Mesa was up above Glade Park, it was about 10,000 feet at the top. The Government owned most of the range, but they would let you have as many acres on Pinon Mesa for summer range as you owned down below for winter range. There were two big outfits several miles apart, and they hired a lot of young boys in the summertime to help out. Of course, this helped the young boys earn money for school too. Anyway, the outfit that was the furtherest way away sent one of the boys with a message to the campsite of the other outfit. This boy was twelve or thirteen years old, and there wasn't anything unusual in that because that's the way all the outfits communicated with each other. But, when the boy got to the other campsite he found a dead man laying outside the tent, and the camp manager was laying just inside the tent. He was still alive but he had been shot several times. The boy knew the only phone was at the Glade Park store, about fourteen miles away. The boy ran the whole distance and when he got there he was so out of wind he couldn't tell them what was wrong. Finally he gasped out what was wrong and they called the sheriff and an ambulance down in Grand Junction. The sheriff found out that the dead man was a bootlegger and he and the camp manager had gotten into an argument over a batch of hootch.

Bootlegging was a way of life up there. The federal men would plan a raid on some place, but I don't think they ever managed to catch very many. The federal men would plan their raids down in Grand Junction, but some one down there would hear about it and warn them on Glade Park long before the federal men could get up the mountain.

We had a real good sheriff down in Grand Junction for Mesa County. Sheriff Lumley took a fairly tolerant view of bootlegging as long as no kids were involved. But, he warned several of the men he was sure were bootleggers that they had better not ever sell to kids or he would send them to the pen in a hurry. One day he found out some kids had gotten hold of some bootleg whiskey and he had a pretty good idea where it came from. He raided the guy's place, caught him with the goods, and sent him up for a long time. That kinda slowed down some of the others and they paid a little more attention to him from then on.

There was a widow lady on Glade Park with two grown sons. Her oldest son married a daughter of Mr. Duvall. Mr. Duvall and Mrs. Thompson were somewhat involved on the side. Anyway, this youngest daughter of Mr. Duvall's was never satisfied with anything. Every time she would go over to visit her Dad she would come back and start a fight with her husband. One day the Thomposon boy got tired of her complaining and fighting, and he told her if she went back over to her Dad's again he would kill her. Well, she stayed home for awhile, but one day the Thomposon boy came home and found her saddle pony

missing and he had a pretty good idea where she was so he took his gun and went over to Duvall's place. He walked in the kitchen and there she was having lunch with the family. He didn't say anything, just raised his gun and shot her. Almost took her head clear off. Mr. Duvall jumped up from the table and grabbed for the gun, he was rassleing around with Thompson going for the gun when it went off and shot Duvall in the buttocks. Thompson then walked out of the house, went into the bunkhouse and shot himself. Mrs. Thompson was out in the fields and when the sheriff came to tell her he had a hard time keeping her away from Duvall. She was heading in to shoot him.

Many years later Mrs. Thompson nursed my Mother during the last year of her life and she took excellent care of her.

Another man had been sent to the pen for stealing horses. I don't know whether he was guilty or not, but he sure blamed the guy who had turned him in and he swore he would get even. When he got out of the pen he didn't go gunning as most everyone expected him to, instead, he systematically started stealing this fellow's horses. He would drive them over our property and never attempt to bother any of my horses. He would drive them down to Grand Junction, sell them, and then hunt up the guy and tell him he'd just sold some more of his horses. He'd sell them to buyers who weren't fussy about bills of sale, and there really wasn't any way they could prove he'd stolen or sold any horses.

We had a lady come up from Ft. Worth to visit us after we had gotten settled in pretty good. She didn't know much about country life, and she didn't want to learn. To show her some of the country, and try to entertain her, we took the buckboard and team and went up to Pinon Mesa on a little side trip. We stopped at a man's cabin for supper which we cooked outside over a camp fire. This man looked just about like everyone else up there, but he talked like a gentleman, and the lady we had with us kept asking him questions. He'd give her a little bit of an answer, then try to change the subject. But she kept on. She wanted to know where he came from and he said he had just drifted here and there. He talked about the wildflowers and gave some information about herbs. She asked him two or three times what he did before he moved up on the mountains, and finally he told her, "why, ma'am, I'm a retired train robber." She didn't ask any more questions.

It was too late to drive the rough trail back down the mountain at night, so we prepared to spend the night. The man gathered armfuls of pine branches and made up several beds out under the stars. Over these we spread our bedding rolls, but the lady wasn't having any of this sleeping outside, so the man offered his cabin to her. He said he always slept outside except in cold weather. Well, I'd been in his cabin and I knew it was dark, not very clean, and kinda smelly, but the lady was sure wild animals would get her if she slept outside so she took the cabin as her due. The rest of us were glad to sleep outside. The man had brought an armful of wild columbines and spread all over Estelle's bed to make it softer for her. Well, we settled down for the night, and we all slept pretty good, I guess. But the next morning the lady sure was fussing about something biting on her all night long. The man listened to her complaining for awhile and

after awhile he said, "ma'am, that was just a few bed bugs." Well, shortly after we got back down off Pinon Mesa this lady decided she wanted to go back to Ft. Worth.

When we moved to Glade Park there was only cattle being run on the range up there. Several times a herder had tried to bring sheep up but had always been run off. Wallace, an ex-sheriff, knew of a canyon up on the Mesa that had a well in it. It was called Goat Canyon, I don't know why, unless wild goats may have been around it somewhere. Wallace told several of the sheep men about this canyon and they gathered a big flock consisting of sheep from several of the largest sheep owners. The herders got the sheep up there all right, and I don't know how long they had been there, but when the owners went to check on them they found both the herders had been killed and all of the sheep. They had been dead long enough and rotted and when the snow melted it ruined the well. The sheep men didn't seem too concerned about the herders being killed, but they sure were mad about losing all their sheep. In the long run, the sheep men won out, because there is probably more sheep up on the Mesa now than cattle.

My brother, Al, and his wife, Mattie, had moved up from Ft. Worth by now. All of us had put most of our belongings in storage when we left Texas, but now we were all sure we weren't going back, and so we made arrangements to ship our things up. The railroads were open over the mountain in the wintertime, but it cost extra. If you were a passenger it cost you $30.00 extra to go over the hump. And, for our shipment up from Texas, it cost more to ship the things from Pueblo to Grand Junction than it did from Ft. Worth to Pueblo. With Mother, Loda and her husband, Al and his wife, Walt and his wife, and Estelle and me we had a full railroad car of stuff.

Our first year on the ranch we had a flash flood that cut us out of your three cuttings of alfalfa. The next year we had a hail storm that ruined the third cutting of alfalfa and also beat all the beans out of the pods. Estelle and I talked it over and decided there were several reasons why we might be wise to move down off the mountain. For one thing, we were expecting our third child, and there was no doctor available up on Glade Park.

Also, by this time, we had developed a good business in potato chips and we figured it would be better to be down in the valley for shipping and selling.

During the winter months when it was quiet on the ranch we had started experimenting with making potato chips. We could get #1 choice potatoes at twenty-five cents a hundred pound. Our only competition was an old gentleman in Grand Junction that made and sold them only in bulk. He was a friend, and neither one of us interferred with the type customers the other one had. M & G, a company in Denver, put up a three or four ounce box of a very low grade of chips and they would get rancid in a very short time, so they were no competition. All in all, it was time to move to a more convenient spot, and get into the business in a full time manner.

We put our chips up in ten cent packages, and in one pound bags. At time we started, we couldn't buy any glasene bags, so we had to make our own. We used parafine bread wrapping paper. We cut the paper to the right size, folded the edges, and sealed with a hot flat iron. That did the job until the paper company finally got us some bags. We had to have them printed, but it sure helped our business. Our sealers were ajax eyelets. They were quite expensive then. Next, we found to display them we needed a rack. You couldn't buy anything like that then, so we figured out what we wanted and made our own. We used galvanized wire and straightened out and cut it in lengths. Then we cut 3/4" x 12" boards and varnished them, and by putting the wire in the center, driving it into the board, it made us a very nice display.

Our business grew till we rented a store building next to a grocery store. There was a need for a restaurant in the town, and as we had started making bar chili, we decided to open a restaurant also. We added a counter and stools, and hired a cook. Mrs. Groover was an extra good cook, and we served chili, soup, coffee, pie and hamburgers. For the ranchers and cowboys this was a very good place to eat. We served larged helpings, and thats what they wanted.

We were doing a nice business until the grocery store next door caught on fire. There was no fire wall between us, so our place went up in smoke too.

We bought out an old hardware store to get a place to move into. The building was twenty-five foot frontage, and one hundred and twenty-five feet long. It had two front doors, and had been developed so that there was one room twelve and a half feet by twenty-five feet rented to a barber for his shop. He had three chairs in that small space. We were doing a great business there, it was on Main Street, and centrally located.

We had our potato chip factory in the back, and there was also a garage and coal house. We were using the old brick chimney, but it wasn't built for so much concentrated heat. One day after a hard day of cooking the chimney caught on fire and it spread to the roof before we were aware of it. We got out some of the punch boards and things that were in the front of the store. We put them on the outside of the building while fighting the fire. The next morning everything, premiums and all, were gone. The smoke prints of where they had been were still on the board. Everything else was either lost in the fire, or stolen when placed outside. My butcher and hand tools were ruined. I had designed an electric cooker to do for our needs, and had gotten in my heating units, but had not even unpacked them yet.

One of the oddest things, the hardware man had kept a set of tin cups and spoons that he rented out to people having a farm sale. The spoons were tied together. These were on the top shelf over where the stove was. These all fell down on the floor, and did not even burn through the string on the spoons. When we were married we had received a set of silver knives and forks (Community Pattern) as a weddding gift. We did not use them at home, so I took them to the

restaurant. These all melted down into a lump. We got them out of the ashes. The building was lost except for the brick walls.

Next, we rented a house for a factory and used it until half of it burned. We moved into the other half. By now my brother-in-law, John Frazier, had joined us. The potato chip and chili business was very good and our routes included nearly all of western Colorado and into Utah. The total mileage was four hundred and twenty miles, mostly mountainous, and only eleven miles were black top, the rest was gravel or dirt.

I was out on the southern route and had spent the night in Durango. I got up that morning and a friend went out to breakfast with me. I told him that I had had a dream that the other half of the rented house had burned, and that John had called me and said we saved the stove poker. After breakfast, we went back to the hotel and the lady at the desk called me over and said there was a telegram for me. It was from John. It said the cook house had burned, but they had saved the lot.

A customer in Cortez had a large rendering kettle and I bought it. I decided to build me a cook house out of tin, and with a chimney suitable for the amount of heat we generated.

Our third child, Mary, had been born soon after we moved down off the mountains. Two and a half years later, our fourth child, Hallie, was born. The house we were living in was not suitable for my growing family, so we bought another house. This place had four lots along with it. So, I already had the lots available for the cook house I wanted to built.

When I got back home, Walter, John and myself poured a concrete slab and built a metal cook house with a metal smoke stack. We built a large cooker with a drain board on each side that allowed the grease of the chips to drain back into the cooker. All of this delayed us quite a bit, but we got started again. We had lost a bit of momentum though. Walter did the cooking, we had several people come in to peel the potatoes, and John and I had the sales routes.

John and I had been friends even before I met his sister. We got along well together in work. He was wonderful with our children and they loved him. He had been a Captain in World War I, training Negro troops. He was a "southern gentleman" with a wonderful personality. He liked to fish and play cards, and he made friends where ever he went. However, he worked like he was on a nine to five job. He would get up, while on the road, and not start out until several hours had gone by. So, he wouldn't have time to reach and service more than one or two towns a day. He would quit in the evening in plenty of time for a good supper and to go by friends' house for a game of cards inthe evening. He never could bring in but about a third of the sales orders I could, even over the same routes. He made good commissions, and he had no responsibilities, so he spent his money as fast as he made it, but that was his priviledge, I guess. He needed a family to make him realize the need to get out and really work.

John had some rather odd experiences while on the road. First you have to remember there were no good highways like we have today. Two-lane, gravel (if we were lucky), sharp curves, steep grades up and down the mountains, and very little traffic at night. Flat tires and blow-outs were common, and you always carried a water bag for your radiator.

One night he was coming home by way of Glenwood Canyon, it is about fifteen miles long. He was cold because there was snow all over. He had a flat tire, so he got out to change it. It was real dark in the canyon that night. He was working away as fast as he could when all of a sudden he heard the most awful scream coming from the other side of the frozen river. He scrambled back into the car and sat waiting and listening for awhile. He was getting colder and colder and since he hadn't heard anything more for quite awhile he decided to finish changing the tire. He got back out of the car and was just getting started again when he heard something moving up on the hill just over his head. About that time it let out that blood-curdling scream. He said no-one ever changed a tire as fast as he did that night. He got in the car and took off in a hurry. He figured it was a pair of mountain lions talking to each other, but he didn't want to be in on the conversation. It took him quite a time to quiet down.

Another time, John was over in the west water district and he got stuck in the mud. It was early evening and he saw a light on the side of the hill. He walked up there, about one-half mile. The folks were very nice to him, fixed him some supper and gave him a bed for the night. Then in the morning, the man helped him get out of the mud. He was always grateful to them.

And then, still another time, he was heading to Meeker to spend the night. He had just gotten to the highest point between Meeker and Rifle. The road had been cut through a ridge, it was also the ridge that deer crossed to go east or west over the road. A deer, running from something that frightened it, jumped astraddle the hood of John's new Ford panel job. John got stopped and the deer took off, apparently none the worse for wear, and neither was John's new car.

I had a few experiences myself. From Rangley to Loma was eighty miles, Douglass Pass in the Book Cliff Range was just half-way from Rangley to the top. You followed a small stream from our side, it just wound its way down the hill on turns that were so short you had to back up aways to make them, then it opened out onto the desert.

One night coming home, in a section of the canyon where the sage brush was six to eight feet tall, I saw something in the road. I slowed down and a huge owl raised up carrying a snake by its head. It only flew out of range of the road before it settled down to eat.

Another night, and in about the same place, something big and dark was in the road. I slowed down and two eyes shown inthe headlights. They were far enough apart to indicate it to be a grown animal, and then I saw half a dozen smaller lights. It was an old lion with three cubs going for a hunt. She took them to the side of the road, no further, and watched me closely as I passed to be sure I didn't want to stop.

Back when I was getting my sales routes built up I used to try to add one more town each trip I made. I always took some extra stock so I was prepared.

When I finished Glenwood Springs one trip, I decided to head toward Aspen and see if I could get a sales route started up there. I got to Carbondale in the very late afternoon, and since I really didn't know anyone around there, or how to get to Aspen, I stopped in the only place that was still open, a drugstore. The druggist was closing, but he talked to me for awhile, and gave me rough directions on how to get to Aspen. However, he said they were having a festival up in Aspen right now, and there might not be any place to stay overnight. I told him I was always prepared to sleep in my car if necessary. So I started out.

I got to Basalt O.K. The town was closed for the night. This was not winter time, but late fall, and it got dark and cold early in the mountains. A few miles out of Basalt I came to a little country store, and there the road forked. The druggist had not told me that. I didn't know which fork to take, there were no signs, both roads were narrow and graveled and looked about equally traveled. I took the fork to the right. But, I had only gone about a mile or so up this road when I became sure I had picked the wrong fork. This road led to Snow Mass, instead of Aspen.

I decided there wasn't much use trying to go on any further in the dark, so I pulled over to the side of the road as far as I could. I got my bedding roll and settled down in the car for the night. There was absolutely no traffic and it was still and dark.

About 2:00 A.M. I was awakened by a man hollering, "is there anyone in there?" I said, "what do you want?" He said, "I drove off in the river and I'm nearly froze." I asked if there was anyone with him and he said no, he was alone. I turned the flashlight on him, he was well-dressed, had an overcoat on, and he was wet. He kept saying he was freezing. I thought he was drunk, but he was wet and cold, so I got out to help him. I had a Denver Post with me. I made a fire with that, but he was standing so the wind blew the heat way from him, and the paper didn't last long as a fire. I asked him who he was and he told me and said he lived at Basalt. So, I thought I'd get him there, some one would know him and take care of him.

I had to go up the road for about another mile before I could find a wide enough spot to turn around. Then, we went back down to the little country store where the junction of the road was. I woke up the people who ran the store, they lived across the road from the store. They didn't know the fellow, but they invited us in. I built up their fire in the cook stove, and we sat him down in front of the stove with his feet in the oven.

Now, in the light of the kitchen, I could see he was not drunk and that he was injured as well as freezing. He sat there for a little bit, and then started complaining that his back hurt. I asked the people if there was a doctor close by, and they said no, none up this way at all. So, I decided the best thing to do was to get him on down to Basalt and get a doctor after I got him to his home.

When we got into Basalt, He told me how to get to his house. He was worried about his parents, both had heart conditions. When we got to his house, I woke up his parents, and I told them as easy as I could. But, it still upset them so much they didn't know what to do.

They had a Murphy Bed in the front room. That is a bed that folds up into the wall when not in use. However, it was down, and it took up so much space it was hard to get in the front door. I finally managed the fellow into the house and into the Murphy bed. I told the father to get wood and get the stove going, and keep it going. And, I sent the mother to gather up her empty fruit jars and put pans of water on the stove. As quickly as the water got Hot we filled the fruit jars, wrapped them in towels, and placed them all around him to thaw him out. Both the old couple were anxious to help, but they seemed to need to be told what to do.

I asked the couple who their doctor was and they said he was in Carbondale. Then, I asked if there was anyone else who could come in and help them. They told me their son had been going with the postmistress, and she might help. I asked where she lived.

By now, it was somewhere around 3:30 A.M. But I went to her house anyway and woke her up. I explained who I was and what I wanted. She had a telephone and said she would call the doctor, and then get dressed and be right over to help. I told her to bring any hot water bottles she might have.

After the postmistress and the doctor arrived I helped the doctor patch him up. He had a cut on one foot that needed stitches, and a big, ugly gash on one cheek. It looked like some one had just clawed into his cheek and tried to rip it off. The fellow never moved while the doctor was stitching up his foot and his cheek. He seemed to be semi-conscious. He would answer us when we asked him something, but otherwise he didn't seem to be aware of anything going on around him. The doctor thought he had him pretty well patched up but I told the doctor there was a bad place on the back of his head.

I was sitting on one side of the bed, and the doctor was sitting on the other side. We turned him over, and the doctor started to sew up the back of his head when suddenly the fellow came to himself. He flung out both his arms and I went off the bed up against the wall, while the doctor was thrown clear across the room and landed on the floor. The fellow wanted to know what was going on and how did he get home. Well, we told him in as few words as possible, and said his head had to be fixed up too. The doctor asked him if he wanted any ether while he finished the job, but the fellow said no. So, I held his head while the doctor sewed.

I found out the son was about thirty to thirty-two years old. He was a fireman with the old Moffett Railroad. He had been stationed over near the town of Moffett. His father had been an engineer with the same railroad, but stationed at another branch. The father had been fired from the railroad because he had gotten drunk and taken

one of the engines and had been having a high old time whizzing back and forth on his route. They had managed to get all the other trains side-tracked before he caused a wreck, but it was still somewhat of a problem getting him stopped and out of the cab. Then it was found out both he and his wife had bad heart conditions, so the son took off time to come home and help his parents.

He had been caring for them for quite awhile and the day before his parents had insisted he take a little time off and go to Aspen to see the festival. He didn't know anyone in Aspen, so he left up there around 1:00 A.M. to go back home. The road from Aspen makes a wide curve just a little bit before it gets to the country store at the junction. He had gone to sleep, and the car went into the curve but did not pull itself back out of it. It just went off into the river. The bushes along the river bank caught the car and flipped it so that it landed upside down in the river about twelve to fifteen feet out from the bank. He turned off the engine, took the keys out of the ignition and put them in his pocket. Everything had spilled out of the car and by the light of the moon the silvery tools showed up in the clear water. He evidently spent quite a time out in the water trying to pick up his tools before he ever tried to get out of the river. The bank was too steep where the car went in, so he had to walk down the river at least one hundred and fifty feet before he came to an embankment with stone piled in such a way he could climb out.

He was in such a state of shock he didn't remember any of this. He walked right past the little country store and the owner's house and turned up the road to Snow Mass. He had walked about two miles before he came to where I was. If I had not been there the closest house was another five miles up the road and the doctor said he never would have made. He would have frozen to death long before he could have gotten that far, or even back to the country store.

After the doctor finished fixing him up, I said I was going on up to Aspen and would stop back by on my way out. On my way to Aspen after I passed the little store at the junction I saw the fellow's tracks where he had climbed out of the river and walked right in the middle of the road up to where he saw me. And, that's where I saw how he had gone off the road in the middle of the curve and landed in the river. The car was still upside down. I got to Aspen in time for breakfast.

When I got back to Basalt the fellow was doing pretty good. He said the last thing he remembered was the car turning over. He was very grateful to me, and everytime I went through the town after that he always wanted me to stop and visit. He always had a little surprise package of candy or something fixed up for me to take home to my children.

Later on, he and the postmistress got married, and she was transferred to the post office near Moffett.

The thing that always seemed surprising to me was that on a back out-of-the-way road I woke up three different households in the early morning hours, and none of them took a pot shot at me. Nearly every-

one in the mountains had guns in those days to scare off varmints. And, for all they knew I could have been a two-legged varmint.

Another experience I had, I was on my way home from Utah. It was a very dark night, about 1:00 A.M. I had just crowned over the top of divide and I hadn't gone very far when I saw something in the road. I thought it was somebody's slicker so I pulled out around it. I hadn't gone but a short distance until I saw something else in the road. About that time I saw two eyes shining in the headlights. I stopped and walked down in the dark till I could see it was a little fawn. I picked it up and put it in the car. Then I thought maybe that other object I had seen was another fawn, so I went back and got it, and put both of them in a big empty cardboard box I had to carry my supplies and stock when I started out on my trip. I was sure my sister and her husband would want them.

On the way home I got to thinking maybe I had done wrong, so soon as I got home I called John Hart, who was the game warden. He was out on a case where some fellows were catching trout illegally. So I called Charles Lumley, the Sheriff, and told him what I had done. I said if I did something wrong I could still take them back before daylight. He said he thought what I did was O. K. and he would see Hart and get a permit to keep them. I, also, talked to an old Government trapper, and he told me the same thing Lumley did, that if something is wrong with a doe she would take her fawns to a path or some place where they would be found by some one in hopes they would take care of them.

Well, my sister and brother-in-law, Loda and Monard, treated them as if they were babies. They grew up and were the most lovable things. If you were talking to some one they would come up and push their heads through you arm and stand there just like they were part of the conversation. The were both bucks, and were named Tom and Jerry. In time they grew antlers, and they were a great attraction for the store.

They seemed to love children as much as the children loved them. When ever I took the family up to Glade Park to see my Mother and Sis the children and the deer played together for hours. They would chase after the children across the fields, or walk beside them in the road. In the winter time when I would hook a sled on behind the car to take the children for a ride the deer would chase after us and usually pass us. Then they would run and jump clear over the children and the sled.

One time there were some people who had come up to the store. The man was petting one of the deer and took hold of one of the horns and it came off in his hand. He didn't know they shed their horns, and he was sure scared. He went into the store and told Monard what had happened and he would pay the damages whatever it was. Monard explained that they shed their horns after mating season so there was no damage. This fellow was sure relieved.

The folks sure enjoyed having the deer around and they kept them for five or six years. One of them got poisoned and died. They kept the other one for another year, but it was so lonely for the one who had died that it started getting mean. It wasn't safe to keep it at the store with people in and out all the time, so they gave him to a sheep man who was taking his sheep up on Pinon Mesa. They put a large ribbon around his neck so people would know he was a pet, but some poacher evidently shot him because he disappeared the first night.

One of my customers traded groceries to a fellow who had raised a cub bear. But then my customer decided he didn't want a bear after all, so I traded some merchandise to him for the bear. I called Monard to meet me at the wholesale house in Grand Junction and take the bear up to the store.

This was in the summertime. We had put the bear in a cage, and fastened the cage on the front bumper of my car. By the time I got to Grand Junction my little old Pontiac was boiling, so I drove around a little park until the car cooled off. I had a snap cover on the readiator, if I had stopped it would have blown the cap open and that boiling water would have spewed onto that bear. He wouldn't have care for that and would have torn that cage to pieces.

I still got to the warehouse before Monard, so the grocerymen helped me lift the cage up onto the dock. They had a lot of items that had gotten too old or wormy to sell, so they brought that out to give to the bear. Well, he thought that was mighty nice of them, and he enjoyed everything they gave him.

When Monard got there we put the cage in the back of his truck and threw a tarp over it. Then Monard went to the ice house to get a load of ice to take back up to the mountains with him. He told the fellow who was loading the ice in the truck to be careful because there was a bear under that tarp. The fellow thought he was fooling until he backed up against the tarp. The bear reached out through the bars of the cage under the tarp and got hold of his pant's leg. They said the fellow didn't jump out of the truck, he just raised up and sailed out of there. He told Monard if he wanted any more ice he would have to load it himself.

Well, this bear was a real drawing card for the store. He never did attempt to hurt anyone, but he scared the liver out of a lot of people. My son, Walter, had been born in 1930, and he was a small boy when I got the bear. He and the bear got along just like a boy and a dog would have.

Loda and Monard always seemed to have animals around the store, and the animals were used to people. They had to be because this was the only store around. It was postoffice, gas station, drug store, clothing store, feed store, and of course, grocery store. Also, after the scenic road was built up to Glade Park from Fruita it made a nice drive, and very beautiful, for some one wanting to go up the Monument Road from Fruita to Glade Park, and then down over the Serpent's Trail to Grand Junction, or vice-versa.

The first start of animals was a lamb. My nephews, Loyd and Ray, were following behind a flock of sheep one day. One of the lambs got so far behind the flock that Ray reached out of the car and picked it up. By the time they were able to get around the flock the herder had turned off onto a trail that a car couldn't go on, so they took the lamb on up to the store. Sis and Monard said they would check with the different herders as they came through, however, none of them ever claimed it.

They got a bottle and nipple and raised the lamb. They had it around the store, and at first it was a pet, but later on it got to be somewhat of a nuisance. It played too rough, and there was danger of it hurting some one.

Monard and I used to stand in front of a post and the buck would back off about fifteen feet and come at us with his head down. Just before he got to us we would step to one side and he would hit the post. He would do this as long as some one would stand there. It was a game to the sheep. Sometimes we would stand in front of an empty oil drum. The buck would hit it and they would both tumble over together. It seemed to enjoy that kind of play. Also, he would walk along side of us and put his head down and rub it on our leg. But, you had to watch him because when he'd throw his head back you'd better jump out of the way or he'd knock your legs out from under you. He had put so much energy in this that when he'd miss us it would raise his front feet off the ground.

They finally gave him to a sheep man who was going by. But instead of going in with the other sheep he followed the sheep herder where ever he went.

At a later time they got a little tree monkey. I wasn't involved in their getting it. It was fun, and affectionate, but what he couldn't get into wasn't in the book. Mostly he had the run of the place. He had a thing about chickens. The chickens were loose too and roamed around the store and the garage and anywhere in the yard. Whenever the monkey could he catch one of the chickens and sit down with it in his arms and start pulling its feathers out. Sis or Monard would hear the chicken squaking and run to the door and holler and the monkey would let the chicken go. After awhile it began to look like some strange disease had hit among the chickens, nearly all of them had lost some feathers, and some of them had lost nearly all of their feathers.

Anybody that wore glasses had better not have them on when they went outside. The monkey would come out of nowhere, land on your shoulder just long enough to grab your glasses, and then be gone before you could catch him. Sis andMonard always warned people to watch out for the monkey if they were going to be standing around outside, but strangers always seemed to think they were kidding, until the monkey had their glasses and was gone. I don't know how many pairs of glasses that monkey cost Sis.

Some one came to the gasoline pump one day and lifted the hood to check the oil. They left the hood up while they came into the store to get a quart of oil. When they got back outside the monkey was sitting on top of their engine, and had pulled out every one of

the wires. He had chewed and stripped the insulation off a lot of the wire so it couldn't even be used again.

The monkey slept in the basement at night. The furnace was down there and it was nice and warm. It was also the place where Monard and a bunch of the men would gather every few months to have a poker game. It was only penny ante poker, but they were serious about their game.

The monkey would climb the support post and sit between the rafters until they had the game going good. Then, he would jump down on the table and scatter chips in all directions. This didn't set too well with the men. The monkey also showed an interest in the moonshine the men were drinking, so one time after the monkey had scattered chips the men set a cup with a little bit of moonshine in it down for the monkey. Well, he just loved it. But it didn't take but just a little bit to get him soused. Then when he tried to jump back on the post to get back up to the rafters his timing was off and he'd hit the post and forget to grab hold and fall back to the floor. He would get up, feel of the post, back off about two feet and the do the same thing over again.

The next day he was just like any human with a hangover. His eyes were bloodshot, and he would just sit around and hold his head.

Eventually, he became too costly to keep with all the things he was breaking, so they sold him.

In 1933, John got the chance to go to San Francisco and work for the Mason Jar Company. I tried for quite awhile to keep up both sales routes by myself, but we had just developed too large a territory for one person to handle. I couldn't find anyone reliable enough to take his place, so when I had a chance to buy a butcher shop in Fruita I decided it was time to stay at home.

I had, also, got involved in the school board, the volunteer fire department, the cemetary board, the museum board, soil conservation, and I was with a group that played for barn dances at lots of places in western Colorado and eastern Utah. I took over the Glade Park store whenever my sister and brother-in-law took a vacation. There always seemed to be something extra to do. Our sixth child, Joseph, was born in 1933, so with three boys and three girls our family was complete.

The butcher shop I bought was doing very well until the store building was sold unexpectedly. So I had to find a place to move my shop.

There was only one place I could get and that was a general merchandise store. The owner was an old man, Mr. Barnes, and he would not deal any way but cash. And that I didn't have any of. There was a man in Fruita, Mr. Kirkendall, that I only knew slightly. He came to me and asked if I was having any trouble with Mr. Barnes. I said no, only he wants cash. He said how much? He said he had just collected a certain amount of money and he would go over to the bank

and cash the check and bring the cash back to me. I told him to be sure and bring a note for me to sign when he came back, and he said all right he would.

Mr. Barnes was pretty old and in very bad health. He hadn't been keeping up his store well for quite a long time. He didn't seem to get around to putting things away or checking his mail or keeping thing clean. If a customer came in and bought something when he'd tear off the wrapping paper he would cover up anything that happened to be laying on the counter, mail and all. When we started to clean up the place there were four to six inches of mail and papers on the counter. He found many letters unopened and a deed for some land. When I told him about it he said it all belonged to me, but I finally persuaded him this was different than the store deed and he took it. We found money where he had hidden it behind things on shelves. It upset him so much to see us cleaning up the place and changing things around that he didn't stay very long. His son from California came and got him and took him back to live with him. However, he only lived a month or two after he went out there. He was a Christian Science and would not go to a doctor. He was very honest, a wonderful old gentleman, and I liked him very much.

There were three grocery stores in the same block, and all of us were doing very well when the Farmer's Union put in a cash and carry store. It soon closed all three of us up. I never re-newed my store license for the year 1940.

I stored all my stuff in the metal cook house. An eight by twelve foot walk-in cooler, show counter and two ice machines.

A railroad engineer, Mr. Eno, bought out one of the grocery stores. He didn't know anything about the grocery business, so his son hired me to buy stock, mark the goods, and keep the books. I always took out my Social Security money, and Social Security for his other men, but Mr. Eno never turned it in. I would balance the books and show them to him, and he would want me to cut out first this and then something else. I told him, "they are your books, you doctor them as you please, but leave me out of it." I don't know how he got by the tax revenue office, but he never got caught as far as I know. I did not want any part of that kind of business. He paid me top wages for that time, thirty-five cents an hour. At night I operated the movie machines at the local theater for thirty-five cents an hour.

In 1942, our oldest daughter, Sarah, was working in Denver. She wrote us she had the flu so I came over to look after her. She was all right again and back to work by the time I got here. She said to me why don't you get a job over here. Well, most anything would beat what I was doing, so one morning I walked down to Market Street and went into the first shop I saw, Keogh & Doyle. I talked to the manager, Harry Doyle, and he said to stick around until we get this order up and then we'll go get a cup of coffee and talk things over.

There was a greasy spoon type cafe on the corner. We went in there and talked. He was quite interested and said he would give me thirty-five dollars per week and could I start inthe morning. I told him I had to go home and give the people I was working for a week's notice. He said O. K. So I went home and made arrangements to leave

in a week. I got back to Denver and started to work the first of July 1942.

Keogh and Doyle was a small supplier that sold to restaurants and small stores. They also sold to anyone who came in, and there were a lot of them. I learned the first day that they did not have standard cuts of meat, and they didn't seem to know them either. They just cut off what the customer wanted. The head butcher, a German, had worked for them for twenty-five years, and if there was a hard way to do something that was the way he did it.

We were getting from twenty to thirty head of beef cutters, also, from five to ten pretty good stuff, and two veal with the head on. This was an everyday delivery to us. The truck would back up under the rail. I would go out and hang a hindquarter on the rail, then put the forequarter on with it. That would be our morning starter. We would get a liver with each beef. We had a rack in the corner of the cooler for livers. Then we would start on the orders. We had one freezer truck and three pick-ups for the restaurants. Talk about a mad-house, that was one. Salesmen stood around in the road telling us what they wanted, and how they wanted it cut, and each one wanted their order to be put up first.

We also had a good sausage room we supplied meat for, and also for hamburgers. Al, the head butcher, didn't know there was such a thing as a boning knife. All he used was a ten inch steak knife. Well, when he got through cutting and a slicing and slashing we would start to clean up the ruins. He would take a chuck and turn it over and with his big knife he would scoop the neck bone and in one piece. Well, that was where I spent lots of my time cleaning up after him. We had lots of customer come in for dog meat. He would sell them one of the necks, meat and all, at bone prices.

As the war went on the government kept cutting us down on our daily supply. I finally said to Harry hadn't I better look for another job. I think it was the first time he had thought of it. He said, "aren't you getting your pay." I said, "yes, but since they have cut you down on how many beef you can have I don't feel I am earning my wages." He thought for awhile, then said to let it go for awhile. I told him I wanted to feel like I was earning my pay. Well they cut him down some more so he come to me and said if I would help them out with their orders every morning then I could go out and look for a job. But my time was to go on every day as if I were still there, and I was to tell who ever interviewed me to give them as a reference and to tell them to call him personally for the reference.

The first place I stopped was Pepper Packing Company. Pepper, himself, said I could go to work in the morning. This job involved something more to learn. They put me to breaking hogs. They come in split in half, held together by a small piece of skin just above the head. All I had to do was push them off the end of the rail onto the table, cut off the head, throw it in a barrel, scribe the loin cut of of the shoulder and ham of each side of hog. The other butchers did the work, taking out the neck bone, skinning the shoulder and trimming the hams.

The rest of the time we boned beef. I wasn't quite used to all this. My hands swelled up till they were twice as thick as normal. But, I finally got used to the work. My neck and back got stronger, my hands toughened up, and when I quit I had gained in speed over all the other employees.

I went to work for Hoffman Meat Company. That was a snap, but by that time the vericose veins in my legs were so bad I would have to hold onto the counter while waiting on customers.

I had bought a house on South Ogden from Monte Carroll, the realtor. We had talked quite a bit about different things while I was buying the place, and if I ever wanted to go into real estate he said he would sponsor me. He said the examination was easy, so I read through the book once and promptly failed the exam.

I was ready the next time I took the exam, and even though three of them examined me, I passed with no trouble. I got my license and started to work in late 1948. I made a living, but nothing big. Mr. Carroll said I was too honest to make any big money. He said a buyer didn't need to know everything that was wrong with a place before they bought it. But, if I knew something was wrong I just had to point it out. I felt it was my obligation to be fair to both the buyer and the seller. The main trouble with selling real estate I found was that I needed a lot of exercise, and this type work didn't involve any. In a short time I had gained up to around two hundred pounds, and I didn't feel good that heavy.

We had sold a lot of houses for Mr. Gherke, a contractor. I had gotten pretty well acquainted with him, so I asked him about working with him. He said he wanted me, but I told him I could not put in a hard day's work again until I got used to it. He said for me to keep my own time and work as I felt like it.

I worked at first at keeping the different jobs clean and sorting out what could be used of the scrap. Most workers just burned up the scraps, but I told Mr. Gherke I couldn't burn up good wood like that. He said he couldn't do it either. He told me to take his truck and I could have any scraps under two feet long. I accumulated a shed full in no time.

I enjoyed the work as he and I never had a cross word. I set my own salary and kept my own time. All the time I worked for him I made several racks and nail boxes out of the scrap lumber, and it save him a lot of money to have things sorted out. He used to buy a large quantity of molding and as it was long they would just drop it on the floor until they were ready to use it. It would get walked on, and sometimes broken. I made some "A" frames and would put the soft trim on one side and the hard wood on the other. This saved a lot of time sorting and looking for the right piece of wood for the job, as well as keeping the wood in good condition.

As time went on Mr. Gherke gave me extra jobs, and I learned and enjoyed doing them very much. After they finished a house he had me go over every door and cabinet pull to be darn sure they all worked evenly. He, also, had me meet with the city inspectors when they went

over the house and make any corrections or changes they thought necessary.

In June 1956, I worked at Shadow Mountain on a log cabin. Shortly after that I started out on my own at home repairs, and was never out of work. People were very nice to me and would tell their friends that I did good work, so I never had to advertise. I always had more work when I would finish one job. Sometimes I had to hire some one to help me because I had too many jobs to do. I made lots of things for people to make their life easier.

Also had a carpenter's contract with Sears & Roebuck for a number of years, and a contract with Chevron Oil at the same time. Our association was very good with both places.

I enjoyed the home repair work very much and continued in it until I was eighty-five. But the last few years I had to slow down and stay home a little more often. Estelle was having so much trouble with arthritis she was mostly in a wheelchair

In 1973 Estelle had a stroke and our middle daughter, Mary, started coming out to take care of things. After I retired in 1975 I have been very inactive. I have been hospitalized six times and after I broke my hip I became bothered with arthritis very much. I still get around, but not like before. Mary has been with me full-time for over two years now, and we are comfortable.

My hobby is playing music at nursing homes, churches, clubs. For a long time I had a group and we kept busy all the time. Estelle and her wheel chair went with us whenever she was able. But, it got to be too hard to keep a pianist. So, I finally let my group just go.

Now, I play with the 39ers forever. There is about fourty of us, but very rarely can all of us get together at the same time. We have two or three programs a week, and enjoy it very much.

It is getting close to Christmas now, and I started this at the first of the year. I am ninety-three, instead of ninety-two. I want to finish so I can send this out to my family for Christmas. I hope you all enjoy it.

A Tribute to My Dear Little Wife

She was a tiny person in size, but the largest person I have ever known. If she had any faults I never knew of them. After fifty-eight and a half years that was a pretty good record. She has been gone nearly seven years now. My greatest hope is that we will meet again when my time comes.

We raised six wonderful children. Clover is retired and lives in Oklanoma with his wife. Sarah lives in California with her husband in a private housing project. Mary closed up her home in Florida to come care for me. Hallie lives in Denver and works at Fitzsimons Army Hospital. Walter had to retire from United Air Lines for medical reasons and he and his wife live in Littleton. Joe and his wife live in Denver and Joe still works for the Denver Police Department.

After Estelle had her stroke in 1973 she said she didn't want to have a therapist, she would work it out by playing the piano. She had taken music in school, but like myself, while the children were young she hadn't bothered with music. She would take one of the books and play every piece in it. She got so we could sing with her playing. But, after she had her second stroke, she could not use her left hand.

I don't think she had an enemy because she made friends where ever she went. We went to a company party one night, and she was so popular she was the toast of the supper.

When we went somewhere I was playing she would sit in her wheel chair out of the way, but everyone would crowd around her to talk to her. She would say, "why is every one so nice to me?"

She was hard of hearing so we carried an amplifier and hearing aid so she could talk and hear what was going on.

I still miss her very, very much. God bless her and keep her.

Love,

Dad

Notes from the Typist

My sincere apologies for the typing errors. I used to pride myself on my fast and accurate typing, but age and arthritis in my hands have made a mockery of that pride.

We all know Dad's spelling is not the best, so I took the liberty of changing that. However, I tried very hard not to change his grammer or sentence structure or method of telling a story. If I had made too many changes it would soon have become a case of me telling Dad's story, not Dad telling his own life as he remembered it.

In reference to the Family History: the information was secured from various places. However, quite a variance was noted in birth dates, death dates, places of birth and death, and even in certain names. Fortunately, there was one piece of information in Sarah Darside Thirsk's handwriting listing names, places and dates of birth, and in some cases, deaths and places of deaths. This was the final authority that was used for typing up the Family History. If Sarah did not know where her children were born, when, and what name she gave them, who would know better? Certainly not some grandchild.

And, finally, to me Dad exemplifies Jonathan Swift's observation that - "Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old." I cannot imagine Dad old.

MGF