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Transcribed from tapes given by

Frank Miller (Grandson of Lafayette Miller)

Presented at the Lafayette Elementary School.

Transcribed by Mrs. C rystal Byrd

My grandparents were married the first part of May in 1853. They landed at Longmont, or just this side of Longmont, where the brick school house is which is called Burlington in August--the latter part of August. Not knowing what the winters were in Colorado, they camped there for the winter. Then they came over and settled where the Stearn's dairy is south of town down here at the foot of the hill, you know, where the big dairy is, and that was one of the stage stations. They ran a stage station there from 1864 to 1871. Then they came over and homesteaded this part of the town. As I told the class a little while ago, in order to get homestead rights the government gave you the right to come in and file on a piece of land. My grandfather filed on the first quarter, that is a quarter-mile wide and a mile long, which ran from Baseline over to the Louisville road. My grandmother's brother filed on another 160 acres (at that time you could only take 160 acres; they later raised it so that you could file on 360 acres) But they took the 360 acreas--the 320 acres, I mean--they took the 320 acres from down, well, about where the elevator is as the half-mile line up to this side and that was the original homestead of Mary E. and Lafayette Miller. Now it wasn't very long, and you want to remember, too, that there wasn't a tree in this part of the country, only those that were on the creeks. They settled close to the creeks for two or three reasons: one was the water for their cattle, and the other one was that when they were close to creeks there was generally surface water.

Now I have the distinction of having two grandparents settle two towns in this part of the country. My grandparents on my mother's side settled the town of Superior. They named it Superior because when they came across the plains they were stranded in Nebraska for awhile--at Superior, Nebraska. They were treated so well that when they settled the town of Superior they named it Superior. That's how Superior got its name and, by the way, Superior was the first school district in Boulder County--School District #1. I'll get back to the schools pretty soon.

Now after they left Joplin, Missouri, they came through on what is approximately highway 36 now, and I've heard my grandmother tell a good many stories. I wish I had a good chance of recording so that we could have an authentic history.

In order to have milk and cream they drove their cattle by the day, fastened to the wagons in some cases and they herded them in some cases. They had a few wagons. They had to carry water for their own personal use, but many a time there would be three or four days that the cattle did not have water. And I don't know, very few of you have ever seen a mirage. I've seen mirages before now, before this country was settled up, you don't have them where the country is settled uplike it is now, but you look off in the distance and it will look like there is a lake and trees around it. Where it comes from nobody knows. Even cattle would see it. They wouldn't smell the water but they would just hurry to beat the band to get to that place and then when they got there it would just be a mirage. And coming across that part of Kansas and Colorado there was a lot of times when it was two or three days before they found any water. Then sometimes they would come to a dry creek bed like Pawnee creek bed is at the present time down in eastern Colorado, then they would dig holes in the gravel and the water would come up so they could use it. Now in order to have milk and butter and the things that we just take for granted a lot of times they would drive their cattle all day, milk them at night, and milk them again in the morning. Then in order to preserve what butter fat they had, they would hang the milk in a leather bag on the reach of the wagon. Now most of you don't know what the reach of a wagon is because you don't know what a wagon is to start with, but the reach of a wagon is a two-by-four run from the fifth wheel in front to hold the back wheels so that the front wheels can turn and the back wheels follow and then on the back of that they would hang this leather bag. At night when they would stop the milk would have separated into butter-milk and butter and that was the way they kept their butter. Of course, they did quite a lot of killing of wild animals as they came across but when they got here there was no buffalo. There were a few antelope that roamed here on the hills but no buffalo. But they did kill buffalo as they came across. They didn't have but one Indian scare as they came across and that didn't amount to anything. And after they came here Denver was their fort. And one time I heard my grandmother tell about the time they got word that the Indians were on the warpath. They gathered up their belongings and went to the fort. When she got there she remembered she had $100 rolled up in one of the mattresses and she worried more about that then anything else but when she came

back the raid hadn't materialized so her $100 was still there. As I told some of you a little while ago, a dollar was a dollar in those days.

We didn't think anything even in my times of going and helping build a house or going to help do some plowing and some of those things. And the going wage was about $15.00 a month and sometimes less than that for a man to work on a farm from sunrise to sunset and get $15.00 a month and his board and room. That was the way wages were so you see you didn't make any money. Money wasn't so important as getting some food, clothing, etc

Now when they came across they settled up here at Burlington, then they went over a ran a stage station at Stearn's dairy. They ran that from 1864 to 1871. Now that was the fast freight out of Denver. If you know on the Wadsworth Road where you go under the underpass, my grandfather's sister and her husband ran a stage station there, the Churches, and that stage station was the slow freight out of Denver. That's how far a team pulling a heavy load could get in one day, if you can imagine being that slow. The fast freight was a little lighter load and made it out here to Stearn's dairy in one day, then the next one was over on Boulder Creek and so on up to Berthoud and Cheyenne. That was the way the stage stations was.

Now I had the privilege of knowing the man--two men, one man was the mule boss that build the railroad from Dodge City, Kansas, into Denver. The other man, I think some of you probably know Clara O'Donnel, her grandfather was the cook on that project from down there and I've laid on the floor and listened to those fellows tell stories of how they wanted to give the men something extra--all they had was sow belly and beans and, in season, potatoes--but mostly sow belly, beans, potatoes, and biscuits. They did have flour such as it was. But I've heard those men tell these stories and Mr. Rapp told me one time that he wanted to give his men a treat and he went out a found a woman that had a few eggs and he gave her a $1.00 a dozen for them in order to give his men a treat because they didn't have eggs at all on that whole trip through.

The things that we take for granted today--all the things that we take for granted today just didn't happen. Communication was so slow, as I told the class

a little while ago, my grandmother said that it took as much as three months to find out when Lincoln was elected President after the election was over. You want to remember that in those days the Civil War was still going on. It didn't reach out here like it did further east, but the Civil War was still going on and it was still fresh in the minds of our parents when we was in school. In fact, as you all know, Baseline out here, the 40th parallel, is practically the Mason/Dixon line and we on that side of the Mason/Dixon line called ourselves Southerners and these fellows over here called themselves Northerners, and that was the way we played our games lots of times. They got a little rough once in a while if we got mad enough at each other.

Now at the stage stations they had all types of people coming through. In fact I've heard Mrs. Church tell about Jessie James coming through and staying with them over night. They didn't know until after it was over with that Jessie James stayed with them overnight. And I've also heard her tell about when the circus came through from Cheyenne to Denver one time. She baked a hundred apple pies, got a dollar a pie for them as fast as she took them out of the oven. But flour was $25.00 a barrel and sugar was $75.00 a barrel. A barrel held a little bit more than 100 pounds. But that was the price she had to pay. That was the way the old timers did. They didn't think anything of work. If you had an extra job to do you got up at 4:00 in the morning and if you didn't get through until 9:00 at night it didn't matter. Hours meant nothing. It just meant that you had so much work to do and you got out and did it. Today one of you fellows goes and shovels a sidewalk and if the fellow don't give you a dollar you think he's sure a cheapskate. When I was a boy, if he gave me a stick of candy for doing the same thing I thought he was really tops.

Now remember there was no communications in this part of the country, only by word of mouth, riding from one neighbor to another. They took care of their dead people, they took care of their sickness. We had some of the craziest remedies that you can imagine. In school we had so much--well, I would say...there was so many things happened. My wife and I was talking about it last night about how when I was in the fourth grade, I believe, I got lice and the reason I got lice was that people weren't as clean as we are today. We didn't think anything of taking a bath

only once a week and sometimes if the weather was so cold and you couldn't keep the kitchen warm you didn't take one that often. It was just difficult. Can you imagine heating all the water that you want on top of the stove, pouring it into a round laundry tub, and then you standing in front of the stove and bath yourself just by reaching--you couldn't sit down in the tub unless you were pretty small. When you got in the eighth grade you didn't sit down in the tub because you were too big. But that was the sanitation that we had and it wasn't any wonder that we had epidemics. I think I was in the fifth grade when we had an epidemic of small pox in Lafayette and that was just when vaccinations started. If you can imagine, this town was as divided over vaccinations as Vietnam is today. In fact some of us thought it was alright and some didn't and got up petitions to stop it but we finally most of us got faccinated, but those that didn't, some of them got small pox. Then we had diptheria, too. You don't hear of diptheria today, but we had epidemics of diptheria, we had epidemics of small pox, we had other epidemics. And I can remember one time of having a celebration in Lafayette when we posted guards--I didn't because I was too young--but we posted guards at all the entrances to Lafayette so that the Louisville people couldn't come in because the Louisville people had an epidemic of small pox. Several times Louisville did the same thing to us. When we would have an epidemic in order to keep from transmitting the disease between the towns, we wouldn't let anybody from Louisville come down here and Louisville wouldn't let anybody from here go up there.

Now transportation here, as I told the other class a little while ago, was all by horse and buggy or saddle horse. Many a time I've ridden a saddle horse to Denver--leave home at 2:00 in the morning, ride into the stockyards, they would have a drive of cattle ready, I would leave the stockyards at 7:00, 8:00 or whatever time we could get out of the yards, and then we would drive the cattle home. I was about 12 or 11 or somewhere along there . My dad used to send my brother and I (he was two years younger than I) to Denver to drive out a drive of cattle from the stockyards in Denver. We had buyers in Denver who would gather these cattle as they came in and when they would get enough for us to drive then we would get on our saddle horses. We didn't think anything of going down the night before. You didn't want to stay in

a hotel overnight because that would cost you $1.50 or $2.00 . So you didn't do those kind of things because of the cost . Everything was limited to the amount of money that you had and if you came to town and had a special celebration or something your dad would probably give you ten cents for the day and he'd caution you, "Now be sure and don't spend that all in one place." In fact I remember one time riding my bicycle to Boulder and he thought he gave me a quarter and he gave me a nickle. At that time I could buy a hamburger and that's what I had. To ride my bicycle to Boulder and back and I had one hamburger--oh, it was a little bigger than the ones you buy now or 25 or 30 cents--but at the same time that was just the way we were. Money was awful hard to get.

Getting back to these stages, the fast stage used to come from Cheyenne to Denver and it came in and had to go as far west as White Rock, I don't know whether you know where, you know where the Louisville road crosses, well, that is as far west as the stage station had to go to cross Boulder Creek. Because out here at Boulder Creek there was a quick-sand bar and there was more water in Boulder Creek than there is today. The reason was that there was no irrigation dams up the creek and the water was too high at most times to ford the creek right straight north of here. So the stage, in order to be sure it could get across had to go up as far as White Rock, then they came down across here and, I think probably some of you know Miss Harmon, and one night he was up at my house--and this shows you what thrills some of us got, I didn't get to see it--but he said that he had been to California and had seen the biggest battleships and at that time he had seen the biggest airplane and he had seen all modes of transportation but the thing that thrilled him the most was when right up here by the trailer court was the top of the hill and there was a--down on the creek--there was a rock house where they had a horse change. They had a horse change over by where the Davidson school house is now or the Davidson Grange. They had a horse change there. Then they would run their horses as hard as they could but when they came up the hill over here they couldn't run them, but when they'd hit the top of the hill here Mr. Harmon told me that the most thrilling thing that he'd ever seen in all the

experiences he'd had in all his life was when the driver raised up through the bullwhip, snapped the horses, hollored "Hey", and they took off on a dead run down that draw. He and his sister were herding their milk cows up here.

These are some of the things that these old-timers told me about and I just can't help but marvel at the difference in the way we live today and the way they lived. Now Mr. Rapp, who set up the timber claim, as I told the other class, you had a chance to take up land for different propositions: one was a timber claim. In a three-year length of time you had to have so many live trees growing on your half-section of land or your quarter-section of land, whatever you were allowed and when you got that many trees growing then you got that piece of land deeded to you by the government the same as though it was a homestead only it was called a timber claim. There was only two or three timber claims in this country that I can remember of, that was the one where Fern Woods lives at the present time and then there is one up by Boulder the other side of the Davidson school up where Dexters live, some of you will know where that is. On the back road to Boulder there is a timber claim in there.

Now to get back to what the folks did when they came here. After they had been here two or three years then they decided that they needed a better breed of cattle and they needed a self-binder because at that time they were cradling their grain. Some of your have probably seen a scythe. Well, a cradle was a scythe that had fingers on the back of it so that when you swung it into the grain then when you brought back here if you knew how you could lay that grain with all the heads laying the same way. Then in order to bind the grain they would go along and pick this grain up into what they called bundles then they would take about six strands of wheat or oats or barley, whatever they had--there was very little barley because it was hard to raise--but wheat or oats and they would twist these two together on this side, throw it around the bundle, and then they had a way of tying it. I have tied it in my time a good many times. Allen Harmon's grandfather was the fastest man around this part of the country when it came to tying. We used to have contests like that, if you can imagine, when we'd go to a picnic--and picnics were the big thing in those days when all the farmers

and the people in town would go out to a picnic--and we would have races by the women such as shoe races to see which woman could kick her shoes the furtherest, which woman could drive a nail the fastest, and then the men would have these contests where they'd have an old man's race (I wouldn't be in it now because people wouldn't live to 70 or 75 years old when I was a kid) but they'd have old men's races, they'd have three-legged races for the kids, they'd have track races for the kids, and they'd always wind up with this binding race. They'd bring the grain in. They wouldn't cradle it because that would have been impossible but they'd bring it in and lay it out in sheaves along the road and then I think they'd have ten to tie. And then the men who knew how to tie would take off when the gun sounded and the fellow who got through first; oh, he might get a dollar and a half or something like that for winning that race. Those were the things that we had to do to entertain ourselves. Remember, no radios, no telephones, only just now and then a telephone, no TV, not even a picture show for a long time in Lafayette. The first picture show (I'm rambling a little bit, but I don't know how else to do it) that I saw was in Superior. They had a machine and they showed a bull-fight. They charged us 20¢ a piece to get in to see this bullfight. They only had one reel and it was the most flickering thing you ever saw, but we saw a bullfight. It was so marvelous to us that you can't believe what we thought about it. They didn't have the second reel to pick it up on so they ran it into a clothes basket and then they would re-wind it. I think they showed it to us three times because we just sat there awestruck, if you can imagine, just to see the first moving picture that we ever saw.

The telephones came into Lafayette, as I told them a little while ago, Erie was the first town because the cold outcropped in Erie. Marshall was also one of the first towns, but Erie was the first town because it was on the railroad. The two rail-roads that had the race went through to Cheyenne and Erie was the first town in this part of the valley because it had a railroad. Then when the C & S came through and went through to Boulder and Longmont and across, then Louisville was the second town. Lafayette came along later. Lafayette wasn't laid out until 1884. The first mines here were down on the creek and they were all over this valley--there were three or

four over there before there were any mines in Lafayette. Now the railroad from the C & S came down and it ran its track clear down the other side of town all the way almost to Chuck Wanecka's barns. The reason they did that was so the Burlington couldn't come in and come into town. The Burlington came up on this side of town as far as they could but they couldn't cross the C & S tracks. So one night they decided that--one time they decided (they probably had decided before this night because they'd had a survey made) and they started down on the creek about where the Miller Lane is a mile south of town, they laid their railroad from there--they had their switch in--up clear across the C & S tracks down here. They had a special crossing that they dropped in and crossed the railroad down here (well, there are no railroads in there now) but where the old Burlington depot used to be, down by the mill there, through there. They laid that from down on the creek clear through and connected to the line over here just in one night.

Now my dad ran what they called the tie wagon and in those days if you were a teamster you figured that you'd load the wagon and unload it. I've heard him tell, I don't know how many times, the marvelous thing to him was the boss told him to drive that team and not tough a tie. He didn't have to work that night. All he had to do was drive the team. He was kinda like the Irishman that they told about that came over to this country and he wrote back and said, "Pat, you should come over here. All I have to do is carry the bricks up to the top of a three-story building and a man up there does all the work." That was the attitude that they had: to see how much work you could do Now they got this across and there was something about the law (now, I can't tell you what the law was or why it was that way) but if they ran the locomotive across that crossing for 48 hours then they'd have the right-of-way through town. We needed two railroads in town because the C & S couldn't handled all the business, the Burlington had a long way around, so we needed two railroads. So the crew from the C&S decided they were coming down (now, this is prior to telephone time). Somebody jumped on a saddle horse in Louisville and came down and told the boys at the Simpson Mine which was down at the end of Simpson here that the C&S were coming down and pull that crossing out. So at the Cimpson Mine they had several boilers, they stuck the pokers in the firebox, got them red hot, and when the crew came down and put the

grappling hooks on the locomotive to pull that crossing out, the men from here went out and held the hot pokers over the crossing, and they saved the Burlington railroad's right-of-way. No shots were fired. It was a friendly fight in a way and yet they saved the railroad and it was one of the things that helped make Lafayette what it was. I can remember seeing a sign down here in the lower end of town at one time: "Lafayette--the biggest little town in Colorado"

At one time Lafayette produced, it seems to me, something like 5,000 tons of coal a day. The Simpson Mine at one time, which was down at the end of Simpson Street, produced 2,000 tons of coal a day and that was all manual labor. There were no machines. There were n self-dump cages in the tipple. It was just all main strength and awkwardness, as you might say, because the diggers had to pick underneath the coal with a pick, they shot it down with black powder, then they had it to load on the cars. In most cases they pulled it just to the room next and the mules pulled it out to the bottom. It was put on the cage and then when it was brought to the top (this was all done by manual labor.) they had dorman switches up there and it took four men in the tipple to handle the coal. They had to pull the cage off and put another one on and they hoisted 2,000 tons of coal a day at that mine with the first motion engine. The old engineer that ran that motion engine at that time is still alive. He is 90 years old. I was talking to him the other day: Ira Reddington.

Lafayette had, as I said, the first telephones and the reason was because of the orders out of Denver. Now on January 15, 1900, we had the biggest fire in Lafayette that I can ever remember. From Gambles corner--from the vacant lot by Gambles--that whole side of the street burned and the other side of the street burned also with the exception of the big old hotel building. Both sides of the alley burned, also. I was 5 years old, I lived across the street from Dr. Gordon's, and I can remember telling my mother I wished she would let me get up on the roof to keep the sparks from setting our house afire. The telephones burned out--the telephone office which was only two or three telephones was in this store building--and in order to get word to Louisville my uncle jumped on a bicycle, rode to Louisville in the middle of the night, they brought the cart with one hose that Louisville had down from Louisville behind a team.

It took, as you can imagine, an hour or an hour and a quarter to get here but when they got here all we had was two little reservoirs up here where the trailer camp is and we didn't have too good a filter system, I'll tell you that, because even as late as when I was in the 9th or 10th grade--I was 16, I think, when I joined the firemen--and one night we had a fire down south of town (another fellow and I pulled the cart most of the way down there, we'd stop and rest and then pull it a little further) when we got down there and turned the water on it went into the nozzle and when it went into the nozzle it shut off just like that. We took the nozzle off and there was a sunfish about that long in the end of the nozzle. That's the kind of filtering system that we had in Lafayette.

There are so many things that come to my mind --I thought I had these notes in my mind so that I could keep going--but. . . .The town of Lafayette has always been an athletic town. Back as far as 1902 we had the championship fire team in Lafayette. They broke the world's record up in Central City, if you can imagine running a fire race in Central City. Their time was 29 seconds, but they ran it down hill, they had lots of pressure, etc. In 1924 we had another world's record team and we still hold the world's record. I happened to be on it. We broke it in Boulder. On July 4, 1924, we ran 400 feet to the plug, laid 200 feet of hose, got the water through it . . .(end of first tape). . .(second tape)..This world's record I was telling you about that we won in 1924 in 27 1/5 seconds, we had one of the biggest celebrations in this town that you can imagine. We filled this ball park, we filled everything. People from all over the state came because we were really something, if you can imagine, and I still have a medal at home with "27 1/5 seconds" that we had struck out of solid gold. I think I'll go sell it now.

Now getting back to the folks after they had left the stage station over here, came over and homesteaded this, then in between times while they were proving up on this they went to Erie and ran a boarding house and set up a meat market. They also went to Boulder and set up a meat market. Now in those days you didn't have the roads running this way straight, you just took off and went across the country. They killed all their animals down here at the farm and they ran the butcher shop in Erie and

the one in Boulder. That was the way Erie, Boulder, and Lafayette--no, not Lafayette because Lafayette wasn't laid out at the time--but Louisville and some of the other places got their fresh meat if they didn't kill it themselves. Most people killed their own meat. Many a time I have seen especially the Italian people from Louisville come to the ranch, kill a hog (some of them scalded them, some just burnt the hair off of them) but they always killed their own animals in the fall of the year. Remember we had no refrigeration to speak of. The refrigeration was furnished by ice. Up where the cottage camp is there was a big ice house run by Mr. Peterson--Petey Peterson--he had a big ice house there and I have helped put up ice. I don't think we could any more. I don't think we have the climate to do it. The time to put up ice was on the coldest day that you could find for the reason that if you put it up on a warm day, you got wet. If you put it up on a cold day it froze solid and the ice wasn't slick. Now in order to put up ice, Tom I don't think even knows how we did it, we had a sled that was 24 inches wide pulled by one horse. The ice was thick enough so that this horse could travel on the ice and we sharp-shod them. By sharp-shoeing, we had a blacksmith in town by the name of Danny Evans, he could make horse shoes from just a piece of iron. But by that time they commenced to come already forged, but if he needed a pair of shoes he could make them. Then they put sharp prongs on them so that when the horse got on the ice he wouldn't slip. They pulled this sled down as straight as they could--the first one may not be quite a straight, but a man leading a horse and a horse that was used to doing this work would travel pretty straight. Then they would put the one shoe, these fingers were about as wide as my hand and sharp, and they would score the ice this way. They put the runner in this side and they would go down and pull that. It was quite a job to get the ice all scored. Then they would score it cross-ways about 2 or three inches deep. They would score it both ways. Then in order to get started they would have to hand-saw it. The hand saws were probably 8 feet long with long teeth on them--about that long. Two or three men would stand there and saw ice until they got a channel sawed. Then they had what they called a spud. They would saw all of the ice one way. Then they would take a spud, as they called them. It was a wide bar probably about as wide as this book and sharp on one end. Then in order

to break the ice off where it had been scored, they would just go along like this. Then you would push it over and you had a pair of ice tongs and a chute and you would chute it up into the wagon. Then you would haul it up to the ice house and put it in by chute. You put in a layer of ice, a layer of sawdust, a layer of ice, a layer of sawdust. It took a long time to fill the ice house. One of the best harvests of ice, if you can imagine, came off a lake that is where the Broomfield Shopping Center is now. We hauled ice from there to Lafayette--oh, we could make maybe two trips a day--in the morning we'd go over and get a load of ice, come back and unload it and in the afternoon go back and get another. Now that is the way we put up ice and the big thrill of any of us was to be able to follow the ice man down the street and have him chip some ice so that we could get it into our mouth because now you go to the ice box--to the refrigerator--and get some ice. Now another thing that you can't imagine is not having an ice cream cone or not having a bottle of pop. When pop first came out it came out in bottles with a round neck about that big around and it had a hook on it that had a rubber cork on it and in order to open it you would hit it and drive the cork down in--it wouldn't go clear in because the hook would hold it from going in--then if you wanted to seal it all you had to do was take a piece of wire or a button-hook or something like that and pull it back and that would re-seal it. We had the sum of two kinds of pop: strawberry and lemon. Then when ice cream cones first came out that was the greatest invention that any of us had ever seen because prior to that time we made our own ice cream. If any of you have ever had the experience of turning an ice cream freezer, it's one of the longest jobs in the world but the big pay-off was when your mother or your father took the dasher--they had a big dashed in the center--out of the ice cream and you all got to lick the dasher. Oh, we were very sanitary, I'm telling you, we didn't mind licking off the same dasher--even the same place the other fellow did.

The water system in this town was something, too, I'm telling you, it was really something. To begin with most of the people in town had a well and when we were in school here the water during the winter wasn't too bad to drink, but during the spring, this time of the year, and on to the early fall until it got cold it was practically impossible--you pretty near almost had to hold your nose in order to drink the water

because it came out of these mud ponds up here, was not filtered, it had algae in it, it had moss in it, it had everything in it. So in order to get water to drink down where the big house is down here on the corner was O'Day's house. Now the O'Days had a well and as soon as we would have recess or noon or what have you we'd dash down there, we'd pull the bucket up out of the well, some of us would drink off of the rim of the bucket, some of us might have a folding cup (we didn't have paper cups, remember), and we'd always have half a dozen tin cups around. I'd take a drink, hand you the cup, you'd take a drink and pass it along. Nobody ever thought about catching a disease. I guess that's why a lot of us were sick a lot of the time.

Now to get back. . .these homesteads that people had, as I told the other class a while ago and maybe I've told you, they had to do so much work each year and live in the house at least 90 days. Now the house that the folks built over here was built on the quarter line. The Footes--Mr. Foote--Jim Foote homesteaded the east half, Lafayette Miller homesteaded the west half. They built the house as near on the line as they could. The Miller's bedroom had to be on the west side of the line and the Foote's bedroom had to be on the east side of the like and when they finally got a survey through and got the thing straightened out the house lacked about a hundred feet being on either side of the line. What I mean is they didn't have it exact. Now another thing that most of you don't realize, if you notice, the section lines don't go straight through on Baseline. Chuck Waneka's corner down here and then it's a mile from there up to the cemetery corner. It's also a mile from there down to the other side of Chuck Waneka's the same as this jog is in here and the reason for that was the correction line to have it so that when they get up here to the top of the globe that they've got the convergance of the two lines coming together and every so often (I can't remember how often) they had these lines.

Now to get to school. In the early days the schools were operated by the families themselves. In this part of the country there was the Murphys up by Louisville, there was the Wanekas down by where the rock house is, there were the Willises who had the big house up west of the Shady Corners over here, and there were the Millers and the Harmons. Now in order to have school they hired a school-master and (girls, you'd sure

hate this) but girls didn't go to school. They were taught by their mothers at home because all they were supposed to know--and they had to know --how to cook and mend and keep house and all the things that a woman was supposed to know. Their mothers did teach them what little arithmetic, reading, and writing that they had. But the boys all went to school and they went to school all in one class. What I mean is, you weren't classified. You went into school. if you was reading you stood up at the front of the room. The school-master decided if you made a mistake in reading you went down to the foot of the class then you had to work your way back up. If this was in spelling you might stay up at the head of the class for quite a while if you were a good speller. The first time you made a mistake you went all the way down to the foot and you had to work your way back up. The same way in arithmetic. And, remember, they didn't have much arithmetic. All they had was addition. subtraction, division, long division, and then the multiplication tables. We used to think we had to know the multiplication tables (even when I was in school) or we didn't know what was going on, but, remember, some of those old-timers--my dad was especially keen on arithmetic. That was all they needed to know was how to keep track of their money and how to add and subtract. Reading didn't amount to much because for many years we didn't have a daily paper and we didn't have a lot of mail to handle. All of these things did develop as they were needed. The same way with all communication--they were developed as they were needed. When the telegraph first came through they thought it was the most wonderful thing that ever happened. And when the railroads first came through, that was something! And they'd tell the story Zeke going to town to see the train come through. Here it would come a-smoking down the road--very few of you have seen how the locomotives used to smoke--here it would come a-smoking down to town and someone would say, "Well, Zeke, what do you think of her?" Zeke would say, "It's great but I bet, by gosh, that they never get her stopped." It would pull into the station and they would say, "Now, Zeke, what do you think of her?" And Zeke would say,"Well, I bet, by gosh, they never get her started." Then when it pulled out, they said, "Now, Zeke, what do you think of her?" He said, "I think it's a helluva thing."