We had so many things in school to contend with--now I started to tell you about picture shows a little while ago. The first picture show in Lafayette was where the La-Fa Theater is now and it was in a black tent. They just had a long tent; they had wooden benches; they had saw dust on the floor. We paid ten cents to see three reels--Charlie Chaplin, oh, I can't remember all the pictures, but they were most all comedies or melodramas. Oh, melodramas--the farmer went out and had a mortgage on his farm, the daughter married the crook, and then the crook got the farm and the farmer had to move away and somebody got shot. Now, that was just about the size of it.

I don't know how many of you realize, but Lafayette was unique in the fact that it was settled after Louisville and Erie and the other places around here were because coal was so deep here that they didn't start mining right here in Lafayette immediately. The first mine was down Emma Street and it was called the Cannon Mine. When they got into the Cannon Mine they didn't have concrete to ravish the water off like they do today; they used fireclay. Now there was a fireclay pit right across from where Penn Gossen's place is today and at one time they made brick there. There was a Dutch settlement down in that end of town. The fireclay is in pockets--just small pockets maybe the size of this--and they would uncover them. Instead of having machinery to lift it out with they wheeled it out with wheel barrows.

Now another thing that you don't realize is the power that they had to use to press the bricks or anything else that they did. They had what they called a whim that was run by horses. Depending on what power they needed, it was geared. And they had a tumbler that the horses had to go across. The horses pulled a tongue and they just went round and around in a circle. These whims were geared and then there were five gears and then out on that end of the tumbler rod they had a belt to operate the threshing machine, the presser, or whatever they happened to have that they needed. If they only needed one horsepower then they only used one horse. If they needed two or three, it depended on what they needed. They ran their hay bailer, they ran their threshing machines--everything was run by this horsepower. It was just a big long arm and it was geared so that the horses pulled it around. It was geared so that the

tumbling ran out here and every time the horses got there they had to step over it. Now the first threshing machine in this part of the country was brought here by my grandparents and Mr. Church. They went back to the river, freighted it out on wagons in pieces, and brought it here. Now the first self-binders, too, they brought here, but they were made and they used wire. They had big spools of wire and I have kicked myself a good many times that I didn't pick up some of that wire to keep to show you how the spools were. They were a long spool about this long and they had a fine wire on them and that was the way they tied the bundles. Then when they got ready to thresh they had to have a fellow up on the machine and he would slash the wire and and then put-- they didn't have enough power, of course, to do like we do nowadays--and the bundles all had to be put in with the heads in and they had to be very careful not to feed it too fast or they would lose some of the grain. They didn't always get all the wire out and they lost a good many cattle with the wire because the cattle would swallow either these small chunks of wire or sometimes they would swallow larger chunks of wire and when they would swallow these larger chunks of wire they would gather in their stomachs and then they would die. I don't know what they called it, but when they would open the stomach it would have a ball of wire and all kinds of metal in their stomachs that came from these various things. Those were some of the dangers that they had using self-binders.

But to get back to this lecture--the first school house that I went to. It was built in 1896 and I started to it in 1901. It was the old grade school. Some of you probably remember the fire, some of you probably weren't around here, but the old grade school that was down here was built in 1896 and it was built of these bricks that came out of this brick press. They had kilns and everything else down there and they had a Dutch settlement. They made these bricks but they didn't know how to harden them like they do today and eventually they deteriorated from water and wind and one thing or another and that school, of course, we had coal stoves. and I can remember little old Mr. Jenkins all stooped over having to carry coal up to the second floor to fire these stoves. When we would get one of these hard west winds like you see (we haven't had any this spring) then we would all have to go home because the stoves would smoke and

the school house would shake and in 1902 they condemned the old school house. They tore it down and built the one that burned here a few years ago. We went to school in practically every building in town that was empty. Down where Ham Roberts' store is there was a basement, there was an upstairs where they had a sort of apartment, some of us went to school there. Some of us went to school where Mr. Schleppe lives down here--that was the Methodist Church. Some of us went to school in the Congregational Church and there was one or two classes on the hill. By the "hill" I mean up on the other side of the highway.

Now when my grandmother settled this town she put a liquor clause on everything east of the highway. If anyone sold liquor, bootlegged it, or what have you, that property was supposed to revert to the Miller heirs. Now I think we lost all our rights a few years ago when we had prohibition because we had a lot of bootlegging going on down in various parts of town. I happened to be on the City Council and I made a few raids with different officers. We would make a raid, break of the gang, and then the next week they would be set up someplace else. The did make their own liquor and sold it as bootleggers. We went through quite a spell here in 1922 or 23 trying to break up prohibition and eventually they go so they didn't have prohibition and I don't know but what it is just as well because we had just as many people drinking when we had prohibition as we have today. So she had put on this liquor clause, that is the reason there is no liquor sold east of the highway. The only place I think that liquor is dispensed is the little eating place across from the post office. That's the only place east of the highway where they are selling liquor today. I think it is a very good idea. At one time we had as many as 15 saloons beginning at this corner where the Conoco station is down to where the post office is. Those were all saloons--we called it Saloon Row. Now it wasn't anything unusual--now we want to get back, too, to when the miners came home at 4:00 in the afternoon. Along about 3:00 all the women who were out at clubs and various activities would hurry to get home so that they could get the water heated and get ready so that their husbands could take a bath. There were no bath facilities at the mines like there are today. In the winter along the streets you could see the women come get the washtub off the porch, take it in the house and they would have the water

hot when their husbands got home. And then the boys and girls that were in the family all would take the bottom of the dinner bucket. Now Tom knows what a dinner bucket was. It was a two compartment bucket that had a food compartment in the top and at the bottom it had about a gallon of water. That was the way the miners carried their water to work. Then at night when they'd come home, one of the boys that was old enough--they didn't keep you out--one of the boys that was old enough or sometimes the girls, you'd see them carting up the street to the saloon and they'd get a bucket of beer and take it home to their dad--not all dads, but practically every coal miner in the town would send his son or his daughter up to the saloon. The daughter didn't go into the saloon but somebody--they knew each other well enough. That was the way they got their beer.

Now there was a lot of fights in those days and there was one fight in particular that I'll have to tell you about. It used to be that when pay day came the coal miners would all gather at the saloon after they got their pay and this one would set it up and that one would set it up. There was a fellow by the name of John Corrall from Louisville and he stopped here at the saloon in Lafayette one day and there was a little barber that was bumming through. He was just a little bit of a fellow. Now to get back to that, all you had to do was to buy a glass of beer and you got a free sandwich. That was before my time but I know about it. They always had ham sandwiches, dill pickles, everything was pretty salty so that you'd buy more beer. This little barber had bummed in here and all he was doing was doing barber work for the various fellows for the drinks and sleeping in the back room. But this night he stepped up to the bar when John Corrall asked everybody to come up and Corrall says, "Who asked you up here?" and he says "You said the drinks were on you and I'm here." Corrall was a big man and the little barber was just a short man and Corrall took the back of his hand and brushed him off the bar. The little barber stepped back like he wanted to fight--now you can imagine a man weighing 250 or 260 pounds fighting a fellow no bigger than any of you. The little barber jumped up, kicked Corrall in the chest with both feet, followed him down, bit his ear off right there, spit it out, picked up his tools, and they've never seen him from that day to this. John Corrall died with only half an ear. Those were the types of things that happened.

Now we used to have shooting matches, also. Nowadays, you go out here east of town and shoot clay pigeons. What we did about two or three times a year we would have a shooting match. We raised a lot of pigeons, pretty nearly every farmer had pigeons in his barn, so we would catch these live pigeons, trap them at night, then up here on the ball park we would have a shooting match. At the shooting match all the shells had to be loaded on the ground. The the pigeon was put in a trap out about 50 or 100 feet, whatever the rules were. The trap was made so that all they took was a piece of flag rock or something like this and tied a string around it and they dug a hole down in the ground; they would take the pigeon and always just before they'd turn him loose they'd reach down and pull a few tail feathers out and that would make him go out of the trap in a hurry. And they would have these shooting matches and they would have to shoot so many birds and that was the beginning of trap shooting. But when we wanted to fool a fellow--I had a couple of the boys over to the old farm the other day--the barn swallows used to be over there like the swallows that go to Capistrano, but we had lots of them here at that time, there was an old lake over there and they made their mud dens and we would drill holes along the edge of the barn and we would reach in and get a swallow now and then. Then when we wanted to fool some fellow we would slip a swallow into the trap and I want to tell you when they went out of there they went out like that so the fellows had a terrible time trying to shoot them.

Now as I said, when Lafayette was settled my grandmother put the liquor clause on everything east of the highway. She also named all of the streets: Geneseo Street--she was born in Geneseo; Iowa Street--she was married in Iowa; Michigan Street--she had a friend in Michigan or had some relatives in Michigan; Chester Street--Chester was running on league for vice-president; Cleveland Street--Cleveland, I think, was president; Couch--they've got it Gouch, but it should be Couch because he was the first doctor in town; Emma Street was named after her favorite niece. Now that was the way--this was Baseline, of course--and that was the way streets happened to be named in Lafayette. She named them all east of the highway. Some of them went west of the highway. You must remember when I was in the eighth grade there was nothing west of the highway excepting

the saloon row, the Cornelius house where Vic Heinmann today, and then later on Mr. Hopkins built the house where the Manors lived and the two houses west of there where Anspachs and Mrs. Green live. That was all the houses there were west of the highway even when I was in the tenth or eleventh grade.

Now you often wonder how we entertained ourselves. The entertainment of the school was much different than it is today. You can see by that picture that there weren't many of us in high school so we had parties and if you weren't invited to the party you were sure broken hearted. We had parties at various homes. We played such games as you would think were probably corny but we had a lot of fun. There was fruit basket where everyone had the name of a fruit and somebody in the center that was "It" would call out the name of the fruit such as "Apple" and you had to say "Apples, apples, apples" before he counted to ten. If he beat you counting to ten then you had to give a forfeit. Now, I don't know if any of you have ever played "forfeits" or not, but in "forfeit" they would have three or four judges that would take your forfeit and in order to gain that forfeit you had to pick cherries. If it were a boy who had to get his forfeit back he would have to pick cherries with a girl, if it were a girl she would have to pick cherries with a boy. They were all kissing games. We liked to kiss just as well as you kids do today. But to pick cherries you had to reach up--if you had to pick 8 cherries you had to hold your hands up like this and kiss and you had to do it before the whole group. We played "spin the platter", and we played "Winkum" where you stood behind a chair and a girl would sit in the chair in front of you and the fellow across there who had an empty chair, he'd wink at the girl and she'd try to slip out from under you so you couldn't touch her and if you touched her she had to stay with you. It was a lot of fun. Our outside games, too, were very strenuous. I notice today that you can go down the street any time of the day or evening and you don't see the kids out playing "Shinny", you don't see them playing baseball, you don't see them playing "Tops", you don't see them playing marbles, you don't see them playing "Foot and a half", you don't see them playing "Dare base". If there were four of us we played "One hole cat": batter, catcher, pitcher, and a fellow out in the field. If there were four of us and we wanted to play "Two hole cat" we had two batters--we had

a batter down at that end, a batter at this end, and two catchers. That fellow down at that end, the catcher and pitcher, he'd pitch to me up at this end. If I hit the ball and we changed bases before they caught one of us then we were still batters and that was the way we played. We played "work up". Getting back to basketball--we were showing this picture here--in basketball we had no coaches, we had no supplies from the school, we had no hall to play in. At one time down where the Norm Apartments is there was a livery stable and over on the corner where the telephone office is there was a Union Hall. Now the 1918--Raymond Harmon, Alan Harmon's dad, is the only man that I know of who is still in the country yet was on that team. But in order to get any place we had to leave Lafayette at (depending on where we were going)-----I might tell you one experience when we went to Idaho Springs. We even booked our own games or we didn't have any. Our main games were with Louisville. Lafayette and Louisville exchanged quite a lot because we could get back and forth between Lafayette and Louisville with horse and buggy.

We had two livery stables here in town. Now you want to remember that the only transportation we had at that time was horse and buggies. You went to the livery stable if you wanted to go to Erie to the dance or to Clarkson which was over where the Kilker boys lived or sometimes as far as Broomfield but very seldom as far as Eastlake. Now when I was sixteen my father gave me a horse and buggy for my birthday and I was one of the fellows that really had transportation. If I wanted to go to Louisville to a dance, why I would date a girl and we would go to Louisville to a dance. Sometimes four of us would get into a buggy. Now, a buggy was pretty small--not much wider than that desk--but once in a while we would four of us get into a buggy and go to Louisville to a dance. Our dances were practically every Saturday night either here at Lafayette, at Louisville, or out at Clarkson, or maybe at Broomfield, or maybe at Erie and you didn't just go with one girl. what I mean is, you went to the dance with one girl, but like today I see fellows when I go to dances, I see them dance for the whole evening with one girl. Well, how do you know that's the girl you want or not. We used to trade around. What I mean is, if we had eighteen dances, we had eighteen partners, because we would dance the first dance with the girl

we went to the dance with. We would dance what we called the "Supper Dance"--we always had our supper at midnight (we always danced until about 2:00 in the morning)--we always danced the one right after supper with the girl we brought and then when the orchestra got ready to quit they would play "Home Sweet Home" you would drop whoever you had as a partner and go get your own partner so that you could take her home. We always filled our program so that our partner had somebody to dance with. We always had a written program --a printed program that showed what dances we'd dance. All we danced were
and the two-step
waltzes--there was the Vienna, the Rie waltz--beautiful dances, not very much jumping up and down like what you do today. The idea was to dance as smooth as it was possible to dance and we had many prize waltzes. It happened that I won a prize waltz one night. You started out with a partner and the judges were old time judges--they might change partners three or four times before they finished-but you didn't bobble up and down. It was just to see how smooth you could dance. I can remember my mother dancing and I believe she could have had a glass of water sitting on top of her head and it wouldn't even have rippled, she danced that smooth. I felt I was fairly smooth. You had to reverse your partner, you had to bring them back. Those were the types of things that we were entertained by because we didn't have all this entertainment that you have today..

Always on Halloween we had a masquerade. At masquerades you went to the dance masked and then at midnight they always made you take off your mask and there was always a prize given for the best mask. I remember one time one of the boys in high school, Eddie Novak, he was sort of a handy tailor and so forth, he took one of my suits and cut it right down the middle and put a dress on one side and a suit on the other and we went as a couple. Nobody knew which one of us was a boy and which was a girl. One of the boys in town got to thinking that I was a girl and I want to tell you I never got so much loving in my life. We danced and he tried to date me and I kept shaking my head. He wanted me to go out with him and I wouldn't go. I'm telling you we even went so far as to pad ourselves so that it looked like one of us had a breast on one side and not on the other. When we unmasked, that fellow was so mad I thought he was going to hit me because he thought I was his best

girl. Those were the types of entertainment we had in those days.

Now let's get back--I get to rambling on some of these things that we had so much fun on--but let's get back to school. In the grade school down here (and I want you boys and girls to realize what wonderful advantages you have) now we didn't have shop, we didn't have manual training, we called it slowing in those days, and we--four or five of us--set up a manual training place in the basement, bought our own tools, bought our own equipment, then the school--they were very generous--they furnished us our book if we paid $1.50 for it. We had nobody to tell us what to do. We followed the instruction book. We learned how to first, sharpen tools, then we learned how to do various things. About the only tools we had was a hand saw, a hammer, a chisel, a plane, a scroll saw, and, I believe, we had a drawing knife, which was a handle with a knife on each end. Now that was how several of us got our early training. From that training I have built two houses. So you can't go wrong it you train yourself. And for goodness sake, fellows, get this idea out of your head that everything is work. Work is the most pleasurable thing that you can develop. Start developing now. You wonder why boys didn't have as much time when they were your age, every morning the boys in the family--if there were two or three they traded off like you do on washing dishes and so forth today--but they had to see to it that the wood box was full and that the coal buckets were full, that the ashes were emptied, if it snowed they had to see to it that the sidewalks were shovelled. Nobody went out of the house and went to school unless he had his chores done. Remember, we had no buttons to turn to get heat, we had no central heating--very few places in town had central heat. You had to work to live. Not only that, but the mine dumps were close and in order to save some money--and coal only cost us $2.50 a ton delivered--yet the boys and girls used to take their wagons, go down to the mine dump, go down along the railroad track and haul home two or three buckets of coal in order to keep the home fires burning, really. In the morning you got up and if you hadn't banked your fire good, you had to start a fire. It was hard to get the percolator to perk. Now you just plug it in and it goes to perking, you turn the button on an electric stove and you've got the heat or on a gas stove and you've got the heat. You go over here

and turn on the thermostat and you've got heat in your home. You go to the faucet, turn it on and you've got hot water. We didn't have those things. We had to carry water and in most cases very few houses had bath tubs. No houses had toilets. I can remember down at the old grade school when we had outside toilets--later Chick Sales called them "holers"--and we had as many as six and eight holers for the boys and for the girls. Now Halloween time, I'll have to tell you this because it was a very tragic thing that happened down at the grade school one night. On Halloween night we went around and our big idea was to upset somebody's toilet. And what I mean is, in a good many cases you found where the coal house and the toilet were built adjoining and a floor in the coal house and they would try to have a ton of coal in there on Halloween so that you couldn't upset it, but it they didn't have they got upset. But this one night down here at the grade school, the girl's toilet was about twenty feet long, as I remember it, and a bunch of fellows got behind it and there is always one fellow who doesn't want to destroy anything and I can see the reason why, I was that way myself, and he thought he could keep them from upsetting it by getting on the other side and holding it up. It weighted about a ton and it mashed him flat and that settled us for a year or two as far as going out and doing too much damage at Halloween time. We did have another Halloween I'll have to tell you about.. We used to have a bell in the belfry down at the grade school and one Hallosween we decided--another fellow and I--that we were going to stop that bell from ringing so we (I can't tell you how we got on top of that school house, I remember getting up there) but I remember taking the clapper out of the bell, I remember taking the clapper to Denver, and for four or five days we didn't have school--we didn't have a bell to call us to school--then we mailed it back to the superintendent. Until we graduated from highschool, I don't think anybody really knew who did it because we were pretty mum about some of those things.

Now the town, as I said, is all undermined with the exception of right here. There is a fault here--well, there was a block of coal left here. Up on the hill where I live there was another fault, but I can remember from the hill at the post

office down to the end of Simpson Street being steep enough so that in the winter time we could coast from the post office clear down to the end of the street. But after they took out--there was 14 feet of coal under this town at one time--but after they took the coal out and the town settled then everything got down closer to level than it was at one time. Another thing, when Mr. Goodhue, as I told you of the other day, took over the farm where the stage station was over where Stearn's dairy is and my folks settled here in this territory, they needed to bring water from the mountains for irrigation so the Goodhue ditch was built. This was built along in about 1874 or 75, somewhere along there. It was constructed by horses and slip scrapers and by hand. Most of the work was done by horses and slips and by hand. Now none of you will ever have the experience of running a slip scraper. A slip scraper was a scoop about as wide as this desk and you had a team out here and you had lines around your neck and when you wanted to get a scoop of dirt which wasn't much more than a good wheelbarrow full, you'd get hold of the handles and if you had a good steady team you'd guide you'd guide them with your neck and they would pull the slip. That was the way we loaded and then we'd dump it up on the banks. That's the way the ditches were first built in this part of the country. Very little chuting had to be done. The ditch was built from up above Marshall, down around through Shanahan and out here and it finally ended up west of Louisville. And then the Miller branch came down into where the Plant Lake is now--there wasn't any Plant Lake there. It came down and came across and if you'll notice up west of Wally Frazier's service station there's a deep ditch and that was the Miller ditch. It came down the alley right back of Mel's filling station is, but in the alley got to be where the ditch came in. It dumped in right up here and this was all meadow at one time. There were hay stacks at one time--I can't remember because the town was built--but I've been told by old-timers that this used to be a good hay meadow down here where Roberts' store is and down in that country. Now that was how they brought the water in. I can remember when the ditch ran straight down the highway clear over to the Miller Ranch and there was only three places that you could get down town across that ditch. There was a bridge, as I remember it, at

Simpson Street, and then there was one down on Cannon Street, and I believe there was one up--well, it didn't cross Baseline, but there was one up here. But I can still remember when the ditch went straight down the street and that is how this town got its water. That's the way the farmers got their water.

So many things had to develop here in this town. Now let's get to the 1910 strike. I sometimes hate to mention it and sometimes I think that it was wonderful that we came out of it as good as we did. In 1910, on April 1, the men all came out of the mines. They had a strong union here at the time. Then on about April 15, they weren't getting any place Northern Colorado Coal and Coke Co. so they pulled the maintenance men. Immediately the company shipped in what we call the "scabs". We called the union people the "red necks"; we called the non-union people "scabs". Now in high school it so happened that we had 6 red necks and 6 scabs in our senior class, I was neutral--there were 13 in the class. You can imagine what position I was in in our senior class. If the scabs wanted something and I didn't, I went with the union people. If the union people wanted something and I didn't, I went with the scabs. I always had somebody on my neck. We didn't get class rings because we got to fighting about it. We couldn't have a good basketball team because--remember, now, we had to do our own financing, we had to rent our own hall, we had to buy our own suits, we had to buy our own shoes, we bought our own basketball, we even bought our own baskets and erected them. In the old livery barn there used to be--Tom said something about livery barns--there was a livery barn across from where Joe Roberts is, there was another livery barn and skating rink down where the Norm apartments are and that was one of the halls that we could rent for about, oh, $10.00 a week, something like that. But when we had a game when I was a senior and we had a game, if we had too many scabs on the team, the red necks wouldn't come to the game; if we had too many red necks on the team, the scabs wouldn't come to the game. So that was the way we had to fight through high school. The same way for track. Do you know where the track was? The track was a mile and a half south of here. It was an old horse race track. At one time it was over south of where Joe Dissel's place is. There was a half-mile

track there and they used to have horse racing there. They even had grandstands and everything else. Lafayette, and Erie, and Louisville everybody had a horse. They would even have matched races, bet money until, I think my dad told me, the last time he was a jockey, the last time he rode a race was when Louisville had a mare and I think they called her "Dixie Dolly" or something like that and he had a mare he called "Maude" and they got to betting back and forth, back and forth. and Junior Harmon's uncle was an honest sort of fellow and they'd say, "Well, you hold the stakes" then he'd turn around and bet the stakes. They never knew what would have happened if Maude hadn't won the race. When they got it in, my dad said they piled the money on top of the dining room table, he looked at it and thought that it was more money than he'd ever see so he just took his jockey saddle and his spurs and the whole business and through them out the back barn door. He said that was the first time he'd ever won anything so he was going to keep it. Now we used to have--I get to rambling on these things--I got away from the history of Lafayette. There used to be fellows go through with old broken down looking horses that could run rings around everything else and there was one called "Sleepy Frank" and Snapper Garrison (now Snapper Garrison rode a race in Denver not too many years ago) but Snapper Garrison came through. They would stop at a saloon and then they'd get to talking about what a good horse they had and they always knew that there was somebody in the country that thought they had a better horse and they had and they would match them and then they'd get to betting and I remember--this is one story I'll have to tell you because it is rather amusing--they got together and finally decided that they bet, I think my dad bet ten or twelve horses, the other fellow had ten or twelve horses. You don't know how they used to trail them. They used to take the halter rope of one horse and tie it to the tail of another and you'd see them coming up the road with as many as ten or twelve horses one behind the other tied to the other horse's tail. That was the way they brought their horses across country. Just before they went out to race my dad said "Now we're both the same size, let's hang our pants on the corral fence, and we'll bet that, too." But the fellow said he didn't want to ride

bare-butt so he was going to ride the same way that he was. They went out and Maude lost. That was the mare that my dad was riding. Maude lost and he said he was sure glad he didn't bet his pants 'cause that was all he had left.

But in Lafayette we had--during the 1910 strike, this was one of the most trying times. We're going through trying times today, but locally it was terrific. We had a railroad that came in from Louisville and the depot was down back of where Mrs. Alderson's house is, back on that street, and every night the union people would gather down there to see who was getting off of the train and you'd better not be one of the fellows that was going down into the stockades to work because we have no idea how many people were beat up. We do know that several were beat up. We do know that some fellows came out here innocently to go to work and they were talked out of it. When I was in the University, one night we had what we called a real battle, though prior to that time we had one one night when I was in town. We went to the picture show and when we came out of the picture show bullets were whistling up the street, up and down the street, the union people were here in town trying to shoot out the lights so that the scabs down in the bullpen...The bullpen was down on the east side of town and it was a big high woven wire fence with an arm sticking out like this that had about six or eight strands of barbed wire around it and it was clear around down where Pen Kosky's live, down the street where Hostokas live, it came in there and went clear down to the depot and across and was fenced in clear down to the Burlington tracks. But one night they got started to shooting, I can't tell you how, but where Mrs. Aaron's barn is--I don't know if the barn is still there--but there was a team of horses in there. They had four scars in their hips when they got through but none of the horses--and as far as we know, no one was killed during that strike. But you were on tension all the time for about, oh, four or tive years until the strike really was broken up. The Northern Colorado Coal & Coke Co. went broke fighting the battle and then that was when Columbine came in and they were another company and then we didn't have union coal mines until about 1926 or 27. I worked in the coal mines for a while.

Now let's get to power. Lafayette had one of the first power plants in northern Colorado because we had the coal and it was down where Mrs. Morton lives and it was direct current. Our power was turned on at 5:00 o'clock in the morning, turned off when it got daylight enough so that you could see in the house, then in the evening it was turned on at dusk, and turned off at 10:00 o'clock. We furnished power from Lafayette to Louisville and since it was direct current they had a light over on the windmill--we had a windmill over on the farm--they had a light over there and with direct current if that light was on they knew Louisville had lights. That was the way we had our first power. We didn't just go switch these lights on--we only had power from dusk to 10:00 o'clock. Oh, if we were having a dance or a party of something we'd go down to the power plant, slip the operator a dollar or two, and he'd run the power an extra hour or so for us so we would have light. You never turned your lights out. You'd just go in the house,, all the lights were on and they were turned out automatically for you. And that was the way we had our first power in Lafayette. Then the Simpson Mine Co. was mining up under where this power plant was and they pulled the bottom out of the well. It had settled and they pulled the bottom out of the well and then there was about three or four years that we didn't have any power in Lafayette. We had to use coal oil lamps, we didn't have gas lamps, we used coal oil lamps. We even had a man who used to go through town selling coal oil. We called him "Coal Oil Johnny". He'd stop in front of your house and you'd go out and get a gallon of coal oil. You girls would sure have enjoyed trimming the wicks, cleaning the globes. That was one of the girls' jobs. The boys had plenty of jobs, too. So did the girls. Then we got our alternating current and then they didn't run the lights only just so many hours a day because there were no appliances. I was thinking last night after I went home about our first washing machines. There was a man down in the lower end of town built a cradle-like affair by the name of Fisher. It was just a tub built kind of half circle and it had a handle up here and it had a sort of dolly in it that had cleats on the bottom of the dolly and cleats on the bottom of the tub. I want to tell you that our women just thought that was