

THE CHAMPLIN FAMILY
by
Lela Marie Champlin Keith

Walter Verion Champlin was born in Iowa, 1860. In the family were two older sisters, also a Brother Henry. The sisters died of T.B. when quite young. The older sister lived to be married, and become pregnant. Walter's Mother died when he was just a baby also of T.B. his Father married again to a very gentle, and loving Step-Mother Walter remembers being held on her lap while she sang him to sleep. This loving step-Mother lived a few short years. As a young boy going to school in Iowa Walter remembers getting as far as the modern day third grade however in that time the children werent graded as they are now, each child progressed as fast as his or her ability would allow. The school terms were just a few short months, the money for teachers was very limited, each family with children would keep the teachers for a short time. This was done without pay. Walter told of one school where it was almost impossible to keep teachers because some of the students were very large boys, or young men who carried guns to school, and with their loud talk and roudy ways frightened teachers away. After a teacher had been so mistreated and left. This suited these neighborhoos toughs as they didn't care to go to school. On a lovely fall day a husky young man showed up in the neighborhood, and after meeting the young adults he challenged them to wrestling matches shooting matches, as well as boxing. He proved that he was much better than any of the boys. On a monday morning to the suprise of all the students this new addition to the neighborhood interduced himself as the new teacher. No problems the rest of that term.

Walters father died when Walter was about eleven years old. In the 1860's a child left without a relative to care for them was more or less left to the mercy of the families in the community. The families that could or would, took Walter in to care for him. No matter who the family might be he had to work for his keep, this being from early morning till late at night. Until Walter was thirteen he lived with several families. One experience he often told about was a neighbor who lived near by and told Walter if he would come and work for him he would give him a weaner pig, he could also work for the feed for the pig. This work was done late in the evening after he had finished his usual daily work. After the pig was of saleable size the man of the house took the pig to market, sold it and kept the money. How disappointed a young boy who had worked so hard and dreamed of having some money of his own must have been. When Walter was thirteen his Brother Henry being older had earned a team and wagon, at this time Henry's health was quite poor because of this damp cold climate he also had T.B. and knew that if he continued to live where they were he most likely wouldn't live very long. Henry had a canvas top put over the wagon, got together a camping outfit what food and clothing they would need took Walter and started on their way to the Colorado Mountains in hopes that this higher drier climate would help him regain his good health. The trip took them many days and nights of driving and camping. Time had to be taken for the horses to graze, if feed had been available its doubtful they would have had the money to buy it. Henry spent many days riding in the wagon bed as his health was such that he was too weak to sit for long hours on the wagon seat. After the two Champlin boys Walter thirteen Henry six years older reached Colo. they liked it so much they made

plans to make this beautiful Mountain state their permanent home. It is not recalled how Walter lived until he was sixteen at which time he started punching cattle. About this time as Henry's health was so much better he left Colorado went on into California where he made his home until his death at quite an advanced age. Walter continued working on cattle ranches in New Mexico, Colorado and Texas. One of the ranches was the Cross L's. Some of his experiences were quite interesting. He worked on one cattle ranch at the same time that Clay Allesen did. Clay Allesen later became quite a famous outlaw. He, Clay Allesen was quite nice looking very quiet got along quite well with all the other cow hands. Walter and Clay took in a dance at one of the ranches, on the way Clay pick up his girl friend. Some time during the night while the dance was in full swing, a man came to Walter telling him that Clay had just shot a man and that he would have to take Clay's girl friend home, which he did. It was thought that perhaps this may have been the first man that Clay Allesen had killed, but more after that. Allesen was on the dodge for many years, many stories told of his killings some true some were probably not. One story told that was believed to be true was a time when Allesen was having dinner in a restaurant in the middle of the meal a man came and sat down opposite him at the table Clay Allesen knew at once this was a bounty hunter looking for him so he watched him very closely when the man started drawing his gun Clay being so much faster with a gun drew his gun shot the man between the eyes as the man was dying his head fell forward into his plate his brains ran out into the plate, and so the story went Clay Allesen sat there and finished his meal. In all the reports about Clay Allesen as a noted gunman this has never been mentioned, but at the time it was believed to be true.

Another story at another time and place was about a cow camp where they had as a cook, a Black Man, known as the Bay Nigger. One rainy cold day when the cow hands came in hungry, cold, tired, and very irritable ~~the~~ informed them the meal would be cold, one cow hand said to the cook I want some hot biscuits, the cook said, because all the Buffalo chips were wet there would be no hot biscuits, the cowboy being just a little nervous pulled his gun and shot him. After the wet muddy hole was dug the corpse wrapped in a blanket all ready to be lowered in the grave one of the cow hands said don't you think some one should say a little something, at this time the man who had shot the cook took a step forward looked down, and said, Bay Nigger when you get over to the other side and some one asks for hot biscuits."By God you better make hot biscuits the boys lowered the Bay Nigger without arguments. At another time a corral full of unbroke horses were being sorted some to be broken for cow ponies other just turned out on the range. As the hands were busy with the horses a neighbor, a young married man rode up stopped his horse just outside the corral gate put his right leg over the saddle horn and was rolling a cigarette, when one of the wild horses in the corral became so excited it tried to jump the corral gate. The gate was made of small green trees, when the horse failed to clear the top bar and when his front feet hit the green sapling it caused it to spring out of place in such a manner that when it straightened out one end of it hit the man on the horse killing him instantly.

In 1883 near Grand Junction Colorado a group of cowboys worked hard fording a herd of cattle across "Grand River" it was called then but now the Colorado. Walter Champlin was riding a young horse that just refused to cross the river. Some one spoke up, and said "Champ" as the boys called him if you ride up the river to the town of Grand Junction

about five miles you may be able to get that horse across the new bridge
 t hey are building there, and it should be finished by now. The horse
 was ridden the five miles and just at dusk when t hey arrived the workmen
 were ju^st picking up their tools as they had just completed the bridge.
 with some urging, and coaxing the horse was gotten across Grand Junction
 fifth Street bridge. *Will had rode across with horse both times* In 1935 when a new Fifth Street bridge was built
 Champlin was invited to ride a horse across first and officially open
 the new bridge. The announcer said that he was riding the same horse.
 Walter Champlin went to work for a cow outfit near Grand Junction Colo.
 where two other young men were working, Charlie Ross, and Wilburn Wells.
 "Will" short for Wilburn with is two sisters and Father were living in
 Grand Junction. Will invited Walter home with him to meet his sister
 Mary. Charlie already had a girl friend that happened t o be a friend
 of Mary Wells. Charlie, and Vonie with Walter, and Mary made quite a
 foursome. When these young men had time off from work they would ride
 some unbroke colts ~~t when they went to court~~ the girls when something
 would touch these horses off one would go bucking in one direction the
 other horse in the other direction. One day Charlies horse bucked into
 the horse that Mary was riding, and caused her to be thrown. Sometime
 during the Courtship the couples must have been able to visit some becaus
 Charlie Ross married Vonie, and Walter married Mary Wells.

THIS CERTIFIES

THAT ACCORDING TO THE ORDANCE OF GOD AND THEE LAWS OF COLORADO

Mr. Walter Champlin
 of
 Mesa County

and

Mary Wells
 of
 Mesa County

WERE UNITED IN HOLT MATRIMONY
 OF

Grand Junction Colorado on this 27th day of November in the year of 1889.

Miss Jennie Wallace

Miss Gertrude Busson

by *Henry J. Grace* Pastor *M.E. Church*

The first few years after Mary and Walter were married they lived at West Water Utah near the Colo. line. Walter broke outlaw horses for five dollars each for a time. Their first child a girl with dark long hair was born, Jennie Gertrude on September 16, 1892, just 13 months along came Rolland Oliver, on October 22 1893. Walter became track walker for a section of the Rio Grande Western Rail Road between Grand Junction Colo. and West Water Utah. At one particularly dangerous point, known as West Water Point, Hundred's of tons of this perpendicular bluff broke loose, and fell across the railroad tracks causing the west bound train loaded with soldiers to crash into the Colorado River. The boilers on the engine when slowly lowering into the water seemed to moan like something dying. It was several days before the track was cleared for regular train service. This took the lives of several of the passengers.

In the spring of 1895 this young married couple with their two young children left Utah on their way to Wilson Mesa Colo. Near Telluride. Mary drove their only team pulling the wagon with all their possessions. Walter on the saddle horse drove some cattle. This trip took about a week. They reached Wilson Mesa May 8th 1895. They went by the old town of New Mine which was later changed to Vanadium. Vanadium at one time was one of the richest Vanadium ore deposits in Colo. At this time there was no road up Bear Creek to the Mesa. With a wagon you crossed and recrossed Bear Creek when ever Necessary. The way was so rough on the wagon that one of the wagon wheels broke. Fortunately timber was near by so a green sapling was cut, put in place to hold the wagon up for the rest of the trip possibly four or five miles. When they did reach the Mesa and their Friends Charlie and Vonies Rosse's little new home made of Quaking Aspin logs, they were told that not far from their

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home possibly about two miles there was a park that was open for Homesteading. The friends had written them earlier about this piece of land. They arrived at the park late in the afternoon pitched two tents. This became there new home with a new start at the foot of Mt. Wilson elev. over 14200 feet. Wilson Mesa itself has an elevation between 8 and 9000 feet. The difference in elevation was just what part of the mesa you would be on. At this elevation it wouldn't be rather cold but fortunatly plenty of wood was close by. Their first home here was a 12x18 foot cabin made of Quaking Aspin logs. They didn't stay long enough to prove up on the Homestead. They gave up t heir Homstead rights. At an elevation some where around 9000 feet they Homesteaded again. proved up on this. The first few years in the Mt. they felt that with so much snow and severe winters they should go down near Olathe Colo. during the coldest part of the winter. They did this for a few years then decided thewasn't necessary. It took at least a two or three days trip twice a year. On some of their winter stays near Olathe they lived in a Soddy. Henry Clay was born April 10, 1898, could have ^{been on Wilson} ~~at Olathe~~ ^{mesa} Colo. if so it was just before thy left on the way to the Mesa. If he was born on the Mesa it would have to have been just after they arrived in the spring. The Champlin family lived many places on the Mesa over the years so it is hard to tell just where each of the children were born. Wallace Champlin born, October, 4, 1899==Myrtle Edith, Sept 4, 1901 Ollie Bell on April, 27, 1903==Bessie Geneva on June 27, 1905, next was Lela Marie Feb. 23, 1908, and the last a boy Walter Wilson, on Oct. 7, 191 Bessie Geneva died of depthera on July 28, 1909, she was burried in the Wilson Mesa cemetary. She was laid to rest on a Sunday. Ollie Bell became ill at the funeral and was laid beside her sister the next Sunday, July 25, 1909. At the time when the Champlin children were all quite young and were living on the Homestead. Our Father took milk, and beef by pack horse to the Silver Pick mine a few miles distance.

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For some time the Silver Pick was a Booming gold bananza. when Dad had a thousand dollars come to him with out warning of any kind the the Silver Pick shut down. He never received a dollar that was owed him. The first thing that I remember about my parents we were living on the Tatum place. This was at a lower elevation than the Homestead. I don't

the
homestead
know of times when the folks moves. Here tthere were two log cabins here that weren't joined together, this was the house. One for sleeping the other for eating and living. On a cold winter morning it was quite an experience to crawl out of a nice warm bed to go outside. Everything

here was made from logs. House, corral, barns.

I THINK BROTHER WALTER WILSON WAS BORN HERE ON OCTOBER 4, 1910
While Mother would be cooking breakfast on the big range Dad would be close by whittling on a stick of wood. I don't remember him ever carving an object just long curley shavings of which there would be quite a pile. Mother never complained. I guess they came in handy when building a fire. The next place I remember was the Powell place. It joined the Tatum place Here was a much better house a frame house. All these places must have been Homesteads of 160 acres each. It was here that Walter learned to walk by holding onto chairs. One of the boys came from the Post Office with the message that Mother's sister Carrie had died in Grand Junction.

When Henry came from visiting a friend one day he had a cute little puppy. It was named Snip because of the white spot on his nose. It was here that Jennie Married William Henry Schmid, ~~Oct 7~~ 1912 probably at Telluride. Shortly after the marriage they moved to a 20 acre farm three miles east of Olathe Colo. I was never able to remember Jennie while she was at home but do remember Bill when he was Courting her. He would lean his chair back against the wall when he was talking to Dad. Mother with all her family chores somehow found time to carve from the soft wood that we had a couple of wooden horses one for Myrtle ta.

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others for me, the manes and tails were made of rag. After much loving play my horse lost his legs and they were replaced with spools, no matter he was my horse. It was the custom for all members of the family to be at the table before anyone started eating, but one lovely summer evening when all were at the table but Henry, we waited a few minutes for him to come and then Mother said to start eating. When the meal was almost finished Henry came in placed on the table a carving of a man mounted on a horse, when the mans hat was removed the head was a toothpick holder. Henry was the artest in the family he carved well and could draw quite well. Wallace had quite a bout with the St. Vitus dance and was unable to feed himself for some time, he did fully recover. When Wallace was eleven year old he was a happy boy when Dad brought his first pair of long pants home, he was a grown boy then. The boys made a bob-sled with what material that was at hand. We were living at the foot of Diamond Ridge. This was so named because beautiful quartz crystals could be found on the hill side, and they were so pretty that some people thought they must be diamonds. In the winter time when every thing was covered with snow. The boys with Rollies girlfriend, Virgia Portes, who lived near, would pull the bob-sled up the hill, and coast down. The sled loaded with the teenagers would fly down the steep^{hill}. On one trip down the hill, things didn't go quite as it should, the sled tipped over, and some one's leg was broken. When there was two or three feet of snow, and warm sunny days would melt the top of the snow during the afternoon. Then at night this soft snow would ^{freeze} melt making an inch or so of snowy ice. This would leave a very hard surface which the sleds would fly over. But some places in the hard crust failed to freeze leaving a pocket of soft snow, when the front of the sled hit one of these pockets it would sink in the snow, and the sled some times would turn over end for end, causing

the rider to be thrown out on the hard snow most often on their face. This often left some skin on the icy snow.

Telluride, a mining town where many horses, and mules were being kept, and feed for either hauling freight wagons to and from the mines. Or used as pack animals. To and from some of the mines where roads hadn't been made, or it was just too rough for a road to be made. These animals had to be fed they year around. Hay was selling in Telluride at that time for forty dollars a ton delivered at the Livery Stables. In the winter when the road to Telluride was covered with icy snow was when Dad sold his feed. Hauling the feed on Bob-sleds was much easier than doing it with team and wagon. This was a distance of perhaps thirteen miles over up grades, and down grades. This trip would take from before daylight until after dark. Of course in the winter, especially in Mountains the days were very short. Dad would drive one four horse team with Rollie being the older boy he most likely drove the other. The Bob-sleds would be loaded one afternoon, Early the next morning the two four horse teams would be hitched to the sleds. We smaller children would still be asleep when the teams were being hitched up. We would first hear the stomping of the horses feet, then the rattle of the chains. Any noise had a different sound in the clear frosty morning. When the drivers were ready to start the sleds they would pull the teams first to the right then the left. This was to break the sled runners loose. The runners being made of metal would freeze to the icy snow and had to be broken loose before the sleds could be pulled. The drivers of four horse teams usually called on the leaders to start things going. After the sleds were in motion you then could hear the tinkle of the sleigh bells. A string of sleigh bells were strung from the horses collars between their front legs and then fastened to the Belly-band. These bells were just on the lead team, of "leaders".

How many Cows horses, chicken or pigs that could be raised was determined by just how much feed could be raised during the short summers. Some wheat and oats were raised but I think the main crop would be barley. All the farming was done by teams of horses. The cows would be milked. The milk carried to the house in two and a half or three gallon buckets. This was a chore that had to be done each morning and evening. The milk was strained through a bleached flour sack as it was poured into the five gallon tank on the cream separator. When the milk was run through the separator a handle was turned to cause centrifugal ^{force} to cause the lighter cream to rise higher than the milk. The cream coming out the upper spout to run into a cream bucket. The milk being ^{heavier} lighter would come pouring out the lower spout back into the same buckets that was used to carry it to the house. This skim milk was fed to the small calves after they had be taken away from their Mothers and taught to drink from a bucket. This never put fat on the calves but they did survive until they were old enough to eat other feed. Some of the skim ^{milk} was left to sour. This with grain was then fed to both the pigs and chickens. The cream was put into five or ten gallon cream cans and each week taken to the depot to be left so the train could pick it up and take it to the creamery. At the same time the empty cans would be picked up. To keep the record straight each rancher had his name painted on his own cream cans. These checks from the cream bought groceries clothes and other items needed in the household.

Each rancher also had permits to run cattle on the Forest Reserve during the summer. All the cattle except the cows that were presently being milked were turned loose on the Forest Reserve. In the fall when they were gathered they would all be fat enough for market. Some were kept over others were sold and the money from the sale of cattle paid taxes bought machenary and such.

The folks thought they might do better ^{place of} in the fall, near Olathe so they packed up kids, cattle, hogs, chickens and anything else that was loose and could be hauled by team and wagon. They rented a farm near Jennie and Bill east of Olathe. Here is where I first remember seeing my Grandfather James Wells, Mothers Father as he was making his home with Jennie and Bill. I started school my first year. Wallace Myrtle and myself went to school by driving a horse to a buggy. One evening on the way home Wallace stopped by a farm and picked up a bushell of ripe pears. These pears were so good that I ate many and was a very sick girl. I was unable to eat pears for many years after that.

Here a boy was born to Jennie and Bill, Paul Martin Feb. 28 1914. That may have been the reason that the folks went to Olathe so they could be near where their first grandchild was.

A neighbors dog kept coming over and scaring our chickens picking fights with our dog. One evening when we saw the dog coming Rollie picked up the rifle, and said that he was going to shoot near the dog and try and frighten him away. Could be that Rollie didn't know what he was doing or he just couldn't shoot straight as he shot the dog. The dog started to howl while was coming straight at Rollie, and as the dog got close Rollie slamed the door shut just in time as the dog hit the door and fell over dead. Rollie thought that he might be in trouble with the neighbor but nothing was ever mentioned about the death of the dog.

Around Montrose, and Olathe at this time all the irrigation was being done by ditching water from the Unpahgre river. More land being farmed called for more water so plans were made to ditch water from the Gunnison river into the valley. A cannal was being dug for this purpose named the Lotsenhizer Canal. Rollie got a job helping dig this cannal. Mules were used on the Fresno's, These were large scoops that were pulled by mules. The scoop had a long handle that while the mules were pulling and the handle raised it would scoop up dirt the handle then being held

down the load could be taken whenever needed. When the handle was raised and let go forward it would empty. Rollie would tell about some of the things the mules would do. Whenever they were when five O'clock came they would stop refusing to go further until they were unhitched for the night. Five O'clock was quitting time. When Rollie was hitching up one morning one of these big mules grabbed him by the calf of his right leg, and wouldn't let loose until someone pried his jaws open with a crowbar.

The way of making a living here at Olathe was so different that the folks packed up, and moved back to Wilson Mesa. I don't know if Dad rented or bought the Blackwell place at first. Here we moved where there was a two story house, a nice house altho the upstairs was never finished. Do I ever remember the Bedbugs that were in this old frame house. Poor Mother fought them in every way known at that time, but come the next May, and here the bugs were again.

Men's work was putting in the crops in the spring harvesting them in the fall. Branding, butchering beeves in the winter, hogs in the early spring. We would have salt pork during the warmer weather.

When the crops were ready to be harvested. a four horse team abreast was hitched to the binder, After the hay was in bundles it was made into shocks while it dried enough for stacking. This was some of the work the men did. We all seem to think we know what farmers or ranchers do.

Here is what my Mother did, she, as well as other wives. and Mothers. I don't think there was anything really spectacular about my Mother. She was a very loyal, loving Mother, and wife. All Mothers interests were within the home. This is what made our family life what it was. Besides cooking three big meals a day, and they were always on time. Mother made all our bread "Oh how good that bread smelled fresh from the oven". Hot biscuits for breakfast "Kickups" as Dad called them. He ate them hot for breakfast, cold the other two meals.

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Dishwashing, first the dishes from the dinning table, pots and pans. In the mornings came milk buckets and that cream separator. First came the strainer rag, washed in cold water, then soapy water boiled to keep it whit and fresh, Besides the many pieces of the separator there was always a few milk buckets. The separator was washed once a day then wrenced out by running cold water through it. The buckets cleaned twice a day and scalded. This was the usual dishwashing chore.

I remember watching Mother make lye soap. First she would take some asnes from the wood stoves, fill a small barrel almost to the top. Then pour in some water which slowly seeped down through the ashes and come out a hole in the bottom of the barrel. This was almost pure lye with a dark red look. With the proper portions of fat and lye out came a soap that would get the clothes clean, if we used it it would get us clean what skin was left was very tender.

Shortly after this Rollie and his old girl friend Virgia Portis who with her family had moved to Norwood, were married at Norwood. On the Blackwell place a two room house had been built for them. Ready for the Bride and Groom to move into which they did. Rollie had teams of horses and was freighting at this time. He with Henry also cut timbers for use in the mines around Parkerville and Vanadium.

At this time I was just old enough to remember some things in more detail. One cold winter day Mother was cutting large cakes of snow from a snow bank when I ask her if she washed when it was so cold. She told me that the snow she was getting was to be melted for water to wash clothes. She said that the snow water was so soft, not hard like the spring water, and for this reason was better for washing the clothes.

We were quite some distance from the spring which was down over a hill. our water was supposed to be hauled to the house in 55 gallon barrels, hauled by a horse on a very low sled, called stoneboats. Now and then we would be short of water and some would have to be carried by buckets.

We had what was called a yoke, this was a timber of ^{sorts} ~~sorts~~ about three feet long with some of it carved in a round quarter circle that would fit across the back of the neck and sholder. From each end of this was rope or strap that could be fastened to a couple of buckets. The idea was to destribute the weight more evenly. Coming up that hill one could use all the advantages they could get.

About this time Jennie and Bill moved back on the Mesa on the Powell place we could look across the draw and see them going backand forth doing their chores.

From 1914 or 1915 until 1918 Jennie and Bill's second son arrived. 5-28-191 Charles Everett. Rollie and Virgie couldn't be outdone so another boy came to live with them. Carl Stanley 1916

Jennie and Bill with their two young sons moved to Dads old Homestead. A third son came to make his home with them. A welcome addition to the family indeed. For the birth of this son Jennie, Everett and Paul came and stayed with us so that Mother could Mid-wife the occasion. When Orville was born Mother could hold him in one hand he was so small. After the required stay Jennie and boys went back to the Mountain ranch.

A second son came to Bless the home of Rollie and Virgie. At this time they were living on adjoining farm.

Besides the house here on the Blackwell place were two very large log barns with leantows. One a horse barn that held eight or ten head. The other a cow barn this would hold from 16 to 18 cows. The cows were fed in manges, piled high with barley bundles with the grain still on. The cows were stabled only in the winter time. On a cold frosty morning it felt so good to go in the barn where the cattle were, their body seem to keep the stabla warm.

Some time while Grandpa wells was living with Jennie and Bill he died. He was Mothers Father. Because they cared for him he deeded his Homestead *to them*

As usual there was always some young horses to be broken to ride or work. One young horse in particular Mother didn't trust and often would remark that she dreaded the day when the boys tried to ride it. It so happened that on a beautiful early spring day, this young horse with others were playing at mock fighting. Two of the young horse reared up and was pawing with their front feet when the one horse in question lost his balance fell over backwards hit his head on a short pole along the fence line which fall killed him. He was such a pretty young horse that most of the family felt quite bad about the loss. Mother said it was an act of God.

The school that Myrtle and I attended was the Tatum school three miles over Diamond ridge. I being the youngest had to ride behind the saddle Myrtle in the saddle. Three or four gates to open this of course was her job. We had summer school which started early April ended late November. After a winter of heavy snows there would always be deep snow drifts to be crossed. Our older brothers would ride their saddle horses over the well known trail breaking a trail through the snow drifts. Through these drifts would be some deep holes that the horses would be careful to step in each time they crossed. Later after the weather warmed up and the snow became softer we would make another trail through the softer snow. This would soon melt down to the dirt. Our saddles were equipped with wide wooden stirrups and with heavy tapaderos was supposed to keep our feet warm. At least the one who rode in the saddle. The poor little one riding behind the saddle their feet just hung out in the cold and wind. With all the heavy clothing, overshoes, wool socks, mittens, wool caps we would get very cold before getting to school as it would take close to an hour to make the trip.

These country schools had only the first eight grades. So after Myrtle wasn't going then it became my turn to ride in the saddle with Brother Walter being behind the saddle. This was his first year in school. Now it was my turn to open gates. I wasn't more than eight or nine, so it was impossible for me to open those wide barbed-wire gates. So a small board gate just wide enough for the horse to get through was made beside all the wire gates. The Tatum school that we were attending was so called because a rancher by the name of Tatum donated an acre of land for this log school to be built on. He would give the land if there was never to be a dance held in it. In those days the school houses was almost always used for community gathering's of one kind or another.

When he was in his teens Wallace decided that he was going to be an inventor. At that time there was much talk about perpetual motion. This was something so well balanced that after it was once started it would continue to run without energy. Wallace made some very interesting working models that ran just long enough to make it exciting. But of course they ran slower, and slower until they finally would stop.

Then early one winter Wallace decided to make a pair of skis. We never heard of such a thing as boughten ones. I suppose we had seen picture of some, other wise Wallace wouldn't have know just what they would look like. First Wallace took a length of pine board with as straight a grain as he could find. Shaped one end as desires then cut some grooves across in the proper place. After this he put a wash boiler of water on the old wood stove. After this starting boiling and the steam rising he hung the two board above the boiling water so that the part with the grooves received the most steam. After the steam had softened the wood so it would bend with out breking. The end of the skis we bent upward just the right amount and tied until the wood had become dry, and it would stay in the position.

That winter after Wallace had made the skii's he had to learn to use them. Coming off the side of steep Diamond ridge on the crusted snow, the skii's would fairly fly down the hill. One time he lost his bearings and ran straddle of a quakie tree. He was badly bruised and a little discouraged. Some of the snow drifts covered the top wire on the fences. Not all the fence tho some places just some of the top wire was covered. On one of Wallaces skii trips down the hill one of his skii's went over the top wire, the other under the wire. One foot was held tight under the other went high in the air. The one skii' went flying off down the hill. Poor Wallace: I don't know if he ever did master those skii's. He probably did tho.

Another time Wallace thought he could make a bow and arrow that he could kill rabbits with. He fashioned a gun, a rifle from a two by four. Then he made a steel pointed arrow that would lay down the barrel in a prepared groove. After the sights were adjusted, the bow string pulled bsck. This was a wire. The string fastened in such a way that when the trigger was pulled it released the spring which shot the arrow. He killed a couple of rabbits with it too.

When Dad delivered butter each week to the residents at Vanadium: some ask him why he didn't sell fresh milk. Rollie was interested in farming the Blackwell place. Dad thought there might be good money by moving near Vanadium and selling fresh milk. So we moved down near Vanadium. Dad managed to get a few acres about a quarter of a mile from the little town, school and store. This land was owned by a man who it seems had a Squatters right. I have never really understood this, but suppose

at one time if one settled on a piece of land that wasn't level enough for farming, built a cabin, lived on it for so many years. It was given to him. He must have gotten a little to the land. I'm sure Dad bought the Squarters rights. This was on a hill side, with three log cabins. The better one we used for living. Another for the big boys sleeping. A larger one a distance away was used for a milk barn. We bottled the fresh milk took it by buggy to the little settlement of Vanadium. I was one who helped deliver the milk. One lovely morning when I opened the screen door to set the milk inside, a big Bull Dog came charging out and grabbed me by the shoulder. This was my first experience of being bitten by a dog. I have been bitten many times since so am deathly scared of all dogs.

On one beautiful winter day while we were living near Vanadium, Walter and I took our home made sleds, ask permission to go sledding towards Vanadium. We were told to go just so far. As children often do we went much further towards the store than we were suppose to. As we were coasting down the road a big Bob-sled with four young adults overtook us, ran over us just as we were going onto the river bridge. I was hit in the head knocked unconcous. One of the quick thinking boys took hold of me or I would have fallen into the San Miguel river and would have drowned. I was unconcous for several hours but the folks didn't call the Doctor. Didn't think it necessary.

Myrtle had been staying with Jennie and Bill. One Saturday when it was time to take cream to the derot for shipment. Myrtle saddled a gentle horse for the trip. Leading the pack horse with the two cans of cream she came around the corner of the hog shed. An old sow with small pigs came out and woofed at the horse causing it to get excited and start to bucking. Jennie who saw it said Myrtle was doing a very

good job of riding when her right spur broke and she took a good dive off the left of the horse. Lucky for her she landed in a newly plowed field. It put her in bed for a couple of days. Landing on her head and shoulder the way she did, she was very stiff and sore.

A Doctor Von Shouschsky ^{Shouschsky bought} ~~beat~~ a mining claim, high on the Mountain side. This was known as the Peter Bingham prospect. Peter had many offers to sell through the years, but he had set a very high price on his claim and wouldn't sell for less. Von Shouschsky gave the man his asking price, a payment down. Peter Bingham didn't live to receive another payment. The mine was worked some in the summer of 1921, 22. All through the winter of 22-23. Some work was done in the summer of 24 but the mine never really produced like it was hoped that it would.

Bill and Jennie living at the last stopping place at the foot of the Mt. on the way to the mine, was in a position to do packing, also rent some saddle horses. Helped with packing machinery for a mill. One young man we all knew quite well rented a horse on a very snowy day to ride to the mine. Later he told Bill that was the dumbest horse he ever rode. After it had started snowing so hard the trail was covered with so much snow that he couldn't see it. He tried turning the horse in the direction he thought was Bill and Jennies place, but the horse just wouldn't go, so he just sat in the cold snow until it cleared and Harry could get his bearings. Harry told after that he was trying to go in the wrong direction but the horse was trying to go home. Bill told him a horse could always find his way home, just turn them loose and they would safely take you home.

Bill has some pictures of pack horses going through a cut in the snow where the snow was much too deep for the horses to wade.

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Walter and I enjoyed going to school at Vanadium because instead of riding horses we could walk the quarter of a mile, sometimes walking home for lunch. Either the folks were tired of the milk business or the mines were starting to close and business wasn't as good as when they first started. So they decided to move to Olathe, and try that way of living for a while. Rollie was farming the Blackwell place on the snares. Dad had traded Bill and Jennie his Homestead for their 20 acres east of Olathe. About this time Dad paid \$250 for a Model T Ford touring car. Besides the headlights it was equipped with two kerosene burning lights mounted one on each side of the windshield near the enginehood. We were never out after night so don't know how much light they would have made. Very little I would think. We packed up ready to move. We took two or three milk cows the rest were taken for Rollie to care for. Wallace was the only one that could drive the old Ford so he had a quick easy way of going, but the rest of us went by team and wagon.

Farming at Olathe was by irrigation which was much different than the dry land farming on the mesa. Walter and I had the job of hearing the milk cows out on some free grass. We had to be so watchful as not to let the cows get into the neighbors alfalfa fields. The neighbors wouldn't appreciate the cows eating their hay and beside if the cows ate very much green alfalfa they would bloat and die. We didn't much like this job but had it to do any way.

We lived about three miles from the Olathe school, ^{the} first school Bus was a covered wagon. A regular wagon covered with canvas and by the time we arrived at school were we ever cold in the cold winter time. The man who had the contract to haul the children to school was fortunate enough to have a teen age daughter to drive the team, with the many times she had to stop to pick up children it took some time to go the three

miles. After leaving the children off at the school she unhitched the team tied them to the wagon. I use to feel so sorry for her. Our next school Bus was a flat bed truck also covered with canvas. It was rough riding in this but of course didn't take us so long to get to school.

Word was received that a baby boy had arrived at the home of Henry and Pansy-Morald, Dec.....1920. Not long after this Henry and Pansy came to Olathe. Henry worked for a dentist who owned a pacing race horse that he used for a buggy horse to drive to and from Olathe. Henry used the horse a couple of times when they came to visit us. We did enjoy seeing that byggy fly when the mare was doing her best.

The folks wanted to go back to the Mesa again so some thought was given to the preparation. Dad bought Three horses a team of big Percheons one a black mare the other a bay gelding. When he bought them they were stall fed on Alfalfa and weighed about 1500 lbs. each. He also got talked into buying a big Percheon stallion that weighed over a ton. While we were still at Olathe a particular kind of whooping cough was going around. Adults that had the disease when they were children had it again which was very hard on them. Rollie and Virgia lost their six weeks old baby daughter, Ruby May. Orville, Jennie and Bills youngest boy who had just learned to walk real well had it very bad, it was some time before he learned to walk again. I thought that I would never get over caughing.

Dad decided to learn to drive the Model T, he gets in-starts out the gate instead of turning left he turned right and ran through a berry thicket. After getting stopped he came to the house and told Mother "You can never learn to drive that thing". Poor Mother never had a chance to try. It took some know how to drive one of those things as they had to be hand cranked to start them.

At this time Henry was back home as Pansy decided she had enough of married life so took baby Horald to California and made her home with her Father and step Mother.

So both Henry and Wallace were helping shoe the horses. Rabbi was very quiet all he did was just lean his weight on who ever was holding up a foot. he was so heavy that it just pushed them to the ground. They finally four footed him, rolled him up on his back tied one foot at a time to a wagon wheel and put the shoes on.

We must have gotten back to the Mesa in 1921 or 1922. Not long after trying to use these big horses in the Mt. Dad found that the smaller horses were what was needed as they could handle themselves better when farming and in the snow in the winter time. He sold the big team but kept Rabbi a little longer.

I don't remember just what time of the year that we made the trip back to the mesa, but I do know that it was cold camping out along the river bank. This must have been the Uncompahgre. Another stop along the "Leaping Leopard" as Mother always called Lepord Creek which ran down the west side of Dallace Divide.

The men folks moved the main log cabin from the Squaters Right property near Vanadium, put it up near the two room cabin that was built for Rollie and Virgia when they were married. To connect the two buildings was built a hall-way also a small room that was used as a milk, cream and separator room. The reason this was done was because we would be very much nearer the spring. This spring had a 55 gallon barrel burried to hold water, the small flow of water. An old wash tup was used as a cover. After the barrel was filled the water ran down a pipe into a trough. This was made by gauging out the center of a large tree so it would hold a supply of water for horses and cattle. Altho this water

supply was much closer to the house than it was when we lived in the big frame house. ~~It~~ was still quite an effort tho to carry ^{water} up the hill to the house. The hill was short but steep. It seemed like that old water bucket was always empty.

Rollie and Virgia were still living in the big frame house when their daughter Alice was born.....

Virgia was still in bed after the birth of the baby when Rollie had had his experience with the bear.

We had all started to the cow corral with milk buckets on our arms, preparing to do the evening milking chore. Myrtle pointed and said, look over there at the bear. We all looked in the direction that she was pointing and saw that a big bear was just crawling under the fence leaving the twelve acre field. Rollie said some one go to the house after my rifle while I get a horse from the barn. Henry went for the gun while Rollie bridled the horse and led it outside. He was just jumping on the horse bareback when Henry handed him the gun. Rollie took off in a hurry in the direction that it looked like the bear was going.. When he rounded a point of the timber the bear and horse saw each other at about the same time. This was before Rollie saw the bear, as he was expecting it to be just going into the quaking Astin trees " Quakies" as we always called them. All horses are frightened of bears so this one whirled suddenly preparing to go back to the barn. Rollie was so unprepared for this he lost his ballance and took a nose dive to the ground. He still held the rifle tho. When he gathered himself up he saw the bear going into the quakie's some distance away. Just for luck he took a quick shot hoping he might be lucky and kill the bear. By now it was almost dark so no use looking for the bear if by chance he had been hit. The three boys went next day trying to find some signs of the bear being hit, but were unable to find any.

Of course that was one time when we did the milking and calf feeding

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after dark.

Some of the neighbor boys had gotten an Out-Law horse that they weren't able to ride. After Rollie watched these boys trying to ride the horse that they had named Sheenie. He thought that he would be able to ride the horse if he had him home where he could work with him at his own time. He either bought or traded for the horse with very high hopes that he would be able to make a decent saddle horse with patients and time. He was able to ride the horse but soon found that no matter how many times a day he got on Sheenie he would buck. Where we lived no matter where you went, to the Post Office, or to visit a neighbor, there were many gates to open. The horse knew all the known tricks of unseating his rider. He would Sun-fish for a while and if that didn't get rid of the rider he would try Cork-screwing for a while and if that didn't get the job done he would then try something else. He was some times known to Sun-fish until he became dizzy. This got to be very tiresome, so one morning when Rollie was getting ready to go to town he told his friend Tony to pick up a piece of two by four that was near by and when the horse started to buck give him a good whack on the rear and hopefully this would straighten the horse out. Rollie got on the horse- The horse started to buck- Tony did as was told. Sheenie had other ideas as he turned and started chasing Tony. When he ran on top of the old Root Cellar hoping he would be safe there the horse just followed him. Every one thought that the cellar would cave in and partly cover men and horse. But it was stronger than was thought. By this time Rollie had about all he could take of "Sheenie" so he sold him for a Rodeo horse.

The very first time that Sheenie was used as a "Bucker" was at Telluride at the fair. A man named Watt who was good at his trade was to ride the horse. He Sun-fished- Corkscrewed- and a few aother things, but was unable to loose that troublesome rider, so he headed towards the Grandstand which was protected by woven wire. When he got near he jumped just as

high as he possibly could hitting the wire bouncing backward catching Watt under him. Fortunately Watt sustained only a broken wrist. That horse did his last bad deed right there. He was immediately sold to be used as fish feed.

Not long after this Rollie went to work for the Whiteley Brothers a few miles from the home place, still on the Mesa. Here he did the farming during the summer. In the winter he was busy pitching hay to the cattle. Their daughter Velma was born while he worked here. Velma born.....

Walter had made good friends with yearling steer. Such good friends that the steer would let Walter put a saddle on it and use it for riding. He enjoyed this so much. The rest of the family enjoyed it also because it was unusual for a steer to become so gentle.

Not long after this was when Walter began to have trouble getting back on his horse after opening gates. This was when we were going to and from school. He seemed to be getting weaker and weaker each day until he was unable to mount his horse and of course not able to go to school. He seemed to have a paralysis of some kind. After he was grown he explained this to his Doc. and was told that this had some times happened when a person was poisoned after eating strawberry ice cream that had been kept in an unlined container.

In 1923 the year I should have graduated from the eighth grade there were twelve pupils this included my two nephews Everett and Paul Schmid. The teacher boarded with the Cline family who had three school children and lived within walking distance of the school. The Clines also had a telephone. I was the only eighth grader that year. The teacher had called earlier for the county superintendent to send the examination papers to Vanadium. After my Brother Walter and I had ridden the three miles opened five gates. Which wasn't too much fun. We rode through a grove of Quaking Aspin,

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over three bubbling creeks, that were filled with trout, along an interesting log fence "Worm Fence". We finally arrived at the Dillon school. I had been expecting the exam papers for a few days but it seemed that no one had gone to the Post Office to get them. On arriving at school on this last day of school there still wasn't the the papers. The teacher had called and was told that they^{had} at the P.O. I rode another four miles to Vanadium, got the papers another four miles back to school. The trip must have taken me ninety minutes or more.

This was the last day of school and a program had been prepared for the enjoyment of the parents. Also to find out just how well their children had been doing.

The last day of school was always a very special day and every thing had to be just right. I had a part prepared for the program but the^{teacher} excused me. I found a desk in a far corner as far away from the activity as possible. Before noon the program was rehearsed for the last and final time. At two in the afternoon the parents started arriving. I was well known by all the parents, so as they arrived they would stop by my desk and ask, "Lela, what are you doing?" This would of course break my concentration. With the program, and all the noise I was having a very difficult time. At four o'clock was the last of the school term also my examination. I didn't know just how well I did until a couple of weeks later as the papers were sent to the County Superintendent to be graded. I made an average of 80 or better on four of the subjects, but failed math by one point. Under the circumstances I feel that I did quite well.

The next spring I started back to school for the purpose of taking a brush up course in math. Our new teacher was a very young girl though giving me some extra help was more than she would be able to do. ^{She} Told me I would have to start in the grade with the two girls

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Who were starting in the eighth grade that year. I attended school for about three days after that. I was thinking that it would be more interesting to study boys than math. That was the end of my school years.

Jennie some times came visiting on her horse with Orville behind the saddle. It would be almost noon when she arrived. Jennie always helped milk and by the time she did the dishes and milk things she would get a late start from home. At this time Everett and Paul would be in school.

At home Jennie's evenings usually started in this way. At five o'clock she would put a kittle of potatoes on. Fill that old Majestic range with wood, then go saddle her horse getting ready to go after the milk cows. After bringing the cows in and corralling them, she then unsaddled the horse. Came into the house put the finishing touches to the evening meal. After this she went to help milk. Later dishes were to be done, milk things washed. It didn't take long for time for bed.

All her life Jennie made all her bread, churned her butter as well as many other things. I can still see her making butter with her left hand. When she received compliments on her good bread she would say that mixing it left handed helped make it that way.

One cold winter day when Jennie, Bill and boys were coming to visit us with team and sled. Every one wrapped up good and cozy., against the winter weather, one of the horses started having problems. At first they thought it might have the colic, but after a short time it became apparent that the problem was much more serious.

After a short time the horse dropped in the snow and was unable to rise. Bill unhitched the horses, jumped on the other horse rode it on to

our place for help. The men folks hitched a team to a low sled for hauling the sick horse. Also a horse that could be hitched to Bills sled. to bring Jennie and boys to the house. The horse was unable to stand for six weeks. During that time the boys fixed a tripod and with leather band put under the horse were able to left him up so he could use his legs some. The horse finally got completely well altho it did have a large scar on its left sholder where the meat had been damaged from too much lying on it, and fever.

The boys, Henry and Wallace were almost always home at spring planting, and in the fall when it was time to harvest the crops. During most of the winter, and during the summer they would be away working. Usually some where in the mines.

In the early spring the ground first was plowed. Some of it with walking plows, some with a two-way riding plow. The grain planted with a wish and a prayer that enough rain woul fall so there would be enough feed grow to feed the live stock during the cold winter. Come fall and the crop would have to be harvested. Most of the crop would be barley.

This was cut with a John Deer binder, which made it into bundles tied with binding twine. The bundles were made into shocks by standing them on the but-end with the grain heads up. After the grain shocks had dried enough to be safely stacked for the winter. If the grain bundles were not dry enough they would mild-dew and spoil it for feed or grain. The shocks that were the nearest the barns or corrals were hauld by teams and stacked ~~and stacked~~ in the hay yard near enough to be carried by hand and fed in the barns to both the milk cows and work horses. Saddle horses also. The grain that was raised furtner away was stack in a fenced in area and after the snow fell was hauled and re-stacked nearer the barns. This of course was men folks work, but Myrtle and I fell for our snare of the work.

One winter when the boys were away working Dad with Myrtle and myself helping did all the feeding. First we carried the bundles from the stack to the barns. A bundle for each cow, and we could carry four bundles each. We usually stabled from 16 to 20 head of cows. Of course after the cows were in the barn all night the barn had to be cleaned. One time in particular when the boys were away, and Dad must have been unable to work for some reason, Myrtle and I did all the work. Not only feeding the cows and cleaning their barn but fed the horses and cleaned that barn. This cleaning job was done by scap shovel and wheel-barrow. We decided if we put a saddle on one of the horses tied a rope to the front of the wheel-barrow so the horse could pull the weight it would make it easier on us. This we did but when the horse saw that object behind it he got scared and ran away with the whole outfit. That little trick didn't work just caused us more work that day.

Some of the grain shocks were thrashed for the grain to be used to feed the chickens and pigs. This was all barley so when fed to horses and cattle they were getting both hay and grain. The straw that was left after threshing was fed to the stock that was left outside and not stabled. This would be stock that wasn't being used. Yearling steers or dry milk cows. No matter how careful the threshing ^{crew} one would be the straw stack always had quite a lot of grain in it.

Altho wheat would have been better feed for the chickens and nogs. The ranchers on the Mesa preferred the barley because the straw with some grain in it made good feed for some of the stock. Wheat straw according to them was good for only one thing. "Bedding".

A new couple moved on the Mesa Mr. Mrs Colp. Mr. Colp was doing some mining. She thought that the people of the Mesa needed a little more education. She formed what she called a Literary Club. All the families within a reasonable distance were to gather at the school house each

Sunday at 2 P.M.. She played the old Oregon and had the people sing as best they could. We did have a very good time each Sunday. Some of us would recite poems, or do almost anything we cared to do. Mostly the neighbors visited.

The folks always went to the Literary Club meeting with horse and light wagon. The rest of us rode our horses. If the folks stayed a little late Myrtle and I would ride on home and have the milk cows corraled before they got home.

I remember so well one beautiful Sunday afternoon after Myrtle and I had gotten on our horses already to leave when we looked up and saw a stray bull in with our cows, our bull and the stray were having an argument. We called our dog and went to break up the fight and put the stray bull out where he belong. When we got near the bulls they were having an interesting fight so we set the dog onto the stray bull, when turned our bull started chasing him the dog after them both, and what happened then was the two bulls ran through the fence tearing out several pannels of fence. We put in the rest of the afternoon fixing fence.

Our dog we called Snip, and he was very useful. If a cow or horse got loose in the barn and started stomping around during the night the dog would run from the house to the barn and back barking until he raised some one to take care of things.

The cows of course were out in the pasture grazing during the day in the summer. They were kept in the corral during the night. Their bucket fed calves were turned loose during the night to graze. Dad would go out early in the morning to pen the calves. After he did this for some time snip got the idea so would go get the calves by himself. One summer Myrtle and I got the Idea of breaking a young horse we had. The boys were gone and wouldn't give us any static. First we taught the colt to lead. First one way and then another genteled it as best we

could before cutting the saddle on. After it had gotten use to the saddle I got on my horse snubbed the colt as close as possible with the naulter rope to the saddle horn. We managed to get the horses to stand head to head "Head to saddle horn" Myrtle then got on the young horse. It did some jumping around but snubbed as close as it was there wasn't much it could do. I led the horse and as time went on let the lead rope out more and more. The horse could walk better but still didn't realize what was happening. After a time we made a good horse out of him. But when the boys came home, one of them bitched about it, saying the horse would never amount to anything. Dad told him we had done as good a job as any one could have. It didn't shut him up tho. One winter Wallace and Henry had the job of feeding the neighbors cattle. The hay stacks that the cattle were being fed from could be seen from our house. This particular winter the Jack Rabbits were so plentiful that they were destroying hay. At dusk we could look out and see the Jacks coming down the hill in the trail made by the stock. As we were usually eating about this time it was easy to look out the window and see the rabbits each evening. The boys got in the habit of keeping their guns close by so when they saw a rabbit they would be ready to open the door and take a shot. They got rid of quite a few Jacks this way.

Lots of porcupines around so we tried eating some. After killing one we packed it in a layer of mud. Put it in the coals of a camp fire. After a while when the mud was baked good we took it out and when the mud was removed the quills, skin and all came off together. It was gutted before cooking of course. It wasn't bad eating either.

One summer day when Wallace, Myrtle and myself were riding after the cattle on the forest preserve. We were high up on the Mt. side when we came to a prospectors cabin.

We knew Mr. Pflug very well as he sometimes would work for us during haying time. Wallace said "Lets stop in and eat with Pflug" We were hungry and it about noon time. After we stopped and visited for a few minutes we were ask to stay for dinner, we accepted. Mr. Pflug gave wallace the water bucket so he could down in the draw and get a bucket of water. When Wallace got back with the water and saw Mr Pflug sorting pinto beans, which at that altitude would take eight hours to cook. In fact it was impossible to ever get them cooked so they tasted like anything. Wallace said "Would you please excuse us we are in a hurry".

Wallace had been working for Mr. Colp when one evening on his way home he shot a bear. He left the bear where it had fallen came on home to get some help getting the bear home. The gentlest horse we had was chosen for the job of carrying the bear home. Several of us went along just for the excitement it would cause. The bear with one rope on its neck another fastened to its back feet was pulled high in a tree. The horse led under and the bear was to be lowered very gently onto the back of the horse. When that old gentle horse smelled the blood it just didn't want any part of that. One of the other horses that had been ridden was then chosen for the task of carrying the bear. It was quite a job to get the bear on this horse but it was managed. All the rest of the horses were so excited they were hard to handle. After getting back home with the bear all the horses went wild from the smell of the blood, and the bear odor. All except one mare with a small colt, she cared less.

The bear was killed just after it had come from hibernation and was very fat. The meat was good, the hide was tanned, ~~it should be~~ the head was mounted. It was a beautiful thing but the problem was it was hard to find a place large enough for such a big hide and that head and teeth was enough to scare anyone. It was suppose to be a rug.

At one time I had a boy friend whose name was Bill Houser, + think we much have been about fifteen when he ask to go long with Henry Wallace Myrtle, the young school teacher and a couple of other people, on a trip to Woods Lake. As we were all riding along we came to a pole fence "Worm fence". There was an opening where the old gate had been, but the fence with the top pole missing looked much more fun, if we could get the horses to jump it. We all backed our horses up, each in turn took a try and jumping the fence. Two or three managed the jump when it was Bill's turn. He gave his horse the spurs, was in the position of a steeple jumper "He Hoped" When his horse got near the old fence it planted both front feet for a sliding stop, Bill went on over the fence with his head near the fence flat on his back. The rest of us didn't take chances but rode through the old gate.

During the summer, dances were held every two weeks. Some times at the Dillon school house, some times in the loft of Yates barn. When Mr. Yates built his new barn a floor was put in for the purpos of dancing. He had some teen agers still at home, some married daughters not far away. One girl was married to the Watt that was considered a good bronk peeler. After they had had all been fed with some of the leaves, very small parts of leaves still on the floor, it made it slick like it had been waxed.

These were neighborhood dances. By this I mean every one in the neighborhood went. Grand Mas, Grand Pas. Mamma's Daddies, children and babies. The small babies were brought from home in their very own beds, some times in baskets other times in pastboard boxes. These found their place on a bench as far away from things as possible. Now and then mother may take time out to nurse them otherwise they just slept away. The next age group would play with friends for a good time before they became sleepy. Then some quilts were made into a bed for them some place on a bench or could be on the floor. After the children were eight or nine

they would dance around as big as any one, with each other or with Mama or Daddy. Finally to bed they went.

At mid-night there was of course a bite to eat and a resting period. These dances some times lasted until almost day light. At first I went with Bill Houser, later with some one else all on horses. The girls wore devided skirts with the better clothes carried hopefully so they wouldn't get wrinkled. After arriving at our destenation we would find a bedroom and put on our dancing clothes. I with my boy friend my sister and her boy friend Wallace ,henry with theirs all rode along together to andf rom the dances.

One time a dance was held at the Roy Stone ranch, and the road to and from the dance ran very close to our house. One early morning after the dance was over, every one going home. We were awakened by a couple of cousins having an argument just outside our bedroom window. One cousin said to the other. If I wasn't on the old man Champlins pplace I would pull you off that horse and beat your head into the ground. Dad stuck his head out the window and said, go ahead boys what little ground you would tear up wouldn't amount to a thing. After that all we heard was the horses footsteps fading in the distance.

On the fourth of July we some times had a little neighbor celebration. Not only our Neighborhood on Wilson Mesa, but some of the other joining Mesa's would also take part. This was an all day affair. Just as soon as people could gather in the morning int erertainment started. Usually the first thing would be someone throwing small coins into the air so they would be scattered over a small area when they landed. This was for the very small children. Foot races for tne childre just a little older. Then came theold men's races., the ladies rolling pin .throwing contest. By this time the ice cream would be frozen lunches set out, lemonade made from the cool spring water near by.

After every one had eaten other sports came into play. Every one out into an open pasture where there would be room for some horse races, plus other activities. There wasn't a race track just a post set in the ground some distance from the starting point. The horses and riders lined up when the starting gun fired the horses raced toward the post turned around the post and back to the starting line.

One interesting race was a potato race. This was for the girls and young women. Each rider had a box to put potatoes in, some distance away would be a large ^(box) filled with potatoes. Each rider was given a sharpened stick to spear potatoes with. The riders were lined up the signal to start given away you would race toward the large box with potatoes spear a potato, come back to the starting line where small boxes were ~~put~~ the potato in the box and go for another potato. After a set time the person with the most potatoes would be winner. This got just a little rough at times as when four or five horses all got to the big potato box at the same time, horses running into each other. After you had speared your potato and was headed back some one coming towards the box just might decide to knock your potato off the stick. One time this happened to me but the stick that was aimed at the potato missed the potato hitting me across the cheek. I had a nicdwelt for some time.

There would be both ladies and men's relay races. More than one horse was used, the difference between the men's and ladies races was, the men changed both horses and saddles, rather they changed their saddles from on horse to another. The ladies just changed horses, all three of their horses were already saddled. At this time I owned a three quarter thoroughbred mare that could run like lightning. Henry said that he would be ready to catch and stop her when I came in to change horses. I rode her first because she was fast and I thought I could get a good head start to the post and back. It didn't happen that way tho. My boy friend ask to be the one to catch my horse when we came in, and of

course I wouldn't have it any other way. When I tried turning around the post I made a wide circle, but did get back to the starting line for the purpose of changing horses. I was far in the lead when I got there but my boy friend, Jack, wasn't where he should have been so me and my horse took off out in the pasture before I was able to stop her. By this time I was so far behind I just didn't try riding the other two horses. Myrtle won the race so I didn't feel too about the experience I had.

Henry used the same three horses that I was to use and won, the story use to be told that Henry could get a run out of a horse that the horse didn't have in him. We all thought if he had been a small man he would have gone far as a jockey. A very interesting race for the men was where a bundle of womens clothes were packaged and put at a distance from the starting line. A package for each rider. These packages contained all kinds of womens clothing, naturally pieces that were hard for the men to put on. Usually unmentionables. It was quite a sight to see these men fighting to get into these undies, getting back on their horses and returning back to the starting line. After all these activities and more it was time to return home, get those old milk cows milked calves fed, a quick meal and then off to the dance. The dance lasted all night. The next day a tired but happy bunch.

Dad and Henry loved to trade horses if they couldn't find any one else to trade with they would trade with each other. In the long winter evenings would set by the old red hot heater and trade horses. By spring each swore that they had made money trading. I'm not sure but what they came out in the spring with the same horses.

Dad loved to sit in the evenings and tell stories about happenings during his cow boy years. Mother may have gotten just a little tired of hearing the same old stories over, and over. One evening she ask

if she had ever told us about Dads wildwoman. Of course she hadn't. So the story went that one time when Jennie and Rollie were just babies and they were still living in Utah that Dad took a ride out in the desert looking for cattle that had gone estray. When he came in home late in the evening he had a woman behind him on the horse. He told Mother he had found this woman wandering out on the desert. Mother welcomed her with open arms until she found out all this woman wanted to do was lay around reading novels leaving Mother to wait on her hand and foot. Mother got tired of this and told Dad to take this woman back where he found her and turn her loose. Dad took her up behind him on the horse and because they were not too far from a section crew on the railroad he took her there and sat her down. They never did see or hear any more about her. After Mother told this Dad was very quiet for a time. Some times we would tease him about his wild woman.

In the fall of 1923 Dad hired a young man from across the Mesa to help do chores and haul some hay. As things sometimes happen Myrtle and Jim fell in love. They were married in Telluride January 10, 1924. They immediatly moved to James Reeds farm across the Mesa on Elk Creek. When Myrtle was married she took with her a saddle horse, a new Montgomery ward saddle, two milk cows and a yearling. I missed Myrtle so much that I put in lots of days visiting her.

Every one on the Mesa was living the usual way, raising crops, milking cow, feeding in the winter. Rollie and Virgia were still working for the whiteley Brothers. I went to help out when their daughter Velma was born..... I knew how to ride horses, milk cows, feed calves. All I knew about cooking and house work you could put in a thimble.