

HISTORY OF OUR FOLKS by Ethyl Durfee Parish

Eugene and Turah Bronson Durfee were married at Almo, Idaho, Nov. 27, 1901 at the old Durfee home.

The old slab, dirt roof house sat on the old Almo Creek, and in the spring the high water would splash into the house. In later years Dad cleaned the willows and made the bank higher. There was an old fashioned bay window in the kitchen and Mother had it full of beautiful flowers. She loved flowers, and later had a pretty yard.

On July 7, 1904, a brother Earl was born. When he was 8 or 9 month old, typhoid fever hit Almo, and took lots of loved ones. Among them was Mom's mother. She died and left seven small children. Grandpa Bronson never remarried; he lived 50 years alone. It was a real hard blow to my young mother. Another brother, Reynolds, was born Oct. 26, 1906. In the spring of that year we moved to Filer, Idaho.

Dad took up some sage brush ground and built a shanty for us to eat in, and we slept outside. He and a nephew, Ray Durfee, cleared the ground and planted it. Dad raised a lot of watermelons. We lived on the coolie or Cedar Draw, as they called it. The mosquitoes were real bad, so we would build sage brush smudge to drive them away so we could sleep. Dad's two brothers and families lived not too far from us, Uncle Jim and John. They helped Dad, also. Grandma Durfee came and stayed a while that summer. Then we took her to Hagerman to spend the winter with her two daughters, Aunt Mary Owsley and Aunt Vilate Elberts. The Owsleys ran a ferry across the river then, as there were no bridges. Dad would go fishing with the boys for sturgeon, and caught some large ones. We always had fun at Aunt Mary's, and we had to go those days with team and buggy.

Dad had to haul our drinking water. It was real rough on our mother and us little kids with no shade. Dad worked hard. The folks had a coop of black chickens, and would take the eggs into Twin Falls for groceries. Mom could buy calico for \$.03 a yard and made all our clothes.

In the fall of 1908 we moved into the McKinley house. There our sister, Alta, was born, the 19th of Jan. in 1908. Dad's first team of horses was a white one he called Fred and a brown one, Brownie. Fred got sick and died the day Alta was born. The next summer Alta was a cute baby. Mother took her into Twin Falls to a baby show and she took the prize. They got groceries and a lot of things. The folks were sure proud of that. I started to school in Filer. I had to walk from where we lived.

Mother didn't like it down there and kept at Dad to move back to Almo. In the fall of 1910, on my 8th birthday, Oct. 30, we moved back to Almo. Mother and us little kids went on the train up to Oakley and Grandpa Bronson met us. Later Dad came with the furniture and things in a wagon and team. Old brownie was brought back to Almo and died on the old place of old age. The last of Dad's first team.

On Nov. 1910, another sister, Vilate, was born. Uncle Hank Durfee and family had lived in the old house, but moved when we came back. Grandma Durfee divided her home place and gave Dad the 62 acres and the old house. Uncle Hank got the other 80 and he built them a home. Dad was to take care of his mother, our Grandma Durfee. The folks lived there

the rest of their lives. Dad milked cows, cured and smoked his own meat, which we always had plenty of.

Dad had good taste and could go buy all our shoes and clothes, even for Mother. They both were good dancers and took many prizes when young. Mother had a pretty voice and could sing, but never went out in public and made use of it. They always had a good garden, lots of strawberries. Mother always had a cellar full of fruit. Dad would pick cucumbers, and had a 40-gallon barrel and salted them down. We could go get a big bowl of salt pickles any time. I never can remember being hungry at home. The folks fed a lot of people that dropped in. Mother made our butter, her own lye soap, and washed for us all on the old board and tub.

When Vilate was three years old she had whooping cough and almost died. While she was still small Dad traded a bunch of wild horses to Mr. William Eames for a surrey buggy with fringe on top. Sure was fancy. Dad had a little team of horses. He and I took Grandma Durfee to Burley that fall and she went to Hagerman on the train to spend the winter.

Dad freighted for Albert Tracy. He would go with wagon and team to Kelton and get a load of freight. One trip he brought home an organ, which is still in the family and is real old. Cleon, a brother, had it. Grandpa Bronson moved to Burley and we missed them very much after they left. At that time, Burley was mostly sage brush, and an old dugway road to get there.

Dad took up a section of ground up in the City of rocks and we had to live up there in summer. He moved an old log house up there that was once the first post office in Almo, where my Grandma Durfee took care of the mail. Dad went to Twin Falls and bought an old model Ford, one seat, and made a car for us to haul milk and get back and forth in. He took care of people's cream, tested it and gave them their checks for years. He did this for Nelson and Rick's creamery.

Water was plentiful those days. Dad dug a two-foot hole and had wonderful spring water to drink and Mother kept our butter and milk cool. Our folks both worked real hard.

After we moved back to Almo to stay, a sister, Zoa, was born on Mar. 17, 1916. That September we got diphtheria and our little brother Reynolds died the 20th of September on Dad's birthday. My poor folks took this real hard. He was a cut little red-haired boy and so witty, always singing. He sure was missed. We couldn't hold a funeral. A friend, Mr. Al Segars, took him to Almo Cemetery and buried him. Auntie Sue Paulson, Mother's sister, and Grandpa Bronson came from Burley and brought his casket. Auntie Sue came in. She had stopped in Albion drug store and got something to help keep her from taking diphtheria. Earl was real sick and out of his head, but we got a doctor finally from Oakley and Earl got better. Dad and Zoa and I had it but not too bad. Mother, Alta, and Vilate never took it. The folks moved out of the house into tents and fumigated and burned a lot of pictures and such. We were out in tents until in November.

Mother had four more children. Cleon was born on Apr. 28, 1918. Dad had bought 10 heifers from Twin Falls and they calved that fall. He was down with rheumatism and we had to feed him, so Earl and I had to milk and do the chores. It was spring before Dad was able to get around. On the 13th of July, 1920, another brother was born. He was named after Nelson Ricks creamery that Dad had handled for so long--Neil Ricks Durfee. I got married and moved to Elba. After I left a little sister, La Varr, was born on the 3rd. of March, 1923. She

only lived until the 23rd. of March. Earl came to Elba after me and I stayed a few days with Mother. She wasn't well.

Vilate went to Salt Lake to school. The folks bought a glassed-in Ford car, which those days was fancy. Earl got married, only had one little baby girl, Earlene. When she was eleven months old he died at Pocatello hospital with ruptured ulcer. The folks had his funeral expense and no money at that time. His wife, Helen, took the baby and went to Boise to find work. She remarried in a few years.

Another sister, Colleen, was born on Jan. 7, 1928. When she was a few years old the folks took a granddaughter, Carole Ann, five months old, to raise. Mother had 10 children, and to take one at her age was real hard. It tied the folks down, but she was loved by all of us. When she was four years old she had a ruptured appendix and almost died. Her mother, Zoa, came from California. When she left Neil went with her back to California to work. World War II came along and Neil had to go into that. He came down with rheumatic fever and was down in bed all the time he was gone. He almost died. He was finally sent home. After he got on his feet he and Dad bought a new Buick car. Neil went to Denver after it. They drove it a long time. Neil worked away from home but Dad failed and he soon had to take things over. Neil, Dad, and Cleon bought the Etta Jones place, which Cleon now has, and the folks gave Neil the home place.

Mother and Dad got their wood out for winter when they were 68 or 70 years old. dad was always proud of his nice wood pile

November 27, 1951 was their Golden Wedding, and I bought their cake and had a real nice day for them. Lots of friends came, and had a chicken supper at my home. We took a lot of pictures. The family members that were living were all there but Alta. the folks both had bad colds and Mother went into the hospital in a few days, also Dad. He got better and came home with me and stayed until Mother could come. Dad was so sick an said if he lived to go home he would build a bath room, as he enjoyed ours. He, Neil, and Wally Taylor built one. with the other remodeling done down through the years, Mom had a good home after she got older.

Dad was only 13 when his father died, so he laid his mother away. She lived to be 80 years old.

Dad was road boss for many years, also school trustee and worked at the cemetery. He helped to bury almost every one that went before him. He was loved by all and had lost of friends. He failed real fast after he started. He had hardening of the arteries and his kidneys went bad. He saw his 77th birthday and on the 12th of February Neil and Ellis went the Garth Payne and took him to Rupert to the hospital. He was there a week, then moved to Brumbaugh Rest Home. He passed away on Mar. 27, 1960, and was laid to rest in Almo Cemetery on Apr.1. Before he died at Rupert, the family was all together, the first time in all our lives. dad was too sick to know. He had lived and hoped to see us all together but never did.

Mother wasn't well and was left real lonesome and alone, as Neil was out and gone to work. I went and did all I could as I never had any little ones at home. She fell in the old cellar and broke her left arm. It got better but never so she could use it too good. She was 78 at that time. Her eyes failed. Opal, Cleon's wife did a lot for our mother while she had her arm broke.

Mother was left with some state money, so had plenty to take care of her. Neil took her to the hospital in Rupert on the 14th of January, 1963, and she never got well enough to come home again. She lived there until June 6. She was buried on the 12th of June at Almo, beside dear old Dad.

All this is left in our memories of them both. There are seven of us left--five girls and two boys out of the ten children. There are thirty grandchildren, but no Durfee boys to carry on Dad's name.

OBITUARY OF LACY EUGENE "GENE" DURFEE

Gene Durfee was born 20 Sept. 1882 at Almo, Cassia County, Idaho, a son of Myron Bushnell Durfee and Larona Eliza Cahoon. He was the youngest of eleven children--all of whom preceded him in death. He was baptized when eleven years old, January 6, 1893. In 1849 his father's family, with other families, moved from Salt Lake to Ogden, Weber Co. just a few rods from the junction of the Ogden and Weber Rivers. In 1858 these families were ordered to move south when Johnston's Army was coming. Later the family moved from Ogden to Beaver Dam where they lived several years. They moved from there to Conner Springs and in the spring of 1880 the family came to Almo. Two years later Grandfather came to bless this home. He was just 13, still a very young man, when his father passed away April 11, 1895 at the age of 63.

He was raised and educated in Almo where he resided all his life, except 2 years which he spent at Filer, Idaho. A rancher and stockraiser by avocation he was known in the community as a faithful and industrious man. He was ever generous and kind and on hand to help anyone in need, especially in times of sickness. He saw this vast area grow, witnessing all manner of transportation from the team and buggy to the jet planes.

Grandfather Durfee was married to Keturah Bronson daughter of James Lewis Bronson and Susannah Viola Pettingill, 27 November 1901 at Albion, Idaho, which marriage was blessed by ten children. His idea of a happy family life is illustrated by his seven living children--Mrs. Ellis Parish, Elba, Idaho; Mrs. Joe Harshbarger, Twin Falls, Idaho; Cleon W. Durfee and Neil R. Durfee both of Almo, and Mrs. Roy Thomas, Rupert, Idaho. Thirty one grandchildren and thirty great-grandchildren. Eight years ago we all gathered as a family on observance of their 50th wedding anniversary, at the home of Mrs. Ellis Parish.

Having been entrusted by his fellow citizens with the election to the Almo School Board he served for a good many years in this capacity. Besides this he filled many positions of honor and responsibility in the community in whose interests he constantly labored until his age kept him closer to home and his loved ones. Just to mention a few--he was agent in this area for the Nelson-Ricks Creamery Company, served with the Highway District, being instrumental in the construction of many fine gravel roads in this area, was sexton at the cemetery for a number of years, and many fine pieces of masonry work stand as monuments to his good name.

Grandfather Durfee affected the lives of everyone who knew him--he was not just a casual acquaintance to anyone. "Well, I guess there isn't anything greater we can do in this world than to go around making people feel good." I believe if some one were to state this

philosophy of life, this brief statement from his own lips would give a great indication of what was in his mind and heart. He was a simple man in every respect--he was born simply and he lived simply. He repeatedly made the statement that life was simply beautiful and beautifully simple.

At the time of his passing on March 27, 1960, at the age of 77, he had become one of the most loved men in this community. Besides his beloved wife and family he leaves a large circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn his passing.

He will be buried in Sunny Cedar Rest Cemetery at Almo where two sons and one daughter now rest.

HISTORY OF EDWIN DURFEE

There are many Durphys, Durfeys, and Durfees. Geneology teaches us that our family of Durfees originated with a young French boy who first settled in Canada then later went East to join the Mormon Battalion and came to Utah with them.

My grandfather, Myron Bushnell Durfee, born in the year 1832 left his wife, Lerona Eliza Cahoon Durfee (no birth date), in Utah with the younger children, while he took my father and my father's older brother with him and came to the Almo valley where they homesteaded 200 acres of land with the campsite being on Almo Creek, about 1/8 of a mile west of the Almo bridge.

What a beautiful sight this valley was with grass waist high as far as the eye could see, waving gaily in the summer breeze to the tune of the babbling brook.

The only other person living there then was an old hermit by the name of Jim Sage who dwelled in the mountains orth-east of Almo. He promised to look in on the boys, who were to stay behind and watch over the small band of sheep and other livestock they had driven out with them, until grandfather returned with the rest of his family.

The boys had continual nightmares about seeing a bear or a Indian. They were by this time supposed to be civilized--the Indians, that is, but one still had a lot of respect for their past performances and did one's best to satisfy they requests for food or to trade horses. They weren't above stealing a critter or two if they could see they could get away with it. The boys, so the story goes, never let their flock stray very far.

One morning their pet dog set up a terrible howl in the willows not far away. They weren't sure whether a bear had him or an Indian was scalping him alive. Scared to death, they finally took their guns and crawled up through the grass to where the noise was, only to find their dear pet caught in one of their own traps.

They were very happy at the arrival of their parents sometime later. Then they built for themselves the home where Neil Durfee now lives just east of the Almo bridge. Within the next few years, other families from Northern Utah came to this valley. They still had to freight in all their supplies and do their legal business from Brigham City, Utah, and other towns in that area.

For means of support, as well as sport, in the winter time when the meat would keep, the men would hunt deer down by the wagon load. They would take them to these same Utah towns, sell the meat door to door, and trade the hides for salt, sugar, etc.

Wonder what would happen if one tried that today?

My father, Henry Miler Durfee, born November 7, 1867, in Salt Lake City, Utah, had met my mother, Rosa Florence Nichlos, born May 31, 1872, in Willard, Utah, while trading and doing business on one of his trips to Utah. They were married on November 3, 1889 in Almo and endowed in the Salt lake Temple on October 2, 1901.

In the meantime, Nancy Lerona, July 31, 1890, Ivan Leo, March 1, 1892; myself, Edwin Ruthvan, February 28, 1896; and baby sister, Rosa Florence, August 27, 1902, were born. Our first home was approximately 1 ½ miles north and 1/4 mile east of the Almo store.

One incident I recall is the day by friends and I had a wild bronco saddled, blindfolded, and snubbed to a post. As I climbed aboard and hollered, "Turn 'er loose!" they ripped off the

blindfold accidentally, taking the bridle as well. There I sat, high and dry in the saddle. What a ride I took that day!!

Another time, brother Leo and I decided to have a horse race. We were going great guns until my horse came to a sudden halt. I kept right on going. I plowed quite a furrow with my face. For days I looked like a raw, peeled onion.

One evening about dusk, my cousin, Harold Durfee, and I were walking around on our stilts, which put us about four feet off the ground. Having nothing better to do, we walked into the barn, shut the door, and were leaning up against the side of the wall shooting the breeze. My father was making his nightly check to see that all was well for the night and opened the barn door. Upon seeing two giants leaning against the wall, he whirled around and had the door shut tight before he realized who we were. We made sure he was out of hearing distance before we gave way to our side-splitting laughter!!

I was getting to be a lad of fifteen or so when my folks decided to build this rock house we now have as our home. This rock was all cut and hauled from the "Castles". I did most of the carpenter work under instructions from an experienced hand.

Around this time, my folks took Rebecka Louise Jones, born in 1907, a motherless waif, into our home to raise and care for until her older brother, John, came for her when she was eighteen. He took her to Boise, Idaho to live with him and his foster parents. We loved her as a sister. One of her most cherished possessions was a cupboard I made for her play dishes. It was handed down to my daughter, who had it even after she was married.

After my own marriage, I was kept busy running the ranch and taking on all odd jobs that came my way. During the depression of 1931, 1934, I furnished my own team of horses and worked helping to build a new road. When offered the job as road supervisor, the county was in dire need of a new road truck. Seeing our chance for our first vacation, we called Velma home and gave her one last chance to try being "boss", donned our Sunday Best, and in April of 1939, we climbed aboard the bus to Chicago, then back to Clintenville for the truck. A salesman showed us the sights for the next few days. We then went to Minnesota for the snowplow. We got lost on our way there, so pulled up in back alley to see if someone could help us find the factory where we were to pick up the snowplow. To our utter amazement, the man said, "This is it."

We stayed at the Dome Hotel in Minnesota for four days and were again shown the sights by some friends. We were gone from home fifteen days. We didn't think home could look so good! The boys must have learned their lesson well in earlier years, for they had given their sister nothing but the best in cooperation.

Then along came World War II. Virgil left first; then Howard, now married; then Harold. We farmers got along the best we could without our sons. When necessary at haying time, branding time, and the like, we would get together and get the job done.

After they were all back home again, we left Harold (now married) to look after things while we, along with Bud, Velma, and Doyle, took a sight-seeing trip to California. We had two new pickups and we put bows across the beds, covered them with canvass, threw in our camping gear, and set our course for Los Angeles. We stopped off in Utah to see the Zion and Bryce canyons, in Nevada to see the gambling casinos, and in Arizona to see the Roosevelt Dam.

So delightful was this trip, the following year we asked Doyle's Grandma and Grandpa Cahoon to join us. We headed for Oregon and Washington and Northern Idaho this time. The country sides again beautiful. We landed in Portland a day after an earthquake had shaken them up. We also witnessed the damage done to homes and a million dollar race track at Davenport on the outskirts of Portland.

On arriving in Seattle, Sis, Bud, and Doyle, having more adventure spirit than Grandpa Cahoon and I, headed by ferry from Port Angelese for the island of Vancouver, British Columbia. We waved them on voyage, then headed back home. They followed some days later.

Mother and I also made a trip by bus to see Howard and family, who have always lived in Oregon and Washington surrounded by pine trees.

Another time, Mother and I with Virgil, LaVerne, Max, and Jeannie, drove to Howard's home for Thanksgiving.

With Velma and Red in Oakley, and Virgin and LaVerne in American Falls, we confine our trips of later years to a weekend visits to see them and while away the evening hours with a game of Pinochle. (Which Sis can never beat unless she cheats.) In turn, they spend many a weekend with us here on the ranch.

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home! And that is where we are at this writing and on the eve of our FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

HISTORY OF JEANETTE BRACKENBURY DURFEE

My ancestors on both sides were English converts. My grandfather Henry Beecroft, born January 28, 1815, and wife Isabella Fraiser Beecroft, born in the year of 1816, and a goodly number of other converts, wanted most of all to come to America and dwell in the land of Zion with their American brothers. Upon arriving here, Grandfather settled in Council Bluffs, Ohio. Here he worked for a few years to reimburse himself for the trip West.

When they finally did get to Utah, they stayed but a few years. During this time, my mother was born at Bountiful, Utah, March 8, 1856. So disillusioned were they with the way a number of the Mormons were abusing their Religion, mainly polygamy, that my grandfather finally washed their hands of the Mormons and their way of life and took their family back to Council Bluffs. Thus my mother, Matilda Ann Beecroft, and her brothers and sisters were not raised up to be Mormons.

After attaining young womanhood, my mother again journeyed to Utah to visit her relatives. During this time, she met and married my father, Edwin Devalson Brackenbury, born July 17, 1855, and on January 20, 1875, they were married. He was L.D.S. in name only.

They went back to Ohio for a visit then back to Utah where three children, Edwin Devalson--February 20, 1876, Tillah--August 9, 1878, and Katherine--September 21, 1879, were born. Upon moving to Almo, Idaho, they built the home now owned by Bishop Asel Ward. Theodore--October 31, 1881, George--January 4, 1884, Henry--February 2, 1886, Isabella--May 8, 1888, myself, Jeanette--March 22, 1894 and the two other only surviving members of my family were born, Howard--March 29, 1896 and Clarence--December 8, 1899.

My mother being educated in the East, could never really get used to all of the ways of the West and especially the way the people slaughtered the King's English. This is illustrated by a story they tell of her brother-in-law who came dashing in one day to tell of a good old honest-to-goodness fist fight he had just witnessed. While giving this blow by blow description, he used the word "fit", "and they just 'fit' and 'fit'". My mother said, "Ben, Mr. Webster says the word is fought not 'fit'." She was somewhat startled to hear him say, "To hell with Webster, I still say they wuz a 'fitin'."

Her pride and joy was a parrot that talked. While she was away from tending her many community duties, her two eldest sons taught it to swear, something they were never allowed to do in her presence. So good did it become at using its newly learned vocabulary at the most embarrassing of moments, mother was forced to get rid of it.

Dad worked at farming, mining, other ranchers', and also served as Sheriff of Cassia County. For this, we moved to Albion, Idaho for a term, Albion being the county seat at that time. During their stay in Albion, my parents manage the local hotel. While roller skating one day, I fell but hard. My friend went running into the hotel and told Mother there had just been a terrible earthquake, Nettie fell down, she screams!!

I remember playing "horse" in Almo with brother Howard and his friend. They were the horse, me the driver. I accidently drove them into my play house, where the friend accidently knocked over my cupboard and broke all my dishes. This made brother Howard just as furious as I. We both turned on him in our fury. He lost no time in taking his leave. Poor boy!

We children were let to do as we pleased about religion. I was baptized on November 24, 1906. My brother, Clarence, was the only other member of our family who was baptized.

I have know my husband, Edwin Ruthvan Durfee, all my life. For our first date, he walked my to Mutual. We dated each other as well as others for a few years. Then finally went steady for four years.

Due to the fact that Henry Ford was still playing with the idea of a horseless carriage, our courting days were done the good old fashioned way, horse and buggy. I recall on one occasion, Edwin and I got lost while traveling to Elba, Idaho to a play, during a snow storm. By brother, George, and many of our friends came looking for us. We set out a lighted lantern by which the search party could find us. With this done, we just sat down, wrapped up in blankets, and waited for someone to come along and find us.

We were married on May 1, 1916, at Albion, Idaho. Our first home was a little log house on the north side of where the cow barn in now located. The spot is still marked by lilac bushes, that bloom every spring, and by the still visible but rotting foundation of our small, but comfortable home. We have many fond memories of our first home and everytime we pass it on our way to town, we are reminded of them. It was here that we were blessed with four thoughtful, loving, sweet, and wonderful children. They were named as follows: Velma B.--April 23, 1917, Virgil--August 11, 1921, and a very pleasing surprise of twins, Harold and Howard--April 21, 1924.

During my spare moments (which were few), I worked in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints and held the following positions: Secretary of the Primary, Visiting Teacher in Relief Society, taught Sunday School, worked on the Stake Board as Magazine Agent, plus all of the many community organizations that came along.

My husband played on the community baseball teams, took active parts in our dramas (which were directed by my mother), sang in the Church Choir and Barber Shop Quartet, took charge of our home evenings, was Road Over Supervision for years, and drove the school bus from Almo to Malta for twelve years. He was a respected and tactful rancher and spent his few spare moments hunting with which he became noted as an excellent shot.

Our children gave us many hours of pleasure and a few of anxiety, seeing them through their measels, mumps, and later growing up through their "teenage".

As we watched our children grow and develop, many different talents, we formed ideas as to what they would become. We thought Velma would grow up to be an actress--always showing off.

Virgil showed a great deal of interest in being a Chef. He was into my cupboards, mixing milk, eggs, jellies, or anything he could find then he would stir them all together and sample his newest creation. This kept up until one day he happened to spice one of his creations with cayenne pepper. All of a sudden, he seemed to lose his desire to become a chef.

Harold spent time in the Hawaiian islands but saw nothing so beautiful as the old ilk cows plus that rich aroma of a cow barn. Well, anyway, we knew he would be our farmer.

Howard was to have been a fire d'chief. His love for setting the barns and fields on fire was great fun until his father firmly and gently discouraged the passion. So he had to settle for a job with the newspaper and at this writing, is the Editor-in-Chief of a newspaper in Washington.

Dad and I were sadly in need of an errand and chore boy when Doyle came to live with us. He filled these positions very adequately, and soon won the hearts of all the towns people as he had ours.

We had our “ups and downs” as do all parents and children, for he does seem like “our boy.”

If Doyle wanted fried potatoes, his grandfather wanted has browns, If grandfather wanted cream style corn, grandson wanted whole kernel. I had to be careful and see that one got his likes one day and the other, the next day. Remember your liking for cinnamon toast, Doyle, and grandpa making such a fuss over the smell of it?

He was a good dependable worker and helped his Uncle Harold all he could with the work on the ranch. They loved being together, mostly to playfully argue. Then again a few of those arguments got a little serious.

I can think of scores of memories; if I were to write them all, it would fill a book and might even sound like bragging a bit.

So I’ll just say, we did all indeed miss him when he went once more to live with his mother.

All in all, we’ve had a good life. Our children are all married and have given us, up to date of this writing, eleven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.