

## Pearl Ruth Taylor Gwin History

Our house was on a granite ledge at the foot of Mount Grace. The ledge dropped sharply to the creek and we had five (5) well-beaten paths from the house to the creek. The most direct was north, past the swing and straight down the slope to the spring. This path was lined with gaillardia flowers until you reached the nettles. Mother wouldn't let us dig up those stinging nettles because she always used them when she made home-made root beer. She always added a strong brew from yarrow and dandelion greens also. But our joy was in the water cress which filled the creek at the end of this path. Bread and milk and fresh, crisp water cress! That spot of blue in the painting is the creek and the dark green on it's edge is supposed to be water cress.

The other path past the swing descends the slope diagonally to the cellars and well. The part of the house you see in the painting was added on (by Father) to the original adobe house which Grandfather Taylor built in the '80's. This adobe structure was covered with pine boards placed vertically and contained three rooms, one large room, a small bedroom and a pantry. From the log front rooms you went through the pantry to get to the adobe part of the house. What an ideal place for hide and seek that pantry was!

The adobe part of the house had a shingled roof. The log part had an alkali dirt roof.

A path from the back door, which opened out a few feet from the Lombardy poplar, went around the west side of the adobe part of the house and down a very steep pitch to the fruit cellar and the well. In the painting, if you look past and beyond that scrub cedar on the north side of the house, you will see the white streak which was that very steep path. Climbing that path was tough in the summer, but in the winter it was an icy streak. Just sit down and scoot, but carrying two buckets of water up it was something else!

The fourth path went past the weeping willow and the Potowatomie plums, down a five or six foot high bank to the raspberry patch. That was a bank I couldn't negotiate by myself when I was little. I remember my big sister Merlie (Myrtle) carrying me up and down that bank.

We used this path to reach the garden which was just across the creek from the raspberry patch. On both sides of the creek was rich, fertile, black soil which produced a "you wouldn't believe" garden.

Our main garden was along that same creek bottom only it was a quarter mile east of the house - down by the choke cherries.

The other path off that ledge came out the front walk, through the front gate and down the lane. The lane ran north and south - from Mount Grace to the bridge at the bottom of the hill.

The house was a stout T-shape. The window on the north of the log part had a scrub cedar in front of it. Mother would get so vexed at that tree because she couldn't see out of that room to the north. And what a sight it was! You must see Independent Peak to appreciate how frustrated Mother was. She finally persuaded Father to dig it up, but while it was there she used it as a telegraph. The Taylor boys, Jim and Harry, married Yost sisters - Gertrude and Frances. Aunt Frances and Uncle Jim lived almost due north of us. We had no telephones, so when a new baby arrived at our house, mother would have us tell Aunt Frances that it had arrive - a white table cloth thrown over that scrub cedar meant a girl, and red one meant it was

a boy. We didn't use the red table cloth very much. There were eight girls in the family and only three boys. The younger members of the family do not remember the cedar being there.

Boom Creek did not have many willows along it because it always flooded in the spring and washed everything before it. Crossing Boom Creek when it was in flood was a hazardous proposition. We usually went around the other way - down by the choke cherries. There was a bridge there. If Father built a bridge over Boom Creek it was usually "gone with the water" come spring.

Our meadows were timothy. The orchard was seeded to clover. You wouldn't believe the number of four leaf clover I found under those apple trees!. Just west of the orchard is the light green of Father's grain field. It adjoined the alfalfa fields of the old Den Durfee place.

The early ranches were south, around the foot of Mount Grace. Den and Jane Durfee came into the Almo area in the 1880's. Their ranch land adjoined James Taylor Sr.'s ranch and after my father took over the ranch a fence separated Durfee's alfalfa field from father's grain.

The Durfee family was a large one and Manie (Marion) was the mother of Lawrence Gwin. When I married Lawrence all those children of Den and Jane became my uncles and aunts. Ann, Den Jr., George, Lorenzo, Marion, Alice, Wallace, Sarah, Ida. A man named Graham homesteaded the land west of Den's. Graham Canyon was the to become the Bruesch place. George Durfee married Helen Graham and Lorenzo Durfee married Anna Bruesch.

At the foot of Castle Rock was the Pete Johnston ranch. Pete's son, Ted, married my father's sister, Edith. Edith was born and raised on this old Taylor ranch. So was Ruth, father's sister. Whether they were born in the adobe building or the log house which Grandfather built, I do not know. As quickly as possible, my Grandfather, James Taylor Sr. set up a saw mill up in the hills deep in Almo Canyon. He felled trees, prepared logs, sawed boards, and built a log house west of the adobe building. The log house I have painted is the house my father, Harry Taylor, built. He tore down the house Grandfather Taylor had constructed, took the logs and built the house that we remember.

I was born in the old house Grandfather Taylor and Grandmother Taylor lived in. There was a covered "through-way" between the two buildings. Father tore the log portion down - used the logs, and built a log cabin east of the adobe. That is why the weeds and rye grass and bunch grass grew thick at the back of the house and around the cellars. I tried to make flowers grow there but failed. Then I tried corn. It would not grow either - the alkali, old plaster, and rocks used for a foundation made it impossible to cultivate. That is also why the lilacs, roses, and weeping willow are where they are. Grandmother Taylor planted them in her front yard.

Grandmother Taylor was born in Bristol, England on the 19th of August, 1847. Her father, Henry Cottle, was a carriage maker. They came to America and crossed the plains to Utah when she was a young girl. She met and married James Thomas Taylor, Sr. Members of the Taylor family and my mother told me that she married James Taylor because he wasn't a Mormon. She didn't care for the Mormon religion because it had spawned polygamy. She was a very proud and haughty aristocratic English gentlewoman and did not relish the thought of sharing her husband with other women.

Grandfather and Grandmother lived at Centerville, or Sessions, Utah. The area is now a part of Bountiful. They lived on a farm there after they were married on October 12, 1866, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The five boys were born in Utah. James Thomas, Jr. - 8 September, 1867 at Centerville, George John, 4 March 1869 at Centerville, Harry, 21 September 1870 at Centerville, Edward, 1 September 1872 at Centerville, Herman H., 11 May 1875 at Promontory or Blue Creek.

I have mentioned that Grandmother, (Clara Louise Cottle Taylor), dislike the Mormon practice of polygamy. Grandfather - James Thomas Taylor - Sr. told me once, that was ten or fifteen years after Grandmother died of stomach cancer in 1913 - he said: "All these young men with families are dying and I'm still here, girl."

I had walked across the field to take him some jelly I had made. He lived alone in that brick house they had moved into when they left the old homestead to father at the turn of the century.

Lawrence and I were living at the old home place at the time. Melissa was about three months old when Grandfather and I had this conversation.

He said,

I'm just waiting, I'm no good for anything in this world now but waiting. Sometimes I think of putting a stop to it - (He meant his life) - but then I think maybe there is a life hereafter, maybe your Grandmother is waiting for me to come to her, and if I take my own life then I will be eternally barred from her presence. She was a fine woman, your grandmother was, and if there is a life in the hereafter, I want to be with her.

As neither Grandfather or Grandmother relished life among the Mormons, they left Centerville and took up land on Blue Creek near the Promontory Point where the two lines of the great railroad were to meet. Grandfather worked for the railroad company until it was completed. It was at this time that Grandmother Taylor showed her pride of heritage. Aunt Ruth wrote this for me when she heard I was writing a history of the Taylor family.

She said, "Mother was so proud. She didn't want anyone to see her in the clothes she had - or that she was doing men's chores on that farm they had. She made butter and would put the butter and dozens and dozens of eggs in containers and would take them to the cooks for the railroad company. She would go at night. After it was dark she would take young Jim and George and meet the men from the railroad. She would stop a mile or two from camp - out in the sagebrush, and wait for the cook's men to come and get the eggs and butter. The transaction was always made a few miles from camp - and at night."

Such is pride. The pride which is part of our heritage.

Mother told me this about Grandmother Taylor. The children at school had teased me about the clothes I was wearing. I came home in angry tears. Mother looked at me in astonishment. "You should cry" she said. "What is to cry about?"

Then she said the words which have been indelibly written in my memory. Whenever I see someone putting up a false front, whenever I see pretense, or sham, or cant, any form of pretension or hypocrisy - I think -

"They're phonies!" "They aren't genuine!" A genuine person wouldn't be like that!"

My mother said to me: "Anyone can wear fine clothes! Just anyone! It is what you are that counts. It is what is in your head, Pearl! It is not the clothes on your back or your material possessions."

Down through the years that remark has been my talisman. "It is what is in your head, Pearl." And oh! how I've tried! All my life I've tried to "put things in my head." Not just information, not just scholarly learning, but the real things like honor, understanding, charity,

compassion, justice, fairness, the withholding of judgment, patience, and the ability to see the humor of things. I haven't always succeeded - but I have tried.

Mother and I were standing under the Lombardy poplar tree when she said these things to me. The sun was setting behind the weeping willow as I stood just on the edge of the gravel between the poplar tree and the door to the adobe section of the house. Mother told me at that time that those who were making fun of me were wearing clothes that were not paid for. "Any fool can go into debt!" she said. Then she said, "You can put fine clothes on a jackass, but that doesn't make him less of a jackass!" I got the point.

Then she continued - "Jim and Francie and Herman and Sarah have their brick houses and have more fine furniture than we do - but we aren't putting our money into brick houses and fine furniture. We are putting our money - every cent we can scrape up, into our children's heads. We want every one of our children - (she accented very forcefully the EVERY ONE) to have a college education, to develop their potential. We are not going to settle for the mediocre!! Not a one of you are going to be "just average". You are all going to be the best. Superior. At the head of your class. Every one of you must strive for the ultimate!" Don't settle for the mediocre! Develop your potential.

Words of wisdom my mother said to me under the Lombardy poplar tree. Then she told me about Grandmother Taylor. I can see her yet - so clearly in memory. She was standing with her back to the weeping willow and the setting sun made a halo around her dark hair.

"The people of Almo thing Grandmother Taylor was a snob. They say she was "stuck up". She wasn't, Pearl. She wasn't. She never went to church. She never attended their parties or socials, but that didn't mean she was a snob. I'll tell you what she said to her boys when they came to be in anger at the children in school who had teased them about their hobnailed boots. They were the parents of these young people who are teasing and tormenting you."

She took a deep breath and looked at me with such loving pride. Then she said, "Grandpa Taylor made the boots for his boys and he always put the heavy soles on with clumsy hob nails. The other boys in the valley had boots they had bought from the mail order catalogs - Sears or Montgomery Wards - or they had gotten them from the stores in the Salt Lake Valley. Anyway - their shoes were factory made, and the Taylor boys wore shoes handcrafted by their father." George came home from school mad as a disturbed hornet. He said he had walked home by way of Aunt Rony's (Lorona Durfee) and she had teased him about his boots.

Grandmother Taylor said to him, "Don't you be sassy, George - but the next time she says anything about your boots you tell her they are paid for!"

Mother put a hand on my shoulder. "Pearl, don't you be sassy - but the next time you are tormented about your clothes, tell them with pride that they are paid for. Just you go on as you are and keep bringing a report card home with the best grades in the class. Don't let anyone be better than you are in being a little lady."

Perhaps this will give you an idea of how and why we loved that log cabin home. Perhaps you understand better why it has been labeled "Heritage" - it is our heritage. A heritage of love and comfort - of understanding and peace. It is a symbol of the education and accomplishment of eleven children who went out from that home and that valley to the world beyond its confines to a life of public service. Almost all the girls became teachers. Erwin and Edgar became electrical engineers with electricity their field of service. Darwin became a fine artist. His paintings have filled our hearts with beauty. He left such beauty as a legacy.

Darwin was an artist and was going to paint the old home with Independent Peak as the background. When Darwin died suddenly of an apparent heart attack he had not started the painting. He had told me what he planned to do - and made a sketch for one me day when he was here.

His painting would not have indicated where the cellars and well were. The cellars and the well were our life line. Fresh spring water, cold and clear from the well! And the cellars had food stored in them. Almost all the fruit jars were Mason half gallons with leaded screw-on tops and rubber rings for cushions to make a tight seal. Quart jars contained green string beans, peas, beets, tomatoes, corn, and other small vegetables. Large barrels contained the salt pickles and the dill pickles. A large barrel of vinegar with a spigot was on a wooden platform built just for it. The platform was to raise the barrel so that a large container could be placed under the spigot. Large ten-gallon stoneware crocks contained sweet pickles, plum preserves and sauerkraut. At butchering time mother would render lard from the fat pork sides and store the lard in the cellar in large crocks. Bread and butter and cucumber chip pickles, mustard pickles and corn relish were usually stored in glass jars. Jellies, jams, preserves, and fresh fruit, such as peaches, pears, apricots, and raspberries were put in Mason jars when ripe. Except for the raspberries, the fresh fruits were brought in lumber wagons from the Brigham City, Utah area - which was at least a 300 mile round trip. It seemed a thousand miles to Erwin and me. We'd lower the tailgate of the wagon, lie on our stomachs on the bed of the wagon, with our heads hanging down, and we'd watch the wagon wheels turning in the deep loose dirt of the road. The wooden spokes would hold the dirt a quarter of the way and then start to sift it down until it reached the top. On an on, mile after hot weary mile the wheels would turn. Sometimes we'd run behind the wagon to get some of the tired-ness out of our weary muscles and bones.

We usually made our first overnight camp near Snowville at a fine spring on the flat valley. Even in a car today that valley seems a long weary way. We had to walk up the grade at Rattlesnake Pass to lighten the load and sometimes Father would need to "double up" at the Pass. He'd unhook the team from one wagon, make a four horse team to pull the other wagon and come back for the one he had left. We had tarpaulins to cover the freshly picked fruit and would get as many bushels and boxes as the wagons could hold. What a tremendous amount of work it was - going to Utah, picking the fruit, hauling it home, and then getting it peeled, cooked, and put into glass jars. Mother used the open kettle method for the fruit and the hot water bath method in the huge copper-bottomed boiler for the vegetables. Anyway, by Thanksgiving time the cellar shelves held hundreds of quarts of food. The fruit cellar was the largest. It was between the well and the adobe section of the house. It had a heavy, metal hinged door with a pull ring to lift it up and swing it back on a trimmed log rest. The rest stood upright like a post. My! What a big girl I thought I was when I could lift the fruit cellar door by myself!

In late fall we picked the apples, Greening, Red Astrakken, Early Transparent, Banana, Strawberry - and Pearmain. The Pearmain were the best "keepers" but the Greening made the best pies.

Myrtle and Vera and Bertha used to peel an apple without breaking the peeling, carefully lift the entire peeling over their head and drop it behind them. If it hit the floor without breaking it was supposed to form the first letter of the name (surname) of the man you were to

marry. Myrtle's usually formed an "R". I tried it when I got older, but it never dropped the same twice. It was fun though.

Out under the Early Transparent apple trees in late August and early September those three girls would name the apples some boy or young man they knew, give it a thump with their thumb and index finger as they named it, eat the apple, save the seeds, and then one by one they would count the seeds chanting this little doggerel: 1. I love 2. I love 3. I love they say 4. I love with all my heart 5. I cast away 6. He loves 7. She loves 8. They both love 9. They hate 10. They tarry 11. They court 12. They marry, etc.

An apple usually had eight or ten seed in it, but once in a while there were twelve or fifteen. It was "apple-eating time with laughter."

The Early Transparent apple trees were at the corner of the granary on the northwest side. At the southwest corner of the granary was a hard, sour red apple tree. The hornets loved that apple tree. Erwin attempted to get rid of those hornets. He punctured their nest and they spilled out of it in a cloud. He was on the front line, so to speak, and they attacked him with fury. Flailing his arms, ducking, weaving and dodging, he made a mad dash for the willows. Into them he plunged, made his way to the creek, scooped up mud from the creek bottom for his "well stung" head.

I was the "cowardy-cat" in the operation. I stood at the northwest corner of the granary and watched the operation. When he hit the hornets' nest, I dove under the granary. Only three hornets found me and I killed them. I had to "lie low" for a long time for those hornets were "as mad as hornets!"

With the bees, it was a little different. We had six or eight fine bee hives on the north side of the Potowatomie plum rows. They were located between the plums and the willows at the end of the orchard beyond the raspberries. Father had constructed a contraption out of wood, burlap, and fine screen wire to protect him from the bees when he harvested the honey. It set firmly on his shoulders and protected his face and head. Father always wore bib overalls. I never saw him in a pair of levis. He would don two pair of overalls, wear boots or high-laced shoes with the pant legs tied firmly with laces so that the bees couldn't get inside his clothing, put on a thick mackinaw and gloves and take a tub or two with him.

He always waited for a rainy day, because the bees were quiet on a cold, rainy day. He would remove the filled trays of honey and replace them with empty trays. He would leave one tray with plenty of honey still in it for the bees to eat during the winter. He had placed the hives where they were because the plums and willows were a protection from the cold of winter.

When Father would come to the house with the honey-comb we would be ready with hot bread and butter. Is there anything more delicious than hot bread and butter spread lavishly with honey in the comb? Mother would strain the honey and pour it into five gallon tin cans. Sometimes they were stored, for long-time keeping, in the fruit cellar, but there was always a five gallon tin sitting just inside the pantry. I would not be able to count the times that I "raided" that honey can.

Father always had new hives ready whenever the bees swarmed. He would watch and have us ready. When the swarm would leave the hive and "take off" he would have bushy willows ready cut. The whole family would follow Father's directions and we would "herd" the queen bee, protected by the other bees, to a place where father could easily transfer them to the hive.

It was usually the lower branches of the Balm of Gilead poplar tree and Father would make the transfer out in the lane. He would saw off the limb on which the swarm rested and gently put them into the hive. The bees were in the orchard for the pollination of the fruit trees and berry bushes. They loved the apple blossoms, but all summer long they were in the clover that covered the ground among the trees. You had to be careful when you sat on the clover under the apple trees. You might sit on a bee. A busy bee.

Those apples! How delicious they were! Father had constructed bins in the back half of the fruit cellar. Large bins for the greening and Pearmain because we had more of these. Smaller bins for the other varieties. Mother made many quarts of apple butter and as she emptied her jars of pears, and peaches, etc. she would fill them with apple sauce. I have always felt the emblem on the Taylor banner should be apple sauce and rhubarb cobbler.

The rhubarb was a long row, the full length of the orchard on the south side. The mint, sage, sweet mary, catnip and other herbs were at the end of the row of rhubarb. That rhubarb! Mother would add every variety of fruit to it and label the jar - "Strawberry Rhubarb" - "Raspberry Rhubarb" - "Pineapple Rhubarb" - "Lemon Rhubarb" - you name the kind. We probably had it. But no matter how it was fixed; - to me it was still rhubarb.

To get to the herbs, which were directly behind the granary and a little west - we passed the cedar tree. The grindstone stood under the cedar tree where father could utilize its" shade when he sharpened mower knives, axes, and butchering knives. I can see Papa yet sitting on that grindstone seat, his feet pumping those pedals, the grindstone whirling and the mower blades set at just the right angle against the stone to get the sharpest honing."

My mind flashed to pretty little dark-haired Vera - no bigger than a pint-sized pixie, so little and cute, standing at the gate between the calf pasture and the meadow with the long mower knife in her hand. She was on her way back to the mower which was waiting for it's sharp knife with the cutter bar lifted high. I thought then that she was awfully brave to do such a dangerous job! Just a few years later that "dangerous job" would be mine! And how I loved it! The horses, the balmy air, the hum of the machinery, the sharp blade moving back and forth so swiftly that the eye could not catch it's movement, and the falling grass! The scent of new mown hay! What memories!

I thought of the many, many times Father had sharpened the hoe and the shovels. Yes - that grindstone was very definitely a part of our heritage.

When the De Laval separator gave out, Father took it's cast iron vase and placed it under the Lombardy poplar tree. He used that broad smooth iron as a base on which to do any work which required such a device. He repaired his tools, straightened nails, replaced broken knife "teeth" - called sections, in the mower knife, and all such work. I was tempted to put that iron in the painting.

One incident I will relate here, Darwin always said he had a "short fuse." Edgar, too, is "quick on the trigger" temper-wise. Edgar was a little "Sputter and Fuss" and it took Mother to shut him up. We, the children of the family, would only make him worse - more irate, more talkative, more determined to "spout-off." Also, when something went wrong in his small world we all knew about it very quickly and thoroughly. For example, if Mother asked him to get some chips so that she could start a fire, invariably he would say - "No! I don't want to get the chips. No! I won't get them! Always you ask me to get chips. "Edgar, go get some

chips!" Its "go get some chips!" Every day and two, three, four, five, times a day its "Edgar, go get some chips!"

And all the time that he was talking so vehemently and irately, he would be getting the chip basket, going to the wood pile, filling the basket, throwing the chips fast, and hard, and smartly into the basket, yanking it up into his arms, carrying it to the house and thumping it down! "There's your darned ol' chips!" he'd say.

If we had said anything to him he would have dropped that basket and tied into us and given us a thumping. But Mother??? she would just look at him so lovingly, run her hand from his tousled curls across his face to his chin and laugh and say -"Oh, scut!" Whenever she did that, Edgar would look sheepish, give her a bonny grin and happily go on his way.

Father had a quick temper. He would stomp around and run his hand through his hair in a temperish way, but he didn't swear. Some of the others may have heard him swear but I never did. In this particular incident, the "Short fuse" and "quick on the trigger" temper which he passed on to his children was very evident.

Father used to throw things. When he'd get angry, - Whammo! One day, Father was trying to put a new handle in the axe. For some reason it wouldn't fit right. He tried and tried and worked and worked. Suddenly, he flung the axe as hard as he could throw it. It zipped like a catapult toward the lilac. I watched his face turn deathly white and saw him standing there galvanized with terror. Three-year old Marie had been standing a few feet from him watching what he was doing. The axe clipped some hair off her head. Father grabbed her, and his grief tore at my heart. He never "threw things" in anger again.

Father constructed a "cooling cupboard." He made a wooden frame of small dimension wood. The frame consisted of four slats at each of four corners. It was at least four feet long and five feet high. He placed a board covering at top and bottom and put three solid board shelves in it. The back, the front, and both sides were open. These open sides were covered with tight screen wire. The door frame was covered with screen wire also so that air could circulate freely. The door closed tightly so that the mice could not get inside. Burlap sacking was placed on top of and hung down the sides. The burlap was kept wet for coolness.

This "cool" cupboard was on the south side in the fruit cellar. Sometimes we would lower the butter, cream, and milk in tin lard pails with tight fitting lids down into the well for extra coolness on especially hot days, but usually the "cool" cupboard kept things from souring or spoiling.

Any left-overs were put in covered dishes and carried down cellar to the "cool cupboard" for keeping.

Sometimes ice was wrapped in burlap and placed on top of the cupboard, but most of the time the ice was left undisturbed, buried deep in straw and sawdust in the northeast corner of the cellar behind the vinegar barrel.

We usually kept our six quart ice cream freezer in the fruit cellar. When Mother made ice cream we would get the coarse salt, saw off a piece of ice, break it up in small pieces with the ice pick, then put a layer of ice chunks and a layer of salt alternately around the ice cream container. Joyously we would tamp it down firmly so it would be against the container - for ice cream was an "occasion!"

We would take turns turning the freezer handle but oh! the excitement when Mother would say it was frozen hard enough and we would all gather around the freezer with our bowls for our "helping."

It was the same with candy. In the winter time, ice cream was no luxury for there was usually plenty of snow. Anytime we wanted to put forth the effort, we could have ice cream. But candy! It was only at Christmas time we had "store bought" candy. We made our own candy. Fudge, both chocolate and white cream divinity. Peanut brittle, caramel, marshmallow (Myrtle could make the best marshmallows!) And best of all - taffy. Such big batches! He would roll up his sleeves, grease his hands with butter, and scoop up a whole drip pan of taffy and work it into one huge rope. Back and forth he would pull that rope of taffy until it became hard and snow white. We'd have the big table floured and ready and he'd twist the taffy into wide twists and start laying it on the table. He would have that table top a sight to behold. We could scarcely contain ourselves until he'd say it was cool enough. He would take the back of a table knife and "crack" that taffy every inch or so and would we make pigs of ourselves. Oh! would we!

When we pulled taffy, it was such a little dab and it never turned out as white, as "good as Father's - never. One of our fondest memories is of the taffy Father used to make.

A week before Christmas, we started baking pies, cakes, and cookies and making candy. Christmas was candy time.

At Thanksgiving we made pies, but the suet pudding was the highlight of Thanksgiving Dinner. Father would make the pudding, and the dressing for the turkey. He knew "just how" to do both. We girls have used his recipes but they have never tasted like the puddings and the dressing Father made.

Father could make the best bread! White bread, mixed meal bread, or whole wheat. We usually baked eight loaves of bread three times a week. There were no stores to "run to" to get a loaf of bread. So keep the potato water yeast sweet and working and don't run out of bread!

Biscuits could be made if necessary; we always had plenty of baking powder and soda. But it took a lot of biscuits to feed a family the size of ours! Keep a good "start" of yeast, add potato water and make an eight or ten loaf batch of bread. We had a pan we used especially. We had a dish pan, a scalding pan and a drain pan - but we also had a big bread pan.

In describing the vegetable cellar, which was just east of the well, we could say it was dark and cool. It was dark and cool. We had kerosene lanterns hanging on nails just inside the doors of our cellars and sheds. Lanterns, their lights bobbing as people walked with them! When we went anywhere at night we carried a lantern. Keeping them filled, keeping the wicks trimmed just right so that they wouldn't smoke, and keeping the glass or chimney clean, was a constant chore.

The vegetable cellar was always a pit of darkness. The first thing we did was light the lantern. Potatoes filled over half of the cellar - but in the sand of the other bins were buried delicious vegetables. Turnips, rutabagas, parsnips, carrots, beets - all kinds of root vegetables.

We always had a big bin of onions. The cabbage and cauliflower were processed to keep them. The cauliflower in the pickles, particularly the mustard pickles, and the cabbage in the corn relish and as sauerkraut. The pumpkins and squash were buried in the oats in the granary. What fun Erwin and I would have when Mother needed a squash or a pumpkin from the

granary! We'd race each other, scramble up onto that high porch, make a mad dash for the oat bin and dive in!

It always ended in an oat battle! We'd dig down in the oats and see which one could come up with the largest. Our clothes and hair would be saturated with oats. No matter who tossed the first handful, we would make the oats fly trying to bury each other. Mother would call and reluctantly we would climb out of the oat bin and trail oats all the way to the house. The granary smelled so good!

The thought of grain reminds of what Aunt Ruth Taylor Bronson wrote me about her father James Thomas Taylor, Sr. In 1884, gold was discovered in the Wood River area. A stampede to Bellevue, Hailey, Ketchum, and Galena resulted. Aunt Ruth wrote that her father heard they needed grain. He filled a wagon bed with wheat and started for Hailey with a four horse team. The road, if you could call the trail through the sagebrush to the Snake River a road, was long and rough and hot. There were no towns after he left Albion. He connected with the Oregon Trail at the Rock Creek Station. He made an all night stop there and went on west to the Glenn's Ferry Three Island Crossing, then he turned back east across the empty alkali desert on the north side of the Snake River. It was late at night when he pulled into Hailey and went to the place where they were buying the grain.

"Are you a Mormon?" he was asked. "We don't buy wheat from the Mormons." Grandfather wondered if he would have make that trip back without having sold his grain. He was not going to lie to sell it - no matter what the outcome.

"Yes, I am a Mormon," Grandfather said, and started to drive away. "You are an honest man," the manager said. "They lie to us in order to sell their grain. We'll buy your wheat!"

Freighting supplies to the mines was arduous and tedious. For the next decade the freighters would be very busy in southern Idaho. Building a bridge across the Snake River was the answer to the problem, but until a bridge was built, the ferries would have to transport the supplies from Utah to across the Snake River to the Wood River mines.

Grandfather Taylor was a part of that freighting enterprise.

What would our food supply be like without grain? Grandfather cleared the land of sagebrush, pine and cedar and when he started to plow it - he encountered another problem: - rocks. He had five young boys to help him, however.

Father said, "We reached the Almo Valley in the dark. It was after midnight when our wagons pulled into the creek bottom at the foot of the lane here and we turned the horses loose and went to bed. When we woke and I saw the willows I thought I had awakened in heaven."

They had lived on Blue Creek, that desolate stretch of sagebrush near Promontory Point in Utah. Grandfather had ridden horseback through the country looking for a likely place to make his home. Herman was a baby and Ed was still a toddler but Father was old enough to remember vividly his first sight of the willows along Almo Creek.

Picking rock, piling it on a "drag" to be hauled off the area being prepared for planting was back-breaking work. Father said to me once, "Jim was a hard worker. He did a man's job picking rock." Jim couldn't have been over ten years of age for he was born in 1867 and Aunt Edith was born in Almo in 1879. They had lived in Almo for a year or more by the time Aunt Edith was born, or so members of the Taylor family have told me.

At least, Jim and George were still small boys. Grandfather plowed and planted. Grain first, for it was food, then the timothy for hay for the stock. Until he had a crop of grain and the timothy was growing, the cattle and horses had to live on the forage of the valley.

The side hill around Mount Grace had been plowed many times when I was old enough to notice these things, but I remember Father picking loads of rock off that hill every spring before he planted the grain. The soil was so shallow and so poor he would plant alfalfa about every third year - then plow it under, haul tons of manure and spread it thick, then plant grain again.

I was at Uncle Jim's one day when the wheat was high and beginning to "head". The wind was blowing. Uncle Jim stood on the porch looking south toward our side-hill. "Look at Harry's grain!" he exclaimed. "It looks like the waves of the sea!" I looked. The grain was waving in great greenish-blue billows. An ocean of wheat!

That wheat field was in front of the house, directly east across the lane. It extended from the lane completely, along the side of the hill to Steve Jones's fence. Of course, as I've pointed out, sometimes he would plant something else, but usually it was grain.

When Erwin and I were small we were scarecrows. Walking scarecrows, but scarecrows just the same. We were scarejays and scareblackbirds, too.

Those were the days! I wonder if the sand is still as deep and warm along the fence Erwin and I patrolled. When the wheat or oats was ripe and the binder had cut and bound it into sheafs, then Father would lean five or six sheafs together upright in shocks with the heads of grain up invitingly for the birds. Then is when, armed with tin milk pans and big spoons, my brother and I would walk a beat from the lane to Steve Joneses. What a racket those pans would make when we'd hit them with the spoons. And would they ever frighten the birds! When the birds weren't in the grain we would rest, but when they came back, we would beat on our tin pans.

When we got older, Erwin and I would haul the grain sheafs and stack them. We'd take turns. One load I'd stack and he'd pitch the sheafs off the wagon. Next load he'd stack and I would pitch the sheafs off the wagon (hay rack) to him.

And threshing time!

The straw stacks of wheat, oats, and barley were placed so that the straw from the thresher would land on the sheds. How warm and cozy and snug those sheds were after threshing time! The oat straw was not put on the sheds. It was dumped in a separate place for mother to use for our ticks. We had five big double beds and one and sometimes two ticks on each bed. A heavy fabric as strong as denim or stronger, called ticking, was filled with oat straw and this was used as a mattress. When I was small I don't recall ever seeing a mattress. Some of our beds had springs but it was straw filled ticks we had for sleeping comfort. Every time a bed was made, the straw mattress had to be shaken and kneaded and fluffed up for softness. After threshing, then, the ticks were opened a short way in the middle, the old straw dumped out, the ticks washed and dried and aired and filled with fresh clean oat straw. Mother would take a big needle and a stout thread and sew them up again. Uhm-m! The smell of our beds as we would snuggle down into them! It was like sleeping on a soft, fragrant, billowy cloud!

The threshing crew consisted of at least eight men besides Uncle Dave. Dave Durfee, the man who married mother's sister, Pearl Yost (whom I was named for) owned a threshing machine. He would travel around through the valley, stopping at each ranch who needed

threshing done. Each rancher was notified ahead of time the approximate date he would arrive at their ranch.

The power for the machine was generated by a big geared wheel turned by eight teams of horses. They were hitched to the wheel in a big circle and would go around and around all day turning that big wheel. A man with a bull whip kept them moving at an even pace.

The power rod extended from the big wheel to the gears in the threshing machine which drove the piston. Two men were on the stack. One close to the thresher to toss the sheaves to the "feeder" platform and the other to free the sheaves and pitch them to the "tossers". On the thresher, standing on a platform, were two men. One had a big knife like a hatchet. It was made from a mower blade attached to a short stout shaft. This weapon was sharp and powerful. The man with the knife would scoop a sheaf off the feeder platform, slash the binding twine with one quick, powerful stroke and shove it to the other man. This man with the knife would scoop a sheaf off the feeder platform, slash the binding twine with one quick, powerful stroke and shove it to the other man. This man fed the thresher.

It was a dangerous job. He must push the sheaf into the thresher so that those whirling knives would catch it and cut it up and carry it into the separators - but he must not get his hands too far in or he would be caught and dragged into the machine and cut to pieces. This happened to the "feeder" man sometimes. He had to be smart and deft and careful. He must not feed so fast that he clogged the knives, yet he must feed it fast enough that the machine could operate.

One man took care of the ladder which carried the straw from the machine. He stood with a fork and kept moving the straw away to keep it clear of that ladder. The ladder worked like a pulley moving up and around the end of the incline and back down and into the machine. It extended over the sheds so that the straw would drop on the roof of the shed. The ladder was shifted from time to time to cover a different part of a shed.

Two men operated the grain part of the thresher. They stood by a big spout with hooks on it. A grain sack would be attached to the spout by these hooks and the clean grain could come pouring through this spout into the sack. The second man stood ready with an empty sack. When the sack on the spout was filled, he would remove it and set it aside for the rancher, while the first man attached the empty sack to the spout. It was amazing how quickly the sack filled with the grain!

Father always had a crew of at least four. We used two wagons. One would be at the granary unloading and emptying the grain into the bins, and the other would be at the thresher being loaded up. At the granary, one man would be in the bin emptying the sack and shoveling grain to the back of the bin (what huge bins they were! As large as a room!) and the other man would be carrying the sacks from the wagon to the main in the bin.

The two men at the thresher would be - one in the wagon setting the sacks in the wagon bed so that they wouldn't tip over and spill and the other on the ground handing the sacks of grain up to the main in the wagon. It was back breaking work! But it only lasted two or three days.

Father was usually on the sheds! An oh! How hard he worked to cover the farthest reaches of his sheds and stables with a heavy thick layer of straw! How he loved and protected his animals! I think Father was the kindest man in the world.

And Uncle Dave! I don't know why, but I idolized Uncle Dave. When he would come with his threshing crew, regardless of gaping men or restless horses, regardless of anything - I would fly to him on winged feet! Oh! How I loved him! He would always engulf me in his big arms and murmur lovingly, "Pearl! Little Pearl!"

He and Aunt Pearl were married in September in 1907. Aunt Pearl died in childbirth the next spring - March 1908. She was only nineteen years old. She would have been 20 on the first of June. But Uncle Dave loved me. I knew he did, though he never told me so in words. The language of the heart sometimes speaks louder than the verbal language of the tongue. (Aunt Pearl's baby was 4 ½ months or 5 months pre-natal. Modern "know how" would have saved Aunt Pearl and her baby.)

Soon after the threshing was completed, Father would sack the grain he wanted ground into flour and meal and make the journey with two or three heavily loaded wagons to the grist mill at Conant. This place was near the old Rice ranch on Cassia Creek. We went around Independent Peak over the slope or grade to Elba. Conant was on the other side of Elba - about a third of the way to Malta - as the towns are now.

A rushing torrent of water spilled off a high ledge of rock and a water wheel had been constructed to catch the water. This fast moving water turned the water-wheel which furnished the power to grind the grain into flour. I doubt that Father ever paid money to the miller. He gave him one third of his grain for the grinding. We would camp near the mill while the flour, pure, white, whole wheat cracked barley, bran germ made and such kinds, were being ground. I remember very clearly the sounds of the falling water and the water wheel. Particularly at night the unusual sounds were rather spooky.

We would return home with our grist ground, safely tucked under heavy tarpaulins to protect it from dampness or rain. Father would unload the flour and store it in the granary. Enough flour to last us for over a year.

The granary was constructed of logs placed on five foot posts. Milk pans were placed inverted upside down on top of the posts. If mice ran up the posts they had a hard time getting by those pans. The step was five feet off the ground. A ladder was on the step which we would take down off it - lean the ladder against the step and climb up. If we were going to stay in the granary for any length of time we would draw the ladder up after us and lay it on the step. Mice could destroy and make inedible so many of the things we kept in the granary.

Father always kept the weeds killed around the granary. Every few weeks he would spade around it to keep it clear. The grass or weeds would give the mice enough leverage to allow them to jump over the pans. Then they could gnaw their way into the granary.

Inside, attached to the rafters, were huge slings. The bases of the slings were boards and they swung on stout wire. Father would stack the sacks of flour and meal on these slings. Beans and nuts and lentils were put on slings, too. The herbs were dried, placed in flour sacks and hung from the rafters. As I have said before-----the granary smelled so good!

We raised our own beans. We usually had fifty pounds or more of each variety. Red kidney beans, pinto, small white - and the big mushy lima bean. We would let them ripen fully in the field. Mother would have us spread a big tarpaulin on the gravel in front of the door. The bean vines would be placed on the tarp, then we would hull them by hand. It took days to get them hulled - the beans in the sacks, and the vines piled out in the lane. That was always a safe place to burn them.

Father would buy peanuts and walnuts in the shell. I don't know how much they weighed, but they would fill a hundred pound sugar sack to the brim. When we'd empty a hundred pound bag of sugar, we would use the bag to store other things in. Peanuts, walnuts, hazelnuts, brazil nuts - etc. The hundred pound bags of sugar were also stored on slings in the granary. We would buy our sugar in Utah and bring it home with the wagon loads of peaches.

At butchering time Mother would make mince meat, head cheese, and liverwurst. Father, with the help of some neighbors, would butcher five or six pigs. He would build a wooden platform, or floor, on the derrick base. Water was heated to boiling in big tubs on an open campfire. A huge barrel was put on the board floor and poured over half full of boiling water.

Father would kill a pig, "bleed" it well, then lash its hind feet wide spread to a single tree. The single-tree was attached to the pulley chain on the boom of the derrick. A horse would pull the pig up into the air. Father would swing the pig directly above the barrel of boiling water. The horse would be backed up slowly while Father eased the pig down into the barrel of boiling water.

This scalding would allow them to scrape the hair off the pig's skin more easily. When the pig was scalded enough Father would give the command, the horse would move forward and the pig would rise slowly out of the barrel. The men would lower the pig to the floor boards, scrape it, and then the horse would pull it up in the air again. The men would hold it steady while Father cut it open and cleaned it out. He would save the heart and liver and head and feet.

Each pig was prepared the same way. They were placed in clean canvas bags and hung on the logs at the corners of the house. There were four high extended logs which he used. Three of them you can see in the painting.

After the pigs had been thoroughly cooled and chilled,(Father always waited for crisp, frosty fall nights) then they were placed on the big table and cut up into hams, shoulders, pork chops and sides of bacon. Mother would "sugar cure" them and while they were curing she would place strips of fat in drip pans in the oven and melt the fat to big pans of boiling grease. She knew just how hot to have the oven so that the lard would be white and of the best quality.

The lard was poured into five gallon stone jars, set to cool, - covered, and stored in the fruit cellar. Lard for pie crusts, for shortening in cake and cookies, for frying, for making gravy, and for deep fat frying of delicious doughnuts. Myrtle could make doughnuts that would melt in your mouth!

When the head cheese and liverwurst were made they were covered tightly and stored in the cool-cupboard in the fruit cellar. The hams and bacon were wrapped in cheese cloth and hung from the rafters of the fruit cellar.

Mother would make sausage and store it in a ten gallon crock. It didn't "keep" very long. We had to eat the sausage first for it wouldn't keep all winter and into the summer like the hams and bacon would.

The cracklings, what was left after the hot lard was poured off into jars, were kept to make the soap. We had a large barrel out behind the adobe section of the house - on the west side where Grandfather and Grandmother had their log house. This barrel had small holes bored in the bottom of it. It was placed on logs to lift it high enough that a granite pan could

be placed under it. This was lye water. Mother would boil the crackling grease and the lye water until it thickened. When it cooled and "set" she would cut it into bars. It was our soap.

Later, when the general store in Almo had lye in cans, mother would use that kind of lye to make the soap. Soon she began to get bars of Fels Naptha - big yellow bars and fragrant white bars.

The hocks and feet of the pigs were scraped, cleaned thoroughly, boiled, and pickled with vinegar and spices. I don't know what recipe Mother used, but My! were they ever good! Vera and I were the ones who raided those jars!

Father would use the derrick when he butchered the beef cattle later in the fall. He always would wait until it stayed below freezing for we had no way to keep beef by "curing". It had to stay frozen or it would spoil. He did not need to scald the beeves. He used the derrick to swing them free so that he could skin them. He would only butcher one beef and hang it in a canvas bag from that log you can see extending out from the southwest corner of the house by the Lombardy poplar. Whenever Mother wanted a roast beef, Father would take the meat saw and the butcher knife and go out in the snow and cold and cut off a nice big roast.

Those roasts! Our roaster pan was of blue granite and it would hold the biggest turkey you could raise. Father would cut a chunk of beef that would fill the roaster. When it was done we would have beef gravy, baked or mashed potatoes, two or three kinds of vegetables - always three kinds of pickles, and of jelly or jam, and for dessert - ? there was always fruit and cookies. Myrtle kept the cookie crock full.

If there was any kind of cookie Myrtle couldn't make - I would like to know what it was! All Erwin and I had to do was dig. The crock would have the kind of cookie we wanted in it somewhere. Raisin cookies. Cookies filled with all kinds of jellies and jams. She even made maple nut cookies. The cookies I liked best, though, were the oatmeal cookies. They were something out of this world!

Cheese was a very real part of our lives, too. Grandfather Taylor had built a sturdy cheese press. It stood on the north side of the house in the adobe section. It had been placed there so that it would always be in the shade. The base was a log split in half with the split side up, planed, and made smooth. The legs were small poles fitted into holes bored into the big log.

Another long log swung on upright holding bars so that it could be lifted or lowered. There were rock "weights" attached to one end of this pole. They were removable. Mother would just use the weight of the pole at first, then she'd put on a small weight as the curd started to "settle". In a day or two she would add a heavy weight to press the curd tight, squeeze all the whey out, and allow the cheese to ripen.

The round hollow galvanized rings, when filled with curds, would make different sized cheeses. Father like the big cheeses best. Mother had a big number three tub she used only for cheese. She would just fill the tub with "whole" milk - (milk with the cream still in it) and set it on the stove to warm. She had a thermometer and would heat the milk to just the right temperature, add the "coloring", ( an orange dye to make the cheese yellow), and the rennet. Then she would take the tub of milk off the stove and "time it." When time was up she'd slice the milk in soft squares and gently break it into small curds. She would strain off the whey, squeeze the curd in a large cheese cloth bag and then fill the cheese cloth lined rings. Each ring

sat on a small board and a round board fitted neatly inside the top of the ring. She would fold the cheese cloth over, place the top board on it and the small square block of wood. The "cheese box"

was taken to the press and placed on the smooth part of the log. The press log was lowered onto the press block. It began to squeeze the curds and the whey ran out the bottom over the log and onto the ground.

When the cheeses were pressed long enough, Mother would release the press, take away the bottom board, and push the cheesecloth covered cheese out the bottom of the ring by pushing on the press block. She would sew up the top of the cheesecloth, immerse the cheese in hot wax until it had a thick coating of wax all over it, and when the wax was hard she would store the cheese in the cool - cupboard in the fruit cellar or in a screen wire box on one of the shelves. We usually had eighteen or twenty cheeses of various sizes for the winter. Anyway, there was always cheese.

And cream! Rich, thick whipping cream. Cream for our hot chocolate. Cream for topping on our puddings and cereal. Cream for ice cream or for anything that cream was used.

And that brings me to the butter. Before we got the DeLaval cream separator we secured our cream by the very simple formula: "Cream rises to the top."

We had a dozen or more tin milk pans. We would strain the milk through cheesecloth into these pans and set them in the pantry. In hot weather we would set them in the cool cupboard in the fruit cellar. A rack was made of small slats so that the pans could be placed one on top of each other. Many pans of milk could thus be set for the cream to rise. In 24 or 36 hours a big spoon could be used to scrape the cream off the top of the milk. Enough cream for the kitchen and table use was set in a cool place to keep it sweet. The rest of the cream went into the wooden churn.

Mother's big wooden churn (made like the churn base to one of my electric lamps) would hold at least five gallons of cream. Mother seldom put that much cream in it at one time however, as when the cream "broke" to butter the churn handle was too hard to turn. Mother had butter papers printed in Salt Lake City. She would turn out a pound of butter and the top side of the butter paper would read - "Made by Gertrude L. Taylor."

Mother had a huge wooden bowl and wooden spoon. She would lift the butter out of the wooden churn with the wooden spoon, "work" the buttermilk out with a wooden butter paddle. Then she'd wash the butter several times with clear, cold water, working it all the time with the butter paddle. She had a wooden box "frame", rectangular shaped which would hold exactly a pound of butter. She would fill the frame, press it firmly everywhere so that there were no air holes, - then push it out onto the exact center of the butter paper which was face down on the table. The butter press was a piece of wood with a short handle which fit in exactly to the butter mold frame. When she would press on that handle the butter would slowly emerge from the frame and soon - there it was on the paper. She would fold the paper up around the sides and over the top - turn it over, and the top became the bottom - the bottom became the top and lo! and behold! "Made by Gertrude L. Taylor" it read!

She would make the butter into round patties for us to put in the butter dish on the table. Our butter dish was round in shape, made of crystal and covered. Mother would make pretty designs on the butter to be used by us. Mother was so precise and artistic. I thought she was

the most beautiful Mother in the world as she would make flowers and leaves and conventional designs on the tops of those butter patties!

The butter was kept in the cool cupboard in summer, or put in tin buckets with tight lids and lowered into the well on a rope. Sometimes the rope was tied insecurely, or the handle of the bucket would come loose. When it did, the contents of the bucket would spill into the well: -milk, or cream, or butter.

Father always kept the well clean. It was "rocked up." That means the inside of the well was lined tightly with rock. These rocks were roughly a square foot in size. Some were larger; some were smaller than that. Father would tie a bucket to the other end of the rope and that way while he was emptying one bucket the other was filling. He'd work fast. The water would "fly" into the wild roses which grew beside the well. When the water level became so low he could not fill a bucket, he would climb down into the well. I would hold my breath in excited fear as he climbed over the curb and disappeared from sight. Soon there would come a shout from the depths of the well. Father had used the rocks as footholds and handholds, had reached the bottom of the well and was ready to start dipping. Myrtle or Vera or Mother would empty the buckets as Father would dip them full. They worked fast!

Then a scrub bucket and cleanser ("Old Dutch Cleanser") with a scrub brush and rag would be lowered to him. My! How he would scrub those rocks. Always - when Father was safely out of the well I would breathe a sigh of relief.

Mother would take the pounds of butter she had made, and the dozens of eggs she had saved, and "trade them" at the store for things she needed. Baking powder, Arm & Hammer Soda, cinnamon sticks, cloves - both whole cloves and ground cloves, allspice, ginger, cocoa, Baker's chocolate, safety pins, needles, thread. Numerous things. Mother called them "staples."

We had lots of eggs. When we gathered the eggs the largest and the cleanest were put in egg crates down in the fruit cellar. We would use a dozen to eighteen eggs for breakfast when we had ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, sausage and eggs. Eggs were used in the pancakes, the cakes, the cookies, and the puddings, Bread puddings and rice puddings.

Father would have at least a hundred pound bag of rice stored in the granary. Rice and raisins. Rice and tomatoes with a dash of onions. A handful of rice in the soup. There were so many ways that rice could be used. So, too, with eggs. Egg noodles, dumplings, and as I said, pancakes!

Chokecherry syrup! Maple syrup! Karo syrup. Jellies, jams and preserves. How good they tasted on pancakes with butter!

Mother's chickens were good "layers" of eggs, but she had the black and white Plymouth Rocks and they were heavy, meaty hens. She would let 20 or 30 hens get "broody" and set them with 13 to 15 eggs. Ten or more would usually hatch and she could count on eight or so surviving. This was a hundred chickens per year added to the flock. As we grew our own feed the gravel was plentiful, the egg shells were kept in the warming oven of the kitchen range and mashed to fine bits for scratch, we could count our eggs and chicken dinners as not too costly.

A few of the roosters were kept; the rest of the roosters went to the chopping block first. The scrub hens were killed next. Mother always felt badly when she discovered one of her good "layers" had been killed.

The chicken coop was a log structure as big as a house. It was straw covered and had glass windows, all along the south side. The north side was lined with nests made of boards and lined with straw. We always kept clean, new straw in the nests. The roosts were in the west end and were close enough together that the chickens had no difficulty hopping from one roost to another. Under the roosts were the "droppings" boards. These could be easily removed and carried outside for scrubbing. The chicken house was thoroughly cleansed every few weeks. Brooms were used and lysol water to kill the mites. The walls, nests, roosts and windows were scrubbed. The water and feed troughs would be scrubbed and scalded. We tried to keep our chickens clean, well-fed and happy. They repaid us with dozens and dozens of eggs, with meat for our table and feathers for our pillows and feather beds. Each of us had a pillow of our own, Mother changed the feathers in the pillows every year or so. Whenever she felt that the feathers didn't come out fluffy enough from a washing, she would discard them and put fresh downy feathers in the pillows to replace them.

We had ducks, and geese, and turkeys. We had a pond for the ducks at the foot of the lane. It was east of the bridge and was in the shape of a horseshoe. The creek made a horseshoe bend just below the pig pen. The pig pen was straight across the lane from the Balm of Gilead poplar, on the lip of the ledge. It was a sharp, twenty foot drop to the duck pond below. The tall tress that lined the south edge of the pond where the water was the deepest still were not high enough to reach the base logs of the pig pens.

The wind would drift the snow deep over the duck pond. The willows, the ledge of granite and the buildings which sheltered our pigs would act as a windbreak and the snow would pile in there steadily until it was even with the top of the sheds. Then, and only then, would it pile up in the field across the lane.

Father would put his wagon wheels, and buggy wheels, into the duck pond to soak. This would tighten the spokes, the felloes, and the iron tires. We had carriages, wagons, hayracks, and carts. Father used the duck ponds as their wheel tightener. Barrels, too. If the barrels got too dry, the wooden staves would "cave-in", or fall away from the metal hoops. If the barrels did not have liquids in them, Father would roll them down the lane into the duck pond.

In the summer, there was always a big barrel or two in the duck pond. Erwin and I would play "pirate" with them. We'd climb aboard, he on his "ship" and I on mine, and with long poles dug into the bottom of the pond we would attack each other. We would try to make the barrel roll and dump our opponent into the pond. Then the winner would run up the flag of victory and chant those immortal words from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island": "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest! Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!" I usually won at "pirate" but when we played "Cowboys and Indians", I was the one who got scalped.

As I wrote on the other page, we had turkeys, Not many. Just enough for special occasions and the holidays. We kept turkeys only for their meat, and geese for their feathers. Goose down feathers made the softest pillows. The geese would form a long line and march in stately procession down the lane to the duck pond. The big old lead gander attacked Hilda once when she was about four years old. He didn't know what he was tackling. Hilda would not back down from anything, no matter how much the odds were stacked against her! The gander lost-

Years later, after cars and refrigeration were used, there was a consumer market for turkeys. Then is when Mother raised turkeys. She would have a flock of three or four

hundred. Father built straight, smooth, out-door roosts for them out by the granary. He built fifteen or twenty individual "brood" houses and placed them in various places in the shade of the willows. Mother bought an incubator too - and we raised chickens and turkeys to slaughter and sell wholesale in the fall. Every summer the four girls - Marie, Hilda, Orpha and Cloe, would "herd" turkeys. The chickens wouldn't wander very far, but when the turkey flock would start to run, they could run and could fly and could cover a mile or more in record time. Mother liked to drive them into the alfalfa field and let them get the protein and nutrients from the alfalfa. Grain and sour milk curd from big barrels were a daily part of their diet. In October, they were slaughtered, plucked, and sold to Joe Tracy who trucked them to Burley. Mother always got a good price for her turkeys. They were very large and heavy and there were hardly any with crooked breasts, thanks to Father's craftsmanship. He had constructed the finest roosts. This all happened with the turkeys, as I said, years later, - but when Erwin and I played "Cowboys and Indians" in the willows and wild roses in our yard just north of the Balm of Gilead, Marie and Hilda were just learning to walk and Orpha and Cloe had not yet arrived. We would make our bows from choke cherry wood and our arrows from supple rose bush limbs. The bow string was waxed and twisted carpet warp.)

We would pound out horse shoe nail heads until they were thin and flat. Then we would hammer them tightly around short, straight rose wood sticks, a nail to a stick. That would make one end of that stick a sharp, deadly weapon, for horse shoe nails were sharp. Erwin could drive one of those nails completely through a cotton tail rabbit and pin it to the ground.

To make sticks "fly", feathers were needed. Straight wing feathers of the turkey were good. A slot was cut in the end of the stick opposite from the nail end. The feathers were attached firmly and the shaft waxed with beeswax - as the bowstring had been. Mother made beautiful carrying bags, or quivers for our arrows, and head bands with turkey feathers sewed in place firmly. She would dye the feathers bright colors with her egg coloring dyes and sew the feathers to a strip of red flannel.

My! Weren't we something! Dressed in full feathered war dress, we'd sling our quivers over our shoulders and go out in the woods (the willows and wild roses in the corner of the yard) to stalk the enemy. That enemy was usually a cotton tail. When we got a little older the woods would be jack rabbits. But it didn't matter when or where, or how, Erwin was always the most accurate. When we'd lay down our quivers and stalk each other with a willow branch, (by Mother's safety orders) it was Erwin who found and "killed" me and took my scalp; more often that I was able to find him.

We would go fishing with our home made bows and arrows, too. Here again, Erwin was the master. He was a master hand at hitting and securing fish with bow and arrow and spear. Our spears had a horse shoe nail attached to a stout staff. Erwin could hurl them fast and far and straight and true. What fun! What excitement! Jumping from one ditch bank to the other! Skirting willows! Digging under banks! Digging sand and gravel and mud! In and out of the water!

Fishing! I wonder if it would be possible to tally the hours that Erwin and I spent together along a creek bank? Our own creek. Almo Creek. Edwards Creek. Seldom did Erwin go alone. He always took me with him. Our cousins could come along with us and Joe Edwards, but it was "with us". If the boys objected to having a girl along Erwin would tell them he wouldn't go with them unless they took me.

Once Wilbur, Uncle Herman's boy, tied into Erwin with his fists to force Erwin to send me up to the house. I started to leave and Erwin said, "No, Pearl! you stay! This won't take long." It didn't. I took his fishing pole and held it with mine. I sat down on the ditch bank and calmly watched as two boys struggled together furiously, back and forth on the short clover cover of the calf pasture. When it was over, Wilbur went home squalling like a bobcat and Erwin and I continued casually on up the creek - fishing.

Erwin always kept our table supplied with fresh trout in the summer. Coalie was Erwin's little black dog. He was bigger than a cocker but not as big as an Airdale. He looked like a combination of both and was as black as coal.

One Fourth of July we told our parents that we would rather go up to lakes on Independent fishing than go with them to the hot and dusty roads of Almo. Of course, they were called streets, but it was only a road through town. We would rather be by ourselves, we two together, riding horses and fishing. What did the town have to offer, that could take the place of lakes and streams, pines and juniper and sage?

When we reached our teens we drifted apart, but when Marie, Hilda, and Orpha were small, and before we went to the school at Almo, we were inseparable. While we attended the Cove school we walked to and from school together, played together, did our chores together and if one had a snack the other had one, too.

This Fourth of July I mentioned above, Erwin and I rode our horses to lakes on Independent Peak. There are five mountain lakes near the crest of the Peak. We went up either Almo or Edwards Creek and on over the slope just past of the mountain you see there in the painting. That mountain with a white strip down the middle of it divided the east fork of Almo Creek from the west fork. We always took the east fork through mountain fern that was so thick it would tangle the horses feet.

This time we reached the rim of the highest and western - most lake and looked down. The lakes are presumed to be the cone tops of extinct volcanoes. Whether they are or not they look like that. I mean, they are shaped like that. The rocks that line their sides thickly and high are not lava, however. They are mostly quartz or granite. The place where our horses reached this highest of the lakes was about midway of the lake and on the rim over a hundred feet above it. We had been plowing through the snow for some time and when we looked down, - snow! Snow filled the basin and extended far out into the lake itself. We were north of the trail which led down into the lakes. Anyway it was so clogged with deep snow there was no way we could negotiate it. Then we had a bright idea. Without even bothering to consider how we would get up out of that snow hole to our horses far above us, once we were at the lake's edge below, we conceived the plan of sliding down on the snow. Taking our dinner pails and fishing poles, after we had safely halted the horses in the pines at the rim, we sat down on the snow and slid. What a fool hardy thing to do! We will never forget that slide we couldn't stop ourselves, nor even guide, once we got in motion. The snow was at a 45° angle slant. We zipped! And Coalie zipped with us. I was farther south and came to a stop in the pines, but Erwin being north of me, stopped in about the middle of the lake. I stood and watched him terrified. I felt sure he was going to drown! Crash through the snow and ice and drown! I would be powerless to find him and rescue him! All these terrifying thoughts passed

through my mind as he shot down the slope, came to a stop, and waded through the snow to shore. Erwin said a few days ago, (he is now 70 and I am 71 that he didn't even get wet. I though he did, but at the time it happened, I was too frightened to think straight.

We had come to go fishing, and go fishing we did, but the fish would not take our bait. They were large size, and so many of them darkened the

stream. We tried to hit them in the shallow water. Hit them with rocks or clubs. We tried to pin them to the bank. Coalie was excited. He was smart and brave. He knew what we were trying to do, so he leaped into the water! He was quick and sure. When he caught a fish he was so excited he nearly went into spasms. What a day we had! When we reached home that night the only fish we had, Coalie had caught. Dear, dear Coalie! How we loved him!

The western slopes and sage grown valleys were splendid places for sage grouse. The area west, or "back" of the Castle Rocks which you can see in the painting, was our grouse hunting lands. The sage grouse were thick there and it was long before the state had to enact laws to protect them and the deer. It was easy to get all the grouse you wanted. Just ride into their feeding grounds with a shotgun tied to the saddle, scare them up, take a couple of shots, secure the dead birds, tie them, by the legs with the saddle strings and go home. Many is the time that Erwin and I would do that. Coalie was good as a retriever.

Sometimes we would find a nest of pheasant eggs. We would take them home to mother and she would "set" them. We had an exceptional black and white Plymouth Rock hen. What a mother she was! She would mother anything. Cotton tail rabbits. Pheasants. Ducks. Geese. Turkeys. Even the kittens would crawl under her to keep warm.

In the fall Father would "get in" the wood, as he expressed it. He would take the wagon beds off the wagons, take his best team of "pullers" and go into the hills back of the Castle Rock Rocks to haul wood. Load after load of mountain mahogany, cedar, and pine, Father would bring home and stack.

Our wood pile was just south of the front walk and lawn, up the hill. It was not very far from where you see those yellow roses in the corner of the painting. The chopping block was a big old pine Father had brought home as the "drag" log. Coming down off those steep slopes and through those wild canyons the load of wood and the horses needed more than good brakes on the wagon. They needed a "drag", a monster log to hold the wagon from sliding or tipping over.

Once in a while this would happen and you would have to "jump clear" of the load. Edgar Allred, who later became Myrtle's second husband, was getting out his winter wood alone one fall, the load fell on him and pinned him. He could not free himself. His dog, Sport, was with him. He called Sport to him, wrote a message for help, put it in his red bandanna handkerchief and tied the handkerchief around Sport's neck. He sent Sport home. Edgar Allred lived alone. His nearest neighbor was Kirkpatrick's, I think, but sometimes he would spend the winters with Saunders. This was in Junction Valley, southwest of Almo, and years ago.

Sport went home and then went to the Saunders' home. Mrs. Saunders saw the bandanna. That was odd! And there was blood on it. When she read the note she called Mr. Saunders. "Show us the way, Sport!" Mr. Saunders said to the dog as the rescue party headed for the hills. Sport took them to the logs with Edgar pinned under them.. I may be incorrect, but as I

was a very small girl, (Orpha was the baby), I may have wrong impressions of it. But it seems to me that it rained while Sport was going for help, and that it was noon of the next day before Sport went to Saunders. It seems that Edgar had to lie there all night in the rain pinned by those logs. He was always a cripple from that accident. His leg was pulled out of it's socket.

Father was always careful when he "got out" the wood, and he always took someone with him. Our wood pile was high and an ideal place to climb and play. Father always kept plenty of wood chopped, winter and summer. In summer, fires were needed to cook the meals, bake the bread, heat the water for washing our hands and faces, for bathing, and for doing the "washing" (laundry). Then, too, there was always canning, and water to scald chickens when we had chicken dinners.

We did the ironing in the early morning or late evening usually, but sometimes we did the ironing in the heat of the day, - and that hot stove to heat the irons! My!My! Mother had three sad irons which you could put a milk pan over to keep the heat in. The handles could be removed. They were of wood and could be snapped on to the iron. The rest of the irons were flatirons. The handle was iron and attached as part of it. We always had to use thick pads when we ironed with the flat irons. Blistered fingers were a common thing when you did the ironing.

And there was such a lot of it! Permanent press was unheard of. Mother had sheets and tablecloths, napkins and pillowcases, dishtowels and diapers. There was always a baby in our house and line full of diapers. The clothesline ran from near the granary to the weeping willow. There was a cleared area in that place. It used to be Grandmother Taylor's from lawn. Father had put up posts and strung six or eight long lines of clothesline. We would fill at least two of those lines with diapers every week. Mother was always washing diapers. Disposable diapers were unheard of.

So too, with handkerchiefs. There were no such things as Kleenex or paper towels or toilet tissues. The handkerchiefs for a family our size were no small item. I was taught to iron handkerchiefs first, then dishtowels. Soon I could handle sheets and pillowcases, napkins and tablecloths. But they were all "straight" pieces. The curtains, aprons, shirts and frilly waists were done by Mother, or Myrtle, or Vera. What ruffles and frills! And so hard to iron!

The washing was done on the wash board and a number 3 tub with the boiler boiling clothes all day long. Mother always boiled the "white" clothes in lye water. It took all day for mother to do the washing. When I was little, Mother would put me on a little wooden stool Father had made for me and I could reach the side of the wash board. I would scrub away with the handkerchiefs. Then I graduated to the stockings. Long, black stockings. Ribbed stockings. And always black. Colored stockings were unheard of, and as for bare legs and bobby sox! Well! When the roaring 20's brought those! Mother and Father felt that "the last days" of evil had arrived.

Mother had a slogan. Wash on Monday; iron on Tuesday, mend on Wednesday; the hard jobs on Thursday because it was Thor's day; bake on Friday; scrub on Saturday; and church on Sunday. She pretty well adhered to that schedule. And would she "scrub on Saturday!" The floors, the window glass - the frames and ledges and sills, the mirrors, doors, cupboards, chairs, benches, and mop boards. Anything that was scrubbable, Mother would scrub. The

stoves were "blackened" on Saturday, too. The beds stripped, the quilts "aired" and the fresh linen, (Sheets and pillowcases) put on.

Then Saturday evening as regular as clockwork, we all got "scrubbed" ourselves. The little ones would bathe first, and the reservoir attached to the kitchen range, the teakettle, and the boiler were filled to capacity with hot water and emptied one by one as each of us took a bath, got into clean, fresh garments and climbed into freshly lined beds. Spring, summer, fall and winter - Saturday was "Scrub Day". Mother scrubbed everything, even us. We had a handscrub brush which we would lather with soap and scrub our skins as if they were a floor. The house, the beds, our clothes, and us. What shining cleanness! It smelled so good!

But - the most scrubbed place on our ranch was the outdoor toilet. I often wonder what Mother would do to a modern bathroom if she had one. This outdoor toilet had three holes, two large ones at the level for adults, and a small one at "stairstep" level for the little ones. It had a box in the corner with a scoop for the ashes. This box was kept filled with the best wood ashes. Sears catalog hung on a cord in the other corner. It was our toilet tissue.

When Mother papered a room in the house she would use what was left to paper the walls of the outdoor toilet. It had many layers of wall paper on its walls. The floors and seats were of pine and were they scrubbed! On Monday when we did the washing, on Thursday if we used water for something we were doing and on Saturday, those pine boards would shine like yellow satin.

Father placed the outdoor toilet between the woodpile and the stable. You had to pass the woodpile going to it, and coming back to the house. Nearly always when we came back to the house we would stop at the woodpile, fill our arms with an armload of wood, and bring it with us. As I said, "Father always kept plenty of wood chopped."

And the stable!

Of all the out-buildings on our ranch, the stable was my favorite. It was a roomy log building on up the hill south of the woodpile. The managers were on the south side with stalls for six horses. Each stall had an "oat box" attached to the manger. Nearly half of the inside of the stable was the "tack" room. In this area Father kept the harness, saddles, horse blankets, bridles, ropes, spurs, curry combs, harness oil, axle grease, salve for sores the horse collar would rub, and all the things which pertained to the care of horses and wagons. His branding iron, - with its H - brand, - was kept in this room. Horse shoe nails and horse shoes, extra horse collars and the tools father used in his ranch work. Fence- stretchers, pliers, wrenches, rasps, planes, pinchers, brace and bits, chisels, trowels, hammers, saws, buggy whips, and rolls of barbed wire.

There was a big wooden bucket with a wringer attached which Father used to wash the horses down before he put the horse blankets on, (rain proof canvas he threw over the horses' backs); he always blanketed them and walked them in the lane to "cool them off" he said, before he would take them to the watering place in the creek at the foot of the lane. Then when they had been cooled off, Father would lead them into the stable and feed them. How I loved to help Father cool the horses off!

The tack room held some of the oat bags and some were hung on the oat bin in the granary. I soon learned just how big a scoop of oats to put in each bag. Then the exciting moment would come! I would take a bag with the right amount of oats in it and go to the

horses head. The horse would look at me with knowing, loving eyes and carefully lower his, or her, head.

What joy to put the strap up over their eyes and rub their heads and their ears as I tucked the strap behind their ears. It always gave me a thrill when they would toss the nose bag to get all the oats.

Father would let me stand on the stall box to use the curry comb to get the snarls out of the manes of Bluech and Stanley and Dan. He wouldn't trust the other horses. And sometimes he'd let me curry Bluech's tail.

Bluech was a white mare who had been blue in color when she was a colt, but had turned white later, so they added the "ch" to the Blue she had been named. Stanley was Bluech's colt. He was a big horse and white in color. Stanley used to follow me around hoping that I would feed him some oats. Dan and Gladdy were brother and sister, a matched team of bays. Dack and Easter were brother and sister, a matched team of blacks. There was June and Bess, but the white team, the bay team, and the blacks, were Father's work horses. Dan and Gladdy were the most powerful. They were the "pullers" - but Bluech was father's steady horse. When he broke a horse to harness he would always use Bluech. She was his stand-by.

I loved to watch Father shoe the horses. He was gentle with them and would talk to them and me while he took off the worn horseshoes, shaped their hoof and nailed the new shoe on. He was quick, capable, and deft. I would stand proudly by and hand Father the horse shoe nails. He would usually shoe the horses under the Lombardy poplar tree.

We had some fine saddle horses, but most of Erwin's and my memories center around Belle and Hamp. There were others, but those two hold our fondest recollections. Father would "break" a horse to the saddle in the spring - out in the freshly plowed grain field east of the lane. Before he planted the grain he would ride the horse around the plowed field many times. First with Bluech as a "snubbing" horse, and then alone. I broke June to the saddle myself. She bucked pretty hard at first but she was soon gentle enough for even little Thelma to ride alone.

I took a snapshot of Thelma riding June in the orchard. The picture was taken with my Brownie (Kodak) box camera and Thelma was only 2 ½ years old. Father broke all his horses "to ride." He said that in an emergency that any of his horses could be ridden for help. Deck was the most recalcitrant one. Every time you climbed aboard Deck he would have a bucking spree, but Easter! Four or five little ones could ride Easter at one time. I think all of the children from Marie on down learned to ride a horse on Easter's broad, black back. She was so understanding and co-operative.

Father owned over a hundred head of fine horses ; some of them purebred Hambletonain. The saddle horse Hamp, was one of these. Bess was Father's Hambletonain brood mare. What a proud beauty she was!

In the fall Father would saddle up and go out on the range to round up the horses and the cattle. He usually brought the horses in first and would turn them into that big east field through a gate over by Uncle Herman's. I don't know how many range cattle he had. The size of the herd would fluctuate. In the fall he would rope and brand the new calves with the H - (called the H bar) brand. Then he would "cutout" the ones he wanted to sell; not feed them through the winter. Father called it "culling" the herd. In the spring he would "cull" the herd

again and drive the herd out onto the range for the summer. Father was out in the field every day during the winter feeding his range animals, horses, cows, and sheep.

Vera did the mowing, and Myrtle did the raking. Mother said it was too dangerous for us to ride on the mower with Vera; we might lose our balance and fall into the cutter knives. She didn't object to our riding on the rake with Myrtle, if Myrtle wanted to bother with us. Myrtle seemed to always be willing to "bother with us."

One sunny summer afternoon out in the meadow where that wash of pink shows in the painting, (the pink for the shooting stars), Myrtle was raking the hay. I was about five years old, and I ran out there and begged my big sister to take me on the rake with her and give me a ride. She consented and I climbed up. She was windrowing the hay in long rolls across the field. When she reached the right place to "dump" the hay I don't know what happened. I didn't see or sense anything. I don't even recall going past Bluech's heels. (Myrtle always did rake the hay with Bluech.) All I ever knew was being rolled over and over in a very dark, fragrant place and then there was sunshine and a worried sister holding out loving arms! She said yesterday on the telephone, (She is now 81 years old and lived alone in Buhl), that when I fell, she stopped Bluech immediately and suddenly rushed to reach me. "I was so afraid you had been hurt by the teeth of the rake," she said.

I wasn't hurt; not even a scratch, and there wasn't time enough to get scared.

We stacked part of the hay in the fields and part of it was hauled up the lane and stacked near the mile-cow sheds. The timothy, or wild hay, was stacked in the fields for Father to feed to the range cattle, range horses and the sheep. The alfalfa was stacked where the fork fulls of hay could be put in the mangers where the milk cows and draft horses were turned loose in the fields, they were always kept separated from the range stock.

Haying was an exciting time, too. It was before Jackson forks and other easier ways were found. The derricks were home made, with ropes and pulleys to lift the hay from the hay rack up onto the hay stack. Ropes were laid across the empty floor of the hay rack, the rack was driven up and down the field by the piles of hay that Vera had mowed and Myrtle had rakes. As the hay was pitched on to the rack Erwin and I would joyously tramp that hay from one end of the rack to the other. It needed to be tramped and packed tightly so that it wouldn't slip out of the ropes when it was lifted up onto the stack. When the loaded hayrack reached the stack the ropes were found and fastened to the "drop" rope. The horse would pull the drop rope through the pulleys attached to the big boom pole. A pull rope would swing the boom pole from over the rack to over the stack; the men on the stack would put their forks in the hay and when it reached the exact spot they wanted it, they would shout, and while the horse held quiet and steady, a man on the ground would pull a long rope. This was the trip rope which untied the ropes on one end and the hay would drop. The boom would be swung back over the rack by the pull rope, the horse would back to the derrick while the men stacked the hay which had been dropped.

Bluech was usually the "derrick" horse and I loved to ride her as the derrick girl. But whether I was derrick girl or tromp girl, I felt that I was an important part of haying. In later years Erwin and I would be a more important part of haying. One on each side of the hay rack, armed with pitch forks, we would load the hay on to the racks while Marie and Hilda tromped the hay and Orpha was the derrick girl.

Once when we were small, Erwin and I were tromping the hay and Father pitched a rattlesnake up on the rack. We were excited and busy until we had killed the snake. Another time we had an unbelievable experience with a rattlesnake.

I was racing Erwin to Edwards Creek and our favorite fishing hole. We were barefooted and my black braids of long hair were flying. I jumped a sagebrush and saw the rattler but could not stop the impetus of my speed. My right foot landed squarely on him and I was so afraid of being bitten that I gathered all the strength that I could muster and jumped. I whirled and screamed, "Snake! Snake!" at the top of my lungs. And then I saw my brother. He was standing stock still in the sagebrush a few feet from the snake, but he wasn't looking at it; he was looking at me. His eyes were literally popped out from his head, and his mouth was dropped open. Utter amazement was in his face.

"Snake !" I screamed again. By this time the snake had recovered somewhat from the blow it had received when I landed on him so unexpectedly, and was rattling furiously. Then I discovered that I was on the other side of Edwards Creek. Amazing!

But we had to kill that snake. I waded across the creek to him, and we killed that snake with rocks, then Erwin said, "Pearl, how did you do it? I saw you. You jumped the creek from here."

He pointed out a low place in the gravel on the south side of the stream. Directly across from that spot the stream was very wide and had a four foot high bank on the north side. "You can't jump that far!" he said, "but I saw you. You looked like you were flying!" It was true. I had jumped the creek at that point from the low bank to the high one. That saying that "Fear lends wigs to your feet" was true. I flew.

We tried to jump that creek. Even with a running jump from the high bank on the north we would land in the middle of the stream. Exhausted, we gave up.

But whenever we would reach that spot in the years that were to come we'd try to jump the creek. We never could, even when we were grown.

Rattlesnakes and jack rabbits. Coyote and cougars. Deer and porcupine. And a mountain all our own filled to overflowing with wild flowers! How we all loved the wild flowers! The flags, sweet peas and shooting stars in the fields, the roses in the pasture and willows, the butter cups at the foot of the lane and the crocus in the tall sage. The sego lily and prickly pear. The purple of the gentain and the gold of the goldenrod. Wild asters and mountain fern. The scarlet of the Indian paint brush and the golden yellow of the wild sunflowers. Blue bells, larkspur, sweet william, lady slipper and pentstemon.

Our hill was a blaze of wild flowers spring, summer and fall. The chart on page 6 will show you where our house was located on the north slope of Mount Grace. It was "our" mountain. After 1916 we had a legal ownership of almost all of it. Father would allow others to graze their sheep on the grass or cut down a Christmas tree, get cedar posts and firewood, or gather pine nuts, but they had to get permission from him. They paid Father a fee when they used Mount Grace for grazing, because Father owned sheep himself and needed the grass on Mount Grace.

Father usually ran his sheep with John Ward's. In the fall when John Ward would have his big herd of hundreds, even thousands, brought to his ranch for winter feeding Father would separate those with the H - brand on them and drive them from Grape Creek to what we called the Sheep Pasture. This pasture was the only one on our ranch that was fenced "sheep tight."

it was bounded on the north by Uncle Jim's southeast forty acres and on the south with a fence from the pig pens to the choke cherries.

The sheep sheds were over across Boom Creek by Uncle Jim's fence and next to the lane. The lane was fenced on both sides from the chicken coop at what we called "the head of the lane," to Uncle Jim's house. It used to end almost directly across the road from his house when they lived in their log house where Earl, Goldie, and Wallace were born. I think Melbert was born in the log house, too. But when they built their brick house the yard was east of where our lane ended. Our sheep sheds and lambing pens were between the Creek and Uncle Jim's fence and formed the lane fence from Boom Creek to Uncle Jim's land. The sheds were straw covered and made of logs.

When lambing time came in late February and early March, Father got very little sleep. Day and night he would be out to the lambing pens with the sheep. Sheep shearing time was an exciting time, too. The shearers would come and clip the wool from the sheep. They used hand operated shears, because there was no way to generate power-operated clippers. The wool was put into huge wool bags and hauled to Kelton and the railroad. I'll tell you about Kelton later.

Father would choose some of the best wool for mother. Mother had a wool - carder and would card the wool until it was white and fluffy. She used it as "bats" or filling for quilts. Cotton bats were good, but wool made warmer quilts.

Along in April Father would run the sheep through the dip through and then brand the back of each sheep and lamb with the H -. He used black paint to brand the sheep, but all his horses and cattle had the H - burned into their hides with the branding iron. I don't know which smelled worse, the burning hair and flesh or the sheep dip. The smell of sheep dip was more sickening.

One very clear memory I have is in regard to the sheep. It shocked me, I guess. But it is sharp and clear.

Father and I were in the lane coming to the gate of the sheep pasture when we saw a coyote among the sheep. Father had just scattered a load of hay on the snow between the patch of wild roses and boom Creek, and the sheep were massed thickly feeding.

Father gave a shout to scare the coyote but he didn't pay any attention to us. He sank his teeth into the neck of the sheep and pulled it down right before our eyes. By the time Father got through the gate with a club it was too late. Father took his pocket knife, slit the sheep's throat, hung the sheep on a limb of a willow tree and skinned it. I stood in the snow and watched him.

"I don't know, girl," Father said to me. "The coyotes are getting mighty brave when they will come this close to the house and kill a sheep right before our eyes."

We had mutton stew and roast mutton and saved the tallow to grease our high button shoes. I always wore pinafore style dresses with pleated skirts to my shoe tops, long black stockings and high button shoes. Zippers had not yet been invented. We used buttons and hook and eye fasteners. We had sashes and bows of ribbon. Buttons and bows.

Cougars would kill horses and cattle, but they preyed on the colts more than anything else. Once at the head of Edwards Creek, when I was riding the hills along one day I came across a freshly killed, half-eaten colt. I looked up and saw the cougar. He was just disappearing over the slope.

Bruesch's lost many colts to cougars. They had their lairs in the wild tangle of brush and trees at the head of Graham Canyon. Erwin and I never went on a cougar hunt together but we trapped coyote in the winter, and muskrat along the creek! We had a trap line from Grandfather Taylor's fence on the west to Steve Jones's fence on the east. When we caught the animals we would skin them, stretch their pelts and when we had enough for a shipment, we would mail them to a Fur Company in Missouri.

Another animal we trapped for ears was the ground squirrel. They had a colony on the barren ground just east of Boom Creek where it joined our creek. It was in the sheep pasture and was hard to get water to. But the squirrels were thick in that strip of barren land. We would labor prodigiously to get a stream of water to a hole and then wait with clubs at the front and back entrances to their holes. When the water drowned them out they didn't live long. Coalie was as excited about hunting ground squirrels as he was about fishing. He was our valiant ally. If a drowned out squirrel got away from us, he seldom got away from Coalie.

The rabbits were bad, too. They would just ruin a stack of alfalfa and as for our garden, - peas, lettuce, cabbage, turnips - the rabbits would come down off the hill and have a feast. Year around Erwin and I killed jack rabbits. Gun, bow and arrow, traps, anyway we could, the jack rabbit was out "enemy". Winter time was the best because he always left tracks in the snow, but we had more time in the summer. Erwin was 5 ½ and I was 6 ½ years old when we started to go to school. Only Saturdays were free for us to hunt and trap then, for Sunday was a day of rest. We went to church almost all day. A lot of time was spent traveling to and from Almo in the buggy. It took an hour to get there and an hour to come home whether we went by the road through the lane or on our own road around Mount Grace and through Steve Jones's field to the Almo Road. Either way there were gates open.

The road around the hill was very rocky. Mother would have us throw the rocks out of the road, especially on that steep turn in the cedars, but it didn't seem to help much. There were always more rocks.

Erwin and I knew ever rock and tree and shrub on Mount Grace. We had names for the rocks. Chair Rock. Split Rock. Cedar Rock. Flat Top. Knob Rock. We would climb rocks and hunt jack rabbits and race each other to the top of Mount Grace. That was quite a climb, too.

The reason the jack rabbits were more of a nuisance with the haystacks was because the alfalfa was stacked conveniently close to them south of the chicken coop at the beginning of the sagebrush and cedars. It was here between two big stacks of hay that Vera found Erwin when Hilda was born. Erwin wanted a brother. He had three sisters, and he felt that it was time he had a brother. He sulked for days when Marie was born, but it was March and still cold and the snow was still pretty deep. When Hilda was born the next year it was the 21st of May and Erwin rebelled. He'd had enough. He left home. Hours passed; he didn't show. When night came, Mother was frantic.

I was six years old at the time and tried to find him in all our secret hiding places. I called him and called him. He did not answer. All night we hunted and called, but he was between the haystacks, warm and comfortable, fast asleep. At about ten o'clock the next morning Vera found him.

When Orpha was born he ran away again. I found him up on "Our rock" near the top of Mount Grace. I had quite a time persuading him to come and see the new baby. He was

sulky and to appease him, Mother and Father took him to Magic Dam on the Wood River on a ten day fishing trip. They wouldn't let me go! No girls! Just Erwin.

He was eight years old and he caught the biggest fish. I think Mother had to help him "land" it, but when they held it up to take a picture of it the fish looked bigger than Erwin. With the tail just touching the ground, the fish was almost his head above Erwin's. We canned and "smoked" fish for days after they returned home. They had gone in covered wagons and it had been like the caravan times of the old days on the Oregon Trail across the townless desert of southern Idaho. People were clearing the sage from the land in spots, but there were still no roads to speak of.

When Cloe was born Father called us and said it was a girl. It was December and snow was on the ground. We had just moved to a new house down on the road to Almo. Father had been laying the floor all day and wanted to get it finished before he went to get Mrs. Green. Mother never had a doctor for any of her nine babies. She had Mrs. Green, a mid-wife who was born in England.

When Father called us we jumped out of bed to run and see the new baby. "Get dressed first," Father said. What a race. I was in the room nearest the door. As I went out the front door and dashed around the southeast corner Erwin gave me a shove that sent me sprawling in the snow.

He dashed up to Mother's bed and she turned back the covers. As I came up I saw my beautiful little sister for the first time! So little and cute and perfect! With a head of long black hair so long it would curl in ringlets.

"I saw her first!" Erwin claimed triumphantly.

Two years later, on September 7th, Edgar was born at the ranch house in the south bedroom of the log section. It is the portion in the painting which has the phlox under the window. Marie, Hilda, Orpha, Edgar and Thelma were born in that bedroom. Darwin was born in the small bedroom of the adobe section of the house.

When Edgar was born we all thought Erwin would be jubilant. He wasn't! He was just the opposite! He sat on Mother's bed and kept saying over and over, - "Poor little cuss! Poor little cuss!"

It was when Darwin was born that Erwin was jubilant. He kept saying - "They'll have each other! They'll have a brother to grow up with"

Erwin was 14 years old when Darwin was born. He was married and gone to a home of his own years before Darwin was 12.

And so it happened that Myrtle and Vera were the older sisters, Erwin and I were pals, and the four girls a quartet, with Erwin and me enough years older that we were their baby sitters. Edgar and Darwin and Thelma formed a trio of three against the world. A tight knit trio because Mother was gone. She didn't live to raise them.

I asked Erwin why he had been so "mad" when Hilda was born and so happy when Cloe was born. He said quietly, "It is too late to grow up with a brother. If she had been a boy she'd have what I had - a bunch of sisters!" (He dearly loves that "bunch of sisters!".)

Grandfather Taylor would select what seemed to him to be the best cows to use as milk cows. He'd watch and when one of these had a calf he'd rope the cow and bring her into the corral. Breaking these cows to milk was like breaking a bucking bronco. He would lasso them and bind their heads to a snubbing post. Then he would rope their hind legs and tie them tight

so that they couldn't kick. He would still have to milk them "on the fly" for they could still move.

He would keep the heifer calves and they were much tamer. After twenty five years of this practice Grandfather had a nice herd of good milk cows. Father did the same as Grandfather had done. Our milk cows were Hereford beef cattle. He had one cow we called Heart. Her udder was so big it would almost touch the ground, and her teats were always cut and bleeding, and sore. Myrtle always milked Heart. Heart didn't like others to milk her - just Myrtle.

It was Tess that liked me. If I milked some other cow first that cow had a sorry time of it. She would have a fight, for Tess would bunt and use her horns and launch such a broadside that I'd have to quit milking her and milk Tess.

Tess would follow me around. She would lick my hair lovingly while I was milking her, but if anyone else had to milk her she had to be roped and her hind legs "strapped" together. Sometimes milking the cows was like a round-up. Each cow had to be roped and tied before you could milk them.

We would have fifteen or twenty calves to feed. They would have to be taught to drink out of a bucket. The calf pasture had lots of clover in it, and we could feed the calves their portion of milk out in the pasture. We'd carry a can of milk down the lane in the cart and then call the calves. They would come running.

To feed the pigs we would need the cart to carry the water up the lane from the duck pond. Father had two huge barrels on a wooden platform by the pig pens. One barrel contained the mash and the other barrel had what we called "swills." The swill barrel held the household garbage, potato peelings, apple cores, scrapings from the table. The sour milk was thrown into the swill barrel. Grain, mash, swill and water were poured into the troughs. We had red Razorbacks, black and white banded Poland China and big white pigs.

We had some fine brood sows and Father always kept fresh wheat straw as bedding in their pens. When a sow would have a pigs - usually ten or twelve - I'd beg Mother to let me have a little pig for a pet. Mother would always run up the "No Sale" sign to that. And no wonder! A little pig running in and out of our house? A pig on our carpets? No wonder Mother always said "No!"

The inside of our house was just beautiful! You would think, from seeing it from the outside, that you'd find bare logs and rafters, dirt floors, and log or plank tables on the inside. Some people thought so, and always felt a sense of shock when they entered.

Mother would get cheese cloth or thin cheap muslin called "factory," and stretch it tightly from floor to ceiling far enough out from the logs that it would be tight and smooth and the logs would not push the factory out in bumps or ridges. She would stretch it just as tight and smooth across the ceiling. Then she would paper it. We would make her own flour paste and "match" the design of the paper perfectly. She was so artistic and had such pretty wall paper. The living room, the room you entered first from the front door, would have a conventional design and was baroque style. It was a deep red and the drapes matched the wall paper. There were lace curtains at the windows of the two log rooms, (I should say lace panels), with the drapes. (It was many years later that we had ruffled priscilla curtains.)

Father had gone to Utah and brought back the doors, the frames, and the hard wood mop boards for the log portion he had built. He got the latest style windows, also. When

Mother papered a room she removed the frames and the mop boards. She did that, too, when she put down our wall to wall carpets. Every fall she'd take the tack puller and pull out the carpet tacks. Then she'd take the tack puller and pull out the carpet tacks. Then she'd take up the carpet, carry it outside and beat it with the carpet beater and brooms. She would sweep out the old straw and burn it in the lane, and scrub that floor until it smelled like new-sawed lumber. She would have beautiful clean new straw brought in and piled over a foot deep. When she brought in the clean rag carpet and tacked it down again and replaced the door frames and mop boards, you felt that you were in some stately place. Your feet would sink in softness, plush cushiony softness, as you walked, or knelt, or sat on the floor. I just loved the floors!

The wall paper Mother would choose for the bedrooms would be light and airy; silver blue leaves, or twinning blossoms, or bright conventional patterns. For the kitchen and dining room she would have a panel of linoleum from the floor up three or four feet - or of sturdy oil cloth. Usually it was oil cloth. Then the rest of the walls and the ceiling would be a paper whose color and design would match or blend well with the linoleum or oil cloth. This same kind of oil cloth would be on the wash-bench, the sink cupboard, the work tables and the cupboard shelves.

The kitchen floor was native pine boards with rag rugs that Mother had made - rectangular shaped, round, or oblong. The bedrooms sometimes had wall carpeting, but Mother said it was too hard to keep the rugs clean under the beds. She'd rather have boards she could scrub and small rugs she could wash often. She would have frilly scrim curtains at the bedroom window and ruffled priscillas in the kitchen. Every window had a green pull shade.

Our heat was from the Majestic range in the kitchen, and a heater stove in all the other rooms.

The prettiest, most ornate of the heaters was in the living rooms. Here, too, was the round oak table and the fanciest cupboard. It was very like what we call "china closets" today. There was also a glass covered book case with a mirror above it. In front of this mirror was the black marble clock. It had Roman numerals and was wound with a key. It chimed the hours and was embossed with gold in an ornate design. This book case was a combination book case and desk. One half was a mirror above a drop leaf writing board with pigeon holed divisions for papers, letters and level records, (directly beneath the mirror), and the writing table served as a door to cover the desk. Underneath these were three drawers which contained our photographs and other important things.

The glass was curved that was the door to the book case. Perhaps I should have stated it this way - Behind a curved glass door were the books. And such books! My love of books was fostered by the books in that book case. The Bible. Book of Mormon. Doctrine and Covenants. Pearl of Great Price. Jesus, the Christ and Articles of Faith, by Talmage. Essentials of Church History. Plays of Shakespeare. Les Miserables by Hugo. St. Elmo by Evans. Shepherd of the Hills and Calling of Dan Mathews, by Harold Bill Wright. The Crossing and the Crisis by Churchill. Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain. Treasure Island and Kidnapped by Robert Louis Stevenson. Also, A Child's Garden of Verses by Stevenson. David Copperfield and Oliver Twist by Dickens. Ivanho by Scott and Thelma by Corelli. The Last of the Mohicans by James Fenimore Cooper.

Good books. The books that were classics or soon to become classics of literature, nearly every one of them. With such reading material at hand and a Mother that read to us regularly and was always encouraging us to memorize, is it any wonder that I would get out in the swing facing Independent Peak and bravely swing so high that the sheer drop to the creek was an inner panic? And I'd say aloud, "Until I can swing so high-! rivers and trees and cattle and things all over the country side!" Stevenson didn't say it that way - but nearly, for he said, "Until I can see so far". The first verse I quoted correctly,

"How do you like to go up in a swing?  
Up in the air so blue?  
Oh, I do think it is the pleasantest thing  
Ever a child could do!"

Considering that I was only five at the time - "Until I can swing so high" seemed fitting.

The most glorious piece of furniture we had in our house was the piano! A beautiful piano! One or two of the early settlers in the valley had an organ, - but we had a piano. I was so proud! I must learn to play that piano! And play it well! As a consequence I was pounding on that piano until Mother would have to lock it in self defense. At least I did one thing in my piano practice which I now regard as "the best thing to do." It wasn't finger exercise or proper fingering - I had no chance to learn either. I learned to read notes and to play hymns. It was the practicing of those hymns until I could play every note correctly and in the proper time that would make Mother so tense and nervous. With all she had to do, and so many babies, and me at the piano!

"Pearl! Stop it. Just for a little while! Please!" She would say.

Mother did something which got on my nerves but I never did tell her that it did. She would wake up in the morning singing some hymn and she would sing it all day. She would stop and talk and then go right on from where she had left off. She would sometimes sing the words, but most of the time she would hum. On and on and on - all the time, the whole day - the same song. She would not sing a different tune on the same day. For example: - Monday she would start the washing and sing - "If the day be one of trial, weary not. If it's one of sore denial, weary not" and we would "Weary Not" the whole day. Tuesday she would do the ironing and "Scatter Sunshine" all day long. Wednesday she would mend and darn and stitch and sew and "Count Her Blessings!" Thursday she would be on the Lord's side all day - from morning until night. Friday, she would be "High on a Mountain Top" and Saturday she would sing "Come Come Ye Saints - All is well" as she scrubbed.

I firmly believe she did not realize she was doing it. Her mind was at peace and she was singing.

We had two or three fine bedsteads and a couple of good dressers, but what I loved was the corner shelf made of boards, spools and rope and stained a deep reddish brown. It hung in the corner and Erwin and I would touch the spools and say our time tables. It was like playing jacks. You get so far and miss and the other one gets a chance to see how far he can go. We always skipped the fives, they were easy, and we got to the nines we'd shout "81"! That was the only new number in the nines. We had said all the others.

I thought Mother's dishes were so pretty. She called them "China". "Put the china on the top shelf of the cupboard," Mother would say. They were so exquisite. And how her silverware would shine! She had a service for eight and each piece was engraved with the

letter "G" in script. I asked her once why it wasn't "T" for Taylor or "Y" for Yost. Of course, you know the answer to that! But I didn't. She said "Because, dear, my name would not always start with a Y for it wouldn't be Yost, and I didn't know it would start with a T; but it will always be Gertrude and start with a G."

The china and silver always looked so pretty on the white damask of the table cloth with the white matching damask napkins by each plate! And when we would bow our heads and thank the lord for His blessings the feeling of what a fortunate little girl I was would come over me. Orpha must have felt the same way, too, for one day she was playing with her doll, calling it by name as she rocked it.

"What did you say, dear?" Mother asked.

"Namon Jesus Amen, go to sleep - Bye! Bye! Sleep Namon Jesus!" Orpha said. She was about 2 ½ years old, but she could tell that mother was nonplussed. "You know," Orpha said, "We bow our heads - Namon Jesus." She held up her doll - "Namon Jesus." Then she pointed to herself - "Orpha," she said happily. Mother said she thought it was a symbol of how Orpha felt.

Once we didn't need resort to symbolism. Mother wore a "partial" dental plate and when she was cleaning it, she dropped it and broke it. Without her upper dentures, her cheeks sagged. Small Orpha was in her high chair eating her dinner. Mother was urging her to "eat it all," so that she would grow up to be a big girl. Orpha reached over to Mother's plate and picked up the biscuit on her plate. "Here!" She said, in her baby voice, "a bi-cut in each cheek!" We all doubled up with laughter.

It took small Thelma to "bring the house down" so to speak. She was always saying something that was witty. Once Mother said to her, "If I didn't know any better than that, I'd go sack my head!" Thelma disappeared. "Like this, Mama!" she asked. Mother turned to look. There was tiny Thelma completely encased in a big burlap bag.

One of the choicest things Thelma did which gave Mother great joy was when milking time arrived, here came tiny 2 ½ to 3 year old Thelma with a small lard pail. "I milka Dot!" she'd say firmly with an air that she would accomplish what she set out to do. Dot was a very gentle little heifer with small sized teats, and she was extremely easy to milk. Thelma would climb up on a wooden box and "milka Dot." Mother cautioned us that whenever Thelma was around we were not to milk Dot until after Thelma had.

Thus our Mother fostered "success," in her children, no matter how trivial the success nor how small the "succeeder" was.

Cloe was the most independent when she was small. She would let no one fasten her long black stockings to her garter harness. "I do it by myself! I tell the land!" she'd say proudly. She would fasten her stockings so tightly you could play a tune on them.

Thelma asserted her independence one day, when Mother told her to get a certain pan and go to a certain place in the cellar to get six or eight-  
"I can get them without being told every step to take! I can do something by myself-I guess I know how to do something without being--"and by that time Thelma had snatched up the pan and irately out the door and around the house to the cellar she went. I knew she didn't know what she was to get for she had not let Mother tell her. I started for the door and Mother said calmly, "She'll be back!" We were in the kitchen in the adobe section of the house. I looked

out the north window, saw Thelma racing down the steep pitch to the cellar, reach the cellar door, stop, and then very, very slowly she came back up the walk.

She appeared in the door. "What did you want, Mama!" "Six potatoes, dear," Mother said lovingly.

Hilda asserted her independence one day. Mother fixed a lunch for Father and told Hilda to take it to him out in the field. It was a goodly distance from the house to where Father was working and Hilda was just a little girl. About half way there she buried the lunch in the sage brush and returned to the house. Mother knew she had not had time to go to Father and return. Hilda said she had. Mother tried to force her to tell, but Hilda wouldn't. Just like with the gander, so here - Hilda had an iron will. When Mother had worn herself out, even whipping her with sagebrush, Mother finally sank to a ditch bank exhausted, and burst into tears. Only then did Hilda feel sorry for her. She went and dug up the lunch.

Darwin was only two years old when he would get the hammer, gather up the nails scattered in the gravel in front of the back door and try to hammer them into a board. Here again, Mother fostered success, and supplied Darwin with nails and boards. For hours at a time, Darwin would be out under the Lombardy poplar tree hammering nails. He resented being "helped".

Thelma found a tiny baby owl, just hatched, out in the cedars. The children raised it and named him Bubbo. They became inseparable during the summer months and Bubbo soon learned that they had to go to school. Bubbo became a member of our family. He would perch on Darwin's shoulder and talk low to Darwin, looking at him with wise understanding eyes. If Darwin would start to run, Bubbo would fly along near his head and then light on his shoulder again.

Bubbo would spend the night on the bedpost of Darwin's bed and the day (while Darwin was in school) perched on the top of the door. We always left a door open for him. He preferred the front door of the ranch house. If someone came to the house who didn't understand about Bubbo and would close the door, My! Bubbo would give them an owl scolding.

It was a winter spent in Albion when Bubbo died. The slaughter house at Albion would cut nice tasty chunks of lean meat and fill it with strychnine. These poisoned chunks of lean meat were tossed here and there along the streets of Albion. One was lying on the curb near the butcher shop. Father had gone to the butcher shop for meat and on his way home saw that nice strip of lean meat. "What a tasty meal for Bubbo!" he thought, and took it home and fed it to him. When the school children learned of Bubbo's death, there was mass mourning. They felt very sad.

The mountain bluebirds were pets also. Each year the bluebirds would come, build their nest under the eaves of the house, raise their young and fly south for the winter. In the spring, they would always be back.

With the magpies it was different. It was always open season on them. Hilda saw a magpie hanging from a limb of a tag alder tree. This tag alder was at the foot of the lane. The tag alder stood just inside the yard fence and across the creek from the wild rose corner where Erwin and I played cowboys and indians. The creek had many rocks in it after it entered the calf pasture corner, but under the tag alder the water was deep and quiet, fed by a spring a few feet inside the yard.

When Hilda saw that magpie hanging by one wing, she said, "How can a bird hang in a tree like that?" and quick as a cat she climbed the fence above the watering hole. She stood on the top wire and reached for the bird, lost her balance and fell backward. She hit the back of her head on a rock, slid forward facedown in the water.

When she started to fall, I plunged into the water to catch her. I didn't reach her in time. I dragged her out of the water, turned her over on her back on the clover-covered ditch there in the calf pasture.

I didn't know whether she was dead, drowned, or drowning. I straddled her body, a knee on each side of her, and proceeded to do my best at resuscitation from drowning. Pretty soon her eyelids quivered and finally she opened her eyes.

In a telephone conversation with her last Saturday, she stated it this way: "When I came to my senses you were sitting on me." Through my mind flashed the thought - "I'll bet it felt like that!"

We would also take a willow branch and ride it up and down the lane as a stick horse. We had a short stick as a whip and would rap the willow smartly if our horse got "balky". Marie would always have a horse with a bushy tail. (A limb with lots of leaves.)

One day I was standing at the watering hole letting Belle have a drink. We had just returned from a beautiful ride up Graham Canyon and over to Indian Grove. We had found white columbines near the grove, and the hillside had been splashed with the red of the Indian Paint Brush. Belle and I loved to go exploring together. She always seemed to sense my mood. She still had the saddle on, but I had removed the bridle so that she could drink more comfortably. Edgar came up. School had started the week before and he was in first grade. The teacher had been teaching them about primary colors and had let them mix water colors. Edgar had taken blue and mixed it with yellow and had produced a beautiful green. He was entranced. I can see him so clearly in memory as I stood by the watering hole that September evening at sunset with halter rope in one hand the other on the saddle.

"I know what makes butter yellow," he said with conviction. "The cows drink the blue water, and eat the green grass and that makes the butter yellow." I looked at his eager young face, his eyes alight, and did not contradict him.

One of Jim's boys, I think it was Glen, had been hunting with Erwin. Erwin was washing his hands in the creek near the duck pond. Glen was on the opposite bank and it was higher; it was above Erwin's hands. Glen was sitting with his feet in front of him. He picked up Erwin's gun and was fooling with it and it went off. The bullet went through Glen's shoe, severing a toe, and then plowed a furrow in Erwin's hand.

Mother told Vera to get some cloth for bandages and as excited Vera turned to obey Mother's orders, she tripped over the big rocker and broke one of the rockers. It snapped off where the chair part was set into it. Mother felt the loss of her rocker for it would not rock anymore. It really wasn't even safe to sit in.

"I don't know, Gertrude," Father said. "I have fixed a lot of things, but this calls for such accurate shaping to make it rock, that I don't think I'm capable."

"Please try, Harry. Please try. I miss my rocker," mother said. Father got a fine big hard wood board. Then he took the rocker apart, laid the good rocker on the board, and using it as a pattern he drew the shape he wanted. I don't know how many hours he spent sawing, carving, planing and shaping that piece of wood to make it exactly like

the good rocker. Then he sandpapered it as smooth as glass, - put the entire rocker together again and glued it firmly together with furniture glue. After he released from vice and press screws, he painted the entire rocker the same color.

When the paint was thoroughly dry, he carried the rocker to the house. As he came carrying it into the house small Cloe was sitting by the door playing. He set the rocker down, stood back and looked at Mother proudly.

"There!" he said. "I'm quite a genius!"

A few weeks later, Cloe fixed one of her toys to her complete satisfaction. She got to her feet, stepped back and struck a pose as nearly like Father's as she could, and said, "There! I'm quite a Jesus!" You should have seen Mother!

What joy Mother had when her children would say or do something fine, or unusual. She had a fantastic sense of humor. But above all, she had the courage which could move mountains. "Do not weary by the way, whatever be thy lot - Weary not." That was Mother's slogan.

I have mentioned that Grandfather Taylor made the boots which his five boys wore. Father was a fine cobbler, also. It was my proud feeling that my Father could do anything. Father was a genius! Or at least his small daughter, Pearl thought so. Even in later years, when Father would say something to decry his abilities I would have the feeling "Father, you could have if you had the chance to try!"

As Mother said, "Please try, Harry. Please try. I miss my rocker." Father tried. That's all it took. He did a beautiful job.

Father kept all our shoes in good repair. Whenever our shoe soles would start to wear thin, Father would get out the last, and the leather, the tiny shoe nails and the shoe hammers. He would soak the leather in warm water until it was pliable, mark out the size of the sole he wanted to cut, and then cut it with his sharp leather cutting knife. Memory brings the rat - a - tat - tat and the rat - a - tat - tat that Father made when mending a shoe!

Once he mended Marie's slippers, (She was seven years old,) and put them in the warm oven to dry all night there. Forgetting about the slippers Father started a fire in the range and went out to do the chores. We smelled burning leather. Mother said, "Baked slippers make dry, expensive eating." Yes - indeed it did. Keeping thirteen people in shoes was not to be taken lightly. It cost.

The front door step was a rock. A big, heavy, flat white rock. It fit the size of the front door so nicely - and it was smooth and thick. I asked Mother how Father got that rock. this is what she told me.

"Your Father was out "getting the wood in" one fall, when he came across this rock. It was just what he had been looking for a doorstep. He took the pick and shovel and grubbing hoe and dug down under it on one side. Then he put two long travois poles under it. He went around on the other side of it and dug until he could get a pry pole under the rock. With a long pry pole, he worked that big rock up onto the travois poles. Then he lashed that rock tightly to those travois poles with chains. He chained the other end of those two poles to the wagon as a drag and dragged that rock like the Indians used to haul things. He drove the wagon by the front of the house and stopped it when the rock was in front of the door. He unchained the rock and with a pry pole worked it into place.

Didn't I just tell you that Father could do anything? Mother told me about the doorstep when I was a very little girl. When you entered the front door, at your immediate right between the door and the front window, was a beautiful pair of deer horns. They were from a deer that Father had killed and had the head mounted. Father used this to hold his guns and he hung his hats on the points of the horns. Those deer horns were a vivid part of our living room.

One of the first Christmases I remember was of Erwin finding his first gun on those horns. How thrilled he was! And how many fine guns he has had since! Heritage. That's what it is. Heritage.

Guns! Erwin and I found Grandfather's old muzzle loader in the granary - maybe it wasn't a muzzle loader but it was an old gun. When Father saw it he said if we filled the firing pan with powder and tried to shoot it, it would explode. Father destroyed it.

Erwin found a muzzle loaded in Steve Jones's field and brought it up to the cedars to our playhouse. And we played "Old Time Pioneers."

Then when Erwin got his shotgun, he let me fire it. We were out under the weeping willow. "It kicks pretty hard, Sis," Erwin said. Kick pretty hard it did! It knocked me down.

After the first snowfall, Father would go into the hills for deer. He usually brought a couple of deer home and we'd have venison steak and roast venison for days - even weeks if it were freezing weather. I remember once that Mother made jerky. She cut the venison in strips and dried it. This was jerky.

Father played the violin. When he would take down his violin and start to tune it, my heart would begin to pound with excitement. How proud I was when I could wind up the piano stool as high as it would go and climb upon it. I would find the key on the keyboard with my small fingers and Father would tune the violin. Then he'd play "Redwing" and "Money Musk", "The Irish Washerwoman" and the "Missouri Waltz" and many, many more.

When I could chord on the piano with Father's violin music - what fulfillment! Father playing the violin! His hair in thick wavy curls as though it loved his head! His mustache almost touching the violin, as he had it tucked lovingly under his chin. His blue eyes intent as he played the solemn and sad songs.

"Now the moon shines tonight on pretty Redwing!

The breezes sighing!

The nightbirds crying!

Far! Far away her brave is sleeping

While Redwing's weeping

Her heart away!"

And the violin sounded like the sobbing of the little Indian maiden. But when Father would play "The Bear Went Over the Mountain" we couldn't be still. Mother would start to clap her hands and tap her foot in time with the music, and we would do it, too. Father would just sweep us along with his bow!

I can see him yet putting the resin on his bowstrings, and tightening the violin strings. Father and his violin!

The sereco board! What a part of all our lives the sereco has been! Playing sereco is such fun even yet. When the young people of the neighborhood drop in, we set up the sereco board and it gives those young people of 1977 as much joy as it did the young people of 1907.

One Christmas somewhere around 1911 or 1912, Erwin and I hung up our stockings Christmas Eve and when morning came the stockings were stuffed with goodies. The Christmas tree, too! Mother said that Santa Claus sometimes couldn't put all the presents in the stockings or on the tree and that we'd better look around the house to see if he had hidden anything.

We loved a "treasure hunt" and there behind the door, we found that bright, shiny new sereco board! Father showed us how to play it, and we'd "take sides". It was usually Father and I standing Erwin and Mother, for Erwin quickly became a better shot than I. Sometimes, Mother was so busy she couldn't play and then Father would "stand" the two of us. Only, we had to let him have half the shooting line to us each having a fourth of it. Sereco! Only today the children call it Carron.

Father loved to play checkers, he was in his glory! They seldom, if ever, beat Father at checkers. On Sundays, when we'd have guests for dinner, after the meal, Father would bring out the sereco board, (it had a checker board on the sereco side) and the men sat down and played checkers all afternoon while the women visited and we children played.

Erwin and I agree that our most memorable Christmas was the year we got our coasters. Father had made us a sled. A board one with strips of tin on the edge of the runners and a rope to drag it back up the hill after we'd coasted down. But the main thing about the homemade sleds was that they were heavy and slow and you had no way to guide them.

When Erwin and I discovered our coasters, I don't believe we even waited to open the rest of our presents. We scrambled into our overshoes, and coats and caps and out the door we dashed! Down the walk and into the lane. The lane had a pretty steep slant to it, particularly between the Balm of Gilead and the pig pens. We were loathe to leave our coasting to eat Christmas dinner! After dinner, we were out on our coasters again.

On my birthday, January 12, 1975, Erwin and I came out of the court house building here in Twin Falls and walked to where his car was parked. The parking lot was glare ice and Erwin took me by the arm as we walked to the car. "Remember our coasters, Sis?" Erwin asked. "Oh, yes!" I exclaimed. "And yours would always go faster than mine!" I said. "I've finally figured out why," he said. "It was because I did more coasting than you did. My sled runners were kept sharpened to a smoother edge." I thought, "That may well be the reason. I spent a lot of time at the piano in those days. While I was at the piano, Erwin was doing what he liked to do."

In March we would fly our kites. The wind swept clearing near the pig pens out in the wheat field was where we flew our kites. Here again Erwin was superior to me. His kite would fly the highest and stay in the air the longest. How we would run in the "stubble" of the grain field!

We did most of our skating on Edwards Creek. We skated during recess and the noon hour at school and sometimes we would sling our skates around our necks and slog over to Edwards Creek to skate. There were so many willows in our creek that the clear space of ice was small and not very good for skating. The duck pond would have been ideal but it was usually buried ten or twelve feet underneath a snow drift.

The younger children have little or no memories of winters at the ranch. Orpha was two and a half when Cloe was born on December 1st at the farmhouse down on the road. From then on it was "summer memories" of the ranch. Memories of rolling tires down the

lane, even getting inside them for a "whirling" ride. Throwing pie pans and granite plates to each other. They do that today with plastic plates and call it "Frisbee." We had more fun with the granite plates. They would really go high in the air and come down to earth with a zoom.

One high flyer came down and caught little Marie squarely between the eyes. She was unconscious for a long time and still bears the scar. We thought we had killed her. Mother said, "No more granite plate throwing!" So we threw pie pans.

We would make a "guider" out of orange crate slates nailed in a T shape and use these to guide small nail keg hoops around the yard, and mostly up and down the lane. We would have a contest to see who could keep his small hoop rolling the longest.

We had very few "store bought" things to play with so we made our own. We were innovative and inventive.

This was true especially with our indoor play. Hide the Thimble. Button! Button! Who's Got the Button! Mother, I'm Bumped. Hide the Slipper.

And other outdoor games - Run, Sheep Run! Kick the Can. Andy over. It. Hide and Seek. And Pretty Positions.

Perhaps the game of "Pretty Positions" helped to develop the desire in our quartet of girls to be pretty. Hilda and Orpha in their "wanting to be pretty" would drink quarts and quarts of strong, bitter, yarrow tea. Orpha would want some cream or sugar in it. Hilda said, "No! It must be drunk "straight" or it wouldn't make them pretty.

They covered their faces with a thick lather of soapsuds and let it dry and stay on all day. It would "make them pretty". It blistered their skins so badly that it is a wonder they weren't scarred.

Marie had warts. One very big one on the inside of her thumb was especially bothersome. She was told how to get rid of them. So - she snatched the dish rag, rubbed her warts thoroughly with it, and buried it - or at least she hid it where no one could find it. She said that she hid it between the adobe section of the house and the well. Somewhere in there Mother's dish rag still may be! Anyway, in a few weeks, Marie's warts disappeared. She has never had any since.

That is the place, the path between the corner of the adobe section and the well, where Erwin and I had our "Slickery Slide." And was it ever slick! We'd get buckets of water from the well and splash it on the path when the weather was cold. We kept doing that until the path was a thick sheet of ice from the house to the fruit cellar door. Mother objected to the ice any farther than that.

For years that icy path was a hazard to those who would have to get food from the cellars and water from the well. But to us Erwin and me, it was a fun path.

Something all of us share on memory lane are the pine nut roasts. In the summer we would roast potatoes, buried in hot coals and covered with dirt. In the fall it would be pine nuts. When they were nearly done we'd start to shout. We'd stand in our lane, opposite the front gate and the front walk and call the neighbors to "Come on Over." We would hear an answering shout and soon they would start to arrive. From Uncle Herman's, from Uncle Jim's and from Uncle Renz Durfee's.

Father raised our own popcorn. He raised lots of sweet corn which mother would can or put in the corn relish. She would dry the sweet corn, too. She would blanch it on the cob, then slice the kernels off into white flour sack bags, about a quart to a bag, and hang them on

the line to dry. Every once in a while she'd say - "Pearl, the corn needs shaking!" and I'd go out and shake each bag until it put the air all through it.

Popcorn was always there for popping. Myrtle could make such wonderful popcorn balls!

At Christmas time popcorn came into its own. We'd string long chains of it for Christmas tree decorations, and make 15 or 20 popcorn balls with strings implanted inside them. Then we'd decorate the tree which Father would bring i from "our very own hill"! We would get the brightly colored wax candles and put them on and then add the ornaments which we had made our selves. Yes. Christmas was popcorn time.

It is my firm belief that Mother's most joyous Christmas was the one when she was surprised by a cedar chest which Erwin had made for her in his Manual Training Class in Albion. She treasured that cedar chest and it was given to me by the family when Mother died. I kept it until 1975 and then gave it to Heidi Hespelt, Erwin's granddaughter. I felt that Mother would want Erwin's granddaughter to have it. I believe that Heidi treasures it as much as Mother did. Heritage.

Before Mother received the cedar chest she kept her precious things in two trunks. One wa a big re-steamer trunk. A slightly smaller one was metal blue-gray. Those trunks contained such fascinating things! Ribbons, and fans, and gloves! Mother's wedding dress, and lace petticoats. Mother's bridal wreath and souvenirs of her trip to San Francisco and China Town. Yards and yards of lace and crochet work. Ostrich feathered hats.

It was from these trunks that years later, Cloe and Thelma would play "Dress up". They would raid those trunks and dress up in the fancy high heeled button shoes, and dresses with bustles and "leg of mutton" sleeves, and big, droopy hats with brightly colored plumes. Cloe especially, with her dark hair and dark eyes, dressed like a lady of quality of the "Gay Nineties" would look the part. Dipping, and bowing and turning, she would look so like a woman of that day and age that my heart would contract. How my younger sisters would love to play "Dress Up" and pretend, and act out parts in plays which they made up! And here again, they were innovative and inventive.

We needed no radio not television to entertain us, - we entertained ourselves. Mother loved the theater. Whenever she went to Utah she would attend a good play. She would make a trip to Oakley whenever a traveling group would stop there and put on a play at the Oakley "Opera House". It was at least a three day trip in the buggy from Almo to Oakley. The road went through the City of Rocks and on over to Birch Creek. Here on Birch Creek an over night camp was made, and Oakley could be reached in the early afternoon. A camp would be made on Birch Creek again on the return trip.

Some good plays I remember seeing at the Oakley Opera House were "East Lynn", "Country Cousin" and one about a orphan girl - I think the name of the play was "Za Za."

Oakley was also headquarters for the stake in south central Idaho. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints would send members of the General Authorities out to Oakley for the Stake Conference there. Father and Mother would nearly always attend Stake Conference. The long trip. The over-night camp. The choke cherries in bloom all along Birch Creek. What fantastic memories! Once an electric storm in the City of Rocks petrified me. The lightning was hitting the rocks! A tree crashed near us! The thunder was deafening. I was so scared. One pitch dark night on Birch Creek we had been delayed by a storm and were

trying to reach one of the camping places. It was still a deluge, and a mountain canyon road is a hazard even in day light.

The horses stopped suddenly. Father urged them. Finally he applied the buggy whip. They would jump and rear in the air but they would not go forward.

Father lit a lantern and walked to the head of the horses and suddenly disappeared. Lantern and Father dropped from sight. From a great distance, it seemed, Father's voice came. "Don't move!" he shouted. "Don't let the horses move."

A long time we sat in the buggy, in the rain, in the dark. Finally Father was at the side of the buggy.

"I know now what they mean when they say "horse sense". I don't have as much sense as my horses have."

Then he backed the horses for a short distance and made camp. The dawn revealed why the horses had stopped and refused to go on. A flash flood had washed out the road. From where we were it was a twenty foot sheer drop to water below us. We never did find the lantern and wonder that Father wasn't hurt.

I do not recall ever going to the Almo chapel to Primary as a member of the class, and only one year do I remember a class in Sunday School. I was the organist and a teacher of a class in Primary when I was twelve, and the assistant teacher of the kindergarten in Sunday School. I was also submitting poems to the Juvenile Instructor at this time and having them published.

By the time I was fourteen I was organist of the Sunday School and was carrying on a correspondence with eight or ten pen pals, from Hawaii to New Mexico to Canada. Young men and young women who had read my poems and liked them well enough to write to me and tell me so.

When Marie and Hilda were old enough to be Bee Hive Girls, I was the Bee Hive Leader. So - that quartet of younger sisters had to contend with an older sister in church as well as at home. Thursday home evenings were nearly always supervised by big sister Pearl, because she could play the piano. Mother insisted that we take turns in Planning the evening program for each Thursday but Pearl played the music, taught them their dance routines, games, and songs, and if a lay was part of the program, Pearl dominated the rehearsals.

Looking back on it from a distance of fifty or sixty years, it seems incredible to me that those four girls didn't rebel. I was their baby sitter, their teacher, and the supervisor of their play. Mrs. Spencer said to Mother -

"I wish I had a Pearl, to relieve me of my house hold duties and the care of my children."

When I called Hilda last week and asked her to tell me some of the experiences she had at the old ranch she told me of the time she and Marie tried to trade dispositions and personalities. I think it is very choice - and points up something that is a part of our heritage - the art of being our own self. Everyone of us have an identity all our own.

When Hilda and Marie were small, around four, I think, Marie got Hilda away from the house. The orchard? The willows Anyway, it was away from Mother so she couldn't hear them. Marie had thought out a plan that would take the censure from Hilda and put it on Marie. Hilda was always "catching it", to put it slangily.

Marie said, "I'll be mean, and nasty, and sassy, and you be good as gold, Hilda. You be the good child and I'll be the bad child. Then they'll say to me, "Why can't you be like Hilda?" They tried it. It didn't work. Marie was Marie. Hilda was Hilda.

One of the most irksome things I did to Mother was to keep cleaning off her sewing machine, putting everything away, closing the machine, putting on the scarf, and leaving it all "tidied up" when I was doing the dusting or straightening up of the room. Mother was always so busy, and had so many duties and responsibilities that she was constantly being called away from her sewing. She wanted to come back to it and find it just the way she had left it. If Pearl had a "lick of sense" she could have found it as she left it, but Pearl had thought it was a mess, and had cleared everything away! How patient she was with me!

"I do wish you'd leave my sewing alone, Pearl" she'd say. "I just get things nicely organized and you come along and disorganize them!" That I did! How inconsiderate of me!

Sewing was the mortar of Mother's days. She chinked in her sewing between her other duties. She made our clothes. She made the sheets, pillowcases, dish towels, quilts, rugs, curtains, shirts, coats, and jackets! Anything sewable Mother made. She crocheted and did the most beautiful embroidery. And her quilt patterns! And quilting designs!

Sewing the dresses for a family of eight girls was a full time job in itself, and they were such beautiful dresses, so well made! Ruffles and pleats and frills.

If Mother had been a seamstress in a big city she would have drawn top wages from high class patronage. But Mother was more than a seamstress, she was an artist. Her writing, Spencerian style, was a fine art. And her painting! Thelma has the one that Mother did when she was thirteen. It will be a heritage for Thelma's descendants. Mother's art work has been an inspiration to every one of her children, especially Darwin.

I'm sure you understand the many things Mother was, after you have read this journal. She was an actress and writer as well as nurse, baker, cook, butcher, scrub-woman, poultry man, cheese maker, dairy man, paper hanger, canner, beauty operator, gardener and doctor. These were just a few of the things which she could do well. She was a salesman, one of the top ten in the nation one year, for the Ground Union Company. She sold the Grad Union products by going from house to house as the Raleigh and Watkins men did. For five or six years she had her regular customers in Almo, Yost, Elba and Albion. She was a merchant and a storekeeper. She converted the front building of the farmhouse into a store and had a general store there for three or years. She was a teacher, too, and a disciplinarian. Father never spanked us, - but Mother did.

People tend to think of discipline in a negative instead of a positive sense. The positive side of Mother's discipline was her big rocker. Many hurts were healed in Mother's big rocker; many truths were taught and patterns of good behavior developed as she rocked us and talked to us.

She was sitting in her big rocker one day, sewing. She seemed to be always sewing. The rocker was by the window for the best light. It was the north window in the adobe section, and I could see Independent Peak as a back drop to her dark head, bent over her sewing. I was pestering her.

"If you don't stop, Pearl, I'm going to box your ears!" she said annoyed.

I wondered if she would hang little boxes over my ears; or would she fit them over my ears like she did the earmuffs she made for us. I was curious, so I kept on pestering her. Suddenly she slapped me on the side of the head.

"What did you do that for?" I asked in surprise.

"I told you that if you didn't stop, I'd box your ears!" she said.

So that was how it was done!

Years later I learned of boxing, and why they call them cauliflower ears."

It was the same with thimble pie. She promised me thimble pie if I didn't stop. I was curious, and I got thumped on the head with her thimble. Most of us got thimble pie, for Mother usually had a thimble on her finger.

She had a plain wide gold band on her ring finger, - her wedding ring, - and on Sundays she had an engraved gold watch pinned to her white, frilly, high necked blouse, only she called it a waist. The chain for the watch was of gold, very thin, and fine, and it was so long that it had a gold slide to keep it from tangling, or to shorten or lengthen it. I loved that watch and chain.

Father's watch was what he called a "Dollar Watch", because it cost a dollar. It was silver, and he carried it in his watch pocket. He had another pocket too, which meant a lot to him. This pocket was made of leather and was on the outside of his leather jacket under his left arm.

Mother had made it for him when he said, "Gertrude, can't you make me a "book pocket" so that I can carry a book with me wherever I go? A pocket large enough to hold a book and fixed to keep it dry in rainy weather?"

Mother made him a book pocket with a flap that buttoned securely, and Father had a book to read whenever he had a minute's time.

My curiosity brought discipline of the sterner kind when we got our gas lamps. They had little net bags on them, called mantles, instead of wicks like the kerosene and had to keep them pumped with air to force the gasoline into the mantles.

I asked and asked Mother why you had to use gasoline in one kind of lamp and it wouldn't work in the other. She explained and explained. It did no good. Component chemical construction and combustibles didn't make sense to a small child.

I conceived what I thought was a bright idea. I'd find out for myself. I included Erwin in my plan. We went down to the fruit cellar and each of us got an empty half gallon Mason jar. Erwin filled his jar with kerosene and I filled mine with gasoline. I can see us yet on the west side of the adobe building where the big cans of kerosene and gasoline were kept! My long black stockings and high button shoes, my dark hair in braids, and a bunch of matches I had snatched safely tucked in the pocket of my pinafore style apron.

We sneaked under the weeping willow and on through the orchard, then climbed the western slope of Mount Grace above Uncle Renz Durfee's wheat field. His wheat field extended clear to his barns.

Choosing fine clumps of sagebrush a few feet apart, Erwin poured the kerosene on his sage clump and I poured the gasoline on mine. We stood ready with our matches. Erwin lit his match and applied it to his sage clump. The kerosene caught fire, burned a short time and went out. I struck my match and lowered it toward the gasoline. I don't know exactly what

happened, but the next thing I knew I was rolling end over end through sage brush, rocks, and prickly pear cactus, down the side of Mount Grace.

The gasoline had exploded, and blown me down the hill. The fire the gasoline started was dangerously close to our haystacks and Uncle Renz's wheat field. The people of the Cove dropped what they were doing and came to help put out the fire. By night fall they had it fairly well under control.

I was dirty, scorched, bruised and torn. Besides I was full of prickly pear stickers. As if that weren't enough - Mother gave me a severe dose of "willow tea". That's what she call it when she whipped us wit smarty willow saplings. She had plenty of the "chastisers" near at hand. To make it worse, she always sent the one to be chastised to go ad get her a smarty willow. It had to be "smarty", too, or we caught double!

Erwin got his dose of willow tea when he wore his new overalls over to Edwards Creek fishing. He climbed the barbed wire fence and tore the seat out of them. He got his willowing where the torn britches didn't protect him. It was rather painful for a few days when he sat down.

Mother was a gracious hostess. Practically every Sunday during the summer, back in those day which we term the pre - First World War days - 1905 to 1914 - Mother would go to church and invite someone home to eat Sunday dinner with us. Mother loved to entertain. Being with people made her happy. The Olsens, Spencers, Adamses, Hulls, Linds, Saunders, Mixells, (pronounced Mike-sells), Kirkpatrick's, Shoemakers, and oh - so many others. We'd use our best tablecloth and china, crystal and silver. Mother would be so happy!

Mother was a doctor by necessity. No doctor was nearer than Oakley, and old Doc Story got over to Almo only once or twice a year. Home remedies and good sense were the ingredients in case of sickness or accident.

When Hilda and Marie were racing to see which one would finish their dress they were each making, Hilda made a mistake in hers. She was hurrying to take out the stitches when the scissors slipped.

One of the scissor points penetrated her eye. It cut a three cornered gash in the pupil. Mother put warm olive oil in it and sent one of us for Father. He laid his hands on her head and administered to her. We all prayed. Hilda's eye healed nicely.

When Orpha was about a year old, maybe a year and a half, she climbed up on a box near the swill barrel, looked into the swill barrel, and disappeared head first! Pandemonium! Mother fished her out by the feet, pressed the liquid and junk out of her mouth, nose, and lungs best she could, and used artificial respiration on her strangling baby.

When I was a few weeks old I had the whooping cough. I'd strangle. My throat would close completely. Mother ran with me in her arms to the front gate, calling father. He saw me, my face black from lack of air. He put his index finger down my throat and forced it open. Blessed air began to get to my lungs again. After that, whenever I'd start to strangle, Mother knew what to do.

When Marie was a few weeks old she got pneumonia. Her lungs were congested and she was running a high fever. Mother had tried everything she could think of to break the congestion and the fever.

Finally she made a mash of strong onions and put a onion poultice on the back and chest of her tiny baby, wrapped her in flannel, and took her to bed with her. She put Marie on a pillow between herself and Father.

Mother's sleep was just a snatch of a worried nap and then she'd feel the baby's hot little body. She awoke from one of these naps at about three in the morning. She felt Marie. She was cold. She felt her little hands. Cold. Her little face. It was cold.

Panic-stricken, Mother grasped her baby in both hands and swung her aloft above her face. Shaking Marie frantically, in a voice of unspeakable grief and anguish Mother cried, -

"Harry! My baby's DEAD!

"was - a - a - h!" wailed Marie. She had been ruthlessly awakened from the first decent sleep she had in days.

Dee Brackenbury and Sim Richardson were returning from Kelton with their wagons loaded with freight. They had been drinking heavily. There were many good camping places along the way from Kelton to Almo. Sim wanted to camp at one place where there was a good watering hold. Dee wanted to drive on three miles or so and camp. They quarreled. Sim stopped and proceeded to make camp. Dee drove on.

The more Dee thought about it the angrier he became. He came back and climbed to a ridge overlooking Sim's camp. He could see Sim calmly going about his camp chores. It infuriated Dee. He sighted his gun and fired. The act sobered him. He scrambled down the ridge and verified that Sim was dead.

Dee's father, Val Brackenbury, was the Sheriff of Cassia County. Dee knew his father would take him into custody, jail him and he would have to stand trial for murder. Gathering as many supplies as he could, including guns and ammunition, he fled into the hills.

The days dragged into weeks with Val Brackenbury and posse searching for Dee. Reports that Dee had run out of food, that he was desperate, began to circulate throughout the country side.

At this time Mother and Father were using the small bedroom in the adobe section for their bedroom. The outside door opened to the south and Mount Grace. Just a step to the right, as you entered the house through that outside door was the door to the small bedroom. Father was sleeping on the side of the bed toward the door. Mother was on the inside against the wall.

Mother was dreaming that Dee Brackenbury came down off Mount Grace, threw open the outside door, stepped to the bedroom door, leveled his gun at Father, and fired.

"It's got me! It's got me!" Father groaned and doubled up in agony.

Like a catapult Mother launched herself over Father and fell on her knees beside the bed.

"Where, Harry! Where! she demanded frantically.

"My leg! Oh! My leg!" groaned Father.

What had "got" Father was a muscle cramp.

When Mother realized that she had been dreaming, and that her dream had co-incided with the reality of Father's leg spasm, she didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

Father had the rheumatism quite badly for years. Mother used mustard plasters, hot pads (they were bags of salt heated in the oven. Salt would hold the heat for a long time.) and liniment. When Marie was so bad with inflammatory rheumatism, Mother used oil of

wintergreen. She treated infections with lysol solutions and carbolic salve. If that didn't work she would try a poultice of bran and lye.

She made a mixture of onion juice and honey for the croup, and alcohol, gunpowder and sulphur for tonsillitis. Her herb teas would cure just about any ailment.

I have a vivid memory of Mother making ginger tea on the lamp chimney in the middle of the night. One of us would wake up crying with a stomach ache. The fire would be out, and it was often below freezing in the house. No heat, No hot water. And only kerosene lamp for light. She had a metal contraption which she placed on top of the lamp chimney. It would get hot without shutting off the oxygen for the light. She always had cream, sugar, a pitcher of water, mentholatum, camphor, liniment and ginger on her night stand.

We would place a tin cup full of water on top of the improvised heater on the lamp, and when the water was hot she would put a spoonful of ginger in it, add the cream and sugar, stir it well, and give us a cup of hot ginger tea. We would thank her and cuddle deep into our covers and drop off into a sound sleep, our tummies warmed and comforted.

Dear Mother! How many times she has made ginger tea for me in the middle of the night!

Almost all of Mother's doctoring "know how" she learned from her mother, Maria Poulsen Yost. Maria was an orphan girl who crossed the Atlantic, and then the Great Plains of America with a hand cart company. She was born in the little town of Usafa, Denmark near Copenhagen, and was placed in the care of the Larsen family, who were converts to the Mormon Church. Maria's mother was a convert, too, and planned to come to Utah on the next ship. So small, blond Maria, a little Danish orphan, came to Utah grew up in Ogden, met and married Charles Yost and became our Grandmother.

Charles Yost was a cowboy who worked for the E.Y. Ranch on Raft River at the Narrows. He liked the Raft River country, and when he started his cattle ranch he chose a good spring on George Creek. This spring had made the grass in that valley plentiful.

When he brought Maria to his ranch as a bride she was the only woman in the wilderness for miles around. Brigham City, Utah was the nearest town. She buried her babies who died in infancy. Charles would make coffins for them out of pine boards. They cleared a place in the sagebrush, fenced it, and that was their own private cemetery. Aunt Pearl, Charles Yost and Maria Yost are buried there, too, beside the babies.

When other settlers came, they took up adjoining land or Grandfather would let them have part of his holdings, but he was the "first settler." They named the town, that this small settlement came to be, after the man who had started it - Yost. When, years later, a boundary line was surveyed to divide Utah and the State of Idaho, it split the Raft River Valley: the northern half is in Idaho and the southern half is in Utah.

Yost, Utah was where Mother grew up. Grandfather was a Catholic and he sent Mother to the Sacred Heart Academy in Utah to be educated.

Grandfather Yost was a strict disciplinarian and would not allow his girls to associate with his ranch hands and cowboys. If any of them "got sweet on" (Mother termed it that way) - any one of his girls, Grandfather fired them. Mother never quite forgave her father for firing a nice young cowboy named Johnny. On her 12th birthday, March 16, 1895, Harry Taylor

married Annabelle Meeking and Mother cried all day. "What are you crying for?" her mother demanded. "You aren't old enough to marry him yourself."

"I know," Mother answered, "But I don't want her to marry him!" Ten years later, February 15, 1905, she married him. She was "old enough."

I never heard them bicker or quarrel. If they had "differences" we children never knew about it. Frequently, when we children would be snapping and quarreling "telling each other off" Mother would say - "I don't know why you children quarrel. Your Father and I do not set you an example."

If Father disagreed with Mother he would leave the house. No matter the time or the weather he would leave immediately and come back when he had calmed down.

We loved to go see Grandma Yost. She lived alone in a big brick house and was Grandma Yost to everyone. She delivered their babies, cured their ailments, and was the loved "Grandma" of the valley. It was a four or five hour trip to Grandmother's and crossing the Raft River when it was in flood was a dangerous undertaking. The freighters and wagon trains would build rafts and cross it on them, hence the name - "Raft River. Frequently a spring flood would wash out the bridge across Raft River. Once when we crossed it, buggy and horses were washed down river quite a ways. Were we ever happy when the horses finally "found bottom" and plunged out on to dry ground! We bumped along through the sagebrush back to the road.

Father would take the butt end of the buggy whip and punch down beside the wheel to tell where the edge of the bridge was. It was buried under feet of swirling water. We'd put our feet up on the seats of the buggy because the bed was full of water, the wheels out of sight under it, the horses plunging, Father punching with his buggy whip along the side of the buggy to locate the bridge! A car would have washed down stream.

I've mentioned Kelton, Utah a few times as the supply point. The Union Pacific railroad had built a spur out to a place in the desert which they named Kelton. Supplies for the Idaho gold mines and the cattle ranchers were shipped here and the ranchers brought their cattle and grain and the sheepmen their wool to Kelton for shipment to eastern markets. When the Oregon Short Line was built through southern Idaho, Kelton was abandoned.

A list of the supplies Father would bring from Kelton will give you an idea of how we lived and what we used. Staples, axle grease, barbed wire, binding twine, mower sections, rake teeth, chains, rope (all kinds and sizes - lots of rope), pulleys, square yard lengths of leather, two or three different thicknesses of leather, thinner for dress shoes, thicker for boots and work shoes, salt, coarse salt, table salt, and many large black salt variety for the stock, - at home and out on the range, plough shares and extra parts for machines, harness oil and machine oil, processed strap leather for mending harness, shells - both rifle and shotgun, nails - horse shoe, ten penny, spikes - (wooden kegs of nails, tacks - big headed to tack the factory on the walls, carpet tacks, and shoe tacks for cobbling, carpet warp, parowax, cheese cloth, wall paper, extra galvanized buckets and tin milk pans, burlap bags, wool bags, nuts and bolts, screws and pins, (by pins I mean the double tree and single tree pins) barrels of vinegar, cans of gasoline and kerosene, hundred pound bags of rice and sugar, and sometimes large cartons of seeded raisins and cards of safety pins and straight pins. Anything Father bought in bulk, wholesale, he freighted in from Kelton.

The items like camphor, mentholatum, castoria, carboic salve and spices were brought from the Raleigh and the Watkins men when they came out from Utah.

We did all our legal business in Albion, because from 1890 it was the County Seat. Many years later a young upstart town on the railroad became the county seat. Progress and industry had been brought about by dams and irrigation. Burley became the County Seat of Cassia County.---But that, as I said, was years later.

Oakley was the headquarters for our church. Father had investigated Mormonism when he married Mother and she became a member in 1905. Being converts, they were very serious about their religion.

We had six or eight fine hardwood chairs, some parlor chairs, and about six kitchen chairs. There was an armchair and the big rocker too. Each morning we would gather around the breakfast table, turn our chairs with the backs to our places at the table, kneel down with our head on our arms, on the chair seat and Father would pray. He would begin by thanking the Lord for the night just passed, it's safety and rest, then he would thank the Lord for the new day just dawning and ask that we given help to use it according to right principles. What Father really did was dedicate our thoughts, speech and actions to the Lord and His way.

Then, at night we would do the same thing, only Father would thank the Lord for the day just passed and prayed that we would be granted a good night's rest, that "no harm or evil would befall us."

It was no accident that Orpha named her doll - Namon Jesus Amen. We always went to Almo to church on Sunday in the big "white top" buggy. At first we had a black carriage, but as our family increased in size, we needed a larger conveyance. I was old enough to remember Father coming down the lane in the white top, so named because it had a white canvas top, and rolls of canvas on the on the back and sides, fastened with straps to the top. These rolls of canvas could be released to roll down and be fastened to the bed of the buggy. They kept the sun off in summer, the wind and snow off and the rain from getting us wet. How warm and cozy we were in winter with hot bricks and rocks wrapped in clean burlap at our feet, and warm quilts tucked around us, and the canvas flaps down and securely fastened!

On Sunday mornings Myrtle would dress Marie, Vera would dress Hilda, Mother would care for the baby or babies, and Erwin and I would dress ourselves. One morning after the hustle and bustle of getting ready and we were all safely in the buggy ready to go, Father picked up the reins and turned to me. "Run quickly, Pear, and get a hot flat iron," he said. "What on earth do you need a flat iron for?" Mother demanded. We were all wondering what had been forgotten, or what had been left unfinished. "To iron the frown of Mother's face," Father replied. "Oh, Harry!" Mother said, and all of us shouted with laughter. One Sunday we were on our way and had just entered the cedars which shut the ranch house from view (that steep place where the rocks were so bad), when we missed Hilda. It seems that it was Hilda, anyway; I've called some members of the family and they and they aren't sure either. If it wasn't Hilda, please forgive me, but I must include it in the journal because it points up the fact that we were a close knit group. We have taken great pride in being a "family." It is our heritage.

Anyway, Hilda was missing. When we got to the foot of that grade, Father turned the team around and we went back to the house. We saw a small three year old girl in a beautiful little dress standing on the lawn south of the walk near the daisies. She watched us come

down the lane. She climbed into the buggy irately and said--- "I'm part of this family!" After that, -- we had a roll call.

One of Cloe's most vivid memories is of a runaway team. She and Edgar had been sent to the farm house to get Father's axe. I've told you there were always gates to open. When Edgar closed the gate to Steve Jones's field, Cloe pulled on that one line and it kept the horses running in a circle around a cedar clump until she got them stopped. Edgar retrieved the dropped line, or rein, and after he got in, she dropped the other one. The horses bolted. Across the lower field and into the road by the choke cherries they flashed.

"Runaway!" shouted Mother and we all came running. We watched them coming. When a wheel hit a big rock by the pig pen it stopped them and Mother was at their heads to grab them by their bridles.

Father never whipped his horses for running away. He was always patient and understanding. Once Joe Spencer was lashing Stanley and Bluech and swearing at them. Father stepped to the horses' heads and stopped them. Then quick as a flash he jerked the lash from Joe's hands, said, "These are MY horses! They are not to be mistreated."

As I said, "There were gates to open and then close securely." If a gate was left open, the results could be devastating. We thought of a plan to avoid the gates. I may have devised the plan, but it was a family project, (except for our parents), but I was the one who reaped the most benefit from it. That quartet of girls didn't have the opportunity to live the life that I did-- days in the saddle. Riding Belle or Hamp into the hills alone. Camping out alone. Scooping out a place for my hips, and with my saddle for a pillow and the saddle blanket for a cover!-- Those were the days!

Hilda vividly remembers how hard we labored to make a trail from the top of the land and along the western slope, to the saddle. It was a short cut to Almo. It cut the time in half to walk or ride a horse from our ranch house to the post office or store in Almo. It was used, also, when we went pine nutting near and in "The Saddle." The dip in the middle of Mount Grace was called the saddle. What prodigious effort we expended! Digging up sage brush and clearing away the rock. What a labor of love of western things.

I would ride that trail in sunshine and shadow, in daylight and darkness - and in the moonlight it was my dreams come true. "I can see the great Divide and the trails we used to ride!" I'd sing. "The only bit of heaven I knew!" I would substitute "Mount Grace Trail" for "Utah Trail" and sing the Utah Trail song over and over. "I'm going to hide away - Out on that Mount Grace Trail, Moonlight as bright as day - Far out on that Mount Grace Trail." And the cowboy songs I'd sing! The Old Chisholm Trail, - Ol' Paint, Git Along Little Dogies - Red River Valley - Laredo - Home on the Range.

"Oh its cloudy in the West  
And it looks like rain  
An' my gol' darn slicker's in the wagon again!  
Come - a ti yi yippee yippee - a."

Or - "Boots and saddles where will you ride tonight?" Or - "They'll fill you up with cholla and cactus - and ship you north to Idaho!"

Whenever a summer shower came, Father would exclaim, "What a beautiful rain!"

It never rains but what the light in Father's eyes, the tones of his voice, and the reverent pleasure in his face do not return to me in memory! "What a beautiful rain!"

Some rains weren't so beautiful, though. Once an electric storm came up suddenly. The range horses bunched in the pasture on Boom Creek.

There was a blinding flash of lightning and the crack of the thunder exploded with it. The horses split. Half racing east to the sheep shed area and the other half dashing away to the west. The horse that had been in the center of the bunch was still there.

"I'll bet he's been hit by the lightning!" Father exclaimed, and he went out to the pasture to investigate. His worst fears were confirmed. His prize thoroughbred Hambletonian had been struck dead. Father had the papers on that horse. He was a registered thoroughbred. What high hopes we had had of some day racing him! Father said "The Lord doesn't want me to gamble."

Another electric summer storm did more damage. I was in the small bedroom of the adobe section of the house, Erwin was out on the derrick climbing the boom pole. He loved to get up on that high boom pole and teeter. It would swing up and down or sideways. It was very high off the ground and made it thrilling to do such a hazardous thing. Father had driven Deck and Dan up the lane and tied them by the poplar tree. It was a sunny summer day in 1921. Erwin was 14. I was 15.

The flash and the crash came together. The house seemed to lift. I saw Erwin leap sheer off the derrick to the ground and light running, his hair standing up like a mane. I thought he had been hit by the lightning. He thought so, too!

I ran outside on the gravel walk. The Lombardy poplar tree had been split to the ground and it was on fire. Dan was on the ground and Deck looked like he had been hit on the head. Dan was deaf after that and Deck always fought the bridle. His ears had been damaged.

The poplar where Dan and Deck had been haltered died soon after that. So did the weeping willow. With the weeping willow it was a combination of shock, the constant pecking of flickers and red-headed wood peckers, and bugs. The wood peckers hollowed out huge holes in the willow for their nests. Their sharp cry and their pecking were our constant companions in the summer.

We had a tea vine. It had tiny, fingernail size purple flowers on it every year. The tea plant had reached and surrounded the window above the phlox, by the time Mother died in 1934.

Those are hop vines around the other window. Some years they would be so thick and luxuriant that they would cover the logs from the door to the swing and up over the eaves on to the roof.

The roof was of alkali dirt and Father always brought a load of dirt from the alkali beds every fall and gave it a fresh and thicker cover.

So too, with the plaster between the logs. Every fall he would mix the plaster, and snipping of horsehair so that it would hold better, and then apply a generous application all around the house. He wanted us warm and snug for the winter.

It was the willows below the pig pen by the duck pond which made the best whistles. Erwin and I made willow whistles every spring as soon as the sap would start running, so that the bark would slip easily. How avidly we would check that willow patch! I think those willows made winter. And again, as usual, Erwin's whistles were louder and clearer than mine.

After we had had our family prayer in the evening and had gone to bed, it was Father who checked on us. Perhaps Mother was busy with the baby. Mother would tuck us in once

in a while, but usually it was Father. He would carry a kerosene lamp and would look in on each of us to make sure we were safe and comfortable for the night. It is one of our most precious memories.

### SUNSET IN ALMO VALLEY

Across the summer fields of home  
I gazed at close of day  
And memory paints the vision clear,  
Emotion bids it stay.

A fringe of willows with the hills back-dropped,  
The mountain valley shows  
Gold against the amethyst,  
Green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,  
A glory never sung,  
Aloft on sky and mountain wall  
Are Gods' great pictures hung.

The granite spires of castled rocks  
No longer are gray browed;  
They melt in gold ad rosy mist;  
The rock is softer than the cloud.

The valley holds its breath,  
A warm light is unfurled.  
The silence of eternity  
Seems falling on the world.

What Presence from the heavenly heights  
To those on earth incline?  
What enters in my soul to stay?  
It is a symphony divine!  
A symphony of color sifts  
Through purple veils of air  
And wraps the willowed stream and field  
with mystic loving care.

A lover's claim on all is mine'  
I see - to have and hold.

For beauty seen is never lost.  
I'm flushed with joy untold!

My heart beats high in ecstasy!  
God's colors all are fast!  
The beauty of this sunset hour  
Into my soul has passed.

The golden valley pales and shades;  
Slow fades the vision from the sky,  
And like a benediction  
This glory, too, must die.

No whisper from the mountain pines,  
No fragrant cedars tell  
Of her, who paused and gazed this day,  
And loved those scenes so well.

Written by Pearl Taylor  
at age 16.

#### October 1, 1977

It seems appropriate for me to summarize briefly in these last pages the events and data which are a part of the heritage left us by the Taylor ranch in the Cove.

Grandfather and Grandmother Taylor homesteaded the land, cleared it of brush, trees and rock, and raised their family of five boys and two girls there. Myrtle's first memory of the old home place was after the five Taylor boys had grown up there, had married, and had gone to homes of their own. Father was in his thirties then.

Myrtle remembers Aunt Edith and Aunt Ruth standing in the front yard shading their eyes with their hands. Two young girls watching their older brother, Harry, return to them, with his two little girls, from Salt Lake City.

Myrtle says she remembers being at the head of the lane, and that she was with her father and her sister Vera. The two little girls lived with their Grandfather and Grandmother Taylor until their Father married Gertrude Yost in February of 1905.

Grandfather and Grandmother Taylor had moved to the new brick house and had sold the old home place to Harry and Gertrude. The two little girls came to live with their father.

Father was a happy man when we children were small. He was 36 years old when I was born, or at least he became 36 the 21st of September of that year. He was nearly 53 years old when Thelma arrived on July 12, 1923. Between the years 1905 and 1925 he felt that he would not exchange his place with kings. Particularly was this true from 1905 to 1916.

It was soon after 1916 that I went out of the valley to school, and I have only summer memories of home from then on. But home was different, too. The ranch became just a summer abiding place, and the Machine Age had changed everything: tractors, gas driven

motors, May tag washers, Delco generators, and most of all - cars. Horse power for farm machinery all but disappeared. An airplane mail service from Portland to Salt Lake City was established and airplane enroute to Utah or Oregon flew over the valley daily.

When I was small and in my formative years there were no cars, no airplanes, no radios, no telephones in the valley, and televisions weren't even dreamed of. The movies were an innovation which were being experimented with in a place called Hollywood, but that place was as remote and vague as Timbuktu.

We had no newspapers, after a while the Idaho Farmer, published in Boise, would arrive by mail, but the post office was miles away in Almo, a small corner of the general store. The towns of Burley and Twin Falls didn't exist when Myrtle and Vera were small. These towns of the southern Idaho desert have sprung up since the Carey Act of 1904, They were made possible by dams and irrigation and only become towns I their own right by the time Grandmother Taylor had lived her life. She had raised her family and they had gone to homes of their own years before the Carey Act was enacted.

In 1916 the Cove school, a one room log cabin affair across our eastern fields over by Uncle Herman's house, was closed. It had consolidated with the new four room brick school I Almo. A horse drawn, canvas covered school wagon would pick up the Grape Creek and Cove school children and transport them to the Almo School. Erwin and I had attended the Cove school from 1912 to 1916. We had started school together.

We would go down the lane and through the sheep pasture to the east field. After walking that long field north to Edwards Creek we would have still more of our field to cross in order to reach the school house. We called it the field by Uncle Herman's, or the field across Edwards Creek.

In winter the snow was so deep sometimes that we could walk on the tops of the trees at the foot of the lane by the pig pens. It was fun! But rather dangerous, too, when the snow began to thaw.

Marie had developed inflammatory rheumatism. Mother was not going to allow Marie to walk the lane to uncle Jim's, get wet and cold, and then have to wait I freezing winter weather for the school wagon, and after she got into the school wagon still have an hour more to ride in bitter cold.

Mother persuaded Father to build a house on the road to Almo down out of the Cove. The house would be at the foot of Mount Grace's eastern slope, and right on the road to Almo. Marie could step from a warm house into the school wagon and the ride in the wagon would only be about a third as far as the Cove wagon. So Father and Mother drove to the Cassia County Land Office and filed claim under the Homestead Act for the land between the Steve Jones place at the mouth of the Cove, to the Hank Durfee place in Almo. Thus we owned the land on both sides of the road to Almo from near Edward's Creek to the Durfee Hot Springs.

In the fall we would move from the ranch house down to the farm house, spend the winter there, and move back to the ranch house in the spring. We would lease the ranch during the winter months to someone who would feed the stock and take care of things. Usually it was Kirkpatrick's from the Junction Valley, called Moulton.

There was no high school in Almo, there still isn't at this writing, and other than Myrtle, who attended Kimberly High School and the Academy at Oakley, and I, who attended 9th Grade at Malta, the high school in Albion has been "our high school" until Mother died. The

Normal School, and later a four year college of education, called S.I.C.E was located at Albion, also. Myrtle, Erwin, Marie, Orpha, Cloe, and I are graduates of Albion College. Edgar attended for a year or so, Darwin attended a Colorado College at Gunnison, Colorado, Cloe and Orpha became graduates of the University of Utah and I got my Masters Degree at the Idaho State University. Thelma had had ten years of Music Education from Teala Bellini and is a expert at the piano. She has been a teacher of piano, Thelma has, for over twenty years. Almost all of the girls in the family have become teachers. Vera became a Dietician at a Veteran's Hospital and also did private nursing for years. Hilda has held a job in the offices of the Hill Airforce Base since the Second World War. Erwin and Edgar became Electrical Engineers with electricity their field of service, and Darwin was a fine artist. His paintings have been acclaimed from Canada to Mexico and from the Pacific to the midwest. He has left such beauty for everyone as is legacy.

Erwin and I spent our first year in Albion staying at Mrs. Phippen's. The next two years we stayed with Murtle. She was getting her teaching diploma and had rented a house in Albion. Myrtle, her stepchildren, Robert and Mary, Erwin and I went to school there in Albion. I graduated from Albion High School the first year I stayed with Myrtle, and I attended Normal School the second year.

When Marie and Hilda were ready for high school, Mother didn't move to the farmhouse for the winter, she moved to Albion. She attended Normal School at this time and obtained a teaching certificate. From then on the family (Myrtle, Vera and I were married by this time, - Erwin and Hilda soon afterward,) would spend only the three months of summer at the ranch.

The sheds had fallen, to ruin, and finally were torn down, the weeds has taken over the flower garden, almost all of the orchard was dead, and the cellars had begun to cave in. The windows of the house were patched and broken, and the congoleum covered floors were a wreck. The chinking and plaster had fallen out and why replace it? It was summer time; there was no need. The wallpaper had been eaten to tattered shreds by the mice, and the furniture had become as mass of junk from the constant battering of moving.

Father had sold his stock. The sheep first. The horses went next. Then the range cattle. The poultry flock was reduced to a dozen hens, and then there were none. A few milk cows were kept, but they went with the depression.

Lloyd and Marie leased the ranch after Mother's death, The well caved in and was filled for safety reasons, so, too, were the cellars. The trees, shrubs and orchard died. Only rye grass, weeds, and June grass survive. There may be a sage brush or two left out by the Balm of Gilead or at the place where the standing, and the big cedar tree at the head of the lane where the big gate was.

As sad as it is, there is glory in it, too. Under the Lombardy poplar tree years before, Mother had spelled it out:-

"We aren't putting our money into brick houses and fine furniture. We are putting our money, every cent we can scrape up, into our children's heads."

That was Mother's driving desire! After twenty years Father finally went her way. Father said to me, "For twenty years your mother lived her life my way. It is only fair that I live the next twenty years her way."

Only - Mother had just nine years left to spend her way. Mother's way was in a town, preferably a big city, where there were lights, modern conveniences, the theater, social gatherings, music, lecture, and above all people. Mother loved people. It was her joy to visit and to travel.

She tied herself down to a teaching job in order to achieve her goal of "a college education for every one of her children", but her heart was with people.

Grandfather Taylor sr.'s brick house was just below castle rocks and slightly to the left. That house still stands and at this writing Uncle Herman's granddaughter lives there.

Robbie and Bob Eames lived along Edwards Creek.

As Mother said so long ago:- "Houses and furniture are not that important. It is what is in your head!"

We went out from that home to schools, to careers, and to life in towns where public service was needed. But buried deep in the heart of every one of us in the knowledge of the dream which Father and Mother had.

A dream, not of the fine house, beautiful furniture, and the material wealth which they, our parents, could accumulate, but a dream that we children, every one of us, would use our intelligence and take advantage of our potential to develop our talents. It was their dream that we would live a full, complete, and happy life.

This, then, is our heritage. A heritage of love and of a special kind of sacrifice. We remember with a nostalgia which is overwhelming.

We go back for family reunions, to gather pine nuts, and to lay wreaths of remembrance on the graves of our Father and Mother.

Millions of people remember their childhood as a place of noisy streets, crowded housing, polluted air, and, at best, a tiny park overflowing with people. Our heritage is one of wide open spaces, castled granite rocks, clear mountain streams filled with trout, wooded lakes, and hills, mountain lakes they were, with many pine surrounding them, and cool thick beds of mountain fern, streams, lakes and pine.

It is a heritage of deer and cougar, rattlesnakes and sage grouse, choke cherries and stinging nettles, rocks and juniper trees, mountain mahogany and quaking aspen, pinon pine and sagebrush. It is a heritage of hills studded with wild flowers. Indian paint brush, lady slipper, sunflower, larkspur, bluebells, columbine, sweet william and prickly pear cactus.

It is the sound of the coyote's staccato bark, the song of the nightingale and the hooting of the owls at night. The flash of the bluebird on the wing, the song of the lark, the "tchk-tchk" of the black bird, the contented chirping of the robins. It is the machine gun rattle of the flicker and the woodpecker as they drill for food in the trunk of the weeping willow. It is the call of the blue jay, the magpie and the crow; and the killdeer's clear cry as he runs the clover pasture at the foot of the lane. It is the bawling of calves, and the cows and the bleating of sheep; the grunting of pigs and the contented munching of the horses as they eat their hay or their oats. It is the sound of the mower as Vera mows the hay.

It is the scent of that new mown hay in late June or early July, of newly threshed grain, and of roasting pine nuts in a bed of hot coals from an open campfire oat in the lane in the fall.

It is the resinous odor of cedar and pine burning in stoves, and of cows, horses, chickens, sheep and pigs warm-housed in straw covered sheds.

It is porcupine, skunks, muskrats, and jack rabbits. It is willows and wild roses and the croaking frogs in the calf pasture.

It is the purity of new fallen snow on field and stream, and the muffled silence of the world, as we plod homeward across the fields through deep snow, to be greeted by warmth and the light from kerosene lamps, the welcoming chimes of the antique black marble clock, and the odor of home made whole wheat bread fresh baked from the oven.

Pioneer days and pioneer ways! This, then, was our heritage.

This, too, is your heritage, if you are a descendant of Harry Taylor.