

'NELLENE WHITE'
Mrs. Nellene Strelhke,
450 So. Benton Way,
Los Angeles, Calif.

T I T L E

REMEMBER WHEN---

By

Nellene White

DEDICATED

To

My Daddy

*

TYPIST'S NOTES

On Saturday, April 28, 1962, my mother and I sorted all the accumulated trunks, boxes, and other miscellaneous articles stored in the basement. In my father's "memory trunk" I found two typewritten copies of this manuscript--the original and one carbon.

Recognizing it immediately as a family treasure, I knew both my brother and I should like to save it. Because only the original was in good condition and so that each of us could have a good, complete copy, I retyped it in my office after work hours on an IBM Executive typewriter. I gave the first carbon of my typed version to my mother and the second and third carbons to my brother and kept the original for myself. Everything I had found pertaining to this document, as well as the original and carbon, I passed on to my brother, first inserting the aged original in acetate sheets.

In addition, I had two sets of the drawings, which were only in the original copy and not in the carbon, run off on the Copease machine at my office. One set I kept, and the other I gave to my mother, all cut and pasted in the right places on the right pages (most of the original illustrations were drawn directly on the typewritten pages).

At the end of this document I have inserted several pages numbered 14, followed by two unnumbered pages, and 15, followed by three unnumbered pages. These pages, in the same box as the original manuscript, were in longhand. They were numbered as follows: 14, 2nd of 14, 3rd of 14, 15, 2nd of 15, 3rd of 15, 3rd, 4. Since the content of these pages is different from the others, I believe Ganna (Nellene White Strehlke) would eventually have included them, and so I included them here--with a simplified page numbering system.

In retyping this manuscript, I did not do any editing of any sort, even though, as you will shortly see, Ganna had her own particular ideas about grammar, punctuation, and spelling (note her spelling of "Strehlke"). I did include the pencil and pen notations, which had been written by someone sometime in the past. At the bottom of pages 32 and 36 on the carbon, there were these respective pencil notations: "33--picture" and "37--picture." Although neither copy actually included pages 33 and 37, I kept the numbering system the same. Because of our respective typewriters, the margins and length of the pages are slightly different. Nevertheless, I kept as closely to her style as I could; the total number of pages of the whole story (including, of course, the ending mentioned above) and the total number of pages for each individual date's reminiscences are the same.

I am sure you will have several questions. I certainly have, but I fear they will forever remain unanswered:

Does the story end on page 46, or was the ending lost, or was it not written?

Who did the original typing?

Who drew the illustrations? (Perhaps my father did, as I do seem to recognize his style in some of the drawings, particularly that on page 5.)

###

Sally Faith Strehlke
240-29 Forest Drive
Douglaston 62, Long Island, New York
May, 1962

Copy No. 2

'NELLENE WHITE'
Mrs. Nellene Strehke,
450 So. Benton Way,
Los Angeles, Calif.

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"REMEMBER WHEN--"

By

Nellene White

My dear husband:-

At last this writing-a-diary-bug has got me! I've been dodging writing-diary-bugs for years; my best defense was that I was too busy doing things and going places; but now sitting here alone in this sheltered, sunny room, unable to walk about and do the things I used to do, I have succumbed to the worst of all pests---diary-bugs. But between you and me I have a sneaking feeling that I'm going to enjoy writing this memoir of OUR many happy hours together, especially those times when laughter saved the day, as the old saying goes. Laughter offers a large and suggestive field for multifarious solutions of many marriage problems, as well as dramatic relief in many situations which we poor human beings get mixed up in.

Do you remember when I visited Aspen, Colorado? Aspen was such a thriving mining camp in those days, a nice little town surrounded by high steep mountains.

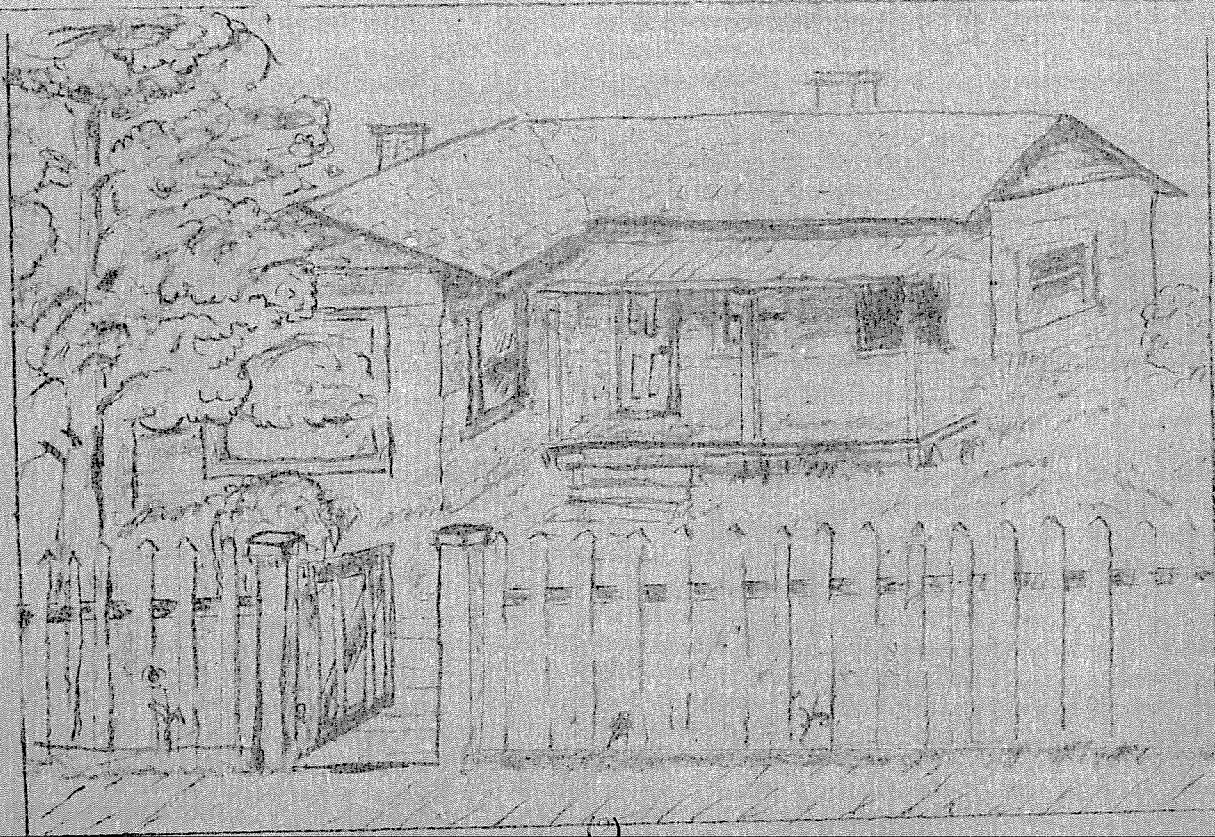
I was so anxious to see my sister and her husband, but thrilled to death over their new baby, which made me Auntie. Sister was like a little girl with a new doll.

Remember When--

By-Nellene White.

Sister and I had been seperated nearly two years and were so happy to see each other, but hardly had my hat off before she was telling me all about you; what a nice boy you were, how you worked for her husband in the Drug Store, as an apprentice; that you were going away to college later, for you wanted to be a Druggist and did wish we would be good friends. Well, it wasn't long before you made your appearance, you asked sister's husband if he would send something to his wife, a package---anything---so you would have an excuse to see the new girl, which was me. You were so young and bashful you did not stay long when you came, you had very little to say, just stood in the door and grinned awkwardly. Sister talked for us both.

You only lived a block away, so you made several trips to sister's house during the afternoon and you had such funny excuses for coming, sister and I could hardly keep from laughing; but we were always glad to see you, and you and I were getting acquainted fast.



Feb. 15th., 1937.

Do you remember the next afternoon? I was sitting on the front porch darning stockings for sister, I glanced up and there you were in all your awkward innocence. You sat down beside me--the stocking bag was between us. I did not notice that you were tying the stockings in hard knots,--the stocking-tying-act was a gesture of boyish embarrassment on your part--we talked and laughed while I darned. Then you got a bashful streak, said "Goodby" and was gone before I realized what had happened. After you left I reached into the bag for another stocking, low and behold there was nothing but a bagfull of hard knots! No more darning for me, the rest of the afternoon was spent untying knots, but must confess I had a secret joy in doing it.

Sister wanted me to go to town and buy her a pound of butter, she gave me the money in her handbag. When I reached the gate there you were, you decided to go along, then I gave you the handbag saying: "It is a man's place to buy the groceries." You looked elated and swung the handbag with awkward nonchalance. You did not know your mother was down town. She spied us. Never having seen you with a girl, her curiosity was aroused, so she followed us from store to store as we took in the town. She was afraid her young son might be getting into difficulty thru the wiles of a strange young girl---a girl she had never seen before. She inquired in one of the stores and learned I was the sister of your employer's wife. We went merrily home, innocent of the fact we had been followed. Your mother, being satisfied that her son was safe, said nothing about it; but years after told us of the incident.



Feb. 16th., 1937.

Do you remember when I told you that a young man who worked in a shoe store was going to call on me? You didn't like the idea. You said: "None of the boys like him." Come to find out it was because he wore such good clothes, you were all jealous of him. Well, he called. And while we were sitting in the livingroom we talked and talked, but kept hearing pebbles roll off the roof. I went to the door several times and called, "Who's there?" No answer. No sound. Then I said as I closed the door: "Whoever it is must be hiding." As soon as I sat down the pebbles started rolling again. I suspicioned you, but was not sure.

The young man asked me to go to a Club Dance with him. A Club Dance was considered a very important affair in Aspen. I was thrilled, for I loved to dance. When I told you the next day you were mad and jealous because you could not dance. Then you confessed it was you who threw pebbles on the roof. I seemed to take

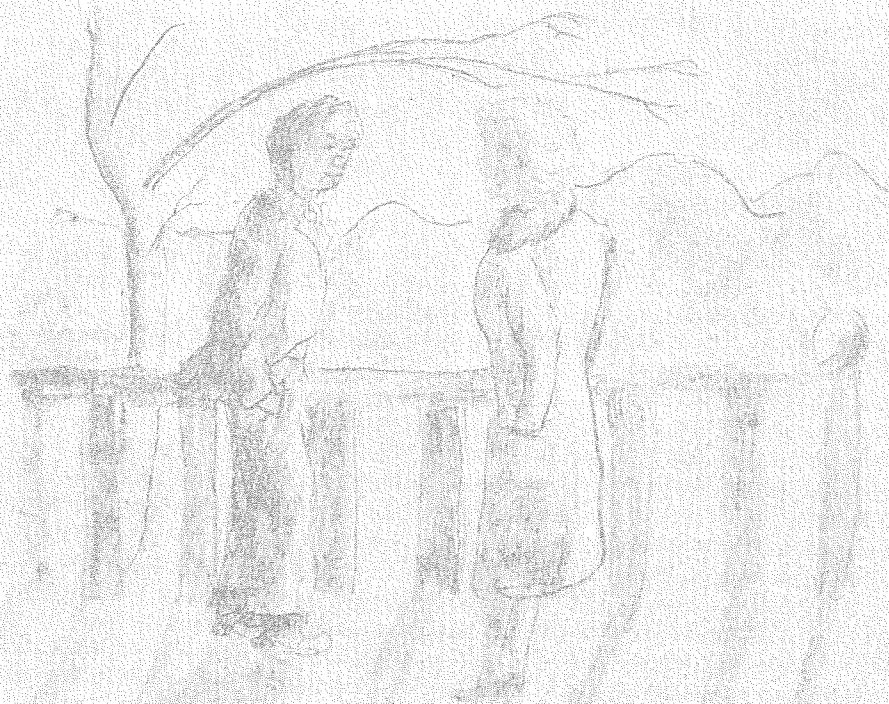
exceptions to your attitude which resulted in our first little quarrel; but it didn't last long, for you looked so sad and forlorn, I felt sorry for you, so we made up.

The next morning you asked my sister to go to the dance with you, and the two of you accompanied us to the Hall where the dance was given. You and sister kept stepping on our heels to disconcert us; first you were in front of us, then behind us, making remarks about me being so tall and my escort so short. You wounded my vanity. You seemed to think you owned me.



Feb. 17th., 1937.

Remember the evening you were at sister's home for supper? You called me outside to look at the moon? I was helping sister wash the dishes, but ran out in the yard for a minute. It was a glorious evening, a beautiful moonlit night, light as day outside. I stood beside you looking at the sky, moon and stars, quick as a flash you gave me a peck on the cheek, then away you went, jumped the fence and ran down the street for home like the devil and all his imps were after you. I couldn't get it for a minute, then I laughed so hard and loud that sister called from the kitchen window to find out what was going on. You did not come over the next day, but I met you on the street and asked what was the matter with you-- why you went home in such a hurry. You blushed and stammered, but finally told me I was your first girl, and it was the first time you ever kissed a girl, so you were afraid to stay.



Feb. 18th., 1937.

You surely remember the day we decided to climb a mountain? I wore a bright red dress, so sister could sit on her porch and watch us. It was a very hot day. I took a small sun shade, the style in those days, thinking we might need a little shade when resting, and we could use the handle of the parasol for a walking stick. We climbed for hours it seemed to me before stopping to rest. There seemed to be only one stone large enough for us both to sit on. We tried to hold my little parasol so we both could have shade, it was small for me, let alone two.

It wasn't long before it began to rain. A mountain rainstorm starts without any warning, and how it does come down. We rested a few minutes under my 'dinky' little sun shade, the water running off it on us in streams until we were nearly soaked. Then we decided to go home as fast as possible. We took hold of each other's hands and away we went running down that steep mountain side, digging the heels of our shoes in the soft, wet ground; the whole mountain, dirt, rocks and sticks seemed to come right along with us. We began laughing so hard, when we got caught in a land slide, fell down several times and the wet mud wasn't doing a thing to our clothes. My red dress was plastered with mud and clung to me like a bathing suit. My hair was wet, curls all gone and water running from my hair onto my face and down my neck. Could hardly lift our feet, they were so heavy with mud. But wet and muddy as we were, we were happy and thought it great fun trying to walk weighted down with wet, gooey mud. Sister heard us coming, opened the door and stood petrified when she saw us; didn't know what

to do with us, she couldn't understand how people could get so muddy and dripping wet, and still laugh.



Feb. 19th., 1937.

Remember my Aunt Phenie and her small son from Concordia, Kansas? They came to Aspen for a visit, then went with me to Creed, Colorado to visit papa. When we met Aunt Phenie's train about the first thing she wanted to do, she said, was climb a mountain. So the next day we fixed a basket lunch and it was up to you and I to carry the lunch basket. Remember how she fussed because we were rough with the lunch basket? Half way up the mountain there was a lovely clearing, a nice cabin, occupied by an old miner; seeing us, he came out and gave us a great welcome, after finding out we were strangers in Aspen; insisted

on us coming into his cabin to rest before climbing farther, for it was a terribly hot day. He was a jolly good sort and wanted to be hospitable, so insisted on my Aunt having a drink with him. She had never drank any whisky, didn't know just what to do about it, being her first trip West. She was anxious to do as Western people did and not hurt anyone's feelings. While she hesitated, the old miner poured some whisky into a small glass and handed it to her, made a bow, 'wishing her a pleasant visit', then they drank together.

We all talked a few minutes, then left the cabin. Auntie got so happy, laughed at everything, even the way we handled the lunch basket. With her hat over one ear, her eyes shining, face flushed, she said and did such funny things. We got tickled and laughed at everything she did. What a wonderful time she had! You said to me: "A drink makes a great difference, the old miner should have given us one."



Feb. 20th., 1937.

Do you recall the day Aunt Phenie, her little son and I were packing to leave Aspen? We were going to Creed to visit papa, who had written for information about Eastern Colleges for girls. Aunt Phenie and papa were going to decide where my younger sister and I would go to school. They thought we should finish in the East as we were raised in the West. My dear wonderful mother had passed away two years before. I was the only blonde, my other two sisters were dark and looked like papa. I not only looked like my mother, but had many of her ways, so she called me her baby, and was I spoiled! No one ever missed their mother more than I missed mine, I cried myself to sleep every night for years. Like most spoiled youngsters, I felt that no one understood me or cared what I did.

You were so honest and sincere, that was why I liked you from the first, had a feeling I could always count on you. It was nearly time for us to leave on the little narrow gauge train that would chug me away from the little town where my girlish romance started; but I wouldn't bare my heart to you then for all the world. You went to the Station with me and we walked ahead of the others so we could have a little visit before the train arrived. We were sitting on a packing case, almost overcome with sadness and emotion at the separation so soon to take place. We simply couldn't talk. A long silence. Then you would say, "A penny for your thoughts?" We smiled sadly at each other. Another long silence, then I looked at you and said, "A penny for your thoughts?" Another sad smile. Finally you said your plans were made, you were leaving in September for Chicago to attend the North-Western University School of Pharmacy. I felt so lonely and forlorn when we got on the train, when I said my last "Goodby" tears were so

near the surface, I forced a smile and chattered cheerfully so you wouldn't feel as lonely as you looked.



Feb. 21st., 1937.

We arrived at Creed, Colorado, another thriving mining town. Papa met us at the train and took us to a lovely Hotel. A swift mountain stream ran right near the Hotel. I liked it all. Was so happy to be with papa again. He was manager and Superintendent of the Chicago Group of Silver Mines, running two shifts a day. We rode to the Mines in a spring wagon. It was such a lark for us, the country and mountains were so beautiful and green, many birds singing, lots of gay colored wild flowers and it was a glorious day. We drove twenty-five miles, then we could see the mountains and canyons below us, and the large clearing before us half way up a towering mountain; in the middle of the clearing was a log cabin about 25x50

feet, with a door in one end and window in the other. The cabin was used as a diningroom for everyone. A long table ran the full length of the room, with chairs all around it. A few shelves in one corner for dishes, a small heating stove of sheet iron near the window, in another corner a bed where my father slept, in the middle of the ceiling a large hanging lamp---the only lamp in camp--- in front of the cabin door was the cook tent, which had a floor and was boarded up halfway on all sides, this was a large tent, in it a big range, a large table, cupboards made of boxes for food stuffs; at the end of the tent was a cot where the cook slept. At the end of the cabin where the window was, there was our tent, everything nice and new, it had a good floor, was boarded up on all sides, had two new beds in it---legs on the springs brought the beds up a couple of feet from the floor---we used a large box for our table, and each of us had a box to put clothes in, boxes the right size to slip under our beds.

Back of the cook tent was the opening of the tunnel to the Mine. The miners had their tents down the mountain away from the main buildings. They had a blacksmith shop just a short distance down the mountain under a lovely big old spruce tree. Under that great tree was a wonderful place to sit and read or write. It was there that I spent many happy hours with my father, even now I can see him smiling as I learned to whistle like some of the birds resting in the branches of that huge tree.

Little sister and I spent the winter before with my Aunt Matie in Concordia, Kansas, and went to school. She taught me how to make bread, so I wrote papa what I could do, (like most parents, papa never missed an opportunity to show off his daughters) he told the men the treat that was in store for them---home made

bread. Well, my home made bread and rolls were a grand success. Papa was so proud and kept praising me with the rest of the men. After eating sour dough biscuits for so long, I suppose the bread did taste good.

Every day one of the men went to town for the mail and brought me a surprise gift of candy or fruit. Papa and I were sitting under our big spruce tree reading when your first letter came. As usual all the mail was given to him to be sorted and delivered to his men, but one letter which was handed to me. I saw at a glance the postmark Aspen, so knew it was from you and said so, but papa made me give it to him. He opened it, saying he didn't like the idea of me getting letters from boys and would read it and see if I should have it; he read half of it and said, "Kid stuff!" and handed the letter to me. I was thrilled, it was a wonderful letter to me, and the penmanship I thought was beautiful, knew you had spent lots of time writing it, for it showed infinite pains. I retained this letter to this day.

Miner's candles were used in the tents; this candle stick had a round loop where you put a candle, then a sharp point stuck out from the side of it so the miner's could stick that point in the dirt walls of the tunnel and have light. We had one in our tent that stuck on the side of the box we used for a table, but always put it out when we left the tent. One evening while we were eating supper by lamplight, I could see our tent thru the window of the cabin, but no one noticed the light left burning by one of the children---the candle must have burned and slipped thru the loop of the candle stick and fell on our bed. We were all eating, I looked up, saw our tent in flames, with one scream of "Fire!" I jumped up, knocking everything over in my way, as did all the rest. With one mad scramble

we were out there trying to rescue our possessions. I was so strong, I grabbed Auntie's bed, which was near the door---how I got it out of the tent and down the mountainside away from the fire I never knew---then I dashed back to save our clothes, for papa had bought us such lovely dresses, hats, shoes and stockings for our trip. I was sick at heart when I discovered that everything but what my little sister and I had on our backs was burned. But Aunt Phenie managed to save her clothes, and I had saved her bed so she was fixed, but our bed and clothes were gone. The bed I saved was moved into the cabin, papa had us use his bed that night. Next day we took Aunt Phenie and her son to the train. Papa and Auntie had decided we girls should go to Philadelphia to the Darlington Seminary, and a few days later he was taking us to Denver to get clothes for school. I was so full of the joy of living, couldn't keep still, so sung and whistled all the way back to the mine after seeing Auntie and her son off, papa was so happy for he loved to hear me sing.

Went to Denver, got lots of lovely things and we were on the train going East to school before we realized it. We were so lonely leaving papa. At Kansas City I decided to send a wire to you to meet our train, the telegram reached you in time, but was not given to you till after you came out of the classroom--- which was too late; our train came into Chicago, I was thrilled and excited, how I did look for you. Then the train began moving and I realized we were leaving Chicago. I was stunned, all I wanted to do was cry in my disappointment. To think you were in Chicago and had not come to my train. Then I got mad thinking you didn't want to bother, but when your letter arrived explaining how bad you felt, everything was forgiven.

(Typist's note: On the original typed version there was a space of about 3 inches here with the word "fire" written in pencil--evidently an illustration was to go here.)

Feb. 23rd., 1937.

Well school was over for you and me! Aunt Matie and her two daughters had moved to Chicago, and they wanted my sister and I to visit them on our way to Kansas. Being anxious to see the Columbia Exposition, we decided to visit them for a few days. How much fun we had! Was so excited over the Fair. One day, do you remember, when we sat on top of the Manufacture's Building, you remarked "A woman's place in this world is to make a home and have babies." I didn't know whether I was embarrassed or angry, but guess I was both, I didn't concur with your views in those days and didn't mince words in expressing my feelings in this matter. Do you remember that spirited argument?

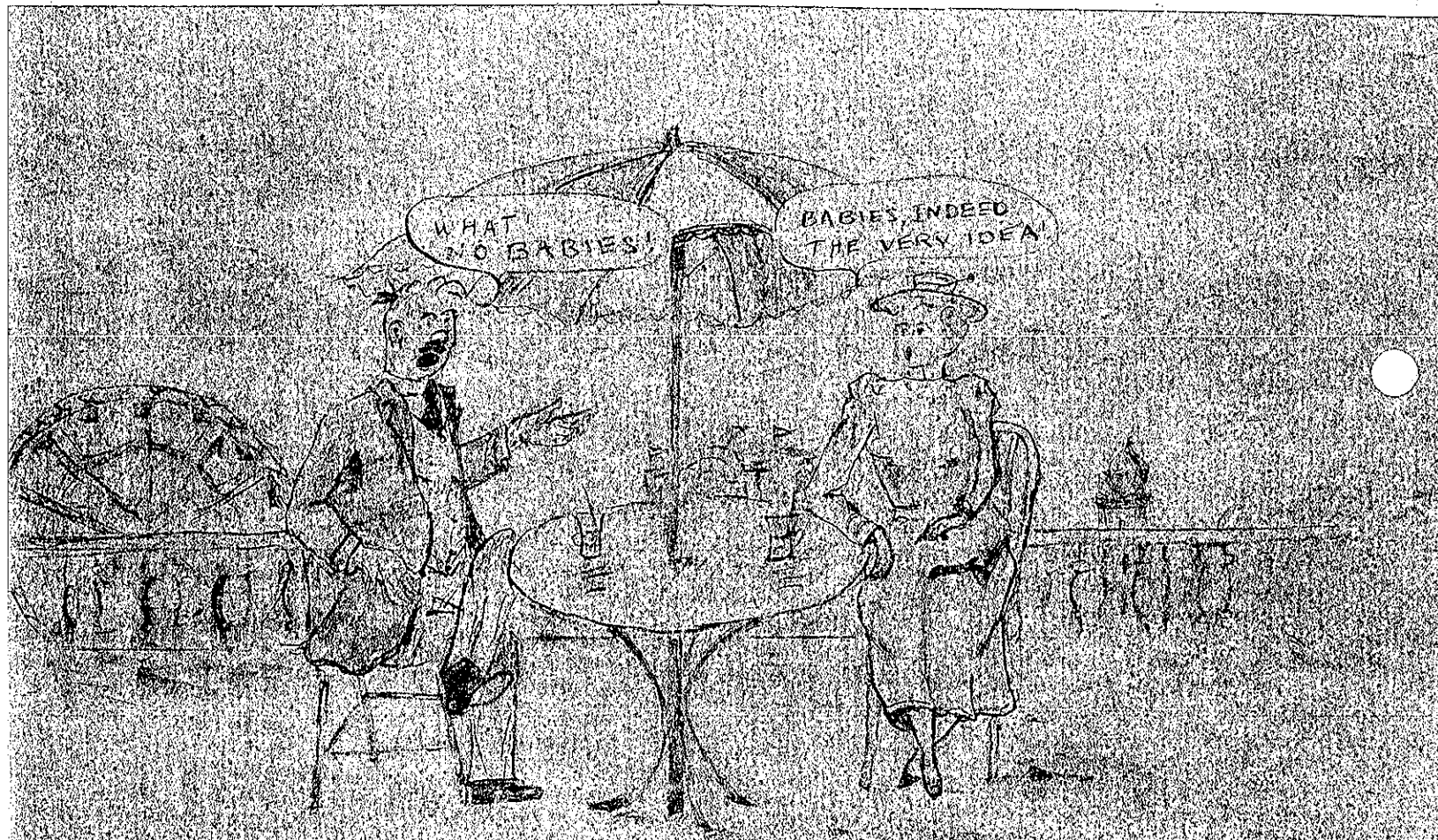
You had raised a small mustache which resembled a misplaced eyebrow, but were you proud of it! You tried to act so sophisticated thinking your mustache made you look so much older, but it didn't, for your face was so young looking and your actions so boyish even if you had finished College.

Now we are on our way to Concorida, Kansas to visit Aunt Phenie and Aunt Truesdell. While there Aunt Phenie had Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Chapman Catt for house guests. I liked them both and was converted on the spot to their cause, so decided to go home with Aunt Truesdell and return next day for their meeting; knew they would have a good meeting for every woman I knew in those days was interested in Woman's Suffrage. Well Auntie and I were on our way, going along at a slow jogging trot, with old Kit and the buggy---old Kit was the only horse on the farm Auntie felt safe with---I was talking of leaving for California, she was so concerned about me, she turned and looked at me and said: "Nellene, you are so good looking and so full of the joy of living, I would feel so much happier if I knew you were going to be married." She looked so worried and I

thought so much of her, my first thought was to ease her mind, so said: "Please Auntie dear, don't worry about me, for I do intend to get married." A glad look of surprise came over her face, she waited, afraid to speak for fear I would not tell her. I said I was going to marry you, which would have been as great a surprise to you as it was to Auntie, had you known; but she was so relieved and happy about us, we celebrated with a big dinner.

I had a grand time in Concordia, visiting Aunt Phenie before, when she had given me my coming-out party, I knew all the young people, so lots of parties, dances and picnics were given for me. I had learned to play the banjo and gaitar, so belonged to the "Concordia Glee Club", we furnished music for our crowd where ever we went. Our crowd went boating down the Republican River, Glee Club furnishing the music in the first boat. Those were happy days! The morning I left for California, by way of Denver, had to take an extra seat in the train to put all my candy, fruit, flowers, books and magazines on. I think nearly everyone in that little town was at the station---made me sad to leave them all. Between trains at Cheyenne, a wait of nearly two hours, a married cousin and her husband met the train, for Auntie had telegraphed them, they took me all over Cheyenne in a cab. Was so happy to see them, they gave me a lovely box of candy and some fruit. A few hours later I was back in Denver, Colorado, where I could see the wonderful Rocky Mountains again, and with my dear friend Mrs. Cahill. Was so happy to see her and Lucy---Lucy was her darling little crippled sister whom I dearly loved. I wrote you, for you were on your father's cattle ranch at Meeker, Colorado. You were trying to decide where to go, for you did not like it there, you wanted to go to a City and work in a Drug Store. You were anxious to start

living your life. When my letter arrived telling you I was on my way to San Francisco, California, to live with sister and her husband---who had moved from Aspen, Colorado, to San Francisco while I was at school because of better business opportunities---it didn't take you long to decide to go to San Francisco. I was there only a week when you put in your appearance, and were we tickled to see you again!



Feb. 25th., 1937.

You got a place in a Drug Store right away and rented a room right across the street from sister's. At last you were a Druggist, same as my brother-in-law. My brother-in-law was also a fine musician, got his musical education in Berlin, Germany. When at school I specialized in music so I wouldn't have to take a back seat while there. You remember Emma, the young lady who lived with her mother, father and brother in one of the flats, in the same building that sister, her husband, little girl and I lived in? Emma was born and raised in San Francisco, so knew lots of young people. It wasn't long before I was included in all the parties and dances. You didn't like that, you didn't dance and didn't want to learn. Then you started to dictate to me, would get so mad at you---didn't like the idea of you feeling 'you owned me'. Sister got cross at me because of the way I treated you, for she always liked you so much and seemed to think what ever you did was alright.

Emma and I went to a Club Dance once a week, given by a dancing school. There we met a boy, he was a nice chap and good dancer, he told me he had been busy trying to learn to play the banjo, but just could not learn and had given up in disgust. I said in fun, "Some evening you bring your banjo and come over to our house, and I will play it for you and Emma." The very next evening he came, Emma and I entertained him in her mother's parlor--as we used to call the best room in a house---First I tried to show him how to tune a banjo, then tried to show him how to play it; but could not keep that up very long, in a few minutes I was singing, they both joined in and we had a grand time singing the evening away. When he was leaving he said to me: "You keep the banjo. Some future time, if I decide to learn how to play, will come for it." That made a hit with me,

for I didn't own a banjo and just loved to play one.

In those days at the top of the stairs you pushed a button that opened a door at the foot of the stairs on the street. Emma and I both went to the stairs with him, Emma pushed the button, the door at the foot of the stairs flew open, we did not see you or her brother down there, for the street was dark and the hall and stairs flooded with light. We were saying goodnight when this young man grabbed me and kissed me. We were all laughing. We closed the door after him and went in Emma's diningroom to talk. She heard voices thru the open windows, she put out the light and we both went to the open windows to listen---we heard you say in a loud voice, "I want you to understand that she is my girl. You had your nerve to kiss her! I am so mad I feel like knocking your head off!"

We didn't hear what our young man said, he spoke so low. Then Emma's brother said: "Don't you ever come near this place again." And you piped up, "If you ever call on Nellene again, we'll beat you in an inch of your life, for I have stood all I am going to stand from you now." Your words were brave but your voice had a quiver, anyhow you made it stick. You both followed him at a safe distance, till he got on a street car, and how you did chest back. And was I proud of my hero! Emma and I sitting on the floor, in the dark, with our heads out the window (being upstairs we were not seen by you) taking it all in and so full of giggles. Our young friend never came to our house again.

Then Emma got so interested in you and said she was going to take you away from me. Shortly after that my Aunt Cynthia in Wheatland, California, invited me to visit them, so I decided to go there, for it was a short train trip of a few hours from San Francisco. During my absence, Emma, I learned later, tried to make good

Remember When---

By Nellene White.

her boast; She made a point to entertain you a lot while I was away. I will admit now that I was a 'wee bit' concerned, but when you hopped off the train a few days later at Wheatland and confessed you could not stay away any longer, you were so lonesome, the skies cleared and the birds sang again for me; but no one knew this.

The following day I returned to San Francisco with you, we got home in time for dinner and was sister and her husband tickled to see us!

March 1st., 1937. Later sister's husband bought a Drug Store in that part of San Francisco known as 'the Mission'. No house being available, they moved into a couple of large rooms back of the Store---which was a very common practice in those days; so I rented a room across the street from a dear old couple who owned the building and kept a seven room flat for their home. They were lonely and delighted to have me, treated me like a daughter. Their parlor, as they called it, was a very large room with a red carpet with large flowers, old fashioned horse hair furniture, a big square piano, enlarged pictures of the whole family hung on the gay papered walls, a white marble topped center table on which rested an ornament from a wedding cake, a bridal couple---bride with white wedding dress and long veil, groom in conventional black and everything---this was under a large glass bell, and the table was under a huge hanging lamp with glass prismatic pendants hanging from the edge of the large lamp shade. Remember the large windows in that quaint parlor? At the corner of the parlor was a large bay window where one could get a wonderful view of both streets up and down, as this flat was on the second floor.

The parlor was only used on rare occasions, but they insisted that I should entertain you in it; so the evenings we did not spend riding bicycles we spent in the parlor, I would play the piano and sing for you for awhile, then we would sit in the bay window and watch people passing along the streets, for it was a business district---in that parlor we became engaged.

Sister finally found a five room flat half a block from her husband's Drug Store, so I was asked to move with them, which I did. Later, when you bought a Drug Store we decided on the date of our wedding. Sister and her husband gave us

a lovely wedding and we moved not far from the neighborhood we first lived in.
A year and a half later our dear little baby boy was born.

(Typist's Note: In the original typed version there was a space of about 6 1/4 inches with the pencil notation "Baby"--evidently an illustration of the baby was to go here.)

March 3rd., 1937: Remember how homesick we were for Colorado and our floks? You had an opportunity to sell your Drug Store, which you did. We bought some nice clothes and were ready for our trip. Living in California a few years had caused us to forget the cold winters in Colorado---while going to the train we noticed Street peddlers selling strawberries---this was in November in San Francisco, and were we amazed to arrive during a blizzard at Aspen, Colorado. You wanted to visit your brother and his wife a few days, but the extreme climatic change was too much for me, I got a severe cold which developed into pneumonia over night. You were afraid for me to stay in such a high altitude, you had them dress me, bundle me into blankets even over my head, and I was carried to a cab, then into the train. You took us to Colorado Springs, a famous health resort. We went out of the deep snow into wonderful warm sunshine, in this climate I made speedy recovery.

We decided on a trip to Cripple Creek to visit your mother, and my father and his new wife, whom I had never seen, also lived there. The trip to Cripple Creek looked dangerous and risky to all the passengers, watching from the car window---our train going over high trestle bridges, always climbing up; up the steep grades over magnificent, rugged mountains. The grandeur of this view is most awe-inspiring.

When our train chugged into the Cripple Creek Station, there stood papa. Was I thrilled to be with him again! We decided to stay at a Hotel for awhile, then the nurse could care for our baby un-interrupted. We planned to do lots of things while here. Well, we started down the street and were so impressed by the many strange sights; Cripple Creek was a hustling new mining Camp, where gold had recently been discovered, and a big boom was on. The streets were worn in deep ruts by the many heavy ore wagons and drays of various descriptions. Trains of pack-burrows, toiling slowly along with their burdens of miners' supplies, among which was sow-belly, canned goods, flour etc and the inevitable 'plug tobacco', not to forget a plentiful supply of whisky. For these little animals were the only mode of transportation to mining properties high up in the mountains. The sidewalks were board planks, none too safe to walk on, for there were loose boards here and there, projecting nails and steps of uneven stride, either going up or down to conform with the contour of the street, for the streets were not graded.

Going down the street, every other door was a saloon, gambling hall or dance hall; men milling around; laughter mingling with music from discordant pianos emitting from open doors of dance halls, of which there were plenty.

How you all laughed at the amusing incident when a miner came reeling out of one of the saloons, bumped heavily into a telephone pole, just as I came along. He straightened himself up, looked apologetically at me, taking off his hat with a gallant sweep, saying: "Poddon, lady---'hic'---didn't mean to bump ye." Then he staggered on into the next saloon. First time I was ever taken for a telephone pole.

On our way to the Hotel we met Senator Tabor of Leadville fame, a good friend of my father's. We all had a nice chat. Senator Tabor took millions of dollars out of the mines of Leadville. He was very poor most of his life before he went to mining. With this fabulous fortune he did many fine things for the State of Colorado, then suddenly fortune forsook him and his wealth diminished as rapidly as it came and he died a pauper.

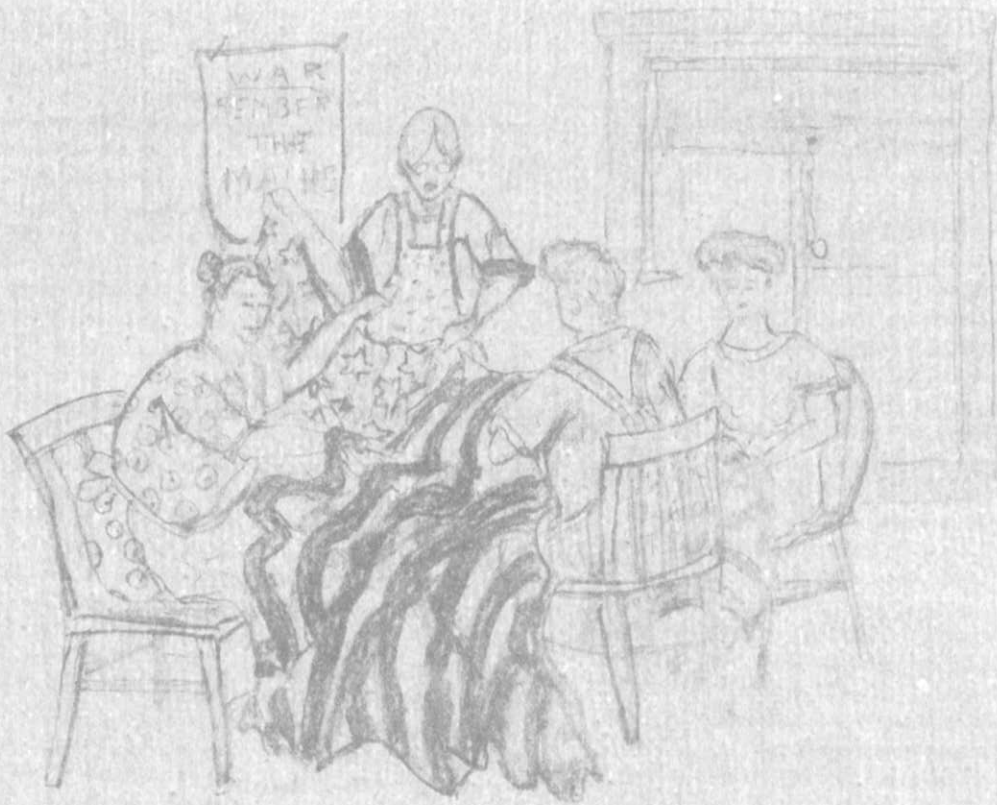
At the best Hotel in Cripple Creek a bell-boy showed us to our rooms, I can see him yet as he swung the door open and said: "Thar she be!" He was dressed like a miner, his trouser legs tucked into high boots, his mouth full of chewing tobacco and a week's growth of beard on his face.

Among many of the oddities in our room was a table with old-fashioned bowl and water pitcher, both were cracked and nicked, yet they fitted in nicely with the furniture and window shades. That first evening all the folks came to see us. When the elevator went up or down, our lights went off and on. What a good laugh we had about it all! We had paid five dollars a piece for this service. One thing that impressed us about Cripple Creek and the surrounding towns was the unusual activity by every one trying to get things built in a hurry. Building was carried on in a mad race for completion and apparently without system,

order or design. Everyone we talked to was so enthused. Papa was mining, and had made money. He was so very enthusiastic. It got in your blood, too.

We promised your mother we would visit her before leaving, she was conducting a boarding house in Independence, a few miles from Cripple Creek. We were with her when the Spanish-American War broke out. The volunteers of that district didn't even have a flag to represent their outfit, so your mother, myself and a couple of neighbor women decided to make a flag---we 'Betsy Rosses' made one which we carried to the train the morning the boys were leaving for Cuba. They were so glad to have this flag, it repaid us for all our work. They carried their flag all through the war. When they returned from war, bringing our flag full of bullet holes, it was presented to the Victor High School and still hangs in the building, I understand.

We decided to leave Independence and go to Meeker, Colorado to visit your father who owned a cattle ranch; then you thought you would like to stay with your mother and brother and try your luck mining for a little while. So I took baby and nurse girl and left for Meeker.



(Typist's Note: In the original manuscript this page was clipped to page 25. Because I did not leave enough space for it, just as Ganna did not leave enough space, I put it in separately.)

March 5th., 1937: Do you remember our experience in Meeker, Colorado?

The history of this little town always held a special interest for me, I remember the story as it was told to me by an old settler. In 1879 N. C. Meeker was appointed Indian Agent for the White River Utes, and he, hoping to civilize them, built log cabins for them and tried to teach them to farm. But the Indians believe that when the sod is broken it is no longer their land; so they would have nothing to do about tilling the soil, because they wanted the land for their ponies to graze on and wanted a race track. They strongly resented Meeker's improvements, and Meeker, fearing trouble, asked for Military Troops, which were sent him with Capt. Thornburg in command. The news of the coming troops was rapidly spread among the Indians. Before Capt. Thornburg could arrange a peace settlement with the Indians, a battle broke out, close by, and about the same time Mr. Meeker was attacked at his Agency, slaughtering twelve men and boys, robbing and burning the Agency buildings. Meeker was dragged around the grounds by a chain, with a barrel stave driven down his throat. The white women were captured and carried away to the tepees of the three leading Chief's, where they were brutally tortured. The Indians succeeded in separating Capt. Thornburg from the supply train, then in his attempt to reorganize his troop, he was surrounded and killed with thirteen of his men.

While waiting for reinforcements the surviving members of Thornburg's troop barricaded themselves behind breastworks comprised of wagons, dead horses, mules and even dead men and all were covered with earth, in the center of which a pit was dug for a Hospital where the wounded were placed. The irony of fate was, the only medical man was himself among the wounded. After six days

reinforcements arrived bringing the much needed relief and driving the Indians back. This resulted in the removal of the Indians to a new Reservation in the state of Utah. Then the Government threw this land open to the settlement of the white man, which brought many settlers, who rapidly transformed this section of the state into a great cattle center, vast acres were given over to raising hay and grain for feeding stock, made possible by the irrigation from the unlimited supply of water from the White River. Tradesmen, with stocks of goods brought in by wagons, to supply the wants of farmers, were establishing themselves in the center of this district. The settlers incorporated and called the town, Meeker, in honor of the Indian Agent by the same name.

March 7th., 1937: Can you imagine our amazement when we walked out of the Hotel at Rifle, Colorado the next morning to see your father driving up in a covered wagon, drawn by a couple of nice horses. I was curious to see what he had in the back of the wagon, so peeked in and was surprised to see a comfy bed all fixed up for me. He knew I had been sick and thought the fifty mile trip might be too much for me. When I looked at his dear old face, so full of sympathy and understanding, I loved him. I had written him many letters but this was our first meeting. I did appreciate his kindness so much and wasn't slow in telling him. I wanted to sit on the seat beside him so we could have a good visit. He said: "Well, I will admit you are a pretty healthy looking sick woman." He was so pleased that I was going to talk to him which would help pass the long hours of our trip. The nurse and baby had a grand time on the bed, both slept most of the way. Other people made this trip in the old Concord Stages, changing horses a couple of times and stopping for lunch at an eating place half way between, both stages going and coming made this place at noon. This trip is now made by an Auto bus in a few hours.



(Typist's Note: In the original manuscript this page was clipped to page 28. Because I did not leave enough space for it, just as Ganna did not leave enough space, I put it in separately.)

March 10th., 1937: We all loved the ranch father owned. It was located on a mesa near the town of Meeker. The rich virgin soil here yielded abundantly of alfalfa and grain. To look in any direction and see the fields planted in alfalfa and grain nodding in the breeze was inspiring indeed, and gave you the feeling of the country's prosperity. Father run his cattle on the range in summer and fed them on the ranch in winter. He had a seperate building where the men lived and a cabin with three large rooms for us, but he was getting ready to build a eight room, two story home. You being lonely decided to join your family. Were we thrilled when you came walking in. The baby had developed and was so brown, being out of doors all the time, you were sure pleased the way he looked. We had been away from you about a month.

March 15th., 1937: Meeker having no Drug Store you decided to put one in and live in Meeker, for we all liked it and father was happy to have us there too, for he had been so lonely and didn't want us to leave. Then the next thing we had moved into town. Father's large house was finished. Sister and her little daughter came to visit us from California just in time for the big house warming on the ranch. The orchestra being in the hall could be heard in three large rooms which were full of dancers. There was a big room upstairs which was used by the card players. No one here had seen the cake-walk danced, which was quite the rage in those days, my little neice, coming from San Francisco, had attended a good dancing school there and was a cute cake-walker. She sure made a hit. She danced it over and over again for them, then the rest of the night every one was trying to cake-walk, which made lots of fun. A big turkey dinner was served at midnight by several of the neighbor women, for a house-warming was an all night affair. Every one was served a big breakfast in the morning and all the men went to work on the different ranches from the party.

June 1st. 1937:

In woods and mountains around Meeker, plenty of wild game is found such as deer, antelope, coyotes, wolves, elk, bear, cougar and lynxes (lion and cat).

Hunters from all over the world are seen in Meeker. In Jan. 1901 Theodore Roosevelt, who was Vice President of the United States at that time, came to Meeker to hunt cougar and lynxes. He engaged as his guide John Goff, who was a famous hunter in this section. Goff was also a cattle man and he established their headquarters at the Keystone Ranch near the town of Meeker, where he took Roosevelt and party with their luggage.

John Goff had eleven hunting dogs, eight of them were well trained; these dogs are all scarred from wounds they received battling with 'lion' and 'cat'.

On one of their hunting trips, the only way Roosevelt could get a shot at a mountain lion was to hang over a ledge, while Johnnie Goff clung to his feet to keep him from falling, till he shot the lion.

Telling the story after they came back from the trip, Mr. Roosevelt said "if John Goff had not been a Republican he would have let him fall."

In your store you kept the only stock of books, papers and magazines, and the only long distance telephone in town. Naturally when Theodore Roosevelt was in town, much of his time was spent in our store, from where he sent many messages.

It was during this time Queen Victoria passed away. Roosevelt received the first news of this event from our bulletin-board in front of your store. He

immediately entered the store, inquired as to the authenticity of the news. When assured it was authentic, he was much concerned, and sent out many messages to the outside world over the crude telephone line from you store, which was connected with the Western Union Office at Rifle, Colorado.

When Mr. Roosevelt would come in the Drug Store, he always doffed his famous 'Rooseveltian hat' and carried it under his arm. I was conceited enough to accept this as a signal of honor to me because of my sex---perhaps it was, at that. In those days most of the light reading was paper-backed novels. One evening I was in the store, looking over these books for something to read. Theodore Roosevelt came in the store and walked straight back to where I was, he made a bow and said: "I, too, would like something to read. That is the only way I can get my mind off of things that worry me, so I can sleep."

He selected books---detective and adventure stories. He said Meeker was the only place he had ever been where people didn't care who he was. All greeted him with the same 'howdy' they hailed any of their fellow natives. He was amused because he was referred to only as John Goff's tourist. Vice Presidents didn't seem to be 'great shucks' with these hardy Westerners.

Mr. Roosevelt did enjoy his hunting trip in the White River Country, also the many people he met in Meeker. He and John Goff became wonderful friends.

June 2nd. 1937:

Meeker being 50 miles from the railroad, people there realized they had to make their own good times. Riding horse back, fishing, hunting and camping parties added fun to the every day life. So many beautiful places to go. You remember when we all went to Marveen Lakes? We left your father and our small son at Marveen Lodge while we took this trip. Marveen Lodge is a picturesque place nestling among the big pines. There are about 25 guest cabins, play grounds, big swings and other means of diversion here. The dining room and kitchen are in seperate cabins, with a large spring-house over a ice cold spring, where milk, butter, eggs, meat, sausage and trout with lots of other good things were kept cool. A mountain stream provided pure drinking water for the Lodge.

Near by were other mountain streams, all were full of mountain trout. This was an ideal place for fishermen to stay and the Lodge did a prosperous tourist business.

Well, six of us started for Marveen Lakes on horse back in a driving rain, all wore yellow slickers and cowboy hats. Riding through the rain-soaked brush kept us in a continual shower-bath and we were thoroughly soaked to the skin, but when you get that wet a little more or less of water doesn't matter. In spite of the weather we were having lots of fun. After going five miles, we came to a chain of three beautiful lakes, formed by Craters. One was a green cast, one was light blue and the largest and last was a deep blue---they were alive with mountain trout. We decided to stay all night at the largest lake, which had an old deserted log shack on the bank we could use for shelter. Nothing was more welcome to us than that big bonfire you built. Soon our wet clothes were dry and we were quite warm again, feeling fine and full of 'pep'. Lots of singing and laughing going on. When we caught the

aroma of the coffee and frying bacon coming from our camp fire, where you were preparing supper---do you remember how we all rushed out, circled the fire and gave you three rousing cheers? We were ravenously hungry, and how we did eat. That supper of coffee, bacon, eggs and biscuits still stands out in my memory as a high spot in my life.

We decided to call the log shack 'home'. It had one large room, no windows or doors; where the windows and doors should be--just open places; no chinks between the logs were filled and it had a dirt floor. We spread some old newspapers over the ground, then our blankets. We all slept in our clothes for the nights were chilly. A few remarks about our 'soft' bed, then all was quiet. It did not take long to fall asleep. The storm was now over. The moon was out and through the openings in the walls of our house enough light came in for us to see everything. Suddenly a loud scream from one of the women rent the air---every one waking out of a sound sleep, startled and frightened, we all sat up 'like one man'. A mountain rat had run over one of the women's face. We could see every one sitting up . After a good laugh, all was quiet again.

The next morning after a good night's sleep, we were filled with joy for the sun was shining again and it was a glorious day. We were all hungry and ready for your wonderful breakfast, it did not take us long to scramble out, when all the good smells of coffee, bacon, eggs, biscuits and beans filled the air. What a breakfast! How we did enjoy eating it! Never saw so much coffee disappear--makes me hungry to think of it now. After breakfast we were all anxious to go fishing. An old raft and a old boat were on the bank of the lake. Two of the party took the raft, leaving the boat for four of us. When you shoved the boat into the water and we

heard this gurgling sound of water rushing in, we just looked at each other, in no time the boat was half full of water. It encouraged us when you said you thought the boat was just dry and would soon soak up. We waited and waited, finally got impatient, one of the boys got a large bucket and baled most of the water out of the boat. Then we all got in to the boat, you did the rowing, but the water had to be continually baled out, for it run in just as fast as it did in the beginning. I did the fishing---this was one place I had good luck. When I would cast my line and the fly would strike the water, the fish would just churn the water trying to get the fly the water was so clear could see them coming for my hook. Hundreds of them. I got so excited could hardly leave the fly in the water long enough for a trout to get it. Many times I would jerk the pole and the fly would be out of the water and the trout would jump out of the water to get it.

I never in my life saw so many fish. When I took them off the hook and threw them in the boat, it having so much water in the bottom the fish had a lively time, seemed happy and at home. But I kept right on fishing. My! It was so exciting.

When we got to shore, the boys pulled the boat out of the water, then started to turn the boat over, one of the floor boards fell off. The board had big rust holes where the nails and screws had been, we just 'gasp'd' when we discovered what a flimsy craft we trusted our lives in, for not one of us could swim.

June 5th. 1937:

You remember this trip when eight in our party started for the mountains going on a camping trip. Your father had his covered wagon packed full, he said: "We are going to have a comfortable camp." And we sure did. Each of us had a horse to ride. You know your father gave me 'johnnie', his favorite cow pony. Johnnie and I understood each other and got along like pals. He was the world's slowest walker, but if you let out one 'yip-eee' away he'd go and leave the other horses bringing up in the rear, you see, he was trained to do this, for when the cow boys were gathering the cattle on the range in the fall, the cow ponies had to do their part. And a number of us that day rode horse back 35 miles--- then we found an ideal spot to make camp, situated on one of the bends of the North Fork of the White River. What a beautiful spot! Right in the midst of giant pine trees. Every one pitched in to do their share in making camp. Three good sized tents were put up. Then pine boughs were cut for the beds--good thick beds were made, then a mattress put over them. I never shall forget the balsamic smell from the pine boughs of that marvelous bed. How we all did sleep!

A tarpaulin was stretched on the floor of our tent over the ground and a lantern hung up in the middle of the tent for light. We had a folding table and folding chairs for our tent which we used for a writing desk, our card games etc, our tent being the largest. Boxes were nailed to the trees contained our dishes and canned goods. Father fixed a table out of a couple wide boards with a bench at one side, and we used our camp chairs on the other. Two hammocks were hung under the trees. We had some large canvas folding chairs, a stove of sheet iron which was placed on large rocks to make it higher. A shelf nailed to a tree held a wash basin

more fun on the lake to day, than I have had in years. The expression on your face and the way you would gasp with excitement when you caught a fish was enough thanks." With this Otie was gone, I put my fish in a large pan in the sink before you and your party returned. Do you remember how proud you were of your large catch that day? How your eyes popped when you spied the panful of beautiful trout in the sink. The smallest one of which was 12 inches. Mine were the largest and the best catch of the day. You wouldn't believe, for some time, that I had really caught them. I was so proud and thrilled! I could hardly talk, but I purposely acted indifferent, as though it was nothing much to get excited about.

and a cord stretched between two trees made a line for towels. Your father arranged the seats of the wagons around in a clear place so we could all sit comfortably around the large camp fire evenings. One of the best things we had was the rocked-in place at the edge of the bank, where you placed a box in shallow water. This was our refrigerator, eggs, butter, milk, meat, fruit and drinking water cool. Then another good idea---you fixed a fallen tree across a narrow place of the river and on the opposite bank, but in a shallow part of the river. You rocked in a place---a sort of fish corral---where you could keep them alive. Supplying our table with fresh trout whenever we wanted them.

Many afternoons when the men folks would go fishing, the women would go visiting. Some of our friends were camping only a few miles from us. On these visiting days, one of the men would get our horses which were grazing near by, saddle and bridle them and when breakfast was over, away we'd go.

There were three women in our camp.

On these visits we would first go to the nearest camp, get the women there (every one had a saddle horse) then on to the next camp.

Soon we would have a jolly crowd and all go clumpity, clumpity off for a day's ride through the mountains, enjoying many interesting sights and experiences. Such beautiful trees and wild flowers, and so many birds which kept singing as though they, too, were glad to see us this nice warm sunny day. 'Johnnie' walked so slow--lagging far behind the rest. I would give a loud 'yip-eee'--up would go his ears and head and away he would tear right through the bunch of horses and nearly cause a stampede. It would be so unexpected the women would scream and scold, or laugh, tugging and yanking their bridles to keep their horses under control. How they would watch me and sometimes I could hear them say: "Watch her---Nellene

is falling behind again." Then Johnnie would do his stuff, all the horses would run and I tell you, it was a mad race for awhile. It sure filled every one with 'pep'---such screaming and laughing---all was in keeping with the beautiful day.

Do you remember the day you three men decided to go hunting? The camp was getting short of meat. Last moment you coaxed me to go, which I did. We wound up in those rugged mountains, the twisty trail just wide enough for one horse. The scenery was gorgeous all the way. It was late afternoon, we had been riding through woods for miles, we came to an open place, a beautiful glade covered with tall lush grass and there, stood three deer, beautiful animals, a buck, doe and a fawn, they all turned and looked at us. We decided it was too beautiful a picture to disturb. We watched them for a moment, then they sensed our presence and went bouncing into the woods. I was glad no one shot them.

The other two men went another direction and brought in a deer that evening.

You and I were so happy to talk and ride through these magnificent woods, we have always been such pals and really would rather be alone. We were taking our time going back to camp, we didn't want a deer anyway. Then it began to rain, first gentle, then harder and harder and then a deluge. You thought it was a bright idea to ride our horses under the branches of one of those big spruce trees for shelter. Thinking it would stop raining, but it didn't for awhile it was fine, I really enjoyed it. The air smelled so fresh and it was cozy and dry under this tree. Then all of a sudden the limbs of the tree bent down and a flood of water covered us. We were soaked, and miles from camp. That didn't dampen our spirits, we sung and yelled and were so happy to be together and alone in this beautiful setting,

even the rain added to the romance. When we got to camp it was dark, supper was all over, the other two men who had gone with us had returned with a deer. Every one was worried about us. They were afraid we were lost in the mountains on account of the storm, and were planning to send a searching party for us.

However we soon rode in and what a fuss they made---were so glad we were safe and sound. Your one thought was to get me out of my cold wet clothes and into bed, you were afraid I would catch a cold. It did feel good to get into a nice warm bed. I was chilled through and through, but a hot supper in bed with lots of hot coffee soon revived me, I felt delightfully warm and comfy and soon fell asleep in my luxurious pine bough bed and was dead to the world til I was awakened by the call for breakfast.

July 5th. 1937:

When you bought another Drug Store in Montrose, Colorado, I liked the idea for my family had previously lived in this small town for several years. I was a youngster there, and many of my school day friends still lived in Montrose.

We made our home for the time at the town's only Hotel, and here celebrated our son's sixth birthday, a gathering of outside children, the Hotel staff and many of the guests made up a jolly birthday party.

July 7th. 1937:

One day shortly after our son, George, had started to school it was during recess he broke his garter several times while playing the game "crack the whip", (little boys in those days wore long stockings supported by garters, fastened by a safety pin to a underwaist) Each time his garter broke he would run to his teacher to pin it. About the third trip the teacher said: "George, I am afraid your mother will have to buy you some new garters." George looked sad and said: "I am afraid I can't have new ones, Daddy gives mother lots of money, but she spends it all, and has none left for garters." His teacher told this in my presence at a party attended by thirty or more women, and did they laugh at me.

July 10th. 1937:

For a small town Montrose has produced more than its share of celebrities. There was Barney Oldfield his "racing bug" in his blood as a youngster. Before the advent of the Automobile he would run bicycle races down Main Street, with other young "speed demons". And always win. Horses did not interest him, but anything with wheels held a fascination for him. There was Jack Dempsey, a born fighter, and frequently displayed his fistic skill wherever a match could be arranged, usually in some saloon or vacant building. He was sniffed at by the so-called, "polite set" as a sort of hoodlum then. Simply goes to show you can never judge the future.

Also Elsie Vandergrif who became famous as a psychologist, philosopher, lecturer and author. Now known to the world as Elsie Lincoln Benedict. Her early life in Montrose was a bitter struggle for existence. Her parents were very poor and could not afford Elsie the advantages other children enjoyed. It was her indomitable will, ambition and hard work that won for her the laurel of fame and success.

Another was Emery Land, we attended the same school and, I think the same class--I took piano lessons from his mother. Years later we met again on an occasion when he was visiting the town of his boyhood. In talking with me over our kid days he said: "Why, I remember you so well, Nellene, one time I was teasing you, and you lit in and gave me the dangest beating I ever got. And this from a girl!" He is now Rear Admiral Emery Land U. S. N.

Do you remember when President Taft visited Montrose in commemoration of the advent of the completion of the Gunnison tunnel. The Gunnison Tunnel is a

Government irrigation project---a five mile bore-to bring the water of the Gunnison river, flowing through the narrow walls of the Black Canyon to the wide fertile but arid lands of the Uncompagne Valley. President Taft did the usual press the button stunt which opened the gates that let the water gush through. Later on the same day an address at the Fair Grounds apropos to the great event.

President Taft, in his speech, was having difficulty with the tongue twister word "Uncompagne" and after several efforts refered to it throughout his speech, as the "Valley with the unpronounceable name".

Another amusing incident in connection with this affair was when President Taft had been introduced to the Mayor of Montrose, the Mayor thought the boys were playing a prank on him and refused to acknowledge the introduction seriously, saying, "Oh yeah!" Taft, much amused over this incident referred to it in his speech at the Fair Grounds, saying in effect, "A high and mighty office does not necessarily reflect it's greatness on the man occupying it, so I can't hold your Mayor to blame."

That night a reception was given at the home of one of the prominent citizens of Montrose, Mr. and Mrs. Catlin. It was a grand affair, engraved invitations and everything. We were among those present to shake the hand of our genial President. When I say genial, I mean genial, for he was a jolly fellow.

Montrose you know also claimed for a time Madam Parkina, well known Opera singer. She was an understudy of Madame Melba also a Columnist for the Kansas City Star. Madam Parkina was visiting Colorado hoping to regain her health. We became rather good friends. She had a charming personality and an interesting life of which she told me much. On numerous visits to her Apartment she would give

me letters to read from many famous people and tell me an interesting story connected with each. Among those were letters from Caruso, with whom she had sung. In his letters he always called her "Dear little charie". The letters from Madam Melba were full of plans for European trips and Ocean voyages for them both.

I shall always cherish the memories of the summer vacations, we spent in the high mountains at Lake San Christobal near the little town of Lake City Colorado. What a lovely spot. Not spoiled by commercial ventures-hotels, resorts and the like. However, there were plenty of furnished cabins of various sizes for rent to accommodate any reasonable sized party. These were miners cabins, built during the silver boom days. Now long since deserted. This is a most beautiful lake full of mountain trout with high vertical mountains all around it. It was a veritable fishermans dream. You remember, you men folks preferred to fish in the stream and would have to hike several miles above the lake to your favorite fishing stream in the canyon. You, would always bring back a big catch. It was not easy for me to fish that way. I tried it. Was not as adept in the tricky casting that the brush and over hanging rocks required. My tackle everlastingly becoming hopelessly entagled. So resigned myself to the more comfortable fishing of the lake. One morning when you all had left for the canyon. I was preparing to go fishing on the lake, I had a caller, none less than the native champion fisherman of these parts, Otie Olsen. He had lived on the bank of this lake for many years, and knew the lake like a book. He knew where the rainbow lurked. When they fed and just the kind of fly they would take at different times of the day. He had the technique of all the tricks in alluring the speckled beauties to his fly. It seemed that providence sent him just in the right time, so I told him my predicament, how I could not get a "look-in" with you men, when it came to catching fish. With a faint smile and a knowing look in his eyes, he said, "Well we will just show those would-be fishermen a few tricks, I'll take the boat and row you to a place I know and you follow a few simple instructions, I think, you will have something to show

these mighty fishermen when they return with their catch of 'river minnows.'"

I was delighted with the proposition we got in the boat and away we went paddling toward the head waters of the lake. When we arrived near the south shore in the shadow of an over hanging cliff, where some large trees were projecting over the water. Here Otie stopped the boat. He examined my flies, cut the wings close to the body of the flies, put a "Silver-Doctor" for a lead fly, then a "Royal-Coachman" for the second fly and a "Gray-Hackle" for the third. Then saying in a quiet voice, "Now drop your lead fly under the tree, in the shadow, gently, like it was falling off the tree." I carefully followed his directions and just as my fly touched the water, there was a swish, a sudden yank and the fight was on. What a beauty! I had him on the lead fly, I was so excited I could hardly breath I was afraid I might loose him. Otie said in an undertone, "keep your line taut and gradually get him to the side of the boat, then I will get him in the landing net," which he did. When the fish was safe in the boat and I recovered my composure, we measured it. It was a trifle over 14 inches, and we judged it would weigh 2 1/2 lbs. When I hooked the second fish a rainbow--he jumped about 3 ft in the air. I nearly died with excitement. He kept jumping, each jump, he would be a little nearer to the boat. I called to Otie, "You wont have to use your landing net, for this fish is going to jump right into the boat." Rather accommodating eh? Another cast and two big fellows decided to take my flies at the same time. I hooked them both. I nearly passed out with excitement. What a churning of the water! Otie landed them both with such ease. How he did laugh at me. Oh, what a thrill! I will never forget it. The good luck of this day continued till I had a dozen trout, all about the same size. We called it a day and rowed back to camp. I was enthusiastic and so grateful to Otie and expressing my thanks for his help, he said, "Dont thank me, I have had

more fun on the lake to day, than I have had in years. The expression on your face and the way you would gasp with excitement when you caught a fish was enough thanks." With this Otie was gone, I put my fish in a large pan in the sink before you and your party returned. Do you remember how proud you were of your large catch that day? How your eyes popped when you spied the panful of beautiful trout in the sink. The smallest one of which was 12 inches. Mine were the largest and the best catch of the day. You wouldn't believe, for some time, that I had really caught them. I was so proud and thrilled! I could hardly talk, but I purposely acted indifferent, as though it was nothing much to get excited about.

Do you remember how much fun you, George and I had on our trip to Calif., to see the two great Fairs? One at San Francisco and one at San Diego? How happy we were to bring Sister Winnie, who lived in California, back home with us to Colorado for a good visit. Soon after arriving home you bought a new car, and we began to plan many trips.

First we decided on the wonderful trip to Lake San Christobal and it wasn't long before we were on our way. After several hours driving we could all see rain clouds in the direction of the lake. They looked very ominous, however that did not down our spirits for we were all so happy and enjoying our trip.

Soon it started to rain just a little. We thought it fun riding in the rain, but when the lightning and thunder began to snap and roll thru the mountains and the rain turned from a drizzle into a steady down pour. We all knew what a mountain rain storm meant. Which generally developed into more of a cloud burst than a rain. It want long before the roads were muddy. In those days paved roads were unknown outside of cities.

You were driving slow and careful, for in this section of the mountains the soil is yellow and is called "slum-gullen". When the soil gets wet the mud is like grease. We crossed a bridge, made a turn to go up a steep grade the road was so slippery the car lost traction and began to slip back despite the forward motion of the wheels there was no holding it in this "slum-gullen" mud. I will always marvel at the way you managed that car. It skided, slid and slipped all over the place but you managed to hold it fairly under control while it slipped back down this grade.

and around the bend in the road which crossed over a rude bridge made of sapling poles, very slippery when wet. When the car slid back to this point the back wheels skid off the slippery logs of the bridge and hung there on the running boards. Front wheels in the air, back wheels hanging off the bridge in the air. The side of the bridge the car was hanging over was about 15 feet down and the other side was about 30 feet down to a river, fortunately the car was teetering on the 15 ft side. To say we were frightened was putting it pretty mildly. You got out of the car very slow and careful not to risk jarring it for fear it would become unbalanced and plunge off the bridge into the creek below. Then you used great care getting me out. Never so scared in my life really. You were rather surprised that the car did not move by the shifting of weight. George got out by himself. His foot caught in some way under the foot rest which made it difficult and kind of scary for a moment. No crash yet. Then you and George helped Sister out. You had her wait till the last for she was heavier than we were. Now we were all out standing on the bridge in the rain. Still the car hung there like a teeter board. You and George decided to cut down trees and build a cribbing of logs up to the back wheels of the car then jack it up till you could get the car level with the bridge. You both worked hours cutting down trees. Now it was getting dark. Every one was starved and cold. Sister and I made a fire, fried bacon and eggs and prepared a big pot of hot coffee. We all stood around in the rain enjoying the much needed food even if it was soggy and how we did relish the hot coffee.

By this time we were all tired and worn out. So you spread a tarpolin down in the muddy road, over which we spread our blankets. We crawled in this make-shift bed without undressing. How we did sleep! I opened my eyes at dawn

and looked at you. Was amazed to see that your hair was white. I was all sympathy thinking your hair had suddenly turned white as a result of your frightful experience of the night before. Sister looking at my hair was convinced the same thing happened to me.

Later we discovered we were all covered with frost. We heard some one yell, Hi! Hi!

We all sit up, like one man. Each with a grin on his face. There sat a cow boy on his pony in the middle of the road. He could not pass us, our bed covered most of the bridge. He said, "Well I never saw folks so good natured, when in so much trouble." He got help, it did not take long to finish the work, you and George had started. When the car was finally standing level with the bridge. One of the men brought a couple of horses and pulled the car into the road. Then in a couple of hours we were in our cabin at Lake San Christobal and very grateful to be there.

Do you remember the afternoon company came we were all sitting on the porch--Our son George and Sister Winnie had gone fishing, taking one of the boats to the upper part of the Lake. After a few hours we started watching for their return. Could not see them at first thru so many trees on the bank of the Lake. Then we noticed the boat hardly moved and George was working so hard, he was just laying down on his oars. George thought his Auntie Winnie weighed so much, he could not get any place, he kept telling her to sit more on one side, then more on the other, till Sister felt so bad because she weighed so much. Then you noticed what the trouble was. You yelled to George, "to pull in the anchor and he wouldn't have to work so hard." George had thrown the anchor in the water to hold the boat,

when they were fishing. Then forgot to pull it in. The anchor was an iron wheel from some mine machinery and was pulling, pretty hard on all the weeds in the Lake. Sister was so happy to find out it wasnt her. George was so fussed, to think he hadent thought of the anchor and so dead tired working so hard. Didint like it because we laughed so hard. Even now, he does not care for this story.