

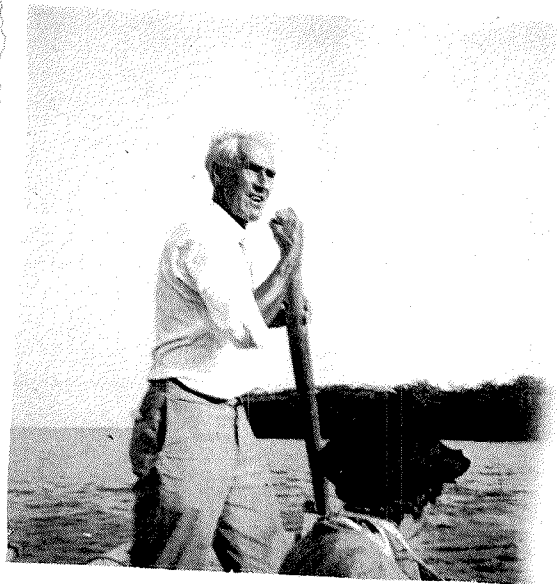


TWENTY FIVE YEARS
UNDER
WESTERN SKIES



Shep - Heady for action!

TO MY HUSBAND



who for twenty-five years shared
with me these highlights and
experiences, is this manuscript
respectfully dedicated.



And so they were married. At 12 Noon, June 29th, 1916 at Our Saviour's Lutheran Church, Valley City, N.D. The reception at the home of brother Andrew, who also gave the bride away, Art was best man while Al had the honor of being the driver of the wedding "taxi!"

well wished of friends and relatives, they were off on the Soo Line for Canada and Oregon with a brief visit at Carpio, ND with relatives.

On July 4th, we arrived at Vale, Oregon going on to Riverside that afternoon where a friend and his sturdy farm wagon and two spans of mules met the newly-weds.

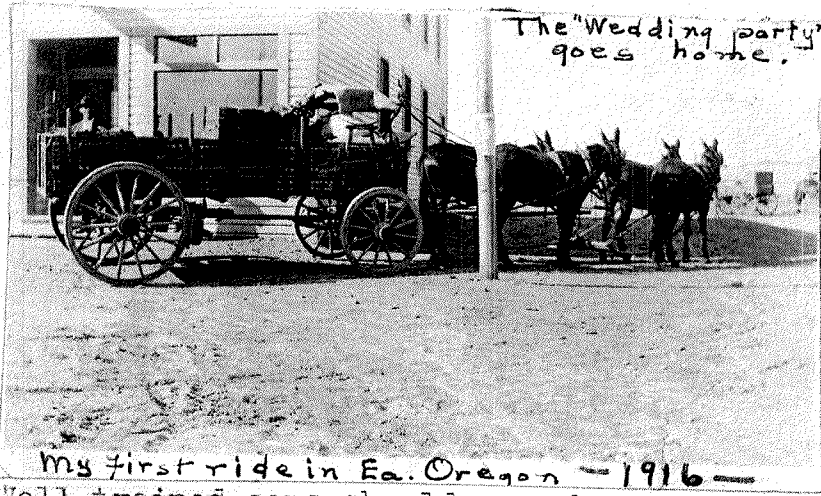
July 5th at 5 AM, we started out from Riverside. All day long we jogged along the hot dusty and deeply rutted road. I sat between the two gentlemen--one minute sleeping on one shoulder and ere long on the other fellows. At 7P.M. the homestead came to view---my new "Home Sweet Home". We found supper ready prepared by Joe--the man and maid of all work while Norm was getting married. It consisted of hot sour-dough bread and brown beans well flavored with red pepper. I can't taste them yet--they left a hot trail all the way down. Those beans more than anything else, made me realize that now the honeymoon was over and the desert had me cornered. Norm was very good--he stuck pretty close to the house until I got my bearings. Housekeeping here was entirely different from what I had been used to.



That first summer was spent in household duties, including the care of the chickens and the milking of cows. I papered our little home and hung up curtains---it was really cute.

Norm was busy heading grain for the neighbors and much of the time was away from home nights also. He gave me a lovely pearl handled pistol to keep under my pillow, in case I had use for firearms! I never had occasion to try it out.

My worst pest that summer was the milk cows. In Oregon, the calves share the milk with the milk² half and half. The calf



first gets his half, then comes the milker's turn. Sometimes both milk at the same time and it is quite a race as to which one gets thru first. Cows stay in the corral at night while calves browse outside and in the day time it is visa versa and cows stray wherever fancy takes them; perhaps miles away.

My first ride in Ea. Oregon - 1916 -

Well trained cows should come home to their offspring at dusk. Every night I would scan the horizon in every direction for a sign of the strays. Along about midnight, they would announce their coming---it was a regular bedlam, with calves and cows bawling. In sheer desperation, I would get up and milk in order to have peace.

I think, possibly, the scariest time I had that first summer, was the day half a dozen of the neighbors came to visit---coming at 10:30AM and staying all day---men women and children. They no doubt planned it so to see if I was equal to the occasion. Thanks to a fine garden, a big home-cured ham and by sacrificing my one jar of strawberry jam, that Mother had sent along in my trunk from home--and using it as flavoring for a tapioca pudding we had a "swell feed", so they said. Which reminds me--Norm had it on hand at that time 10¢ each of tapioca and sago which lasted me for 15 years.

Having filed on a homestead the spring before, come Sept. we moved onto it and lived in a tent while we built a little home there. It was built from native rock quarried right on our own land. The house had three rooms with plenty of windows. Neighbors called it the "Glass House". By Thanksgiving the house was finished



1916

and once more I got busy papering, varnishing, making curtains etc. It was this fall also that Norm brot me Snowball-a little white Indian pony. He paid \$12.50 for him. I had tried to ride one of Norm's saddle horses before this but they were so tall, I was scared to death. I soon learned to ride Snowball---he could run like the wind which I thoroely enjoyed after I once had courage to try it. The neighbors used to tell how they watched the fence posts when I first started to ride to see if I was actually moving. Come C hristmas, we trimmed a juniper tree and asked

House on my homestead.



House on my homestead.

our neighbors for Christmas dinner. We had nice dishes and silver that had been given us as wedding presents and I set a nice table. But our neighbors felt that I was trying to put on "dog" and laughed at me for it--I never tried that again.

In Feb. Norm brot me two orphan lambs that I raised on the bottle. Because

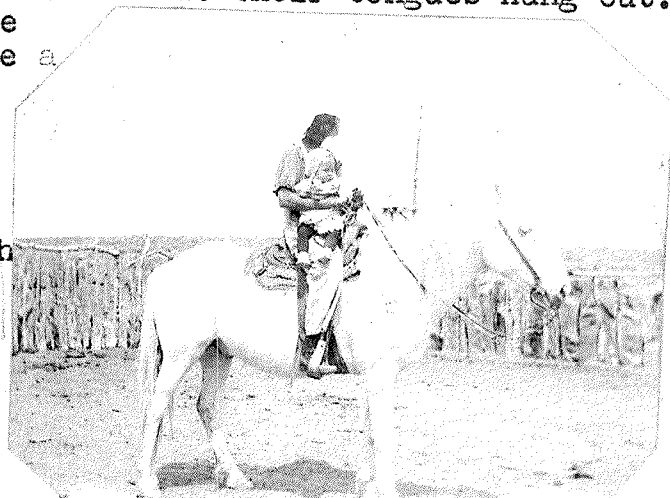
one was little and the other big, I named them Mutt and Jeff. They furnished us with no end of amusement and as it happened Jeff was the start of our flock of sheep and lived to a ripe old age.

In March, the time was up on the homestead and we moved back to Norm's place. The summer passed very much as the year before--Norm working away from home and I sleeping with a gun under my pillow. Norm's father came to see us in August--he did not think much of our location for a home but he did enjoy hunting our jackrabbits with which the country was over-run. When he left I went with him as far as Ontario, where I stayed for a month during which time a big event in our lives took place. Kenneth was born on Sept. 6th. I remember how Norm sold his favorite saddle horse to the U.S. Cavalry to pay Dr and hospital bills. The only three babies born in our valley that year, came during the week of Sept. 5 to 12th.--two boys and a girl.

Back to the homestead for the winter. We raised a bumper crop of potatoes that fall and what we did not sell, went into a pit. Towards spring Norm had a bad attack of "flu". Now Snowball and I did "our stuff". As soon as Ken was put to sleep in the morning, I'd jump on the pony, gallop the mile across to N's ranch, to feed the stock. The lambs were a year old now and they galloped along with us--so tired sometimes that their tongues hung out. Wouldn't that have been a movie for you? We made the trip twice a day for a week and luckily I kept well.

When spring came we found the potatoes had rotted so were thrown out.

And back to Norm's ranch again. Now however I had Ken who was a lot of company. Norm acted as deputy assessor this spring and was gone from home a long time. Got a wagon for Ken so he was safe while chores were cared for. One evening during this time I found



Klara and Ken 1917

I must make a trip to the P.O? As soon as Ken had gone to sleep I tied him to the bed so if he awoke before I got back, he would not fall out of bed.

Something funny had taken place on my homestead during the summer while we were gone. When we opened the door to the house in the fall, the awfullest odor met us. We had quite a hunt before we found the cause.--Way over in a corner out of sight, we found all the rotten potatoes we had thrown out the spring before--there were several pails. Some pack rat had been very industrious during our absence. Too, we found the overshoes full of dried prunes and beans that had been left behind.

War was on in earnest and men of Norm's age were being drafted. He had received his call for sometime in November and we were planning what Ken and I were to do during his absence. Norm leased his range cattle--35 head--to a man on the Owyhee River for a period of three years. Then shortly before he was to leave, we



Ken, Klara — Matt and Jeff.

learned that the Armistice had been signed. We were ofcourse delighted about this---but what should he do now! He was like a "fish out of water" without his cattle. So the following spring he negotiated with Mr Harral to get his cattle back and made a purchase of his ranch.--This spring he was deputy

assessor once more. Then along in May, we loaded the farm wagon with our belongings, crossed Juniper Mountains over some awful roads and literally catapulted onto the Owyhee River over a steep grade. Our hired man welcomed us with the fact that the house was "alive with bedbugs". We set up our tents where we lived all summer while house was fumigated again and again until by fall it was fit to move into.

Once more I got busy with paint brush etc. The house was very dark and dingy so the rock walls were kalsomined white and the woodwork also white. Now, it was more inviting.

For three years I had been dreadfully homesick so in Nov. Norm took us to the railroad and we made a trip back to Minnesota and North Dakota to see my folks. Kenneth was now two years old but had not offered to say a word. However as soon as he had other children to play with, he talked plenty. We stayed until spring when we went back to Oregon and we were both glad to get back. While we were gone, Norm had cleared ground and set out a nice orchard. We found there was a lot of work connected with irrigation but it did raise crops.

In the meantime Mutt had been killed by a bobcat but Jeff came with us to the river.

And here we are right at 1920. And it was a memorable

A Trip to town.



Norm after supplies 1919

year for two reasons. It was the year we got \$20.00 for our hay. Things looked rosy--things do when there is cash in your jeans! This was also the year I taught school at \$125.00 per month--biggest pay check I ever received. It meant a new floor and a screened porch on the old house. Five miles morning and night for Snowball and I--leaving before short winter days.

and Ken was on the job with daddy every day.

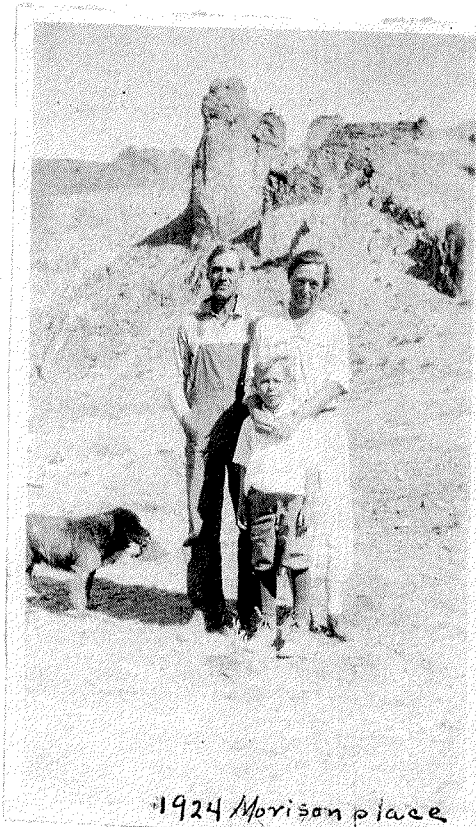
From this time on until 1924, life was one round of irrigating, haying and riding for cattle. Twice a year Norm made a trip to the railroad for supplies--it took a whole week. The pace was too much for Norm and his health broke. I had raised a few "bum" lambs every spring so by now had a flock of 57 head.. We decided to give up ranching. Norm was not able to do the work and by the time we hired a man and paid our interest, we had nothing to show for our work. In the meantime we had sold our cattle.--We lost too much of our profits each year--the Owyhee was an ideal country for "rustling".

In the spring of 1924, we gave up the ranch--leaving with wagon and team, 3 milk cows, 57 sheep, our chickens and a few personal belongings. Camped that summer on the old Morison place, 5 miles up the river. We slept under an open shed--cooked and ate in a little rock shack, 6x10. Kenneth and I watched the sheep while Norm helped the neighbors hay. That summer had my first experience cooking for "outsiders"---Fed 5 surveyors 3 squares a day for three weeks. Got rid of my surplus chicks and incidentally put some surplus cash in the purse.

Had quite an experience while here. One night while Norm was gone, I woke up to find a strange man at the foot of my bed. I asked him what he wanted. He was "looking for a place to sleep". I told him being campers we had no place for him but



Kenneth



1924 Morrison place

if he would go on up the river a ways he would find folks that could accommodate him. After much hming and hawing he finally went on. When I got up the next morning, I saw him sneaking out of the shack. We learned some time later that he was an escaped lunatic.

We had a fine Sunday School here that summer that was well attended. We had our lessons out under the trees and we usually ended up by having a watermelon feed.

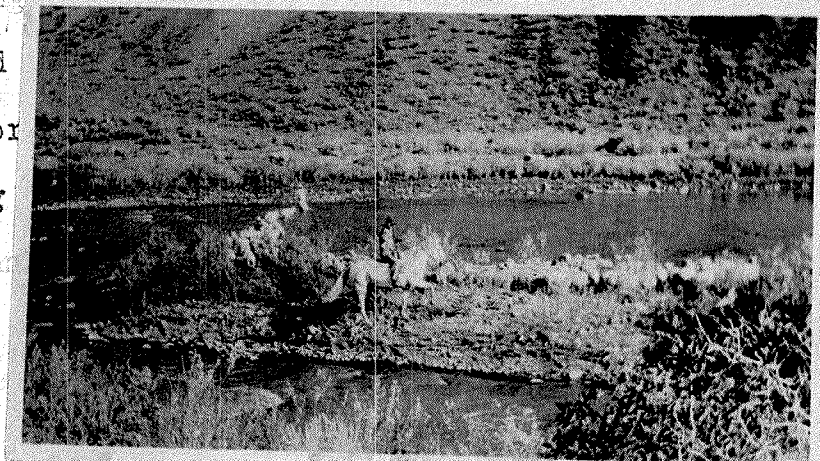
In the fall, we moved down river for our hay. We built a corral for our milk cows almost a quarter of a mile from where we were camped. This was all right until Norm went out as census taker (agricultural) but not so good when I had both sheep and cows to look after. It was January and I often built a bonfire to thaw out my hands between cows milked.

Come spring of 1925. Our flock had increased to 100 sheep and we decided to go to the mountains for the

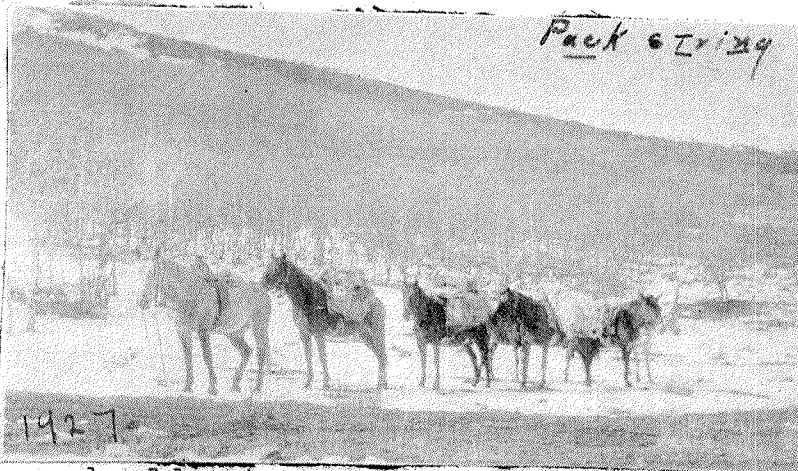
summer--Steens Mt was the place! After a three weeks trail where we experienced and overcame any number of difficulties, we arrived on Steens Mt. I herded the sheep, Norm brot the pack string and Kenneth on Snowball drove the old black cow and calf. We had disposed of the rest of our cows. When this trip was over, I felt that I knew all there was to know about sheep and I decided they were the stubbornest, orneriest and most perstiferous animal on the face of the earth. I had herded them the winter before but evidently their cussedness lay dormant only to show up on the trail.

We arrived on Steens Mt the 4th. Norm and Ken must go fishing the first thing. They had good luck and we were fish hungry. We each ate a dozen trout for our dinner!

Well, we were now launched in the sheep game, as the saying goes. Every spring we would head for the mountains and by November would be back on the Owyhee for our winter's feed. Ken got his Schooling here and there--no two winters in the same place. For five years we lived in our tent--summer and winter. The flock grew and we inched ahead some every



Crossing the sheep.



year. Oh no, it was not all smooth sailing! At times difficulties loomed up that seemed almost insurmountable--mostly shortage of cash --but we had had our "eye teeth" cut by now and somehow managed to get thru.

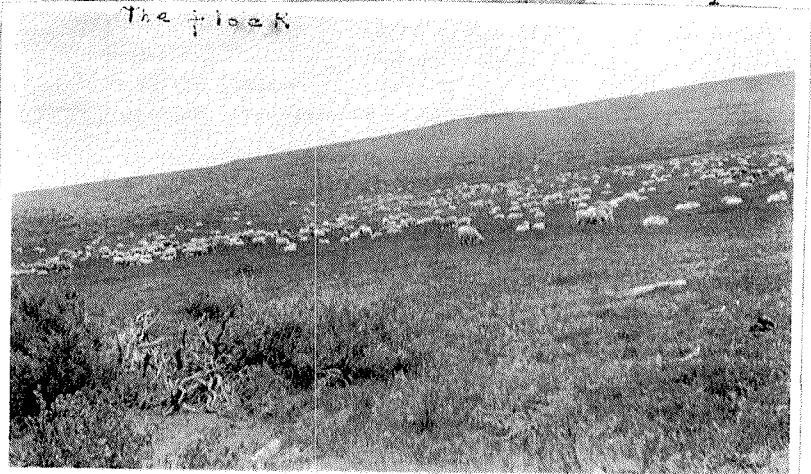
By 1928, our flock had increased to 800 and we felt that by selling now,

we should get enough out of them to buy a home again. Anyhow I was beginning to feel that the strenuous life I had been living was getting the best of me and it was time to quit. We sold the sheep to two men--four hundred to each (security but no money). The home was still in the future.

Our little house on the homestead had burned during the summer so Kenneth and I moved into a vacant house near the school house at Crowley--so he could get his usual portion of schooling. It was this fall that Hoover and Smith were running for the presidency. I was on the election board at Crowley. Twenty-six votes were cast--divided evenly between the two candidates.

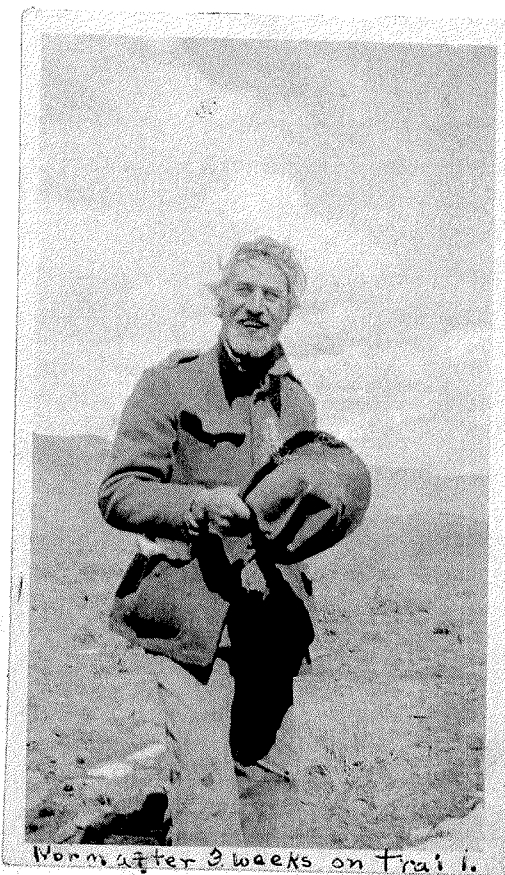
Just before Christmas, Norm came in from sheep camp with the announcement that we were going to San Diego for the holidays What a scurrying around to get off! We got there Christmas Eve. Afterwards Ken and I stayed on till Easter vacation when back to Oregon we came. Norm and I went to work for a Basque

in lambing camp. Ken boarded for the rest of the school year. While in camp, I got smallpox and was pretty sick for a few days. As soon as I could sit on a horse, we went to the Blue Mts for the summer to look after this same man's range. It was a beautiful location and we enjoyed the time spent here a lot.



Every morning we could see deer out in front of the house and they did not seem to be afraid. Late in the summer, Norm went to California again to see his father who was very sick. He died in July. When Norm came home, he was driving Father's Model T.---our very first limousine!

That fall we moved to Ontario where Kenneth entered 7th Grade. Norm and I got a job in the packing plant--sorting and packing prunes and apples. We made good money.



Norm after 2 weeks on Trail.

Following are extracts from letters written my folks----
Watson-11-10-24.

"Norm left for Nyssa, Ore. yesterday to buy our winter's supply of 'grub' also to market the turkeys. Today we had a touch of N.D. weather. Snow and a fierce windstorm. I was out in it all on a 14 mile horseback ride. Saw a truck turned bottom side up but none of the four occupants were hurt. We are fairly comfortable in our new quarters when it isn't too cold."

Steen's Mt-Aug 24, 1925.

(this was our first year on Steens)

Dear Mother:

Every day I have been planning to write but we seem to be too busy fishing to get much else done. We have been here since July 4th and are having a fine time. Just now, we are camped on Kiger Creek-this creek runs in a deep gorge, the sides of which must be at least 800 ft, straight up. There is another woman on the mountain

She has a homestead just over the

hill. I "climbed" over there this morning to bring her her mail and just got back---now it won't surprise you that I can sit down and eat 2-4 potatoes and as many fish besides a plateful of beans and some fruit for dinner--eh? Norm came on down the creek with the sheep this morning--they are about ready to take a rest now---then we fish. So far we have caught and eaten almost 300 trout(Sonny keeps count)---my, they're fine!! You're quite a fisherman yourself, Mother and ought to be here to enjoy the sport. Sonny is getting pretty handy at it too--the other evening he brought in five and was as proud as Punch.

It has been pretty cold here the last few days--farther up on the mountain, it is snow. We have been camped under the trees until Sunday--then we moved into the tent. I have learned to do pretty well with a camp stove--bake light bread, cake, pies and even tried my hand at cookies(without eggs and butter). Norm declared they were the best cookies I'd ever made but I know that is "hot air". We havn't much variety in our eats--rice, beans, macaroni and dried fruits, mush and potatoes and meat--but one gets so everlastingly hungry here, anything goes.

Yesterday, Sonny and I went to the Post Office and store. We followed the Kiger Canyon for 14 or 16 miles when all of a sudden it widens out into a fertile valley and you see ranches. Mostly wild hay is raised and you see them for miles and miles. It was worth the ride to see the country but we got a sackful of mail too, so were pretty well satisfied, altho pretty tired when we got home at sundown.

We don't know where we will be this winter yet, but we've got to make some arrangements soon as Sonny must go to school.

Some day, I hope we may have a small piece of ground where we can have some of the "pleasures" of farm life.

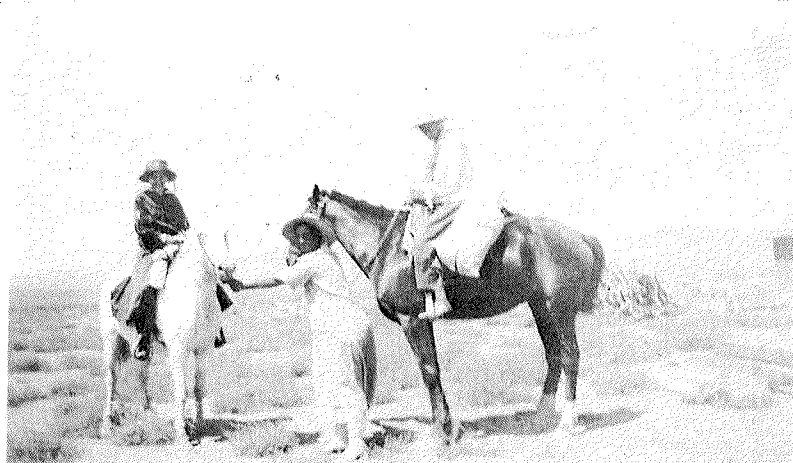
I'd never be able to "fit in" in town and would want my own cow chickens and a garden. But ofcourse at the present, we will stick to the woolies. Sheep are going up right along. Yearling ewes are selling for \$12.00 up and any old scrub, fit for the junk heap brings \$5.00. Lambs 10 and llc a # We have about 40 wether lambs to sell, want to trade them for ewe lambs but guess there is no chance of that---they ought to bring us \$6.00 a head. We will probably go back to the Owyhee for the winter and get hay for the sheep, our cow and horses."

5-13-27. "At Crowley and we hope to shear in a few days. It has been a cold backward spring so there has been no hurry about it before. Looks now tho as if it might warm up. Left Sonny at Watson to finish up his school. Norm and I are jogging along in the same old way only just now what leisure time we have, is used in picking off ticks...they are a fright this spring and almost eat us up. We paint the bites with mercurochrome(to keep out infection) and look like veritable Indian chiefs."

Aug 4th, 1927. " We are back on our trout stream--the Kiger--once more and Sonny is happy. He just came in with a string of fish for supper. Only wish you folks were a little closer so you could get in on some of our fish feeds. You would like it here in Sept when deer season opens. I have seen a good many this season. One evening, as I came over a little hill with the woolies, there were five big bucks facing me. They stood there quite a while before they discovered me---then they were off. Norm shot a buck on our way up here. One morning at daybreak as we got up, he ran past the tent---the gun was handy and Norm just could not resist. Ofcourse that is pretty risky, but he just did not stop to "count his buttons". This has been a busy day. All three took a "swim" and then washed clothes including a bed blanket. Washing is quite a task as we do most of the rubbing between our hands and the tub is a 5 gal. can Also baked a big batch of bread."

Dec. 27, 1927-- ""We are in hopes the bank may pay most of it back in time...I mean our loss. The other time we lost money the same way, we got back 5 %--hope this bank will do better. It hit us pretty hard this time but no use "crying over spilt milk" We had a nice Xmas--had the luck to be invited out to a couple of "feeds" and one night took in the program and tree at the school. We have had a lovely fall and have been on hay for a week now. Sheep are looking fine and prospects are for a good lambing. In a couple of weeks will move down to the sheds and get ready for the big "show," and busy days. I have a pet sheep in camp. The other day I baked a breadpan full of apples and I left them setting on the kitchen box in the tent while I ran up the hill for a minute. When I came back, Caesar had cleaned the pan and believe me, I was sore! She had beat it back to the band tho so I did not get the satisfaction of giving her a warming over. This is not much of a letter but wanted to get a line off in a hurry--so am dashing this off while the spuds and squash are cooking."

In the spring of 1930, Norm was taking the census-and while so doing had was gone from home for some time. Within a week we had two unfortunate things happen to us. One of the two men that had bought the sheep, took spotted fever and died---and I came down with a bad case of Sciatica. Poor Norm WAS in hot water. As



Anna, Mrs McWargne 1920 Klara - Mail sacks

soon as his job was done he went back to sheep camp (to save our investment) and I went to Vale San. and took hot water treatments until I was able to get around with a cane.----When school was out, Norm came for us and we all went to Steens Mt for the summer. I really lived a life of leisure--just the regular camp work to do.

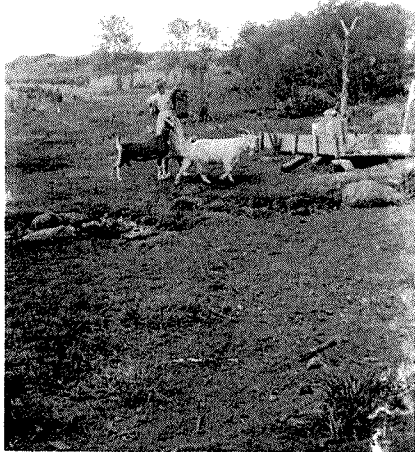
In no time at all, it was school time again so back to Ontario we hied.

In telling about our experiences on the Owyhee, I forgot to mention that when we first went there, we had to come to Crowley for our mail. It was a 35 mile trip across Juniper Mt and 35 miles back, so we did not go very often. When we did we were usually loaded (witness two big sacks in back of my saddle). Too, when anyone came to see us--they would come to Crowley by stage and by horse the rest of the way.

The years 1931-32-33 were hard ones. Prices had dropped and sheep did not pay their way and it was pretty much "tug-of-war" as to who would beat. Norm worked much too hard. Ken and I did our bit by strict economy, working at odd jobs and helping in any way we could.

In the spring of 1934, we sold this half of the sheep once more--mostly good security? (this is being paid off at intervals) Dr's orders were that Norm must ease up and take life easier. We sold Grandpa's old Ford that had served us so well since the summer of 1929 when we fell heir to it, and bought a Ford Pickup. We tried it out by taking a trip to Crater Lake and vicinity. Norm spent much time at home this winter. In the spring, Ken graduated from High School, then back to the mountain for the summer. Through the death of Mr Hoskins, we had acquired range land on Steens Mt--so now we proposed to build a log cabin so as to have a permanent home up here.

All summer, while building operations were going on, we lived in a small grove of Aspen--we used the tent for sleeping but cooking and eating was done under the trees. I had five men to cook for. It was a cool summer and most often I was rigged out in my galoshes, winter coat and cap while getting breakfast. I would have liked to wear gloves but figured the biscuit dough worked best without.. I had two goats at this time--they were too cute for words. Every chance they had, would sneak into the tent and take their "seista" on the bed. When chewing their cud, the tent



Honey Rest -- Honey

would wiggle and the secret was out. I'd take after them with the broom and they were not slow in moving. Later we put a fence around camp so as to keep them out.

The snow on the hills near camp lasted until in July that summer and we made ice cream for the noon meal most every day--the men enjoyed it a lot.

The logs for the cabin were hewed by hand so it proved to be quite a job. However, by the time snow came the cabin was completed. There were two rooms down stairs with a hall between. A huge fireplace in the living room, which has been a great pleasure to us. Overhead is one large room--partly partitioned so as to have two bed rooms in a pinch (they have been needed a few times too.

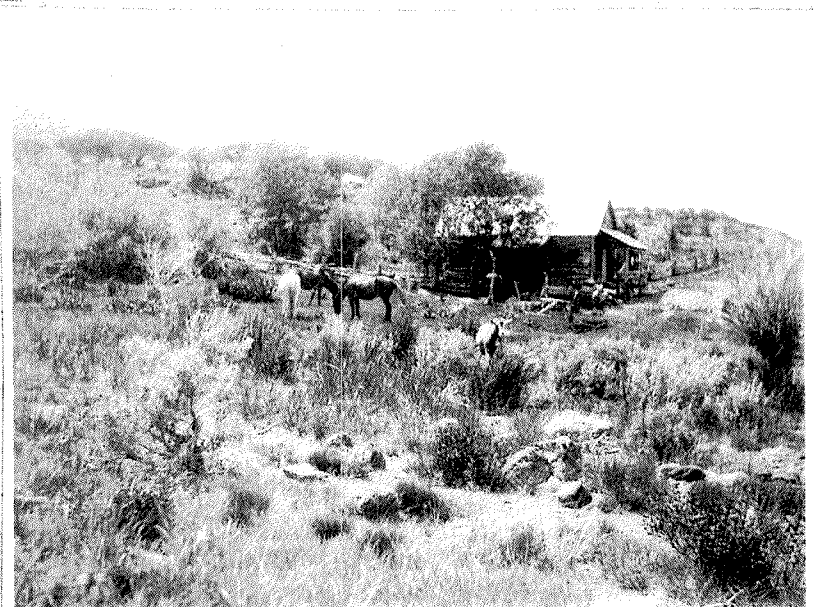
Kenneth left for the San Diego Army and Navy Academy in Sept and I went along to keep house. Shortly before the Holidays, Norm came and he and I immediately started on a trip to Mexico City. We called it our "belated honeymoon". Were gone three weeks in all and had a grand time. While in Calif. I took in some free classes--sewing and pottery--which I thoroly enjoyed. Norm spent this after Christmas season in the hospital and in recuperating from the effects of his operation.

As usual when school was over, we went back to the mountain. Kenneth was busy all summer in building a netting fence around our field--while I weilded a paint and scrub brush. In due time, the cabin was in shape and to me, it had real APPEAL. Being busy the summer passed all too quickly. Norm's time had been spent in summering bucks for the sheepmen.

In Sept. it was back to school again and a busy winter. The following spring Kenneth finished his Junior College work and was now ready for advanced work.

Back to the mountain and another busy summer with fencing and gardening the main occupations. (This was the year 1937.) Norm summered bucks this year also.

In the meantime, Kenneth had decided he wanted to take up radio engineering, so when school time rolled arou around, he left for Siloam Springs, Ark. to attend the John Brown"U".



The new cabin 1936.

Ken - 37



On Oct. 16th Norm and I left the mountain. We left Ontario by train for Detroit, Mich to pick up a new car. Having stop-over priveleges along the line we visited at La Grande, Ore-Valley City, ND, Minneapolis, Minn, Austin and at Rochester where Norm consulted the Mayos--he stayed here for observation several weeks while I went to Decorah, Iowa and made my sister Louise a real visit. He got out of hospital just in time for us to make use of the remnant of our ticket. We left Detroit with a 1938 Lincoln Zepher and headed southward. Made quite a stay at Siloam Springs visiting Ken when we could, before going on. Our next stop was New Orleans where we stayed nine days. We found the docks here especially interesting and spent most of our time there.

At Biloxi, Miss. we stayed a month. Had a lovely little cabin right on the bay and Norm was fishing much of the time. Oysters were plentiful and cheap--so we feasted on them royally.

From here to Bradenton for three weeks (Florida). Brother Al and Tena were here in their trailer house and we saw a lot of them during this time.

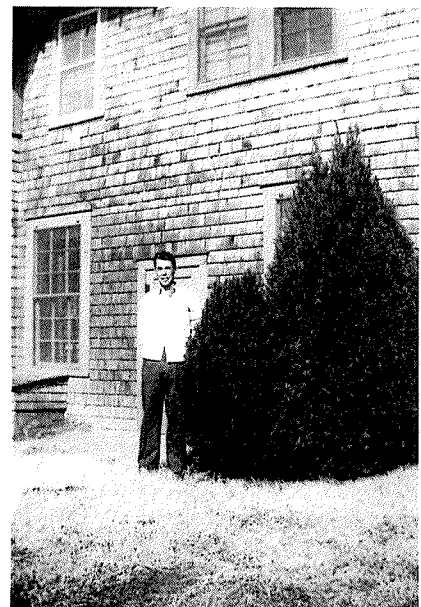
Here too, Norm did fishing while I enjoyed the sunshine.

We had always had a hankering to see Key West, way off there by itself at the end of a string of keys--accordingly, that was our destination now. We arrived there on a Sunday---I did not think much of the place and would have been delighted to start right back. However Norm persuaded me to stay a week--which finally ended up in three weeks. I liked it better and better the longer we stayed. Ft. Pierce was the next stop, wanting to see something of the east coast also--here we stayed a month. Fishing was pretty good and I enjoyed the pine needle club that had been organized for the pleasure of the tourist women.

Starting north, we took in the Easter concert at the BOK Tower. Back to Siloam Springs to stay until school was out so we could take our offspring with us. Going home we had a very interesting trip. Took in Bryce, Zion and the Grand Canyon besides other interesting features along the way. We were glad Ken could be with us this time.

This summer (1938) was much the same as the rest. Dad pastured bucks, Ken fenced and I cooked. We had our mail once in two or three weeks as it was a long trip to Diamond--16 miles by trail. We usually brot supplies enoughto last the biggest part of the summer supplemented by our garden, the rhubarb and gooseberry bushes...and ofcourse fish. The sheepmen were generous with their mutton so there was plenty of fresh meat as a rule. A spring of ice cold water was close to the cabin.

- Ken 1938 -





I must not forget to mention the part old Shep and Tom played in this story. Shep, was a faithful sheep dog, who was looked upon as part of the family for 16 years. He and Kenneth practically grew up together and were real pals. Shep loved to play but when called upon to work, he went into it with just as much

enthusiasm. He was born on the Owyhee--now he is at rest on Mango Key--a small island close to Key West. Tom was our camp cat and he did a thoro job of keeping the camp clean of mice, chipmunks and the like. But he did not like to move--whenever he suspected that we were moving camp, he would hide out and many a time, Kenneth spent on horseback hunting Tom. When we realized his "game", come moving day, Tom was tied up. He did not like the idea of being put in a sack and tied on top of the pack horse.

Coming back to the fall of '38. Kenneth left for John B. Brown again--as this was to be his last year in College. Later, when Norm had gotten his accustomed deer and the meat put into jars, we followed. Key West was our objective for by now, Norm was certain it was the place for him. Stopped in San Diego to see Mother Dahle, then on to Siloam Springs to have a peek at Kenneth before going to Key West. This time we stayed three months. Norm bought a boat and was out on the water every day and as a result he felt made-over. And, believe it or not, I learned to swim! This talk about an old dog not learning new tricks--there is nothing to it. Anyhow, on the strength of this, we bought a couple of lots with two shacks on them--where we hoped to have a home eventually. When going back to Oregon this time, we came thru Georgia, the Carolinas and Tennessee before landing in Siloam Springs. In May, we saw Kenneth receive his College diploma, after which we went on to Steens Mt and he remained to "go to work". His first job landed him in St Francisville, Louisiana--here he was radio repairman, gas station attendant and clerk in the store, all in one. His hours were from 5 AM till any time up till 11 PM. His wages were not much but he was getting a lot of valuable experience. On Steens Mt, we carried on as usual--gardening, fencing etc. We had leased the range this year instead of running bucks and had less responsibility. We sold the L.Z. that spring.

Come October, we started out again. It seems that we were always either coming or going. This time we loaded the old "pickup" with many extras we wanted to take along to Key West--bedding, dishes, tools and the like, for we had decided to do some work on our "estate". We covered the load with a canvas, covered wagon style and because of the weight had overload

springs added when we reached Los Angeles. We took a little side trip in Louisiana in order to see how Ken was faring. We were not much impressed with the town where he worked. I had heard of the "Old, old South"---this surely was a sample of it, and not much future for a young man. I saw things on the shelves of that store that surely could be considered antiques---and evidently there was a sale for the stuff. Jobs were scarce however and he was going to "stick it out" a little longer.

In Key West--we began at once to tear down one shack and remodel the other to serve as our own home. In place of the shack pulled down, we built two small cottages for renting. We worked like Trojans all winter. There was so much to do. Land to clear, an accumulation of rubbish, bottles and the like over a period of years--to haul away, planting, painting etc, etc, etc. The cottages were completed by New Years and rented at once. By spring the home was made livable-- I had just taken a long breath and was fixing to enjoy it when the "wanderlust" descended upon us again and we got ready to go North. The month before



however Ken came home for a visit. Instead of going back, he procured work with Pan-American Airways at Coconut Grove where he is now.

We rented the home and left Key West by bus en route to New York City. Made a side trip to Williamsburg, Va to see the reconstructed Colonial buildings, also spent a couple of days in the Nation's Capitol where we had an interesting time. Spent one day at the Fair---we felt that one day was enough as we had taken in the Chicago Fair in 1934 and fairs are pretty much alike. Visited friends at So Orange,

NJ before going on by streamliner to Detroit, Mich. Here a new Ford de luxe station wagon was awaiting our pleasure. Before leaving in the "wagon" we spent the week-end with friends at Fostoria, Ohio. Enroute home, we visited relatives, in Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota and friends in different parts of Wash. We drove thru Glacier Park, Raineer Park, Grand Coulee Dam, around the Olympic Peninsula, ferried across the Columbia and finally doubled back to Steens Mt. This was altogether a most wonderful trip and put us in the right frame of mind to enjoy our summer. Having developed quite a hobby in semi-precious rocks--much time that was not taken up in fencing and gardening, was taken up in hunting rocks, hither and yon.

Now, we were living on Easy Street!--at least it seems so to us when we canttake time to do a few of the things we have *been* hoping to do for so long. We enjoyed the summer and before we had time to turn around, it was October once more and we must get off the mountain before too much bad weather set in.

During the summer, for our rock trips, we had rigged up a bed in our "wagon"---one that could be hung up under the top in the daytime and lowered at night so we could crawl in--sort of an upper berth and equally tricky to get into. Fine! Now, we were independent of tourist camps and made the trip back to Key West via California in record time. Stopped to see Ken at Coconut Grove as we came thru.-He was happy and contented in his work. It was nice to get back to Key West and walk into our very own home.

We found we did not have room for our many rocks, shells and other odds and ends we collect as we go along. We needed more room!---hence the Hobby House was built. It has a closet, bath and small corner kitchenette so will serve as a guest house also. Norm built a bench in his shop where he can grind and polish rocks during spare time. He did a lot of work on the place planting trees, bushes and flowers of all kinds. He had to haul in much extra soil as there was little to start with. He even has a lawn started. My job was to paint the inside of the hobby house and make curtains etc. Right now, my most enjoyable hobby is sketching a day each week.

And that brings us to the year 1941 and the last one to be "chronicled" in this manuscript.

On April 20th, after getting urgent summons from Oregon regarding business matters, we left John Bowditch in care of our home and the cottages (tenants in both) and started north. A week later found us in Ontario, Oregon and still another week and we were on the mountain. However it was not all sunshine getting to our mountain home this time---it really was too early in the season to attempt the trip. We wound up by abandoning the car 3 miles from the cabin and with each one carrying a pack, we "hoofed" it in.

As I write this on May 24th--we have been here two weeks. The leaves are just out on the trees, the hills around us are covered with snow and the birds are making their nests. Since coming here we have had two snow storms and considerable rain. It is cool outside so we have a fire in the fireplace and Norm in his Father's old leather Morris chair is reading the Geographic Magazine---and you know what I am doing. Yesterday, Norm walked to the P.O. and back in order to mail some letters--it was a 32 mile trip--he could not have done that 3 years ago.

Reading over my manuscript, ^{it seems} we have had more grief than fun during all those years. Not so---we have had plenty of both. I have related all this from memory and jotted down things as they came to mind. After all, it is a story of a few of our experiences and I really haven't begun to tell anything. On June 29th, it will be 25 years since we took each other "for better or worse". What may happen between now and then we will soon know.

We have an abundance to be thankful for---we own our home, we have fair health, and Ken is on his own and making good--as parents, we are proud of him.

.... FINIS....

Many, many years ago
Twenty-five to be exact-
Dressed in white, I took in tow
A most unusual craft.
Wedlock, was its name
Twas a boat just built for two.
Many are they that try the oars
Those that succeed are few-
The minister's warning, "for better or worse"
Was dinged into our ears--
As we started out to win the world
Mid loads of rice and cheers.

We travelled far thru several states
To a bleak and lonely town;
Where four mules and a wagon stout
Met the blushing bride and groom.
At break of day, the journey started
O'er rough and dusty roads-
At twilight, in the distance far
We spied our home sweet home.
That night for supper, we feasted
On red-hot beans and sour dough bread-
The bride she thot, "this is not so good"
But the body must be fed.
And thus began the voyage
In the craft just built for two.

There have been many ups and downs since then
The waves both high and rough-
But they never quite submerged us;
For them, we were "too tough".
So here we are today,
Maybe some worse for wear
We've lost a lot of our former pep
We are classed with the "old gray mare"
But we are glad to be alive today
To be sound in body and mind-
We thank our Lord who all these years
Has been to us most kind.

By Klara B. Dahle.



Congratulations
On Your
Silver Wedding
Anniversary

We received quite a
card shower on
"our" day - The
following people
sent us good
wishes -

Ken from Coconut
Grove, Florida.

Mother Wahle
San Diego, Cal.

Mae Wahle Fisk
San Diego, Cal

Mr and Mrs Yorlie,
Decorah, Iowa

Mr and Mrs Hollan
Long Beach, Cal.

San Marino, Calif.

Minneapolis, Minn

" "

" "

" "

Ontario, Oregon

San Diego, Cal

Minneapolis, Minn

Los Angeles, Cal

Manamingo, Minn

Valley City, N. D.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr and Mrs T. H. Wahle -

Mrs A. G. Bonhus -

Ida Haeseeth

Mr and Mrs M. Haeseeth

" " " Herman Haeseeth

" " " John McQuety

" " " Bob Grant

" " " C. A. Bonhus

" " " Geo Wahle

Mrs A. L. Holsum

Mr and Mrs Arthur Bonhus -

" " " Wm Merkel

Together down the Road of Life
 You two have made your way,
 Each year a stepping stone to this—
 Your Silver Wedding Day!
 And now how happy you must be,
 How proud you must be, too!
 And so "Congratulations"
 To two splendid folks like you!

Love,
 Ken

We received quite a
 card shower on
 "our" day - The
 following people
 sent us good
 wishes -

Ken from Coconut
 Grove, Florida.

Mother Wahle
 San Diego, Cal.

Mae Wahle Fisk
 San Diego, Cal

Mr and Mrs Yorlie,
 Decorah, Iowa

Mr and Mrs Hollan
 Long Beach, Cal.

San Marino, Calif.

Minneapolis, Minn

" "

" "

" "

Ontario, Oregon

San Diego, Cal

Minneapolis, Minn

Los Angeles, Cal

Manamungo, Minn

Valley City, N. D.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr and Mrs T. H. Wahle -
 Mrs A. G. Bonhus -
 Ida Haeseeth
 Mr and Mrs M. Haeseeth
 " " " Herman Haeseeth
 " " " John McQuilty
 " " " Bob Grant
 " " " C. A. Bonhus
 " " " Geo Wahle
 Mrs A. L. Holsum
 Mr and Mrs Arthur Bonhus -
 " " " Wm Merkel