



Harper Blaylock

***That
You May
Know***

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So that you, my grandchildren, may know something of the early life in the West, and the people who grew your family tree, I write this.

My grandfather, Jerry Blaylock, was born in 1841, in Georgia. He volunteered in the Confederate Army and was lucky enough to live through Bull Run and the entire Civil War. After the war hard times, no jobs, and his restless spirit caused him to move to Little Rock, Arkansas. There he found work in a blacksmith shop. At a dance one night, he met Susan Humble Taylor. They were married and took up a homestead. Of eight children Florence, my mother, and Bob were born in Arkansas. Jerry's next move was to the Cherokee Strip. The family lived in a tent; Jerry worked in a blacksmith shop. Day after day he listened to miners, trappers and emigrants tell of the gold, rich farm lands, and fur bearing animals of Oregon. He could think of nothing else. At last he could stand it no longer. He had to go. The rich farm land called him. Susan thought that nothing could be harder than living in a tent with four small children; so she was ready to go. Jerry traded one of his horses for a wagon. He remodeled the tent into a sturdy wagon cover. They packed and were on their way.

In 1887, the Blaylocks went to Independence, Missouri, and joined a small wagon train headed for Oregon. The boys were too small to lead the cattle; so Jerry made yokes and drove a mixed team of horses and oxen. Jerry took his blacksmith tools, and Susan her rose bushes.

At first people laughed at the little three-cornered wagon cover. But when the wind howled and the rain came, the cover stayed on. Soon the Blaylock wagon was filled with other people's very cold and very wet children.

On the trip Baby James became very ill. There was no doctor with the wagon train. The baby could eat nothing but clabbered milk. Jerry usually stayed behind or ahead of the rest of the train so that he could ask the settlers for milk.

This milk was carefully hoarded. It was kept in a honey bucket. In the daytime it was carefully fastened to the tailgate of the wagon. Little James died and was buried on a ranch between Vale and Jamestown, Oregon.

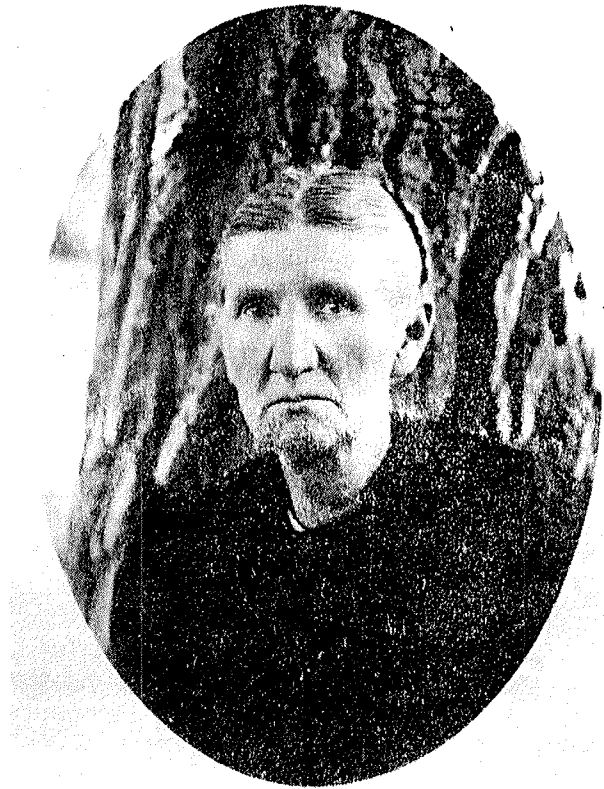
Chief Joseph was on the warpath between Walla Walla and the east side of the Blue Mountains. This is probably why the wagon train went by the town of John Day. One night a band of Indians came into the camp. A young buck came to the Blaylock wagon and asked for a drink of water. Susan handed him the gourd dipper. He took a sip; threw the rest of the water on the ground, and spit in the dipper. Silence reigned in the camp until the Indians left. Susan surely scrubbed that dipper with ashes and water. There was no more "Indian Trouble" during the rest of the trip.

The Blaylocks and several other families left the wagon train at John Day. Maybe Susan and Jerry hated to go farther away from that lonely little grave.

At one camp, shortly after they had left John Day, a little girl went for a pail of water. She came back with a piece of gold in her hand. When questioned, she answered, "You could pick up this blue bucketful down by the spring."

The people stayed for a few days, hunting for gold. Winter was almost upon them. Food was scarce. They just had to go on. Of course, the men came back. No one is sure that the lost Blue Bucket Mine was ever found. Many have looked for it, some as late as 1926.

In John Day, Jerry freighted for a trading post. The children went to school.



Susan Blaylock in front of one of the timber chain trees.

Florence had typhoid fever. When she recovered, her back was bent almost double, and she had to learn to walk over again. Susan, her mother, had to whip her to make her push a chair across the floor, although they both shed bitter tears. The chair pushing was kept up until my mother's back was straight and strong.

One spring, Jerry moved again, this time down the west side of the Middle Fork of the Malheur River. They camped one night beside the Malheur River in a little valley near Red Canyon. A long time before this, squaws, papooses and old men hid in this

canyon, while at day-break the braves surprised a band of cavalry camped in the valley. When the Blaylocks first came there were still Indian bones scattered over the ground.

The next morning, when Susan awoke, she heard the murmuring river. The birds were

singing, the long grass sprinkled with flowers was waving gently in the breeze. She closed her eyes and saw fruit trees and fields of grain. Turning to Jerry, she said, "If you move again, it will be without me and the children." He stayed.

Jerry had used his land rights. He could not take the whole valley. A rock and timber chain were filed. This held until Bill, their son, became old enough to file on the land legally.

That summer all the Blaylocks were very busy. A garden had to be planted.



Picnic in Red Canyon where squaws, papooses, and old men had hid while braves surprised the calvary.

Lumber and trees had to be freighted in from John Day and a house built. All this before cold weather set in, and those trees for the timber chain had to be wrapped so they wouldn't winter kill.

In some issues of the Oregon Blue Book the Blaylock Ranch was mentioned. Wayne Blaylock, one of Susan's grandsons, still owns and operates the place. The irrigation water right is dated 1887.

Florence, my mother, only finished the fourth grade. She had a wonderful memory and could tell accurately dates and events all her life. Florence married George Cox in 1882. They had four daughters: Susie, Ona, Georgia and myself, Elsie. Mother kept books in our country store, was postmistress for thirty years, and read aloud to her family such books as DAVID COPPERFIELD, JANE EYRE, AND THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

Daddy's father was one of a large, well-to-do family from back East. He came West because of a bitter family dispute over property. He never wrote to his family or talked of his early life.

After marriage, Daddy wanted to live around Portland, Oregon. He sold his large ranch in Warm Spring Valley and moved to Coos Bay. After one rainy season on the Pacific Coast, Florence decided that desert life was best.

When a teenager, I asked Daddy why he came back. "Oh," he said, "Mamma wanted to come back to her mamma."

Daddy had used up all his land rights. Knowing this, Grandpa Cox, who had come to live with us, said, "George, let me take that land for you. It's all I can do to repay you for taking care of Ann and me in our last days." Ann was his second wife. He filed on a homestead two and half miles down the Malheur River from Grandpa Blaylock's ranch.

Years later, when Daddy started to sell a right of way to the railway, he found that he didn't own the place. The deed was in his father's name. So he made a trip to see his relatives. All his family, except his half-brother Bill,

signed away their share of the ranch. Bill said, "No. That old son of ----- wouldn't buy me a pair of shoes. I won't do anything for him." And then Daddy said, "The homestead claim was all that he had to give me. He wasn't able to do a day's work. I took care of him and your mother, and buried them." And then he asked the question, "What do you have against me?" Bill's wife convinced him to sign.

In those days, the best way to clear land was with fire and a grubbing hoe. Everything that was big enough was saved for firewood.

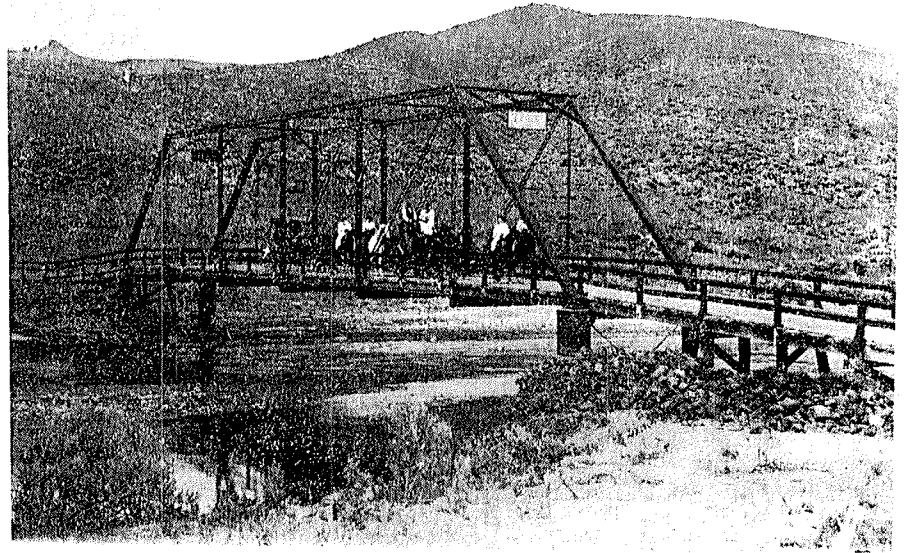
Daddy was grubbing willows one day. Mamma and we children went with him. My sisters Ona and Susie were playing around. Mamma put down a quilt and put me, the baby, on it. Then she sat down beside me and began to sew. I made a noise. She looked around, There, right behind me, was a rattlesnake, coiled! Mamma grabbed me, screamed and ran. Daddy came and killed the snake.

Aunt Ethel stayed with Mamma when Daddy was away from home. One day they had decided to black Ona's and Susie's hands and faces. They turned a stove lid over so that they could use the soot for blacking. Just then a neighbor came. Susie and Ona didn't want to be blacked up. While he was there, they made their getaway. After he left, Aunt Ether and Mamma looked everywhere, but could not find the children. They cried -- really cried, and promised the moon. No good. Hours went by. Finally, about dark, they found the little girls fast asleep in a cave in the Rimrock near the house.

After I was married, Aunt Ethel told me about it. I couldn't imagine my sensible mother doing such a thing! I asked her why she didn't promise not to black them again. Quickly she answered, "Oh, I did." Then slowly, "I never lied to them again. I never blacked them again, either."

The first postoffice was in 1899. Post Offices have to be named; so the community became Riverside, Oregon. My Uncle Sam was one of the first mail carriers. Duncan McRae was one of the first postmasters. In order to get the

mail to the McRae Ranch, the Malheur River had to be crossed. In the summer time, before the dam, a man could wade across this river without getting wet above his knees. The county officials decided that we didn't need a bridge. Once during the spring breakup, Uncle Sam decided to swim the mail across the river. His horse was swept downstream more than a mile. He and his horse were almost drowned because only a few feet remained



until the bank became a tall, straight up-and-down rimrock. This

The bridge across the Malheur River. Front to back: Susie and I, Mother and Daddy in wagon, Ona and Edith Blaylock, Grandma Susan Blaylock in buggy.

wall of rock was over a mile long. At the lower end was a dangerous whirlpool. Here a man had been drowned. We got our bridge in 1907.

In one of his post office reports, ^{Duncan} Dennis McRae made a mistake of three cents. The Post Office Department wrote and ordered him to send three cents. He put a two cent stamp and a one cent stamp in an envelope and sent it. The Department sent the stamps back and wrote, "You must send CURRENCY." Duncan fired the stamps back and wrote, "If your damned money is no good, I don't want it either. Take this or nothing." The government would have sued if a bondsman had not sent the three pennies.

Very soon the Post Office came to Blaylock Ranch. Grandma became the post-

mistress. She had not been well for many years; so when Frank Shumway took up land nearby, she asked Mrs. Shumway to take the Post Office.

There were eight children in the Shumway family. Frances, a girl my age, became my chum.

When I was in the first grade we had to go eight miles to school. The long narrow school district lay along the Middle and South Forks of the Malheur River. The schoolhouse was about six miles up the South Fork. Parents on the Middle Fork wanted to move the schoolhouse down to a more central location. The Middle Fork directors called meeting after meeting to try to settle this matter. The upper end directors would not come to the meetings. Or if they did come, they came so late that nothing could be settled. A last meeting was called for 10:00. Everyone waited until 10:30 for the other directors. Then two of our men (Middle Fork) climbed up on the roof, measured the schoolhouse, and started sawing right down the middle. The building was sawed almost in two when the other directors came. We took our half to a central location for our end of the district. This helped "a little" in building a community hall.

Mamma and Mrs. Shumway took our buggy and team and went all over the country asking everyone to donate money for a community hall. This hall was to be used for school, church, Sunday School, parties, dancing and all kinds of community gatherings. These two ladies took in enough money to buy lumber, brick, windows and a door. The men built the hall. To finish paying for the hall, we had Fourth of July celebrations, dances, and basket suppers.

The District was charged enough to maintain the building. The school bought its own supplies. The seats were never fastened down but pushed against the wall when we danced. Dancing was our chief amusement. People came from 30 or 40 miles away. They danced from early evening until daylight. Everyone danced. Even the young men boasted, "I've danced with every woman in the hall." Parents brought their children and put them to sleep on blankets in the corners.

Three or four times a year a traveling minister would come by and hold church in the school house. I heard Mamma and Mrs. Shumway talking. "If we don't start a Sunday School our children won't know anything about the Bible." So they started a Sunday School in the school house. We also had picnics in Red Canyon, Christmas programs, stayed all night with neighbors, rode horseback, and read books and magazines which were borrowed and loaned to everybody. One night, at a dance, our teacher felt something pull her hair. She raised her hand to her head. The pulling stopped. This kept on for awhile. Then her very red-faced partner confessed, "I've got my gum caught in your hair, and can't get it out." She thought, "Oh, how the people will laugh." Then she said, "Just spit it out on top of my head." Oh, the trouble she and Mother had getting it out next day.

In those days, parents believed in the old adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." I remember one whipping I got. We were at Grandma Blaylock's. She built a fire in the bunkhouse and sent us children out there to play. Susie stayed in the house with Grandma and Mamma. Sometimes we played High Five, a card game. That day we were taking turns reciting our Christmas pieces. After a while my cousin George got up and said a string of nasty words. Ona said, "you shouldn't talk like that!" He answered, "You laughed didn't you?" Then Edith, his sister, said the same nasty words. Soon Ona and I were following suit. Susie came outside and heard us. Mamma and Grandma couldn't believe that their little darlings were talking like that. They listened at the door, then opened it. Mamma was going to spank her little darlings right now. Grandma, who was raising Edith and George, said, "Florence, I've found that I don't have to whip so often if I let Edith and George off once. I tell them, "Next time you'll get an extra hard one." Sometimes it's quite a while before I have a whip again."

A short time after this, a boy brought some dried prunes to school. He gave everyone a prune. My, they were good! We have a box^d of dried prunes upstairs. Ona put some in her pocket. I didn't have a pocket; so I put mine in the front

of my dress. To keep them from falling out, I wrapped my handkerchief around them. Mamma said, "Come here." Mamma took hold of that handkerchief and yanked. The prunes just rolled. I got the promised spanking. I squealed. Ona got hers, too. Mamma said, "If you had asked me, I would have given you a few. You have enough for a meal. These prunes will taste awfully good before we can get anything green next spring."

Stinging nettles were the first greens. I loved them. I asked Mother why she didn't cook them more often. She answered, "I have to gather them. I always get stung. Anyway, Wooley Britches and Pigwood are almost as early."

Parents tried to take good care of their children. We raised a truck garden. Papa peddled fresh vegetables all over the country. We girls took turns going on these trips with him. Sometimes he went 40 or 50 miles away. There was lots of garden work, and everyone helped. One day I was hoeing with Susie when I said, "What do you suppose makes me tremble so?" Next day I hoed with Mamma. We had hoed only a short time when she said, "Let's quit and go to the house." I never hoed again that summer. I never went swimming in the evening with the rest of the family, either. My parents were afraid it was too hard for me.

Once a year everyone went shopping to Ontario 90 miles away. This trip was made with a four-horse team in the fall before the roads got muddy. Once a year we sent to Sears and Roebuck or to Montgomery Ward for our clothes. Our order included a Christmas present for each member of the family. This order came by freight to Ontario in time to be brought home with the groceries. In the spring some neighbor would make a trip to Ontario and bring back anything any neighbor had run out of. Soon Mamma and Daddy began to buy extra of "the things that people ran out of". More and more articles were added until we had a pretty good country store.

Susie, Ona and I still had to walk $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles to school. For small children, that was hard in the winter time. So Daddy built a cabin about a half mile from

the schoolhouse. We lived in it during bad weather. Daddy made a trip once a day to the ranch to feed the stock and take care of things.

B. B. Milligan crossed the plains with the Blaylocks in 1877. He went back East to get his education. After Mr. Milligan had a family, he and a neighbor went to the hills to get a load of juniper firewood. The country was rough. There were no roads. The team ran away and turned over the wagon, which was loaded with wood. The neighbor was killed, and Mr. Milligan lost both his legs. Mr. Milligan became one of the early country school superintendents of Malheur County. Once a year he visited every school in the county. His wife went with him to help him in and out of the buggy, and to care for the buggy horses. It was a red letter day when they reached our school. They stayed all night with Grandma, but we went up to visit them. After two elections, no one ever ran against him.

When Grandma Blaylock was 64, she became very ill. The doctors said that she had consumption (one lung was gone, the other damaged), that she would not last longer than late fall. If she should live through the winter, she would die in the spring. He prescribed fresh air and one glass of wine every day. She drank ONE GLASS, no more, no less. She sat by the fireplace with the front door wide open. Not one of the six people living with her took the disease. When the married children visited her, they wore all the clothes they could get on, including coats and overshoes. Even then, they nearly froze! She lived eight years and died of leakage of the heart!

Susie finished the eighth grade and then went to the I. I. I., a boarding school in Weiser, Idaho. She had never been away from home before and was very homesick. Mother wrote her in a letter that she was expecting a baby shortly. The baby's name was Georgia. Susie came home and never went back. While Susie was at the I. I. I., Mr. Milligan wrote her a letter. He said, "I know how lonesome you are so far away from home. I crossed the plains twice to get my

education. I was very homesick, very poor, too, and worked at everything from waiting tables to cleaning chimneys. Where would my family and I be now if I had not persevered? Make the most of your opportunities."

Ona married George Barkley in 1909. On their first yearly shopping trip, George said, "Ona, we'll eat a lunch at noon as we drive along. What shall I buy?" Ona answered, "Oh, you pick it out." He bought limburger cheese, beer and crackers. Ona liked only the crackers. He ate with relish. She didn't relish the smell of the limburger. Three days on crackers! Six hours since breakfast, seven hours to supper! The second day she said, "George, please make me a sandwich." He did and put it into her mouth, while she held her nose and ate it! Before she got home, she had learned to like limburger cheese. Her children were Lillian, Raleigh and Billy.

Shumways sold their land and moved to Creston, Oregon, which was first called the Hole in the Ground. Mother became the postmistress.

The first year that I went to the I. I. I. Mother and Daddy took Frances and me down with a buggy and team. When we arrived at the roadhouse, they had only one bed. Mamma and Daddy slept in that. Frances and I went to the haystack. The blankets were warm, and the hay was light. My, we slept good under the stars that night. The next day we reached Ontario and went the rest of the way by train.

Mr. Paddock, the founder of the I. I. I., had had such a hard time getting his education that he swore, "When I'm a man, I'll build a school where young people won't have to work so hard to get an education." He did, at Weiser, Idaho. When I went, he charged only \$50 a semester. To help pay for their tuition, the boys worked on his large farm and took care of what was then the best dairy herd in the country. The girls helped with the cooking and did all the housework to help pay for their tuition. Of course, there were some adult helpers. (The \$50 included books, board and room.)

While I was there, I made a black chashmere dress in Domestic Science class. The low, low neck showed about two inches of me on the shoulders, and about three inches in front. I gathered the sleeves in front so that they showed about three inches of my arm above the elbow. I put gold colored ribbon rosebuds in the gathers of the sleeves. I'm not sure, but I think I made a bouquet of the ribbon rosebuds to pin on the front. Teachers and students complimented me on how very nice I looked in it. So I was very proud to take it home. I told Mother that I was going to wear it to the dance. She said, "It's pretty, but what are you going to wear under it?" I said, "Nothing." She brought out a new white blouse, and said, "Why don't you wear this under it?" I said, "NO! I will not spoil my dress."

I wore it to the dance, but I kept my coat on until a boy asked me to dance. I dropped my coat and danced with him and that "Ornery cuss" pointed his finger down the back of my neck, and winked at the men around the wall. Would you say that I was the "Belle of the Ball" that night? I sure did dance. I didn't know what that ornery boy had done until the next day. I didn't wear that dress again for two years. Then I put a roll of pink silk mull around the neck and sleeves. This covered all but about an inch on the shoulders and an inch and a half in the front. I brought the sleeves below the elbow. I wore the dress to Frances' wedding. At the table, I sat across from her father. Mr. Shumway gazed at me intently, then said, "Well, Elsie, you look real nice above the table, but, I'm AFRAID to look underneath." To think that a distance of 125 miles would make such a difference in what people thought!

That first year, Frances and I were lonely at Christmas time. The teachers tried to make it nice for all those who couldn't go home for vacation. By spring the railroad had reached Vale, so Jack, her older brother, met us there. He had been going to school, but had left earlier to help put in the crops. Ruby, a schoolmate, had a "case" on Jack. So she decided to visit Frances. Jack met us

in a one-seated buggy. He drove a team of colts that he had just started to break. He couldn't hold them; so they had run most of the way to Vale. Was Jack surprised when he found three girls instead of two! Shumway's had a saddle horse in Vale. Jack decided that we would take turns riding the horse, but Ruby decided otherwise. Ruby said, "I can't ride. And I won't ride behind these colts unless Jack has hold of the lines." So Frances and I took turns riding the horse home. Neither of us had been on a horse for nine months. My, but we were tired when we reached Shumways. But not more so than those two dead tired horses, that stopped every little while, in spite of all that Jack could do, to rest. Susie met me there. She said, "I could have brought the buggy, but I thought you'd enjoy riding your saddle horse home." Fifteen miles more!

Susie married Charley Brown in 1917. Of course, the people charivaried them. Ona and I had a private one. I said, "You take either bed you want." Ona^e was separated from the living room by a heavy curtain. Then there was a spare one in the attic. I added, "Seems to me the attic one would be more private." She thought so too. She went upstairs and carefully made her bed. (A low attic, bed springs resting on four apple boxes.) Later, I sneaked up there. All I had to do was to pull out two boxes so that the springs rested on less than half an inch of box. Ona and I slept directly below. We were armed with a tin horn and a cowbell. They had been in bed less than 15 minutes when down it fell. They put it up, only to have it fall again and again. Finally, they threw the apple boxes into the corner and laid the springs on the floor. Alas! The springs were warped on opposite corners. They walloped the floor with every movement, while all the time, Ona and I were serenading them with; "Tho' the bed be ever so rickety, there's no place like home." We kept this up for an hour.

After I had finished school I taught school for two years, then married Clyde Norman Parks in 1924.

Clyde's grandmother and her sister rode their saddle horses out from Kentucky

to Coal when their parents moved. Clyde's grandfather owned a place near Coal. The first deed described the land as running a certain number of feet ^{from} ~~to~~ a certain big tree along the Little Joe River to another big tree. Then due North, South or West to another big tree. Then parallel back along the Little Joe to another big tree. Then straight back to the first big tree. I have forgotten the directions, number of feet, and the name of the trees, but the deed is still in our family.

Clyde was born in the Cherokee Strip. At one time his father, Payton Parks, would have lost his squatters' claim if Jesse James and his brother hadn't helped him defend it. The Parks and James boys' claims were close together. Payton always wanted to go west, Clyde's mother wrote me. "On one trip we met Geronimo, the great Indian Cheif. He wanted to shake hands with the white papoose, Clyde. I was afraid to let him, and afraid not to. I sure held my baby Clyde tight while he shook his hand. On another trip



Clyde's Father and Mother, Sarah Parks Paton.

we got as far as the Green River. It was overflowing its banks; so we turned around and went back to Coal where we raised our family." Clyde's mother, Sarah, sent me, from Lorado, one of a set of 12 handmade silver teaspoons. They were a wedding present, and were to go to the oldest granddaughter. When Clyde's mother died, his brother Walter sent him an old silver mounted handmade

snotgun. It had been hidden in a hollow tree during the Civil War. He also sent the family Bible and his mother's gun. She had killed a lot of game with it. *Both guns were lost when our house burned down.*

While I was quite young my father, George Cox, hurt his heart stopping a runaway team for a drunken stage driver. Papa was never well after that. He and I would go to the ranch to work. After a short time he would have to lie down and rest. I always begged him to go home. Papa would always say, "I can make a few more rounds." I felt bad. But later I knew that stick-to-itiveness was what kept him alive. He lived to see Lorado, our oldest daughter.

We knew we would be charivaried. So we decided to help them. A little way back from the back door of our house was a grain house. We took old clothes, headgear and a couple of cowbells out there and left them. When we heard the crowd coming, we went out and disguised ourselves, joined the crowd a little way apart as they circled the house. Around and around we went. I was having a glorious time with my noise maker. Not so Mother, Father, and a few people inside the house. Even those outside wondered "why in the world they didn't come out?" Even they could hardly stand the noise. Finally they found us. We took them inside and fed them ice cream and cake. Then all went to the hall that Clyde had hired and everyone danced.

Our children are Lorado Hender, Donna Cohle, and Maxine Johnson. Also, Alta Karchner, who passed away in 1962.

One day Clyde and I were moving a bunch of cows and calves. One old cow ran into the river below the ford. The rest followed. In the middle of the river, the cattle had to swim. The calves got scared and started to mill. We tried to crowd them on across but couldn't. Clyde swam his horse up beside a calf, got it by one ear, and towed it on across the river. I did likewise. We kept this up until our calves were safe. The old cows followed.

A young couple started from somewhere in Harney Valley with a buggy and team

to the hospital in Burns, Oregon. The woman was in labor; they didn't make it. The young father was outside the buggy wringing his hands when Rodney Buckmaster, and old buckaroo, came along. He became midwife. He had delivered lots of calves. This was his first baby. Mother and baby were fine, only _____. ^{Calves} ~~Calves~~ have long navels; babies did, too. When baby got older, he cussed Rodney every time he fastened his pants.

We didn't expect Lorado, our first, for quite a while. So Clyde sent all our saddle horses with the hired man on the spring roundup.

At first, I thought I had a stomachache. By the time I decided different, my pains were close together. Clyde started on foot for help. The thought of Rodney Buckmaster and that other baby gave him speed. I might be having this baby all alone. He made that two and a half miles in better than record time. Lorado was born at Mother's. The doctor came from Burns, 90 miles away.

Our bedroom was so hot I moved our beds out into the living room, which had 2 outside doors. One Sunday I had put the baby, Donna, down for a nap. She kept fussing and I had been to her bed several times. At last I said, "I'm sure going to settle that kid," to Mother and Georgia, who were visiting us. I went into the room and said, "What's the matter with you?" She answered, leaning over the edge of the bed, and pointing her little finger. "I don't like that thing." I looked. There under her bed was a big rattlesnake, coiled and ready to strike. I grabbed her and set her in the middle of the bed, saying, "You stay there." Although I was afraid to go between the two beds, I went! I shut the bedroom door, ran through the outside door and around the house. I called the dogs through the other door and said, "Sic 'em!" They barked and teased that snake until he started to run. As soon as he was outside one dog, Old Rags, grabbed him in the middle and began to shake. A piece of head went one way and a piece of tail the other. Rags kept on shaking until that snake was broken up into little pieces.

One night Lorado and Donna were saying their prayers. Something made Lorado laugh. She pulled her mouth straight and said, "Excuse me, God; I didn't mean to laugh!" and then went on praying.

My baby sister, Georgia, married Lewis Wirth in 1934. Their children are Terry and Althea Habberman.

When it was important, I could always depend upon the girls' obeying me. I was at home along with Alta and Maxine. Alta hadn't even started to go to school yet when the house got on fire. I looked the girls up and said, "Alta, our house is on fire. You take Maxine outside the yard fence. Don't either of you come back inside the yard. I'm going to save something." Alto took her out but kept calling me. She wanted to push Donna's and Lorado's new bikes outside the yard. I said, "O.K. But watch the baby while you're doing it."

Every year the girls got real pretty handmade doll clothes and dolls for Christmas. Donna stayed up and helped me sew on them. Alta's newest doll fell into a pail of water. When we found it her head was about four times too big, and one arm and one leg were almost off. I asked, "Shall we throw her away?" "Oh, no, Mamma," she said. When that doll was recovered, she had a terrible scar reaching over her head from one shoulder to the other. Her nose was very flat, her face was really pitted; one arm and one leg had to be amputated; but that doll had all the best clothes, beds and blankets. The other girls allowed it. When Alta married, she brought her to me, and said, "Mother, will you please do something with my doll? I just can't." Think how she loved her babies.

One day Maxine stepped on a nail. It went in between two bones, and raised the skin on top of her foot. She screamed. I ran out and lifted her off the boards. I soaked that foot in hot borax water. We made her stay off it for two days. One of the other girls stepped on a tack. The tack made the sorest foot. I just put a little iodine on it.

We moved to Sand Hollow in Idaho. Alta and Maxine wanted to go swimming in

the irrigation canal. I didn't know how deep the water in the canal was at that time. So I tied a rope around Maxine's waist and held onto one end while she went down into the water. It was only knee deep to her. Alta lost interest; so she and I went to the house and left Maxine to play for awhile. As soon as we had left, Lady Maxine's dog, took hold of the rope and pulled her out of the water, up the bank, and down to the kitchen door.

At Riverisde in the evening, Donna and Loardo went after the milk cows. Clyde and I didn't know it at the time, but those girls drove the cattle to the one place where they had to swim to cross the river. As the last cow went into the water, each girl grabbed a cow by the tail and had a free ride across. Then they took turns. One rode a cow among the herd while the other drove them to the barn. When Lorado was quite young, she started to put the milk cows into the barn. She was riding Old Bones. One cow ducked and turned. Old Bones ducked and turned. Lorado went straight over his head. That old saddle horse put the cow into the barn.

Before the cow barn roof was finished, Donna got up on it and was walking around. Oops! She came right through. There she hung by her outstretched arms. Nothing but Donna and her panties could be seen in the barn. Clifford Blaylock came in just then. He turned his head, walked over and boosted her back through the roof.

One night, we were all milking; Lorado and Donna braided two cows' tails together. When we turned the cows out of the stanchions the big cow started outside. She drug the little cow, Lady, by her tail. Just as they went through the barn door, Lady's curl came out, and the tail began to bleed. The girls ran to her, put their rams around her neck, and cried over her; told her, "Lady, we didn't mean to hurt you. We're sorry."

Basically, life has changed a lot in my 82 years. I am proud of my daughters. I am proud of my grandchildren.

May the Lord bless each one of you.

Your Grandmother
Elsie Parks

Printer added this I. I'm not your
grandmother but someone who thinks a
lot of you.