

Given to Edward Gray by Mabel & Hazel Owen
daughters of Mary Young Owen
TEN YEARS OF PIONEERING IN CENTRAL OREGON

In June 1895 my parents moved to Central Oregon. We crossed the old Military pass. Our first stop after we arrived on the Deschutes was at the Dillman place, sixteen miles south of Bend. Mr Dillman was building a bridge across the Deschutes river. Our men folks helped work on the bridge. At that time it was the only bridge across the Deschutes for miles around.

The Benefield family were camped at the Dillman place when we arrived. they were from Pit river California which is in the northern part of the state. After we stayed a few days at the Dillman place someone told us about a place a man by the name of Burns had a home-steaded with a cabin and all fenced about ^{four} fore or five miles south of the Dillman place where we could hold our horses on the grass.

On Sunday morning we pulled out for the Burns place. The Benefields took the one room cabin and we camped out. Times were awfully hard. We couldn't get and work. We fished every day and that was the main thing we had to eat; bread and fish. I remember the Benefield children and I were happy, building play houses, fishing, rambling through the woods, getting together evenings and singing songs and telling jokes. Soon it would be bedtime, we would go to bed and soon be asleep.

When Fall came the Benefields decided to go somewhere else to winter So they moved out east of Prineville about seventeen miles on Ochoco Creek. I remember so well the morning they left, Josephine Benefield was riding her pony. I got on behind her and rode a ways and when we parted I couldn't keep the tears back. I felt it would be a long time before I would see her. I never did see her again. She was thirteen

Written by Mary Young Owen

and I was nine.

Dad built a log cabin about half a mile down the river from the Burns cabin. On November 11 I had my tenth birthday. Our nearest neighbor was an elderly man homesteading. His name was Joe Whitfield. He was a retired English sailor. He died on his homestead as near as I remember about the year of 1904. He named our place "Seldom Seen". It was off the road and if anyone came up the river in a boat they would miss the place unless they knew just where we lived. So you see it was a very appropriate name. The snow got deep, I don't think we measured it but it was probably three feet deep and we had some real cold weather too. It was a long lonesome winter. Milt herded sheep that winter on the desert for George Aldridge for twenty-five dollars a month. We didn't have any visitors but at least the winter did wear away.

Its now the spring of 1896. Dad got a job cutting rails down at Big Meadows. School is going to start and when we move I can go to school. We moved into George Aldridge's one room cabin (log) with a fireplace. We lived there about three weeks and moved about a half a mile to the Alex Davis place, it was a better cabin. I'm soo glad school will be starting. We Had lived here almost a year and I Hadn't had a chance to go to school. School finally started. Mrs. D. W. Aldridge is the teacher, a five months term. The pupils were the Vandeverts, Aldridges, Millmans and Dad West brought his girls out from the valley and they went about two months or until the term closed Mrs. Aldridge lived close by the school house; she served us a dinner and treated us to candy the last day of school. I thought it was a great day. Soon after school was out, Mother was ailing about a month

and I had to be the housekeeper at ten years old. Our neighbors by the name of Allen went to the valley for a little trip, they ask us to take care of their cows while they were gone. I think the folks saved every little speck of cream they could and churned it. I had to churn big churnings and work like a slave. Mother never seemed to realize when a child had done enough. I thought I was having a pretty hard time.

Pa worked for Alex Davis. They put up hay and Alex sold hay to the Triangle Co., a company that branded with a triangle. That winter they hired Pa to feed the cattle. I think they paid him twelve dollars a month which shows the difference in wages then and now. That was the winter of 1897.

On November 11 I had my eleventh birthday on the Alex Davis place. Plenty of snow and cold weather by this time. The two Aldridge girls came over that morning to skate on the big pond near our house, the ice was plenty thick. It was 25° below zero at Thanksgiving.

At last the snow is gone and we are going to stay here another summer. We went out to Prineville to visit Laura and Dave Able, when we got to Prineville we found the Crooked river bridge had been washed out by high water. Anyone wanting to cross could be boated across for ten cents. After we ate out dinner Pa went to the river and was set across and we walked out to Laura's, a distance of about five miles. Dave brought Pa back and Mother and I were boated across and Dave met us and we went out to the ranch. I found I had a little niece that I didn't know anything about. Born March 14, 1897. She was six weeks old. Shows how fast news traveled at that time. The next day after dinner Dave brought us back to Prineville. Laura is going home with us.

Dave said he was going to herd sheep this summer. Three weeks later he quit his sheep herding job and was home with us.

On July 7, 1897 Alex Davis sent Pa to Eugene after a new mowing machine and rake. Ma went with him to the valley to dry fruit. Mrs. Aldridge was teaching another five months term of school, but the folks didn't send me. It worried me to think I had so much schooling which was so close I could see the children playing at noon and recess. Pa, Milt and Reub put up hay for Alex that summer. You may wonder who did the cooking while Mother was gone to the valley. I will tell you. Laura and I cooked for the men.

The work was all done so Dave took his team and went to the valley to buy a wagon from Grandpa Rodgers. He rode one horse and led the other with the harness on. He rode Fred and led Pete.

Time was flying. Pa rented the Farewell Bend ranch. Ma and Dave came back from the valley with a load of dried fruit and we all moved to Bend. It was pretty lonesome as there was only one other family and they had three boys. This family was Mr. and Mrs. William Staats. This was the fall of 1897.

At the Farewell Bend ranch we kept travel. A horse in the barn over night eating hay 25¢, meals 25¢, bed 25¢, horse over night in the pasture 10¢. A horse in the barn 1 hour to eat hay 10¢. We also kept the stage. The stage started from Prineville Monday morning arriving at Farewell Bend ranch at noon. A fresh team in the barn was taken out by Pa and hitched to the stage while the driver ate his dinner. As soon as dinner was over the driver was out and going again. Going south thirty more miles to the Pengra place, which had a house on it painted white. It was the only painted house in that whole country for miles around at the time we went out there. Since then the town of Lapine has been built a few miles south of the Pengra place.

The stage drivers would exchange mail bags and make the return

trip to Prineville on Tuesday. Tuesday forenoon he would drive to the Bend, eat his dinner and exchange teams then go on to Prineville. And Friday and Saturday he took the same trip again.

Dad West moved his family to the Bend to send his girls to school. I had just had my twelveth birthday. School started on or about the middle of November. The school was taught by Miss Carrie Fee from Portland. She taught three months of fall school, then we had one month of subscription school in February. Then three months of spring term. Miss Fee was a cranky old maid but she could advance the pupils. School closed May 27, 1898. There was sure some happy kids went home that evening. We had been going to school seven months to a cranky teacher and we were glad to get rid of her.

Dad West moved his family back home which was about 170 miles south of Bend. There was about two more months of school and Mother ask Eva West to stay with us and finish the school so it wouldn't be so lonesome for me to go to school with three boys. On May 28 Eva went home, it was lonesome for me then with Eva gone. I didn't see many that I knew that summer. There was a drouth in California and a lot of people were getting out of California. Some were going to Washington, Idaho and different places. One day some people were camped on the camp ground when a man by the name of Ed Harris rode up a horseback and started talking to Pa. He saw the campers and ask Pa where are those people going? Pa told him they were going to Buffalo Hump. He said, where in the hell is Buffalo Hump? Pa told him it was in Idaho.

It was a long lonesome summer I didn't see anybody much that I knew, just strangers that I never expected to see again but I did recognize some the next summer coming back. After the drouth they had a good crop and a lot of them went back to California. They hadn't

found anything that looked as good as home.

When we lived on the Sisemore place in the spring of 1898 I had quite a long sick spell and it was during my sickness that a man came one morning quite early. Pa had just made the fires at five o'clock and started to the barn to feed the horses. When he looked up and saw a man coming on horse back leading a pony with a pack. It didn't take Pa long to discover what was wrong with the man. He had a little too much of Prineville's good whiskey. He said the pony wouldn't lead and kept pulling back, and he whipped her for it but she wouldn't lead any better. He ate breakfast with us and stayed the rest of the day. He started at two o'clock from Prineville that was the reason he was getting across the desert so early in the morning, he had been out all night. After breakfast he told Pa he was going to give him what was in the pack and give the pony to the little sick girl. He took the pony out of the barn and brought her up to the house and handed me the rope and told me she was mine. I was so over joyed I couldn't keep the tears back. I had always wanted a pony and to think I had one given to me when I least expected it. *

The next morning he left for Lakeview where he was expecting to get work. The morning he left we were looking over the things that were in the pack and I picked up a nice little granite bucket with a lid on it. I said this is mine to take my lunch in when I go to school. He wrote us a letter after he arrived at Lakeview saying he had a job and was starting to work soon. I remember he wrote in his letter that he hoped the little girl was well and able to take care of the pony. To own a pony wasn't what I thought it would be like. Too many around that liked to ride her, take her out and ride her hard all day; and sweat to the tips of her ears. I didn't like to see her rode any harder than

I rode her which wasn't very hard.

In the fall he came back and stayed all night. He was riding a horse that was a good walker. He started at 6 o'clock a. m. said he would be in Prineville by noon. When he finished his breakfast he wanted to know what his bill was Pa told him he didn't owe him anything and he said you people are not here for the good of your health and he threw a silver dollar down on the table. He was Irish and I never did see an Irishman but what was free hearted. His name was N. M. Gray. We never saw him again. I kept my pony five years and she died. I think she was pretty well along in years when I got her. While I kept her she raised a colt. I called him Blue Dick. When he was seven years old he died. Then I was out of the horse business for good.

That same summer a sheep man gave us a little pup. We kept him a while and got a chance to trade him for a grown dog, named Jack. He was a smart dog and could do a lot of things. One was roll over for something to eat and if we would get to scuffling he would get between us and bark. He thought we were fighting. We kept him several years and when we went to Bend to spend the winter he and Ruebwere batching. He left and went down to Rogues a distance of about twelve miles. They gave him away. He got into a good home. They took good care of him and kept him until he died.

Also the same summer a band of sheep came along going to the mountains. They stayed all night at the Bend. A little lamb was born that night. The herder gave the lamb to Pa. He said it was too little to make the trip to the mountains. I slept quite late and the first thing I knew someone was calling me to get up and feed the lamb. They said I had a pet lamb to raise. I went out a many a night and shut her up so the coyotes couldn't get her. She sheared sixteen pounds of wool most

erery year, one year fourteen pounds. I kept her seven years and when we were getting ready to move to the valley I sold her to Lee Caldwell for \$2.50.

The winter of 1899 the school didn't amount to much. Mr. Staats hired a man teacher by the name of Charley Lewis. He taught about two months and quit. I didn't go to school to him. Then they hired Miss Fee to teach about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ months. School started the first of March and closed July 14, 1899. Still living at the Bend Nov. 11. I'm in my teens now, I'm 13 years old and feeling pretty big now.

Jan. 15, 1900 we began a three months term of school taught by Miss Grace Stewart of Prineville. On May 3, 1900 we moved away from the Farewell Bend Ranch. Pa and Reub took homesteads on the Little Deschutes. We were out of Crook County then. We lived about two miles over the line in Wlamath County. It took us two days to go. We stayed all night at Vandewerts and on May 4 we arrived at our pleasant home. I didn't think much of it. I thought it was too near the jumping-off-place. Laura and Reub were already up there. Pa moved them up about three weeks before. I forgot to tell you Laura left Dave on April 1, 1898 and brought home two girls, one three and one a little over a year old. They got to be two spoilt kids; they didn't know what it was to mind.

The first winter we lived on the homestead but after that we moved to the Bend to winter. We built a small shack in Bend. Sometimes school would be going three months before we would get moved and we would quit and go home in the spring before it was out. I had the blues about it but seems as though there was nothing I could do about it.

The land Pa and Reub homesteaded was in the forest reserve. We moved there in hopes it would be thrown out for settlement. We lived there fourteen months before it was opened for settlement. Then they filed on it. A single man must build a cabin on his claim and go there

every six months and stay all night. Mother and us children stayed on the homestead and Pa worked out but was back every six months to stay a few days. I was always glad to have him home. It seemed like time went better with him there. It's against the law now to settle on forest reserve. I used to wish when we lived there that we would be ordered out of there and we would have to move out. Neighbors were awfully few and far between. No school that we could go to. O! yes, they had school fourteen miles south of us. They would send word when school was going to start, but it was most too far to go.

The winter of 1901 and 1902 Wilt, Laura, her girls and I spent the the winter at the Bend. Laura's oldest girl, Ora, was old enough to go to school and we went to school that winter in the log school house. Jessie Brown was the teacher. We lived in Jim Benham's log cabin.

We moved back to the homestead in April. There was nothing to do but just stay there.

In the fall we moved to the Bend and built our shack. Our teacher that winter was Arlie C. Hampton. That was the winter of 1902 & 1903. It was Mr. Hampton's first school. He was a graduate of Normal school at Monmouth and he was 21 years old.

In the spring there was an awful outbreak of smallpox. A young man by the name of Guy Rease died with smallpox in our community. He had been out to Shaniko a short time before he took smallpox. His folks never did know where he was exposed. No one got smallpox aat the Bend. There was quite a few cases of smallpox in Prineville. Several died and some recovered. That was the spring of 1903. The smallpox was carried from Pennsylvania by two men traveling through the country. We moved up to the homestead to try to get away from the smallpox.

When we had lived on the Deschutes about a year, one of the Dillman boys came to our house and said John Brown was sick up in the mountains. He was a trapper. He was quarter French, ^{quarter Irish} and half Negro. When he went

to trap he lived mostly on bread and meat. Didn't have enough fruit and vegetables, so he had the scurvy.

They ask for potatoes, but we were out and lived fifty miles from Prineville which was the nearest store at that time. Mother gave him some onions, some canned tomatoes and a bottle of medicine called August Flower, it was black and bitter as gall. I was glad to see the old bitter medicine go out of the house. He recovered and later came to our house inquiring for Pa. We had never met him till that day. Mother told him Pa was out in the field putting up hay. He went out in the ^{field} and asked if Mrs. Young was there. Yes, there he was over there. He went over and asked if he was Mr. Young, said his name was Brown. I'm the man you sent the vegetables and medicine to. It saved my life and I want to pay for them. Pa told him he didn't owe him anything. If it saved his life that was enough. He looked at Pa and smiled and said Mr. Young youse a Democrat. I never did get a favor from a Republican. I knew as soon as I got those things. I said that man is a Democrat. This was in the spring of 1896.

While we were living on the Farewell Bend Ranch, along about 1898 in the summer around July or August a sheep herder stopped at the Bend and told Pa that Nigger Brown was sick up in the mountains that he was discouraged and had given up to die, unless someone got him out of there, he would stay there and die. Pa got Mr. Mc Gonagill to go with him and they hitched up the wagon early one morning and started after Nigger Brown. They went to within six miles of where he was camped. That was the end of the wagon road. They stopped and unhitched the horses, took the harness off and rode the horses the rest of the way. They found his camp but he had no intentions of leaving there. He said he couldn't stand the trip out of there. With a lot of coaxing Pa got

him on a horse and led the horse around a while and at last they started. Pa was in a hurry to get started as they had a long way to go. After they had gone away Pa said, "Well how are you making it?" "Pretty good, Mr. Young, better than I expected." They arrived at the Farewell Bend Ranch at dusk. They had been traveling from early morning till dusk. I know it was a long tiresome day. Mother had supper ready. Pa and Mr. McGonagill were hungry but Nigger Brown ate very little. He stayed at our house about three weeks and gained every day. It wasn't long till he was out splitting stove wood. He wasn't a person that wanted to get something off anyone else without paying his way. He went to Prineville to live. I guess he thought he had better stay out of the mountains.

The spring of 1901 Pa went to Prineville for supplies and Nigger Brown came home with him. Pa hauled his provisions and rode a pony and led one. He camped in Rueb's cabin. There was no cook stove in the cabin so he had to build a campfire on the outside and cook on it. Ora and Florence liked to go to his camp and watch him cook but they always stood back a good safe distance. They were just a little bit afraid. He would ask them to come closer to his fire. He would say, "Don't need to be afeared of me. I won't hurt you. I like little girls." They thought it was funny to see his black hands with flour on them when he was making bread. We didn't have a bridge across Little Deschutes at that time. The water was high and he waited for the water to go down. One day while he was camped at our house he took his gun and went out hunting. He saw a mother bear and two little cubs. The mother bear ran away but the little cubs went up a tree. He shot one of the cubs thinking its cry would cause the mother to return. But she

didn't come back and he didn't get any chance to kill her so he shot the other little cub and brought them to our house. They were cute little bears. He said if he could of captured the alive he probably could of gotten ten dollars for the down at Prineville at the saloon. After camping two or three weeks at our place, he decided to go on somewhere else and in about two weeks he came back and stayed allnight and got the rest of his provisions. He got so far away from our house camping around he didn't come back any more. I think he went back to Prineville in June. Pa would always see him and talk to him when he went to Prineville after supplies. He made his living by sawing wood for people and I suppose doing other little odd jobs too. One time pa came home from Prineville and told mother Nigger Brown had the erysipelas and he belived those doctors were going to let him die. I don't remember the year he passed on but it was probably the year of 1902 or 1903.

He had been married. He and his wife separated. He told the boys one day when he was working with them, "A good wife is nice to have but I sure lived with a --- --- --- for awhile". He had a son and daughter. I don't know where the boy was, but the girl stayed around Prineville with different ones for a while. She got so she was pretty hard to handle so they sent her to Portland to a Catholic school. She came back to Prineville at the age of eighteen. She was a Catholic. When they sent her to Portland she didn't want to go and it took three men to put her on the stage. I think she was in the Catholic school about four years. She was near my age. I have forgotten if she was a little older or a little younger. Nigger Brown always said he was going to bring her to see me, but seemed like it never turned out right so he could, anyway I never got to see her. I always wished I could see her. Her name was Nellie. Nigger Brown hated it because she was a Catholic. He was brought up a Catholic, but it never did stick with him.

He used to tell us a little story about when he was a child his father would give him a quarter every Sunday morning and have him go down to the priest and have his sins pardoned. One Sunday morning as he was going he saw some boys playing marbles on the sidewalk. He bet them the quarter he had with him that he could beat them. He lost and had to give them the quarter. He didn't go see the priest then because he had lost the quarter. In a few days the priest called on his parents and wanted to know why John Arthur didn't come and have his sins pardoned. He said, "Father I got stuck in a marble game and lost the quarter". He said, "N--- his old black hide, if he didn't lay it on. But I didn't lose any more money on a marble game".

When Nigger Brown trapped he built three cabins about five miles apart located in a triangle shape. He would stay all night at a cabin where he would have bedding and provisions and next morning he would be up and ready to start at daybreak. He would be out all day skinning the animals, bating the traps, and setting them. It would be dark when he would get to the next cabin. He would stay all night and be up early and doing the same thing as the day before. After three nights he would be back where he started from and he kept that up all winter. He wouldn't see anyone or see a newspaper all winter. How would you like to be a trapper? Nigger Brown was a nice old man, very polite and I thought more of him than I did of some white men I knew out there.

Nigger Brown said just before he went into the mountains he picked up a newspaper and read where a young man had murdered a girl in California. He said being up in the mountains by himself he had to have something to think about so he held a trial for this young man. He had his witnesses and went through with the whole thing and at last he hung him. In the spring when he came out of the mountains, the first newspaper he picked up, there was a piece about this young man coming clear. He said he didn't come clear in Brown's coat; he hung the

A. M. Drake was the founder of Bend. The winter of 1900-01 he built a bunkhouse and hired several men to work for him. Pa got a job working for him. They picked up rocks, grubbed sagebrush and prepared to build a town. Mr. Drake boarded his men and I think he payed them thirty dollars a month. Pa went sometime in the fall, I don't remember just when, but I know he was there Christmas. Mr. Drake had men working that had no home or no place to go, so after Christmas he cut their wages to twenty dollars a month and told them he would pay more in the spring when the weather got good. He thought it was a good way to take advantage of his men. Some of them quit and some staved. The big snow had come by this time. I don't remember if Pa got a ride, or if he walked. He was a good walker and if he wanted to go anywhere and hadn't any way to ride he would hike out afoot. Anyway he got as far as neighbor Bogue which was about twelve miles from home. There he was offered a ride of six miles by Mr. Bogue's brother-in-law. That would put him on the west side of the Little Deschutes and we lived on the east side.

The days were short and they had a late dinner. Pa started right after dinner to come home, a distance of six miles. He wallowed through the snow and got his matches wet and couldn't make a fire. He sweat so much his hair was wet and in the evening his hair began to freeze. There wasn't any bridge across Little Deschutes at our place at that time. However there was a foot bridge, a pine tree that stood on the bank of the river had been sawed down and fell across the river and he crossed on that. The bridge had snow piled up on it and he had a hard time getting across. He got across somehow and was then in a willow patch. The deep snow had flattened the willows and when he stepped on them they would break through and his feet would get down among

the branches and get fast after struggling for quite awhile he got out and came on to the house. Our chicken house there was closer to the house than our chicken house is here. He stopped and rested at the chicken house and again before he reached the house. Florance was acting naughty so her mother put her outside at seven o'clock. She cried and Pa heard her as he was just west of the house; so close to home and yet so far away. He opened the door and walked in and were we surprised to see him. We never dreamed anyone could get there through such deep snow. We had a big box heater and he laid down on the floor beside the stove, completely exhausted. I felt bad about it and wished he had stayed at the Bend and worked for twenty dollars a month and waited till after the snow went off.

He never tackled such a trip again when the snow was deep. It was a moonlight night and it was a good thing it was. Out there in the black pine timber during the dark of the moon, you can't see your hand before you. Mother said, "Why in the world didn't you stay all night and come home in the morning?" He said, "They never asked me to stay and if they don't ask you to stay you can't very well stay." It being so thinly settled it was the custom of the country to ask anyone that came along about dinnertime to stay till after dinner and if it was about night to stay all night. Neighbor Mayfield lived on the south and neighbor Masten on the north of us. One day both men were away from home the same day. Masten happened Mayfield happened along by the Masten place about night and Mrs. Masten asked him to stay all night as he was several miles from home. Next morning as the men were going home they met. Mr. Masten said, "Good morning Mike. I stayed all night with your old woman last night." Mike said, By G-- you haven't got a d--n bit the best of me, I stayed all night with yours.

The summer of 1903 we rented our house at Bend to John Steidle

for \$3 a month and we moved back to the homestead to spend the summer.

In September Laura and her girls, Reub, and I started to the valley for a visit. That wasn't what I wanted to do. I wanted to go to the Bend and go to school. But I couldn't do that until after they came back from the valley, so I thought I might as well go with them as stay home. We crossed over the Military pass going and over the McKemie pass coming home.

It rained hard on us, especially on the summit of the mountain. And to cap it all, just as we were driving off the lava, clink went something. Reub looked around and saw we had a broken wagon tire. He said we would have to walk out of there. He unhitched the horses and left the wagon. This happened about four o'clock. We started walking and the rain was just pouring down. Every stitch we had on was wet. We walked about seven or eight miles. Laura's girls rode old Sam, a gentle old horse we had had a long time.

We found a big tall fir that was a pretty good shelter and we stopped for the night. We built a fire. After the fire was burning good, we took off our clothes a piece at a time and wrung the water out and dried them by the fire. What a relief it was to be dry again! I slept very little if any. Ora and Florance slept on the ground in front of the fire most of the night.

I was awake and noticed that it was getting a little lighter, just a little gray. I told Laura I believed it was getting morning. She woke Reub. He looked at his watch and said it was nearly four o'clock. We jumped up and were soon on our way to Sisters. There was no dishes to wash and no beds to roll up. The poor horses stood tied up to a tree all night without a bite of hay. As we walked down the mountain the sun was shining nice and bright. I said this is the best part of Oregon and I'm not going to the valley again.

Reub was a little ahead of Laura and I and he stopped at the first

house, which was the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilt, and ordered breakfast. Mrs. Wilt soon had a good breakfast ready for us; plenty of good hot biscuits that tasted mighty good.

We put the horses in the barn to eat hay awhile and after breakfast, Reub hitched our horses to Mr. Wilt's wagon and went back to our wagon on the lava and unloaded it and came down to the fir tree and stayed all night where we had stayed the night before. Next day he came on down to the Wilts where we were. We could camp out now, as we had our camp outfit and bedding. I don't remember so well about where we slept but I think we slept in the barn. That cut down expenses quite a bit. Reub stayed all night with us and went back the next morning to get our wagon. He cut a pole and put under the broken down wheel and dragged it down to Sisters behind the Wilt wagon and took it to a blacksmith that welded the tire. He slept three nights at the fir tree

After our breakfast at the Wilts, Laura and her girls and I went up stairs and went to bed at about nine o'clock. I slept sound all day. Laura woke me at about four o'clock and told me I had slept long enough. After I had some sleep I felt a lot better.

The Wilts were nice to us and I'll never forget them as long as I live. The neighbors would come by and see Mrs. Wilt outside, they would hallow hello Aunt Becky. It seemed everyone around Sisters called her Aunt Becky. I remember she talked a lot and told jokes and made us feel welcome at her house.

The next morning after we got the tire welded we pulled out for Bend; where we stayed that winter. Reub stayed over a day in Bend and then went on up to the homestead where Mother and Dad were taking care of the ranch.

The winter of 1903-04 was a quiet winter as far as work was concerned. Not much doing. They danced the winter away.