**From the Ruth McKinney interview
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BH: Do you remember lots of snow, when you were growing up?

Ruth: Yes. I remember several blizzards we had that were horrible. Actually, one year we were going to school—we were in the 9th grade that year—out at the um. . . little schoolhouse. Hazel Sealy was our teacher then, out at the Urraca schoolhouse. And the snow got so deep that we couldn't get up there, so we went across the meadow to the old-which is the Carrol place—the Dead Cow Ranch now. It was Uncle Steve and Aunt Norma still owned it at that time. And ah. . . ah. . . one of Frank. . . ah. Alta Janney, Aunt Ada Janney's daughter had married a Williams—one of Julia William's sons. And she lived there, in the old house. I don't know how come she was there, and she had a little boy named Buckey, and he was going to school. So we went across the meadow on the bobsled that they used to feed the cattle with—they would put the hay on this old bobsled and the horses would pull it. And my brother Glen took us across that meadow, about a half a mile over, to ah. . . the old Calkins' house, where Altie lived, and we had school the rest of the winter there, because we couldn't get up to the mountain place. Up to the Urraca school district. They couldn't get anywhere with the teams, or the car. We had cars at that time, but you couldn't go anywhere, the snow was drifted so deep and so bad. The schoolteacher and I rode to Blanca. She was engaged to ah. . . Harry Boice, a guy from um Monte Vista, I guess. And she hadn't heard from him since Thanksgiving, and boy I tell you, she was really, really wishing she could hear from Harry. Cause you couldn't get anywhere. The boys tried to take—pull the car up to the Zapata Ranch, and get it on the road to Mosca—they kept that road open—between the ranches. But they couldn't do that—it was impossible for the team to pull the old car up there. Well, anyway, Hazel and I rode to Blanca to get the mail and to get some supplies. And we. . . it took us practically all day to get to the Allen place, which was three miles west of Blanca, on horseback. And then Mr. Allen took us into town, and we got our mail and we got the groceries we needed. We had four sacks of mail and groceries-gunny sacks. And the next morning—Christmas Day—we started home. And it took us about the same amount—it took us six hours to get home that day, cause the horses had sort of broken a trail through the snow. And sometimes, they'd break through the crust, and then they'd wallow around, and you'd have to get off and get the horse up again, you know. Get it started. That's. . . now that's the truth.