

I think there were six of us went out such <sup>with</sup> guns as we could find. I remember <sup>I</sup> had an old set-lock rifle. I had never used a gun like it before. It had to be set and had to be pulled on two triggers. I thought if I should be fortunate enough to see a deer I would be so excited I would not think to pull twice, but that did not trouble me much as I did not expect to see one. Well Rubin told me to stand by a large tree and keep still and a good lookout, so I tried to obey orders and I think I kept pretty still for perhaps five minutes and my feet commenced to get cold. I had on one pair of socks and leather boots. I had been in the habit of wearing two or three pair of socks and moccasins, but of course they were not nice enough to wear visiting. I saw or felt that I would freeze my feet if I stood there any longer, so I started out stomping my feet and they got so cold I sat down on a log and pulled my boots off and rubbed my feet hard and got up a circulation and pulled my boots on again and started on again with my gun on my shoulder. I had not gone far before I saw two deer, a doe and buck in a little bunch of timber between two sloughs. The buck went north and the doe south. The buck went about 20 rods from me. He was on a full run and I dropped him in about the middle of the slough. The ball broke his back and I could not get near him as he would strike at me with his front feet so I had to shoot him again. I went into camp and told them to get a horse and sleigh and go out with me and haul in my deer. They thought I was fooling. They all had gotten back and had not seen a deer, so we all had venison to eat for several days. That was the only deer that I ever shot. He had nice large antlers.

At last the day set, for us to go on came. Our next stopping place was to be at Dan Davis's at or near Grention, Minnesota, and John Richey said we would have a good time when there. The day was a pleasant winters day. We stopped a few <sup>minutes</sup> in the Village of Traction. Mr Olands folks lived there

and John was some acquainted with them, so stopped to say "howdy". It was Sunday: Mr. Oland was at the church, as I think he was janitor, and Mrs Oland had her wraps on to go to church, so we did not stay but a few minutes. The next place to stop was to be Dick Ayers. We were to call on them a few minutes, but John said we were to go to Dan Davis's. They would be glad to see us. We got to Dick Ayers about sundown and we all went in to warm but not to stay, we were to come back there the next day. Mrs. Ayers tried to persuade us to stay all night, but no we were going to Dan Davis's. We got there about dark and Dan was not at home. His wife was there and none of us had ever seen her before. We drove up to the door and she came out and did not ask us to come in, so we went back to Dick Ayers, and Mrs. Ayers said she was looking for us back. We were all sorry for John, as he was so disappointed. We had a good time at Ayers. It was New Year's Eve and we watched the old year out and the new year in.

That New Years we went on to Alden, where our brother, Lee, lived and some friends and Mrs. Walker, my wifes sister, went from there to Wisconsin and did not go back with us. We stayed a few days at Alden and then started for home. We were now 100 miles from our home in McLeod County in the dead of winter. In those days that seemed to be a good ways from home to go with a team, as the winters usually were severe, lots of snow and cold and windy. We stayed all night with some relatives at LeSueur, and we tried to have our little Matties picture taken. The artist took two, the first was not any good and the second was fair, but not satisfactory and we wanted him to try again and we would take the second one if he did not get any better, but he would not try again so we did not take either and we surely regretted it a short time after.

We went on home that day and found the folks at home, well and glad to have us back. Elsie's father and mother kept house for us while we were gone, and Orville Burdick, Janet's boy, stayed with us until his mother got back from Wisconsin. We got home the 6th or 7th of January, 1872. On the morning of the 16th I left home at 5 o'clock with a load of wheat for Blakely, that was 28 miles away and I had an ox team, so had to start early to get there the same day. Mattie got up and sat on my lap while her mother was finishing getting the breakfast, and little did I think that would be the last time I would ever hold her again. She was very affectionate and she would sit with me as well as she would with her mother. When I left she said, "Goodby, Pa, Goodby". Her mother washed that day and the boiler sprung a leak and she has to pour the water out to mend the leak. She poured it into a pail on the floor and Orville and her were playing. She lost something under the couch and went backwards to see where it was, backed up against the pail and sat down in the pail of boiling water. She was singing "Open the door for the Children" at the time, and surely God did open the door for her. There was no telephone in those days and I was gone two days. She lived through that day and died about twelve that night, I did not get home until after dark the second night. They sent a team to meet me and they told me she had got scalded but did not tell me she was dead until I got in the house and surely that was the greatest shock that I ever had I don't think I could have ever stood it if it had not been for the goodness of the Lord Jesus, who stood by us. Elsie's father and mother were with us at the time and continued to stay with us until spring. After the funeral Elsie had a nervous collapse and was confined to her bed for a long time. Everybody was good to us and comforted us the best they could but it was a sad time. Elsie gradually got better and when spring came and she could get out doors, she

In the spring of 1873 we took a little girl, Nora Sanders. Her parents were both dead, and we thought she might partly take the place of our dear one. We kept her for more than a year and her aunt in Kansas wanted her, so we sent her down there to her, and a number of years later she came back to Minnesota and married Fred Hall. She was a good woman and she seemed to think a lot of us. She died.

January 26, our boy was born and we named him Leonard R. <sup>26</sup> He was a nice little boy and we loved him dearly and we took the best of care of him. His mother was very poorly after he was born and we hired a Swede girl by the name of Lottie Kolander. She lived six miles from us. She had worked in St. Paul and knew how to do all kinds of work and how to care for babies. We could go away for the day and leave Leonard with her and she would fix up something for him to eat and he would be cared for as well as his own mother could care for him. Afterwards she married John Olson and lived near us for a number of years. She raised up a nice family and they became wealthy. She died a short time ago and was a good Christian woman. Her husband is still alive and is one day younger than I am.

A few days before Leonard was born we had the most severe blizzard I ever saw, and I was out from three in the afternoon until seven in the evening. A good many that were away that day did not get home until two days after and some perished in the storm. I got home after some difficulty. We had plenty of wood in the house, and our school teacher, G. G. Coon, taught school two miles from our house. He had a horse, and Cutter and nephew went with him to school. They stopped at our house. The storm was so bad and they were there two days and nights before the storm abated so they could get home <sup>days and nights</sup>

When Leonard was one year old, we had grasshoppers and they stayed with four years. Two years we did not raise anything. One year when Leonard was two years old, we went down to Carlston to work through harvest for my wifes brother, John Richey went with us. We left a hired girl to care for our place about four weeks. I got \$2.50 a day. We stayed longer because it rained so much down there that we could not start for home. The creeks were over their banks and some bridges gone. As soon as it stopped raining and the water went partly down, we started for home, and the river we came to the water was still over the banks and railing of the bridge was partly out of water. It did not look good. I took one of the horses from the wagon and got on his back and went in; the water came to his back. I went over the bridge and I found the bridge alright. We chained the box down so it could not float off and put some sails atop of the box and put what things we had on top and we got on top of that. John, Leonard, and his mother, and I. It looked anything but good but there was no other way and we wanted to go home, so in we went and got over alright. We had one more river to cross, but that was not so bad. We stayed all night before we attempted to cross that. The next day we got to Mankato and out of the rainy section, as the roads were dry and dusty from there home forty miles. That was one of the greatest changes that I ever saw in traveling 100 miles. We were glad to get home and we made up our minds that we would not go away again if we could get along without it, as we did not make much after paying necessary expenses. We had four good cows and a flock of chickens. If butter and eggs had been anywheres the prices as they are now, we could have made a living from the cows and eggs. We had Hoppers one year after this, but we stayed at home and got along, and I don't remember that we went hungry but I think we did not buy many fine clothes.

The next year our wheat crop was nearly a failure, as we had summer

followed our land so often it was too rich for wheat. We had an immense crop of straw, but about the time it got into the milk it blighted and fell down and we could not bind it so cut what we could and left it loose, stacked some threshed some loose and some did not cut at all but burned it in the field and that paid as well as what we cut. It took a threshing machine all day to thresh out 100 bushels, and it was worth from 25 to 28 cents a bushel (60 lbs.) that was about as heavy as oats. Corn was a good crop that year, but that was worth 20 cents a bushel. I don't know how we got along those days, but taxes were not a fourth as much as they are now, and I presume we did not pay them when they were due and we did not drive autos to buy gas for. I think the most of us burned home-made tallow candles.

One year I got discouraged; Elsie was sick a good deal and I rented the farm and lived in town and worked out. The renter on the farm did not make good. Some of the crop was not cut and the stock were not cared for good, and when I got back on the farm I said I would never rent it again and two years later I sold that farm.

Leonard had now got old enough to go to school and our school house was 2 1/2 miles away, and we did not have school but six months in the year and too far for a boy of his age to go in the winter. We did not know where we would buy again. We moved to town and looked around and finally decided to buy the old Thomas Harris farm, two miles north of New Auburn on the New Auburn and Glencoe road. Lewis Nelson owned it at that time. He had the most of the small grain in, and I planted the corn. I was to have possession June first. I gave him \$3200. There was 157 acres in the farm and 5 acres in a wood lot on the Island in Shilling Lake.

The first year I threshed 1000 bushels of wheat and 800 oats, and the corn

was a total failure as the frost got it the first day of September.

Arthur Garfield was born in New Auburn on February 17th, 1880, the<sup>t</sup> year we had rented our farm and we were living with Mrs. Euphema Coon at the time, and Mrs. Coon took care of the mother and baby. He was a homely little fellow and had lots of coalblack hair, which looked as if he had side-burns.

That was a mild winter, we had some snow in the forepart of the winter but in February there was not any snow and there was lots of mud. At the time Arthur was born the mud was frozen up and the roads were rough, and Dr. Greaves said, 'He charged us extra for coming on account of the roads being so bad.

In the spring my father-in-law bought what was called the Robert Dunkin place in the south end of New Auburn from Peter Wilkins, and as they were in the East at the time we moved in until fall when they would come back and we could move back on our farm.

Arthur, as he grew older, grew better looking and was smart. We were in hopes before he was born that we would have a girl, but was not so much disappointed. He was much different from Leonard as he wanted to be out-doors all the time and would stay out in the winter and slide down the snow banks, and sometimes freeze his face when it was too cold for any one to be out. When it was warm, he would love to ride the horses or ride the plow. One time he was driving the horses in to the barn where there was a colt. I told him not to go near the colts hind feet, but he switched the colts feet and the colt kicked him in the mouth. His mother was out and she hollered to me to know where Arthur was. I found him in a low place in the ground. I picked him up and he came to about that time. He said, "I am alright." The blood was running from his mouth, and I carried him in the house and we found two teeth partly drove in and one lip badly cut, and we found later on a jaw fracture, but he made

a very little complaint. He caused his mother more trouble, when he was little than either of our children. If she was going some where with him and would get his good clothes on him, if there was a chance for him to get into some water he would do it every time he could. He was a very affectionate child and of course we loved him. He wanted to be doing something, except drying dishes, he did not like that very well.

We liked our new farm very much. It joined on quite a nice lake and was near the timber and a good well traveled road. There was fine fish in the lake and lots of ducks in spring and fall and some wild geese. Some gravelly beach, so we had a good place to go in bathing. We were seven miles from Glencoe, a good railroad point, but our county seat was Henderson, twenty-five miles away. Our school house was less than half a mile distant. We usually had eight months school in the year and after a few years we had nine months.

I was elected Supervisor the next year after I moved on my new farm, and the next year I was elected Chairman of the Supervisors and held that office for twenty-four years, with the exception of one year and was clerk of our school district for a number of years or until I moved out of the district. While I was Chairman of the Supervisors, there were many new roads laid out and others straightened and there had never been any gravel hauled on the roads and the town never had a road grader. The third year we bought a road grader, and the voters made such a howl about us buying it that we supervisors paid for it ourselves, and when a road district wanted to use it we charged them \$10.00 a day for the use of it, and we got part of our money back in that way. The second year the town voted to buy it of us and the next year the town voted to buy one more, so we had two in place of none, as at first the people thought they were no good; so sometimes the people are slow to see what new methods will do. When I left the town we had the best roads in the county. That was

just the beginning of the good roads. I have known of men coming on the road with a good team and wagon with 2 x 4 for sideboards to haul black dirt on the road; they would haul about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a yard at a time. I always advocated the payment of the road taxes in money and hired the work done, which they are now doing.

In June 23, 1887, Wells was born; seven years after Arthur was born and Arthur was born seven years after Leonard. My wifes Aunt Sally cared for during her sickness. We had a spell of exceedingly warm weather at that time. Wells was named after his two grandparents, Wells after grandpa Greene, and Lenuel after my father. Now we have three boys and we thought that was enough boys and we would not have any more children. After Wells had got to be along towards seven years old, Leonard said, ' We would have another baby to keep up with our record, so we took Blanche. She was six years old and there were nine months between Wells and her, so folks that did not know thought we had them close together. Blanche and a brother were brought to Glencoe from a Chicago home to find homes for them, and a Mrs. Childs had Blanche, but Mrs. Childs' children did not want her to have the care of any more children, so we got on track of her and we concluded to take her and we never were sorry that we did, as she proved to be a nice loveable girl and tried in every way to please us. She was smart in every way but could not learn out of books and could not get a high education. She was neat and tasteful and affectionate. She taught school and the scholars liked her, but her education was so deficient that she had to give it up. She went East to New Jersey and she worked one summer at Ocean City in a boarding house as waitress on tables. She got acquainted with Freeman Elwell and was engaged to him. She came home and in 1914 he came up to Minnesota and married her and took her back to New Jersey.

*Leonard went to school in 1892 to Milton Wisconsin to study for a*  
I think Leonard went to ...

Pharmacist but got sick and came home and decided he would not finish in that time, but would be a doctor and while in Milton, he got in with Kittie Waterman.

Arthur went to Milton to school in September 1896 and was there one year, and in May, of 1897 I got severely hurt while in Glencoe by my horses running away. Got my shoulder broken and collarbone and was laid up all summer, and again in October of the same year I got my ribs on my right side broken and had not fully gotten over my accident in the spring, so was laid up all the coming winter, and Wesley Harris worked for me during the winter. He was good help and cared for everything in fine shape.

In June, 1898 the Spanish American War was on and Arthur wanted to enlist. I was opposed to his going as I was poorly and needed his help at home more than the Government did as there were more men offered than were needed, but he went down to St. Paul with a bunch of men and he said if they could not all go they would all come back but he was the only one that went out of the bunch. He enlisted in the 13 Minnesota Regiment, and they were soon ordered to California to be sent in the near future to Philippine Islands. He was taken sick before the Regiment was ordered across, so was not able to go when the Regiment went but went later and was over there a year and came home on October 12, 1899. Arthur was sick when they came home and kept getting worse and worse. Dr. Barret said he had done all he could for him. We sent for Leonard to come home and see what he could do. Leonard came, and he stayed the most of the winter, but Arthur still gradually failed and Leonard said he could not stay longer and he would go back and see if he could find something for Arthur's especial disease, which was Tropical disentary and have Arthur come down later. In the spring Arthur went down, and it was not long before he commenced to get better and he gained very rapidly and came

home on July 4th so fleshy that we hardly knew him and went to work at light work.

He got married to Clara Rice before he came back. His wife came later and he rented our farm.

In the winter of 1900 I wrote to my nephew, Fred Green, of North Toupe, Nebraska, to see if he would come and work for me a year, and he came and lived on the farm and done nicely, but his wife, Minnie, got homesick and could not stay any longer. Fred said he would stay. I told him he might as well go, but he said he would stay and he did stay a month longer and he went.

Then we moved back on the farm until Arthur took charge of it in the fall. Arthur stayed on the farm until a year from the next spring, 1902, when some real estate men got after him and sold him some land up in Manitoba, and he wanted to move up there in April of 1903. He loaded a car, took five horses, one cow, and farming tools and household goods. He put in the crop on the farm before he left. I was to go up and help him build a house. I started three days later than he did, thinking we would get there about the same time, but I got there two days before. Arthur came at last; he got through alright but the horses were pretty sore as they had been bumped about a good deal. He put the horses in a Hotel corral, and we unloaded the car and hired a horse and buggy and went out to the land six miles away. We got back to Pearson after it was getting dark and the horses had got out of the corral and were gone, and we found them out about a mile from town headed direct toward Minnesota-- whether they knew which way to go or if it so happened that way, we will never know, but it looked as if they knew which was the way to go. The next day we hauled out lumber and started the house at once. I had a pass good for fifteen days, so we had to work fast every day. While I was there, we got the house *far*

enough along so we got the floors in and the stove up and was real comfortable the last night I was there.

I got home and Clara and the little girl started up the day after I got home. Wardner and Wells batched it on the farm and cared for the stock and crops for a while, and finally I sold the farm to a man from Hoopston, Illinois. He was to give me \$55.00 an acre, \$1000 down or in 30 days. I was to give him possession September 1st. I gave him possession at that time and he rented the farm to my nephew, Zunal Campbell, for a year, but before the year was up the man got cold feet and wanted to back out. I had made the deed and sent it on to a certain bank and he was to make another payment and give me a mortgage before he got the deed, which he never did. He wanted to give him back \$500 out of the \$1000 that he paid me. I told him I did just what I had agreed to do and I would not have to give him back anything, but would give him back \$300 and call the deal off, which he did and I got the share of the crops that my nephew was to give him. I did not make anything to speak of, as I sold off the stock and machinery and had to stock up again and had to pay more than I sold for, but I made by holding the farm for a few years, as I sold to him for \$55.00 an acre and a few years later I sold it for \$140.00 an acre.

When Zunal's time was up September 1st, I decided not to move back on the farm but to let Walter Lewis live on the farm for a year and we would live on the farm for a year and we would live in town and work the farm from there, which we found not to be very satisfactory as it was too far away and was too unhandy. At the end of the year we moved back on the farm and Leonard decided he would buy half of the farm from me and would let me have money to tile out the most of the low places and for me to pay up the debts and get some new machinery and to run the farm on a more satisfactory plan--on a cash basis--

which seemed to work well.

In 1905 Ma and I went out to the National G. A. R. Encampment at Denver, Colorado, in September, and we went to Boulder and went out to Ouray and visited with Leonards folks some ten days, and on our way home we went to North Toupe, Nebraska and stayed a week visiting the folks. Ma was sick while there and it looked as if we were not going to get home on time, but she got better so we got home the day our ticket run out. We got delayed the first night out from Omaha on account of a wreck ahead, so we missed our train at Marion, Iowa and had to go on to Savana, Illinois and wait all day and a part of one night for the through train from Chicago to St. Paul and did not get to St. Paul until the next day, twenty-four hours behind time. I had to wait over and take the evening train to Glencoe, and Ma stayed until the next day at evening with Elizabeth or Lizzie MaLaughlin. We had a wonderful trip for us as we had never been West before, I think the trip did us both lots of good.

On December 29, Wells got married to Jessie Bube, and they went away on a short honeymoon and returned to live with us for the winter, and a few days after their return Wells was working with Wardner repairing the pump of the well. It was a very cold day and everything was covered with ice and the pipe slipped through the clutch which was holding the pipe and the lever on the clutch flew up and hit him in the face and broke his jaw besides cutting his lip and partly knocking in two teeth. He had to have a doctor. It was pretty painful and he had to take nourishment through a glass tube for a week or more.

In February, 1909, Leonard had, some time previous to this time, bought a fruit ranch at Grand Junction, and the man he had engaged to work it for him died; and he wrote to know if we would come out there and work it for him. It did not take us long to decide, as Wells's folks could stay on the farm and run that, and

although they did not say so, I think they were glad to have us go. We decided to go and I think we started the 23rd of March. We took a tourist sleeper and did not change cars until we got there. We found Kittle waiting at the depot and we went out to the ranch in the afternoon of the day. We got there and commenced housekeeping at once in a new building, 14 by 25, built for a barn. Kittle was with us. We took some furniture from the Junction and a stove, so we set up housekeeping in short order. I think Leonard came down from Ouray with a team the next day or the day after--I am not sure about that--anyway, they stayed with us until we got well started in our new home. The country was so much different in every way from what we had been used to. It was quite a novelty to us. There was no grass and there was no doorstep to the barn; and it rained in a few days. And how to get into the house--I will have to call it a house for it was the nearest like a house we had for some time after. Well as I was saying, "How to get in without taking all the land around us with us was a problem not easy to decide. And after all these years I don't know how we decided. That soil was the most sticky we had ever come in contact with. We thought we had sticky soil in Minnesota, but there was no comparison. There were a few tufts of grass growing along the irrigation ditches, and one day while I was away--I presume I was cleaning out ditches--my wife got busy and dug up some of those tufts of grass and planted them in front of the house for a lawn, and when I came to dinner she said, "See what I have done, I am going to have a lawn!" I laughed. "Why," I said, "That is foxtail grass and is what we want to get rid of." You can imagine her countenance fell pretty quick after her work all for nothing.

Well after a little time I hauled some stones from the river and we made it more comfortable to get out and in the house. My wife's sister, Nettie, came out in June to stay the summer with us. Elsie got pretty homesick before Nettie

came. It was a very hot summer, at least it seemed so to us. The thermometer did not get as high as it used to in Minnesota, but it beat down on the roof of that house something fearful. We slept upstairs and we could not go to bed before 10 P. M. And how it would seem sometimes like going into an oven! Our house set in a pear orchard and we had never had all the pears we wanted. The trees were loaded with fine large Flemish Beauties, and they looked so nice Nettie and I could not wait for them to get ripe. They would fall off such great big one. It did look too bad for them to go to waste, so Nettie would pick them up and stew them and we would eat them raw. They were sweet and juicy and tasted pretty good. But the worst thing about them was, when they got to be ripe and good, we did not care much for them. We had eaten so many before they got ripe, and I never cared much for Flemish Beauties since. We had Bartlets later and I did not get tired of them.

I planted some potatoes in the little orchard and I told Elsie when I was planting them, I did not think that soil would raise potatoes. It did not look to me that it would raise beans, but I never raised any nicer potatoes anywhere than I had that year, but there was not much sale for them that year. I sold some in the fall for 70 cents a sack and the next spring I sold some for 15 cents a sack. The man was to bring the sacks back, but I guess he thought he got the potatoes so cheap he would not bother to bring the sacks back as he promised to. We had a good crop of apples and sold them for good prices.

In the late fall, Leonard came down and stayed two nights. One night the wind blew very hard and the barn shook so much that we all thought it would go down. It was so high and was not properly braced. When we went out in the spring, we only went for the season and expected to go back to Minnesota in the late fall after the crops were gathered, so Leonard decided if we would stay another year, I was to make the <sup>barn</sup> over into a comfortable house. His plan was, when he had

the barn built, to build a house later, but he decided he did not have any use for such a barn and he could get along with a cheaper barn and it was not fit to live in as it was too cold and was not safe to live in; so he decided for me to get good flooring and take the ship lap that was down and seal up the walls as far as that would go and get enough new lumber to complete the walls and put down good floors and put in good doors and windows, and lath the ceilings both below and above and put in good stairs. I put in cement blocks for a foundation, so it took me a good part of the winter to get it made over. In the spring I got a man to build a chimney and do the plastering and we had a comfortable house to live in. I painted the outside and inside, so we had a good-looking house as well as comfortable, and we were not afraid it would blow down.

The next fall we went home to Minnesota after we got the crops gathered. Got Mrs. Gumbert to move in and care for the horses and chickens while we were gone. We went to Ouray and made Leonard's folks a visit and then went to North Loupe, Nebraska, and stayed there a few days and got home just before Xmas. This was 1910.

In March, 1911, we went back to Grand Junction. We did not go back as early as we intended to as Cordelia, Richy, and Clarence were in New Jersey and they wanted us to stay until they came as there were coming back to Minnesota. We wanted to go up to Manitoba to see Arthur's folks, but the weather had been so cold we thought it not safe to go. The last of February it came on warm and the snow all went off, and we decided to go up and see Arthur's folks while we were waiting for the folks to come from the East. We started the next day after we thought about going. Before we got to Canada, after we got into North Dakota, the warm spell had not reached up there, as there was two feet of snow on the ground, and cold and blustering. We were one night on the cars and the next night we were

in Antler, North Dakota. We stayed there all night at a friend of ours, she used to be Vinetta Dresser. In the morning I hired a livery team to take us to Arthur's. He lived nine miles north of Antler. The man said he knew where he lived and could go there all right. It was 10 A. M. before the livery could get started. We had a good road to start on but we had not gone more than four miles before we came to the end of the road; that was a road they had been hauling ice on. We saw what we took for a road about a mile ahead of us running east and west. We thought if we could reach that road, we might find a road going north as that was the way we wanted to go, so we started across to try and reach that road. Some of the time the horses were in the snow nearly out of sight. There was a hard crust on the snow and sometimes it was hard enough to hold the horses up, the driver and I walked. One time the sleigh went into the snow so far my wife had to get out and we had to dig it out of the snow. After a while we got to the road and now which way to go to find a road running was more than we could tell, but I knew we would have to go West to get to Arthur's, so we went west and after going about one mile, we came near a house off from the road a little and the driver said he would go over to the house and see if they could tell him if there was a road turning north. He came back after being gone what seemed to us an age and reported there was not any road turning north, as he could find out and we would have to go east to Loylton and then we would have to go to Pearson. So we went to Loylton and when we got there we went farther from where we wanted to go than we were at Antler. It was now 12 o' clock and the wind was blowing hard and the snow was drifting and the prospects were not good. I told the man he had better feed his team. He said, "No, he did not dare to stay so long." We started out on the road to Pearson, some twelve miles away, and I knew when we got to Pearson, we were six miles from there to Arthur's and we would

horses could not go faster than a walk a good deal of the time. It was now getting along about 4 o' clock and we came to a house, and about that time there was a team drove up behind us and they were the folks that lived in the house. As I had been up to Arthur's and I helped him get located a few years before, I thought we must be not very far from Arthur's, so I asked the man if he knew Arthur Crosby, and he said he was well acquainted with him and could see his house from there, and he pointed out the house to me and it was straight west, some three miles. In the summer this was a good road but was full of snow at that time and there had not been a team through for over two weeks. He showed me where the team went and once in a while the sleigh tracks showed, so I told the livery driver we had better try and make it across, and I would go ahead and trace the track, which I did and we got to Arthurs about sunset. The wind had gone down so we had no trouble in making it.

The most provoking thing of all was, there was a good road all the way to Antler. If we would have gone a little farther west when we struck that east and west road when we turned about, we were almost to it. If we had started out from Antler on the right road, it would not have taken us more than an hour to drive through. We were all out in the cold and when we were at Loylton, it did not look very promising of getting through that day. After we had gotten started, I learned by the driver he had been up all night to a dance so the man was hardly responsible for his actions that day.

We surprised Arthur's folks and we had a good time while we were there and we were never sorry that we went up there at that time, and we never went up there again. We stayed a week and on our way back we stopped at Furgus Falls and stayed over there with my sister, Dorcas, one day and night and got home about the time Cordeal and Clarence got back from the east. We stayed a week

with them and started for Colorado; stopped a few hours in Kansas City to see Eunice and Brother Lem. Mr. Keeney met us at the Junction and took us out to the ranch. Mrs. Humbert was still on the place and by all appearances she intended to stay, but we thought different and after a week she got out but not until the paperhangers had gotten the paper all on.

Our house now looked nice and it was comfortable. The summer passed off nicely. We had a good crop of fruit and raised about 300 bushels of oats and sold them for a good price, also had a fair crop of corn and hay.

In the summer of 1912, Hahala and Elsie went to California and were gone about six weeks, and I stayed at home and Mrs. Hall did a part of my housework. After they came back from California, Hala stayed with us until the next summer when she went east and Raymond Brown stayed with us about three months and helped a little on the ranch and worked for a man on a ranch a short time.

In the fall of 1914 we concluded to go back to Minnesota, and Leonard rented the ranch to Frank Hall for two years. We left Grand Junction shortly after Thanksgiving and went up to Ouray to visit with Leonard's folks about a week. But on account of a big snow storm, we had to stay longer as there were no trains running between Ouray and Denver for nearly a week. As soon as the road was opened, we started for home. When we got to Colorado Springs, we came into the deep snow and in Denver they were hauling the snow from the streets with all the teams and wagons they could get. That was the deepest snow I had ever seen. When we got home just before Xmas, they had but a very little snow but the weather was cold.

My house in town was now empty and I decided to fix it up and move in. On our way home from Colorado, we stopped in Kansas City and visited with

had a good time. Mary took us riding every day. I forgot to say that in 1914 Eunice visited with us at Grand Junction for about two weeks and we promised her to go back home by the way of Kansas City and stop over. I bought quarter-sawed oak flooring and put down all new floors over the old ones and painted all the woodwork and varnished the floors and the house looked pretty good. When I got it done, we bought new furniture and thought we would now stay in our home perhaps as long as we lived.

In August 1915 we decided to go east. Arthur's folks and Blanch were writing for us to come and see them, so we rented the place and the last of August we started for Milton. The conference was held the 23rd of August; it commenced on that date. We got down there the day before and Arthur met us at Milton and took us home with him. We had not seen them since we went up to see them in Canada. Arthur did come up to Minnesota the winter before, so we had seen him. While we were there, their youngest boy was born.

A few days after he was born we went down into Illinois to see Fred Witter, and Hala was keeping house for him and he lived in Betoil at the time. We went down to Clinton, Illinois, to see Adelaid and Leon. We were there a week and I helped Leon stack some of his oats. Arthur came down after us and as there had been so much rain, Leon had not gotten his stacking all done so I did not go back with Arthur, but Ma went back with him and I stayed and helped finish the stacking and I went back on the train. We stayed with Arthur's folks until November, then we started for Adams Center, New York. We got a stop-over ticket and stopped in Battle Creek a few days and in Detroit, Michigan, to see my cousin, Zilpha, two nights and one day, and also to see my cousin, Charles, that I had not seen since we moved from Canada over fifty years before, and his wife, I had never seen. She was sick in bed, her mind was very active and she

was a bright woman. She never recovered and lived a number of months after. We could not stay only over night with them.

We stopped at Niagara Falls nearly one day and got a very good view of the falls and all of the sights. We had to stay over night in Syracuse, New York, and got to Adams Center sometime before noon, Thursday. We expected to stay here a month or more. Friday, Harrison Gurley wanted me to go out to his farm, so we did not get back until dinner time. In the afternoon we got a card from Arthur's girl, Agnes, that her father was very sick and had gone to the hospital at Janesville. Sabbath morning we went to church and after church, we got a telegram that Arthur had been operated on for appendicitus and for us to come right back, so we took the first train that afternoon. When we got to Syracuse, we took the fastest train we could get and we did not make many stops before we got to Chicago, but we could not go fast enough to suit us, the time seemed slow. I telegraphed from Chicago where we were but could not wait to get an answer back, so we did not know if he was dead until some of them met us at Janesville, Wisconsin. We got to Milton about 7 P. M. Leonard and Wells' folks were there and Freeman and Blanch came later. Arthur died before we got to Janesville. We found Clara in much better shape than we thought she would be, but it was a sad coming together of us all. After the funeral Leonard and Well's folks had to go back home and Freeman returned the next day and Blanch decided to stay and go up to Minnesota with us. We stayed a few days with Clara and then we went to Minnesota. Blanch stayed with us in Minnesota about four weeks, and that was the last time we saw her alive.

Our house was rented so we could not have that until the year was up which would be in August, and we all lived together on the farm after Hala was taken very sick. She was keeping house in a part of J. H. Babcocks house,

and Elsie went down there to care for her. She had been gone about two weeks when I was taken sick with the Flu. I was pretty sick and had to have Dr. Barrett a couple of times. I never had been sick in just the way I was at that time; I had no appetite for anything. One night Nettie Beebe sent up some soup to me and I thought that tasted about the best of anything that I ever ate. I got better after a while and on my birthday my friends gave me a surprise by coming to see me and I think they did me lots of good. Elsie had returned from Wisconsin, but I was better before she returned. My sickness at that time caused me to have an operation some two years later.

In March 1916 Leonard wrote me asking if I would go out to Grand Junction and take charge of the ranch again as Hall had not made good and wanted to leave. The doctor said he thought it would be a good plan and said perhaps the change might save me an operation.

In March we went, and Hall moved out the day before we got there. They had cleaned the house the best they could but it was not anywhere near as good as they found it, and the ranch was in a frightful condition. It did not seem as if a man could run a place down in two years as he had that. He surely was a poor stick on a ranch. I had to hire some help to get it looking in any shape. My health was not as good as it was when I left it, so could not do as much work. In the summer I went to Dr. Bull and he said I would have to have an operation and the quicker the better. I told him if I had to have an operation, I would go to Denver where my son, Leonard, was. He said that would be alright and he gave me medicine which he said would help me temporarily, but I would surely have to have the operation. He said I ought not to do any work. I told him work was all that kept me up, I could not live without, at least that was what it seemed to me. The medicine helped me so I got along nicely after that. We had a good crop of fruit. That year, both apples & pears. We did not get four apples off

until late and corn husked and sold, so we did not get ready to go to Denver until late in December.

I went into the hospital, St. Joseph's, on New Year's Day and had my operation the following Wednesday, came through the operation alright. Dr. Fowler performed the operation, took a local anesthetic, stayed in the hospital thirteen days after that Leonard tended to me with my wife as nurse. I got along fine. One thing my special nurse, told me, that it did not do any good to grunt. I suppose I did do some grunting. I know I did not feel good. I don't think she heard me grunt any more. They were all good to me. I have always been glad I submitted to the operation, but I did not find any pleasure in it and would not like to go through it again.

In March we went back to the ranch. The woman that lived on the ranch during our absence was still there and I took her to the city. She had kept things up well. I hired a man to prune the orchard and I grubbed out a lot of Missouri Pippin trees. I had to commence a little slow for a few days but I soon gained my strength so I could do a good days work. Hala came out and stayed the summer with us and sister Eunice was coming out. She got as far as Pueblo to her son's Frank's folks and was taken sick, so could not come any farther. Her daughter, Mary Brown, went out and took her home to Kansas City and she died sometime during the summer.

We celebrated our Golden Wedding on October 30 at William McGuzer's. Mrs. McGuzer found out that was our 50th Anniversary so she said she would get up the party which she did. It was held at her sister's house as she had more house room. I paid all the expenses but they did all the work--I should have said Ebba Case helped with the work and entertainment and we had a nice time. Leonard's folks furnished the cards. We got a lot of valuable prese:0071

and about \$60.00 in gold. After the party Hala started that night for Florida. There were some thirty present including Leonard and Kittle.

We had a good crop of pears and apples that year. The pears we saved and marked but we had an early freeze which froze the late apples and the best ones, so they were not any good but for vinegar. I hauled all of them to the vinegar plant and got 30 cents a hundred. That was my last year out there as we decided there was too much work for me, and Leonard rented the ranch to a man by the name of Wilson. He bought the horses and the hay and moved in the day we left, which was in November, I think just before Thanksgiving. We bid all of our good friends "Goodby" as we never expected to see again, but we have seen the most of them since. Some are now dead. Mrs. Bond, she was a dear good woman, and has been dead a number of years; and sister, Mahala, died this last January 26th.

We spent this Thanksgiving with Leonard's folks at the Shirley Hotel in Denver, and on our way home we stopped in North Loupe some ten days. It was very cold there. We had not seen any cold weather that year until we got there. We got home to Minnesota in December, found all the folks well and had Xmas dinner with Wells folks. Beebee and Braves folks were there.

The winter passed pleasantly. There was enough snow for good sleighing and not any very cold weather. Wells had sold our place in town the spring before, so we concluded to live on the farm with Well's folks for a while at least. We decided to try raising sugar beets, so contracted to put in 12 acres and put up a small house for a family to live in to tend the beets. We had to plant the beets and cultivate them and they were to do the weeding and staning and all the hand work.

The family had just moved in the day that our house caught fire and

burned to the ground with a good part of its contents. The man that was to tend the beets slept in the west chamber and he discovered the fire which was in the woodshed, and he gave the alarm. Wells folks were sleeping in the south chamber. He awoke them and Wells came downstairs and awoke us. I jumped out of bed and ran around to the back of the house and the whole of the woodhouse was all on fire and the flames were higher than the house at that time. I knew there was no saving the house, so I ran back and we went to getting the things out. I got the bedding and clothes out of the bedroom, but the bedstead and clothespress I could not get out and some other small things I could have gotten out but forgot them. Then I went out into the main part of the house and Wells and I <sup>got the</sup> piano out. I don't know how we got it out as it was very heavy, but we got it out of the front door and far enough from the house so the fire did not scorch it any. We got a few dishes and table and chairs out, the refrigerator stood in the kitchen. When we got to that, one end was all on fire, but I rolled it to the south door and caught hold of the bottom and pitched it out. It was full of milk and cream and some other things, but I saved the refrigerator as it was not much damaged but bruised some in being handled roughly. When we first discovered the fire, I telephoned to Glencoe that our house was all on fire and the fire department soon came down and they saved the barn but the house was too far gone to try to save that. The fire brands were falling on the barn, and it probably would have gone if it had not been for the fire department. I did not stop to dress until we could not save anything more. I caught a hard cold that I did not get over for a long time. We lost a good part of our clothes. Wells folks had to go to the store and buy the children clothes before they could go to school that morning. We went to work and fixed up the granary, laid down a floor, so made a place to sleep upstairs. We had a place to live after a couple of days, and the garage helped

out as we used that for a kitchen.

After a few days the family that was to attend the beets got sick of their job and moved away, and the company did not send another family but sent help from Glencoe to weed the beets, so Ma and I moved in to the beet house, and we fixed it up pretty comfortable. Soon after we moved in the beet house, Rev. W. D. Burdick came to New Auburn and he made his home with us most a week. Soon after the house burned, Wells and I went to Glencoe and contracted with a lumber company for material to build a new house, 32 x 32 feet square, 2 stories high, with one porch on the east 9 feet wide and 24 feet long, screened and glassed in, and a porch on the west 8 feet wide and 18 feet long, screened and glassed in, with a clothesroom, a full basement under the house including the east porch. All the material was to be first-class lumber, and the doors and windows. We contracted with a carpenter from Glencoe, his name was Smith. He was the boss and he hired two more men. One was to have \$3.50 a day and the other \$3.00 a day. They were all good workman. They were building a house at Sumter so could not work all the time on our house. Some men from Glencoe put in the concrete walls and floor. The excavation was mostly done by volunteer work, and some of the gravel was hauled in the same way. We had to give the help their dinners and suppers; they went home nights. We had a large tent we used for dining room until the building was inclosed, then we used the basement for cooking and dining room which was much more convenient. We had a good deal of volunteer work on the house. When the house was ready for lathing, a lot of women from town came up and did a good deal of lathing and they did good work. A Mr. Smith from Arlington, a brother of the carpenter, took the job to build the chimney and plastering, and a man from Glencoe did the painting, and Bilkey from New Auburn furnished the hardware, and Aldens from Glencoe did the

plumbing and furnished the furnace.

In the summer Kittle came out from Denver and stayed with us a few days. Leonard had gone over seas with the Base Hospital that was gotten from Denver. He started out as a first Lieutenant but was made captain before going over. They went to London, England, and established a large Base Hospital in London.

The first of October we were hauling beets to Sumter. I went up with a load in the morning and when I got back, Ma told me we had a telegram from Freeman at Shillock, N. J., that Blanch was very sick with pneumonia, so we got ready and started that afternoon for N. J. We took the flyer to Milwaukee and from there to Chicago. We had to stay in Chicago until 3 P. M. then we took the fast train for Philadelphia and arrived there the next day at 4 P. M., went over the river to Camdon and took the evening train for Bridgeton, arrived there at 10 o'clock. There was no one at the depot for us so hired a livery and took out to Schilo. When we got there, we found Freeman had sent an auto to Bridgeton for us, but our train was late and they had a little work to be done on the machine so they were not at the depot. We found Blanch had died in the morning of the day we got there. Freeman told her we were coming but she was so sick she did not realize anything much from the time she was taken with the flu, that is what she had to start with. Soon after she was taken with the flu she was delivered of a little boy so everything was against her recovery. A good many mothers, like she was, died that fall and winter the same as she did. This was the second trip we now had made inside of three years. The first was Arthur and now Blanch. We hurried to them as fast as we could but were too late both times to see them alive. The little boy was born before time, but he lived and is a nice boy. His Aunt Elsie took him and cared for him like a mother for ten months. Blanche's funeral was held the next day, but one, after we got

there. It was held from the house. They could not have a public funeral on account of her dieing with the flu, but there were quite a few that attended, mostly relatives. She was burried in a beautiful spot in the new cemetary. She looked natural and sweet in death. Freeman was all broke up over her death.

We stayed and kept house for him and took care of the oldest boy, Leonard, until the last of February, when Wells wrote for us to come home as he wanted to get ready to go to Colorado to his homestead as soon in the spring as he could. Freeman engaged a woman to come and keep house the day we left. He went with us to Camdon and Philadelphia, and stayed with us one night at Camdon with his uncle, and took us sight-seeing in Philadelphia. We went to the building where the Congress met and signed the Declaration of Independence. The chairs and table were there with each ones name on, as they were at the time of signing, and the old Liberty Bell. From there we went to the museum, and to the top of Wanemakers Building. After lunch we went down the Delaware River on a sight-seeing boat, saw lots of vessels partly constructed in the navy yards, and at that time the much talked about Hog Island navy yard. That cost the Government millions of which never finished a ship for the war. The next morning we started for Washington, D. C., arrived there at 10 A. M. It was raining quite hard but we took a glassed-in sight-seeing car and rode until noon seeing the sights, and intended to go in the afternoon, but it rained much harder and Elsie did not want to go as she was nearly sick, so I went over to the Capitol and saw what I could. During the afternoon Congress was in session. I stayed a while in both chambers, the Senate and House of Representatives. They were running about and talking and making so much noise and were voting on bills allowing France millions of dollars expences of the war. As near as I

could find out each member, when his name was called, would answer "no" or "yes" wherever they happened to be. It seemed to be all confession. I was much disappointed in the way they were doing business at that time. Each member was drawing \$7000 a year as salary--incidental expences which was more than they earned, and a few years since they raised their own salary to \$10,000 and the President did not hesitate to sign the bill for their raise; although at the same time he was vetoing other bills that were much more deserving.

If the weather had been nice we would have stayed one more day, but it was raining hard all the afternoon and there were no prospects of clearing up. My wife was about sick, so we concluded to start out on our journey home that evening. We took a sleeper for Chicago and got there the next day. From there we went to Milton to stop there a few days and saw Arthur's folks and other friends. There was a heavy fall of snow while we were there which was not very welcome to us as we could not get around much so we went on home and Wells met us at Glencoe. There was not any snow in Minnesota. The folks were all well but did not remain so for many days as we were all taken with the flu and were all sick at the same time, except Ma, she did not have it. Wyman Lawton came and did the chores for a week. Finally we all got over it.

The spring was early and we commenced seeding early, as Wells wanted to get through and to to Colorado. We concluded we would sell the farm for \$140 an acre if we got a buyer. Wells wrote to a real estate man in Minneapolis and he wrote back and sent a paper back for us to sign. The conditions were such, that I told Wells we would not sign it as we would not have any word in selling and could not see to anyone without his consent, and shortly after we gave out that we wanted to sell. There were two men wanting to sell; one was Albert Poleman wanting to buy providing he could sell his farm and he thought he had a

buyer for his farm but his man did not show up. An Charlie Krock and his wife came one evening and they were well pleased with the house and the price and terms, but there was some quack grass on the farm and he held off on that account and wanted a little time to think it over. I told them that was alright but I would sell to the first man that wanted it. She said as far as she was concerned she would close the bargain then and she was very anxious to have the farm, but he held off and in a day or two a Mr. Moffit from Hutchinson came and bought the farm. That same night Charlie Krock came back to buy the farm, but I told him he was too late as it was gone. Wells had gotten his car loaded and ready to ship out at Sumter, so he went on and knew the farm was sold before he left. He had quick claimed all his right and title to everything to me. I was to leave the farm June 1st. Mr. Moffit did not get around until June 5 to make final settlement and he brought his brother-in-law, Mr. Danz, who bought a half interest in the farm, so the deed was made to Moffit and Danz. They paid me \$23,000 all cash, except \$800 mortgage on the farm running 5 years from date.

After leaving the farm, we stayed a few days with Mrs. Deal Misensol and visited some of our friends and went to Hutchinson to visit Edward Babcock's folks. Vick Campbell and wife went up with us. We came back the same day. We had a sad feeling in leaving the old farm as we had lived there the most of our time, for the last forty years, and our youngest boy, Wells, was born there, and the three boys and our adopted daughter, Blanche, had all grown to maturity there. We spent the best part of our lives there and had many happy years on the old place, but the children were now all gone and we were getting old and could not work the farm any longer so we had to leave. We left New Auburn on the 10th of June for Colorado, intending to stop in North Loupe to visit Elsie's sister, Hala, and several others. Orville Burdicks and Hurbet Green and brothers, Ell and Fred,

and their mother, Louise, we were there until July 8, when we went on to Denver, Colorado. Leonard met us at the depot and took us home with him. He had to bought a new place a few days before. The street car men were on a strike, so there was not a car running at that time. After a few days we got in touch with some real estate men to find a small ranch. Wells came down from Craig, Colorado, and got to Denver nearly as soon as we did. He stayed a day or two and Ethel Richey came on from Minnesota and was on her way to Craig to join her husband, so Wells and her went on together.

After looking around with three or four real estate men three or four days, we finally bought a five acre ranch out on West 38th Avenue and Howe, from the owner, Mr. Tharp, for \$5,000 and the crop on it for \$600 and some of his furniture. We were to have possession not later than August 1st. On that date Wells moved down from Craig with all of his stuff and family. He did not like his land that he took for a homestead and the country was so dry and no schools, so he would not stay up there. I met him at the freight depot in Denver, and we unloaded his car and took his horses and cow and some other things and went out to the ranch that night. Got out after dark, found plenty of room for the stock and ourselves, and the next morning he took a small truck that I bought and I took his team and we went into Denver and got some of his household goods and store. About the time we got back out, Leonard and Ma came out, so we set up housekeeping right away with Wells household goods and we all lived together for two weeks.

As soon as I bought the ranch, I wrote back to Minnesota and had our things shipped out, and Wells bought a ten acre ranch a half mile west of us on 38th, and by the time he could take possession our goods had come, so we were soon all straightened at housekeeping by ourselves. Wyman Lawton came down

from Craig and stayed with us a few days and then went on to Minnesota. I was very busy from the time of moving on the ranch until Thanksgiving. There was a good crop of apples and tomatoes and some two tons of onions, some sweet corn and other stuff which took time to gather. Prices were pretty good, so I made some money in buying the crops.

On Thanksgiving morning we got a phone from Frank Babcock that he and his wife were in Denver and would come out and see us. So Wells drove out and brought them out and we had them to dinner with us, as well as Leonard's and Wells folks, which made us think of old times. The weather was cold and there was snow enough for good sleighing but not any sleigh. The forepart of the winter was cold, but later on the weather was good.

When we came to Denver, we did not know anybody but Leonard and Sanford Witter. We did not see Sanford for some time but looked him up. We went to Boulder a number of times during the winter to meetings. The roads were good.

In the year of 1920 the crops were good. We had a good crop of raspberries, also strawberries, and the prices were good. We had a good cow that I bought from the man that sold me the ranch. We made a good living but not much more. In September, I think it was the 2nd, we had the most severe hail storm that I ever saw. It destroyed everything that was growing on my place so we did not have a ripe tomatoe, and split and knocked nearly all the shingles off from the house, so I had to shingle it all over. I had intended to build on a bedroom and bathroom, so I thought now was the time before I shingled and the hail had gathered the crop, so I had time and I got Sanford to help me. We went to work and put on a lean too on the west side of the house large enough for a good bedroom and bathroom and made the kitchen larger and got it all done before Xmas. So the saying is, "Never so much loss but some gain." If the hail had not come, I would not have gotten it

done that year.

In the early winter of 1921, Mrs. Beebe and George Bailey came out from Minnesota and stayed until early spring, also Mort Grace came later than they did. Mrs. Beebe said she did not know if she liked the winters here as they were too warm. That was rather an exception, as the winters are not all as warm as that was by a good deal.

They talked of buying here but mostly wanted to go back and so they did. Mrs. Beebe died in May after they went back. Wells and Jessie went back to the funeral. Edwin Burdick worked for Wells that season.

In the spring of 1923, I let my land to Wells to work on shares, and I helped as I had a mind to. In July 1925, Leonard's folks were going over to Delta and Ouray, so we went with them in their car to Glenwood Springs and we took the train from there to Grand Junction, Colorado. We went to see the Garten's, Bond's, Danz's, and Mrs. Cox, and others, also went to the ranch where we lived for some seven years. That was so rundown and changed that it made us homesick to look at it. We had a good time going and coming and a nice time while there. On the way back we took the train back to Salida and met Leonard's folks there and came home that day. We had a delightful time and it did us both lots of good.

Soon after we got home, Augusta Crosby, my sister-in-law, came out from Minnesota to visit us. She stayed with us until October when she thought she must go home, so we took her to Cheyenne, Wyoming, to her grand-daughter, Vida, Jessie drove us down. We came back the next day and left Gusta there.

In 1926 we decided to go back to Minnesota. I had been asked to come back to be there the last day in August for a witness. The man on my old place and his neighbor, C. P. Murphy, had gotten into law over the line between them

on the west side of my old place. He said he would pay my fare out and back, so I told him I would go, and on August 23rd we went. Before going my wife and I got a letter from Jessie Crosby that my brothers daughter and his mother from Kansas City were coming to see us. They were coming the week we were going to Minnesota, so I wrote for them to come a week earlier than they had planned, which they did. About that time we got a letter from Eld Curtis and his wife. They were in North Dakota and were going back home to California and would stop over and see us. They would be here on Friday before we were to leave on Monday, so we could not make any changes with them, but we could not see them as long as we would have liked.