



Oral History: Interview Release Form

In view of the historical value of this oral history interview, I Lewis Danlap
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Signature ~~John~~ Lewis Danlap Date 5-1-97

My Grandpa's name is Lewis Dunlap. He was born in 1925 in New Mexico. He tells us about growing up on a ranch during the Depression and about his life during World War II.

My birthday was on the 21st of February the day before George Washington's birthday. I was born in 1925, and your grandmother was born in 1924. She was born in August.

When I was born, my dad was principal of school in Melrose, New Mexico. My uncle E.T. Dunlap was the superintendent. We moved from there, I suppose we went to Grady, New Mexico, that's where Catharine and Everlyn were born. Then after a while my dad quit teaching school and we moved to Dunlap, New Mexico. My great-grandfathers homestead that territory. It wasn't a state at that time.

Before we moved from Melrose, I was about three and a half or four year's old. They used to deliver the mail by truck, but one time they flew over and dropped it out of an airplane. I went over to the school and my dad was just getting out of school for the day. I said "Truck go way high." He looked up and got quit a chuckle out of that. I never saw an airplane until then.

When we moved to Dunlap we ran cows and sheep, they had a lot of horses. Before we moved, my dad bought me a little Pinto Mare. She was the same age as I was. I was four and a half. She bucked a lot of cowboys, but never bucked me off. My sisters learned to ride on her. Catharine was my oldest sister, she was born in 1927. Evelyn was born in '29. We came along just about the time the depression days started hitting. The depression was rough on all the ranches. We had one hired hand at that time. The one bank went broke, he had money in two banks. He had 17 dollars in the bank in 1930 but later on the bank president payed back the money to everybody in the neighborhood he had lost by sweeping the floors in the school in Melrose or Fort Summer where he worked.

In 1934 we had a tough winter and a tough time. We had a drought. My dad and I moved

a herd of sheep. We moved them several miles. We were riding back through that country and came by some corrals and things one day. I heard a lamb blatting underneath the fence. I looked back and told dad "I think we left a lamb there." I went back and picked that little rascal up he was alive. After one week of blizzards I put him on my saddle, wrapped him up in an old gunny sack. I carried him all the way back 17 miles. I saved that lambs life. Along about that time, or just before that when the depression really hit, my dad brought a herd of 400 two-year-old ewes. So he borrowed some of the money, he payed part if it out of his pocket. I think he payed \$4 a head for those sheep, after six months or a year went by the ewes had lambed out. The depression had everybody. Franklin D. Roosevelt was the new President changed government programs. They offered \$2 a head if we'd kill and skin those sheep or whatever we decided to get rid of. My dad decided to kill 200 head of those sheep. Him and this fellow working for us, Juan Gonzales from Fort Summer who worked for five years on that ranch and taught me a lot about ranching, butchered those sheep, for a week all they did was hang there then the government man came around. They payed \$2 a head for all the hides we had. That was part of getting rid of too much livestock. Then the other part was on the cattle was they would pay you \$20.00 a head for cows if you would slaughter then knock them over in an old trench then burn them, we didn't have bulldozers then. We had about 25 cows my dad put in on that. They were probably worth \$45 but my dad got \$20.00 a head. Out of 25 we slaughtered, we saved one of it, of there we took ½ and gave the other ½ to the neighbors, who were starving. The government had a program going they'd buy dressed cotton tail rabbits for \$.10 each. They gave you the box to put them in and all we had to do was put in the P.O. and send them off. I'd put a hundred rabbits in a box and I'd get \$10.00 for it. \$10.00 was a lot of money at that time. That was a lot of fun for a kid to go out there and shoot those rabbits. A box of .22 shell would cost me about 11 or 12 cents. If I came

home with less than 50 shells, my dad would wonder about it. He'd say, "you missed a couple today." Once in a while I'd shoot two at the same time with one shell. A lot of the times I'd catch one in a hole or pipe. I'd take a piece of barbed wire and twist him in it and wouldn't have to use a shell. He was tickled I was a pretty good shot and didn't waste too many shells. I sent several boxes of rabbits and got a lot of money. It helped buy us grocery along with other needed things like mutton and beef.

Later on my dad decided he'd get out of the sheep business. We decided we'd trail those sheep from Dunlap to Yasaw, New Mexico. Which was about 130-150 miles Mr. Gonzales did most of the trailing. My dad and I moved wagon and team, extra horses and helped move the sheep. It took about four days to get there. I was about nine years old or around there. It was an R.R. town and ranches. I don't think there were more than 40 people in the whole town. They had an old hotel and their ranches spent the night. My dad payed \$25 a meal, and \$.35 for him and Juan. A room cost \$.50 a night. Juan had one room, my dad and I had another. You didn't get away from their hungry, the woman that ran the hotel always said you come back and eat some more if you didn't have enough. She had the best cooking you could ever ask for. There were beans, soup, beef, mutton and all kinds of things. She would come get me, sit down at the table and eat some more.

Dad finished the grocery's for Juan's family that lived in Fort Suitor for five years for five or six kids. After the depression, dad finally got settled up with him. After five years he had \$1,600.00 coming.

Marjory was born in 1931 in Fort Summer, I think. When she was about 1-2 1/2, she was helping me doing things around the corrals. A man hollered at me to open a gate and she came running in front of the gate. Some mules and horses came swarming out of it, hit her in the head

and knocked two teeth out. I carried her back to the house, mother said she would be all right. It turned out that this man worked for my dad for a month or two. He didn't know a doodly damn about a horse or anything.

He saddled my horse one time and sent me loose with it. I went out to wrangle the horses which was what I always did. I wrangled 30-60 head of horses every morning. When I came in I stepped off to close the gate and my saddle turned underneath my horse (laugh). My horse turned loose with me and bucked my saddle and everything all to pieces. Turns out he was never on a ranch in his life. He was wanted in Chicago in the bad days.

My Uncle Charlie was County Sheriff and he had to get this guy to save his own life. Uncle Charlie went to this old house and said, "Hey throw down your guns and come on out. I'm not going to shoot you and you don't shoot me. Just throw your guns down, I'll come over and talk to you and we'll go on back to town and talk about it. You can kill me but it won't do you any good somebody will kill you afterwards." He finally came out and threw his guns down.

One time dad was following a mowing machine and the mowing machine chopped a rattle snake into pieces and the snake hit him at the top of the boot. He kept tromping on the boot and finally he looked down and there was a part of a rattle snake hanging in his boot. He took those boots off back at the house and found the fangs of the snake into the leather with stuff coming out of them. He just threw the boots away.

There was one fellow and his wife that worked for us. His wife had a bunch of chickens, she went out to feed the chickens in the evening and got bit on the arm or leg by a rattle snake. She finally got a fat hen and split it open and put it over the rattle snake bite and saved her life until we could get back to the ranch. Her husband took her into the doctor, whether the fat chicken helped saved her life and pull the poison out I don't know but I know that did happen and

she lived through it.

Along at that same time I was working on that same ranch. We were trailing cattle, another guy was at the right side of me. We had been riding for 8-10 minutes following the cattle. We were kind of tired so we got off to walk and a little ole rattle snake bit at me. I just chopped his head off with my other boot heal.

Another time this same fellow and I (he was about ten years older than me) was putting up fence and we had about a mile to staple up. We had an old pick-up and one of us would go down about a quarter mile. The other one would go another quarter. That's what we would call lap & tap. I just happened to be at the end of the fence. I went back to talk to him stapling up the fence. I bent over to staple and a big old rattle snake struck at my face. This fella hit me at the same time knocking me clear out of the way and that snake missed me. We killed that snake with something almost as soon as it landed. That snake was about seven feet long and as big around as your arm. That is why I don't like snakes.

My dad and one of his cousins were moving some sheep across the west side of the Pecos River and there was a young lamb in this bunch of sheep. This lamb came up missing. They went back looking along the cliffs and along the river. There was a big ole diamond back rattler laying up there. They shot that snake, took him back to the house and opened him up and there this lamb inside of that rattler.

When I was a boy about seven or eight years old, it was spring and I was wrangling horses. I had three or four miles to go when I ran on to these King snakes in the grass. I guess they were mating at that time of the year. My dad always told me to carry a rope and beat a snake on the head and just kill that son-of-a-bitch, so I had this rope. I pulled my rope down and went to beating at these two snakes. Well, one of them climbed up on my rope and started after me. I took

off on my horse. I made some fast miles and that snake was still hanging on. I could start to feel that thing coming up on my hip pocket before I could get it off. That snake would not have hurt me because they're not poisonous, he was just mad I guess (laugh).

Later on when I was about fourteen I was always doing my chores in the evening. I had to go out and milk the cows, gather the eggs or whatever else had to be done. As I came in from school we'd pick up the mail. There was always funny papers in the mail, so I had to read them before I went out to do the chores. I should have done my chores first thing instead of reading the funny papers. I went out to do the chores right at dark time, I went to reach in the hens nest to get the eggs out. Instead of eggs I got a Bull Snake. I just about tore the whole side of that Barn and the whole outfit down to get out of there. I screamed and hollered and ran all the way back to the house. I think I broke all the eggs I had. Anyway that taught me never to be late to go out and do my chores. That old snake was in there stealing eggs. We got that snake a few days later. The way we used to get those ole Bull Snakes was put on an old porcelain door knob in the hens nest, the snake would swallow the eggs then go out around a fence post and squeeze themselves around that fence post, and break their eggs inside. That's the way they'd digested the eggs. You put a porcelain door knob in the nest and let him swallow that and you'd find him rapped around a fence post in the next few days. I learned that from my Grandma Derrick. She raised a lot of chickens and she always kept a lot of door knobs around.

One time my dad took after a steer and ran along a fence line. He roped that steer and broke the cinch off his saddle. He went up in the air, the saddle went up in the air, the steer went one way, the horse went one way and hit the ground. So I came running back to my mother. I said, "Dad's dead, he's dead". She went running up the fence line and she said, "No he'll be alright". It hurt him pretty bad and was laid up for a few days. He got over it finally.

He was riding a big white horse and breaking a lot of horses. He went over the top of a fence and crashed on the other side of the fence. I think my mother was right there when it happened. When he hit the bottom you knew he just had to be dead. He wasn't he got out of it. He turned around broke that horse and made a nicer horse out of him. Dad was a tough man in those days. He broke a lot of hard horses that were bad horses and they broke him a little bit. He always came out of it, turning around and putting the saddle back on again.

I was about eight or nine years old and sat on a hill one morning and seen an R.R. chirping. It got my curiosity and I had to see the R.R. kill the snake it got. The road runner in New Mexico is called a chaparral. That bird can kill a rattle snake. The road runner will fly around and find a rattle snake. He'll drop thorns from a cactus around the snake until he gets the snake corralled in there. Then he'll go get some pebbles in his claws, he'll go in there and shriek and shrill the he'd drop these pebbles. He'll make the rattle snake madder than hell. The bird will keep flying down there until that snake gets mad and until the snake bites himself. I never saw it but once in my life. My dad never did get to see it, but my granddad did see it. He said, "Yes that's the way they kill a snake."

When I was going to school Sunny and I used to get my rope off the horses and rope the girls as they were going to the out house. We would hold them just long enough they didn't really have an accident but had to go. We'd turn them loose and they'd run to get to the out house. There were a lot of girls that had rope burns on they're necks and ankles. The teacher took the ropes away from us and made us tie our horses far from the school house. Then she stood us up I the corner or used the ropes on us.

Sunny got to be a good roper and finally got to be #1 and world champion. In school he could beat me one day, but I could beat him the next. Just awhile back I saw on t.v. this fella who

was the father of the World Champion in Calf Roping. I played basket ball with this calf ropers dad, anyway this calf roper just lost the world championship the other day. His son is named Roy Cooper and his father is Tuffy Cooper.

My Granddad Derrick was one of the best cowboys that ever came out of Texas. He homesteaded in N.M. He had a little black horse he weighed about 850-950. When he went to cattling cows he'd just cut underneath until his boots would be filled up with grass underneath the horse. He'd tell me just got to stay with them. He'd turn a horse so fast his boots would fill up with grass. He was tall and long legged. He could reach his feet right underneath and then turn that horse fast enough. That horse would stay on his feet until he would come up with grass in between the soles of his boots.

My Granddad Dunlap homesteaded a lot of land in N.M. He sold a lot of ranches to the homesteaders. He got to be well known as a real-estate man and a rancher. They all knew he was a crack shot with a gun. He'd be riding a long in a horse and buggy outfit and shot the rattlesnakes as he went by and never stop a team of horses.

My Granddad Dunlap would come get me when I was six or seven years old. We'd go out across country , my dad and mother was away from the ranch. He comes along and says, "do you want to go back to the ranch with me". I said,"sure!" He had an old 28 or 29 high wheel Buick or something I'm not quite sure. We were going down an old wagon road. I looked out and you couldn't hardly see, the headlights would shine about 15 feet ahead of you. I looked and seen an old skunk and said," Grandpa there's an old skunk with some little ones." He tried to steer it out of the road, but he couldn't get it out of the ruts and we just gathered up skunks. There wasn't hardly any floor boards under that car. I think part of them came up in the car. We had skunks all over us. We had to go another eight or ten miles to get back to the ranch, when we got back we

were both sick. My mother and dad got in late and she said, "Where in the world you guys been.", so we tried to explain. She says, "You got to take a bath and get cleaned up." We did but it didn't help.

When I was about fourteen years old. My dad sent me out two or three miles to look after a bunch of cows. There was an old homestead shack that belonged to my mothers Uncle, I believe, but we bought everything and we had a lot of that range. I had to go check on the water and salt for the cattle and see how they were doing. So this old homestead shack had a dirt floor at one end and a wooden floor at the other end. I came up there and here was a skunk that ran underneath it. I seen him stick his head out along the side of the wall. I thought I'd be pretty smart and I'd get me a big rock and crawl up on this shack and drop this rock on this skunk. I tied my horse up. I got up on the shack took this rock and I aimed right down along side the dog gone house. When I did this skunk shot square right up on top of me. I just about fell off the roof. Then I thought I'd better get down off here. I guess I broke his back, don't know for sure. Anyway I wasn't interested after that. After I got down off there I got on my horse and rode about half a mile or so and got to a water hole, pulled off all my clothes got in this water took a dip in the stock pond and got as much mud on me as I could. I got all my clothes back on, got on my horse and rode back to the ranch. When I got back inside the gate mother says, "Young man just pull all those clothes off and hang 'em upon the clothes line." I says, "I can't do that mother my sisters are in the house." She says, "Your are going to do it," and by god I did. I went out about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, well I pulled my clothes off and she made me get in the bathtub and clean up. She took my clothes and hung them up on the clothes line. They stayed there for about a week.

We went down to Texas to see my aunt and uncle and their kids. I was about fourteen

years old. They said, "Let's go swimming so we go down to this creek to go swimming. We were stark naked swimming in that creek. Those guys told me if you see a water moccasin in the stream Holler "Moccasin" and start getting out of there as fast as you can. We started swimming and all of a sudden this big ole water moccasin was coming up behind us, it scared me until I'd never want to see another water moccasin again in my life. I swam as hard as I could. I came out on shore where we could get our clothes and those girls was just up the stream a little ways just laughing their heads off at us. We were out there stark naked trying to get our clothes on and that ole water moccasin was coming right at our heels, we got out of there fast.

These cowboys came into New Mexico out of Texas. My dad was carrying the mail on mail routes, so he ran into these two ole fellows. They had a saddle on their back. They said, "you know where we could get a job. He said, "not right off hand. I know where you can get a job, but I could put you two on my out fit breaking horses if you can ride horses until you can get something or maybe I can help you get a job." So this one fellows name was Shorty Daniels, the other was Willis something, can't remember his last name. Anyway they came over to our place and started busting horses. They worked there for quit a while. They milked cows in the morning. So they asked, "me Lewis you might as well come and go with us early in the morning." I said, "I can't wake up that early in the morning." They tied a string around my toe and ran it through my room and into the bunk house, then in the morning they yanked on the string. They'd wake me up and I'd crawl out the window and I'd go out and ride the calves while they were out milking the cows. That's kinda where I learned how to ride. I hurled a lot of calves. I got my head shoved down in the green stuff many a day, get back and my mother would say, "where have you been," then I'd say, "well I'd just been out milking the cows." She said, "Ya it looks like you've been out milking cows."

After a while Willis went into the rodeo. He got all cut up in the barbed wire Fence. The steer went under the fence with him. We kept him at the ranch for a long time and got him all healed up. Willis finally went back to Texas. Shorty got to going with a ranchers daughter. She lived six or eight miles away. Eventually they got married and they inherited the ranch. He was a rancher there for years and years.

Jim and I were hauling some sheep corrals and fencing material, can't remember how it got started, but that team got away from us and we had sheep panels, barbed wire, and other things scattered all over the place. Jim and I finally got everything gathered up. Dad didn't know about it until later. He said, "Well now you learned a lesson," and we did.

When I was about fourteen mother and Dad were gone, so Jim and I went over to the neighbors. We took a team of horses and a wagon. These kids wanted to ride with us for awhile and come back towards our place, then they'd get off and walk home. So we started up along the fence line. That team of horses got away from me. They started running, so I told Jim and the kids to jump off, but that wagon kicked'em off. Jim layed down on that wagon and held on. I drove the team the best I could. They were going as fast as they could go. We hit the fence half a mile away. That team went threw the fence, I grabbed ahold of Jim and some way or another we scrambled out of there. I don't know how we did it, but the wagon went threw the fence and the team went the other direction, so we went on another half mile and caught the horses, went back someway or another I don't know maybe we just rode the horses home and then dad come back and got the wagon I don't remember. I know we had to repair the fence. It was a wonder all seven of us weren't killed.

Grandfather Dunlap was going to Fort Summer. He had an old trailer behind his car. It was during the depression days. There were always hitch hikers along the road. He'd stop and

give them a ride. He'd make them ride on the trailer. He went to make an "S" turn underneath the Railroad. It was a bad ole road. The trailer broke loose from the car and he scattered hitch hikers and the trailer everywhere. He went back and gathered everything up. He took the hitch hikers to the doctor and he patched them up. They just had skinned arms, elbows and heads. They weren't hurt bad.

Grandfather Dunlap was the first owner of an automobile that came into New Mexico. It wasn't a county at that time, but it was a territory, I don't know for sure about the age of that car but probably at 1910 or 1912. Because my dad was still going to school and he was only six or eight years old. My Grandfather would be going down the road and didn't have windows just opened the doors. Well this kid was hanging on the door. Grandfather was going around a curve a little fast and threw his kid out. Dad told me he had freckles and red hair, but when we picked him up he had blood on his nose a skinned face, it looked like he was red everywhere.

Grandfather Derrick bought a model T Ford in Tatum, New Mexico. They didn't tell him how to stop it, they just showed him how to start it. So he got in it and drove out to the ranch. When he got there the gate was closed and he just drove right on through it. He hollered Wo Wo along with some other words. He drove through the gate, went right around through the corrals and all around the place. He couldn't stop that car, Finally he chugged it down until it stopped. When he got back and talked to the guys who sold him the car. He gave them a tongue lashing. He said,"You told me how to start it, but you didn't tell me how to stop it," with some other words he wouldn't tell me.

There was an old friend of mine in Fort Bridger. He bought a model T Ford in Lyman. They sold him a set of mud chains with it. He didn't know what a set of mud chains were. Anyway he took this car up in the woods and he had to go after a herd of sheep. He was coming

back and the mud was piling upon his tires so bad that he couldn't go. He said he had these mud chains, so he got out he put these mud chains on the front end of his vehicle. He got back down and talked to these fellows that sold him the mud chains. He said," I'm sure glad you guys sold me those chains. That sure saved my day when I put them on the front end of my car and it just cut the mud right off. I could just steer that thing all the way home."

There was another old fellow in Fort Bridger. He bought a new pick-up. He was up in the hills on the other side of Carter looking after some sheep. He got stuck in a wash and couldn't make that pick-up go. He decided to cut a log and tie it on the back wheels which he did. He was an ole hot headed when he got back. He pushed his feet in the throttle until he broke everything there was in the back of that pick-up. He finally cooled down and got out there untied the log. While he cooled down the pick-up cooled down. What it had done was shredded the pins out of the axles. It was so hot that that damn thing welded itself back together. He got back in there and drove it back home.

I seen one of the biggest ranch transaction I had ever saw in my life. It happened right out in Sage Brush Flat along Kemmerer highway. Grandfather Reece and four other men were meeting there. One guy wanted to buy some range from another. One wanted to buy the ewes from someone else, one wanted to buy another range from another. They stood there and transacted the business in the sage brush. There was thousands of dollars that changed hands. One guy would just write a check out for a certain amount. The other would hand him a certain amount for something else. It just went round and round and round until they got it all settled. I'm sure that I'm the only witness to a deed that comprised of five ranches at that time. I had to sign all the papers.

We bought some range on a forest permit. It was good country but it was pretty high

country up in 13-14 thousand feet. The bears would get into our sheep. They'd scatter the sheep all over the Bear River. We'd have to go gather them all up. It was so steep you couldn't ride a horse up there. I hated to go up and gather sheep, but we did it. We'd go on foot and chase those sheep the best we could. Those bears scared those sheep so bad those sheep were like a bunch of deer. We'd only get two or five, or whatever, take 'em down to the bottom to the corral. We bought a thousand head of ewes and a thousand head of lambs. That was a permit for that forest. Those sheep cost as much as another thousand would have done down on the normal range. Nobody liked it, but we kept it for five years and sold it to somebody else.

One time I came in and Grandpa Reece said, "Well how steep is it up there." I said, "Well I stood up and took a drink out of a spring." He says, "You got to be lying." But I did, I stood up and water was coming right out off the rocks above my head and I took a drink right off the rocks coming off the side of the mountain. Mother helped me gather those sheep. This other fella that was with us didn't know much about ranching business. He'd tied a horse up at the sheep camp by the long end of the bridle reins. The horse would step on the bridle reins or halter rope so one night I left him up there and he tied the horse up with the long halter rope. The horse caught his front shoe into the halter rope, flipped himself on to the ground and he layed there it was cold weather. When I got there the next morning there was that horse down and in bad shape. His head bled on the ground all night. This guy didn't even know anything about what had taken place. I was about ready to do anything. Anyway he shouldn't have tied the horse the way he did. The poor horse was almost ruined. His front legs was in real bad shape. His head was laid back battered. We couldn't use the horse for a long time. It was mom's uncles horse. Uncle Parley. Uncle Pat always trusted me with his equipment or what ever he had. There I had taken his horse up there and let this other man use the horse. He miss used him and I felt pretty bad when I had to

take his horse back all bruised and cut up the way he was. Early 50's

Grandad Derrick was a young man who was raised up in West Texas and New Mexico. He was hired as a cowboy on the XIT outfit. The XIT was the largest ranch there was in the world. They ran cattle from Oklahoma and Texas and across in to New Mexico and all that country. It was owned by British concern. Those Englishmen had bought up all the land over there. And so they had cowboys running out there in cars. They were so scattered out that nobody knew where the whole outfit went to, but it covered about three or four states. It was maybe a thousand miles from one side to another. They ran thousands of heads of cattle on that outfit. They had divisions. The divisions were split up amongst the superintendents on the outfit. They'd have formans under them. Then they'd have straw bosses. Straw bosses would have a cowboy outfit. Underneath them eight or ten cowboys. My Grandad was a straw boss. Well he worked around Della and Amorilla, then they sent him towards Fort Summer in New Mexico, which I was raised over in that county. He'd explain to me his range led from Santa Rosa to down the Pecos River to what later became Dunlap New Mexico then clear back to Portales, New Mexico and over towards the Texas border. That was all Territory at the time. They started hauling cows from there to, I think, to Dodge City Kansas. Along in the fall of the year a Northeast blizzard hit'em. They had between three and five thousand head of Cattle. They were scattered for several miles up the trail. Him and another fellow was taking turns riding drags. There was about twenty five too forty men on that trail. They had a colored fella there. He'd been kinda working on the chuck wagon, shoeing horses just a handy man. He wasn't accustomed to the cold weather. He got back on the drags and this other fella and my Granddad told him you better get off that horse you're going to freeze to death if you don't get off. Lead that horse and walk. He told my Granddad,"Mr. Derrick if I ever get off I'd never get back on." My Granddad

and the other fella went up around the other side of the cattle, one on one side and another on the other side. They came back about one hour later. They found the colored fella froze in his saddle. Granddad said that was one of the toughest thing he did was pull that man out of the saddle. They buried him out there the best way they could.

After I worked for Ray Reece. He got me a job at the Desert Live Stock. That was an outfit that was owned by the Mormon Church. They had a lot of cattle and sheep. They had to put up a lot of hay to feed'em. We went over and worked there for quite awhile. The snowballs finally caught us. They shut her down we left there. These other ole boys that we were working with they decided it was to much snow for them. So they headed back home or where ever. I stayed there until that time. I went to work on a road job. First road job I ever worked on in my life. I was about 22.

Another ole boy and I worked on that road job a few days. It got so bad that they shut the whole job down. We were all out of work.

I went back to the ranch and Joyce's dad sent me out to help her brother Dale. Dale was running a bull dozer. He taught me how to run a bull dozer at that time. I worked there a few more months.

Joyce and I got married. Then I decided it was time to go to college. So we went back to New Mexico. I went to college that winter up into the spring. That spring she went back to Wyoming to help cook for the sheep shearers. She worked there. Then I came back and worked the bull dozer again what ever they needed. I worked there for 8 years.

During that course of time we had a lot of things happen to us.

Her dad and I were on the Carter Lease. He came over to me he says, "by hell Lew you got a rope in that outfit". I had a old hay truck hauling hay. I had a big old grass rope in the

truck. Well he says, “ I got a couple of ewes and 2 lambs over there caught up against the muddy. If you’d help me catch them maybe we could haul’em home. I said, “The only rope I have is the one I tie the hay down with, It’s not a very good rope to be roping sheep with.” Well he says, “I here you’re just pretty good with the rope on the right hand, I’m kind of left handed we’ll just tie a loop in each end and crowd down against the creek bank. When they come out we’ll get them.” I thought this is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of. But he was my father-in-law and I didn’t argue with him. He built a loop in one end and I built a loop in the other end. That big old rope was like a cable. But we spread it between us. He didn’t want us to cut it into

We crowded the sheep against the creek and when they came back, I had a sheep in my end of the rope. He had a sheep in his end of the rope. Nobody would believe that for a long time. No one would ask Bill Reece about it. If they would have he would’ve said, “Well just another days work”. We got those sheep back to the ranch.

Him and Jimmy Gill was out in the jeep one time got snowed in and stuck with the jeep along the railroad tracks below Carter. They had to walk 3 or 4 miles. They got in caught a ride home. We went the next day 4 or 5 of us to dig that jeep out of the snow banks. The jeep was high and dry as it could be. The snow had blown out from underneath it. Except for under each wheel. Each wheel was sitting upon a keg of snow. It looked liked someone had put blocks under those tires.

Guy Dean and I did a lot of things we shouldn’t have done. We attempted to harness up a horse. He was a bronk. We got him in to the end of the barn. We had to get him down the far end of the barn in order to put the harness on him. We got him in there that kick’n son-of-a-gun he kicked and fought us until he kicked the whole corner of the barn just about out. Guy said, “how we goin’ to get him out of there.” I said, “I don’t know just stay away from his heels cause he’ll

kill ya.” I said, “you just leave him alone and I’ll open the doors.” I went over to the house and I got the axes. I opened the corner of the barn up. I chopped a hole and we backed that horse out. We hooked him up to the wagon. We had an old mare there. She was kind a nervous type mare. We hooked these two horses up and down the road we went. I was running the break, Guy was running the horses and popping the whip. They had a running W on this bronks horses feet. I pulled up, but you don’t want to pull to much cause you’ll pull his feet out from underneath him. Then he’ll tumble underneath the wagon. I was running the running W and the brake rope. Guy was yelling go, lets get after it, lets go and popping the whip. That old mare she got a little to nervous and we got sprayed real good. Anyway we broke that horse. He turned out to be a good horse. Every time Guy was popping that whip he was crashing that whip over the corner of my ears. I was a laying down over the wagon box. I didn’t know whether to get my seat belt fastened or not.

Cile and Guy’s oldest daughter Billy was a tom-boyish type girl. She liked to go with her dad and me. One time he brought a load of hogs down to my place and a couple old sows and a bunch of pigs. We couldn’t unload those dog gone pigs. They just wouldn’t unload. Guy said, “I can fix that.” He pulled ahead and backed that pick-up up. He hit the brakes and pigs squealed all over the dog gone ranch. We unloaded the pigs. Billy she thought that was alright. She laughed and laughed.

Another time we got into quit the jack pot. We had a cow and calf and a bull to load north of Lyman. A little ole log house it only had one window and a door in it. We didn’t have a loading shoot to load this cow, calf and bull. The bull was 3 or 4 years old. He wasn’t really a bad bull, but he would get on the fight if you pushed him a little to much . So I said, “how in the world we going to load that bull, cow and calf.” He said , “we got a couple bails of hay we’ll just throw’em

down in the door then we'll back the truck up and I'll get up there and act like a lion. I'll roar right loud and you watch that window so when they come out of there you drop the gate on the truck." He got in there. He had more nerve than I did, The room in there wasn't more than 15 feet square. He took a 2x4 after that bulls rear end. That bull went right up in that truck, so did the cow he threw the calf up in the truck. I dropped that gate. It was in the winter time. He has several miles to go to his ranch and I had to go several miles over to another ranch. I think I scoop shoveled that truck all the way for about 5 hours before I got that cow, calf and bull unloaded.

Guy's youngest daughter Niki fell into the irrigation ditch. I think she still had diapers on. I reached down and grabbed her the head and diaper and pulled her out of the ditch. She always said I saved her life. I would have done that for any kid.

Jimmy and I were coming across the Carter Lease one time. The light went out on the old pick-up. We didn't know what to do about it. I took my pocket knife and made a fuse out of my pocket knife. I was holding it up in the fuse trying to see where we was going. We finally got almost back in to Carter 18 or 20 miles we'd driven. That pocket knife was getting hotter by the minute. I'd drive a minute and he'd hold it. He'd drive awhile and I'd hold it. Finally we got in there. I said, "Jimmy did you ever try to turn that spot light on." He reached over and punched the button on that spot light., It worked just perfect. Here we'd been driving without any lights holding a hot pocket knife.

Jimmy and I were up on top of the Divide on time with an old snow cat. We were hauling some feed and some groceries in to Guy Dean and Jim Turner, over on the Rock. We got over to the head of the Burns. We decided it was time to get out and relieve ourselves on that old snow cat and have a cup of coffee. He said, "do you have any idea where we're at." I said, "yes we're

right in head of the Burns,” He said, “oh we can’t be. I said, “yes I think we are Jim. Don’t step off that snow cat. I think there’s a 100 feet of snow underneath us.” “ He said, “we can’t be that far over there.” I said, “Well you look at that old monument over on top of that hill over there and next summer you come back here and take a look at it. Then you figure it out in your mind at where we’re at right now. There Quaken Asps groves right underneath us.” He said, “Oh, we can’t be .” I said, “just don’t step off the tracks of this snow cat cause its deep.” The next summer he came back and looked at it. Sure enough we were over the Quaken Asp groove.

Billy and I had a cat stuck and a power wagon stuck. We fought the mud. We’d fight the winter

Billy told me a story that happened to him. He had another 2 or 3 people in the dodge power wagon going out through the rough country. They decided to light up a cigarette. This woman that was in the pick-up asked him for a light to light up a cigar. He started to light cigars. On the third one he say’s the third one goes to jail. He didn’t know that she just got out of jail. She knifed her old man 1 or 2 years before that. She sure embarrassed him after he found out.

Billy was a flier in the 2nd world war in the Phillippines. Jimmy was in the Navy. Don’t know where he served at. Guy was over in France, he worked as a medic and worked in the hospitals. He couldn’t go on the front lines.

While Guy was in Paris, he and some other guys got a little thirsty for some wine. A couple 3 guys decided to steal a train that was loaded with wine. These French men were all in the cafe. They just walked over and got on the train. Guy knew how to run a train and so he swiped that train. They tool a bunch of wine back to camp. I guess the officer’s wanted to know who the guy was that engineered the train. They found out it was Guy Dean. The officers were going to give him a bad time of it. Guy turned to this Lieutenant and says, “can I have a 3 day pass to go

back to town.” They gave him a 3 day pass and he went back to town. Guy said he was lucky over that. It was a wonder he wasn’t court marshaled over that.

Cile was in the Wacks. Dale Reece was married had kids and was on the ranch. I didn’t know any of them at the time. I was in the Hawaiian Islands guarding the Japanese prisoners and Koreans.