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Episode— a summer of 1902 I was working for Byron Eagle. I had a good saddle horse, was keeping it in a stall with a wild western horse with a pole between them to keep it from kicking my horse. I habitually went between my horse and the wall with a measure of ear corn, ducked in front of my horse, and threw the corn in the bronco's trough. One night I thought, "I am not afraid to go between the horses," so when I got even with the hind end of my horse, I was holding the corn next to him. When he saw me, he stepped over so I could go on the other side of him. That pushed me over the pole backwards. Of course, I threw corn all over that wild horse, but did get turned over before he stepped on me. Somehow I got in the manger. That is where Byron and the neighbor found me. My thigh and legs were pretty well trampled up. I had on a gray coat and it had one hoof print between my shoulder. It stepped on the little finger on my left hand. It never grew any more and is now shorter and smaller than the other. How I ever got out alive I never knew. They carried me to the house.

Brother Bell and I batched a while west of Athelston, Iowa and Missouri on the state line. In 1902 he died that fall, a typhoid victim, I weep yet when I think of his death and those circumstances. "Bitter?" Well, I grew up in spite of Hell and High Water.

Here I am past eighty years, passed old age. (period) Now into second childhood. My wife has raised five children. I did the best I could to prove for her and them. Never did I take a penny of the money they earned. It was theirs to spend as they pleased. Their board and room was thrown in.

At this point, I want to relate that my wife did her share and more. Our beginning was extremely hard. I think Ida had to goad dressed. I helped her buy a new coat and skirt to be married in. Ida's folks had lost about all they had before coming to Idaho Falls from Palisade, Colorado, and for a number of years sent most of her surplus earnings to help them. The hardships of our early marriage life are past. The love of our children is sufficient for the days thereof.

There are two women who stand out predominately in my life. Aunt "Kate" Catherine Waters Peterson and Mrs. Laura Wake Stout. They were always so understanding, kind and good. Please, God, rest their dear souls in eternity--paradise.

In 1905, age 22, the first of September, I sold the team of horses, buggy (rubber-tired, too) and the harness, in Glendale and headed for Des Moines to Highland Park College, long since no more. The spring of 1906 I went to work in North Dakota, work seven month at \$35 a month, then went back to Des Moines for a little more knowledge. In the spring of 1907 I started out to canvass for a magazine and book. I found I couldn't sell a \$5 gold piece for \$3.50. Almost broke again, so I headed for the old home town, Athelston, Iowa, the name of an English king.

When I arrived there, my church was holding protracted meetings. I had always sung in the choir to help what I could. One night Brother Earl and his wife Laura came. I went back and talked to them. They came forward. A few nights later, Tell (Artellus) and Lidia, his wife, came. Well, I went back, talked to them, and they came forward. They were baptized east of Athelston just across the river in the Old Platt River. They had to cut the ice to get out to where the water was deep enough Tell and Lidia, only. During these meetings the two young minist insisted I go back with them to William Jewell Baptist School at Liberty, Missouri, and study for the ministry. Well, having no money--and to enter school with no money, and being as poor as Job's turkey, I just couldn't make up my mind to do it. Well, I'll say I did not heed His call. That is why distress always overtook my financial undertakings. Anyway, after a few days I bought a ticket to Seattle, Washington, because the poor pay in the middle states had no appeal for me.

When our train pulled into Palisade, Colorado, I espied a man from Missouri that I knew. He told me work was plentiful there. I got off at Grand Junction, the next town and tried to get my trunk off the train. They informed me it was not on that train. It went to Seattle. It did too, about 40 years later. It went to see Cousin Vilas Peterson. He had TB. We were like brothers. When he died in 1953 at Walla Walla, Washington, Mother and I

went with the body back to Grant City, Missouri, and laid him beside his sister Edith. After her death, her husband married again. So there the two lay side by side. Me with a broken heart. I loved them so. They were more to me than my own brothers. Vilas had written me that he had little money; that when he was gone I was to share it equally with Edith's two children Audrey Kelly of Gooding, Idaho, and Raymond Walston of Gooding. The sum was less than \$400. I guess \$350. They were then organizing the cemetery fund for perpetual upkeep. The amount per plot was \$50. So I got a deed for our plot-- Uncle George Peterson (Edith and Vilas' father), Grandpa and Grandma Peterson, Edith and Vilas. Raymond and Audrey would have none of it and there wasn't much to divide. Some years later we visited the old cemetery. It looked so wonderful and I was happy to think I had a little hand in the affair.

Episode- In 1943 I visited the old cemetery on Decoration Day. An old man came up and squinted at me. "I ought to know you." I don't think so or that he any such an idea, only to get acquainted. I said, "My name is Bronson Ewart; John Barr Ewart's son." "Oh, yes, he built my house," he told me. The first time he rode down through that old cemetery there was just one grave. I thought that was something. I had run along with Civil War ceterans as they marched along with fife and two drums playing--the sweetest music to me. The old soldiers marched ben and dropped flowers on the graves of their old comrades. A little flag stood at the head of each old soldier's grave. Patriotism meant something in those days.

My Uncle Joe Peterson and father freighted with team and wagons to that old Isadora town before the Chicago Great Western was built down through our county and Platte River. Isadora is on Grand River.

Life became more earnest at Parisade, Colorado. Never will I forget my first application for a job. A Mr. Allison had a two-story building up ready for letting. I gave him a song and dance how bad I needed work. (I had \$7.50 in my pocket-- that was all I had to my name.) After giving several reasons why I needed work, his answer was the same, "I still don't need anybody." I told him I knew he wanted me to work for him

is he would just give me a chance to show him. "I still don't need anybody." Then I asked him to let me lath the partition between what was to be the bank and post office. He looked the situation over, then me, finally said, yes, I could lath the partition. Then at 10 o'clock in came a union lather from Grand Junction. He liked to eat Mr. Allison and me both up because that was straight-way work--no openings. Mr. Allison told him I would lath the closets upstairs to make up for it. I was a kid and had no choice. The deal made the lather real happy.

When I was finishing upstairs, Mr. Allison stuck his head in where I was. "Well," he said, "are you about through?" Then he told me he was going to build a house for an old man who worked in his planing mill. "You do down and help dig footings there. Then I guess we will try a little carpenter work." Then he gave me a good grin. I worked for him three years and learned the trade. Wages were 25cents per hour, a nine-hour day, \$5.50 per week board and room--much better than I had ever had before.

Episode - In 1909 I worked on a high school for Mr. Allison. We mixed all the cement on a 8x10 board, then shoveled into forms. By that time I had gained the confidence of my boss. He put me in charge of the other nine men. Having had a little experience in Des Moines, I soon got acquainted with quite a few young people, the finest young Christians I ever knew. Those were very happy days. Life was more earnest, more real.

Episode - This is not in turn, but too good to miss. The spring of 1917 I went back to Athelston and was going to visit the Stout family, having worked for them two summers. I got off the train with my suitcase, started for up town. As I came to the walk crossing, here came Harry and Claud in the spring wagon. I got in to ride up town with them. Harry said to me, "You know, I said to Claud as we crossed the railroad track I wonder what has become of Bronson." I was then getting off the train. We tied the team to the hitching rack, walked across the street. There stood a man I knew when about 14 or 15 years of age. I shook hands with him and said, "Lay, they tell me you're crooked. Is that straight?" I noticed his face got kind of red. Then as we three walked on Harry turned and said to me, "Gee, that was

a terrible dig you took at Lay Kinery." I said, "What did I say he reminded me and said he had stolen a car down in Missouri and had it in the blacksmith shop selling the parts. I didn't know anything about it. He thought I did. The state line was the street in front of his shop.

Episode- One time when I was 12 or 14, a bunch of boys were going through a timothy and clover meadow to a pond & to go swimming. Brother Sell was walking between Frank and Bont Kimer. There lay a rattle snake in front of them. Sell in his excitement pushed Bont before he leaped enough to clear it, but Sell when he saw what he had done jumped on the snake and stamped it to death. He had green spots on the top of his shoes where the fangs had struck the toes of his shoes. It also had 11 little ones inside.

Episode - 1. 1909 I went to Ignacio, Colorado, thirty miles east of Durango, Colorado to a land drawing, Cary Act. We rode the narrow gauge from Montrose, Colorado, on the old narrow gauge. We got into Durango after midnight. There were people from all the United States. I took off by myself to find a room. The first place I saw said "Rooms Upstairs." I went up, got my room, put my watch the pillow; also my purse with over \$600 that my friend Ed Bailey let me have. The train was to leave the next morning at 7:30. When I awoke I knew I had slept too long. I washed, dressed, rushed to a restaurant, had hot cakes and coffee, rushed to pay the cashier--no purse or watch. Yes, I had left it under my pillow. So I rushed back to my room, hoping to get there before anyone came to make up the bed. I hit the stairs three to five risers at a time. When I came around the corner, there stood the Salvation Army Captain. He said, "I'll bet you are looking for your watch and purse." We went to his room and he handed me my purse and watch. How happy I was for I never expected to see wither again. I had not discovered yet that it was the Salvation Army quarters. My appraisal is that it was and is a wonderful organization.

In the spring of 1923, returning from Los Angeles by train, two men and boy got on out on the desert in southern Utah. The man with boy was trying to pass him as under six years old. The

conductor said, "You know that boy is more than six years old." The father said, "No, he is not." The boy looked up into the father's face and said, "Yes, I am daddy." You should have heard the laughter from the people nearby.

Around 1901 Grace, Willard and I were staying with Uncle George Peterson and Aunt Kate. I had lost my mother; so had Grace and Willard. Willard had learned some cuss words before he came there. Uncle George, a good Christian soul, had just been after Willard about such bad language. At the dinner table he looked up at Uncle and said, "Uncle, there is a God, ain't there?" Uncle said, "Yes." Willard says, "Well, there is a dam at Isadora." Of six of the Petersons, Willard is single and at the Veteran's Home around Salem, Oregon. Died in 1965.