

Kidnapping, he tried to get the court to release him under the pretext that with his underground knowledge he could lead them to the kidnapper, but they came up with a patsy first that seemed to satisfy them, the law & all concerned, on the evidence that this man drove a nail in a board (ladder) on the same angle as the kidnapper. Not thinking if he was the real kidnapper - he wouldn't drive the nail the same but would drive it on a different angle, just as these words are angled differently than the ones before.

When we at last made it through to summer spring, for we indeed snowed in for the winter.

Dad got a contract out of Yellow Jacket up Big creek (panther and over a short side divide down Silver creek and up the Rams Horn (there is a big Dude ranch there now)). The contract was up the creek a ways on Frank Allison's ranch building a ditch, with the team out of the creek onto the ranch. My sister and I were to have fun time that summer. There Dad built us each a wooden fiddle & bow. I guess we would take them with us wherever we would go & sing for fiddle music, just toys.

we had a few beaver traps and Mr Allison paid us two cents apiece for gophers, trapped. We were greatly amusing ourselves one day rocking a squiarel in a pine tree when a rock came down on my head, cutting a pretty good gash. I should have learned never to throw any thing up in the air again. but I was to learn that over & over.

then it was real interesting to hear Mr Allison tell of his years among the Indians, it seems it was the Snakes or the Utes. then would have a grasshopper drive & catching several bushels they would pinch their heads to make them stay in one place, then drying them on canvass they would have a great feast. They would not accept a decline on the invitation so Frank had to feast with them, he learned to like these tasty morsels, especially if they were real dry or roasted a bit.

then Mr Allison says the Indians knew of several places where there was huge black ant hills (mounds of termites) (I expect they were termites, but he said ants) They would go and camp near there & filling all the containers with water, they would catch & then put all the ants in the water, they could get in. Then leave them to drown & soak in the water.

They would take the big ants out dry them & roast them, having feast. The water they used it to make

their pounded up corn & wheat bread
out of. This water had the same
properties of yeast, was very sour
but made the yeast & when cooked
in the bread was real tasty &
sweet. They would loaves & loaves
of this round flat bread, baked on
a rack. Enough, to last them for
several months.

Then Frank Allison had the
first radio, I ever seen. We all
listened to the tracking down of
the former boss. That ran over & over
the girl with his car. It seems his
name was Harry Peters something.
They made short work of him. He
went to the pen for life, and in those
day's life was one hell of a long long
time.

This case was over-shadowed by
the famous thrill killing of Frankie
James - by Geob & Geapolt. We
listened to that long trial too, all
that ~~winter~~ summer. It must have
been summer because Dad & Mother
& Frank used to go down to Silver
Creek. They used to be a big hole in
the creek, they would shoot Salmon in
the water with Dad's 300. Taking
turns shooting while the other
would leap in & get the Salmon.
Mama used to string them up
by the gills & skin them, & dry them

for winter. Leab & Leopold got life in the pen too. They were deviates of some kind. One of them was to get killed in a prison riot a few years ago the other slashed his wrists.

By that fall we were to finish the ditch and head back for the old Ranch on Dry Gulch Gulch.
My father stone cuts in about here

although I remember going to school so much of the time I must have not gone long enough at a time to match up with my grades so this will tend to make me appear to be older than I actually was.

This is also the hardest part of my story to tell because it will prove to be most confusing if I try to put the events in their proper order, so I will have to just tell them, with no order & as I remember them. All I can say to my age I must have been about 7-8 or 8 years

As I write this story, a deep feeling of sorrow comes over me for my mother. Dad had gone off in the lower valley near Salmon & Junction and around that part of the country to find employment

Leaving Mother with us kids on our Ranch, at Dry Gulch. We had our two cows, & old Rabbin our horse, & a dog which we have pictures of them all. over

Dad had tried to farm the homestead & was very successful by the pictures mama took, as she had the old Walker family Kodak.

But that bunch of miss-lured Farmers that tagged along behind Brigham Young, when he moved to Salt Lake. These Mormon-hating, Missourians, following after these nice-looking Mormon girls. Brigham had been watching them in the distance. Well he and a few of the Elders rode out, one evening & says Brigham "This, by ear valley are a good place for you people to stop. I'll leave you in a nice valley like this, for you to settle, and live in. Until we want it back, then you all's a gonna have to move on. And don't follow me & my people any farther. And don't let me catch sight o'-yez on my back trail.

would not give my father a water right in the Ditch Old man Cline & Grandad Walker built, "the old Cline ditch" as it is called. My Dad, when he ran away from his home, over on Camas prairie. Had wandered over the divide by Red-fish lake, and finding the red-fish so famously good, spent the summer there, then wandered down to Challis

working around the country.
 He worked as a Bull whacker on
 or with a yoke of oxen & a big high
 wheeled Timber Cart. The kind with
 the ~~two~~ shaped axle when the oxen
 pulled on the load it would lift up
 on the logs.

He was to try a homestead up
 in the Morgan creek meadows, with
 Bert Bean. They had to pack every-
 thing in on pack horses. finally
 gave that up. and wandered on down
 and his next stop was Joe Wathens
 at Ellis. Ellis used to be Joe's
 place - first ranch on the Paksimeri
 River. I figure those farmers that
 law suited Dad out of his water
 rights, also beat me out of my
 inheritance - There's a whole river
 going to waste so there was no
 shortage of water.

Well mother was to stay there alone
 for more than a year. I used to
 see her cry much. It was a good
 half mile to the road - mail route.

When she would hear the stage
 driven by old Bert Buster, coming
 up the valley. She would run all
 the way down to meet the stage
 and then the long walk back
 empty handed. We used to climb
 up on top of the cellar, & watch

we would see her holding her face in her apron, & knew she was crying. She would dry her tears before she got back and put on a smile "But said no letter today but he said there would shurely be one tomorrow!" no children seemed to be happy. but I remember I used lean by a garden post & cry - for Daddy & old Rabbin used to come over & try to comfort me & rub away my tears with his soft as velvet pink nose. This may not be believed - I have seen things that shurely must have been miracles and can be laid to not any church. And as the Readers Digest says in their book -

"Animals you will never forget!" I have seen such love in animals beyond belief. Many times I have fell off, or been knocked off a horse unconscious, upon coming too to find my horse, I was riding standing over me. As my dog waiting & squatting beside me. I have ~~the~~ years I spent at Cou Creek had both my dog "Carlo" and my own horse "Rabbin" swim out in the Salmon River to save me drowning. He used to play with me, when in swimming, by the method of swim out to me & when I would grab grab his tail, he would swim

back. Yes, I mean the haire "Rabbit". Since he was a colt, he would slide down steep snow-banks, on his rump. Climbing up & sliding down again. And he used to go in swimming with my sister and I & even shoot the rapids below our old swimming hole at Cove Creek.

I am going to tell about some stories that happened in that interval when we went back to Dry Gulch & some time in 1924 when we moved to Salmon. as mentioned, I remember Dad being gone most and coming back to visit us. I remember our riding old Rabbit a lot I remember being elbowed in the ribs & being knocked off from behind the saddle, I was always behind of course, because I was the smallest. I remember being hurt very bad by the falls & being left to lay until after I had cried a long while. I remember getting my hip hurt several times until I couldn't walk for an hour or so. I got my back hurt, & several times I got the back of my head hit on a rock & knocked unconscious. Mother said, they were just growing pains & it wasn't nice to be on my sister that way. This is all I better say concerning that, Hard feelings you know.

I used to see my old friend Bill
over

Hamilton once in a while. I saw him shake out his rope and come at me one day whirling his lasso to rope me, his horse coming at a good clip. I ducked under a bull rake & he roped the rake seat & nearly jerked the saddle & Bill off the horse. For this, I jerked the chair out from Bill just as he hitched it up to the table & let go of the chair to set down. Dad whipped me for that. Bill took a bad fall. Nothing to cripple him up though.

We used to go over to Hamiltons to visit. I will be humble and say I think a lot of the time we never had a bite to eat in the house. Dear, Dear Victoria Hamilton was to befriend us many times, so gaily & spritely I have often brought tears to my eyes to think about this. And good Jess, stayed at home all his life to take care of "Maw". He'd died the year before she did. She passed away in C. Hallis in 1971-72. She couldn't stay on the old Ranch after Jess left. I was glad that my wife & oldest daughter had the privilege of knowing so Dear a couple and visit them & know them well. Roscoe & Victoria came on saddle horses; shed rolls & a little food

To settle up the ranch. Had, and raised their family Bascoe died in 1937-38. Jess, one of the Boys stayed home to take care of Ma & he did my wife Daisy & I used to visit her quite often & also my oldest girl Carla. Wild Horse Bill died several years ago. This writing was written in 1974 ~~Feb~~ starting in February 1974 right after my 58th birthday Jan 14/1974

I remember an Easter when I broke all the easter eggs. I have been told.

We went ~~down~~ down to a fish hatchery right where the Paksimeroi runs into the Salmon River. That, dead, not letting the Salmon run up to spawn, killed the Salmon run in the Paksimeroi River for a long time. Went down to see the salmon.

All the Gish family was born to be able to play any musical instrument, I have known 3 generations of the family. And have heard Old Pete, & Chailey Weaver. or Pete & Everett & his Daughters. There were always lots of Gishes & lots of old time music, & they always had a dance band.

Irvin Gish got the first from-bone, ever seen in the Paksimeroi valley. They had lots of fun over that. He practiced one night and Uncle Andrew ~~that~~ tied it up with a rope, when Irvin went over

to bed, so it wouldn't suck
the cows in the night.

Andrew had several barrels
of moon-shine in the old cellar
along with one of those coal oil
stove, the alcohol got to mutch,
& blowed up the cellar & of course
the whisky too.

About that time Dad got a
model T Ford truck. a worm drive
drive with a Pucked gear - does
any one know what that is. It
meant it would go up, the steepest
of hills - with hard rubber tires
on the rear. It had buss seats
running along both sides of
the rear & a roof over the back.

About this time we took a
trip down to Camas prairie to
see all of the Nick's family we
could. We took several little 15 gal.
barrolles and went up to Red fish
lake & as Dad had put in one
summer there he knew how to
catch the Red fish - not the red suckers
you find, them catching today.
Well we caught 2 or 3 barrels full
in about 2 hours, we carried them
to camp & then packed them in
sacks while Dad gutted them.

We packed every thing up
& prepared to leave. When a man
dressed like the engineers at Yellow
Jacket used to dress, came along &

along and said he was a game warden and explained his duties, & about this game situation. But none of us had heard any thing like that. Dad told him that stuff just wouldn't work and they had the wrong idea. That there was going to be a lot of men shot & hid out in the bushes never the less he told Dad not to be fishing, Dad said he would not until he found out for himself.

So as we drove down we seen ather campers, with wagons & teams. Dad told them, what that fellow had said, & they started to leave too, as they said they always come up to that lake & got barrels of salted down fish, for winter & they had their wagons filled with barrels & sacks of salt. One lady began to cry & cuss the government.

Well the deal evened up pretty well, because, some one maybe the game department planted the lake with suckers they turned red. And when Dad & Mother & I and Doris my wife went up there for a camping trip, Carla was a Baby, I know, because we had to stop at a farm just below there to get her some milk. She can also remember it.

there were several camps with a boats and Dad & Mother & I went over

over to their boats, to see the famous Red Fish, and what a surprise. to see their boats all had about 40-50 big red suckers in them. I opened my mouth to say "Them's!!" Dad stepped on my toe & said "that's a mighty nice lunch of 'Redfish'" my mother started to laugh, & they thought she was laughing to see such fine fish.

So a nice man picked out a few of the smaller red suckers, & wanted to give them to mama. Told her the Game Dept. said to be sure & buy the heads. Mama, always like my Daughter Sherrie - quick on the talk. Told them, "No thank you, we don't eat fish during this season. We're Jewish" you understand!!

Or, I should say my Daughter Sherrie was like mother.

To prove the point Dad took us all up the inlet creek, that runs into the Lake & showed us hundreds of real Red Fish.

we went back, as over to Arco and picked up Mrs. Horn, the mother to much Ralph Silvers who was married to Aunt Ida. Dad's elderly Sister. for she was to go along with us down to Camas Prairie

Grandad R. J. Hicks was the third settler on Camas Prairie.

When you went any where in an old model T Ford. you were to be always prepared for a long while.

We took along bedding, lanterns a tent food plus 3 or 4 barrels of Red Fish to treat the folks where we would stay. us young ones was to ride in the back of the truck along with Mrs. Harn & all the provisions. We got 2 or 3 dozen oranges to eat & the old Lady made us save them to eat while we were to go across the Lava desert. We didn't get up the mountain pass the first day. because the long pull up to the foot-hills burned out the clutch (low gear) we pulled off beside the road and camped early & Dad put a new lining on the clutch, he also had to do this one more time on the trip but this time he had no lining material so had to use his belt to make a lining, also the clutch would get so hot Dad used to turn around & using the middle pedal which was reverse, back it up hill for a while to let the clutch cool off. Does anyone remember the old model T & how you had to drive it. How the three coils was hung, setting in a box on the dash-board. And how they

clickety ~~de~~ click as the electric current went through them to time, or change the current so would it spark. The car run on a magneto, but the later models could be equipped with a battery to make them start easier.

Yates I was to be the only one to drive a model T to high school. I had a 6 or 7 foot truck bed. Alvin & Scott Butterfield & I were to take it on an extended week, over to Myers Cove. Camas creek salmon fishing about the summer I finished the 8th grade.

Each coil was about the size of a brick & there were three. If the weather event got damp they had to be dried out in the oven before they would work.

We left the lava rock desert about half way and climbed up on the big plateau to Harfield on the Camas prairie.

We camped near a ranch where an old lady had a talking parrot. We stood and listened to him sing "Old Black Joe" over & over and our astonishment seemed to tickle the old lady for she cackled as much as the parrot.

As we went on our way the next day, we were set upon by the worst rain storm of my

recollection. I remember it so well because we raced our old Ford for a big frame barn we saw in the distance. We had to get that car out of the rain because we all knew it would quit on us as soon as those coils got wet.

Well, we made it to the barn, threw open the gate, drove the car into the barn lot. As we closed the fence gate we saw that the barn doors were open, and standing in the barn doors was a vicious looking big Missouri stud mule, "and dry and de vrist kind". Stomping his feet and rearing and kicking & chomping his teeth "now, sure he wasn't a gonna give up that barn, dry barn for no rain-storm". Some-how we managed to trick him, or by a flurry of rocks got him out of the barn into the rainy pasture, & drove the old Ford truck in. We closed the barn doors & Miss Harn and Mother commenced wringing out the water while Dad & us kids were more concerned with the mad stud mule and feared some as he kept on his mean antics of running & rearing up to the barn door & his hooves made an awful clatter against the doors, and he would lick at the door. Then dropping down on all fours (four feet) he would whirl

and lashing or kicking out with his hind feet, given us a broad side with both hind feet at once. We found ourselves in a very bad spot. We tore out the mangers and putting the poles up against the barn doors, we backed the truck back end up to hold the poles in place, we were a little safer. This beating went on all night we ~~could~~ crawled under the car for safety, it helped a little but no one slept, as the barn began to leak. The water was puddling up & it kept on raining.

In the morning we broke out some dry bread & those wonderful old stand bys. War Camps Pork & Beans with the orange juice, sucked out of those same oranges, the old Lady Barn was making us sore for the dry desert. We had already crossed the desert.

And that dam mule was still out for our blood and Dad began to regret having started a fuss with him. For if it was plain he wasn't going to let us get away.

I have since that time read, in the out-door, & Safari magazines, articles expounding on the Lion, Rhino, Water Buffalo, wild boars & bears all kind of stories about worlds most vicious enemy

but I'll lay you all down on a wild stallion area big stud mule because more often when they come upon you with malicious intent you find your-self more in their made to order circumstance as element

Well about 8 or 9 o'clock a farmer came by the beleaguered barn, in a wagon drawn by two big black work horses. at least bigger than that mule & he was a big one. Of course in those days a neighbor was a beloved member of Adams race. and perceiving our predicament he offered to help. They carried a big inch rope on the wagon reach. Dad and the farmer took the big black team unhitched from the wagon. They cut the rope in two & bestriding the work horses with the harness on, they went into that field. Dad threw a rope around that mule's neck & flipped a half hitch over his nose and took his daley around the harness hames, while in Spanish fashion the farmer reached down & with a flip of the wrist picked up the mules hind feet and in an angry manner they dallied & jerked that mule off his feet. Then Dad unhooked a tug over

that was hooked up in its proper place, and took a double half hitch around that tug he hauled that mule on the wet grass, by the muzzle right out the gate. & Dad & the good neighbor left the mule tied down in the road. The man then said it was his mule, and offered to pay any damages. Dad declined the offer. The man said he would go on to the ranch, and come back with a ranch hand, and loosen the mule & let him up. said if he stayed tied down all day he would get tolerable, as he had to do that often to take the meanness out of him & make him tolerable. said he was going to shoot him as soon as he bred some mares. So after drying out the coils in the ignition system, we went on our way to Camas Prairie. Dad said, "you learned a lesson today, never forget it."

"I may be impossible to find good neighbors like that in your days."

We stopped in some little town and Dad mentioned there was some hot springs in that long building over there. I immediately ran away to see what a hot springs was. Well they drove off, and left me. When I came out they

even gone. I was lost. I began to howl and cry something awful. I run around & it wasnt long till I was really lost. about 3 miles on their way those two enemies of mine Harn & Mildred told Dad & mother I wasnt there with them. They finally found out where they lost me & after a search of the town they found me. we reached Fair-field & as some of the relatives lived nearby. we spent a few days visiting there.

We went to a Circus or a Carnival. I remember a man that would swallow needles & thread & sting up in his belly. he said, any way he pulled the thread & needles all stung up from his mouth. And we saw our first and only punch & Judy show. We first met some of our cousins and our aunts & Uncles. Dads family and had a good visit & the Red-fish mother had packed, astonished the relatives.

We left the Camas prairie after seeing Grandma Hicks for the first and only time. and dropped down on the Snake river near King Hill. We crossed the Snake river on that bridge near. & went up to that ranch on the other side of the river

to get a truck load of watermelons
where we had another ~~old~~ adventure

we crossed the old narrow bridge in
low gear, half afraid that it might
not hold the old model T. I see
the bridge is still standing. Over
the Snake River near King Hill.
It is more than ~~50~~ years ago, it
was an old bridge then.

Driving along a grade up river about
a quarter mile we soon came to the ranch.
Piling out of the truck we commenced
to get acquainted and we was greeted as
old friends, and was met on the
same principle as the Indians would
greet their friends "It is very good my
Brother, that you have come so far
to see us," was the attitude that
seemed to prevail. Every person you
would meet in those days, was a
friend with no reservations, until you
made him an enemy. With no
suspicion, they seemed to recognize
that "There is a man, in whom there
is no guile. as 'Christ' said of Nathaniel

as there was a table out under
the trees, that scattered all about
the yard. Plenty of shade & plenty of
grass. The man said, "Come join
us, we were about to have a
strawberry & cream feast, and we just
needed someone to help us eat them
all up. The berries grow stale & rotten

and the cream-sours, if not eaten when ready. My mother, "God rest her!" knew all about the loneliness of a farm wife and the longing to have someone to visit with, pleased us all very much when she said, we would all like that very much & you must let me be of some help. And as the saying goes, I'll speak for my supper because, I can't sing. And while the bowls of berries & 3rd buckets of rich cream & the bowls & spoons was a-getting put on the table, out on the lawn, and us hoard of children were getting our places on the benches that were there for us to set on.

My mother true to her word, began to recite poetry which was very popular in those days. and as I came to know her better, and particularly in High School. I knew her to be the most recitative recitative person that I have ever seen or heard. And she went through a select 10 or 15 of her shortest poems, "Still stands the Schoolhouse", "Skelton in armor", "Prisoner of Chelan (or Chellan)", "Blue scarf & fear", "Bill Masons Bride", "Village Blacksmith", "Young-fellows", "School Boy". One night on a challenge from Dad. we were to hear her speak "Evangeline" by Young-fellow. It took her from 4 o'clock to after 2 o'clock and I never realized the potentiality of such

a mind & memory. until after
she was gone. And while a young
man. I have seen so many miracles
of her memory.

Her recitals seemed to astonish
those folk very much and pleased
the children immensely.

One more attribute to her. she
grieved whenever she tried to speak
Hiawatha because she could only
get "Half way through it." as she said
she told me how to do it. "You just
make up a tune, that fits the poem,
and about 2 or 3 times you sing the
song. I too learned. Then you just convert
it back into a poem, it's easy."

I have tried it, over the years
and found it works. People would ~~to~~
hear me singing a poem & would often
say: "That's a poem, not a song" & I
would say "I know it's a poem. I'm
just learning it." they would say
"Crazy Crazy! man"

Then while the men were talking
Dad would say "I been living up
at Yittle Missouri. And them farmers
up that way can't raise those good
old seed long water melons. In fact
they haven't seen a big red melon
since they left Missouri"

I was raised down in the Boise
valley & I know these mellons that
are grown in this sandy soil

along this Snake River." and and he went on, "I was thinking about throwing a little hay in the truck and buying about 24 big mellons to take back to little Missouri, with me just to show them off." "Good Idea!" said the farmer. "Have a little fun with those boys, eh?" "Well, I got about 2 or 3 hundred, down in the orchard, I raise for the hogs, they tell me the Missourians, eat them. and you take them young buck niggers down there, they shure like to sink a tooth into a ripe mellon, let the juice run down their neck and bellies. Dad says, "We aint got any niggers up that a way - too far north for em." Only the Missourians that settled up the Pahsimeroi," the farmer looked at dad, funny, like. "Oh, thats a river & valley, said Dad, explaining. "Hey, you kids, take that boy & girl (meaning my sister & I) with you!" speaking, to a boy & girl about our size. "and goa down in the orchard and pick a few mellons, and see if we can get about 24 that aint too ripe, the ripe ones wont stand the trip. even in hay. The hogs need some to eat any-way."

The boy & girl immediately led us down into the orchard mellon patch, and began testing the mellons, by picking them with
over

their feet. The boy, seeing that I was astonished by his wastefulness explained the ruthless reason to me.

You see, a hog cant bust a mellon with his nose & he aint got sense enough to use his feet. So the ones that bust open are too ripe to haul in your Dads truck. And when they bust open the hogs can eat them. The ones that are just a little greener and dont bust open, when I pick them, and are nice pretty mellons they are the ones we pick off the vine, and carry up to the cool lawn for you folks to buy and haul away, and might stand the trip for 2 or 3 days. before they also ripen up and bust. The only fault with the mess is that when we start busting mellons we gotta watch for a mean bore hog & the swarms of yello-jackets which were threatening us, then at the time, "I'm not afraid of those yellow jackets", and I bragged proudly "they will never sting me, I'm used to bees; we keep a bee farm", and I bragged proudly as I said "all type of bees, are my friends. My Mother can talk to the bees." And I know he believed that, especially after he had heard her resitation at the Straw Berry feast.

We stayed the night as we had our beds & curtains in the

truck preparatory for just such an occasion. We arose early & with some help with that delicious cream & milk we feasted on the most delicious hot cakes, mother's oats, cereal, and real ranch butter we all feasted on the same table out under the shade of those beautiful trees.

Then all us kids packed up the water-mellons that was selected for us as the best for the trip. The boy embarrassed me by saying "Look Daddy, he's eating some water-mellons!" I immediately stopped, when the family began to laugh at me.

Dad & the nice man got some hay in the truck & mama carefully packed the mellons in the hay.

The man warned Dad. "you want to watch out; some of them mellons may ferment inside, when they get mushy & warm. And make them phisicians drunk!" Then began the argument over money, the man would not take any money & persisted we had done him a favor by taking the cream, berries & cream & mellons off his hands. And Dad just as stubborn; for taking something for no pay.

Mother & the farm lady finally settled the argument by giving the Boy & girl a quarter each. I remember how proud they were, that was the first money they ever

earned. and say as we could. we could not pay any more. Shucks what we learned & the memories was worth much more than that.

My wife Davis, just brought a banana home for me, a treat. Jokingly, I said, "How much did that cost?" About ten dollars, its yellow like gold". "No" she said "Bananas are real cheap, I got 3 for 39¢ cents!"

Then with much waving and farewells & kissing & hugging & a few tears by the women folk we drove down, to the bridge and carefully crossed over. But not before I had made a pledge to the girl; I would come back and marry her and take her away to Paksimeroi. "The place of many green trees."

I have driven by that bridge on the Snake river & gazed up to that still handsome farm, many times in the after years. And would like to drop in. And see if any of them beautiful people are still there. But my conscience says "no". "Don't look for something to break your heart. It will be broken soon enough, without seeking. So I am afraid."

So we head up the Snake over by Arco & toward Mackay over the Double Springs pass. on the head of the Paksimeroi

through the grove of trees in the "Valley of the Green Trees" and on down to our old homestead on Dry-Gulch nursing & tending those water-mellons along with swarms of yellowjackets swarming to the sweet nectar & every once in a while they would pop-pop. We were tired of the fermenting smell & would have gladly got rid of them. But Dad was determined for some reason to show them off. Well when we pulled into Granddad's old place that had been so beautiful. To see & show off the mellons. I wept to see how Andrew Gish had sheered off every living greenery except the big pear tree that stood in the corner of the fence, where the once beautiful lane of green shrubbery, ran up to the highway. And the terraced hill side where the young fruit trees had just began to bear their fruit, when Granddad died. Were all eaten off by the sheep. The surprise of it all makes me weep yet. I sincerely hope that I have never created a heart pain in any-body so marked as that image of beauty that was torn out of my life at that time. I guess my age made it very dear to me. And memories, and all that.