

# "EVERYBODY CONGREGATED AT OUR HOUSE."

## HAZEL NELSON

## BY FRED MEYER



The first time I met Hazel was when I was four years old. We had moved into the trailer next to hers. She had a yard full of flowers and plants. As a four year old I always liked to take flowers home to my mom. So I snuck over into her back yard. The next thing I knew she was standing in front of me. She never got real mad, she had a more punishable job than telling my mom. She made me plant some new flowers with her. I feel privileged to have grown up with such a wise person looking over my shoulders.

Hazel started her story from the beginning. "I was born November 4, 1912 in Steamboat Springs, Colorado. My father's homestead was located 10 miles southwest of Steamboat Springs on Cow Creek. We had a big family. There was seven of us kids all born in the Steamboat area. We had lots of fun and always had company. Everybody congregated at our house. As I said there were seven of us in the family, the oldest was my brother Edgar, then my sister Edith, a brother named Elmer, then myself, my brother Michael, my brother Henry, and a sister Opal. Edgar was a druggist and owned his own drug store for years. He served in Germany and France in World War II. He is now buried in the National Cemetery at Fort Logan. My sister Edith is 79 years old. She now lives in Steamboat Springs. My brother Elmer had a big family. He ranched the Elk River. He passed away a few years back. Then I was next and I am still

around. My brother Michael was in combat duty in the 9th Division in Germany where he was killed and is now buried in Holland's National Cemetery. My brother Henry is still living in Steamboat Springs. My sister Opal worked at Lowry Air Force Base, and retired. She and her husband now live in Conifer, Colorado.

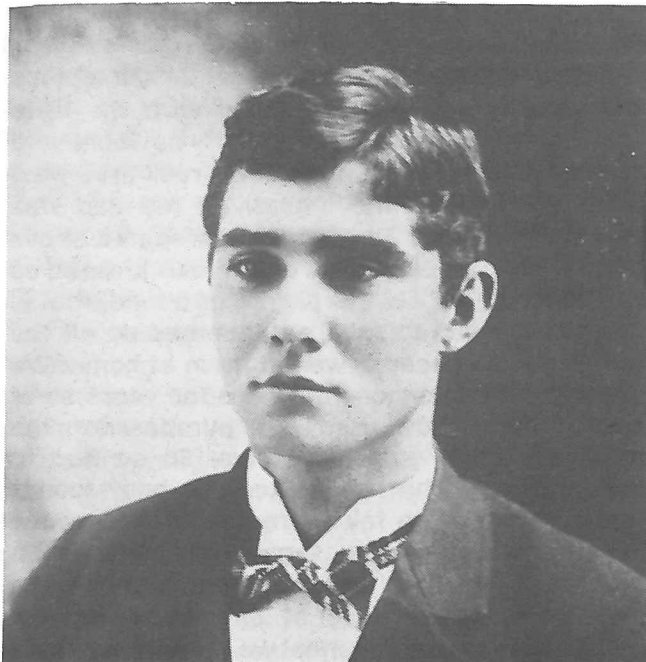
Hazel then told me about her parents and grandparents and how they came to Steamboat Springs. "My grandparents and mother all came over in covered wagons. They were the Birds and they settled in Yampa. My father and grandfather, probably, had just regular horses and maybe a wagon. I don't really know. They just came from Kansas. There was my uncle and aunt, my father's brother-in-law were the Kantz. My other uncle Henry was career army but he did homestead out there at the same time because he was gone all the time. He was in the war in the Philippines all through World War I and II, so farming was not for him. His name was Henry Dorr. He was born in Illinois, in 1877. My father's mother died when he was seven and the family had at that time moved to Kansas. Grandpa was kind of a wanderer. He could not stay in one place too long. He had to see what was on the mountains' other side. I imagine that was one of the reasons on moving to Colorado like everyone else. Only they did not come with the Gold Rush but primarily to settle.

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**"MY MOTHER AND FATHER WERE VERY LOVING PEOPLE."**

"My father was born in Nebo, Illinois, on October 7, 1879. His name was Frank Elmer Dorr. My mother's name was Hattie May Laramor. She was born November 7, 1881 in Missouri. They were married September 10, 1903 at Hahn's Peak, Colorado. That was the county seat then. My father would have had to have been over 21, because I think they had to be to homestead. Each one of them took 160 acres for a homestead out at Cow Creek. That is when he met my mother, because she had moved from Missouri to Colorado to Yampa when she was



2½. The family then moved to the Sidney Valley, their name was Laramore.

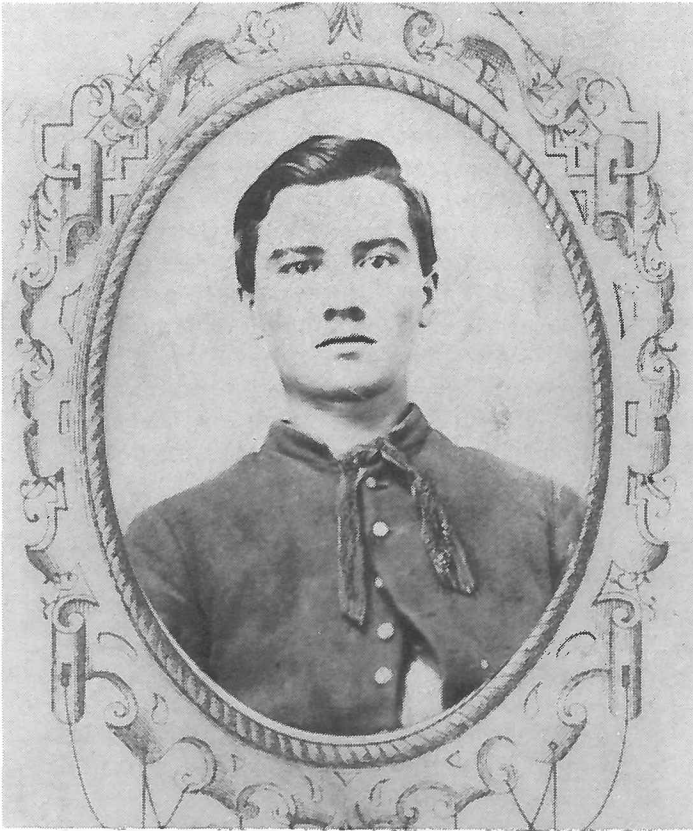
"They had to drive all day to get to Hahn's Peak. My father and mother were very loving people. My father was a happy person. He loved company and was very musically inclined. He played the organ and was always whistling. Even when he would work in the field all day long, and come home so tired, after supper he would say "batter up" and we would go play a game of baseball, or we would play hide and seek until dark. So he would always have time to play with us. My mother was a different person. She was a quiet person. She was always busy, because there was lots to do. By the time she did the washing, ironing, cooking, baking and canning her day was gone. She was more strict than my father. There was no monkey business with her, but we could usually con my father into something.

"My grandfather's name was Michael Dorr, he was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania on



**"MY GRANDMOTHER'S NAME WAS ANNE JANE AGNEW"**

December 20, 1844. My grandmother's name was Anne Jane Agnew, and was born near Chipawa, Canada on December 29, 1845. When my grandfather was seventeen he enlisted in the Civil War. He said it was the patriotic thing to do. There was another man who had a family that he could not see go, so he told a fib and the recruiter said, "How old did you say you were?" My grandfather said, "Well, I did not really say." So the recruiter said, "Well you look nineteen." So they passed him so when that enlistment was up he reenlisted, then he was 19, so that is why he has two discharge papers. He was through all four years of the Civil War, and was at Shiloh, and Sharpsburg, and later Vicksburg.



**GRANDFATHER'S CIVIL WAR PICTURE.**

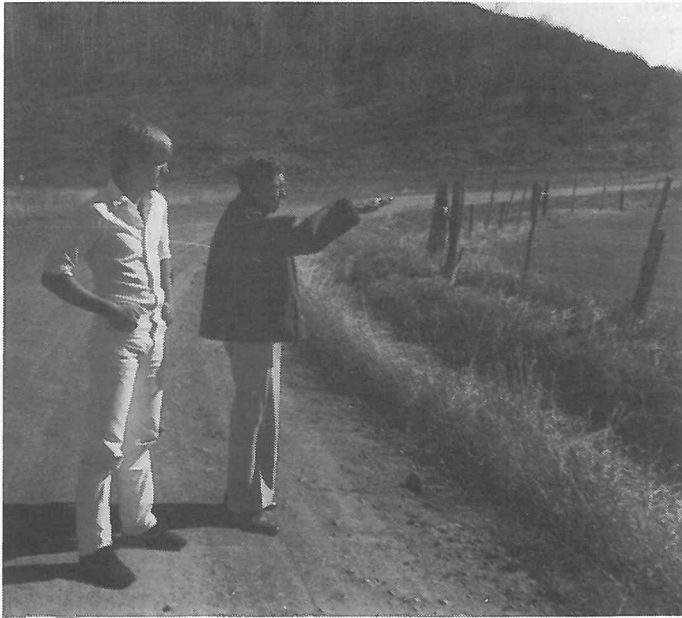
"We had a neighbor that fought for the South. He was crippled during the war. Well grandpa would say "I shot ya." Mr. Willie would always call grandpa a "Damn Yankee" and grandpa would call him a "Rebel." That was their greeting all the time. Grandpa talked more about the people, he said they would be in a battle and one side would retreat or night would come on and they would quit fighting and exchange tea for coffee and chewing tobacco for something else across fighting lines. None of them wanted to fight but they had to. He talked about the transportation mules, he talked about how stubborn they were. That was another expression he used for years. When one of us kids acted the least bit stubborn he would say it was the Laramore mule showing up. My mother would come back and say it was the Dorr mule. Grandpa was a private in the army, and is now buried up here on the hill and has one of the few military tomb stones. It has his infantry and everything else. When I visited at Vicksburg at one of the battle sites in a memorial building we checked on the Illinois infantry and we found my grandfather's name."

Hazel then told me of a unique trip her grandfather took to California. "My cousin who was fourteen and grandfather with a pair of donkeys and a cat went to California. It took quite a few months. I have heard the story many times. In those days, I guess, it was not any different if we would go on a tour today, because that was the way they lived. If they wanted to go somewhere

they would just go. Of course, they were only covering twenty miles a day. Feeding the animals and making camp took a lot longer. It was a great experience because I remember my cousin talking about it all of his life. He bragged about it a little. My grandfather was one of those who had to wander every once in a while. He always had to go places or be doing something so I think it was his idea to take this trip. He could not very well go by himself so Mike was at the age where he could help wrangle the donkeys. It took them all summer. The year was 1918."

Hazel talked a lot about growing up in a log cabin. "We lived in a log cabin and as time progressed rooms were added. There was a big kitchen where all of our activities were held. We had a large cooking stove that kept the room very cozy. The living room was also used as a bedroom. But we also had a couple of bedrooms. Talking about the house and the facilities, we, of course, had an outdoor "john." We also had coal stoves, heating stoves, wood burners, and the cook range. The cook range had a reservoir on the side that always kept hot water for bathing etc.... When we would use all the hot water someone had to fill it up again. This meant several pails of water coming from the pump. Our Sunday bath was in a washtub in the middle of the kitchen floor. We always had a doctor, and maybe a neighbor lady helping called birthingmothers. Our doctor's name was F.J. Blackmer, he was our doctor before I was through high school. He made housecalls, everyone did back in those days. For home remedies we used epon salts and mustard plasters and we drank sassafrass tea. In the spring we used bear cabbage and dandelions. If anyboy was sick Doctor Blackmer came out to see them. We usually did not have any money to pay the doctor with so we would give him a chicken or two or usually some fresh milk to pay off our bill.

"The place we lived and the neighboring place were pretty well isolated. And with the little transportation we had, and with no money to spend, we just stayed in the Cow Creek area west of town. By the time I grew up my dad was playing the organ. Everyone congregated at our house, the folks played cards while us kids did as we pleased. Dad always played us a tune, that is how we learned to square dance and do all the things we did because we did them at home. We had the only telephone out here for years so of course everybody used our number for the messages they were to receive. So we had to deliver them. That would keep us busy too. It was always fun to take a message to someone because we got to go somewhere. It was on horseback or we walked. For that reason everybody was always at our house. Maybe breakfast was the only meal we ate without extra



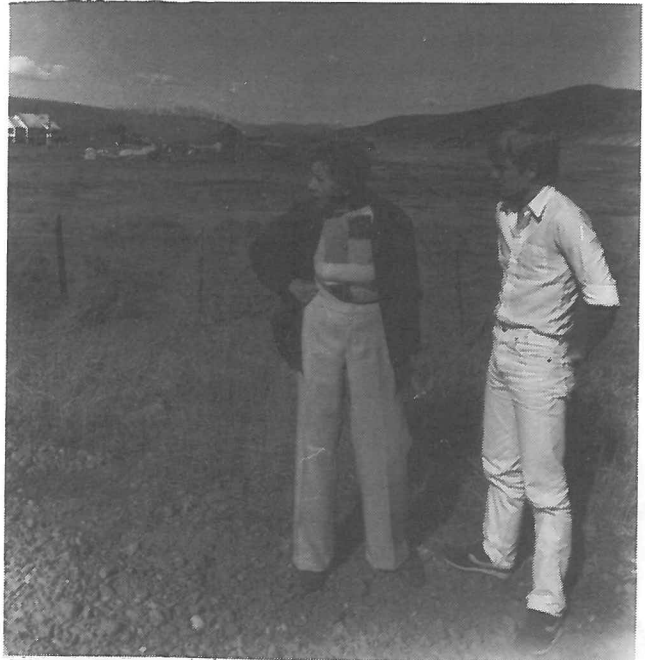
### **HAZEL POINTING OUT WHERE HER FAMILY'S HOUSE ONCE STOOD.**

people. Always at noon, if the telephone people were working or if the mailman was out, somebody was always there at noon to eat. Especially the winter when everything was done people congregated at our house for something to do.

"Our farm was probably 50 acres under real cultivation, out of the 160 acres homestead. When I say that I mean wheat, barley, or oats — what ever they were growing at that time. We also had a great big acreage of potatoes, because that was the income of the summer. We had two big gardens, one down by the house, and the other one on the hill because it was more protected. I mean we would raise cabbage, squash, cauliflower and strawberries up there where you couldn't around the house, partly because of the difference in the coolness of the air. My grandfather and mother had a hothouse where they started the plants in early spring. Cabbage and cauliflower were the first starters. After these plants were set out it was our job to water them every night. We also made our own sauerkraut, we had a root cellar and all our vegetables were preserved for winter. We also had milk cows and of course horses. We used horses for plowing and transportation. My father also had cattle. I would say we had about 25 head. We were not in the business of raising cattle."

Hazel then told me how they kept food stored to last through the winter without electricity to run refrigerators. "The butchering of most of the meat was a neighbor deal, everybody came and helped each other. We cured our own bacon and ham in our own smoke house. We bought some kind of liquid smoke. When butchering pigs we would sometimes do two or three a day. One of those we might have sold to a store in town which we then got merchandise for in return. Then we

had these big 50 lb. lard cans, like garbage cans. They would slice and cut the meat, put them in plates and then stack it in these cans and then bury it in the ground, because the coolness of the ground and the moisture of the ground would keep it cool. Then in the winter there was a little trouble sometimes. That was why it was put in by plates so if you only wanted the top batch, it would break loose because it would be frozen. If any meat was needed in the summer what we couldn't use fresh, mom would can. She canned her beef and pork. It was not like fresh, but it was like the cold pack method. It was put in two quart glass jars and hot water bathed, to partially cook it and seal it so it would keep. Eggs were put down in the grain bin in buckets, with layers of grain inbetween, they were oiled so it would keep the seal in them. When we wanted eggs and the chickens were not laying we still had eggs stored in these buckets being in the bins like that they did not freeze. We had an incubator so we raised our own chicks. We would also incubate duck eggs. We had just one little pond so we did not have room for lots of ducks but we had a few. We always had our own turkeys. Once in a while we would keep over certain calves each year for reproduction and the rest were sold."



### **HAZEL AND I STANDING IN FRONT OF THE NEIGHBORING HOMESTEAD.**

We then asked when it was harvest time how they went about harvesting the crops. "Our threshing of wheat and oats were done as a joint affair. One farmer helped another and whose ever house they were working at they would make a big meal to feed them all. Sometimes it took several days to complete the job. They had a joint threshing machine, because they were very expensive. For potatoes we had a digger, it was a machine that was pulled by a horse. There was a sorter at that time so that the smaller potatoes

were put in one sack and the larger potatoes were put in another. The big potatoes went to market and the small ones we ate or put them into our root cellar to be used in the winter. Also the small ones were used for seed for the next year. At potato time many times we had school kids come over after school and on weekends. It was always a week or two operation to get those potatoes out. Of course by fall when we were digging potatoes we were in school so it was just work in the evening or on weekends. The parents and all would work all day. At night we sacked potatoes, all those sacks of potatoes we took to the cellar, you could not leave anything out on account of it freezing. Our big cellar was built into the hill so it was all dirt, there were bins where we put the potatoes. I think that with the potatoes in our locality we raised the bulk of potatoes, other people had a few but no comparison to our potato crop, it was the big crop for us."

I asked Hazel how she got to town on a very bumpy dirt road where we had to use a four-wheel drive to go on, especially with a horse and buggy. "It was ten miles to town. It took a long time so we only went when we needed to. The land was nothing but sage brush and hills so we had to plow the land we were going to use. At one time all the land was government and BLM land and was leased out to the ranchers to run their cattle on. I remember people talking about a few runaway teams and some wagon break-downs. The only accident that I remember dad having is when his horse fell through the log bridge and broke its leg, and having to kill it. We always had a treat when the folks would go to town. My dad had a sweet tooth too, but he always brought us home a banana and some hard candy. We made our own divinity and our own fudge when we could afford it, well, when mom would let us waste the sugar. Staple articles was what we bought at the store, clothes, shoes, that sort of things that we had to have. Most of our other clothes was hand me downs. If someone outgrew something in our family and it would not fit anyone else it went to another family and they did the same. I always remember getting new shoes. In the spring we would get a brand new pair and we had a new pair to start school in the fall. You had better make them last."

She then told me of how her family learned to ski when they started walking. "The skis we used looked like barrel stays. I would not be surprised if that is what they were really made of. We did not have bindings we only had a toe strap. I don't think we had any poles, we used brooms. We rode them down the hill and they slowed us down. Eventually we had poles. All of us skied, if we were not big enough we would ride in a sled pulled by dad. We all skied ever since we were little, not for competition but just for our

own amusement and everyone else's amazement."

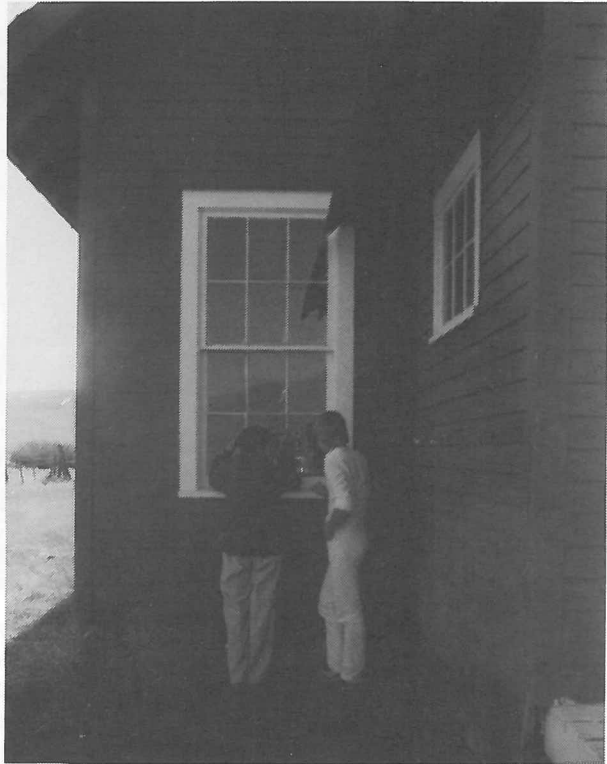
I then asked Hazel what it was like after electricity came to their home. "We did not have electricity until I was away from home, I remember when we got gasoline. We had one of those generators but we had gasoline lanterns and lamps. First we had coal oil, then went to gasoline, and eventually to electricity. It was great getting away from the kerosene lamps and washing chimneys. Gasoline was one of the best conveniences brought to homes. I think the best thing that ever happened was when we built the big house. It was about the time I went off to high school, my parents built a big eight room house. A little later our house was destroyed by a fire. The fire started about 5 p.m. Apparently someone had stopped in and started a fire to cook something to eat. In those days no one locked their doors. My family lost everything in that fire, and my parents never rebuilt the house. My father sold the place and decided to visit Sacramento, California. While they were there my father was hit and killed by a car. My mother came back to live in Steamboat Springs. She lived here for many years and later moved to live with my sister Opal, where she later died. After the place was sold the people that bought it merged it with a couple of other ranchers. They tore down all the other buildings. When my father died I was already married, it was a loss like anyone else would have. My father had a great love of people and he taught all of us that. His compassion, understanding and friendship projected into the rest of us to where we were more open."

I then asked Hazel what it was like to go to school back then. "We had a little country school located on Cow Creek. It was a one room building



**THE SCHOOL HOUSE WAS THE SOCIAL CENTER FOR THE COMMUNITY.**

with one teacher teaching. There was the usual classes, reading, writing, arithmetic, history and geography. At that time we did not have football or basketball, we had baseball. We always played baseball. We played hide and seek at school and at home. I remember all of my teachers. My first grade teacher was Miss Jergeson, she lasted 1½ days. She was a city girl from Steamboat, and it was just too lonely for her. I think she was afraid of the old school house. At one end of the building it was cut off into a small room called a teacherage where the teacher could live. I think the whole big place



**A LOOK INTO THE PAST.**

just got to her, so she went home. That left us without a teacher so we had to go to Hilton Gulch school for the winter. The teacher living there was staying with another family so we used the teacherage to live in during the week and dad would come and take us home on Friday and bring us back on Monday. My second grade teacher was Mary Faulkner. My third grade teacher was Alice Patton. My fourth grade teacher was Dorothy Kobey, she was from Denver. She exposed us to drama and was the one that started what we call the literary society. All the kids from the different schools around like Sidney, Hilton Gulch, Cow Creek would learn their poetry and little plays all during the week. Then we would go to one school house on Friday night and perform for our parents. There would always be a dance afterwards which my father would play for. Then my fifth and sixth grade teacher was Clara Nay Gear. My seventh grade teacher was Bernice Barber. My eighth grade teacher was Anna Parelle who later became the

superintendent of schools for many years. She was also an accomplished pianist. She exposed us to playing, she lived in the teacherage. She was a widow woman with a little child about three or four. My parents gave her fresh milk every day for teaching me how to play the piano, everything was done in kind of a trade deal rather than actual cash. I liked every teacher I had. I don't think I have had a teacher I haven't liked. Through the years you lose track of everybody but we did not for a long time, because many of them were girls that raised their families and lived here too. We walked or in the winter skied. We took our lunch because all the other kids took their lunch, we were close enough that once in a while we would go home for lunch, but most of the time we packed our lunch. Then we always had a recess about 10 a.m. for fifteen minutes and then an hour for lunch. Everybody ate fast as they could play 'til the bell rang, then we went in for the rest of the day. I think about 4 o'clock was when we would get to go home. If the weather was bad, my father would hitch up the team and come and pick us up and take us home along with other kids even though they lived out farther than we did. We were the closest ones to the school because my parents donated the ground, the original ground and where the old school house was and where they built the modern school house years later. The Cow Creek school house is still standing and is maintained by the community as a meeting center.

"In high school we came to Steamboat. We only went through the eighth grade in the country school. When we graduated from the



eighth grade we took an examination. Then we had to come to town for high school, and I graduated from the now School Administration Building. We always thought that high school graduation was great because that was the end of the four years we were looking forward to. We had the largest class at that time that had ever graduated, which was 27. So they had quite a fuss about it. We had caps and gowns that were rented and a procession like all graduations. Then I imagine there were quite a few parties afterward, the year was 1930."

I asked Hazel some of the pranks they would play on each other. "They were just like ones done today. They don't change much, they are all probably a great deal of fun. I know at Halloween it was a terrible time because everybody had outside toilets, and somebody would wait until somebody was in it and dump them over or carry them off. They put the sled on top of the school house. What one kid did not think of another did. I think we would have gotten in real serious trouble if we done something real bad. Back then we had much discipline. In fact we were told when we started school each year if you ever did anything to get a spanking, remember you are going to get another one when you get home. So we did not get one at school because we would have gotten one at home too. We did not have a reason to get into real trouble. If the teacher said no, that is what they meant. I can remember somebody getting tapped with a ruler. We did not have the problem of skipping classes in school. If we would have we would have been in deep trouble. After school that summer I took my creamery exams I had been studying for all that winter. So that winter I had studied to be a milk and cream tester. In those days the creameries bought from the farmers cream. And I worked part time on weekends and after school. I became interested in doing that so I took the state examination and became a cream tester. My brother Edgar was living in Colorado Springs so I went to live with him for a couple of months, while I went to the creamery school. Then I moved to Denver and worked for Breden Creamery and then Garden Farm Dairy, which I worked for about five years. I got a job and lived with some girls in Denver until I got married and moved back to Steamboat.

"I was married January 5, 1935 at Littleton, Colorado, to Al Nelson. The wedding was small, we were married by the justice of the peace, we had no big wedding. Because in the first place I did not want my work to know that I was married, because they had a rule that you could not get married and still work, married women did not work in those days. That is why we were married in Littleton instead of Denver, so it would escape the papers. My brother Mike came because he was stationed at Fort Logan. Al and I decided at the spur of the moment to get married



**"OUR PICTURE A COUPLE DAYS AFTER WE ELOPED."**

that weekend. My parents did not object to any of us getting married, that was the thing to do as well as the fact that my mother said "She gained a son or daughter" and always said if there was any problems in the marriage it would be our fault not the in-laws. I met Al Nelson through one of our mutual friends, Marie Cassidy. Her mother worked for him. Al owned three laundry businesses in Colorado Springs, then he bought the one in Steamboat Springs in 1931. Marie came over to my house one day and we didn't have nothing to do so she called him up. He came to see us (I thought to see her). It ended up from then on that I was the one. So we went steady for five years, then got married. He also owned a laundry shop in Florence. Later he disposed of the one in Florence and Colorado Springs. He had been a laundry man in Colorado Springs since 1915.

"We had been in the laundry business for all those years. Then the war started and everything had to be done..like pressing the shirts, to driving the trucks, to delivery. We serviced the whole valley to Craig, Oak Creek and Yampa. We had trucks that went out with men drivers. Well, if all the men were called to service then we did the next best thing, I drove them. Al had to be in the plant because of the

washing and supervision of the shop and all. We employed about twenty-five people for ironing and then the finished work. We owned that until after world War II, then we sold it and bought what is now the Nordic Lodge. We operated it twenty-three years and in 1968 we sold it and retired. As to a commercial laundry it is not around any more, it went out about the time we sold the motel. We had to send our laundry to Craig, then they even closed at Craig. Because with the wash and wear and everything there was not as large of a demand as there used to be. We used to service the CCC camps where there would be three or four hundred boys at each camp during the summer. And we would do their shirts and pillow cases and all of it was ironed, and now a days it is all wash and wear so now you don't know if you are getting clean or dirty clothes. The building up to the last five years was the Horn Cleaners, their apartment was upstairs where we lived. There was a big apartment in the top of the building. They ran the business downstairs. I think there is a bakery and antique shop there now. I don't know where there is a commercial laundry today."

I then asked Hazel what were some of the kinds of automobiles that first appeared in Steamboat. "By now all had cars, but years ago transportation was, in winter, a sled, horses or skis. In the summer we had buggies or model T's. Only those that could afford the model T's could get them. We did not for a long time. When we did get one it was used. Of course, someone had to crank it and if you got too much spark it would take off your arm. I remember when I first decided to drive I got in and was supposed to go forward. It had three pedals on the floor, but the gas feed was on the steering wheel. There was a pile of lumber behind the car. My father said to come this way and I put my foot on the reverse and back I pushed. I had my hand on the gas and I guess I just froze and drove right over the lumber and blew a tire. That curtailed my driving for quite some time. My grandfather Laramore had a Studebaker. One day when he was parking it in the shed, well he was so used to driving a team of horses, he said "whoa" instead of hitting the brakes and the car did not stop and went right through the shed wall. He never drove another automobile again. My brother got a model A and if I begged enough he let me drive it.

"The mail carrier had to leave Steamboat in the morning to get to all the territory to deliver the mail. He always managed to be at our house at noon or as near as possible. Then if he was driving around the holidays he would have to drive the buggy, because of all the packages and holiday items. Everything was catalog service pretty much. If the weather was bad, especially in the spring when the ground would become mud, the cars would not go through the snow or

mud, so he would have to go on horseback. He always stopped and let the horses rest, because it was an all day job six days a week."

Hazel told me about the good times about her growing up. "We had regular ho downs, just like Minnie Pearl and all of them down in Tennessee. Everybody took cake or sandwiches and they always had a great big copper boiler that they put on the stove and filled it with coffee. At midnight the ladies served the sandwiches, coffee and cake. In between time we danced every dance. There were the regular waltzes, foxtrots, lots of circle and quadrilles. Everybody liked quadrilles. So each dance was always something to look forward to. We didn't have them only on special occasions, I would say once a month."

Hazel knew about hard times too and told me about the Great Depression. "The depression was during the time when I wasn't here. It started about the time I graduated out of high school. I don't really think that it really affected here as much as other places because we didn't have the payroll. It did affect the mines, but Steamboat has never had a payroll so we did not depend on that. I would say it was just like it always was. We scrounged for everything we got and counted our blessings. My first job and many others I worked for \$12 a week. For my streetcar ride, I would buy so many slugs for a dollar. I always got a few extra for buying a dollar's worth, I bought a meal ticket which was five for 50 cents. A person could have a nice dinner for 35 cents, roast beef or roast chicken, so the food cost was cheap back then. I still paid \$3 for my room. That was \$9 gone. By the time I paid off my drugstore bill and everything else, I had 50 cents left to spend all week. Some stores would let you pay 50 cents a month, then you could take the item home. I sort of grew up in poverty, so I didn't really notice the depression. At home we didn't have the family income, money wise. My grandfather had a small pension from the Civil War, what it was I don't know. Finances were not discussed with us kids, we just did not have things so we did not ask for them. His pension always helped put the food on the table, most of the food that was bought was the spices, flour, sugar and coffee. Because everything else was raised, we had milk cows so we had butter, cheese, cream and sour milk. The bulk of the big buying was done with that sort of thing. When I say bulk I mean hundreds of pounds of flour and sugar.

"I think probably the biggest change in Steamboat has been since the ski industry had become more popular. Now years back we had the big celebration like the Ski Carnival, we always had a big rodeo at the Fourth of July. We had tourists for the summer businesses. Winters were pretty well isolated up here. So really, I think the real change has come in the last twenty



years. Then everybody decided they could get in the act and many businesses went broke because they did not have the inventory to carry them through. They did not realize that this was a seasonal business here. Steamboat has always depended on the farming industry, livestock and mining. Even to this day. If we did not have those I think it would be slim pickings. I don't object to change, because we all go through it. I resent the clapboard way they put up things, which I think could be better planned. I think the boom as such is over unless some major industry comes in or we discover oil in our back yards. Skiing will always be here, it will probably grow some. I worry about the fact that we don't have a payroll, and the farmers are being pushed into smaller areas and someday we aren't going to have any small farms.

"I really do have sympathy for the farmers today. I know what they are up against. I think the real problem is the middleman, they seem to get their share before the farmer. I am afraid it is all coming to an end, I know how hard they work...It is not an eight hour job. It is a twenty four hour watch over the animals and land."

Hazel concluded her story about summing up her life. "I enjoyed all of my years one way or another. Many things I desired and wanted and thought I ought to have, but when I could not, I did the best I could. After I was married it was a different ball game, 10 years in the laundry then World War II. During my lifetime in Steamboat I've been a member of many of the local clubs like the American Legion Auxiliary since 1936. I have worked on all the programs, especially paper sales, gift shops and Christmas. I have been girl's state counselor at Colorado's Women College for nine years. I have been a volunteer at the Extended Care Center, I have been a blood donor for years, I work on the election board every time a vote poll is taken. I have been the



### **"AL'S AND MY 25TH ANNIVERSARY."**

state president of the American Legion Auxiliary 1962-1963. My life has not been all work, Al and I had many fishing, hunting and camping experiences during our life together. Al's death concluded 39 years of wedded happiness."

During one of the interviews, Hazel and I went with Mr. McKelvie out to where Hazel's parents' homestead was. We spent awhile driving on some of the old roads her family used to take to town. She could tell us just about where every homestead was at, when she was a kid. We visited the Cow Creek school house and she told us some stories about going to school. Now that I am done with her story I have more respect for her. I'm glad she shared her life story with me. After seeing how much the country has changed where she grew up, I wonder what the Steamboat area is going to look like 60 years from now.

## **Corrections for the 20th issue**

### **Albert Hitchens Story**

Albert and Winnie were married December 3, 1916 at Pool, Colorado. Albert Hitchens was one of those individuals that Three Wire Winter has interviewed that made you smile through the entire interview. His energy made you feel young, and ready to go out and settle some unknown frontier. After the interview we had a better understanding of the type of individuals who helped to settle the west. Albert passed away after a short illness on November 27, 1985. He was walking a mile a day two weeks before he passed away.

### **Art Maijala Story**

Art Maijala formed the Colorado Spruce Co. in 1952 with two brothers, Ernie and Reino. In the 1970's Art's sons Bill and John joined the firm. It is a four-man family company. Bill and John came into the company when Ernie retired in the 1970's by buying Ernie's share of the company, and so it's truly a family-ran operation. Art has one other son, Allen, who works for General Electric Credit Corporation in Seattle, Washington.

With a mild winter so far this year, look for the Colorado Spruce Company to open up for business in early spring. One of the Maijala's will be there to help you get whatever wood products you need.