

Folder
(Transcribed from Tapes given by Frank Miller) 1003
31

the most wonderful thing when they got away from scrubbing on a wash board. You just put the water in this tub and all you did was stand there and run this dolly back and forth like this. I have thought a time or two I ought to build a model of it because it was his invention, although he didn't get anything out of it. We in this part of the country were very fortunate....(end of second tape). . .(third tape)..The first coal mine was sunk here probably in about 1880. It was called the Cannon Mine and as I told you--I don't think that I explained to you that they lost the Cannon Mine because they had no way to puddle the quick sand(which was about 30 feet deep) away and eventually they lost the Cannon Mine quick sand caving in. They bought 3-inch planks, 20 feet long and they had to be fitted and as they went down with the shaft, as they dug their shaft (now this is all hand work--there was no machinery, remember-- all the work that has been done prior to this time has been done by hand) they would dig these shafts 20 feet wide with two compartments in them for cages that were 8X8. The shaft was originally 8X20. Then they would crib them off and that is the way they raised the coal out of the mine up through these shafts.. Some of these shafts were deep. The shaft down at the end of Simpson Street was 175 feet deep to the coal and then there was 14 feet of coal that they've taken out from under the most part of town. At one time there was a mine over here--the Mitchel Mine--and the Simpson Mine and they were connected and I've been told that you could get on a motor at that time and ride all day and never ride in the same entry. That's how many entries there were in this town. The streets had a 90-foot pillar of coal left in them so the streets didn't settle as much as the rest of the town

Now the first school house in Lafayette--Bill Moon and Albert Moon, I think some of you will know who Bill and Albert are, went to school over where the Shady Corners are. That school house was the first regular school they had in Lafayette. I've told about the pioneer schools where they just went from house to house. They walked from here over there to school for a while. Then the first school house was built at 411 E. Cleveland. That's my grandmother's old place--that house on the east block of Cleveland, but the house across the street at 408--the house I lived in for about 30 years was the original school house in Lafayette.

Bill Moon
Albert Moon

The front room and the dining room of the house were the original school in Lafayette. And I think the only persons that have gone to that school that are still alive are Mrs. Ann O'Day, and Bill Moon and Albert Moon, probably. I'm not sure whether Albert went there or not. Then they built the school up here out of the brick and that was built in 1896 and then it was condemned and then again in 1903 they built another school house and that was the school that I went to--that is, they built the one that burned--and that's the school that I went to clear through the twelfth grade. Now we had no auditoriums--the school was built without an auditorium. When we had our basketball games we played them in Union Hall, when we had our class plays we had them over in the La-Fa Theater, when we had our graduations, we had them in the La-Fa Theater. That's where I graduated in 1913. We didn't think it was necessary to have high school auditoriums like we have today so we had a lot to put up with.

Now I told you something about some of the things that we had to put up with. Now the transportation out of Lafayette was wonderful. We had two trains--we had the Burlington train which went through on the east end of town; we had the Bobtail, as we called it, that met the interurban at Louisville. Louisville had an interurban train that came through from Boulder every odd hour. The interurban went in and out of Boulder every hour but one of them went around through Superior and the other one came through Louisville. We had connections out of here at 6:40 in the morning to meet the 7:00 interurban. We had another one at 12:40 to meet the 1:00 interurban; we had another at 5:40 to meet the 7:00 interurban. So we had three trains a day on the C & S and we had two trains a day on the Burlington.

When we were in high school one of the boys passed away very suddenly and his father was the boss down at the Standard Mine. He chartered a train and took the entire high school to the funeral out at Fairmount Cemetery. When we got into Denver we got onto what we called a funeral car--a street car and the entire high school went out to the Fairmount Cemetery to Walter Shultz' funeral. In a way it was one of the high lights in our lives. We were very sorry that it had happened

but no one ever treated a whole high school--there were probably 35 of us. Then when we came back to Denver to took us to a restaurant, gave us our dinner, and then we came home in the evening.

Now to get to Idaho Springs--we had one basketball game in Idaho Springs when I was in high school. It took quite a lot of manipulating to get to Idaho Springs. We got on the train here at 6:40 in the morning. We got into Denver in time to catch the old Clear Creek train that went to Idaho Springs. We got into Idaho Springs just in time to play basketball and not eat our supper. Then we went to the homes of the boys that played basketball. I was a guard and I went with a guard from Idaho Springs. That was the way we played our basketball game in Idaho Springs. The next morning we got out of Idaho Springs on the train, didn't get into Denver in time to catch a train out so we had to stay in Denver over night in a hotel and then come home the next morning. Now that it how long it took us to go to Idaho Springs to play a basketball game. We did the same thing going to Colorado Springs to track meet--it took us two days. We went down, had the track meet on Saturday--I believe we were there two nights--we went down one day, had the track meet the next day, came home the next day. And that is how long it took us to go to Colorado Springs to have a track meet. So you see we spent an awful lot of time.

Now, I made a few notes--I'll try to skip over some of them, but I do think I should tell you that my grandmother (and I don't think there was a more wonderful person ever lived in this part of the country) she owned the town and at one time, I'm told, she was probably worth maybe a quarter of a million dollars. Then they went into the bank business, made a few bad investments, etc., the bank was broke. When they all got through dying they left me in debt \$20,000, but I've enjoyed every bit--I got out of that debt--and now I'm really enjoying things. I just figured up last night and do you realize that I have lived 27,000 days in my life. That's quite a few days. And I think every day that I have lived has been an experience. And I want each and every one of you here in this room to

realize that you have a whole life ahead of you. Make up your minds today, if possible, what you want to be, because if you hitch your wagon to a star, you can reach that star. If you don't make up your mind what you want to do, you're going to be groping in the dark for a long time. And by all means, I want to tell you one of my experiences, I don't want to convert any of you, but I want you to know how it made me feel. I was like you boys and girls are, I didn't realize what religion was, I didn't realize what could happen if I went to the Lord and asked Him for things, but I was broke, I had no job, I had lost the farm, I had nothing. As the examination for the rural carrier's job came up and the morning I left I got down on my knees and I told the Lord--I told God--that if He would see to it that I got that job I would try to take care of the youth of the community as long as I was able. I was scout master for 18 years. I had the most wonderful job and I really lay it to me asking God to help me with my job. So don't be afraid to get down on your knees once in a while and thank Him for the things you've got and ask Him for the things that you want, but you've got to work to get it.

Now, my grandmother, as I told you, was a most wonderful person--a very religious person. She was like the girls of those days--she didn't have an education so she bought herself a set of encyclopedias. I later gave them to the high school library. I haven't looked to see if they are there yet or not because they would be such an old edition that I don't know whether they would do any good or not, but I gave them to the high school library when we were moving around and didn't have room to put them. She studied that Encyclopedia Britannica from beginning to end and she could talk on almost any subject that you wanted to talk on. She had money and she built, where the library is, the Congregational Church and paid the minister's salary for three or four years in order to get that church established.

The old timers that came into this country--into Lafayette--a lot of them came in by covered wagon. I can name several of the families, some of them are still here. They settled down on Emma Street, down in the bottoms, there was a good place to camp down there. They would come in a covered wagon with their

families. My grandmother had a horse and surrey, as we called it. She was kind of a queen--we called her Queen Elizabeth because she dress very regally. She always had a beautiful purple shawl and really we just felt like she was somebody--and she was somebody. When a new family would move in and camp down on Emma Street or down in that bottom (there wasn't any streets down there to speak of) she would go down and see to it that they had money enough or had credit at the store. She owned the company store at the time. She would go down and see to it that they had credit and if they didn't have money enough to feed themselves for the first--you see, a miner going to work worked two weeks and he didn't get paid the first two weeks. He had to work a month to get the first two weeks' pay. They always held the first two weeks' pay of the month back and then on the last of the month you got paid for the first two weeks so they always had two weeks of your pay held back.

Now getting to pay--there are so many things that I remember that I try to put over to all of you--but they used to pay everything in gold and silver. When the miners would get their voucher to pay on payday which was on the 16th and the 1st of the month--every two weeks--they would back what they called the pay car into the mine office down at the Simpson Mine. The pay car was something like a bank teller's cage. The men would take their voucher, go up to the window, and they would take off whatever they had charged at the store. You had to in most cases--not all cases--but in most cases, you had to buy all your groceries, all your clothes, all your shoes, because you didn't need a lot of things like we need today, but you bought everything that you could at the company store. It was charged on to you and then it was charged on your pay check. So you received whatever money was left out of your pay check and you received it in gold and silver. We had no paper money in this part of the country at all--Twenty dollar gold pieces, ten dollar gold pieces, five dollar gold pieces; when they came out with the \$2.50 gold piece, which was about the size of a dime, we didn't like it because they were awful easy to lose. I can remember going back to Minneapolis in 1908 to help my grandmother come from

Company Store

Minneapolis home, she was afraid to come on the train by herself. I went back and I went into one of the supply offices on the campus of Minnesota University and I bought a pennant and gave them a five dollar gold piece and they gave me back paper money and I said, "Haven't you got any silver money?" I felt like I didn't have any money in my pocket because I had paper money. Now that was the way we felt about gold and silver.

When I was in the 8th, 9th, and 10th grades I used to help on Saturday at a meat market that we owned across the street from where Gambles store is and it wasn't anything unusual on pay day for me to take a 5-pound lard pail, you don't know what they are now, because that was the way they put it up--they put it up in 5-, 10-, and 25-pounds of lard. That was the only type of shortening we had. It wasn't anything unusual for me to go across the street to the bank three and four times during pay day with a 5-pound pail of gold or silver. That was the way they paid everything. It was heavy, but we still thought it was wonderful.

I told you something about--Tom asked something about livery stables. We had two livery stables in town. One was where the Norm Apartments is and a man by the name of Webber built that livery stable and then up above he put in a roller skating rink. Now it was wonderful when it first started, but any of you who have ever been around a liver stable know how terrible it gets to smelling after about so long so when we would go roller skating--and that's where we played basketball--we would almost have to fumigate the place in order to be able to stand the smell up there, but we had some wonderful times skaing up there. And then we used to have some of the most peculiar contest that you ever heard of. These peculiar contests consisted of men having teams pull together. And I'll never forget one day out in front of the roller skating rink a man by the name of Hicks had a beautiful black team and they'd just settle down and pull to beat the band. Another fellow, I can't remember his name, but he had a big white mule and a sorrel horse--the mule was a good deal bigger than the horse. They bet which one could pull the other one backwards--they

the way of the

were just tail to tail in regular harness and they had this pulling match of the livery stable and roller skating rink and I want to tell you that street was lined up to see which would out-pull the other. There was money bet everything just like people do today, but they had to have an excuse so they bet on everything. They got these teams down, both of them got to just steadying down, Mr. Hicks' team wasn't used to having a whip and the other man took a big black snake and he gave the mule a big hit and the mule kind of jumped, the team kind of let up, and he pulled the team over backwards. And I want to tell you, everybody yelled, because they were more for the mule and the sorrel horse than they were for the team. Now those are the kind of things that we had happen as young people.

Then we had a flu epidemic here in 1918. Now an epidemic of that type with no hospitals and everybody--it seemed to me that everybody was sick. I was Noble Grand of the Oddfellows at the time and I run--what we did from our farm, we furnished the milk for this hospital. The hospital was set up where the library is and it wasn't anything unusual to take ^{as many as} three dead people out of the hospital a day and put in five or six more people. They didn't know how to fight this epidemic. It was something--it just hit this community terrific. Our best friends, we would take them in, they would just be so sick. I don't know what kept me from having it--I never had it. I think I took 25, maybe 50 people into that hospital myself, helped the nurses put them in bed, furnished the milk for them, and then maybe the next morning--it was very sudden. Sometimes they would live two days, sometimes three, sometimes they would come out. It was the worst epidemic that you can imagine--you really can't today because we have the facilities to take care of them.

When the big strike was on that I told you about, they finally shipped in the regular army and they were camped right over here east of the school house. And I'll tell you the thing that bothered most of us young fellows at the time was, those soldiers stole our girls. We'd take them to a dance and the soldiers would take them home and then we'd scratch our head--we'd have our hearts broken about every

so often. And that was the thing--and we had what you call a curfew, at 8 or 9:00 everybody had to be in. If you were out on the streets, you were accosted to find out where you were going, why you were going, and what you were doing out at that time of the night, even if you were with your parents, they were stopped, also, because no one was allowed out on the street after 8 or 9:00--well, we had a curfew, and I think it was 8:00 for those under 15 and then 9:00 or 10:00 for the older people. If you weren't with your parents, if you were out after 8:00 or 8:30, you were taken home and given to your parents and told to be kept home, because there was so much going on here, really, something like the race wars we're hearing of today. That was the way it was, only we were controlled.

*1919
1920*

I think the worst disaster that ever hit this country was the Monarch Mine explosion. The Monarch Mine is over south of Louisville and it was the only mine explosion we ever had and I think there's three bodies out there--I can't remember--the Jarmello boys' father is buried out there in the mine. They have a monument out there on the hill, approximate location of where this happened. It was one of the worst disasters we ever had. People went out there and stood at the mine for hours and hours on time to see who was coming up and who wasn't. That's one of the worst.

Now our city water--I've tried to fill you in on a lot of things that have happened. Our city water supply along in about 1906 or 07 they decided they would bring the water system from up by Eldorado Springs and that was when we got the best water in this part of the country. They put in a pipe line that didn't serve too well and then along in the twenties they rebonded the town and put in another pipe line.

*water
1920s*

Now the first jail was down on Everett West's back corner. That was the first jail that I ever saw and I'll tell you how I happened to see it. I was living right in the side of Dr. Gordon's yard, there was a house there, that's where we were living, and I was sitting out (I was probably about 4 years old) and I was sitting out pouring sand in the stock box and the marshall came along and he really

gave me a shaking up and he took me down and showed me inside that jail and that was the time I made up my mind I wasn't ever going to do anything to get in jail, That was the most horrible looking place I ever saw, It was as clean as this room and probably as light, but at the same time it really scared me so I've never been in jail since.

We've had two big mill fires, We had a fire down where the mill is now, There used to be a mill south of town, Those were terrific fires. Where the Norm Apartment is was this livery stable, After they stopped keeping horses in there then they started to park automobiles, Now automobiles in the day that they were parking them there were not what they are today, A Model T Ford, for instance, the carburetor might be leaking and you wouldn't turn the gas off, you didn't know how to fix it so...One man had a Model T Ford and the carburetor got to leaking so he just set a powder can under the carburetor, One morning he went down there to start it and when he cranked it up it back fired and set the gasoline in the powder can on fire and we had one of the worst fires in Lafayette that I ever saw. It happened there were two or three inches of snow on the ground or I think the entire east end of town would have burned because of the wind that we had and the sparks and everything, There was a family living upstairs and I happened to be living over on Cleveland Street. I looked up and saw the flames before the fire alarm was turned in. I ran over and helped them get out of the house and they came out of the house just in their night clothes--it was early enough in the morning so that--the man was up but the mother and four children, I believe, were in the house in their night clothes and that was everything we saved, I think there were 20 automobiles burned up in that fire. It was carelessness on the man's part to put a powder can under the carburetor and then crank it and, of course, none of you know very much about Model T's. Model T's were a God-send to us because--my first one I had in 1913 and I could drive to Denver, if I had good luck, I could drive from here to the Queen??? Home on Federal in an hour, but if I didn't have good luck-I might have as many as 6 flat tires between here and there and we didn't have spare tires. We would take the tire off, put in a tube, sometimes put in a boot and then pump the tire up by

Franklin

hand. It wasn't anything unusual to have five or six flat tires between here and-- especially if your tires had three or four thousand miles on them. They would be pretty good for about two thousand miles then they'd get like a rag and the tires cost as much in those days as they do today. I have burned gasoline for 6¢ a gallon and I have paid as much as 55¢ a gallon for gasoline.

In 1919 we had one of the worst floods in this part of the country that we had ever seen. It didn't bother us here in Lafayette, but Coal Creek (that's the creek down here that you cross south of town) was together out in that field just east of the highway with the creek that comes down past Stearn's dairy--that's called Rock Creek. Both of those creeks converged down there. It washed out seven or eight houses down at the Standard Mine camp. The Mostrian boys were living in a house and it seems to like the house they were living in was washed away. There were three or four houses there on the bottom that were washed away. It lasted about three days or three days and a half. We didn't get our cows across the creek from over on that side. There was no way of getting to Denver only on this highway. You couldn't come from Boulder east because the water was at least three feet deep from where the veterinary hospital is clear up to where Crossroads is. It was all under water for about four days. My son happened to be born during that storm and the doctor that had to come from Boulder to deliver him--we couldn't go to the hospital. In fact, you didn't go to the hospital for those kind of things in those days. But the doctor had to go through Niwot, come across Boulder Creek up here to get to Lafayette because there was no roads open. You could get to Longmont. You couldn't get to Boulder without going out this way and then going west into Boulder. Now I've seen two floods like that in my time and I hope I never see another but we had more water than you can imagine.

At one time, in order to show you how much activity was in Lafayette, we had two engine hostels in Lafayette--two coal trains really. They had one over on the C & S and they had one down here about where the mill is where they kept a crew-- that is they kept a man on all night to keep these engines, as we called it, hosted

so that the next morning the crew could go out and pick up the coal. It wasn't anything unusual two or three trains of 50 or 60 cars of coal go out of Lafayette every day. This lasted for several years. That's what built the economy here in this valley. Lafayette was one of the better towns in Colorado for the reason that we were more assimilated than most of--what I mean is our population were hard workers, they wanted things for themselves, but--very few people had bath tubs. We had no toilets in the houses, our toilets were all on the back of the lot, and when it was about 10 degrees below zero it was sure lots of fun to go out there in your bare feet in the middle of the night but then we had it to do--that was one of the things that had to happen. But Lafayette always considered themselves just a little bit higher class than Erie or Louisville. Of course, Louisville thought they were a little higher class than we were but we didn't believe them.

Now in high school, my wife told me last night to be sure and tell you how we got out pep clubs to going, how we did things, so that we would have something going. You want to remember we didn't have the musical instruments, we didn't have all the things that you have today that are just--well, that are already prepared for you. We had a contest to see who would give the best class song, or who would have the best yell. And I might tell you that one of our songs was, if I can get it right, was:

"Lafayette's the town we hail from,
Roaming 'round this wintry day,
We don't think you can defeat us
For we are here to play.
If you think that you can beat us,
In the sweet, sweet bye and bye,
Let us know just when you want to,
We'll let you try, we'll let you try."

And we always ended it up with "Alapadat, cheek-to-cheek, kazooka-zeke.

boom-bamm-beke, kickapoo, wallapoo, siz-boom-bah, Lafayette High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!

We had another yell or two that went like

"With a veevo, with a vivo,
with a veevo, vivo, vum, vum,
Johnny get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap,
Johnny get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap,
Kettle, kettle, voom, vum, vah,
Lafayette High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!"

That was the way when we went on a hay rack ride we sang songs, we gave yells, and all those types of things. We had one coach or one of the leaders at school, a Mr. Ward who later taught over at the School of Mines and when the other schools would get to yelling and start drowning us out then we would all get in a group and we would just everyone--boys and girls the same--would say

"Rolley, bolley, oley-o,
Lafayette is all a-go"

You keep doing that and you can sure drown them out.

Some of the boys in class about your age used to make money during the summer by herding milk cows. Practically everybody in Lafayette had a milk cow because there was no milk route, there was no way to have milk, so if you notice, I think down back of Alderson's store there is a high barn, there are several high barns left on the alleys here in town. Practically everybody had a cow and if they could afford it they had a horse, but in most cases they had a cow. And then maybe your neighbor had a cow and there would be a cow in this block and they would have milk enough to furnish all the neighbors with milk. I think we gave as much probably 20 quarts for a dollar was about as much as you got for your milk. But the boys in the summertime would herd them out on the hill. This was all free range over east of the creek clear over to Brighton. There was no fences, there was no restrictions on what cattle you ran out there, and the boys would have-- some of them would have a saddle horse that they could ride, but they had certain route of cows that they would pick up and they would take them down to the creek,

turn them loose,, and then in the evening they would bring them back. It was amusing to see these cows, you'd start them up an alley and they knew which gate to turn in. Cows are very intelligent after you get them trained. These boys would get a dollar a month per cow to herd these cows out on the hills. That was the way some of the boys made their money back then. And they we had a pawn over back of where the City Hall is and if you had a cow that strayed and got into somebody's garden and ate up all the cabbages, and so forth, they'd put the cow in the pawn and it would cost you a dollar or a dollar and a quarter to get it out.

I think one of the highlights of my life was watching the first motorcycle race between Denver and Laramie, Wyoming. At one time the motorcycle...(interruption in the tape)...

Another thing I want to tell you about during the 1910 strike, when I was in high school, of course I had a horse and buggy, and I got to go a lot of places. Automobiles were not very common at the time. But what they did here in Lafayette and I guess in most places where they had strikes, down South and so forth, but here especially they had big search lights on all the mine kipples(?). There was one on the Simpson Mine down here at the head of the street, there was one on the Vulcan Mine over here, there was one on the Standard Mine down east of town, there was one on the Hixson Mine over by Louisville, and they must have been mighty powerful, because when I used to walk across the field from here over to the ranch where we lived, they would shine these lights on me and I would walk practically in daylight all the way across; they would escort me there. But when you were out with your girl in the horse and buggy and all of you know, well, you probably don't know much about it yet but I think some of you do, you didn't do much neckin' because what happened was, they put these big search lights on you and you knew they had a big telescope looking at you so were a pretty decent sort of a couple coming along the road, because they would shine those--and it seemed to me like they always had one where they could shine right into your buggy and bring you home. That was the life that we lived for about four or five years here. We were under military protection, we had these search lights at the

various mine camps, and it was just an uncomfortable way to feel. I can feel how these people in the race riots feel--they know that they're being observed. We didn't break any laws (and not many people in this part of the country broke many laws at the time) but they kept us so close that there wasn't anything much that we could do.

Now automobiles, when they first came out, I want to tell you they were something. Dr. Bingham who lived down on the corner in the 400 block of East Cleveland had a Reo and it was a two-lunger affair. We called it a two-lunger because it only had two cylinders and it cranked up on the side. Whenever he got to a hill that he couldn't make, he had to turn around and back up because it had more power in reverse and it did going forward. You can't imagine the things that we had to put up with. There was a garage up where McMahan's sales lot is now--we called it the "Green Front Garage"--and really nobody knew anything about mechanics to speak of--there didn't any of us know anything about automobiles. Just imagine handing you an automobile--a piece of machinery--that you didn't know anything about and then telling you to make it run. Well, we eventually got so--we had to be our own mechanics. On Model T's you go so you take them apart and put them together in our sleep because you had to. A Model T had to have its valves ground about every two or three thousand miles. The carburetor would get plugged up, the distributor was just a roller on the front of the motor, and when it would get too much oil on it--many a time I've been out late at night, dressed up going to a dance or bring my girl home, and something would go wrong with it and when I got through I looked like a grease monkey; because you had to do those things and then if it got to raining the coils would get wet and you'd leave your automobile and maybe have somebody with a horse and buggy pick you up and take you home. We really had a lot of fun in our lives.

At one time we had a rash of what we called "smokers" here and they would match people and we'd have regular boxing matches, something like prize fights. We would have a prize fight down here at the Union Hall and we would fill that hall full of four or five hundred people--just pack it--and then we would have a good fight. I remember one night we had a fight and one of the boys knocked the other fellow out

just that quick and so somebody else called on another fellow and said, "You can whip that fellow," so we had three or four fights that night. Before they got through we pretty nearly had fights in the audience, also.

I think that one of the tragic things that happened here during the 1910 strike was they murdered a man up on the highway. His name was Teddy Witchard--just a peach of a fellow. He was over in one of the saloons and I guess he said too much (I don't know what happened) but they caught him right across where the cleaning place is now, there on the highway, and he was stabbed three times. They caught the men immediately, put them in jail down here, then they called the sheriff from Boulder. The sheriff came down and by the time he got here, the mob was to the place where they were just ready to hang these three men. And when he got here, Mr. Capps was the sheriff, he got up on the steps there at the City Hall and said, "Well, I'm sorry, fellows, if you wanted to hang them, you should have done it before I got here, because now you'll have to do it over my dead body." And those are some of the things that happened--that was the way they took care of the law.

Last week I happened to be over to Erie and there's an old tree as you go out of Erie on the north side of Erie with a big limb hanging over. My father and I were coming along there one day driving cattle or hogs, or something..I can't remember..and he was telling me...and these old-timers used to whisper some of these stories when you were out on the prairies because, I couldn't decide whether he had taken part or whether some of his family had, but there was a man murdered a couple up at Golden, stole what they had, stole their horse. The vigilante committee got wind of it, they caught him at Erie, and they hung him to this tree. That limb is still hanging over down there by Erie where they hung this fellow and they didn't hang him for murdering the two people, they hung him for stealing the horse. Now that was how important horses were at that time.

We had a lot of bank trouble in this town. My family was mixed up in the first one. It took everything that the Miller family had. I'm not regretting any of it--

the only thing I'm regretting is that they got mixed up in such poor investments. One of the poor investments was that they tried to give the United Mine Workers--now I have nothing against United Mine Workers, I don't want any of you to think that I have any animosity against anyone for any of the things that happened--but during the 1910 strike they were paying benefits and the home office of United Mine Workers was in Indianapolis, Indiana, and they always shipped the money here in cash. They were giving a man, I think, \$4.00 a week sustenance, his wife was getting \$3.00 and each child was getting \$2.00. Now that doesn't sound like much money now, but the amount of money that was going through the Lafayette bank amounted to \$90,000. This one pay day that they were supposed to pay this relief money or whatever you want to call it, sustenance money, we called it, the money didn't show, so they wired Indianapolis, you remember we didn't have phones in those days like now, they wired Indianapolis to find out what happened. The United Mine Workers told the bank, "The money is on the road, go ahead and make the payment", so they went ahead and made the payment and the money never showed. That was one of the things that helped break the we'll call it the Miller Bank--it was the Miller Bank at the time. And that was some of the things that happened to my family that wasn't any of their making. I have no animosity, as I say, against anyone because it was among the things that happened. We were trying to do our best to help everybody and, as I say, my grandmother was one of the most wonderful women who ever lived. Nobody was ever hungry that she knew about that she didn't take care of them. No one ever came into the community that she wasn't the first one there to see that they had everything they needed to live on until at least they got their first pay. But this is one of the things that happened to the Miller money and there was plenty of it at one time. I was God's gift to everyone because I always had money in my pocket. It didn't matter whether we were going to Mrs. Kettle's, down where the beauty shop is, she had a little shop there where we always stopped and had chili. She ran a chili parlor there and we really thought it was something. If some of the fellows happened to go in with me and didn't have any money, I always had money. My grandmother always saw to it that

Miller Bank

I had a bicycle. They wouldn't let us have a bicycle until we were thirteen. But I was one of the, let's say, one of the fellows in town that they all liked because very seldom did I go out that I didn't have money. I had the best baseball glove, I had the best bat, I had the best bicycle. The Miller farm was really the track for Lafayette High School. We had basketball bounding boards over there, we had a track, we had a pole vault pit, we had a discus, we had a shot, all furnished by my grandmother because she wanted to see to it that we had the things that other young people had in the surrounding better high schools like Boulder and Longmont--Louisville and Lafayette were along the same line.

Now we didn't think anything of running where we wanted to go. I used to come to school from over a mile south in the morning, go to school, run back over there for lunch (we had an hour and a half for lunch at that time), I'd run back over there for lunch, have lunch at the ranch, run back here, and then in the spring when we were getting ready to do our spring plowing and so forth, I'd run back over to the ranch right after school, get the barn ready so that when they brought the horses into the barn--twelve or fifteen of them--I had to have them bedded down and so forth, then I'd run back over here and play basketball in the evening, or run on track or whatever the activity was, then I'd run back over there and have supper, then I pretty nearly always walked back to town to, well, study, have a good time, play shinny, to play baseball, or whatever it was until dark. Everybody in this part of the country knew how to walk. Today, and even when I was Scout Master back in '27 or '28, I saw to it that my boys took a hike and it wasn't anything unusual for me to have a hike from the city hall to Baseline Lake, camp over-night, and the next morning we would hike from Baseline Lake up to the top of Flagstaff to have our camperee. And I bet you two-to-one that if I asked any of you fellows to go on a hike like that you'd say, "Who's going to take me?" We didn't take anybody. We gave them a full pack and that's the way we broke them in and fellows Tom Soutak's age--Clancy Waneka, Ellsworth O'Donald, Shelley Eppler, I can name hundreds of boys who used to go that way and they are every one of them tip top fellows. I want to

say that out of the three or four hundred boys I handled under me in scouts, I have yet to know of only one that went wrong. So you fellows, and you girls, take to heart scouting and living the right kind of a life is one of the finest things that ever happened. Set your wagon high, set your sights high, decide what you want to do, everyone of you learn a trade, learn something you can make a living at no matter what might happen to you, you girls do the same way, get an education that you'll be proud of, you can either be a practical nurse or a regular nurse or something that you can fall back on because you may marry a fellow and he may leave you or he may be killed in the war or he may drop out of sight in a hurry and you might have to keep your family in eating, etc, but try everyone of you to get enough education, and you boys, with the electronics and things that are coming up, be sure to study hard so you can get yourselves a job....(end of third tape).....

(The preceding three tapes were an Oral History of Lafayette by Frank Miller)