

ALBERT and JOHANNA MICEK
1/17/80

SC: What is your full name?

AM: Albert Joe Micek.

SC: Where and when were you born?

AM: I was born in Ideal, Colorado, a coal mining camp, March 10, 1913. When I was about 6 weeks old, well, in the month of May of '13 my dad moved our family to a homestead near the east Spanish Peak and then I.. the first seven years of my life was spent on this homestead. During the time... my dad was originally a coal miner, but he was a great gardener, also, and he loved farming and he kept bees and, not me, but the older members of the family milked cows and kept... raised hogs. My mother raised a lot of chickens. My dad kept about 20 or 30 stands of bees and so with the gardening and the farming and the animals and all that we raised, why we never missed a meal. Money was hard to come by, but we never did go hungry. My mother was a wonderful cook and she could make a meal out of just about anything and ordinarily she had quite a variety to pick from to make a meal out of, whether it was pork or poultry or... Well, about the only beef, we didn't eat much beef at that time because we didn't have refrigeration. The fresh beef that we would get ~c~ would come from the butcher shops. While the pork my dad would process the pork from one end to the other and smoke the meat and made sausage and smoked the hams and the bacon. Render the lard. So we had it, would keep year round when it was processed. So we always had a pretty good supply of pork. With the poultry we would have chicken any way you wanted it, whether it was fried chicken or stewed or whatever. Then in the winter time my brothers would go out and bring a few cottontail rabbits and my mother would either fry or stew them. As far as the meals was concerned, we never ran short. My mother was a good hand at baking bread and like I said before she was really a good cook. And my dad with his gardening, we had vegetables. Then we raised potatoes and we always had a lot of potatoes in the cellar which went along

with the other meals.

Sometimes I think back and it really was... we lived up there seven years on this homestead and I always look back and feel that it was the best seven years of my life because I was just getting old enough to have a big appetite but not big enough to work hard, (laughter) so I kind of got along all right. But we did work hard. We worked from the time we were big enough to get out and do anything. Each one had a chore picked out that he had to take care of or else my dad would teach us a little discipline and we were glad to take care of it then. Farming for my dad was a rough game at that time because he came from a country where they had a lot of rainfall and moving on this homestead was getting into a semi-arid country where about the time the crops start growing real good it would turn off dry and you would see them just wither away, just dry up and it would kind of tear you apart to see all your effort go to waste that way. But even at that we did... my dad and mother did manage all right and raise this brood of children. There were eight of us. So especially coming from a foreign country and not knowing the English language, I can't help but admire them for doing as well as they did, you know, not knowing the English language and having to learn it, plus all the other hardships that went with it.

Then I started school when I was 7 years old. Called it the Sunrise Valley School. It was about 3 miles from home and the winters were severe in that area that we didn't have winter school. We'd have summer school and we'd start school about the first of April, which was still part of the winter, and our school term would be ended the last of September. So we did have about 3 miles to go to the school and our transportation was a couple of little donkeys. That was the world's slowest transportation but somehow or other we always got there sometime during the day and attended classes. So it is something to look back at you know and compare it with what we have today, the type of transportation and facilities and all the modern facilities. It is

really amazing how people got along but we didn't know any better so we enjoyed it.

My first year in school, I was a big cry baby. I was scared of the professor so I behaved real well. He was a wonderful teacher. He was one of the best teachers I ever had, thinking back. His name was Baker. I never did know what his first name was, but he just went by the initials of A.J. Baker. And he was a wonderful organ player. We had one of those old time organs that you pump with your feet, you know, and after lunch hour or after recesses he would ring the bell and then go to the organ and all the girls would line up in one row and the boys in another row and he'd play the march and we'd march right into the school house and take our places. Discipline was really something. There were some that didn't believe he was a disciplinarian but they found out right quick that he was and after that the classes behaved pretty well. I don't know what else you'd like to comment on...

Well, it was the eighth day of July, 1920, and school let out and there was a storm brewing. Over to the south, south side of the East Peak. So a bunch of us kids all went one direction to our home and when we got about a quarter mile from the schoolhouse this storm started coming round the mountain and my older brother, which he was my idol at that time, "Why, he said, "Let's get back in the schoolhouse, there's a hail stom coming in." I was too young to realize what was happening, but we headed back to the schoolhouse and this wind came up and it was a hailstorm. The wind was, I don't know how fast the wind was moving, but I imagine about 60 miles an hour with this hail, 'cause I know it hit this schoolhouse broadside and the hailstones were big and they'd come through one window and hit the floor at the school and go out the other window. They just went right on through just like bullets. And the school started quivering and quaking and someone said, "Let's get out of here. It's going to dump the schoolhouse over." So we all took off out the door and as we went out the wind was blowing right crosswise... they had porch out in

front of the door and the wind was blowing right crosswise of this porch... and the wind just took us and I don't know why it didn't beat us to death, but we ended up down the draw there aways. There was a pole fence down there and as I remember we all ended up down at that pole fence. Lucky thing, the Zankinos lived just a few hundred yards from the schoolhouse so we all headed for their house to get out of this storm. So in the meantime the wind just slid the schoolhouse almost off the foundation, about half way off the foundation, that's where it left it set. It was according to some of the old timers... Well, one of our old friends, Sam Hurley, he just passed away yesterday, I think, this morning and he remembers that storm real well and he says it was a hail storm and a tornado. Stripped the limbs right off one pine tree and the one right next to it it never touched it, you know. So it was really a freak storm, but it was one of the worst storms I've ever been it. It just took in a big area there. My folks had bought another place that is called the Home Place now, and they had it all in with wheat. The wheat was up getting ready to be harvested and the hail just wiped it all out completely. It was a loss. And something that you just remember all your life, I guess.

SC: That was when you were on the homestead?

AM: Yes, my mother really didn't like it there. The house was sitting in kind of a cove against a hill there and these strong west winds that we get in this area, they didn't affect us there. It was a real kind of a homey place, but my mother didn't like it, because she said, "You can't see anything but two hills." And she wanted to get out into some more open country. Then my dad bought about 160 acres of land about 4 miles east of there. That's where they set up what we call the Old Home Place. Not the homestead, but the Old Home Place. I lived there off and on till I was about 25 years old, When I finally decided to get married and have someone else do my cooking for me. (laughter)

JM: Tell about the tents.

AM: Well, I hate to mention those hardships because...

SC: It is part of the story. I spoke to Mrs. Eccher. She told us some of that about when you first moved there. I guess it was pretty hard then.

AM: Well, like I say, we didn't know any different, so we just went along with it and did the best we could.

I don't know whether I should mention anything about the prohibition days, but...

SC: Sure. We're collecting on that.

AM: Well, after prohibition came in and seemed like most everybody that could would make their own whisky. And the big ranches and the more uppity-up people, they really frowned on the little guys doing that because it interfered with their business. They were so straight-laced but at that time, I found out later, they had big whiskey operations all over the country. But no one was supposed to know about that because they weren't supposed to be that kind of people. But my dad, he went ahead and moonshined for awhile. The nice thing I liked about it was he made fruit brandy. And he'd bring in a wagon load of raisins, and figs and currants and all the different dried fruits and he'd go ahead and make them up into liquor. We had our share of dried fruits even though we didn't have as much fresh fruit. So that's about the way it went.

SC: Where did you move when you were married?

AM: We moved to Alamosa and lived there a couple of years. They were building a refinery in Alamosa at that time and so I got a job at this refinery with a construction crew and worked there. And then when that played out I worked for a tire shop for awhile and then we came back to the ranch and we stayed at the ranch for a few years. Then we went back to Alamosa in the fall of '45. My brother-in-law and his brother had a big shop in Alamosa and they were repairing automobiles and tractors and whatever came in and they gave me a job mechanicing in that shop. After the... Come the first part of '46 the

place where we are living now came up for sale and we bid on it and we bought the place and long about the first of March... Well, we bought the place about the first of March... and I left that job in Alamosa and went back to farming and ranching and I've been there since.

SC: Where is your ranch now?

AM: It's about 12 miles due South of Walsenburg.

JM: Want to tell about raising the turkeys?

AM: Well, we bought this farm, 480 acres in it, so the lady that we bought it from, she had raised turkeys there for several years. About 15 years. So after she sold us the farm she said she would finance a turkey deal if we wanted to go ahead raise turkeys one more year with her. Well, it was really the wrong move. The turkeys did real well. We had, I think, 4300 turkeys and..
SC: Lot of turkeys...

AM: Oh, yeah. A lot of gobblin! The turkeys did real well but when they went on the market the price dropped and that just about bankrupted us. We had some cattle from the other farming and ranching operations and the turkey prices dropped till we had to sell most of our cattle to pay operating expenses. And then we just had to start from scratch. And we've been scratching ever since. (laughs)

SC: What year was that?

AM: That was '46. The summer of '46.

JM: We had two children then.

AM: We had two children then. Had two more after that.

JM: Tell about the goat business?

AM: Well, after we left the turkey business we thought we'd try something real exciting, and the price of goat milk had went up way above the price of cow milk, and so everybody was excited about it and they were building a cheese factory in La Veta at that time so we decided we could have a goat business because we did have a lot of hilly country out there, where I mean brush and

browse and all of that that goats could do good on, even better than cows . So I thought well, we'll just get us a bunch of milk goats and convert a lot of that browse and brush into cash. Well, just about time we bought the goats, wasn't a couple months later, the bottom dropped out from under milk prices so there we were stuck with a bunch of goats. And what a mess. You just can't believe it, you know. I had to go ahead and build corrals and stanchions and what not to milk these goats and a place to feed them and all of that. So we did stay with them for a couple of years and Johanna instead of selling milk, she just made cheese, and we cleaned out the cellar and got it lined up to age this cheese and then we sold cheese, in the fall, we'd go ahead and sell all this cheese. We really didn't lose money on them but I guess we just about broke even, if you don't figure on how much chasing around the hills you did to try to keep us with them. (laughter) So that was another sad experience, but things like that is what made me appreciate the cow business more than I ever did.

JM: When we sold the goats, that's when our son Leonard was born. We sold goats and bought Leonard.

SC: How many children do you have?

AM: Four. Two girls and two boys.

SC: Do they live here?

AM: No, the youngest is still going to school in Boulder, University. The oldest girls live in Nebraska. They have... she's married and they have a ranch out there in Nebraska plus a place of business in Hainsworth, near the town there. They sell farm supplies. Then our boy, he is down in San Antonio; Texas. He is going back to school again, studying solar energy, on that program. And our other girl, the next to the oldest, she is living in Pittsfield, Mass., No Utica, New York, she did live in Pittsfield, and she works for General Electric.

SC: Grandchildren?

AM: Yes, seven grandchildren.

SC: That's good for a start.

Mrs. Micek, where did your folks first settle to the county?

JM: Well, when they came here I guess they'd been all over Los Animas County, Huerfano County. My brothers and sisters were born in different places and they talk about Wild Oak and Ravenwood and Segundo and Primero and different areas like that. But when I think I was about a year old my folks homesteaded up by Silver Mountain. And my dad, he was a coalminer, you know, had been a coal miner till we moved to the ranch. But my mother never did like the idea of living in a town. She said the kids didn't have anything to do in the camp. So she was always looking forward to being on a farm where she could keep the kids busy and also she figured with the children {there was a brood of us, too) it would keep the children busy and we could help in the garden, milk cows and take care of a little farm, too. The first year that we had lived there we planted... I think my dad bought 25 pounds of potatoes and put them in the ground. He had a real good crop of potatoes that year. So my mom said, "Boy, we are going plant potatoes. We can at least live on potatoes and saurkraut and things like that': And we also raised pigs. So the next year we took a hundred pounds of potatoes and the potatoes got smaller, about 2 inches in diameter and so I guess it must have been a dry year. The next year we put some more potatoes in the ground and they came out like marbles. I remember my brother saying, "Mom, I think we better eat the potatoes, better than put them in the ground': So that was the last of our farming venture there. It was an awful dry area. I guess all the good places were already taken. But my father homesteaded up there... In the summer months we'd live on the farm and in the winter months my dad would work in the coal mines . The nearest coal mine was Alamo and so my dad would go down there and batch for the winter because it was too much back and forth, even though it was just about 6 or 8 miles down there. It seemed like an awful long ways at

that time and when you're working in the mine you need to rest so he'd go batch there. My mother used to go stay with him. My mom said we had two families. I was the baby of the first family. There was a couple of children that died in between there and then she had another family. So I have four brothers and four sisters. But there was some that died in between. The older family stayed at the ranch. My sister was the oldest of the first family. She'd cook and keep house for us. She was exactly 10 years older than I am. She used to keep house for us when my mother was keeping house for my dad. She had some more children and after awhile my dad says, "There's no use of us staying on that farm and me making money in the camp and taking it back to the ranch": He says, "Whoever can stay at the ranch can go ahead and take care of what they can and if they can't you'd might as well all move back to town or where we're at": So after several years we let the ranch go, because it wasn't a paying proposition, I guess. It was just the idea of us living there, but my dad had to make all the expenses and buy groceries for us and everything like that. So my dad moved to the next mining camp, Sunnyside, I believe. And my older sister got married about that time. So I can remember my brothers went to school for a little while and my oldest brother, he was only about 14 years old. He wasn't very tall. He just dragged his coal mine bucket, his lunch bucket, into the mine because he wasn't tall enough to hold it... he'd have to hold it up in order...

AM: He went to work in the mine a lot...

JM: Yes, he went to work in the mine when he was 14 years old with my dad. And my brothers as they all got old enough they all became coal miners with him. After Sunnyside why then my dad moved into Walsenburg and we lived down on Main Street. We had the house that two families lived in the same house. My first year at school... I had started on the ranch but I was in third grade, I believe when I started here in Walsenburg and we lived here since then.

SC: Was he mining then, your father?

JM: Yes. When he came back to Walsenburg he worked in several of the mines around Walsenburg. Black Hawk mine and several of the mines right in and around here. Until he retired.

Of all the family, I was the first one that had graduated from high school. And I remember my dad saying, "A girl doesn't have to go to school." He wanted me to quit school after I finished eighth grade because he said that girls didn't have to go to school. As long as she knows how to cook she doesn't need to know anything else. But... I had a real good friend, Mrs. Dissler. We were going to the Parochial school, St. Mary's, and she said, "Well, I'll pay your tuition for you if you will just go on to school and you can come and baby-sit my children whenever I need you. I will pay your tuition." Tuition at that time was just \$1 a month, but \$1 a month was quite expensive. I remember when we were going to school we would have these penny pencils with little erasers on them and we'd have one of those, buy one of those and a four our tablet and it seemed like that tablet had to last us a whole month. And as soon as the pencil was gone my dad would say, "What did you do with your pencil? I bet you just put it in the sharpener and just sharpened it away." And when we'd bring in our tablet he'd say, "Look at it, you've got a little more space here on the back of this page." And we had till the tablets on both sides. There was no waste of space. And when I was in the 6th grade we used to have bazaars and we used to sell chances for a fountain pen. I was in the 6th grade when I got my first fountain pen. I don't know how I ever got the dime for a chance on a fountain pen, but I happened to win that fountain pen. And I was so tickled to think that I owned a fountain pen. Hardly anyone had a fountain pen. That was a great prize. For four cents you used to get these little packages of loose leaf paper. And oh, it just felt so smooth to be writing with that ink. And anyone that could afford to have that was really somebody.

SC: So you lived on 9th Street? Was there an area along the river, like a park?

JM: No, not that I remember. I know my brothers used to go down below and go swimming in the creek down below there in the summertime. Oh, the pavillion was there. That's where they used to have the good times. It was mostly a dance hall. They held Polish dances and any form of recreation. It was almost like a community center. Anything that went on they used that pavillion for.

AM: Lodge dances, also, they used it for.

SC: Was your father in a lodge?

JM: Yes, he belonged to a Slavinian lodge called the ZMP's. And the Croation Fraternal Union. Slavinian Narodska Protura was the name of the lodge. And he used to get a Slavinian paper and read that. I used to enjoy watching my mother and dad, listening to them read their paper and I would ask them different words, what they were, and they'd tell me and then I'd try to say them and then my dad would make fun of me because I wasn't saying them right. And now I see how foolish I was because at that time they were learning the English language and he would say it and then I would try to say it and I'd say it wrong and he'd laugh at me and I said, "Well, if you're going to laugh at me I won't even try to say it." He said, "You don't have to. You are living in America and you won't ever have to use those words anyway. We are making our living in the United States and this is the language we speak." He said, "I have to learn to speak the English Language, you don't have to learn to speak my language." So their idea was they came to the United States to make a living and they had to learn the language that was spoken here and that's it. That was all that was important. And I think that is the greatest achievement my parents ever did was come here, not knowing the language and learn to speak, making a living here and raising a big family and we're all doing real well...

AM: Now, tell us about your life, Sandy.

SC: No, afraid not. Maybe after this tape is over.
Well, that was great.

Do you remember any stories about the trip over or what it was like when they first got here?

AM: Seemed like the menfolks would come over first and kind of establish a location for the rest of the family, you know. With my dad, he disembarked in Baltimore. And then came on West. Evidently he had some connection, some friends, some that had been here before. I don't remember who. I guess he came out to Walsenburg and started to settle down here. Don't know how much later, but it must have been 6 months or a year later that my mother came to this country to join up with my dad and she got off in Galveston, Texas, and she brought 2 boys and my sister Bessie with her. Bessie was just 6 months old, a little tyke, and the boys were older, so I guess she had her hands full from the time she left out there till she got to Walsenburg. Without knowing the English language I don't know how she ever managed. I know one thing, they were a lot braver than I am. It would scare me to death.

JM: I can't imagine. Them just leaving a country like that and going into an area where they don't know anyone or the language, don't know what the conditions are. That is... it really takes a lot of guts to do something like that.

AM: I think most of them, when they said goodbye to their people back there, why they never had any idea whether they'd ever see them again. Like my parents, they never had a chance to make a trip back to Europe to visit with any of their people back there. So really, kind of sad, disheartening to part with your people in one area and go thousands of miles away to another area and not ever know if you'll ever get back to see them again. And of course then transportation was far different from what it is now, cause I remember it would take about 25 or 30 days for a ship to cross the Atlantic and then in Galveston evidently they got on a train and went North and West

to Colorado by train.

JM: I don't remember where my mother got off the boat but she said it took 30 days to come across and she remembered how sick she was. Finally she got to Walsenburg here on the train and she tells that my dad was supposed to meet here. He was her old sweetheart who had sent here the money to come across and he was supposed to meet her here in Walsenburg, but I don't know what had happened. The fellow that told my dad when she would get here must have told him the wrong day. Anyway, it was a day later. My mother came a day earlier than what she was supposed to be here. When she gets to Walsenburg she gets off the train and nobody knows her language and she doesn't know anyone else so she sits there. She had her trunk and she said she sat there at the depot for a couple of hours and there was a little, she said a little Mexican boy was walking up and down. He'd look at here and she'd look at him. Up and down again. He'd look at here and she'd look at him. He said something to her and she just shrugged her shoulders and said, "Huh. What is this little kid talking to me for?" So somehow they communicated and he went to get a fellow that knew her language that lived up on 7th Street here, Mr. Capucci. He brings this fellow down and he talks to my mother and my mother says, "Yeah, I am looking for Frank Fink. Where is Frank?" He says, "He's working and he didn't expect you. He's going to be here tomorrow." This fellow says, "Why don't you come and stay at my house until Frank comes to pick you up?" She says, "Oh, no. I'm not going to live at your house. I'm going to wait here for my husband-to-be and I'm not going to live in any other house with noone else." So he said, "I have a wife and you can come and stay with us." So she did. The next day my dad hadn't showed up yet and so the same little feller, I guess from the livery stable, the one she had seen at first, had a buggy and a horse and they loaded her trunk up on the buggy and she sat on the trunk and they headed out for Ravenwood or Rouse..

AM: Hezron.

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JM: Hezron? So she was going along and when my dad seen here he says, "What are you doing here?" And she said, "Well, you didn't come get me, so I had to come find you."

AM: I think the way your mother told it, this boy took her out to Hezron, out to where your dad was living. I don't know whether he was at a boarding house or whether he had a separate house.

JM: He had gotten it all ready.

AM: Well, anyway, he took your mother on out and your dad come into town looking for her. So she was out there and he was in Walsenburg. They finally got together. I guess Mr. Capucci told him she'd gone to Hezron and I guess they met again.

JM: They came back into town and got married right here in Walsenburg. And that was the beginning of it.

AM: Now after all these sad stories would you like to hear some..

SC: Happy stories? (laughter)

AM: I think it was about the same all the way through..

SC: What did people do for entertainment? j

AM: I remember the first day I went to school there at Sunrise, why after school... course the days were long, it was summer school. The boys would get together and play ball, have some ball games, you know. And we were supposed to be home at a certain time to take care of our chores. We got home and dad asked us how come we were late and we said the teacher made us stay in after school. And he said, "He did?" And we said, "Yeah." "How come?" "Oh, I don't know, just did something wrong and he made us stay in and catch up on some studying." About the time we got some all our fancy excuses across to my dad why here this teacher, professor, he walks out of the other room. So that was an embarrassing moment. But other than... play baseball and pitch horseshoes and then later-years, why most kids had their own horse rigs, go out horseback riding and swimming, in the summertime. And then in the winter-

time, why... when we moved to the Homeplace, right west of the house was a big lake and usually it had water in the winter and it would freeze up and we'd ice skate and in the evening all the neighbor kids would come in and build a bonfire and roast wienies and marshmallows and skate on the ice. So we just kind of had to make our own recreation cause at that time we, well, up to about that time we didn't even have a radio. Most families had a phonograph." Some of the boys would have musical instruments and if they were talented at all they would play different instruments, accordians and all. Then when we got old usually Saturday night was dance night and all the neighbors would get together at a certain school house and we'd have dances and midnight lunch and have a great time.

JM: The girls would fix the lunch and the fellows would furnish the entertainment?

AM: Well, the girls would bring the lunch. Oh, I don't know. I don't remember too much about it. I know we would always cook coffee and then the boys would, well, the boys would take care of the music and the girls would ordinarily bring lunch and sometimes they would have, what do you call it, box social. Girls would bring their lunch, in kind of a gift wrapped box and the boys would bet on the boxes and whoever won, whoever got the box would have to, have a chance to set and eat lunch with the girl that had made up this lunch.

JM: You never know who you were going to eat lunch with.

AM: No, you didn't.

JM: Sometimes it was a real fancy box...

AM: Sometimes a real fancy girl and sometimes it wasn't.

SC: What about in Walsenburg? Was it different here?

JM: I don't remember when I was a girl. Seems like... I don't remember going out anywhere to dances or anything until I was about 18 and I was out of high school at that time.

SC: What did you play when you were a kid here?

Games...

JM: Well, the girls played jacks a lot when they were small and then we used to play pump, pump, pullaway and tag and there was... the boys used to play kick the can. Girls, too. Hide and seek. And we played softball in the summertime. I think that was our greatest fun and entertainment. Not very much like it is now. Then there were ...a game we used to call run sheep run. I bet not very many people know about that game. It was very interesting. I remember playing when we were at the farm, because ever family had 8 or 10 children, and if there was less than that there was something wrong with that family.

AM: There were a lot of sheep, though.

JM: There were a lot of sheep and I remember when our neighbors used to come and visit us, why there were about 6 or 8 of us kids that could run, play games, the youngest was about 4 years old and the oldest about 14, 15 years old and the oldest of the family usually got to choose sides. And you'd pick out, well, they'd kind of divide the families up so half of them was on one side and half on the other, and kind of mix the families up and then after the families... after the sheep were divided the shepherd would kind of talk to his sheep and it was a game, like hide and seek in a way. Because the shepherd would tell his sheep, take them and hide them and give them directions by color or name of fruit or whatever he would say would be a signal for them to change their position or that the group that was looking for them was either close to them or far away. And they had a home base so the shepherd would take the flock out and he'd say, "OK, when I say 'orange', that means go to this tree over there and hide. And when I say purple that means lay real low, they are real close and don't you dare make a sound because if they catch you they will have to run to home base and you know they are closer than we are. So you'd better be real quiet." And he says, "Now if I say the word 'sky blue', that means all is clear, get ready to run to home base because the other

group is looking for you." So what he does, he hides his flock and then when he comes back he comes all by himself and he makes a drawing on the ground to show where he has his flock hid. Well, he may have hid them there but in the course of the hunting process, by him giving all different directions, why they won't be there at all. They'll be in a different position, so it's just a game of hide and seek.

SC: I never knew what that game was.

JM: Uh-huh. So when he tells the leader of this other group, they all set out to look and they are all listening and they are real quiet and then he'll holler a different signal, as you would say, then they are all listening to see if they can hear something. That's a game that takes a lot of area. It is really a game for out in the country because you can go for a whole mile around to play the game and a game can last one afternoon. So they can really hide that way. It used to be a lot of fun and I think the boys and girls enjoyed that because they get together and they got to visit.

And then there is another game they used to call caddy. Did you ever play caddy? It is a game where they take a stick about 6 or 8 inches long and sharpen it on each end. Then you use another stick that is like a broom stick only it is kind of flattened on one end and you'd hit the tip of this pointed stick and if it bounced up in the air then you'd hit it and the idea for the game is whoever could hit the caddy the farthest would be the winner. And you had to guess, how many steps is it to where I got it. And if you guess the right amount of steps, it's the same thing.