

## STORIES

### A RESCUE

It was about 8am on a typical mid-summer day at the ranch. I was getting dressed upstairs with the window open when I heard a strange animal-like sound. It was a whimpering. Someone crying. Someone in trouble. I rushed downstairs and the first person I met was Shorty Henderson our ranch hand. I called his attention to the sound. He listened awhile and finally said that he could hear it too. Neither of us knew what it could be, but we both jumped in the ranch pickup and drove to the end of the lane – about half a mile.

There the sound was even louder and more urgent and quite pathetic. We drove up the ranch road from the highway chasing the sound. About 200 yards up the road, the sound was clearly a human being in trouble. Out of the car, we walked down a gully until we could tell that someone was hurt and crying for help.

A few more steps and we came upon an overturned tractor that belonged to Harry Allen – the man who farmed all of the ranch drylands. The driver of the tractor had attempted to go down a gully, but one side of the tractor had collapsed, and the driver was now trapped between the side of the gully and the tractor. Driving the tractor was a nephew of Harry Allen. He was from the city and was helping Harry during the harvest. He had unwisely attempted to go down the road not wide enough to keep all four wheels on the level. The tractor had fallen off the road, rolled over, and was pinning him. Even worse, when the tractor rolled it caught one of his legs and created a huge open wound that was now bleeding profusely.

The boy could not escape, could not move, could do nothing but cry for help. From there the details are somewhat of a blur to me, but I know that somehow Shorty and I managed to extract him and pull him to the level ground on the trail. I do not remember but assume that Shorty applied a tourniquet to try to stop the bleeding. From there – though my memory is not precise – I know that we carried him to the pickup, placed him in the bed of the truck, and drove at high speed to the hospital in Hayden, five miles away.

From there it was a question of professional medical help which he received, and he survived. But I do remember that he was in the hospital for 2 – maybe 3 – weeks with a considerable injury.

As I think back on this, I realize that my good hearing as a teenager was important. No one else at the ranch – inside or outside – heard the boy yelling until I called attention to it. It was nothing heroic on my part, but it was the consequence of youthful hearing ability. The boy might have bled to death trapped between the ground and the tractor unable to extricate himself if he had not be discovered in time. Perhaps not until the noon meal when he failed to appear would anyone have gone looking for him, which might have been too late. I know that he eventually had a full recovery, but I also know that this was due to a relatively swift rescue and transfer to the hospital.

### A RACE WITH FATE

Living on the ranch with horses available every day, naturally what I really wanted was a bicycle. For many months I saved up all my pennies and finally had sufficient change – probably less than \$30 - to order a red Schwinn from Montgomery Ward.

After what was likely a full year, the bicycle was shipped. The details are a bit hazy, but somehow, I was able to convince the local package delivery man to drop off my bicycle at the end of our lane and call me to meet him there to accept and sign for it.

I remember that several people wondered at my wanting a bicycle to ride when I had other transportation (a horse of my own), and there was not a paved road to ride the bike on within 50 – maybe 100 – miles. US 40 at the end of our lane was all gravel until I was around 9 years old, so riding a bike on the gravel was going to be tricky.

Nevertheless, horses aside, a bicycle was what I wanted, and I would cope with the gravel roads. At first, I thought I would ride to Hayden for school, but Mom vetoed that idea. She did not want her youngest child riding on the major highway with cars zooming by at 60mph. So, up and down the lane between the ranch and US 40 I rode day after day.

One day, it was about supper time when I was riding down the lane on my bike, now proficient in riding the gravel and becoming stronger in my legs. I happened to look behind me just as I started down the lane for home, in time to see Shorty Henderson in the ranch pickup turning down the lane behind me. Well, the race was on. Shorty had the advantage in vehicle speed, but I was holding my place in the middle of the road, and he could not get by. We exchanged greetings and looks and waves and I pumped my bike as fast as I could to keep in front of Shorty in the pickup. When I turned around to look at him, I could see he was enjoying the race, smiling broadly, and pretending to run over me, which I was confident he would not do.

Down the lane we raced. Both Shorty and I enjoying it immensely. Me in particular because I was in command and Shorty was my prisoner. I don't know how many times I turned around to yell to Shorty or give him some grief, but apparently, I always looked over my left shoulder and that was quickly becoming a problem.

Over my right shoulder – had I looked that way – I would have seen a Denver & Salt Lake freight train bearing down on me from the east at 40mph along the track that crossed the lane just south of the ranch itself. I could see ahead of me in the center of the ranch yard my father and two other men watching us race down the lane and coming ever closer to the tracks. Just as I was about to cross the tracks, a few feet in front of Shorty and the pickup did – being careful always to look both ways before crossing – did I look to my right? Apparently not, for there under full steam, not 50 feet away, was a DSRG railroad engine headed west.

If the engineer blew his whistle or rang the bell, I did not hear it. I finally looked to the east, just as I actually crossed the railroad tracks, in time to stare directly at an engine now ten feet away. I was no longer in danger, but I looked around in time to see that Shorty, laughing with me, did not see the train. When I saw the engine a few feet away as I crossed the tracks, I turned to look at Shorty, but he was having so much fun chasing me on my bicycle he saw nothing before he was on the tracks and the train hit his truck, spinning it roughly 40 feet into the irrigation ditch alongside the tracks. Fortunately, the truck did not turn over, and Shorty rode it out (no one had seatbelts in those days), although he looked shaken up and certainly was.

The men, including my father, watched the entire event from the barnyard and none of them gave us a signal to stop or look at the train. They simply could not believe – they later said – that neither I nor Shorty had not seen the train.

It was a miracle, or so it seemed to me, that the train hit the ranch truck and merely “deposited” it and Shorty behind the steering wheel in the irrigation ditch without turning it over or smashing it and without harm except for minor damage. Even more miraculous was Shorty's escape from injury. I don't think he even had any bumps or bruises, but I'm sure his heart was in his throat when he first saw that train bearing down on his truck.

I think of it in terms of my Father's reaction. He was a great example of a good human being. He chastised neither me nor Shorty and he rejoiced in the fact that neither of us was injured. He did not complain about the cost of repairing the truck and I don't believe he ever said a harsh word to Shorty about the event. What a guy!

## **VIOLA**

She was born on Rabbit Ears Pass, probably in a snowstorm, or at least that was the story that was always told. I don't remember how that came to be.

She spent time as a baby in a couple of orphanages, and in his role as county attorney Dad somehow got information about her and connected to her. He and Mom more or less adopted her, not in the full legal sense but in the sense that they provided for her and saw to her schooling. She went all the way through nursing school and got a job in the Hayden hospital (maybe not coincidentally where Dad happened to be chairman of the board).

When Ed was born, she came to live with us to take care of him and then took care of Sis when she was born. She didn't take care of me, because by then Mrs. Parks was on the ranch and she was my caretaker.

Viola married a guy named Mr. Anderson and they had 2 boys, Jim and George. Jim was my age and George was a year younger. At some point, Mr. Anderson died, I think from TB or something like that. Mom and Dad helped cover Vi's debts when he died.

After Mom died, Viola came to take care of Dad. Viola had loved my mom. They had been very close. She took care of Dad for about 5 years, essentially running the house for him, and every winter she would accompany him to Phoenix for a month's vacation.

After Dad died, Shorty Henderson was working at the ranch and he and Viola connected and got married. Shorty died a few years later, and Vi got a house in Northglenn where she lived alone. I visited her there from time to time. Later, her boys talked her into moving to be near them in California.

I'd talk to her 2 or 3 times a year by phone when she was in California, until she died when she was 85 years old. I never thought of her as a stepmother, but we cared about each other. The connection between her and the family was strong for all those years.

### **THE CAMPING TRIP WITH SIS AND THE THREE BILLS**

I was probably 12 years old and hellbent on a camping trip. Somehow, I talked Sis – who was 17 – into a trip for me and my buddies Bill Murphy and Bill Ball. We planned a trip through the Flattops on horseback, with a horse for each of the 4 riders and a 5<sup>th</sup> to carry our gear. Those were the days before sleeping bags. Instead, we had a bedroll, a canvas cover and blankets.

We wanted to head out from the ranch on a fall day with the ranch stock truck carrying the horses. In the front yard, we saddled old Soapy with the pack saddles and bedrolls. Unfortunately, we did not have a horse that was accustomed to carrying a pack and Soapy had other plans and quickly bucked them off. At this point, Dad came out of the house and showed us how to anchor the bedroll and provisions with a diamond hitch, which he remembered from his old camping days. Soapy was having none of it. He bucked and bucked. But Dad's diamond hitch carried the day.

When Soapy was resigned to his fate, Sis and her 3 teenage companions headed south into the Flattop Mountains. We travelled by ranch truck on the county road for perhaps 20 miles. Then we unloaded, saddled up, and headed out cross country toward the mountains, through the property of various ranchers we knew.

When it started to get dark, Sis began to worry about where we would camp. There was a friendly lady homesteader that Sis knew, and it was so dark, and we were so late in making camp that Sis asked her if we could sleep at her place. The response was quite friendly, and we were invited to set up our sleeping gear in the homestead's living room, which we did. That night it rained buckets and if we had not been inside, we would have been drenched.

Next morning, after a relatively sound sleep, the rain had stopped. We saddled up and headed out again for the Flattops. After approximately 25 miles, we reached the mountains and decided on a camping place. Anticipating that we would have to secure the horses at night, we had borrowed hobbles which strapped the two front legs of the horse almost together. The animal could move an inch or two by wiggling but not much more. So, we felt pretty secure. However, Sis was smart and tied her horse to a tree for the night rather than using hobbles.

Thank God for Sis! She anticipated that the horses would solve the hobble problem, which they did by inching along stealthily during the night. Believe it or not, those horses traveled 15 miles or more an inch at a time....or I think they learned from their jackrabbit friends how to jump with their front feet tied together.

Sis, on her horse, went to find the missing horses. This was perfect for the 3 Bills left behind, because we played war games all day with tree branches for guns and had a marvelous time. Sis finally returned rather late in the evening leading all the horses tied tail to tail behind her horse. I don't know how she knew to do this, but it worked very well.

We then spread out our bedrolls and went to sleep. Somewhere around midnight, we were awakened by a half-dozen mounted riders who shone their flashlights directly in our eyes and demanded to know what we were doing there. We were startled by their accusation that we might have stolen their horses. But that was false – we had only our own horses – and we had to deal with their anger at having their horses stolen though it was not our fault. I think we were certain to make known our names and that we lived at the ranch to give us credibility. They decided we didn't have their horses and rode off without an apology for scaring the bejesus out of us.

The rest of the trip was much more routine. We traveled to a geological anomaly called the Devil's Causeway, which I had heard about for years. It was rumored to be a narrow cliff between 2 of the major lakes, that the Indians had used as an escape route during conflicts. We explored until we found the causeway which was at an elevation of about 11-12,000 feet. We tied up the horses and then inched our way across the causeway on our behinds. It took as much resolve as I could muster because it was a several thousand-foot drop on each side.

We also found some great trout fishing in several of the lakes in the area. I don't think they had been fished for some time and we soon caught our limit, built a campfire, broke out our skillet and had some great fried fish.

To this day, I have always been proud of the fact that I and the others made this successful trip and enjoyed the best that the Flattop Mountains had to offer.

## **HAYING AT THE RANCH**

Perhaps the main activity at the ranch in the summer was putting up the hay as the winter feed for the cattle herd. I'm not sure that I remember correctly but it seems to me that we had a goal of several hundred tons that had to be mown and stacked. We did not have a baling machine and in retrospect I'm glad we did not. We created stacks of hay containing about 30 tons each, and the work dominated approximately 3 months, from late June through July and into August. Stacking was fun in the sense that all hands were involved, and the job was not completed until haystacks had been constructed with care and experience to limit wind damage and mold.

To get the haying done, we would hire a crew of 10-15 men (I do not remember a woman ever being on the crew!) who were local farmers looking for work. So everyone on the crew knew everyone else, which was part of the fun. Most of the crew stayed on their own farms but arrived in the morning to help us hay, ate a hardy noon meal at the ranch, and returned about 5pm to their own farm chores. The noon meal meant everyone would gather on the back porch at one table which seated about 20 people. Part of the inducement was a great meal and we never failed to provide that. A typical meal included steak, potatoes, vegetables, homemade bread, and a dessert. The beverage of choice was iced tea, but coffee or milk were available. When haying began Mom would also hire an extra kitchen crew of 2-3 women (usually wives of the crew members) to put on this meal every day.

The process of haying started with mowing, which involved mowing machines pulled by a team of work horses (and in the later days, by tractor). After the mowers had laid down the field, the hay rakers pulled by a team would bring the hay into windrows that were approximately 4 or 5 feet in height and stretched through the length of the field. Next was the bull rake (again horses or tractor) which ran down the windrows, collecting as much hay as one team or tractor could move and delivered it to the stacker. There were various types of stackers. One type simply used poles, and the hay was pushed up the poles and dropped over to form the stack. By this method, you could construct a stack approximately 15-20 feet high. A more complex type was the "overhead" stacker that tossed the hay into a stack, either using horsepower or mechanical power.

Usually, 2 men stayed on top of the stack to place the hay in a proper position to withstand wind and winter weather. Since 2 men were needed on the stack, the result was far too often a game of who could push the other off the stack. The falls were broken by hay, usually, but not always. For the most part, haying was hard work so there wasn't a whole lot of tomfoolery. How many days a week were spent haying depended on the weather. It was essential to get the hay off the ground and into stacks before rain did its damage.

Some of my best memories are working as a stacker, watching the hay as it was dumped on the stack, building the corners of the stack with forkfuls of hay and trying not to fall off (or allowing your compatriot to push you off in a friendly maneuver). The stackers were considered the elite of the hay crew and were paid a dollar a day more than the rest of the crew. It was hard work and needed skill. I don't remember the exact day that I got to be a stacker – having up until that point driven the equipment involved - but I remember being very proud of that promotion and I worked as

a stacker most of the time as I got older. I must say that I took great pride in finally ending on top of the stack and doing what was considered the most prestigious job of the hay crew. Even when I went off to college, I would come back for the haying season. I felt needed and wanted to contribute. Mostly we used all the hay on the ranch, but if we had a surplus we'd sell to the neighbors who would come with their hay wagons to gather it.

After all the work during the summer, we were ready to feed the cattle during the winter. At the time (the 1930s and 40s) putting up hay in bales was beginning to dominate the means of providing winter forage. However, without a baler – and I'm not sure why we didn't have one– it was faster and cheaper to stack loose hay and then pull the hay out of the stacks in winter onto a sled pulled by a team that could be moved by voice command. Thus, one man with a good team and hayrack could park next to a loose stack, climb on top, fill the wagon or sled, and drive to the field where the cattle were waiting to be fed, pitching off the hay as the team pulled the sled in a circular route so that the cattle would follow and consume it.

Often the trail of hay from a wagon was several hundred feet long. The cattle ran to follow the hay as it fell to the ground. It was a picturesque scene to see a load of hay, pitched on the snowy ground while the cattle followed and formed a contented group, feeding for the day.

## **CUSTOM COWBOY BOOTS**

When I was a teenager at the ranch, a cowboy in some respects, I still had never owned a pair of cowboy boots. The reason was my feet were growing so fast a pair of boots bought on the first of the month would not have fit me by the end of the month. As Evan Marr used to tease me, even as I was nearing 6 feet tall, "You would be really tall if you didn't have so much turned under for feet." Well, there was not much I could do about the growth of my body or my feet, so I learned to tolerate the jokes.

It did not seem fair to me, on horseback almost every day, that I had to ride in high-top shoes and didn't have a pair of killer cowboy boots like many of my contemporaries. I think I was about 14 years old at the time and that illustrates how long I had to endure the ignominy riding almost every day in shoes.

Then from someone I heard about the G.C. Bluecher Boot Company in Olathe, Kansas where one could order custom boots no matter how big the feet. I wrote to the Company, and they responded, telling me how to trace my foot and make the measurements necessary for them to craft a pair of boots to my order. I did as instructed and sent in my order with payment for a pair of boots made from special animal skin. I can't remember now what kind it was. Kangaroo comes to mind, but that is probably a false memory.

About 6 weeks later, the boots arrived, and they were perfect! I was exceedingly proud of my new boots and wore them daily. That was okay because I was also riding every day and the boots were great in the stirrup as anyone who has had to ride in shoes understands.

One experience I had with the boots concerned a rattlesnake. Shortly after I got the boots, I was riding in the sagebrush north of the ranch, probably looking for heifers or other strays. By the way, if you wonder why most cowboys have a leather covering over each stirrup it is because the toes of your boots will soon be worn out by dragging them in the sagebrush. While riding, I came across a rattlesnake who warned me with his rattles and then disappeared down a squirrel hole. I was reminded of Edwin W. who had appeared at school one day with a bandage on his hand. He admitted he had reached down a squirrel hole to try to catch a snake by the tail, and the snake bit him. Nothing daunted, Edwin got back on his horse and rode across the river to the nearest doctor's office where he received anti-venom medication and survived just fine. Edwin was not the brightest star on the horizon, and we kidded him unmercifully about being fool-hardy and bitten by the snake. Of course, we postulated that although Edwin survived, the snake died. Having learned from Edwin, I did not dismount until I knew exactly where the snake was hiding. No danger from a rattlesnake if you are on a horse.

I wore the boots only at the ranch and only when riding. The boots followed me to Denver. When I left for collage Al Davis and I drove to Princeton in his 1931 pickup truck. I know this because there is a photo of us standing by the truck just before we departed. The boots went along for the ride and came back with me each summer when I returned to the ranch for haying season. I still have those boots, but I haven't worn them in years because now it takes all hands and the cook to get them off.

## **BULL SALES**

We made our ranch expenses by selling the annual crop of bulls and some of the heifers other than the ones we wanted for our own herd. These were all registered Herefords which means that their generation could be traced back to the 1850s and earlier. The American Hereford Association had a complete record of everything that they had ever registered and because of those records if you bought a registered Hereford, you knew it did not contain any Angus or other beef breed in its blood line.

For many years, in the 1930s and early 1940s, we had customers who would buy our entire output of yearling bulls and any of the yearling heifers we were willing to sell. These customers were primarily cattle ranchers in New Mexico and Arizona who were upgrading their herds with our registered animals. Typically, a ranch manager would come to the ranch, enjoy the hospitality we provided, and buy 1-50 individual animals. The relationship we had with these buyers is perhaps best illustrated by one event I remember. A ranch manager who had been to our place many times was seen going into our cellar without permission, to find some of our special rhubarb preserves and bring it to the table – just to be sure it was available. I remember one man in particular whose name was Jim Black. He was my model of a stockman and rancher, very knowledgeable in all aspects of livestock breeding and raising. Jim was almost like family. We knew what he wanted in cattle, and we also knew what he wanted on the breakfast table every morning. He was truly a cattleman's ideal cowboy. I thought of him almost like an uncle and admired his every move and word.

Before the sales, we advertised and wrote letters to our regular customers to make sure that they would get the best we had to offer year after year. Jim Black and Dad had a regular correspondence all during the year, so Jim was usually the first buyer on the scene, and he got what he wanted, which was often the entire output of young bulls. There were also a number of local people who would come for a bull and maybe a heifer or two, but Jim was buying maybe 50 young bulls and some females at a time. Dad would correspond with former and prospective new buyers he could identify, so he would write to find out what they wanted and would try to hold that back for them. But we always had to be careful because what we didn't sell, we ate.

When Dad was in his 90s the time had come to end cattle operations. Ed and I planned and held a closeout sale for all of our about 150 animals. It was a trying time because it was the end of an era. We hired an expert in closeout sales and advertised widely in livestock journals and newspapers. We set aside a lovely October day, the 25<sup>th</sup> as I remember it, and the auction began, run by the auction company we had hired to manage it. Unfortunately, the auction company could not predict the weather and we had one of the worst October snowstorms in memory. In fact, it turned out to be one of the most miserable days I'd ever seen in Rout County. We got calls from customers in many surrounding states saying that they could not attend because of the weather. But we could not delay because we'd advertised, and the sale had to occur.

Along about noon, the weather was so bad the stand we had built for the auctioneer was unusable and all the people in attendance couldn't stand it anymore. We tried to delay the sale but there were more than 50 buyers there even without all those who couldn't make it. The buyers that were there sensed an opportunity to "steal" a good portion of the output. People sat in their cars and made a big circle around the auction stand and did the bidding by rolling down their car windows and holding up a finger to bid and then rolling up their windows. It took all day, and I don't know how much revenue we lost because of that snowstorm, but the good news was that we sold enough to pay off the loan on the ranch, about \$175,000 as I remember it. And that's the way the Carpenter Herefords went out of business.

## **ED IN THE BAND AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY**

When Ed got back from the service – from the Army stationed in the Aleutians – in 1946 he found that the Stanford Band of which he had been a member was non-existent. He began to work on reorganizing the band to promote football rallies and the other normal university band activities. In the process, he assembled a group of musicians who were also interested in reviving the band. His own instrument had been the tuba, but soon he was learning to play basic music on nearly all of the band instruments, even including the woodwinds.

The band was sufficiently organized to march in the Rose Bowl Parade (I'm unsure of the year), but I remember his telling me about the pennies, nickels, and dimes thrown by the onlookers into his large tuba bell. This did not affect his

ability to play, and he did collect somewhat less than \$1 in change. With the revival of the band, a director was eventually hired, and Ed returned to his seat in the tuba section until he graduated.

Sis also attended Stanford, and I think Ed always wanted me to attend Stanford too, and I did go to visit him there. I realized that Stanford was not for me because I was afraid of the co-eds and coed education, having come from an all-male college at Princeton, I opted instead for an all-male law school at Harvard (which a few years later admitted its first females).

### **TRIP TO ALASKA WITH ED**

When Ed was scheduled to be discharged from the Army in 1946, someone – I'm not sure who, but it was likely Ed himself – came up with the idea that I should go to Alaska and spend a month or so with Ed until he was discharged and then return to Colorado with him. This was a great adventure for me. My first airplane ride ever was from Denver to Fairbanks.

I arrived in June and Ed was released in August. During that time, Ed got me a job in the surplus property group, and I had a great time moving vehicles, equipment and supplies to get them ready for sale and distribution. On the 15<sup>th</sup> of August, we loaded Ed's International truck with two 55-gallon drums of gasoline and started down the Alaska highway to home.

The highway was a challenge at that time – very rough and just a basic one-way track with turnouts to use when a vehicle was coming the other way. The two of us had a great time. For me, one of the best things was getting to drive because I was only 17 and did not have my own vehicle. Ed was very supportive and allowed me to drive at least half the time. I remember one difficult stretch, a steep downhill grade, through some timber. I was driving and offered Ed the steering wheel, but he said "Bill, you're doing great." I have remembered that comment of his all these years because it was important to me to know he had confidence in me. It was one of those minor exchanges that one remembers for the rest of life.

Another significant part of the trip was singing together the cowboy songs we both knew, BUT Ed taught me to harmonize. I had the ability but had never known how to make it work. With songs we both knew, we would sing the harmony part together until I had it in mind. Then Ed would sing the melody and I would continue with the harmony. It is not difficult, and it doesn't take a great musical education or ability to accomplish a decent harmony refrain, but until Ed led me through it I had no concept. I did have and still have the basic ability and once I got the hang of it I had it for life.

One time we stopped to camp for the night and as I deployed my hammock between two trees across a trail, I began to worry about the safety of that position. However, the trees were the perfect distance, and I did not worry about the trail that ran between them. That is, I did not worry until I heard something coming down the trail and I knew it had to be a bear. There was a moment of panic until I saw the animal about 40 feet away. It was not a bear it was a porcupine. I relaxed and went to sleep.

That was about it for adventure until we rolled into the ranch in Hayden about 10 days later.



**GEORGE ANNAND (SCOTTY)** Picture painted by Ila McAfee

We were blessed at the ranch to have the knowledge and devotion of Scotty Annand, or as Dad always called him – George. As far as I can remember, Scotty took care of all of the people at the ranch. He watched over them when they were out and about, he warned them if he knew of any troubles or dangers, and I do not doubt for a minute that he would have sacrificed everything to ensure the safety and well-being of all of us who knew him.

Scotty did not live at the ranch, like Evan, because he had his own house two miles west on the highway. His wife, Nellie, was very much “stay-at-home” and I did not know her well and we did not see her often. Although Scotty was at the ranch every day, Nellie seldom ventured out. Nellie was ½ or ¼ Indian, which meant that their three children, two boys and a girl, were ¼ or 1/8 native. Clyde and Mary – his oldest children – were seldom at the ranch, and I knew them only by sight. Chuck, his youngest son, was a marvel at hunting, caring for the cattle, and leading a productive and enviable life. Chuck often seemed more adept at “wildlife skills” than human interaction. Although I did not know Mary or Clyde well, Chuck and I were close in age and often interested in the same activities, such as hunting, fishing, and ranch work. I spent several summers working with Chuck to stack hay, and I learned a lot from him and acquired strength and stamina to keep up with him. He was tough and strong and indefatigable.

I have said many times that Scotty treated me like a son, and I appreciated even then his concern for me and his affection. Whenever he had work with the cattle that required riding a horse, he would come by the house and ask me if I wanted to join him, and I always did. He could do anything with and for the cattle, but it often occurs that you need at least two riders to get the cattle where you want them to be. That is where I came in. I could always be that second horse to assist with corralling or rounding up animals. In that sense, an eight-year-old boy is as good as a 40-year-old seasoned cowboy, as the second rider. Of course, I had been riding since age four, so by the time I was working with Scotty I could be fairly helpful. I took every opportunity I had to ride with Scotty. It was cowboy work, and that’s what I wanted to be. However, it was not typical cowboy work because Dad would not allow roping or running the cattle since they were purebred Herefords and being raised for beef and not for show. Herefords came from the same area of Scotland where Scotty was raised, and he continued to have a touch of the Scottish brogue.

People who knew Scotty or knew about him would come miles to seek his advice and opinion on a herd or perhaps one animal. He always seemed reluctant to voice an opinion, but that was just his natural shyness. He would tell people exactly what he thought provided they gave him enough time to mull over the issue. Of course, Scotty did not want to ruin a deal someone had already made, so it sometimes proved difficult to extract his thoughts. Scotty loved stock show time in Denver, because almost all the exhibitors and stockmen at the show knew him and often sought his opinion on a prospective purchase or sale.

Traditionally, the Scots are supposed to be tightwads. Nothing could be further from the truth with Scotty. Scotty was one of the most generous people I have ever known. I’ll give you an example that I treasure.

One very cold winter, probably when I was 10 or 11, Scotty – in line with his lovely generosity – gave me a beautiful green down jacket for Christmas. It was the warmest coat I’d ever had and I loved it. It came to me from a person who by tradition was supposed to be a penny-pincher. I had never had such a warm winter jacket and it was a complete surprise when Scotty gave it to me. If memory serves me, he also gave warm down jackets to others at the ranch, but I don’t remember who. I only remember (and I shall never forget) the lovely snuggly down jacket he gave me. To me it was a prized possession not only because it was warm in winter but because it showed Scotty’s generous nature and it thrilled me to be in his thoughts and a recipient of his affection.

I’m sure he gave me other presents over the years, but I don’t remember what they were. Perhaps writing this will spur me to remember them, but the down jacket will never be forgotten. I wore it until it was almost in tatters. I don’t remember ever giving it away, but Mother must have passed it on to others in need while I was absent.

It was so like Scotty’s generous nature to give a fine present to others while having more modest things for himself and his own family.

### **PARKSIE**

Rose Catherine Parks (Parksie) joined the family, so to speak, to take care of me when I was born, and she was truly a member of our extended family. A devout Roman Catholic, she was a widow with no children of her own – her husband died after they had only been married about a year. She gave great love and comfort to me for many years.

My earliest memory of Parksie is from the time I was 2 or maybe 3 years old. I had developed the habit of seeking out Parksie and climbing into bed with her whenever I would wake up in the morning. As a child, it was such a comfort to

me to be with such a warm and loving person. At the same time, I think my love for Parksie also helped fulfill some of her needs too. Perhaps my mother was aware of the close relationship we had. If so, she never gave any objection. Whatever I needed in the way of food, care when I was sick, assurances, and devotion, I received many times over from Parksie. I like to think that I was as important to her comfort as she was to mine.

As a child I ran the gamut of childhood sicknesses and disease. I had scarlet fever and was confined for six weeks in a downstairs bedroom. But Parksie was there and ministered to my every need and complaint. I also had tonsillitis, chicken pox, mumps, and measles, and Parksie was beside me through each and every one of those. In short, I was close to being a fragile and sickly child, and I have no doubt things would have been much worse for me if Parksie hadn't been there to keep watch and cure my ills. She would read to me, and we would play games, not just when I was sick, but other times as well. Neither my brother nor sister had a "Parksie." She was good to them as she was helpful to everyone. But I saw myself as the apple of her eye, and I wasn't far from wrong. Everyone at the ranch – from my family to the hired hands and the cowboys, all treated her like a revered grandmother. Nobody had a bad word to say about Parksie. She was good throughout. She didn't get to church every Sunday, but she took kindness and decency seriously and lived that way each day.

Parksie loved to play games, and we tried many different ones, including Chinese Checkers, double solitaire, and other card games. I never heard her say "Well, I'm too tired to play now." She would always welcome my suggestions for games to play, books to read, or arts and crafts projects to do.

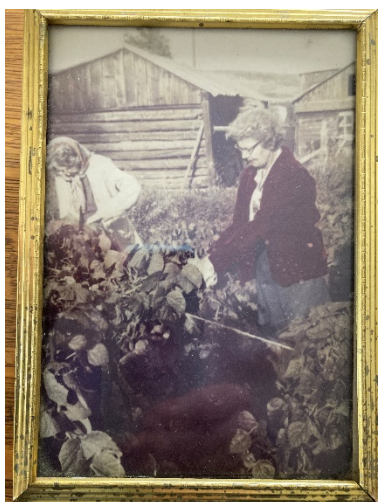
Mother was often ill and bedfast during this period, so Parksie took a tremendous load off my mother's shoulders just by being my companion. Mother needed much help after I was born, and Parksie was brought to our home because both my parents knew that my mother wasn't strong enough to handle another child. Parksie had a close and nearby family of nephews and nieces living in Craig, but she spent most of her waking hours at the ranch. For instance, she had a nephew Billy just 30 miles away. He was within a few days of my age and one of my best all-time playmates. Still Parksie bestowed more love on me, or so I felt, than on her own nephew.

We moved to Denver when I was in the 7<sup>th</sup> grade, and Parksie she spent most of her time with us in Denver but some of her time with her family in Craig. By this point, her role developed into a watchdog and caretaker for all of the family, although I always knew that her main focus remained on me. She and I still found time to play games, go to the movies, and be mutual companions. Wherever we lived in Denver, Parksie had her own bedroom and could do as she pleased. But she was not very venturesome, and she spent most of the time at the house. I was old enough to observe my mother's relationship with Parksie, and I never saw any jealousy on the part of either of them. They were a team united by concern for me, and I felt very protected and cared for. This pattern continued through my high school years.

When I went to college, some sadness was involved because Parksie stayed in Colorado, and I did not see her daily for the first time since I was born. At first, I tried to write her regularly but that road was paved with good intentions and I know there was some failure on my part to keep her in my vision. I don't remember her ever writing me a letter but given her education that may have been harder for her than it was for me.

She remained a part of our family until her failing health intervened about the time I went to college. Until her death, she lived in Craig with her family, who called her Aunt Rose.

Parksie loved me and I loved her. It brings tears to my eyes to remember her to this day. She was a saint. (and she would appreciate that comment since she was a devout Roman Catholic). Cathy Carpenter is named after her.



Parksie (on the left) with my mother in the garden at the ranch

### **Evan Marr**

“The Boss” is what my sister called, Evan Marr. It was an apt appellation. He was the “boss” in his domain on the ranch as the foreman and manager of the ranching activities. There was no disputing his hegemony that affected the working life of everyone who worked on the ranch. Evan was the boss because 1) he was hired to be the boss and 2) he would have been the boss wherever he worked. No one ever disputed his role as the boss, not even my dad.

Evan was born and raised in Vermont, in the town of Barre (pronounced “Barry”). By coincidence, my great-grandfather also lived there and is buried there. When Evan was 16, his family moved to Denver because his father had tuberculosis. Evan went to school in Denver, and I think he graduated from East High School. He was one of those people with a basic primary education, but he could do things that folks with advanced education couldn’t. If you had a long list of numbers, he could add them up more quickly in his head than you could with a calculator. He was smart as a whip. He didn’t have any education as an accountant, but he was superb as one. He could read a financial statement and understand what all the numbers meant. He closely supervised the ranch economy.

Evan never showed me anything but his good side. However, and I say this with deep respect, he didn’t take any guff from people or animals. The relationship between my father and Evan would make an interesting study. My father was clearly the owner and person in charge of the ranch. Evan never stepped on dad’s authority or belittled him in any way. My father repaid the respect that Evan showed him with absolute reliance on Evan’s goodwill, good intentions, and good advice. There was no going to dad and whining about something Evan made you do that you didn’t want to do. First, Evan would hear about it and second, it would do you no good. Dad and Evan were like two trees – intertwined, nourished by the same soil, and destined to reach a mutual goal and understanding. I don’t really understand how this relationship developed to be so strong and mutual. In part it was because Dad had to be away so much and needed to rely on Evan, but it was more than that. I don’t ever remember making a complaint about my father. I want to be sure to negate any thoughts that my explanation may have engendered to make it seem like there were disagreements between me and Evan, between Evan and my dad, or between my dad and me. I felt that we were all on board with the same goal to make me the best citizen and patriot I could be. Although there were arguments about internal, local and national affairs, they weren’t personal and were sublimated to the unquestioned goal of making the ranch and the life of the family work as well as possible.

My early memories of Evan center on his care and affection for me. Every day and in every way, he left no doubt that I was something special to him. I did not know what that was until perhaps many years later. He had two daughters at least 10 years older than I, and he needed a son which was a role I was glad to accept. Evan never communicated to me that I, by chance, helped to fill an empty space in his life. He never said anything like that, but I felt it to be true.

My very first memory of connecting with Evan was an adventure we had when I was about 4 years old. At that point, I could ride a horse fairly well, if someone saddled it for me since I was too small to get the saddle on the horse's back. On horseback I could be the second cowboy to help bring in the horses, just as I did with Scotty. I especially remember on morning when Evan asked me to go with him to a nearby pasture to round up a stray yearling bull and bring him a half mile across the pasture and back to the corral. It would have been difficult, though not impossible, for a lone person on horseback to do this. A second mounted rider could be very helpful in completing the transfer. Thus, my role. So, the two of us working together had no difficulty in bringing the bull back, with Evan giving me orders where orders were necessary to do what he needed me to do. I remember this because it was the first time I ever realized that I could fulfill an adult role if I had a good horse.

Many of my memories of Evan consist of evening games. My brother was in prep school in North Carolina, my sister was in prep school in Denver, and my parents were frequently gone from the ranch, living in D.C. while Evan and Parksie took care of me at the ranch. Dad and Mom could be away a matter of a week here or there or even a month or two. Dad's duties in D.C. between 1932 and 1938 took priority but I don't mean to indicate that I was deprived or ignored. It might have been except for the loving care I received at the ranch from Evan, Parksie and Scotty. Evan taught me to play cribbage. He taught me the basics of the game as well as the strategies. It consumed hours and became my favorite pastime, and still is to this day. I still think I'm a good cribbage player based on everything Evan taught me and my experience playing all those years when I was young. In fact, I still say "nibs" for the jack of the same suit as the turnup, which is what Evan said rather than "nobs" which is what all the "real" cribbage players call it. He also taught me to move the hind peg up behind the front peg if you didn't have any real points to score. That one, I no longer do, however.

I considered Evan to be one of the bravest people I knew. Because we had ranch facilities and livestock on both sides of the Yampa River which divided our ranch, we had to tend to everything on both parcels. In the spring, the river was high, and ran too deep and swift to be forded without swimming your horse. Evan, who could not swim himself, would be the first to plunge into the river holding tight to his horse and surviving because of the horse's swimming ability. In my view, this took great courage to challenge a swift river without a boat or great swimming ability. I admired Evan for his courage. There were many other things I admired about Evan. He was indeed a straight arrow, and I never doubted his integrity and willingness to head me in the right direction whatever the reason might be, such as taking the lead and pointing the way toward the solutions to the many problems that arose daily at the ranch. He solved those problems always with the knowledge and consent of my father, but he was generally the one who figured out the solution.

I would trust my life to Evan, and I cannot say that about many other people. I think one of the reasons Evan gained my complete trust was his urging me to be the best person possible while at the same time trying to be a reputable cowboy. I think that everyone at the ranch from the lowest ranch hand to the top echelon of cowboys and managers counted on Evan to lead the way. And he led with integrity, wisdom and relevant experience to successfully navigate a large ranch through the shoals of the Depression in the 1930s.

It was a sad day in the mid-1940s when Evan decided to leave the ranch and take a government job in Steamboat Springs as a road supervisor. To this day I do not know what motivated him in this regard, but I always respected his decision. Several years after he left the ranch, Evan and his wife Marge were divorced. I never got to know Evan's two daughters. They were always in Steamboat or Craig and seldom with him at the ranch. They had their own lives and very seldom interacted with Evan, being much closer to their mother. I suspect this was because the two of them found Evan to be grumpy, unhelpful, and distant. After Evan moved to Steamboat, I seldom saw him until some years later when he remarried and moved to Craig. My brother Ed lived in Craig so that he and Evan enjoyed a friendship they had never had when they were at the ranch. I visited Ed in Craig many times and if it was a Sunday, Evan was always invited for dinner.

## **HOW LUCKY I WAS**

I believe that there isn't a kid in America that had any more adult support from people who weren't their relatives than I did. Scotty, Parksie, and Evan were a unique trio who guided me, loved me, and worked together to make my childhood

extraordinary. They watched over me during the day and played games with me during the evenings. I owe them more than I can ever successfully articulate. To this day, I can't think about each of them individually or all of them collectively without tears of joy and love. I have deep feelings about them and it's hard to bring it to the surface and talk about it. Ed and Sis had relationships with all three of them, but not as close as I did.

## **MY HORSES**

When I was four, Dad bought me my own horse which I named Nugget, because that was the name of Dad's first horse. I don't remember much about Nugget except that you had better wear spurs if you wanted to keep up with the rest of the riders.

In a couple of years, I got another horse that I named Soapy. He was part Shetland, which meant that he was small. As I grew and reached 6' 2" by middle school, my feet would practically drag on the ground. I was too big for Soapy. So, on a subsequent camping trip, we converted Soapy to our pack horse. I borrowed a pack saddle and accompanying equipment from Auth Ruth at her dude ranch and prepared to use Soapy on a camping trip with three other boys. We planned to use four horses from the ranch plus Soapy as our pack horse. Of course, Soapy had never labored under a pack saddle and there was trouble from the very beginning. The four of us could not get our packs tied down properly as Soapy repeatedly bucked them off. Dad helped us resolve the problem using a diamond hitch to tie on the packs.

Going forward, when I needed a horse to ride I "borrowed" my dad's horse Prince. There's a photograph that has survived from one of my trips to the Flattops, my favorite place in the mountains. In that photo, I am riding Prince, pleased and proud to be doing so. My companion on that trip was Al Davis, a Princeton classmate, and the son of a Wyoming rancher. Al and I had a great time riding all over the Flattops national forest for two or three days. Prince was one of the best horses I ever rode. He was a very fast walker which put him at the head of every group of riders.

I got a horse of my own, a mare I called Cheeta. I was apprehensive about breaking her, but I was determined to do so. I think that I had the proper disposition to work with and train my horse. It turned out quite well. She was a favorite of everyone after a year or so of training. When she gave me a stud colt, I was no longer apprehensive about breaking a horse. It was much easier the second time, and by the time he was 2 years old he was well trained and a great traveler. However, I never had the opportunity to ride him while roping so I cannot claim he was a great cow horse.

## **GOING TO THE SEGOVIA CONCERT WITH MY MOTHER**

In my teen years, I was learning to play the guitar – not well, but fun for me. At the time, Andres Segovia was immensely popular as a classical guitarist. I acquired a number of his records and listened in wonder to his beautiful musicianship. Then, miracle of miracles, Segovia booked a concert in Denver at the Auditorium Theatre, and he had never played in Denver before. He was playing solo, and I wanted to go in the worst way. On a trip home from Denver to the ranch I told my mother about the concert. It was a time when she was not well, but we talked about going and it was obvious to me that she wanted to go too because I was so looking forward to it. So, it came about that we took the train from the ranch to Denver, she, and I, in November of 1954.

I don't remember where we stayed in Denver, but I do remember the concert. It was incredible to me to see this unchallenged star of the classical guitar. He played several pieces that I knew quite well because I had his recordings of them. He was a master of the art and therefore avoided all the distractions that sometimes accompany classical guitar (such as extra notes or unfinished strains).

My reaction to the concert was like floating on cloud 9. Mom's reaction insofar as I could determine it was delight and satisfaction in sharing with me my obvious love of the artist. It was something mother did for me because she knew how much it meant to me. It is obvious that she made this great attempt to please me and share with me our mutual love of music. We had a lovely time in Denver with no regrets on the part of either of us even though it was clearly a physical strain on her. She did it for me and I believe that she knew it was going to take the last ounce of her strength to do it. In fact, it was just a few weeks later that she passed away, which made me even more grateful that we had that

very special time together so close to the end of her life. What a wonderful gift she gave me. She was not strong physically, but she had a brave outlook on life and would do anything for her children. Hers was a great gift for all of us to treasure. And I treasure it.

## **THE WEASEL**

When I was about 15 years old, I built a trap to catch a weasel at the ranch. Why did I want to catch him? It was because I had seen what one weasel could do in the henhouse when the chickens were all asleep on the roost and the weasel snuck in the open entrance that the chickens used to go out first thing in the morning. One weasel can become crazed and kill all the chickens in one night if the weasel can gain access. I have seen it with my own eyes and as a result after the first “slaughter” I shut up the henhouse for the night so nothing could get in, but the hens also couldn’t get out.

The chickens were always in the house before dusk, and of course, they wanted out with first daylight. This was a pain for me and interrupted my sleep time. I didn’t mind closing them up at night after first making sure the weasel wasn’t already inside, but the chickens wanted out at 5 a.m. and I seldom got there before 7:00.

So, I decided to build a trap to catch the weasel (or weasels) and solve the problem. Weasels have white coats in winter – and are known as ermine - and brown coats in summer, when they are called weasels. I was out to catch a weasel. Right outside the kitchen door, I set up a grain box as a trap and propped it up on a stick with a cord attached. I was holding the cord from about 50 or more feet away. I baited the trap with tasty treats although I no longer remember what they were, and it worked. When the weasel entered the trap I pulled the cord, and the box fell and trapped the weasel inside. That was one angry weasel.

The next step was working a gunny sack around both the box and the weasel, removing the box from the sack without freeing the weasel. So, what can you do with a weasel in a sack? Well, not very much I can assure you. But, I could then move the weasel to a different trap that I had constructed with a woven wire top where I could feed him and observe him too. This worked as planned, at least once. I fed him and kept alive for probably two weeks. He became, I thought, almost gentle. Wrong! I tried to hand feed him, and as predictable, he bit me and jumped out of the trap. End of my weasel catching days. Kids on a ranch can do things like that.

## **RICHARD PLEASANT**

Richard was my cousin, the son of my Uncle John who was my mother’s brother. Richard was an unusual phenomenon. He was born in Lay, Colorado – far west of Craig – a place seemingly devoid of modern culture. Despite that handicap, he thrived on the limited educational opportunities available to him and absorbed not only typical schooling but also an appreciation of the arts, particularly music.

After a rather basic education in grade school, Richard entered high school in Hayden and spent a lot of time with his Uncle Farrington, my father. I believe Richard lived with us while attending high school, but I have no direct memory of that. Richard was so enamored with my father that he rather ignored my mother who doted on him nonetheless. Dad continuously spun enchanting stories of life on the ranch and in northwest Colorado generally, and Richard absorbed these vivid stories wholeheartedly. Dad and Richard were not pals, but Richard dwelled on my father’s every word and thus Dad was a major influence on Richard’s life, in ways that no one could have predicted. Meanwhile, it was painful to observe the interactions when Richard would ignore his aunt, my mother, to focus on my father who he found far more interesting.

Richard went to East High School in Denver, long before our family moved to Denver. And there was no way considering my father’s stories about Princeton that Richard even considered any other college. He graduated from Princeton in 1931 and from there went to New York City to further his desire for more culture and more hands-on experiences with the arts.

His time in New York came to be most focused on dance, and he partnered with a prominent woman of the arts, Lucia Chase. Together they served as agents to help people break into the art scenes, primarily in dance but across theatre

and music as well. In 1939, they together founded the American Ballet Theatre, which was thereafter recognized as one of the world's leading classical ballet companies.

When I eventually attended Princeton starting in 1947, Richard invited me to spend time with him in New York. It was his chance to provide some of his type of culture to a bumpkin like me who could rope and ride and not much else. Richard's apartment was an amazing collection of art, books, and cultural paraphernalia. At first it was exciting, and I spent perhaps a half dozen weekends in New York with Richard escorting me to the cultural events he deemed appropriate for his cousin from the wilderness where he had once lived himself. He would plan concerts, operas, recitals and plays for the two of us to attend. While I enjoyed those, I also found it to be exceedingly embarrassing to march into the middle of the prime seating section of the theatre, which he had reserved. We never got there before the play or concert had begun. This was because he was probably an alcoholic, and we lingered too long at the dinner table. For a novice like me it was extremely painful to barge in late, go down a row in the middle to the best seats in the house. Richard seemed impervious to this kind of embarrassment, and in fact, I think he reveled in having all the attention focused on him. Because of all that, I started using school commitments as an excuse to decline his invitations. My trips to visit him became fewer and fewer and by my sophomore year I seldom went. I don't think that over his lifetime, Richard ever got sufficient accolades from the family to recognize his achievements that the art world knew about and applauded.

When Richard died in 1961, my father who was then in D.C., volunteered to "wrap things up" with Richard's estate. He went to New York, settled up with Richard's landlord, called in a New York junk dealer and had everything cleaned out of the apartment. Then, he said to himself, "what a good job I've done." But in fact, Richard probably had thousands of dollars invested in works of art, particularly first editions, and all of that was lost. I don't think Dad was in New York a full day, but he was so proud that he handled it so efficiently. The family, especially Sis, was quite distressed to hear about the disposition of everything so quickly without consultation.

### **WASHINGTON D.C. TRIP**

While I was still in the Naval Reserve, I had two weeks of active duty every year. The year that Cathy and Chuck were 14 and 12, I took my 2 weeks in D.C., and they joined me on the weekend between the 2 weeks so that we could visit famous places together. I believe we went to Mount Vernon and many of the government offices like the U.S. Treasury, the Capitol, the Smithsonian museums, and so forth. I know we had a good time and went to many historic facilities. But much of the time, the kids were on their own during the following week since I was in class a major part of the day. We got together every night and sometimes in the afternoons, if I could get away.

But what sticks out in my mind is what happened to the kids when they were by themselves. They visited the usual tourist sites and actually went to the congressional offices of their Colorado representatives. I was impressed by this because they had this idea by themselves (or at least Cathy did) and wanted to get as much learning out of the trip as they could.

One time when I wasn't with them, they were walking somewhere and Cathy got a bit ahead of Chuck and he was accosted on the sidewalk and his money was taken away by a larger boy. I think he was far more upset by losing the battle than he was by losing the money, but we assured him that he had done what he could and yielded to superior force only as a last resort.

It was fun to be there with them, and I was proud of all that they did so independently.

### **AUNT MARIAN**

Aunt Marian – who was an unmarried sister of my father's - and my grandmother – Belle Carpenter who was my Dad's mother – lived together in Evanston Illinois with Aunt Ruth and Uncle Chester. Aunt Ruth was another of my father's sisters, and Chester was her husband.

My grandmother and Aunt Marian were dedicated to providing me, as their unprivileged country relative, experiences that would enhance my education. This consisted of numerous trips where they took me to various places, but Quebec and Montreal are the ones I remember best.

In both cities, we stayed at huge hotels where conventions were held. In Quebec it was Le Chateau Frontenac, but I don't remember the name of the Montreal hotel. In Quebec we visited the historical places, the House of Parliament, and others that I do not remember. In Montreal we visited various government buildings and received a heavy dose of history.

But my most vivid memories of those trips are the pure luxury of overnights in such comfortable hotels and the delight of eating foods that I had never had before or had only rarely. I was allowed to order anything from the menus that I wanted. And when I asked for fresh strawberries, they brought them!

Aunt Marian also took me to Chicago where we visited the Field Museum, the Shedd Aquarium, and the Art Institute of Chicago. As you can see, these trips were designed primarily for learning and finding culture rather than for fun for a young boy. The one I liked best was the Brookfield Zoo. It was perhaps the first zoo in America to abandon cages, provide open space for the animals, unobstructed viewing for the public, and a moat and wall to allow viewing but keep people safe and separated. What could be more fun for a ranch kid from the mountains of Colorado than a trip to the urban zoo where all the animals previously known only from books and stories were displayed in a suitable environment.

I had one extended summer visit and in fact, I even started second grade in Evanston that year, and attended for three weeks. Apparently, my grandmother and Aunt Marian were so intent on showing me the cultural advantages of Evanston and Chicago, that it occurred to them to just keep me there for six months or a year or whatever. That idea was fine with Dad, but Mom demanded that I be returned to her before the end of October. I seemed to be content to let all my elders work this out without having much of an opinion of my own. I was back in Hayden by the first of November.

## **GRANDMA BELLE**

Grandma Belle was the only grandparent I ever knew. She married my grandfather, Edward Farrington Carpenter, when she was 16. He died before I was born. Grandma was a person with an iron will who knew exactly what she wanted and how to get it. She presided over my father's life. He respected her without question, and she reciprocated with absolute loyalty and love for him. She visited the ranch in summer nearly every year, spending at least a month and sometimes two months. Dad always enjoyed her visits and did everything possible to make her comfortable and happy. He always included her in trips if she wanted to go and he relayed to her every evening what had occurred during the day that Grandma may not have heard. Usually, he would go to Evanston in the summer and bring her to the ranch on the train and would also escort her back in the fall. Mother and Grandma also got along just fine, as far as I know.

When Grandma was at the ranch, she loved to play games with me, or read to me, or have me read to her. And she always wanted to have time for a short visit with everyone working on the ranch so she could get to know them. It would be interesting, if we could reconstruct it, to know what the people at the ranch thought of Grandma. I know, however, that she greatly enjoyed visiting with them one on one and always flattered them by asking what they were doing and how things were going in their area.

I also visited Grandma in Evanston, when my parents put me on the train, and I traveled alone overnight to Chicago. Aunt Marian would meet me at the train station, and we would drive together to Evanston to Grandma's house, at 616 Noyes Street, directly adjacent to Northwestern University. The house was a typical mid-western affluent one, with some fine furniture and an aura of gentility. Usually, Grandma had hired a cook to manage the house, get the meals, and so forth. If not, then that duty fell to Aunt Ruth and Uncle Chester who really turned out to make my visit most enjoyable and memorable. Sometimes Grandma would hire a student to take me to the beach, on Lake Michigan that was just across the road from her house. I was thrilled with that opportunity to play at the beach with a shovel and

bucket, just like the other Evanston kids. I don't remember any particular friends from that sojourn in Evanston, but there were always playmates to join at the beach.

Grandma seemed to me to be an amazing and self-contained woman. She was not cold or calculating – far from it. She was warm, grandmotherly, and let her love be known without reserve. She was 99 when she died, and Dad and Sis and I attended the funeral in Evanston (Ed was in the military or off in Alaska or somewhere). All I remember about the funeral is taking the train to Chicago and back.

### **AUNT RUTH AND UNCLE CHESTER**

Aunt Ruth was a terror and Uncle Chester made a joke out of her tyranny. But really, he was smart enough to tread lightly. The two of them had no children of their own, but they adopted Marybelle and Bob.

Uncle Chester was my kind of guy. He was the epitome of laid back. In fact, he was so laid back he was nearly upside down. He talked baseball and took me to Cubs game from time to time. He paid attention to me and made me feel at home and important. I have always been grateful to him for his concern and affection. Thinking about him brings tears to my eyes to this day because of his kindness and care, which was very personal.

I had more contact with Aunt Ruth than probably any other similarly related relative because she was in Colorado every summer operating a dude ranch on Dad's homestead, called the LX Bar, my father's brand. As the song goes, "what Aunt Ruth wants, Aunt Ruth gets." Yes, she was something else. A strong will! Where Grandma Belle was gracious, Aunt Ruth was more of a bulldog.

Most of the dude ranch guests were from Evanston or had Evanston connections and were often repeat guests. Uncle Chester would remain in Evanston most of the summer and perhaps come out to the dude ranch for a week or two.

My brother Ed had a wide repertoire of cowboy songs, so he was in demand at the dude ranch many evenings. This was fun and ego-building for Ed and all his life he was a great western "troubadour." I didn't sing with Ed since it was his "performance" not mine.

Occasionally I would go to the dude ranch, particularly when Aunt Ruth was having a field day or other entertainment for her guests. For instance, she would have the guests participate in horse races and examples of horsemanship and skills related to ranching, lead by a couple of cowboys who worked for her. It was fun for me and a chance to show off some riding skills. It was particularly fun when there were girls my age visiting the ranch. I also joined the guests sometimes for trail rides or other ranch-type activities including a rodeo that was more running than bucking. Sometimes we would convince Aunt Ruth to bring her guests to the Hayden ranch for a branding or other event.

Uncle Chester died during the time that Aunt Ruth was still running the dude ranch. In later years, after Aunt Ruth had given up running the ranch she bought a residence on the highway just ½ mile from our ranch. She visited often and Dad always made sure she was well taken care of. She was such a strong personality that my mother was somewhat overwhelmed by her. What they thought of each other was kept from me on purpose, I suspect, but I did notice that Mother often claimed tasks or errands that need her attention when Aunt Ruth was around. I do not remember if Aunt Ruth returned to Evanston every winter, but she lived in the Hayden house alone several years before she died. Aunt Ruth and Uncle Chester's Evanston house now belongs to Northwestern University. The sign that is there says that the house is being used for reunions and visiting dignitaries. Somewhere there are pictures of me at that house when I was about 4 or 5 years old.

### **LEARNING TO SHOOT**

It would not be likely to happen in this day and age of accidental gun deaths and a general embargo on giving arms to youngsters, but my experience was different. When I was 5 or 6 years old, my Uncle Johnny – my mother's brother who lived in Hayden and ran the filling station there - gave me a .22 Remington pump action rifle. Can you imagine something like that happening today? But there was no comment about the gun given to me. My mother and father both knew about it and paid no attention.

I'm sure someone taught me the basics of lining up the front and rear sites on the barrel of the gun, but really all I remember is finding a target and learning how to hit it on my own. I do not remember receiving orders or instructions from anyone except possibly "don't be shooting toward the house."

I began buying .22 cartridges by the carton with money I saved. Each carton had 500 shells. You have to remember that I had nothing else to spend my allowance on other than these cartridges, as far as I can remember. I always bought the cheapest cartridges of the 3 sizes – which were shorts, longs, and long rifles – so I was buying the shorts, which would not go as far as the longs, but they made an equally loud "bang." The carton of 500 shells cost about \$2.

With my rifle, I made war on the gophers in the meadows, justifying my actions by eliminating them to save the grass that they otherwise would have eaten and eliminating the holes that they dug which frequently upended a horse and rider. Magpies were also fair game but almost impossible to hit on the wing with a rifle. And even more importantly, it was dangerous and foolhardy to be shooting up in the air. So, the men on the ranch built a magpie trap out of 2x4s and chicken wire. The birds were smart enough to get in through the top for the delicious meal offered in the bottom, but they could not fly straight up and get out. That was my chance to pick them off one by one.

One day I was all alone visiting Dad's homestead, Oak Point. I had shot a couple of magpies and maybe a ground squirrel or two when I was overcome with feelings of remorse. I regretted the indiscriminate shooting of all these creatures. Since then, I have never killed these animals again, preferring to live and let live.

This resolve was abandoned one time when the chance arrived to go deer hunting with my best friend Phil. We drove to the hills where we knew the deer were plentiful. I do not remember purchasing a license, but we must have done so because it was required. I was armed to the teeth with my Father's WWI Enfield, a 30-06 rifle. I struck out on my own in one direction, with Phil going the other way. A deer jumped out of the underbrush and reflexively I shot it. Then the regrets began. The animal was a young doe, not protected by law but not exactly a hunter's prized trophy. I showed the carcass to the local warden who drove by and received his okay. But I didn't feel okay.

Phil and I took the deer back to the ranch in the trunk of the car and hung it in the barn. I knew I had to dress it (take out the insides and remove the head) and divide the four quarters to be eaten. I was less than proud of what I had done. That was the first and the last deer I ever shot. Deer hunting was not for me.

This is not to say that I quit hunting all together. I must have gone duck and goose hunting with friends as a young man and even after I started practicing law. During law school, the class in Evidence was taught at 8 a.m. A friend and I often brought our shotguns to school and then ditched the class for a chance to shoot at the ducks which were flying overhead and coming in to land. We were terrible shots and got only a very few ducks with that method, which we took home to clean, cook and eat. Picking a duck ain't easy, as it took an hour and wasn't much fun. But going duck hunting sure beat Evidence for a fun morning! I suffered later when practicing law and discovered that I did not know the rules of Evidence worth a damn.

By the time I was practicing law in Denver, I teamed up with another law school friend who had a connection with a farm family that owned ground with several small lakes in Weld County. A number of times we arose before dawn and with other friends tried duck hunting at one or more of these lakes. I do not remember much success in the venture and I for one soon got tired of getting up at 2 a.m. and then not being very successful in the hunt. Let's just say I was not a good "wing" shot. I soon gave it up.

It may be that my loss of hearing today is a direct result of the noise created by my 12-gauge double barrel shotgun. If so, the penalty far exceeded the rewards.

## **JOBS I HAVE HAD**

### **Egg business**

The first job I ever had that was really denominated as a job was taking care of the chickens at the ranch, feeding them, collecting the eggs, and keeping the hens from nesting on the eggs – because they wanted to hatch them – but we wanted to eat them. It would have been hard for the eggs to hatch because we didn't have a mature rooster. The roosters all got eaten and the hens kept laying eggs. We didn't want to have more chickens; we just wanted the eggs. Every day I would go to the hen house in the morning. There were a couple of rows of nests, maybe 20 nests, and I would gently but forcibly take the hens off the nests and collect the eggs. Typically, I would gather between 10-20 eggs and take them into the kitchen. Those eggs would get used for breakfast, baking and cooking. Once in a while we would have to buy eggs, but not very often. It was also my job to lock up the chickens every night to be sure the foxes and skunks didn't get them. It was pretty easy, since the hens would go in the henhouse at dusk by themselves and all I had to do was ensure there wasn't a fox or a skunk already inside when I locked things up. Once I got this egg gathering job, I never had to ask my dad for money again to go to town or to buy something I would order. I always was able to earn it myself. And I was proud of that fact.

### **The Chicken Business**

I started in the chicken business at about 7 years old. I'd order baby chickens from a nursery, often one in Des Moines, and they would arrive on the train. You could tell when it was chicken season because the post office would be filled with chirping chicken noises! I'd take the one to two hundred chicks back to the ranch and put all of them in pens that we had and some I repaired, with covers on them so they couldn't escape. I fed them until they were half-grown, using feed that I purchased from my dad. When they were half-grown, I would separate the females that I'd keep for laying eggs. The roosters were then held for slaughter. Many of them I sold back to my dad.

When I was about 8 years old, Ray Bunn -who was an 18-year-old from Tennessee who got a job working at the ranch – suggested that the chickens we were raising would be better eating if we caponized the roosters. Caponizing was castrating. A rooster has two testes inside his body, one on each side. So, Ray taught me how to locate the testes and how to do the two operations required – one on each side. In preparation, one had to remove the feathers where the surgeries would occur. You held the rooster down with one hand and plucked the feathers with the other. Then you made an incision right where you needed to and cut the teste out with a surgical knife. It was about the size and shape of a kernel of corn. Then, you flipped the rooster over and repeated the process on the other side. No sutures, no nothing. I don't even remember if we used any disinfectant. We'd release the rooster, and it would just carry on.

The capons then grew bigger than ordinary roosters, and it was true that they were better eating. I don't know what the figures show, but my guess is that the capons were about twice as heavy as the roosters. I was able to sell them to the local grocery as capons were rare and unusual and were much larger and more tender than roosters. I also sold them to my dad, and we ate them at the ranch.

### **Milk delivery business**

When I was about 11 years old, a woman in town had a couple of milk cows and she would produce the milk and put it in bottles. I would ride along with whomever was going into town to get the mail and take my bike with me. I would collect the bottles – every day for maybe a year. I would guess that I had about 10 customers who were all in town, and I delivered the bottles to them, picking up the empty bottles and taking them back. The customers would pay me, but I'm not sure how often. This is all very dim in my memory. I made money and I liked having a job and people seemed to appreciate the service.

### **Newspaper delivery**

When we moved to Denver, I was 12. I got started by helping another boy who had a newspaper route but needed someone to fill in when he was ill or unavailable. I learned his route so I could deliver it without his help, and it ended up that I was delivering the papers about half the time. In addition to delivering, you had to go around to collect the

money and if you couldn't find the people at home you had to keep going back until you did. It was something like 50cents a week, but I do not remember precisely.

Because of all my Denver newspaper experience, when I got to Princeton, I went to the Herald Traveler city newspaper offices and met with the manager. He had no routes available and no deliveries outside the downtown area. We made a deal that if I could get 25-30 subscribers, I would be their delivery boy. I went door to door in good residential neighborhoods. I don't remember how many subscribers I had, but I kept adding new ones until there was enough to support a delivery boy. Then I would find a boy for the delivery and turn the route over to him. I would bring him the papers, and he would deliver. By this method I established 10-20 delivery routes. I would pick up the newspapers at the railroad station, breaking up the big bundles and giving them to the delivery boys at a higher price. I'm not sure, but I think the boys collected from the route and I collected from the boys. Some of the routes I collected myself and others the delivery people collected. I don't remember ever losing a nickel on this process. This was such a good deal that when I went back to the ranch for the summer, I always found another person to deliver the papers until I returned in the fall. I remember, in particular, one couple – an African American boy and a girl – who took over my route on two different summers and then gave the route back to me when I returned. The third summer I didn't come back as I was heading off to Harvard in the fall and they got to keep the enterprise. I still remember the Herald Traveler circulation manager and his wife. He was a terrific guy and they used to invite me over for dinner. I wish I could remember his name.

At Harvard, I continued my newspaper delivery business – using the same model of my delivering papers to the delivery boys – and again hiring a couple to manage it while I was away in the summers at the ranch.

As I look back on it, this was a pretty enterprising operation that I had concocted and kept going for all those years in three different cities.

### **Military service**

After my second year at Harvard, I went to the county seat in Steamboat to talk to the chairman of the draft board. This was 1953, and the draft was declining but not entirely gone. I told him that I realized I would be drafted that year, but since it would be between my second and third years of law school, I proposed an agreement that if the board would allow me to complete law school in return I would volunteer for military service. As I remember it, we made that deal on the sidewalk in Steamboat Springs just outside his office. Nothing was written down, but I honored the deal and he did too. When I graduated, I volunteered.

I had a friend who knew of an opportunity that allowed you to volunteer for a specific branch of the service if you had a law degree. He and I both went to volunteer for this. He wanted to sign up for the Navy. He was turned down because of his poor eyesight and I was accepted. However, there were no spaces available in this program until the following January. So, I enlisted in June, and worked on the ranch until January when I was ordered to duty.

The program had me enroll in Officer Candidate School (OCS) beginning in January and ending in March, in Newport Rhode Island. We were trained to be an officer, which was mostly classroom work to learn what a naval officer needed to know in general such as the applicability of the code that governed officer behavior on active duty. After that I went to a 2-month school in Jacksonville Florida, where I spent time at an aviation ground school to learn the duties of a non-flying officer such as managing aircraft, storage of aircraft, managing the training of pilots and so forth. Then my orders were to report again in January, so I had six months. I used those 6 months to find a law job that would be available when I got out of the service, and the question was when I would get out of the service. The answer was 1 year and 4 months after reporting in January.

When I reported in January, I was full time on the Admiral's staff in Pearl Harbor. So, Virginia, Cathy, Chuck and I moved to Oahu, overlooking Pearl Harbor, and I bought a house. My duties were to arrange briefings for ship commanders who were departing for the Far East. These briefings were usually something less than four hours. They covered the intelligence information that the ship commander and his staff would need to carry out their assignments. From time to time, I went on duty in Japan, and I would be gone for about a month or two. I think I made 4 trips to Japan during the

year and a half that I was in the service there. In Japan, I would fill in for other intelligence officers who were unavailable because they had been called back to the States or shipped off to another posting. I got to do a variety of tasks that were invaluable experience, and I made the most of it.

One thing that was favorable to my education was the opportunity, in fact the obligation, to brief the Admiral himself. I was a lowly Lieutenant Junior Grade, but once a week and sometimes more often I briefed him on the political situation, current events, and recent developments. My briefing was less military oriented than the more senior briefers (usually a Commander or a Lieutenant Commander) but it was a great opportunity for me to shed my performance fears and anxieties and proceed with a resume of the latest information. I think I made a good briefing officer and received kind words from the people that I briefed. And I think my experience in this job helped me in later briefing requirements and argument when I began law practice. I can remember some throwback that I received on my briefing efforts, and I thought legal argument could not be tougher than this! And I was right. Sometimes when I had to give a legal brief years later, I thought back to my work in Pearl Harbor and found real life was no more difficult than those military experiences.

When I was home on Oahu, and not on duty, it was a chance to enjoy the recreational possibilities on both on the south and the north shores of the island. I even achieved minor ability to handle a surfboard though I found it somewhat difficult. For the kids, we planned many trips to the shore, and I worked with them daily to improve their swimming and also their mastery of a full-sized surfboard. I wonder how much of this they remember, but I believe it was a very active and enjoyable time for all of us. And the pineapples on Oahu are different from the pineapples in the grocery store at home. They are sweeter, more tasteful, and almost a different fruit. We had fresh pineapple at almost every meal.

When I finished my active duty, I continued in the Reserves where I could receive my promotions when they were due and be up to date on operations and information. I would have 2 weeks every year where I would go to Washington D.C., San Diego, etc. This was known as Active Duty for Training (pronounced Act-Dutrah), where we did exercises and routines, and this continued for about 22 years. At the same time, we had one weekend per quarter when we were on active duty, where we had group meetings to present briefs to each other to keep abreast of the latest developments.

I truly enjoyed my time in the Reserves and because I was generally the senior member I received full pay for my two weeks, whereas the others generally did not. And I'm still referred to as Captain Carpenter to this day, a rank I achieved because of my seniority.

### **Law practice**

During the 6 months between signing up for military service and my call to active duty, I looked for a law job. I first went at my father's suggestion, to a judge at the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit and talked with him about the possibility of clerking. We had lunch in his chambers, and he was very gracious about talking with me. However, he knew that I was not clerk material, and that's the truth. Next, I went to talk to law firms that had Harvard Law School lawyers in them. At least four of those firms turned me down because of my impending call to active duty. Someone suggested I talk to John Tippit and Floyd Haskell. I did so and they offered me a job. I worked for Tippit Haskell and Welborn until January.

When I returned from active duty, I had had no contact with the law firm. I didn't even have the sense to telephone ahead of time. It was foolish of me, but I simply went to the office in the old First National Bank Building and was startled to see my name on the door as the senior associate. My appearance caused conferences with the partners who assured me that I was still the senior associate although I had been gone so long. I said that this seemed to me to be entirely unfair to Jack Evans who had been working at the office and handling much of their trial work for two or three years. On the other hand, I explained that moving my name to the bottom of the list would create some doubts about my standing and abilities. A compromise was reached. Both Jack and I were made partners at the same time, with him being the senior of the two of us. So, I was a partner after having only worked for the law firm for a few months! In effect, my time in the service counted as service to the law firm, the only difference being that I was junior to Jack.

The first month, I worked on a real estate problem that went to trial after several weeks of negotiation. Fortunately, Jack helped me prepare and sat at the counsel table with me during the trial, and we were successful. After that, I took on cases as they arose but primarily those involving real estate. After two years with the firm, I had occasion to count the number of court appearances. I was quite surprised there were approximately 30 appearances or judicial conferences and I was now working independently of another lawyer except to broaden my own abilities and learn from the other lawyers.

With respect to the court work, I did not want it to become my specialty, but I was willing to tackle my share of the duty. What I really liked was the transactional practice of helping clients buy or sell their real estate ventures, and the planning that went into that phase of my practice.

John Tippit left the firm to concentrate on oil and gas practice which was his specialty. Bob Welborn also left to become counsel for Colorado Fuel and Iron (CFI), the largest employer in the state. That left Floyd Haskell and we reorganized as Haskell, Helmick, Carpenter & Evans. The partners had a Sunday conference once a month at somebody's house to discuss firm business. On a Saturday prior to one of these, someone told me that I wasn't invited to the conference because the firm was going to reorganize again, and I would not be part of the firm. I was then a solo practitioner without a firm. That was the only time in my life that I can remember being close to tears over a business matter.

The following Monday, I found new office space in the Denver Club Building and began life as a solo practitioner. It was an uncomfortable and sad time. I had to talk to all my clients and find out about their desires for representation. I had enough of my clients coming with me so that I needed help and hired a lawyer I knew to pitch in with me. I managed to make things move ahead – not smoothly, but passably – and gradually I formed my own firm, eventually hiring several other lawyers with whom I had previously worked. I was totally doing real estate and was doing some court work though it was not ever my specialty.

At the same time that I was without a firm, Roy Romer – a lawyer I had known for several years – learned of my situation and asked me if it would be a good idea for the two of us to form a new firm. I don't remember if we actually did or just worked together in adjoining offices, with our highly valued assistant and paralegal Priscilla Kimitch in the middle. Roy and I continued like this for probably less than a year when he decided to run for governor. Many of Roy's clients (some of whom were relatives of his) came to me for their legal work when Roy's political ambitions began to consume most of his time.

At this time, I went to Bob Yegge – the dean of the law school at DU – and suggested that he hire me to teach one of the first-year property law courses. Bob was doubtful at first, but I persuaded him to give it a try. I think I can say truthfully that my first effort was very successful. I felt confident and really liked the lecturing aspect of teaching.

About the same time, there was a groundswell of interest in paralegal education. I saw an opportunity to create a course to teach real estate paralegals but before I could get started another real estate lawyer had the same idea. I do not remember all the details, but somehow this new venture of teaching real estate paralegals became my venture and was advertised as such by the University of Denver. But I changed it to a course to teach fundamental real estate law to graduates who knew the law but not the practicalities of practicing real estate law. This proved to be a successful approach for new lawyers, and the course grew in size and reputation. At this time, CLE in Colorado was managed by DU. When the Bar Association took over control of CLE, my course and I continued to thrive in the new setting.

To teach the course, I compiled lectures and reference materials and after a year I then had the core to create a guide to the first few years of practicing real estate law. This eventually became my two-volume work called Colorado Real Estate Practice. I would continue to teach this CLE course for 32 years, and usually had 100 or more students each year. My theory was proven correct. New lawyers really wanted to learn the practical aspects of real estate law practice rather than just the abstract ideas of real estate law.

As I continued as a solo practitioner, Andy Klatskin had been looking for a job and he left me a message to call if I had any leads. I telephoned him and arranged to meet for lunch at the Albany Hotel in downtown Denver (which is no longer there). He told me that he had been doing collection work for another lawyer, but it was not what he hoped to do. I suggested that I had some spill-over work that was not collection work. Instead, it was real estate oriented - buy/sell/rent. He didn't hesitate to assure me that he would appreciate whatever work I could give him of a real estate nature. As I remember it, we made an arrangement at that time for him to help with my practice and become an associate. This worked out well I think for both of us. I needed help and Andy was the right person to provide it. The clients found him a jovial assistant with their real estate deals and Andy was happy for the opportunity and did a terrific job in convincing the clients of his legal abilities.

After working together for a year, I asked Andy if he would like to be my partner in a new firm. He agreed and in 1978 Carpenter & Klatskin was born. We officed in the Denver Club Building, where we remained for many, many years. We generally had lunch daily in the restaurant on the top floor of the building, topped off with a piece of their incomparable pie!

Over all those years, there are some clients that remain vivid to me. For example, I fondly remember Dick and Stan. They were working on acquiring some major real estate holdings, such as land to support one or more subdivisions, and that was my forte. This was exciting work for real estate lawyer and did not involve many court appearances. But it did require much attention to market forces and trends. Best of all was the fact that I not only liked the work, but I really liked the clients themselves.

Let me give you an example of an evening spent with them. They invited me to a formal dinner where there were a couple of hundred people, and I had to rent a tux. It was held in a large hotel ballroom in Denver, and I knew a lot of the people there. There was a band and a musical variety show. At some point the emcee asked for volunteers to come to the stage. I had no intention of going, but Dick and Stan simply lifted me out of my seat and pushed me to the podium. The emcee handed me the microphone and asked me to sing I Left My Heart in San Francisco, which the band was prepared to play. I said to the emcee "I know the tune, but I don't know the words." "Never mind, he said." "I will feed you the words if you can sing the song." So, standing at my shoulder he gave me the words and I sang. And I was surprised at how well I did. In fact, it scared me how well I did. And the audience, who gave me a standing ovation, was obviously equally impressed. One woman pretended to faint, and later others told me I did as well as Tony Bennett, who made the song famous. We got home about an hour later and I was still shaking. Strange, because I had done a lot of singing in public but this one was gripping and special. To this day I don't know why I allowed myself to be sacrificed in this manner, but it turned out to be a life memory that still makes me grin.

I also remember all my years as the general counsel for the Colorado Association of Clerks and Recorders whose members maintain county records including real estate, voting, and contracting. I would regularly get calls from around the state with questions that various clerks had about their duties. In addition, I was asked to attend their annual convention and usually to speak on a topic that would interest them such as voting regulations, filling vacancies in their offices, or trying to avoid unsolvable controversies about their duties. This was perhaps the client that I enjoyed the most because my duties were so varied and seemingly never ending and because the clerks were very knowledgeable and interesting people. It always was interesting to me that the ratio of women to men among the state's county clerks was about 10 to 1, although they were elected positions. I can't explain why, but it seemed as though it was seen as a job for women and most men didn't think to run for the positions.

I also remember how much I enjoyed the substantial amount of time I spent serving as an expert witness. My records show that I testified as an expert in more than 75 trials and arbitrations in both Colorado and federal courts. The one that sticks out in my mind above all, however, was one where the judge allowed the jury to ask me questions directly. Normally it's just the lawyers who get to ask the expert questions. I had so much fun - alright, I admit I was also showing off a bit - talking directly to the jurors and answering all their technical questions. This consumed nearly an hour and I had that good feeling that the jurors, through their questioning, actually understood what I had to say.

In February of 2016, the law firm of Carpenter & Klatskin disbanded and Andy and I moved into new adjoining offices within the law firm of Coan, Payton & Payne. And in 2020, I stopped practicing law and we dissolved the Carpenter & Klatskin firm.

### **Work In the Legal Community**

I always felt a responsibility to assist any group from the Bar Association with the work they did that benefited all of us. So, I sat on the Real Estate Title Standards Committee for many years. The discussions were always lively, I always learned something and generally was able to contribute worthwhile thoughts to help move things forward.

I also was president of the Denver Bar Association, but I turned down being president of the Colorado Bar Association since it was ceremonial and you had to go to all 14 of the local bar association dinners which I didn't want to do. I did serve on the Board of Directors for the Colorado Bar, however.

When the Denver Bar Association asked Jack Kellogg to form a committee and report back a list of all the Colorado statutes that affected real estate, Jack did as requested, and we had a very fine committee of about 12 real estate lawyers. We met two or three times and concluded that every statute had something to do with real estate and our task was somewhat meaningless. The committee was disbanded by the Bar Association, but the committee members had been having so much fun getting together and talking about real estate that we decided not to disband but to keep meeting. I suggested to Jack that we form a group if not a committee to discuss real estate statutes and what could be done to improve them. So, I took responsibility for organizing and communicating to the group. We began meeting on the first Friday of each month for lunch together at the Albany Hotel. I suggested that we call ourselves the Blue-Ribbon Committee on Real Estate Matters but that wasn't sexy enough. Jack suggested POETS, which stood for *Piss on Everything Tomorrow is Saturday*, and that name won the day. We held our first meeting on July 26, 1974, with 23 members. The group slowly expanded as we included anyone who wanted to join. When we reached about 60 members, we chose to create a waiting list for new members because we wanted to keep the group small enough to fit in the dining room and to interact with one another. That waiting list continued for many years, until there was eventually room enough for everyone. I continued to lead the POETS group until 2015 when I realized that it was wise to create a new generation of leadership. So, I asked two lawyers – Beat Steiner and Chuck Calvin – to team up and be in charge. They were a good choice because between the two of them, they had both the attention to detail and the good humor to take care of making the group continue successfully. I was quite moved when the group honored me in 2016 at our 500<sup>th</sup> meeting, presenting me with a wonderful book of personal reminiscences and historical documents, which I treasure to this day. I now only attend the December meeting each year, to read the notorious Christmas legal parody that Jack wrote and read every year at the December meeting while he was alive.

Every year the Real Estate Section of the Colorado Bar Association would meet during the summer at a symposium held at a mountain resort over three days, for learning all about current issues in the practice of real estate law. Beginning with the first symposium, I was always asked to do a presentation after lunch on the second – and most central – day of the event. While I always created a presentation on a particular topic to be published in the proceedings, I always chose to talk about the lighter side of the topic, telling stories and anecdotes that were guaranteed audience pleasers.

In my last few years of presenting, I even had the courage to include a song that was tied to the theme of my presentation. I projected the words onto the screen, and everyone sang along. It was pretty popular, and the group came to expect a song each year. In 2013, they honored me again by naming the event the Willis Carpenter Real Estate Symposium, which they wanted to call it going forward as well. I demurred. I suggested that the 2013 one was sufficient and that future ones should honor others. After nearly 30 years I stopped doing presentations for the symposium, and now no longer even attend the event.

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