

I'd like to say a little more about the house mother made into a home. It was one of the first, perhaps the first of the houses built in Georgetown, and was naturally made of logs cut and hauled in from a nearby canyon. It had two rooms--actually three if we count the narrow portion of one room partitioned off to form a pantry I suppose. The roof was a gable roof topped with pine shingles. Sometimes before I can remember, these logs had been covered on the outside with lumber clapboard and two more rooms were built on the east side, the south-east room larger than the other and serving as a kitchen. These rooms were covered on the outside by the same lumber clapboard.

The house had been painted light yellow and perhaps white at one time. A front porch about six or eight feet by six feet, roofed and with two pillar supports, made an attractive entrance. Inside the walls and ceiling were covered with cloth which in turn was covered with wall paper. This wall paper was covered with new paper every few years, much to the delight of all of us who enjoyed the new designs and colors.

In later years the original pantry was used as a clothes closet and part of the newer kitchen was made into a pantry. A well, the second well on the place, was dug close to the kitchen door and the water was obtained by drawing it up in a bucket attached to a rope threaded over a pulley. A tool house and milk "separator" room stood just east of the house and well. Later this was removed, or perhaps a room added to it, and a two room building was built to provide a utility room and extra bedroom.

The long log barn, the wagon "shed", a shop, a grainery, an ice and coal and wood room, a "hen house" and roofed pig pens were arranged in such a way as to form the "front" corral and the "back" corral, and were located a few rods north of the house. The first well was in this area. This house facing west was on the street furthest east of the town and our town fields were immediately east of the house and garden. By my day the "Lot" containing the house and garden was enclosed by an attractive and serviceable combination (net wire we called it) fence. Last, but certainly not least, was the root cellar--not too far from the house. The entrance to this cellar was a double trap door insulated with sacks of sawdust and the winter snow.

This cellar held our potatoe crop, part of which we ate and part of which we sold. Melvin refers to the grainery which was never empty. From this grainery we hauled wheat to the flour mill in Montpelier, twelve miles to the south, where the wheat was made into flour ("white" and "graham" and into a ground cereal we called Germade), and which we cooked for breakfast all but twelve mornings a year. Corn meal took it's place on rare occasions. Mother always had flour on hand. During World War One we would sell a little more wheat and buy the "substitutes", oat and rye flour, to demonstrate our loyalty to the war effort.