

## **Wild Horses and Keno Springs Ranch** *by Dave Meeker*

In the fall of 1949 our family moved from the Crawford Ranch near Hildebrand, Oregon, to Keno Springs, a small mountain ranch north of Bonanza, Oregon. The lease my folks negotiated with Charlie Crawford in 1946 had expired and we needed to move our horses, cattle, my two magpies and their cage, and all our other possession to the new ranch. We loaded the magpies and their home, together with many other items onto our rubber-tired hay wagon for the move. It took multiple trips in the “Candy Wagon”, a 1938 Chevrolet ¾ ton truck with a stock bed, but we finally got settled. In addition to the Candy Wagon we had the Cletrak, a small crawler tractor, and our 1947 Jeep which was the family’s main transportation.

The ranch at Keno Springs consisted of some 3,000 acres of meadow and sagebrush in a basin of privately owned land within the Fremont National Forest (now called the Winema National Forest). It was owned by Harold Mallory, who owned a big supermarket near Klamath Falls. I don’t know the real agreement my folks had made with Mallory. We ran our own cattle and also his cattle but I don’t know how the cattle increase or the crops harvested on the property were divided. At that time it was a beautiful place. Along the north edge of the meadows lay a string of springs that watered the meadows and provided grass for the cattle and horses. There was a very good spring near the barn which flowed into a small man-made reservoir behind a dirt dike. My mother raised ducks and geese on the pond and the migratory waterfowl also made occasional rest stops on it. Some of the barn corrals ran down to the pond so we did not have to pump water for the horses or other stock kept in the corrals. There was a large and very good barn with a central hay mow, stalls for horses on one side, and a make-shift milking room with two stanchions for milk cows on one back corner.

The house was small with a one-story kitchen and enclosed porch built out on the south side of an older two-story building having a living room and two bedrooms downstairs and two more bedrooms upstairs. We had to cut and split wood for the cookstove and an old “airtight” stove built out of light sheet metal which would, on very cold nights, be glowing red from burning the pitchy pine knots that were too big for the cookstove. Those stoves were very cheap, not like modern stoves, and probably not efficient. The house burned down sometime after we left and, after the experience of living in New Hampshire, I expect it was due to a chimney fire resulting from the burning of resinous pine – but we certainly heated it up enough to minimize creosote accumulation in the chimney while we were there.

Someone gave my mother a “Min-Max” thermometer for Christmas in 1949. She decided to keep a record of the temperature and expanded this by adding a barometer reading and a brief (really brief) description of the day’s events. She kept her “daybook” from January 1, 1950, to her death in 1980. While the cryptic entries are difficult for a naïve reader, they are full of meaning and memories for those of us who can decode them. My brother and I can spend hours going over them and remembering ..., of course, they also help to constrain our stories to a modicum of truth.

When we moved in there was no running water in the house and we had to haul water in 10-gallon milk cans from a boxed-in spring about a 100 yards from the house. The wood burning cookstove had a reservoir on its side next to the firebox. We heated water in that and on the stove for washing. In the first fall, 1949, we began to dig a trench from the spring to the house using the big RD7 Caterpillar tractor with its bulldozer. That was a difficult job because it turned out that in that location there was either a little dirt over lots of big rocks or bottomless mud under a carpet of grass. I managed to get the tractor stuck in the mud the first day. It was a pretty discouraging sight – that great big tractor with its

nose down in water and its heavy bulldozer blade keeping it there. There was not another tractor that size anywhere near us and, if there had been, we wouldn't have been able to afford the cost of getting it to where we needed it. It took over a day of very hard work to finally get it back on dry land. We started by chopping up 4" – 6" diameter trees into 2 foot pieces and letting the tracks pull them under the tractor. After a dozen or more such trees were chopped down and chopped up without any observable success we decided that there really was no "bottom" under the tractor that we could "fill up" with logs. Finally, we decided to leave the logs long enough to chain to both tracks so the whole 8 or 9 foot log could be pulled under the tractor. That eventually worked and the knowledge gained saved us a lot of time the next time the tractor got caught in a soft spot.

The pipe from the spring to the house was not laid in the trench until the next year (1950). (from the Daybook)

*Wed. April 5 34° to 50° 29.32F*

*Is now 40°. Cloudy and windy. Loren and Dave filled the pipe ditch. Art and I went to town. Mary and kiddies came home with us. Had a flat at Dairy.*

Then, the following

*Sat. April 8, 22° to 40° 29.25R*

*... Loren says he is the first man to take a bath at Keno Springs.*

So, we had water to the house and later in the spring and summer of 1950 my father managed to install a large water tank within a tank house insulated by walls filled with about a foot of sawdust. That was a big job and I'm not sure how he and Mom managed it. I was in school so did not help significantly in the project. The pipe ditch zig-zagged up to the house as it dodged around rocks too large to dig out with the dozer. It was deep enough that the pipe could be covered with dirt but not deep enough to shield it from winter's frost. After filling the tank in the wintertime we would use the air compressor to blow the water out of the line. My dad, who had done a lot of plumbing, ran water from the tank to coils in the firebox of the cookstove and back to a hot water tank on the porch. From there the hot water went to a shower in a corner of the porch (where the 10-gallon cans had been) and to the sink in the kitchen. There was no bathroom so we were all set. The running water was a great addition to the place. In the winter I could shower at school after PE classes but, in the summer, taking a "bath" while standing up at the kitchen sink after a day driving a tractor in a dusty field or hauling hay out of the hayfield and into the barn would have been awful.

I graduated from Bonanza High School in May of 1950 and then started a two-quarter course in Farm Mechanics at the new Oregon Technical Institute in Klamath Falls. There I learned a lot of very useful knowledge and skills -- automobile mechanics, automobile tune-up, arc and acetylene welding. At the end of the two quarters, in the late winter of 1951, I moved back to the ranch and worked with Dad and other ranchers in the area.

On Sundays in the spring of 1951, if there wasn't work to do, I would saddle up and ride around to explore the country around the ranch. According to the "daybook" I soon found evidence of one, or more, herds of wild horses.

*Sunday, March 25, 1951*

26° to 56°

29.40 M

*Partly cloudy, Pumped water. Dave located a band of wild horses. Clyde's left and Riley's came.*

The horse I would usually ride, a chestnut we called "Gibson" because we got him from Dad's friend, Art Gibson, was a great "mustang hunter". I would notice him nodding his head from side to side and smelling the brush or trees along the trail. I learned to slow down and look around because there were usually wild ones close. Because of him I would often see the horses before they saw me. Unlike the stories you now see on TV, you don't get close to real wild horses. They are much wilder than deer. Often, while on horseback, a deer has watched me ride past and hardly missed a chew but that would never happen with a wild horse. As soon as mustangs see a horse and rider they are on their way. If you are close and threatening they will run but if not they simply head off on a long trot. Anyone who has tried to corral them knows that they can keep that trot for hours – and miles.

Of course, not every horse in a "wild bunch" was wild in the sense of being "untouched by human hands". It was not unusual to have branded horses running with the wild ones – occasionally even leading the herd. A white mare belonging to Mrs. Vincent, the Vincents lived not far from Keno Springs in the summer, got away, joined, and actually led the wild ones for a while. She did a good job of it too. When finally caught and in a corral, Mrs. Vincent just walked up to her and caught her. Horses are not simple creatures!

I've seen, on TV, a "horse whisperer" catch and tame a wild horse by following it for hours and miles until it gives up. That is, undoubtedly, the way in which the Indians caught the first mustangs that escaped from the Spanish conquistadors but it is not the practice among the cowboy "mustangers" of the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> century. One day I found the remains of an old "wild horse trap" -- a rotting corral with indications of the "wings" that extended out from the corral gate to each side and were intended to funnel the wild ones into the corral. I, very briefly, thought of rebuilding the corrals.

*Sunday, April 1, 1951*

18° to 54°

29.37 M

*Fair. Dave and Art worked on their horse corral and brought our horses up.*

An afternoon's work showed that corral building was not a viable approach, too many postholes and too few horses on too much land, and we gave up the project. However, with the summer the horses were tempted by the good grass around the ranch.

*Thursday, July 26, 1951*

38° to 88°

29.45R

*Wild horses have been in the little reservoir.*

On the southern boundary of the ranch a low dirt dike had been constructed to form a reservoir to capture the spring runoff. Unfortunately, to capture the runoff the dam needed to be at a relatively low elevation and that limited the land that could be irrigated downstream from the dam. I remember how my poor father spent days trying to lead water with a shovel around a field of rye stunted by its effort to come back from the perpetual early frosts at that mile-high elevation. The reservoir behind the dam lay primarily over a grassy meadow and in the late summer, after the water had been used for irrigation,

there was good grazing outside the ranch's fences. The wild horses in the area took advantage of the plentiful grass and grazed on it most every night. This was too tempting for us to ignore and so – as the daybook shows – on Sunday mornings (they being days of “rest”) the family would get up before sun-up to go “mustanging”.

*Started out to chase wild horses again this morning but they got past Loren and Paul before they could get placed., Sunday, July 29, 1951*

*We scattered the bunch of wild horses but didn't get a one inside the fence. Loren couldn't get his rope down – Dave hooked on a snag and has a sore leg. Sunday, August 5, 1951*

*We went horse chasing this morning. Had fun but didn't capture any. Sunday, August 12, 1951*

*We got up at 5:00 to run horses but they cleared out before we got down there. Sunday, August 26, 1951*

As is clear from this summary, we were not too successful as “mustangers”. The horses were wary and if one couldn't get a good run at them in the meadow behind the dam they would run into the surrounding brush and trees. In that case, it was difficult to get within roping distance let alone to have a chance of really catching one. I rode Gibson and he loved the chase. He was good in the brush as he was very responsive and quick to turn, dodge, or jump as required. He was better at that than I was at roping and occasionally he got me within throwing range but never within “catching” range.

So, the various small herds of wild horses continued to thrive and run free on the surrounding national forest -- much of which was leased to the McCartie brothers, Charley and Jerry, where they grazed several bands of their sheep. Although we, in our riding around the country, did not notice any sign of over-grazing, the Forest Service may have considered the horses as being in competition with the sheep for the grass around us. The first indication we had of the government's interest in the wild horses occurred:

*Friday, Oct. 26*

*18° to 54°            29.70R*

*Spike Armstrong was here this P.M. about corralling the wild horses.*

F. H. “Spike” Armstrong” was the District Ranger at the Bly Ranger Station and in charge of that portion of the Fremont National Forest. I don't think any of us knew even the “F. H.” let alone what it might signify as he was just “Spike” to us. I had to rely on “Google” to confirm his position in the Forest Service hierarchy. He was a slender, wiry man with a small mustache. He had been in the area for a long time and had earned the respect of ranchers. There were at least two stories my father related to us.

One story came from Spike's early days in the area. Supposedly, he had been called “Wrong-way Armstrong” because the dam he constructed for a wildlife water hole had water flowing down both sides of it. The other story is more interesting and, probably, more likely. It seems that some years before we moved to Keno Springs someone gathered some of the local wild horses into the Keno Springs corral and then, after checking for brands, notified the owners of the branded horses to come and pick them up. There was some possibility of a fee for a branded horse running on the Forest

without permission. Well, one morning Spike was there and decided to catch a horse belonging to an Indian from the Klamath Reservation at Beatty. He caught the horse and with a rope lead led it out of the corral. About that time the horse's owner drives up to the corral with a trailer behind his pickup. The owner was not particularly inclined to accept responsibility for a "grazing debt" due to his wayward horse. With an Indian's impassive face he reached into his pocket as he walked up to Spike and the horse. Pulling out his pocket knife he grabbed the lead rope and cut it off about 6 inches from Spike's hand, turned, and led the horse back to his trailer without a word. That left "Short Rope Armstrong" standing there with the remainder of the rope dangling from his hand. I don't know if either of these stories are true but, in any case, in the end everyone had a great deal of respect for Spike – and he earned more later in this story.

As far as I know there was no other consideration of the horses until mid-winter when the Forest Service took the initiative.

### **The Five Mile Chute**

Mom's daybook entry for February 4, 1952, reads:

*16° to 40°*

*29.8 R*

*Fair. Spike & Herb came up in the Station Wagon. After lunch they & Dave on snowshoes and Loren on the tractor brought out 5 head of half dead horses from Seven Springs Reservoir.*

As usual, this short note represents a much longer story.

The "Herb" was Herbert L. Hadley a ranger working for Spike out of the Bly Ranger Station. The two of them had made a flight over the range around Keno Springs on January 29 looking for loose horses. There was a lot of snow that winter, over 3 feet of snow at the ranch, and horses on their own at higher elevations would be having a hard time.

Spike and Herb had identified a group of horses isolated around Seven Springs Reservoir about five miles from the ranch. They had come to ask us to help them move the horses to Keno Springs where they could be loaded and trucked to Klamath Falls for sale. In the 1950s wild horses had yet to assume the romantic "wild west" identity they now have and, if they were not judged suitable for saddle horses or not sufficiently "bad" to become rodeo bucking stock, were sold to slaughter houses to become, most likely, cat and dog food. So, it wouldn't be truthful to call our trip that afternoon a "rescue mission".

After lunch we started on our wild horse hunt. It was decided that Spike, Herb, and I would go on snowshoes and Dad would break trail with our Cletrak, a small crawler tractor (a "baby Caterpillar") that would not be stopped by the depth of snow we faced. (Insert picture) As soon as we got outside our gate and Dad started on the unbroken snow covering the road to the horses a need for an adjustment became obvious. Going forward the tractor assumed an alarming slant which was very scary if you were on the seat at the low point with the front of the tractor heading toward the sky. Consequently, Dad turned around and backed up all five miles of the trip. That put him on the high point of the tractor which, because of the weight distribution, was much less scary. The result was great – we had a trail from our gate all the way to the spring where the horses were stranded. As the snow depth continued to increase that trail formed a chute about four feet wide with walls of snow more than three feet high and extending some five miles in length. That was a situation every wild horse hunter could appreciate.

When we reached the horses we found them in really bad shape. In searching for something to eat they had pawed the snow around the spring in search of any bush or root they could eat. There were chewed roots and sticks as big around as my thumb and too big to swallow scattered all around. The horses were so weak that when they tried to escape us by running into the surrounding snow we easily caught up to them on our snowshoes. It was easy for Spike, Herb, and I to head them into the "chute" and with the tractor following them they had no alternative but to head toward the ranch.

Near home the road looped around a small hill and I cut over it to get into the chute ahead of the horses. I opened the gate and our wild horse "catch" went right inside the fence. We fed them some hay and later saddled our saddle horses and moved them into a corral to await transportation to their destiny. The poor things were so small, thin, and weak that feeding them through the winter to break to ride in the spring was not a viable option.

The horses stayed at Keno Springs until February 9 when they and others were driven down to the McCartie Ranch for later transport to Klamath Falls. I wasn't in on that for, as it turned out, I had only two more days of wild horse hunting that winter.

### **My Last Mustanging**

I'm not sure of the arrangement my folks made with Spike and the Forest Service for their help with the wild horse roundup from the National Forest. It may have been a daily wage, a share in the horses, a combination of these, or something else. Nevertheless, the roundup continued and the next day's events, February 5, are described in unusual detail in the daybook.

*10° to 42°*

*29.67F*

*Fair, Spike & Herb showshoed from RP (Round Prairie) to McCartie's after herding horses around for hours. Loren & Dave rode down and Leonard Schooler and I rode out from their place. We put in the corral Mrs. Vinson's white mare with a new colt and an old sorrel mare with two colts. Spike & Herb stayed at McC. Tonight.*

To add a little detail: Spike and Herb with their dogs were counting on the deep snow to permit them to drive the horses off the high country down to the valley that led to the McCartie corrals. The snow there was not much more than a foot deep and so the snowshoes did not give them much advantage over the horses. Dad and I were waiting on the far side of the valley, at least a quarter mile from the rim rocks on the opposite side, and were watching for some sign of horses being driven into the valley. Finally, we saw the horses coming and tried to run down, across, and up the opposite side of the valley to head them toward the south and McCartie's. Gibson made a great run but, unfortunately, we were too late to head the bunch and they scattered all around me and most headed north at a long trot. Gibson and I were above them and tried to head them but he was tired from the run across the valley and I soon gave up. Dad, Mom, and Leonard Schooler (a son-in-law of Jerry McCartie) must have caught the two mares and three colts Mom mentions.

For the next day's run I needed a fresh horse so I saddled Mac, a big ugly horse I had started breaking the preceding fall for the McCarties. He hadn't been ridden much but I figured horse running would give him some experience and not require much in the way of a "bridle horse". That, however, was not quite accurate. The daybook for February 6 reads:

6° to 40°

29.60F

*Fair. Mac fell with Dave today and broke a bone in Dave's leg. We were almost down to the car which seems to me more than luck and the break, Dr. says, isn't the bad kind involving the weight bearing bone. We only got in two of the five horses he had brought down from the rim. ...*

It WAS lucky, I had been miles away and all by myself hunting for the horses I'd lost the day before. I found a bunch and headed them down through the sage brush and pine trees and across the snow-covered rocks toward the corral. The wild ones were not easy to drive but once I got to the trail in the valley they followed it almost to the corrals. I met Mom and Leonard somewhere along about that time. We made it through the first gate and onto the feedground where the McCarties fed their sheep. There, however, the horses decided they could leave the trail and get away so I kicked Mac into a gallop to head them. The snow on the feedground had been packed down by the sheep and, in places, turned to ice so, when Mac decided to start bucking, bad things happened quickly. He slipped and fell much faster than I could get away and he came down on my ankle. He got up and ran away, Mom took off to catch him, and I tried to stand up. When I put weight on the ankle I almost fainted and had to sit back down.

There is an old cowboy saying that goes something like this: "There are three things that you will not mistake when they first happen to you, they are, "when you hear a panther scream", "when you hear a rattlesnake rattle", and "when you have your first broken bone". You may think it has happened many times – but, when it really does happen you will know". I can speak for the truth of the last two. There is another cowboy maxim. If your foot is hurt, get your boot off before it needs to be cut off because of too much swelling. You don't want to ruin a good boot as well as being laid up. I took my boot off and waited. Mom caught Mac and brought him back to me and after seeing the situation went to the ranch house and came back with a car. They put me in the back seat and we headed for the hospital in Klamath Falls some 25 miles away.

One of my strongest memories from the hospital visit was the doctor's frustration in giving me a pain shot. When we entered the hospital, I was still dressed, except for my chaps, as I had been when I had left on Mac in the early morning. That meant that there was a foul weather jacket, a buckskin vest, a wool army surplus shirt, and a wool sweater to get off before there was a bare arm available. I remember his comment was something like "Are you in there somewhere?". The next day I went to stay with my Uncle Joe on his farm in Midland just south of Klamath Falls. I stayed there because there was not much I could do with a cast from my toes to my groin.

### **The Hunt Goes On**

The wild horse roundup continued through the cold and wintry month of February. Mom and Dad and Spike and Herb, were joined by George and Miller Anderson. The two Anderson brothers lived on the Klamath Indian Reservation near Beatty. They had a large horse herd and provided bucking stock for some of the smaller rodeos in the area. They had done a lot of mustanging and brought new expertise into the operation. Mom's daybook provides a record of the groups activities which I summarize.

February 8, Caught 2 horses, chased 7 all day, brought 1 in on a rope

February 12, Caught 7 horses, 3 were branded and belonged to Marvin Walker, Dice Crane and the Andersons.

Marvin Walker was one of the Walker brothers who also had a ranch near Beatty and joined the Andersons in providing bucking stock for rodeos. Dice Crane was another rancher from the Reservation.

February 14, Dad and the Andersons brought in 2 horses

February 15, Dad and the Andersons brought in 5 horses

February 19, Dad and the Andersons brought in 7 of the 14 horses that Spike and Herb drove off the mountain. George Anderson, amazed at the efforts and results of the snowshoers suggested that “they need a change of dogs.” This is a joke, while the cowboys were all changing to fresh horses each day Spike and Herb just kept on day after day on their snowshoes. What else could George suggest they needed – fresh snowshoes?

February 20,

20° to 33°                      29.21R

*Snow and Fair, Seems to be clear tonight and already -4°. Loren & his partners put 3 head in the truck after Spike had knocked one black colt out with a club and hobbled it with his belt. George didn't want him to lead Gibson to the corral, said Spike would drag a horse to death. Loren finally got here at 8:45 more than half froze and Juniper white with frost.*

The Andersons were, like most cowboys, very impressed by people who, like Spike and Herb, didn't need a horse to cover a lot of country quickly.

February 21,

-10° to 24°                      29.25F

*Wind and snow. The horse runners got in 6 head. Were so late and had so much trouble, Loren didn't get through Round Prairie before dark and had to go back to McCartie's for the night. Mac wouldn't keep the trail.*

In the dark Dad couldn't see the trail – if there is no moon to cast a shadow, even an old trail in the snow can be hard to follow if the horse doesn't do its part.

February 22,

*Snow and wind,*                      29.20F

*Not so cold this morning and the Jeep started. I waked up at six and hurried with the feeding so I could go look for Loren. I was just sure that Mac had fallen with him or something terrible had happened. I started out but met him at the Ranger station. We got in some wood and had just finished lunch when George and Miller came to take the 6 down. They'd rope one, tie it down, rope another and tie the first one to its tail. So they had 3 “teams”. I know Loren is going to stay some place tonight so I can go to sleep okay.*

This provides a glimpse into their lives at that time. Art was staying “in the valley” while going to school and the folks were keeping the stock fed and still finding time to chase wild horses. It wasn't always a “stress-free” situation because of the inherent dangers of a cowboy life. In this case, I suspect she was

too worried to reset her thermometer and there was no “max and min” temperature for the daybook. As it turned out her worries were not unjustified.

February 23,

*Partly cloudy* 29.50R

*Loren got here at 12:20 with a bad knee & ankle. Mac had stampeded with him, too. Bucked for a long way and finally fell down. George chased him from the Sawmill flat to Bechdolt flat, roped and threw him twice but finally his rope broke and the horse is loose with Pop's riffin'. He rode double with Miller to Ernie Vinson's, ate supper and Ernie took them to McCartie's. Loren stayed there last night and came up on Juniper this morning.*

Mom doesn't say when they caught Mac and brought Dad's saddle back but I suspect it was the next day. Anyhow, they were soon back after more horses.

February 29,

*4° to 36°* 29.04R

*Partly cloudy. ... Loren & his men caught two but the old mare with the rope around her neck was too weak to move.*

March 3,

*0° to 32°* 29.26R

*Snow and wind. ... Loren went to town too. He and Dave went on to Bly to see Spike. Caught 71 horses, Walkers got enough to make nearly 90 out of here. ...*

So, that ended the “wild horse roundup” of the winter of 1952 with around 90 horses caught. Some were kept for riding – my folks kept two of them – some went into the Anderson and Walker bucking stock, and the rest went ... elsewhere. The gather involved a lot of cold horseback miles over snowy and rocky hills, a lot of bumps and bruises and at least one broken bone, and a lot of snowshoe miles by Spike and Herb with their dogs.

### **A Postscript**

There is, however, a personal postscript to the events of that February. My decision to ride Mac on the 6<sup>th</sup> turned out to be one of the most important of my life. There were two results to come from that decision which significantly changed my life. On October 24, 1951, I had received a letter from the U.S. Navy requesting my presence at the Naval Training Station in San Diego for basic training (boot camp) on February 15, 1952. Well, I couldn't do much marching with my leg in a cast on February 6 so a letter from my doctor delayed that activity and I didn't report to boot camp until November. It is possible that the nine month delay made a change in my military future in addition to the big change it made in my civilian life.

With a cast on my leg and little to do at the ranch, I stayed at my Uncle Joe's farm. I became quite proficient with crutches and managed to get up and down on his International crawler tractor so that I could earn my keep plowing. It was not always easy. There is a saying: “There's nothing worse than a balky horse or a plow that won't scour”. Well, I didn't have a balky horse but I did have a plow that

didn't scour – that is, the dirt stuck to one, or more, of the four moldboards instead of smoothly turning over out of the furrow. Consequently, the tractor had to just drag the non-scouring bottoms through the dirt. It took a long time that spring to get all 4 bottoms of the plow to scour. Before that happened, I'd have to climb down from the tractor on each round, take one of my crutches from beside the seat, hop back to the plow to scrub the plowshares with a big stick to knock off the clinging dirt, and then hop back to the tractor and climb up one-legged onto the seat to plow another round. Eventually, the plow scoured and the work went much easier.

One evening in May my cousin, Nora, (called Tommy by the family) invited her high school friends to the house to make decorations for their Junior-Senior Prom. It was very nice to have a house full of high school girls as I hobbled around on my crutches – playing the bold cowboy. One of the girls decided I should get involved and asked, "Would you like to sprinkle stars with me?" I agreed and helped her to sprinkle glitter on the painted stars that were to mark the "Stairway to Heaven". That girl was Sharon Finchum. We danced and talked at the Prom, had a first date later in the summer, and were married May 7, 1955, after my service in the Navy and her first year at the University of Oregon. So, without Mac I have no idea what my life would have been, except that it would have been greatly different from the one I have actually lived.