

retired from the Burlington Railroad, and Alice is retired from teaching.

Jim worked in the blacksmith shop at the railroad in Sheridan and lived with his sister, Rose, for two years after coming from Ireland. He then moved to Casper, where he went to work for the Illinois Pipeline Company, a subsidiary of Ohio Oil Company, which is now Marathon Oil Company.

On May 1, 1927, James F. Rodgers and Thelma L. Kinnaman were married in Casper, Wyoming. Jim stayed with the oil company for 38 years, serving in Casper, Lusk, Big Muddy, and Lance Creek. Jim and Thelma returned to Sheridan when Jim retired in 1960 and resided at 1339 Woodworth. Thelma worked 12 years at the Rock Trim Motel and five years at the JE Motel. They moved to Buellton, California, in 1973, but returned home to Sheridan in 1977.

Jim and Thelma have four children: James P. Rodgers was born on December 19, 1927 and currently lives in El Toro, California; Lawrence F. Rodgers was born on October 10, 1933. He moved to Sheridan in 1961 and worked for the railroad for a brief period. He then went to work at the VA Hospital, where he is still employed. He married Janet Talcott Parnell of Sheridan on February 17, 1969. Larry and Janet live at 1544 Yonkee Street and have four daughters, Colleen, Catherine, Carleen and Patricia; John B. Rodgers was born on May 19, 1935, and currently works for Marathon Oil Company in Kenai, Alaska; Lorraine M. Rodgers was born on September 9, 1948, and moved to Sheridan with her parents in 1960. She attended Central Junior High School, Sheridan High School and Sheridan College, moving to Denver in 1970 to attend Colorado Women's College. Lorraine married James C. Weber, son of Bernie and Carrie Weber of Sheridan, and has one daughter, Colleen.

## ROEBLING FAMILY

by Nevada O. (Roebling) Ellis

The Roebling family came to Wyoming from Smithton, Illinois, a small town near Belleville, Illinois.

My brother, Melvin, came west first, took up a homestead near Ulm, then later my dad, Ferdinand J. Roebing, came west with my brother, Arthur. Both took up homesteads 10 miles from Clearmont, up the Whitmire Draw.

My dad built a small house on the homestead. Then in May, 1916, the rest of us, except the oldest brother, Edwin, came west on the train.

My mother, formerly Mary Nancy Quirin, sold our Illinois home, most of the furniture, and shipped the rest out west for the homestead. The day we landed in Clearmont, my dad met "us" with a team and wagon to make the ten mile trip up the Whitmire. There were 13 gates to open!

"Us" consisted of my mother, sister, Mollie, brothers, Robert and Roland, and me, Nevada. It was exciting for us younger ones, but Mom and Mollie were most homesick. I remember Mollie sitting on her trunk (unpacked), shedding many tears. Later, she went to work in Sheridan.

We had no water except hard spring water, until my dad dug a couple of cisterns, and in winter, we helped fill them with snow. We also melted snow for washing clothes and cooking. The spring water was hauled a mile.

Speaking of snow, we had lots of huge snowbanks. The boys made sleds out of 2x4's and opened a tin gasoline can, nailed it across the bottom, then really whizzed down the banks and hills. It was noisy and fun.

Schools were far away. We rode horseback to the Garretson School, about four miles away, when we first came. Frank Apperson was one of my teachers, and a good one. Later, the district sent us to the Jones School, nearer Ulm, again a long way off. For awhile our neighbors, the Fristoms, and us pooled together and we rode to school in high style - in a "spring wagon." The horses would stay. However, until we learned to tie them up, we walked nearly home to find them! It didn't take us long to get wise!

After a term or two at Jones School, the district built a tiny school closer to our homes, but not really close. This was called the Roebing School and sometimes the Barrel Spring School. We went to school through summer and stayed home during the bad winter weather. It was extremely cold. I went from there to Sheridan High School.

Neighbors were wonderful! During summers, we had Sunday picnics. I remember, especially, the ones at our house. We made ice cream from the snow in our cisterns. Everyone brought picnic food.

The other striking memory I have is that of the cattle drives, the Spear and Johnson cattle. There seemed to be so many that the hillsides seemed to be moving. They drove them up the Whitmire to the Barrel Springs pastures from Clearmont.

In winter, we didn't get to Clearmont very often, but did go there out of necessity for supplies we needed. We shoveled and shoveled snow out of the draws that we had to cross.

I enjoyed horseback riding and had one horse named Belle (who bucked nearly every time I rode her) and another named Blossom. Blossom was a treasure even if she threw me off into a cactus bed one time. When I came to, she was standing there beside me - meek as a mouse.

I remember, also, on those cold wintertime trips to Clearmont by wagon, how the neighbors through whose yards we passed, kept hot bricks in their ovens, so anyone needing them could exchange them for cold ones. The bricks kept us warm.

People were so kind and understanding, ready to help each other. There was a closeness then that is much more rare today, but is still very much present among the people and descendants of that era.

Much could be said, but time and space is limited, of those never-to-be-forgotten days. There was no money. Mom made butter to sell in Clearmont, along with eggs. Dad worked for the beet farmers in Clear Creek Valley and later in the Holly Sugar Factory in Sheridan.

Another time, though, that I vividly remember was when I had gone to pick wild gooseberries and one of those longhorned Texas steers spotted me and came running. I made it, though, and rolled under a fence! Their