

EAGLE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

EAGLE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Inc.  
GYPSUM P. O. BOX 240  
EAGLE, CO 81631

RECOLLECTIONS by NANNIE HOYT  
(as told to Fran Bureau)

I was born in a little log cabin in Dotsero in December, 1903. My mother named me Nannie, after the midwife who delivered me. My oldest sister, Ora, and next older sister, Violet, were named after relatives. My maiden name was Carr.

My father came from Nebraska in a covered wagon and my mother came from New York by rail. That was in 1896 and that winter the snow was up to your waist. My parents were married on Christmas Day in 1899 where the Davenport's now live in Gypsum and, shortly after, managed to rent the little log cabin in Dotsero where my sisters and I were born.

When I was three years old we moved up on the Colorado River Road for a spell, and then we moved to Deep Creek Ranch owned by the Dolls. My father worked for the Dolls as a rancher and we rented our house from them. The Dolls were known for raising the most beautiful horses in the country. They had a thriving business selling them for racing and for shows as well as the work horses people came from all over the world to buy. The Dolls owned most of the land in Gypsum at that time.

While my father was busy ranching my mother took in washing and ironing to make ends meet. She also cared for the Charlie Eaton children who were our playmates as we grew up. We went to the Upper Gypsum Schoolhouse which was called Wilson's Church in those days. In the winter we walked over fences in the snow to get to school, but it took us a whole day to get to Sunday School and back with a team of horses, so we didn't get there too often.

In 1914 we stopped renting from Lucy and Frank Doll and my father bought this house, 101 Eagle Street, Gypsum, for us, and I've lived here ever since. For a while I taught school earning \$15.00 a month and it seemed like a small fortune.

In 1918 the flu epidemic was everywhere and my father was one of the victims. Before he died, when folks came to the house they'd stand outside and talk through the windows, afraid to get too close. This hurt my mother who had befriended everyone. Left a widow, she struggled long and hard to bring us up right but she never looked back on grief, and that's my way of living, too. Grief is feeling sorry for yourself and I never had time for that.

In time Ora became Mrs. Gerard (mother of County Court Judge Roland "Andy" Gerard), and Violet became Mrs. Orr. We all worked hard and used our farm goods to live on, watching the town grow up around us. My son, George, died in mid-life, but my daughter, Margie Gates, helps everyone in her job as County Nurse.

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Footnote: A month after this interview Nannie Hoyt died, August 8, 1983.