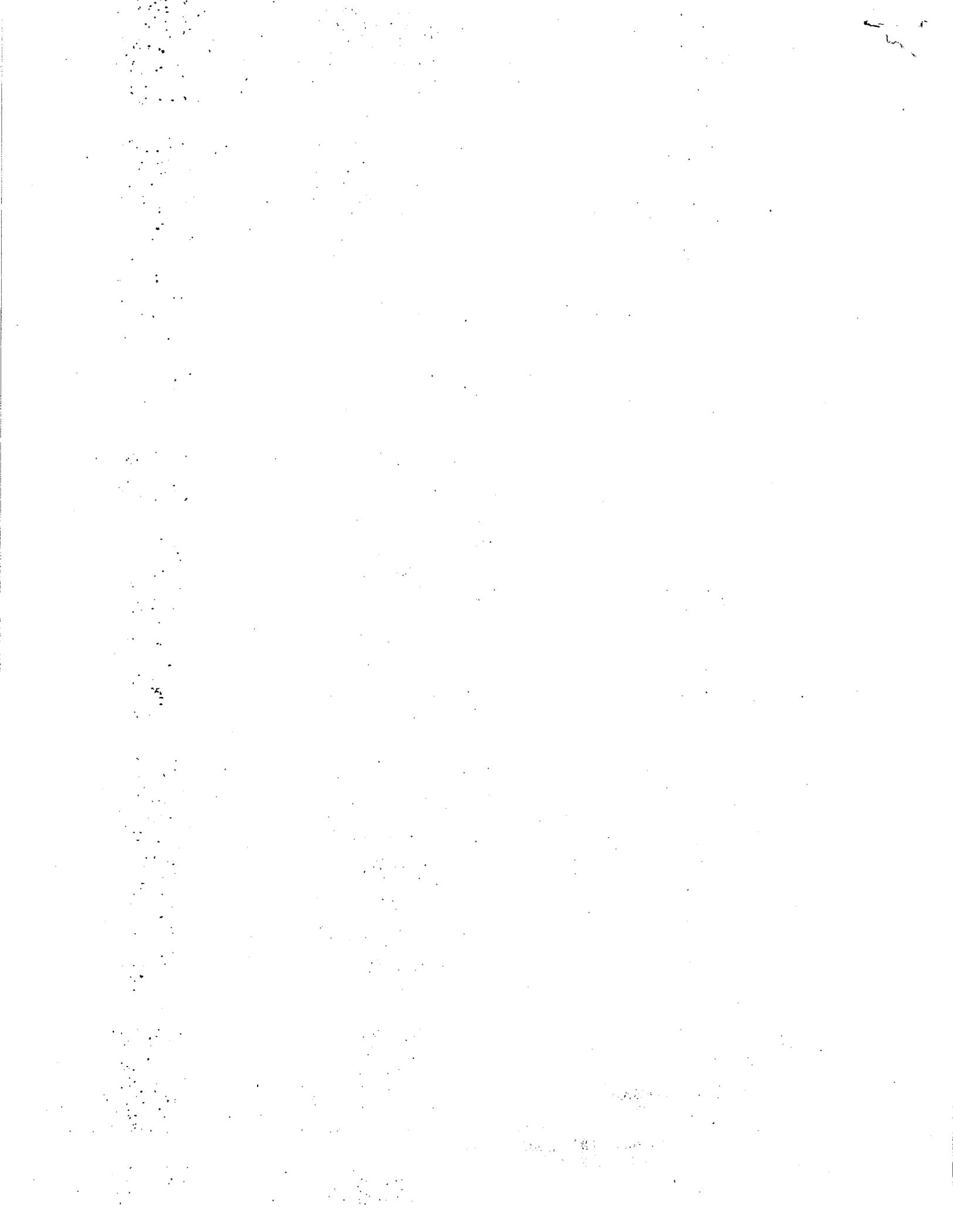


MEMORIES
BY
WILLIAM WERNER SCHMIDT

Ms 4
Box 22
FLDR 11



It is my dearest wish that this book be
passed to the male members of the Shorthill
family; so that they may know a little of the
life my Father led & the experiences he had.

Thomas Allan Shorthill
son

-- MEMORIES --

By

William Werner Shorthill

- Dec 1948

to

Thomas Allan Shorthill son

to

Howard Allan Shorthill grandson

--

DEDICATION

To my beloved wife, Leola

and

To my two dear sons, Warren and Allan:

To those who have cared and who have made my life so very much worth living and so full of joy and happiness, I dedicate these jottings from Memory's storehouse of incidents and happenings that have been a part of the experiences of my life, and in which they have had so large a part.

With all my love and affection.

At Los Angeles, California
November 25, 1943

FOREWORD

What a delightful little fairy is Memory, as she flits hither and yon on her invisible wings. She does not pay any attention to hours, days, weeks, months or years in her flight. Now in California, then Pulaski, then Tacoma, then Skagway, then Wakeeney, then back to Treadwell, Douglas, Cordova or Seattle she goes, all in a few moments of time. That is what makes her such a wonderful companion.

For the most part it seems that Memory chooses the pleasant things of the past to bring to us, leaving out the many things that at the time were so unpleasant. She is a kindly little fairy, is Memory, one of God's most precious and priceless gifts to mankind.

This little fairy has been most kind to me, and some of the things that she has from time to time reminded me of, I have tried to set down herein, hoping that they may perhaps prove of some interest to those who, very near and dear to me, have had a large part in many of the incidents related.

If what I have set down shall prove to be of interest, and if it shall perhaps even cause those who read to read again, and perhaps yet again, then, indeed, I shall be more than repaid for any time and effort put forth in the preparation of these Memories. I have enjoyed the task, and although it has not been well done, I hope that it will not prove disappointing to those who may read.

And please do not say: "Why did he not rewrite this page or that page?" If you could know just how many pages have been rewritten, sometimes again and again, you would not be too critical, I am sure.

(2)

I have set down these memories chiefly for the sake of Warren and Allan, who have not known very much about a good many of the things I have mentioned herein; and also that their children, in later years, may, perhaps, by reading these pages, get at least a slight picture of what sort of fellow their grandfather Shorthill was.

Leola, of course, has been a large part of much that I have written about, and she may not find a great deal that will be new to her as she reads these pages. But I surmise that as she reads she will find some of her own pleasant memories coming back to her. I hope that this will be true.

I have not attempted to follow any sort of chronological sequence in jotting down these memories, but have taken them from hither and yon just as memory has seen fit to bring them to me.

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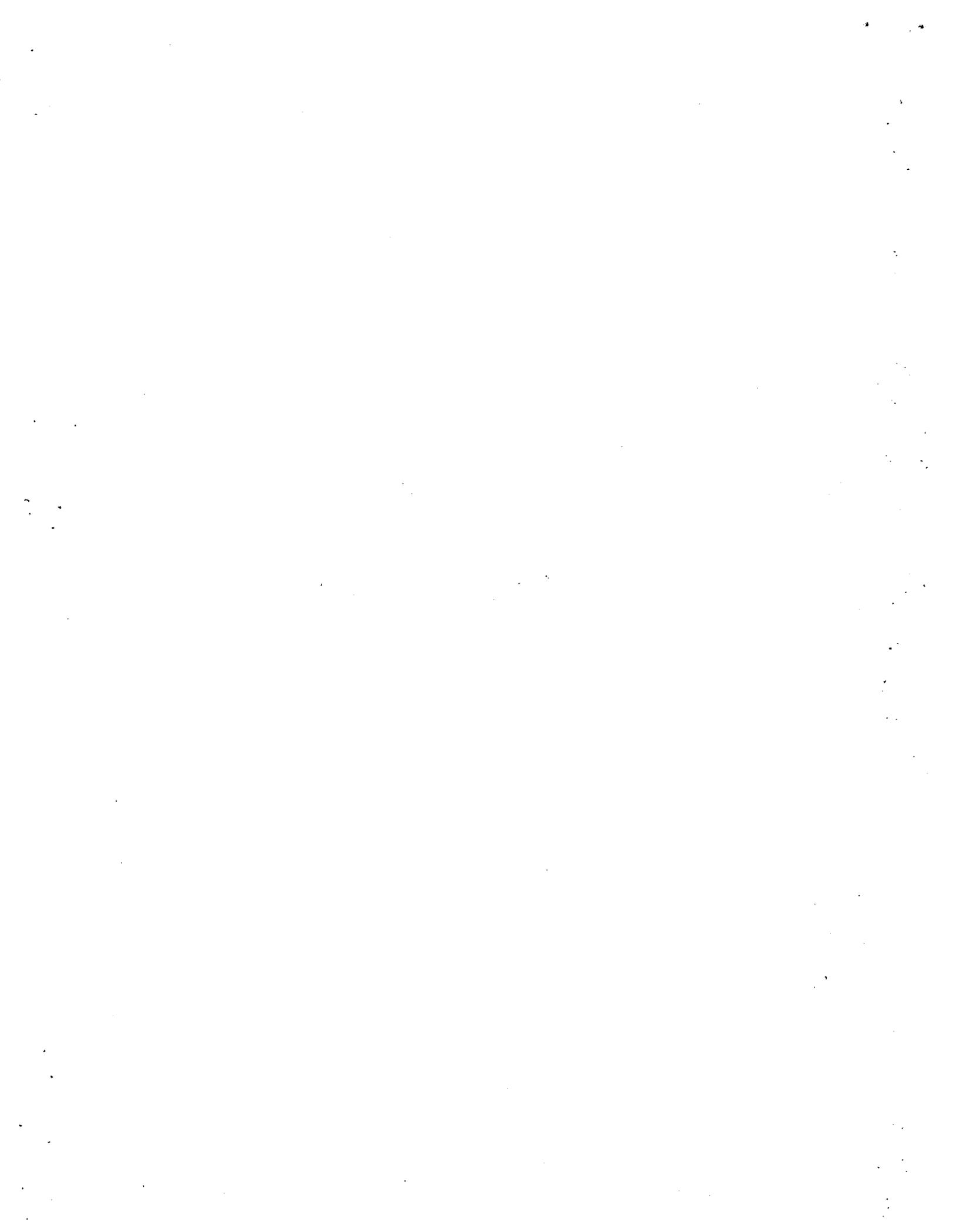
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I APPEAR UPON THE SCENE

According to the birth records in the old family Bible which belonged to my good father and mother, and which Bible I now proudly own, I was born in the city of Rockford, Winnebago County, Illinois. Rockford was also the birthplace of my mother. She often told me about the city and was quite proud of the fact that both of us had been born there.

Shortly after my birth my parents moved to Chicago, where they lived for three or four years. They then moved to the little village of Pulaski, Ohio, where grandfather James Shorthill was living, with his daughter Jane who was, I believe, unmarried. We all lived in the same house, which belonged to grandfather Shorthill.

MOVING TO KANSAS

In the early spring of 1878 father, uncle Stuart and grandfather Shorthill left Pulaski and went to Wakeeney, Kansas, which was on the line of the Union Pacific railroad, then recently built through that part of the country. Father and uncle Stuart took up homesteads and timber claims, under the Soldiers' Homestead Act. Their lands were located some six miles north of Wakeeney. Father's lands were traversed by the Saline River -- usually a very small stream, but in times of heavy rains it was really a river for a few days.

In the early summer of 1878 the two brothers sent for their families, and mother, Libbie, my little brother James and I, together with aunt Mary and her two daughters, Minnie and Mildred, took the train at Bryan, Ohio, and set off on the great adventure to the new land where our future homes were to be. We had an uneventful trip, except that in Chicago I had the great misfortune to lose all of my money -- the magnificent sum of eleven cents! That was my first experience in "going broke."

The train conductor had quite a dispute with mother about my right to travel without a ticket, but she, with the aid of the colonization agent of the

Union Pacific Railway Company, won the argument. The conductor threatened to put me off the train. Apparently he wanted to class me as a "bum."

We arrived in Wakeeney early on a bright, warm summer morning, and we children were thrilled with the sight of the broad prairies and the new town. Father and uncle Stuart met us at the depot with a big lumber wagon drawn by two good oxen, slow but sure, as we soon found out. With our trunks and other baggage loaded on the wagon we all climbed in and began that never-to-be-forgotten first trip from Wakeeney out to our homestead. The oxen walked with great deliberation the whole six miles, which took us about three hours. All the way was a continuous joy to the youngsters, as we went down into "draws" and up over low hills, across Big Creek -- the only big thing about it being its name -- past a high limestone rock bluff which then seemed very high, indeed, and was most beautiful in its clean, clear whiteness.

We crossed the Saline River half a mile south of our homestead, and soon we were in front of the sod house in which we were to live. The earth had been plowed in furrows about a foot wide and some three inches deep, and then the sod had been taken up and laid row on row, like bricks, to form the walls of the house. This made a very warm house. The floor was of wood, and the roof was boarded over and covered with tar paper, as I recall it. There was only one room, which served for all purposes. Another building had been erected, also of sod, without any floor other than the good ground, which served to house some of us and also as a storage place for our trunks, and other belongings. Both families lived on our homestead for several months until uncle Stuart had time to put up his own sod house, a half mile east of ours.

The first summer passed quickly, with the work of planting and caring for the wheat and corn and the vegetables. We had no fresh meats except such as we could kill -- rabbits, ducks, plover, meadow larks, blackbirds, snipe, etc. The smaller birds were made into stews, and they tasted very fine indeed. Once or twice we were fortunate in receiving a piece of antelope meat from some ~~xxx~~ neighboring set-

tier, but after the first summer the droves of antelope were seldom seen. They were frightened away and sought more friendly localities farther west.

We had taken with us from Pulaski a number of fine home-smoked hams, and these were most delicious -- until the flies got at them, and then one day it was discovered that they were very much "alive." I recall very vividly these hams being laid out on some boards in front of the house, and father, mother, uncle Stuart and aunt Mary all vigorously cutting and scraping away the little white worms (familiarily but not affectionately called maggots) which infested the hams. When this work had been done the hams were eventually eaten, and I do not recall that we let the memory of the cleaning process interfere with our enjoyment of the sliced ham.

We lived very meagerly that first year, sometimes having scarcely anything to eat. We had shipped out from Pulaski some bran and chop feed for the oxen and the one cow that we had, but at times we had to use some of the chop feed ourselves, mother making large pancakes the full size of the griddle, out of this feed. Mother never forgot that experience, and long years afterward she would recall those hard days and tell how the hulls of the chop feed scratched her throat.

We had some chickens and sold nearly all of the eggs in town to help buy the few things that we actually needed. The cream from the milk from our one cow was carefully kept and churned into butter, and this, too, with the exception of just one cupful of butter from each churning, was taken to town and traded for sugar or something else we needed. The one cupful of butter was kept for possible "company" that might visit us; otherwise we had it as a special treat for our Sunday dinners.

Before the first season ended uncle Stuart had built a small house on his homestead, and there he and aunt Mary and Minnie and Mildred lived until he later on built a much larger house about half a mile farther east.

When winter came along we were pretty well shut in by the cold. Trips to town

were infrequent, and made only when absolutely necessary. Father and I spent many pleasant hours together playing dominoes. He made sleds for Libble and me and when the weather was not too cold we two would go out and try to coast, but it was not much of a success, and a good deal of work. It served to keep us busy, however.

Grandfather Shorthill was a jolly old Irishman, and looked the part. We enjoyed having him with us, but in late 1879 he returned to Pulaski, and he passed away there on February 28, 1880. His wife had passed away there in 1873. I am sure she must have been a very fine woman, for she and her husband certainly raised a very fine family.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

What seems to me to be my earliest recollection is that of one day coming home from Bryan in the winter time. Father was driving and mother and I were with him in a single-seated cutter, drawn by a rather fast trotting horse. After we arrived home, I seem to recall that aunt Jane gave me a bowl of bread and milk, which I greatly enjoyed.

There are many other early recollections, such as playing games with my cousins Minnie and Mildred, and oftentimes, too, their friend Virginia Carroll joined us in play, as did also the two Culbertson boys, Cal Perkins, Harry Kelly, Sam Hisey, and others.

I distinctly recall the presidential campaign of 1876, as I used to run up and down the street in front of our house, loudly shouting: "Hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler." They were the two Republican candidates for president and vice-president, respectively. My father was a delegate to the Ohio state convention of the Republican party, and felt rather proud that he had helped to nominate Hayes and Wheeler, who were duly elected.

There was a family living near us, named Perkins. Their son Cal and I were great chums. He was a little older than I. They had a large apple orchard on their place, and Cal and I used to amuse ourselves by sampling all the different kinds of

apples, frequently starting in on the sweetest apples and finishing up with some crab apples. There was one russet apple tree near their barn, which stood on a little mound of earth, and I have never forgotten those wonderful russet apples. Um-m-m! I can still see that tree standing there loaded with apples, and their flavor comes back to me now. Perkins always ate his pie before any other portion of a meal. I have always thought that he had something there.

On the other side of us there lived a family named Richards. They had a daughter named Luella Reed. Richards was her step-father. Luella and I fell desperately in love, and when the time came for mother and the rest of us to go to Kansas, Luella and I were almost heartbroken. We were shipping some chickens to Kansas, in crates, and Richards suggested that they put Luella and me in with the chickens. If the crates had been large enough I think we would have been willing to have been put in with them. Luella and I corresponded for years. In fact, I think that my correspondence with her had much to do with my becoming fond of writing letters -- especially to girls.

Across the valley from our home in Pulaski lived a family named Culbertson. They had two boys and one girl. They lived at the top of a long hill, which extended down into the valley a quarter of a mile or more. It was great fun in the winter time to coast down the long hill. The exercise of walking back up the hill certainly helped our appetites.

Down in the valley there was a large area covered with many kinds of trees, including black walnut, butternut, acorn, hazel, beech, sycamore, pig acorn, and many others. In the fall of the year a crowd of us would get some sacks and go "nutting" for an afternoon, trudging home loaded down with a great assortment of nuts. Having gathered the nuts ourselves and carried them home, they seemed to taste a little better than would otherwise have been the case.

In the winters when the roads and streets were covered with hard-packed snow, we youngsters used to have great fun hitching our sleds on behind a cutter or a bobsled and taking fine rides. Of course we would have a long walk back, but I do not

recall that we had any regrets on that account.

There was a beautiful weeping willow tree on our place, one of the finest trees that I have ever seen. There were quite a number of other trees, including peach, apple and cherry. One great cherry tree stood just in front of the house, and what wonderful cherries it bore!

We had quite a good many flowers of various kinds, but the one little plant that I have never forgotten was a bluebell plant that stood just outside of the gate in front of the house. I can see it now, standing there in all its blue beauty. I wonder if it is still there. I should like to go and see, and if it should be there, I fancy it would look up at me and say: "Well, old fellow, it has been many, many years since I last saw you, then a little lad, and now here we are again. You have travelled far and seen many places, but I have stayed here by the gate, waiting for you to return. I knew you would." Well, who knows? Maybe I shall return there some day. But the Bluebell and I will be the only ones who will know about that meeting, and we shall whisper softly so as not to disturb anyone.

My grandfather Shorthill had a little grist mill in Pulaski, and used to grind the wheat and other grains for the farmers. I delighted to wander through this mill, eating the juicy wheat kernels and getting all covered with the flour dust, and watching the great grindstones, or millstones, as they turned and turned, grinding the wheat into flour. This mill was run by a water wheel which was turned by water that came a mile or more through a ditch, or "Race" as we called it, that led from a lake. We used to fish in the lake, and sometimes even caught a lazy catfish in the race. I remember that one day Harry Culbertson and I were walking along the bank of the race, occasionally throwing our lines into it, and finally Harry hooked something that came up rather heavy, and when he got it to the surface, lo and behold, he had caught an old boot. We landed it, and what was our astonishment to find a big catfish in it. We were quite as surprised as the fish was, I think.

We had lots of fun at school in those early days. Sometimes after a heavy rain, the older boys would take the little fellows up on their backs and give them rides around the school yard, through all the pools of water, and sometimes, too, they would make the mistake (?) of letting a little chap fall into a pool! But it was great fun.

In the wintertime the kids would take their sleds to school, and during the recess and noon periods we would have fun pulling each other around the grounds. And often, too, the big boys would tie several sleds together, load them with the little kids, and then give them a ride all around the school grounds, of course always seeking out the roughest spots; but we little tads enjoyed showing them that we could stay on the sleds no matter how rough the course might be.

I have always retained one unpleasant memory of those early school days in Pualaski. The teacher used to let the little tots out earlier than the older ones at recess times. On one of these occasions several of us lads got busy on a contest to see who could stay on top of the fence the longest time. The fence had a board about five inches wide, laid flat along the tops of the posts. This, of course, was a most tempting runway for venturesome youngsters. We all tried to win at this game, each taking his turn at walking the top board. Suddenly we were summoned into the school house, and the teacher reminded us that she had positively forbidden anyone trying to walk that top board. Well, we kids promptly asserted that we had no recollection of any such instructions. I do not suppose that this pleased the teacher very much; at any rate, she sent one of the older boys outside to cut some willow switches. This boy and I were not on good terms, and I have always felt sure that he took particular pains to select switches that were good and heavy. The teacher took the switches and proceeded to give each of us a tanning. I recall that I had on knee pants, no stockings and no shoes. And when my turn came to go up and

be given a going over, the teacher selected my bare legs as the most vulnerable spot and proceeded with gusto. I immediately developed a hatred for her which I have never quite lived down. Of course I can now laugh about it, but at the time it was something of a tragedy, for I had honestly told her that I did not remember having been told not to walk on the top of the fence; and to be lambasted for doing something that was a lot of fun, and which I did not remember having been told not to do, seemed altogether a great injustice, and my young soul fiercely resented it.

But on the other hand, I have all the years since then recalled with very keen pleasure, another teacher who, when she learned we were going away to Kansas, gave me a very pretty card, with her name inscribed on it. This was on my last day at school, and as I was going to school I met this teacher hurrying in the opposite direction. She stopped me and told me that she had the card for me, but had left it at home, and she was hastening home to get it and bring it to the school to give to me. I thought that was a mighty fine thing to do, and have always looked back upon it as one of the nicest things that happened in those early days. I kept the card for many years, and often would get it and look at it and think about that teacher. Somehow, much to my regret, the card became lost later on, probably at some time when we were moving from one place to another. But the memory of it, and of the thoughtful teacher who gave it to me, has remained with me throughout the years.

RELATIVES

on a farm

My uncle Jacob Kelly lived with his family some three or four miles from Pulaski. It was quite a large farm, and I always enjoyed a visit to it. I can still see the farmhouse and the big barn, and the watering trough for the horses, the croquet grounds, and the many trees. There were quite a number of sugar maple trees on this farm, and one winter day when I was there I had the pleasure of going with my uncle to gather the sap that had flowed into the buckets placed beside the trees. I greatly enjoyed the ride on the big bobbed, and was keenly interested in seeing how they tapped the

trees and gathered the sap for the maple sugar.

Harry Kelly was my own age, and he and I had great times together. His brothers, Jefferson, Charles, Lincoln, Lew and Sherman (some of those names indicative of the Civil War days) and his sister Nettie, and their good mother and father, always made me most welcome when I visited them, and I was never ready to go home when the time came. Uncle Jake, as he was called, had been a captain in the Union army during the Civil War. He had been shot in one cheek, and carried a scar as a result.

Speaking of Civil War days. My father enlisted as soon as President Lincoln made his first call for volunteers, and so did uncle Stuart and uncle Jake. They all served throughout the period of the war.

Uncle Stuart was captured by the "Rebs" and sent to Libby Prison where he was kept a prisoner for a long time, being finally released under an exchange of prisoners. He used to tell of the terrible conditions in the prison camp and of the near-starvation of the prisoners. He said that at one time the commanding officer in charge of the camp had a fine, sleek bulldog. The prisoners eyed this animal most enviously, and finally one day it just "disappeared" -- and a group of the prisoners had a nice stew. Uncle Stuart said it was a wonderful stew. No one ever knew what became of the dog, of course, and no prisoner did any boasting about the fine meal he had enjoyed.

My father came out of the war unwounded, but he had contracted lung trouble, from which he never fully recovered, his lungs bothering him more or less all his life. After he had been mustered out of the army he consulted three physicians in Bryan, Ohio, and they went over him thoroughly and then gave him the cheerful (?) news that in their opinion he probably would not live more than a year. That was in the year 1865, and father was so disgusted with their diagnosis and prophecy that he just up and lived until 1918, passing away at the age of seventy-five years. He never from that day in 1865 until he died had a very high opinion of the medical profession,

to delight in telling our family physician in Tacoma, good old Dr. M. M. Dodge, what fools he had made of those three physicians who had condemned him to death at the end of one year.

Uncle John Kadisill lived a few miles north of Pulaski, on a very fine farm. He had several large flower gardens and a greenhouse of extensive proportions, and he specialized in the best of flowers. I used to enjoy visiting there, looking over the flower gardens and going through the greenhouse. Of course the flowers he had were those "old fashioned" ones, of which people seem never to tire. His wife, Tamar, was one of father's sisters. A fine woman. They had one daughter, an only child. She was a brunette, with very long hair, and was rather temperamental and inclined to keep other folk in something of a quandary.

Uncle John's place was a favorite one for the holding of Sunday School and other picnics. I recall with much pleasure a great swing he had placed on one of the highest limbs of a very tall tree. We youngsters used to enjoy to the fullest swinging to and fro, up and down, going so high at times that we seemed to be standing on our heads. Sometimes we would turn the swing 'round and 'round and wind it up, then sit in it and begin to swing while it unwound. The result was a lot of fun and a very dizzy head.

I have never forgotten the gourds of various sizes which my aunt Tamar used for drinking from and for dishing up soups, etc., using them in place of cups and large spoons. It was a great satisfaction to dip up a big gouldful of cold water and drink from it, knowing that there was more water in the gourd than one could drink.

My uncle Sid Gleason, whose wife was Keturah Shorthill (everyone called her Kate) with their two daughters, Bertha and Claire, lived in Bryan, where they had a nice home and he had a large hardware store. They were a fine family, and I had many a pleasant visit in that home. Aunt Kate was in rather poor health most of the time.

She was a most kindly woman. They were all Presbyterians, I believe. Bert~~ha~~ was my own age; Claire was a few years younger, and quite erratic.

Bert~~ha~~ and Claire visited us in Kansas in 1886, I think it was, and spent the time partly with us and partly with uncle Stuart, aunt Mary, Minnie and Mildred. Bert~~ha~~ and I developed a very strong case of "cousinly love" which lasted for several years. We enjoyed any number of fine rides together on our ponies, and attended some neighborhood parties, where kissing games were all the rage. I was rather bashful in those days, but I believe that I got my share of the kisses; at least I do not recall ever having felt slighted in that regard.

When Bert~~ha~~ and Claire took the train in Wakeeney for their home in Bryan, I stood on the platform and wept a whole flood of tears. Well, in those days a fellow did not have a nice girl for a pal very much of the time, and Bertha certainly was a good pal and fine company. We corresponded for a long time, and, boy, how we did throw in the love and kisses in our letters! Quite a good many of her letters were written on birch bark and mailed in envelopes of the same material. I have often wished that I had kept some of those letters -- but perhaps it is as well that I did not, for my good wife might have been a bit jealous of them. Wives are queer that way.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF WAKEENEY

In this little town at that time there were some four or five religious denominations -- Methodists, Presbyterians, Catholics, Baptists, Campbellites (are they the same as Baptists?), and the things they said about each other were simply scandalous, as I know look back on those days. At the time, however, the situation was very serious, for each denomination felt certain that it was the best one and that all of the others were doomed, or worse. The Methodists were "agin'" card playing and dancing and theatre going, and furthermore, they were against all the other denominations. And the Presbyterians were against all the other denominations, although they were quite liberal as to card playing, dancing and theatre going. And of course the Baptists and the Catholics were each of them very much against all denominations but

their own. The Presbyterians claimed that sprinkling was the proper method of baptism; the Methodists were a bit more liberal, saying either sprinkling or immersion would do; the Catholics had their own ideas about it, while the Baptists simply stood for good old immersion and nothing else; and anybody who did not agree was simply in for a mighty bad time hereafter. The good Baptists just knew it!

Well, being raised in such an environment, religiously, or perhaps I should say such a denominational environment, resulted in my growing up with very strong prejudices, and it took a great many years to bring me to realize that there was a vast amount of good in the members of each and every denomination, and that none had a corner on belief in God and his mercy, and that all of them were pretty fine folk after all. Time has softened my prejudices, I am glad to say, and I no longer spend much time criticising those who are not Methodists. For one thing, I have found that there are plenty of good Methodists who are still fair subjects for criticism if I wish to indulge in that rather questionable pastime.

In this connection it is of interest to record that my good mother was an Episcopalian in her younger days, but later left that denomination and joined the Methodists, where she felt that there was perhaps more religious fervor and less "formalism" than in the Episcopal church at that time. I can readily understand her dislike of formalities, for I, too, have always felt the same about them. What feelings of devotion I have had on entering an Episcopal church have seldom been deepened by the, to me, formalities and repetitions which so often seem quite trite. However, to those who are accustomed to that type of service, I have no doubt it is quite as real and devout as any other could be.

It is also further interesting to record the fact that when I came to select a young lady to be my wife, I chose one who was a member of the Episcopal church. However, soon after we were wed, we both joined the Congregational church in Douglas,

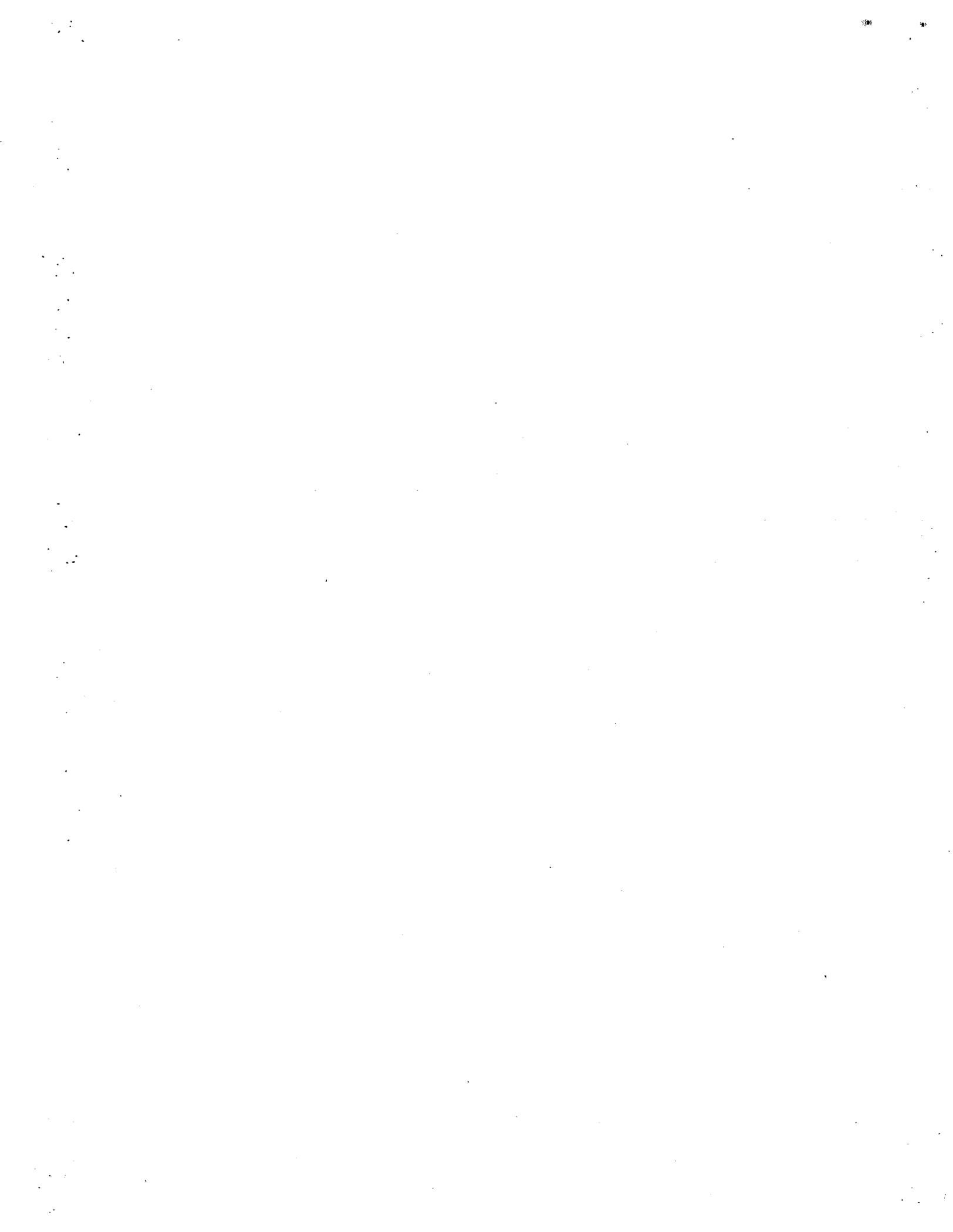
Alaska, in which church I had for some time been singing in the choir.

Of still further interest is the fact that when Warren chose a young lady for his wife, he, too, chose one who was a member of the Episcopal church.

And a few days ago Leola and I received a letter from Warren saying that he and his two sons, Richard and Robert, are attending confirmation classes and will be confirmed in the Episcopal church near their home in Seattle, at Christmas time. Leola and I are very happy about this. It is a fine thing for the parents and their children to belong to the same church and attend it together.

It just seems that we cannot escape the Episcopalian influence. Guess we shall have to submit to it and be glad of it. Certainly neither Warren nor I made any mistake in the choice of a wife.

Since the foregoing was written, Warren has advised that he and Richard and Robert were confirmed on Sunday, November 24, 1940. Splendid!



SUNDAY SCHOOL IN PULASKI

I have always recalled with much pleasure the Sunday School days in Pulaski. There was always a goodly attendance, and the youngsters had a fine time singing songs, and receiving the picture cards which were handed out to them. These cards were given out in series; first a very small one with a verse on it which we were required to learn. After we had received some half dozen of these cards, we were given larger cards with more verses on them to be learned, and after having mastered several of these we would receive still larger cards, each with a nice picture on it and, of course, some more scripture verses to be learned.

The singing was always very interesting to me, as I enjoyed taking part and was able to carry a tune without difficulty. I still remember parts of some of the songs. One that we all greatly enjoyed ran like this (first verse, and chorus):

If you have a pleasant thought,
Sing it, sing it;
Like the birdies in their sport,
Sing it from the heart.

Cho.

Singing, singing from the heart,
Oh the joys our songs impart.
Jesus bless the tuneful art,
Singing from the heart.

I do not now recall the other verses, but I have oftentimes sung that first verse and the chorus in the many years that have since come and gone. There is a lot of good philosophy in the words, and the tune was very pleasing.

I attended Sunday schools hither and yon for many, many years. When we returned to Juneau from Cordova and had joined the Presbyterian church, I was superintendent of the Sunday school there for quite a long time. Leola taught a class of young boys of whom she was quite fond, and they all seemed to like her very much.

MORE ABOUT WESTERN KANSAS

Our life on the homestead was rather prosaic and uneventful, and yet there seemed always something of interest to talk about, if only the hot winds that dried up the corn in July, or the chinch bugs that infested the corn and sugar cane, or the grasshoppers that made us worry lest they become so numerous that they would threaten the wheat fields. And, too, there were the ever present bugs and worms that kept us busy in the potato patch -- bugs large and small, and worms, especially one we called the tobacco worm, a great big green fellow, large as one's finger and with a long horn sticking out from his forehead like a stiletto. He really looked quite formidable.

The first peanuts that I ever saw grown we raised on our land near the house. It was a great surprise to me that I did not see any of the nuts hanging from the plants as they grew, and when father began digging up the plants and I saw the clusters of peanuts clinging to the roots, well, I had really learned something.

Of course we raised watermelons, musk melons, or canteloupes, pumpkins, squash, cucumbers, onions, radishes, etc. etc., and all of them were very fine. My mother was extremely fond of watermelons, and could eat a whole one at a single sitting. We had a neighbor named Lang, who came out from Milwaukee and took up a homestead half a mile west of ours. He had two sons with him. One of them was inclined to go to town and stay for days, getting filled up with bad liquor until he would be on the verge of delirium tremens. Then he would go home and after sleeping off part of his drunk he would come over to our place and he and mother would get a big watermelon and proceed to devour it. Mother would give him large quantities of buttermilk to drink, which seemed to help sober him up. She also lectured him aplenty about his foolishness, and he always agreed with her. Then later on he went to town and had it all over again.

There was a family named Esher living in Wakeeney, with whom we were quite friendly. They ran a hotel and restaurant. They had two daughters, Della and Jean or something, I do not recall just what. Dell was a very nice girl, and she and I were good friends.

Dell, as we called her, used to visit us on the ranch occasionally, and her visits were greatly enjoyed by all of us. However, the fact that she was a Catholic always served to keep me from falling passionately in love with her.

Dell used to have the job at home of splitting the kindling for starting the fires. One day she became a bit careless and a piece of kindling flew up and hit her in one of her eyes, destroying the sight of it. Later on, while again splitting kindling, she either hit where she was not looking or looked where she was not hitting, at any rate she cut off one of her fingers. These two accidents made quite an impression on me, and I have always been very careful when splitting wood or kindling. Also, I have many times thought of Dell, while at work on the wood.

And speaking of splitting wood, I have always enjoyed getting a large chunk of wood that was gnarled and knotty, and taking my axe and wedge and industriously, and often laboriously, splitting it into pieces to fit the furnace. Just confidentially, that is about the only kind of hard work that I have ever really enjoyed.

And now, going back a few years. I was something more than seven years of age when we moved to Kansas. The following year father bought me a pony, an old range pony that had outlived his usefulness on the range but was still good for our use. He was quite tall, gray, and very gentle. He was so tall, in fact, that at first I had great difficulty in getting up into the saddle without help. At that time began my life as a so-called cowboy. My "herd" consisted of our one cow, uncle Stuart's one cow, and the one cow belonging to a neighbor named Smith who lived on the bank of the Saline River half a mile south of our place. I would start out mornings with our cow, pick up Smith's, and then go and meet uncle Stuart's cow, which he had started on the way toward the rest of the herd. In the evenings the procedure was reversed -- I started uncle Stuart's cow toward home, left Smith's at his place, and went on home with our own.

Old Gray, as we called the pony, was with us two or three years, and served us faithfully. After a couple of years we had quite a number of cattle to take care of, during the summer time, some belonging to farmers living several miles distant from us.

We kept these cattle with our own all summer. I had to stay out with the herd all day long, taking my lunch with me, because of the fields of wheat and corn which dotted the prairies over which the herd roamed while grazing. It was part of my job to see that none of the animals in the herd strayed into a corn or wheat field, and I am proud to say that my record in that respect was practically 100% perfect. I felt a very great responsibility, and it would have made me feel that I had disgraced myself if any damage had occurred to the fields.

I never deserted my herd, no matter what the weather might be, and sometimes there were some terrific rain storms in midsummer, accompanied by heavy winds and lightning and thunder. And the lightning with its accompanying bombardment of thunder certainly scared me half to death many a time. Why I was never hit by lightning has always been a mystery to me. Occasionally we would hear of some distant farmer who had been hit, but I always escaped. At one time I saw a bolt of lightning hit on top of a hill half a mile distant, and from it a great ball of fire rolled away across the ground for several hundred feet before disappearing. I rode to the spot, but could not find any trace of the bolt nor of the ball of fire.

Old Gray was normally slow and plodding in his movements, and it was difficult to get him to move with any speed. But once he felt the first rush of wind from an on-coming storm, his whole attitude changed. At such times he would prick up his ears, hit a much faster pace, and, almost without direction from me, would proceed to round up the herd and get them closely bunched together so that we could hold them during the storm. At such times I simply worshipped him. As soon as the storm had passed, he would slump back again into his normal gait, evidently feeling that he had done the job that was expected of him and was entitled to a let down. He had certainly been well trained on the range.

When Old Gray sickened and died and father came and told me that he was no more, I cried as if my heart would break at the loss of my good friend, and it was a long

time before I could talk about him without tears coming to my eyes. We were real pals together. I hope that he is still grazing pleasantly and peacefully in some great meadow in the heaven that must somewhere be reserved for such faithful friends as he was. I salute him!

My next pony was a year-and-a-half old colt which father bought from a German neighbor who lived half a mile away on the bank of the Saline River, southwest of us. This colt was jet black, her hair being almost silken in texture, and she was as full of vim and vitality as a monkey is said to be full of fleas. She was easy to break to ride, but she had a nasty habit of jumping sideways while galloping across the prairie with me on her back, and all too often she unseated me and left me sitting in mid air, and then bumping the ground kerplunk, while she kicked up her heels in fiendish glee and raced away. It often took me an hour or more to catch her. But she grew to be a very steady pony. We used to hitch her to the buckboard with another pony and drive to town.

In 1888 father hitched this pony -- Kit, we called her -- with another pony, to the buckboard, put his tool chest on it, and bade us good bye and started for Tacoma. He drove some ninety miles westward, then sold the outfit and took the train from there to Tacoma.

Kit was faithful and true, and she, too, deserves a place in that heaven where I am sure Old Gray had been for a long time. She got me out of many a tough spot with the herd when storms came, and could always be depended upon. My salute to her, too!

One of the finest cattle ponies I ever had was a little buckskin that we bought from a man from Texas who drove a small herd of ponies up into Kansas and stopped one day at our ranch. This was in the summer of 1885. Father bought several of the ponies, all of which were unbroken, but insisted that the buckskin must be included in the deal, as I had taken a ~~great~~ great fancy to her. A Mexican vaquero who was with the Texan had been riding this pony, and he disliked very much parting with her, and gave

father and me some very dark looks. I think he would have liked to slit our throats. Buckskin, as we called this pony, was the best cow pony I ever rode. She was so good for that for a little time I found it difficult to stay in the saddle, but soon I became used to her quick movements, and from then on I was delighted with her. She always knew just what was wanted when I tried to "cut out" an animal from the rest of the herd, and once she knew which animal was to be taken out of the herd, she would put her head alongside the flank of that animal, and from then on I had to do nothing but keep my seat in the saddle while she did the rest.

I do not remember what became of Buckskin. She served us well and for a long time. If she is with Old Gray and Kit, I know she is in the very best of company. I include her in my salute to the good friends of my cowboy days.

I never cared for the job of breaking a pony to ride, while father was always breaking one of them and liking the job. I did, however, break one pony to ride, and she was a very fancy stepping little bay. I first broke her to ride bareback, and had little trouble with her; but once I put a saddle on her, and then my troubles began. Her favorite trick was to rear up on her hindlegs and fall over backwards. This was a dangerous proceeding for me, so as a rule I dispensed with the saddle. I was living on Wakeeney then, and had no occasion to ride except for the fun of it.

This particular pony finally caused me to have a dislocated and broken ankle, and ended my riding days. She reared up, fell over backwards, and I fell off to one side, but as she came down she landed on my right ankle, not only dislocating it but breaking several of the small bones, and as a result I have always been a bit lame. Our family doctor was not at home at the time, and we called in another one, who set my ankle while his son and my father held me. Did it hurt? Say, try it yourself and see. They did not even knock me in the head before they started working on me; they simply held me and got busy, while I yelled and groaned and sank my teeth into the wooden rail of the cot they had me on.

I had to go on crutches for a long time, then used a cane for more than a year. The use of the cane was not, however, without its compensations. In school there had been a big kid who was more or less of a bully, and I was one his bullying vented its spleen on. After I returned to school and walked with the cane, I discovered that all of the boys were particularly nice to me, and I soon discovered that I could then get even with my friend the bully. So at every opportunity I would hit him with the cane. He was not long in deciding that it was best to keep out of range. If you think it was not pleasant to "get revenge" on that chap, you are mistaken.

Speaking again of breaking ponies to ride. My father one day bought a Colorado wild horse, a great big animal, weighing some eleven or twelve hundred pounds, and as wild and untamed, and untamable, as it turned out, as an animal could be. She was a fine looking animal, but she just would not be tamed. She would unseat any rider who got into the saddle. Father finally hit upon the scheme of attaching to the bridle a heavy strap that connected at both sides of the bit and ran up over the animal's head and back to the horn of the saddle, where it was fastened to a heavy ring which had been attached to the horn. This kept the pony's head up so that she could not buck so hard, and father was able to stay in the saddle. But he was always in for a fight every time he started out to ride her.

In the winter of 1886, I think it was, father and Mr. Galloway, a neighbor, put their two herds together and kept them on Galloway's ranch. Both families were, I believe, living in Wakeeney at the time, and father and Galloway "batched" in the latter's house. On a February day the herds were turned out to graze, and father went out with them on his Colorado pony. Galloway remained to clean up the breakfast dishes and do some chores about the place, and then was to go out and meet father at an agreed place. When Galloway reached that place, there was no sign of father anywhere. After some searching Galloway found father down in a hollow, lying on the ground, covered with blood and muttering to himself. He was unconscious. He had been kicked in the

face by the pony, his upper jaw was broken and one eye destroyed, and his skull had been fractured. Galloway hurried back to the house, got some hot milk and some blankets, and hitched a team to the huckboard and returned to father. By this time father was badly chilled. Galloway gave father some of the hot milk, wrapped him in the blankets, and took him to town, some four miles distant. When he got there we found that the doctor was out of town, so we got the druggist and he administered first aid, and father was put to bed to await the return of the doctor, who got there late that night. He fixed father up the best he could. It was several days before father regained consciousness, and it was two or three months before he was able to be up and about again.

As father tried to envision what happened to him, he seemed to recall that he had dismounted to give the pony a chance to eat some grass, and was in the act of fixing something on the saddle when the pony suddenly jumped away from him, kicked him in the face as she went, and left him more dead than alive. Even after this experience father liked to break ponies to ride.

The Colorado wild horse was found several days after the accident to father. She had succeeded in ridding herself ~~xx~~ of the saddle. We sold her to ^a man who lived some distance up the Saline River from us, but he was unable to do anything with her, and he sold her to someone else. This last mentioned man tried to break the animal, but utterly failed, and we were told later on that in utter disgust he had shot her. She was an outlaw to the last. It really seemed a shame that she had been captured.

MORE KANSAS RECOLLECTIONS

During the first two or three summers that we lived on our homestead, great herds of Texas "longhorns" were driven up from Texas to the Saline River valley and then slowly grazed down the valley on their way to Abilene or some other point in the eastern part of the state, where they were sold. There were often 2500 or more of these magnificent animals in a herd. Their horns had a spread of from five to seven feet, the gracefulness of their curves being something to admire. These animals were not accustomed to seeing people on foot and would often give chase after a man afoot and he had to run to cover in a hurry.

I always enjoyed seeing these great herds and watching the cowboys who drove them. These cowboys were always dressed in sombreros, red neckerchiefs, navy blue shirts, overalls over which they wore leather leggings, and their high-heeled boots with their great spurs completed the outfit. Oh, of course each one of them carried a big six-shooter.

I had a sombrero, a red neckerchief, a pair of boots (not the high-heeled kind, however), a blue shirt, which was usually made by my good mother. It always had two rows of large pearl buttons down the front. I wore overalls, but much to my regret I never had a pair of leather leggings, nor did I have a big six-shooter. I did have the large spurs, with spikes an inch or more in length and with two metal balls on each one of the spurs that would tinkle like a bell when I walked. I always had a fine quirt, or riding whip, and, too, my 16-foot "blacksnake" whip for driving the cattle. I used to add to the length of this blacksake by attaching at the end a "cracker" made from long strands of rope. These served not only to add to the length of the whip but gave it a particularly loud "pop" when I would swing it around my head several times and then suddenly throw it forward and then snap it back. And when I would hit an animal with this whip it would almost lift the animal off the ground when the lash hit it.

It was great fun, for me, to let Harry Kelly or Will Walker try to use the blacksake. At first they would invariably wind it around their necks and get lashed across the face. Of course I had had the same experience when I first began to use the whip.

My mother used to make me raincoats, or slickers, and she also made me slicker coats and pants, which were much better than the long slicker raincoats. These were good not only for rainy weather but for cold weather, also.

Speaking of the large herds of Texas longhorns. These were a source of great annoyance to the ranchers, as the owners of the herds made no attempt to herd them; they were allowed to ~~xxxx~~ roam far and wide, with the result that quite a good many of them would get into a rancher's wheat field and not only eat the growing wheat but trample it down. It was not an uncommon sight to see, near a wheat field, the body of a horse or steer that had been trespassing in a field and had been shot -- nobody ever knew who did the shooting, but the cattlemen had their suspicions. Some dead animals were found at times not too far from our own wheat field. The shooting of the animals enraged the owners and they made many and dire threats as to what they would do about it. And of course the ranchers had their own ideas as to what should be done.

When the last big herd came through the country, the ranchers got together and decided to settle the matter once and for all. The headquarters of the owners of this big herd was some two miles west of our place, near where the Walker family later settled. Also, the ranchers had just been told that Montgomery and Carruthers, owners of the herd, had been boasting in Wakeeney's saloons that they were "going to get that fellow Short-hill" who had been active in getting the ranchers organized. So when father heard this he got about a dozen of the settlers together and they drove out to the Montgomery and Carruthers camp. When they arrived there they found both owners in camp. Father told them what the settlers were there for. This was the signal for a furious tirade of oaths and threats against father by Carruthers, who took the lead in the discussion for their side. He frothed at the mouth and threatened to shoot father full of lead and cut him in small pieces, and so on. Father listened quietly until Carruthers seemed to have said all he could think of, and then father told him that he had served four years in the Civil War, had faced men many times in battle, and was not afraid of Carruthers

or any other cowman. Carruthers cursed and frothed some more, but made no move to draw his gun, evidently realizing that a dozen settlers with their rifles and shotguns were a somewhat formidable foe.

Father as the spokesman, then gave Montgomery and Carruthers 24 hours in which to break camp and get going with their herd. Carruthers stormed and threatened and vowed they would not move until they were good and ready. The settlers left. Next morning bright and early we saw the herd moving east down the valley. Montgomery and his partner had evidently gotten "good and ready" in somewhat of a hurry. We had no more trouble with the herds of Texas cattle. When they came along they kept moving on down the valley.

During the first two years that we were on the homestead the Texas cattlemen tried to scare the settlers out of the country by sending their cowboys around among the settlers and "warning" them that the Indians from Indian Territory had gone off the warpath and would be along "in a day or so." They would advise everyone to hurry into town. The Indians did make some trouble in the southern part of the state, and the government distributed Sharp's rifles to all of the settlers for their protection.

We knew a family whose little girl was taken prisoner by a band of Indians that left the reservation and went on the warpath. They crossed our part of Kansas some thirty miles west of our place, and got as far north as Norton, some sixty miles from us, before the U. S. troops from Fort Hays overtook them. They had killed a number of people and taken several prisoners. All of the prisoners were released and returned to their homes by the troops. Later that year father and I, while on a trip to Hays City, met the family whose little girl had been taken prisoner. They were heading east, leaving Kansas, saying that they had had all too much experience out there and would seek a more civilized place of abode.

PRAIRIE FIRES

Prairie fires were a great menace, especially in the fall of the year when the buffalo grass had dried up. One day we saw a great cloud of smoke rolling up in the northwest, and as the day wore on the smoke became thicker and seemed much closer. Father and uncle Stuart and a neighbor had gone to a stone quarry some two miles northwest of our place to get out some building stone. Late in the afternoon they realized that the fire was coming our way very rapidly and they hurried for their homes. They got to our place just in time to run a furrow or two so as to burn the grass between the furrows, which were about one hundred feet apart. This served as a good fire brake to protect our house. Father and the other two men then hurried on to uncle Stuart's place. Meantime mother and I tied our oxen and cow to the wagon in the front yard, and then we went into the house to wait for whatever might happen. The first thing we knew the house was so full of smoke that we could hardly breathe, but the fire brake had saved us, and soon the smoke cleared and we were all right. The fire had gone around the fire brake and on to the south for many miles.

When father and uncle Stuart reached the latter's place, they found they were too late to run a fire brake, and they could not do anything except to try to keep the flames away from the house. They were finally successful, although the house was somewhat badly scorched.

The other man, a Mr. Wilhelm, who lived a mile east of uncle Stuart's place, got home just in time to see his house and barn in flames. He had some fine horses and they were frantic with fear of the flames. And despite all he could do they refused to leave the barn and were burned to death in it. Mr. Wilhelm was himself very badly burned.

This particular prairie fire covered a vast area, and it left the prairie one great expanse of blackened embers, a most depressing sight.

In this connection I am going to include herein portions of a letter recently received from cousin Mildred (Mrs. Frank B. Walker, of Wakecney, Kansas) which gives some

further details about the great prairie fire which I have just mentioned. (Page 30-A).

We had other experiences with prairie fires from time to time, but they were not so serious; each one, however, gave us a good scare for we never knew just what might happen.

Hot winds were another menace to the crops, especially to the growing corn, which would be almost ready for the ears to form when these winds came along. In a single day a field of the most beautiful green corn would be turned into a field of yellow stalks that would rattle in the wind. It was a terrible thing to see happen, and meant a great loss that the farmer could ill afford to suffer.

ANTELOPE MEAT

Occasionally during our first year on the homestead some neighboring settler would be fortunate enough to bag an antelope, and usually the settler would distribute the meat among his neighbors. I recall one such occasion. Al Unruh, who lived some two miles north of us, brought us a fine piece of antelope meat. He said he had followed the antelope for a long time, and finally was obliged to crawl on hands and knees for over a mile before he could get close enough for a shot. After all this, he was thoughtful enough to walk another two miles to our place with the meat, and then had to walk two miles back to his home. We greatly appreciated getting the fresh meat, and also the fine spirit of neighborliness which was back of the gift. But such was the spirit of those early settlers.

A TELESCOPE

Way back in 1882 or 1883 I bought a telescope from Montgomery Ward Company of Chicago. I still have the 'scope, although it is of little use now. Both Warren and Allan have whiled away some leisure hours with this instrument.

The telescope was a most interesting companion to me during the many days when I was out with the herd. I would often go to the top of a hill and sit down and "spy" on the neighbors miles away. Perhaps it would be the Walkers hanging out their family washing

on a Monday morning, or the Dohrmans plowing their field, or someone driving to town, or someone else riding across the prairies. Between times I ranged all over the prairies with my "eye" and also watched the herd, scattered far and wide, to see that it did not get into some corn or wheat field. Occasionally I saw a coyote slinking across the prairie, or an eagle soaring high overhead. And sometimes I saw a poor little blackbird being chased by a great hawk, and how I did wish that I would interfere in that terribly unequal contest of wing against wing. At last the blackbird would fall to the ground exhausted, and the hawk would pounce upon it and take it away.

"WHAT A SHAME TO WASTE SUCH EYES AND LIPS ON A MERE BOY"

Lillian Schmidt was the daughter of the village blacksmith in Wakeeney, several years my senior, a brunette, tall and very good looking. She was one of the brightest students in school. I always admired her -- from a distance. One day she was at our house talking with mother, when I came in. She looked at me, turned to mother and said: "What a shame to waste such eyes and lips on a mere boy." Well, I thought that over, and took a tip from her remark; and believe it or not, I never did waste my eyes or lips on a mere boy. Except, of course, many years later, when I had two wonderful boys of my own.

LIMESTONE BLUFFS

There were a number of limestone bluffs on the lands on which we grazed our herd. These were always of great interest to me. Some of them sloped up from the bottom of a valley, while others rose abruptly to a height of some fifty or more feet, which to me seemed very high. I used to climb up and over these bluffs, looking for outcroppings of petrified wood, which I occasionally found. I also found small deposits of a poor grade of coal behind the petrified wood outcroppings. Many times I found petrified teeth of fishes, and once I found the whole backbone of a fish a couple of feet long.

In one limestone quarry a few miles from our place was found the petrified remains of a fish some seven or eight feet long, and in such complete detail that the Kansas

Museum sent out for it and took it to the Museum.

THE HERD STAMPEDES

Only once in all the years I looked after the herds was a herd allowed to run before a storm. On this one occasion my father and I were out with a herd of some 400 cattle and 30 ponies. Along in the middle of the afternoon a storm blew up from the north and came sweeping across the prairies. The high wind was accompanied by a heavy fall of rain, and, worse still, a very heavy fall of hailstones. The hailstones were large and they almost ruined the wheat fields, and the buffalo grass was beaten down to the ground so that for two or three weeks the cattle and ponies had difficulty in getting enough to eat. A great many birds and rabbits were killed by the hail. The herd simply refused to stand and take it -- they stampeded before the storm and kept going until it passed on across the prairies.

Meantime father and I had troubles of our own with the hailstones. We dismounted and crouched under our ponies' necks, which offered some protection. My dog had sought shelter alongside a little bank about a foot high. I was being pelted with the large hailstones and finally ran to where the dog was, pushed him away and took his shelter myself. He ran yelping down the valley. While I was running from my pony to the shelter I was hit on top of the head by a very large stone, and my head seemed to rise right up in a pyramid shape, and for a minute or so I was quite dazed. Many of the hailstones were the size of marbles, and not a few were as large as walnuts, and boy, did they hurt! It was one of the worst storms I ever experienced during my cowboy days.

After the storm had passed father and I spent two hours or more rounding up the herd, which had scattered over a wide area. That was the only time we ever let the herd run before a storm.

THE WINTER OF 1885-1886

This winter came on early, and found us without sufficient feed on our new place for the cattle and horses. We had moved that fall from the old homestead to a section of school land some two miles southeast, and with all the work of getting the new place in order, barn built, corral and shelter for the stock, we had not been able to haul the feed from the old place to the new, except for a very small amount.

The first storm of the winter was a regular blizzard which lasted for nearly three weeks. It was intensely cold, several degrees below zero, and a northwest wind blowing constantly. After the first two or three days we ran out of feed for the stock, and then father and I had to hitch up the team to the wagon with a hayrack on it, and drive the two miles northwest to the old homestead, heading all the way directly into the wind. We did this every day for some three weeks. We would return in late afternoon all but frozen to death, and with just enough feed to last the stock until the next day's load was brought home.

The snow on the ground was several inches deep and for the most part frozen so hard that team and wagon could travel on top of the crusted snow. But with the blizzard blowing all the time the best we could do was to walk the horses, and facing the storm was a bitter job for both man and beast. We wrapped ourselves in all the warm clothes we had, and our feet were something to stare at! First we put on woolen socks, then wrapped several thicknesses of paper over them, then put on heavy German socks, and then put the whole thing into a great felt boot half an inch in thickness. But wait, that was not all. Over the boot we put heavy felt-lined overshoes, and then over all that mass we would wrap gunny sacks. Even at that our feet would get so cold that we would have to walk alongside the wagon to keep them from freezing. Talk about "the good old days". We sure had 'em that winter.

UNCLE STUART'S PLACE

The second house that uncle Stuart built was a full mile from ours, to the east. He had a fine well down in the draw, or hollow, some distance from the house. The water was always very cold and of fine quality. Oftentimes when the herd was in the vicinity I would ride to the well on a very hot day, put down the bucket and draw up a full bucket of water, set it on top of the well curb, and drink my fill from that bucket. It was a great satisfaction to look down into the bucket while drinking and realize that no matter how much I might drink I could not drink it all; there would be plenty left. I would fill my canteen with the fresh water and ride away, feeling very thankful to uncle Stuart for his wonderful well.

NIGHT HERDING

Occasionally during the hot summers, when the cattle had not grazed well during the daytime, father and I would take them out at night and stay out all night with them while they grazed in the cool of the night. These were usually clear, starlit nights, and father and I would sit down on the ground and look up at the stars and talk about them and the great universe of which they were but a part, and about the Creator of all things. Those nights were always a delight to me, and I am sure that father enjoyed them, too.

We usually took blankets along to sleep on and to cover us, but we did little sleeping. Our saddles were our pillows. For the most part I spent the time looking up at the stars and speculating about them, and listening to the low murmur of the herd as it grazed contentedly all around us. Wonderful nights, they were.

COUSIN MILDRED'S LETTER

EXCERPTS from letter of September 13, 1940, from Mrs. Frank B. Walker (formerly Miss Mildred Shorthill, daughter of Stuart and Mary Shorthill). Letter written to W. W. Shorthill at Los Angeles.

"Harry and Lin both came out with Uncle Jake and Aunt El (Kelly). They all lived with us in our little 12 by 14 soddy. Harry and Lin slept in a trundle bed. During the day it was pushed under the big bed where Uncle Jake and Aunt El slept. Minnie and I slept in a trundle bed which was put under the bed our folks slept in. We were crowded but happy. They stayed with us until father got our frame house so we could move in, and the frame of our soddy was moved on their place north of us, and a frame house made of it. I remember the first rain we had after we moved into the new house. There was a space shingled about as large as a bed. Pa and Uncle Jake were sleeping on boards put over the rafters up next the roof. Ma and Aunt El below in the bed. Minnie and I in the trundle bed and Harry and Lin also in a trundle bed. The rain just came pattering down. How happy we were to have the moisture. Uncle Jake yelled: "Let her rain, we're all right," which we were. That old home stood all these years until three years ago it was wrecked and hauled away. It sure looks lonesome out there now.

"Do you remember the awful prairie fire that came while we were in the soddy? Some Dutchman over by Hill City started, as he told Pa, "A loettle fire to cook my coffee; I didn't tink it would do dot way." My, what a fire! Your father and mine, grandpa and Mr. Smith (maybe you remember James Penniman Smith, who lived on the bank of the Saline). Well, they were out with the oxen plowing and fighting the fire, when the wind turned to the northwest and in a minute it had got to one big straw stack and in about another minute it was all around the house, and tall grass all around. A big drygoods box of bedding, which we had brought from Ohio but had not unpacked, was on fire. Ma, Minnie and I were in the house. The curtains were blazing and sparks dropping down from the shingled roof. We ran to the door and opened it, but a blaze came in clear up to the ceiling. Then we opened the window, and it was the same. So Ma said: "Well, we will just have to burn, we cant get out." We were crying and hoping Jesus would not let us burn very long, when the door was thrown open and the men rushed in, threw quilts over us and carried us through the fire and onto the plowed ground. A can of coal oil was sitting by the door. The top was melted but it did not explode.

"We had just gotten back to an awful looking house when here came Mr. and Mrs. Wilhela, from a mile east of us. They had lost everything: fine team of horses, new buggy, trunks full of wedding gifts (they were newlyweds from Milwaukee). Well, they lived with us until Pa, Mr. Griffith and Mr. Wilhela built them a real good looking stone house. They were fine folks. The house still stands, and was later owned by Mr. Tilton, Beckie's husband."

I LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT A SHOTGUN

One day father and I were out driving around over our land. We had the shotgun with us, and finally father said: "I will show you how to use this gun." That pleased me very much. So he told me to sight along the barrel, hold the gun steady, and in order that I might do it right, he helped me to hold the gun against my shoulder. I pulled the trigger, and bang! I knocked the target into smithereens. This was repeated a number of times, and of course I thought I was a full fledged hunter.

Shortly thereafter I was at home alone one afternoon, and I thought I would do a little more shooting. So I got the gun, and pretty soon a blackbird came soaring along and lit on top of a post nearby. It looked like a good shot, so I lifted the gun, took aim, pulled the trigger and -- landed flat on my back on the ground! The bird soared merrily away. I had failed to hold the gun tightly against my shoulder, and the "kick" had knocked me over. I never forgot that incident. I got a kick out of it all right, but not just the sort I had anticipated. I do not recall whether I told father about the incident or not; probably I did not.

FATHER AND I GO OVERBOARD

One day father and I hitched a couple of ~~horses~~ (darn!) broncos to the buckboard and drove from town out to our old homestead. On the return trip one of the broncos, which was quite nervous and none too well broken to driving, caught one of the reins under her tail while switching it at the flies that bothered her. At once she clamped down on the rein with her tail, began kicking like mad, and both ponies started to run. As father could do nothing with one rein, he told me to jump and he did likewise. Away the ponies ran up hill and down dale and finally out of sight around a hill. We thought we were in for a five mile walk back to town and that we would find the buckboard wrecked. What was our surprise, however, when we rounded the hill, to see the two ponies standing meekly by the buckboard, as if they wondered what it was all about. We found that one of the reins had wound around a front wheel and had brought the ponies up

short. They had done no damage to the buckboard itself, but the tongue had been badly splintered and we had to tie it up before we could proceed home.

THE LOCO WEED

This weed was of a deep green color, grew close to the ground, and had the appearance of being covered with a fine mist of frost. It was narcotic in its effect upon any animal that ate it, and for the most part it was left severely alone. But at times, when the buffalo grass began to dry out and the loco weed was the only green thing in sight, some animal would begin to nibble at it. Soon this developed into a habit and the animal would not eat anything else so long as it could find the weed. It would roam all over the prairies in search of the weed. After a time the animal's eyes took on a glassy stare, its hair began to stand straight out from its hide, the head was seldom raised more than a few inches from the ground, and the animal was a hopeless "addict". Fortunately very few of our cattle fell victims to this poison.

PRAIRIE DOGS

The prairie dogs were always interesting to watch. There were whole "towns" of them here and there over the prairies. When anyone approached them they would all run to their holes, sit up on the rim of earth surrounding the holes, and bark. At each bark the tail would give a very marked jerk upward. If one approached quite close to them they would give one last bark and then dive into their holes. After a time they would peep cautiously out of the holes, and if the coast looked clear they would all come out again.

Small owls were nearly always found living in the prairie dog towns, but apparently did not inhabit the same holes with the dogs, but took up their abode in abandoned holes. There was a theory that rattlesnakes, too, lived with the dogs, but my own observations over a good many years did not confirm this theory. In fact, I found very few snakes within the borders of any dog town.

THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER

One open winter (no snow on the ground) father fixed up the old lumber wagon with a prairie schooner top, and we all made a trip to Jewell County, one of the northeastern counties of Kansas, to visit my mother's sister Clara who was then living there with some friends, a few miles from the town of Burr Oak. Jewell county was one of the large corn-producing sections of the state, and I have never seen anywhere else as large ears of corn as I saw there, and it was of the highest quality.

We were about three days each way on the trip. At night we would pull up to some farmer's house and explain where we were going and ask if they could put us up for the night. We were never refused, as people in those days were most hospitable, and they were always glad of a chance to visit with other folks.

On the way home, in the afternoon of the last day, we came to a little settlement called Nicodemus, which was inhabited entirely by negroes. We were cold and hungry, and we finally drove up to a house, stopped and asked if we could go in and get warm and have a bite to eat. We were made most welcome and not only got nicely warmed by the fire but had a good meal set before us, to which we did full justice.

THE PRESIDING ELDER

After we moved to Kansas we had few opportunities to attend church services or Sunday school. About once every six months the Methodist presiding elder would visit Waukeeneey on his rounds, and we would drive the six miles to town to attend service. The sermons were always very long, usually not less than two hours. This was rather wearing on youngsters, although for my part I generally enjoyed these services. Frequently we were invited to go home to dinner with some good Methodist who lived in town, and this, of course, was thankfully accepted.

In later years we sometimes had preaching services in one of the school houses out in the country, and the settlers would gather from miles around to attend these meetings. After a service the people would meet outside in groups and discuss the sermon, the crops, politics and all sorts of subjects for an hour before starting home. These gatherings

were real events in the lives of those early settlers.

LYCEUMS

During several years, in the autumn, after the crops had been harvested, a lyceum would be organized among the settlers, and on Friday nights they would gather in the school house from miles around, and listen to the youngsters, and some oldsters, read or recite, or debate. I took part in these programs occasionally. My father was a good debater, and frequently took part, especially if the subject was one that he was interested in. We sometimes drove five or six miles to attend one of these meetings. We would have plenty to talk about while driving home late at night.

FATHER AND I GO TO MILL AT HAYS CITY

One Fall father and I loaded some sacks of wheat in the wagon, hitched a team of young steers to it, and started off to Hays City, some 45 miles distant, to have the wheat ground into flour. As we were passing uncle Stuart's place and going down a rather steep hill, the steers sighted a pool of water at the bottom of the hill and made a wild dash for it. Father tried to turn them, but they refused to be turned, and finally dashed down into the pool, over quite a steep bank, and stopped to drink. Father and I fully expected that the wagon would be upset, but this did not happen. We then pulled out of the pool and started on our way again. The first day we drove as far as the town of Ellis, some 20 miles from home, and camped for the night a short distance beyond the town. It was a clear night, with myriads of stars in the sky, and that summer there was a great comet visible throughout a goodly part of the summer. It streaked, or extended, rather, half way across the sky, a most wonderful and beautiful sight. I lay awake for hours looking at the stars and the comet, listening to the hum of the telegraph wires that ~~were~~ extended along the railroad track, and seeing an occasional Union Pacific train go thundering across the prairie, all lighted up, and, to me, a very wonderful sight.

We reached Hays City about noontime of the second day and found that we would have to wait until the next day to get our wheat ground. We spent the afternoon looking around town, and went across the valley to Fort Hays, about a mile distant. This post was situated at the top of a low hill, and it was a most interesting place to me. Everything was so spic and span, all buildings whitewashed and clean, the grounds kept in good condition, and Old Glory was flying in the breeze from the top of a tall flagpole. Some of the soldiers were about, and we spent a very interesting hour there.

Fort Hays, incidentally, played a leading role in the preservation of law and order in the early days of western Kansas. I believe the post is still maintained, and there is now a government flying field there, too.

When our wheat had been ground into flour we loaded the flour into the wagon and started on our homeward journey. We arrived home without any untoward incident. On the return trip we met the family whose little girl had been captured by the Indians some months before. They were heading back to "God's country," as they put it, saying they had had quite enough of pioneer life to last them the rest of their days. We bade them goodbye and Godspeed, and we did not blame them for going back home, after their harrowing experience with the Indians. It was the soldiers from Fort Hays who had rounded up the Indians, released their captives, and taken them back to their reservation in Indian Territory.

NEW PONY TRIES TO RUN AWAY WITH ME

One year we bought a pony from a man named Frick, who ran a livery stable in Wakeensy. Incidentally, he had a very lovely daughter whom I admired -- at a distance. The day after we brought the pony home I saddled her up and started out with some of the other horses. She became frightened at the attention of the other horses and started for town, six miles away. The saddle we had bought with this pony had not been adjusted to the length of my legs; that is, I had not taken time to shorten up

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the stirrup straps, and as a result I could just touch the stirrups with the toes of my boots. The bridle I was using had only a straight bit in it, which did not serve to slow the pony at all. We went ~~very~~ madly past the house, where father was engaged in getting breakfast, mother and my sister being in town at the time. As we dashed wildly by the house father came to the door, a skillet in one hand and a large fork in the other. When I saw him I yelled: "Stop us, stop us." And then we were gone down the road. I finally put all my strength into pulling on one rein of the bridle, and in this manner I succeeded in turning the pony's head and at last brought her up in the corral. I dismounted, changed bridles for one with a large "curb" bit that would bring almost any pony up on its hindlegs, and shortened up the stirrup straps to the right length. Then I remounted and made the pony understand right then that I was boss. And when I rode up to the house father came to the door, laughing as if his sides would split. Between gasps for breath he wanted to know if I expected him to stop us with the skillet and fork. Well, just at the moment that I had called for help I needed it very badly, and did not stop to figure out how he might stop us.

TRYING TO GROW TIMBER ON A TIMBER CLAIM

WHEN uncle Stuart and my father took up their timber claims of 160 acres each, in addition to their homesteads of like areas, they were required to try to grow trees on the timber claims. This was more or less of a gesture, which permitted each settler to hold 320 acres of land, and not with the idea that very many trees would grow.

However, we had to make an attempt at compliance with the law, so we bought some cuttings and seeds and planted them on a 10-acre tract, and my back still aches at the mere recollection of the hours upon hours we spent stooping over and putting in the cuttings and seeds. After we had planted our own ten acres, we helped uncle Stuart plant his ten acres, and we had plenty of aches before the job was finished. And, aside from a few puny trees, our work was all for nothing. But we had complied with the law, and so we were able to hold the land.

MILKING TIME

Every morning and evening the milking had to be done. For the first couple of years we had only one cow, and father usually milked her. After that we had about a dozen, and father and I went fifty fifty on the milking job, and it was always a race to see which one would finish first. We always sat on a one-legged stool so that we could get away in a hurry if a cow took a notion to kick while being milked. More than once I was knocked over and had a pail of milk spilled all over me by a ^{cow} that took a notion to kick me out of the way and go elsewhere.

My dog used to sit nearby while I was milking and he liked to have me turn the "faucet" in his direction and shoot the warm milk into his mouth. This was fun for me, and the dog seemed to enjoy it, too.

HUNTING

Our hunting was limited to rabbits, mostly the large jackrabbits, and an occasional cottontail, and to ducks, plover, snipe, prairie chickens, meadow larks, blackbirds, etc. Anything large enough to be made into a stew was considered legitimate prey. The prairie chickens were not easily shot, being usually very wary of a hunter and flying before he could get within range.

I used to carry a shotgun with me when out with the cattle (that is, after I was considered old enough to be trusted with the gun), and often I would bag a rabbit and take it home, and we would have a good meal of fresh meat. Some of my ponies were not afraid of the noise of the gun and I could shoot from the saddle, which made it much easier to get the game. Other ponies, however, disliked the noise of the gun, and when I raised it to shoot they would jerk their heads and throw me off sight. Then I would have to dismount, and often by that time the game had disappeared.

During the winters on our homestead I frequently went out to the barn at night to shoot rabbits. The barn was built about two-thirds below ground, with windows along the side about on a level with the ground. On the side next the corral I would take a position with the gun and wait for rabbits to come into the corral to eat the scraps of hay

or the millet seeds that had been left by the cattle. I always felt a bit mean for shooting the unsuspecting rabbits from a window, but we needed the meat and I wanted to make sure that we had it.

One cold winter day father and I decided to go out for a rabbit hunt. We hitched a team to a sled and got aboard. We had no luck at all for several hours, but finally, in the early afternoon, we saw a large rabbit. He saw us, too, and got away before we were within range. We chased him hither and yon for an hour or two, shooting at him every time we thought we were close enough, but no luck. Finally we ran out of bird shot for the gun, and had to resort to willow plugs, which we cut to fit the gun and about two inches in length. These "slugs" did not scatter, of course, as the shot would do, so we had to get closer to the rabbit in order to make a hit. After father had blasted away with several of these slugs, he made a hit -- struck the rabbit and broke one of its hind legs. This slowed him down and we soon got close enough to finish him off. By that time it was late afternoon and we turned for home, hungry, tired, and disgusted with our day's hunt. However, the rabbit made a good meal for the family.

I have always felt mean about the killing of one particular rabbit. It was this way: I had gone down to the Saline River one winter day to do a little skating. I had no ice skates, simply slid around on the soles of my boots. Suddenly I saw a half-grown jackrabbit run out on the ice some fifty feet away, stop there, sit up and begin to size me up. Something prompted me to throw a piece of ice at him, not for a moment dreaming that I could hit him. So I let go, and much to my surprise I hit him squarely on the side of the head and killed him instantly. Well, I did not think I had done such a smart thing when I looked down and saw the rabbit so still and quiet where a moment before he had been so full of life. I excused myself, however, by remembering that we needed some fresh meat, and he did make a good meal for us. But in all the years since then I have seen that rabbit sitting there on the ice, moving his big ears to and fro and blinking at me, no doubt wondering what in heck that big thing was standing over

there. I still wish I had not been such a good shot on that particular occasion.

There were a few coyotes on the prairies when we lived there. One of them could make as much noise as a whole regiment, it seemed, and as I recall them I am reminded of some present day coyotes with only two legs, who make a whale of a noise although there may be only one or two of them doing the howling. One thing coyotes taught me: noise is not synonymous with numbers.

The coyote seemed to know when a man was carrying a gun. If one did not have a gun the coyote was not much afraid, but let a man carry a gun and the coyote kept well out of range. Somehow he seemed to sense the danger.

We had a coyote "roundup" one open winter. Some fifty or sixty settlers ~~joined~~ joined in the roundup. Each man started from his own place, and all gradually converged to a common center. The idea was to drive the coyotes to this central point and then kill them. I joined in the drive, and by the time we had reached the central point I found myself some six miles from home. The net result of the day's drive was -- one badly scared coyote! He was dispatched with a six-shooter, and that ended him and the day's drive. That is, it almost ended the day. However, I still had to ride back home six miles, and all alone, at that. It was late in the afternoon when I reached home, quite disgusted with myself for having taken part in the hunt.

A BAD SCARE

One summer, when we had a large herd, it was necessary for me to ride two ponies -- Oh, no, not at the same time. I rode one in the forenoon and the other one in the afternoon. For this purpose I used to put a drag-rope on the pony I was to ride in the afternoon, so that I could make sure of catching that pony when I wanted it. This rope was usually about fifty feet long. One pony that I used soon got wise to the drag-rope trick, and when I would dismount from the pony I was riding to pick up the drag-rope, the other pony would suddenly start to run, leaving me clutching the air. Well, I finally resorted to a little trick myself, which worked all right until one day when I was

riding a half-broken, nervous mustang that was afraid of everything new. My little trick was to pretend that I was going to dismount, and then when the pony to which the drag-rope was attached started to run, I would return to the saddle instead of dismounting. After a time the pony would become careless and I would then quickly dismount and grab the rope. Well, on this particular day, I forgot that the pony I was riding did not know anything about my nice little trick. So, when the time came to change ponies, I rode up alongside the drag-rope, stopped my pony, swung myself half way out of the saddle, and then when the other pony started up I attempted to swing myself back into the saddle. This was something entirely new to the pony I was riding, and instantly she gave a startled leap forward, causing me to lose my hold on both saddle and bridle, and I fell backward. My left foot caught in the stirrup, and there was Willie! The pony was as scared as I was. She began to jump ahead and kick, meantime keeping her left eye on me, which caused her to run a bit sideways. Her heels came popping past my head at every jump she made, and each second I fully expected that she would kick out what few brains I had. Only the fact that she ran sidewise, saved my life. I was all the time frantically kicking with my left leg, trying to disengage my foot from the stirrup, and after what seemed an age, but probably was only a few seconds, my foot came out and I was saved. It took me a good while to recover from my fright, and when I went home that evening and told mother, she was about as badly scared as I had been.

I had a good many close calls, with ponies stepping into gopher holes while galloping across the prairies, but none to compare with the foot-in-stirrup affair. More than once while riding rapidly my mount would land with both front feet in a gopher hole and away we would go, both pony and boy, head over heels. Sometimes I think that only the Providence that is said to take care of fools and children saved my neck. At that, I never had a pony that could run fast enough to suit me; I always wished for one that could go faster. And some of them were pretty good, at that.

THE LASSO

I was never expert with the lasso. In fact, I was just fairly good with it. We had no particular need to lasso the stock, but I used to do a good deal of practicing while out with the herd. Generally I would select a calf so that if I was lucky enough to catch him I could hold him while I took the lasso off. One time I lassoed a pony and when it started to run one of my spurs caught on the lasso and for a short distance I was dragged by the heels, wondering just where I was going and how long it would take to arrive. However, my kicking finally loosened the spur, and I got up, determined that thereafter I would know where my feet were with relation to the lasso.

The best man with a lasso whom I ever saw was a Mexican. He was a wizard. He could put his lasso right where he wanted it every time. In a corral he would start a bunch of ponies running around the corral, and then he would gradually single out the one he wanted, get it to running behind the others, and swish! the lasso would go out like a flash, catching the pony by the neck, or by both front feet, just as simply, it seemed, as saying A. B. C. I could catch them by the neck, but placing the lasso so that an animal would jump into the loop with its front feet was a bit too much for me.

THE FESTIVE CACTUS

THERE were several varieties of cactus plants on the prairies. The one I most dreaded was shaped like a marble, covered all over with spikes nearly an inch long, and as sharp as needles. To step on one of these meant trouble aplenty. One day a neighbor boy named Claude Wallace came to visit me and was out with me tending the herd. We were both barefooted. In some way I had carelessly stepped on one of these cactus, and I was having a tough time of it trying to get up courage enough to yank the cactus spike out of my foot. Claude stood by, laughing at me and taunting me for my lack of nerve. Finally he sat down -- but got up much more quickly. He had sat down on the brother cactus to the one that was in my foot! And then it was my turn to laugh, and I certainly did. Well, we both gritted our teeth, gave a yank, and out came the spikes.

There was one species of cactus that had a very pretty flower on it. This one was a small plant, shaped somewhat like a pear, and looked very nice when in full bloom. There was also a big-eared cactus, which grew in what might be termed clusters. The "ears" were three or four inches wide and a little longer than wide, and on each of them grew a number of flowers that later turned into fruit bulbs. Some people liked to eat these bulbs, but I did not care for them.

The yucca plant grew on the prairies, but not in great numbers. These were very beautiful when in full bloom, as they are wherever they grow.

WILD FLOWERS

There were quite a number of wild flowers on the prairies. Among those that I now recall were: beautiful poppies, some bright red, some deep red, some white in color. They gave off a most pungent perfume that was almost stupefying to a person standing close to a bed of them. Then there was the delicate little sensitive plant, with very pretty flowers on it, and which, when touched, would immediately close its leaves for a time. There was a wild verbena, a very pretty flower, and the wild roses were both beautiful and sweet smelling.

There were in the springtime hundreds of thousands of little prairie flowers that had no name that I know of. Each flower grew on a single stem six or eight inches tall, and the flowers were red, white, blue or pink as a rule. There was also, along the streams, what we called the Johnny-jump-up, a little purple flower. The thistles, of course, had rather pretty flowers on them, and we youngsters used to chew these flowers and call them tobacco.

The wild sunflower abounded by the millions, especially where a plowed field had been allowed to go uncultivated for a time. The sunflowers would appropriate such a field and shortly there would be tens of thousands of sunflowers with their smiling faces looking up into the sun and following it in its course all day long. Next Morning they would be facing east again, waiting for the rising sun.

There were two or three such large fields of sunflowers on our homestead, and I used to amuse myself if the herd was near by, riding through the field and snapping off the flowers from the stalks with my blacksnake whip. When my arm grew tired I would stop. I used to play that I was a great warrior riding through the ranks of the enemy on my fine charger, and cutting off the heads of the enemy in great numbers. I sure laid 'em out.

The milk weed, as we called it, was a plant that also had very pretty flowers on it. They were, of course, white.

There was also what we called the butter-and-egg plant, a little green plant that grew close to the ground, and on which there were clusters of bright yellow flowers, quite small, which resembled, in color, the yolk of an egg. These were frequently used as "greens" and were very fine to eat.

There were many dandelions, also, and these, too, were used as greens and were quite delicious.

WILD FRUITS

There were not many wild fruits. We did have the wild choke cherry, which resembled the domestic cherry, but was smaller. When ripe this fruit was very tasty, and when made into a pie it was delicious.

The sand plum was another fruit, not very plentiful, however. It grew in sandy places, usually near a stream, the bush being low, usually not more than two feet high. The plums were of fair size and when ripe were very good eating.

As already stated under another heading, there was the fruit of the big-eared cactus, which some people liked to eat. It was quite full of seeds.

ANT HILLS AND INDIAN BEADS

Scattered all over the prairies were numerous ant hills, usually made by small red ants. It was a common thing to be able to find small beads among the grains of sand that made up these hills, or mounds. I used to spend a good deal of my time while out with the herd, digging into these ant hills and picking out the beads. I found white, red, black, yellow and green beads, and often I made them into rings and wore them on my fingers. I also made rings for my sister, Libbie. It was always interesting to me to try to picture in my mind the Indians in camp on the prairies, losing some of their beads which later were gathered by the ants. However I never felt sorry that I had not been there at the same time that the Indians were in camp. I always thought that perhaps they might have gathered in a scalp, had I been there then.

I used to find an occasional flint arrowhead that some Indian had lost, but I never found a tomahawk.

Sometimes, when time seemed to drag, I would catch a lizard and take him to an ant hill, brush off the top of the hill to get the ants excited, and then put Mr. Lizard in their midst. He would lie there inert for a few seconds, but suddenly he would come to life and begin to scurry away in great haste as the ants swarmed all over him. It was fun for me, but I am sure that neither the ants nor the lizard could see any humor in the situation. If by chance an occasional ant got to exploring my own anatomy, I became about as busy as the lizard had been, even though the ant might not be "in my pants." Any place was bad enough if he took a notion to sample the "landscape" over which he was traveling.

Each spring and fall of the year we had to endure great swarms of flying ants. First there would be a horde of small red ants, then a horde of large red ants, and finally a horde of large black ants. For a couple of days each horde would infest everything. They were particularly pestiferous in the fall of the year. A day or two before the first lot of them came along I would get a peculiar taste in my mouth,

and I would say to myself: "Well, the ants are coming", and sure enough, in a day or two they would come by the millions.

Occasionally I was witness to a great battle being staged between an army of red ants and an army of black ants. These were, of course, the ground ants. They really fought, too, and many a doughty warrior succumbed to the superior strength, or bite, of his foe. Sometimes I took a hand in the melee and scattered both armies hither and yon, but invariably they reformed their ranks and the battle continued in unabated fury, or perhaps with even greater fury because of the unfriendly interruption.

THE OLD SOD SCHOOLHOUSE

THE first school term we had after moving to Kansas was held in a little sod school house some two miles from where we lived. It was located there so as to be convenient for the children of quite a number of settlers scattered over the prairies for miles around. We had wooden seats of plain boards, and desks of the same material. The building had no floor, except the earth from which the sod had been removed in building the house. We youngsters used to go to school in our bare feet most of the time, and we would wriggle our toes in the dust of the floor while studying our lessons.

Miss Clara Miller was our first teacher. She had to ride some eight miles from her home to the school house each morning, and return home each afternoon. She was a good teacher, and very kind to us. She used to have us sing a song each morning before turning to our lessons. A verse of one of those songs still lingers in my memory, it ran like this:

We're a happy little band,
 Marching onward hand in hand,
 With the Bible for our guide,
 And with Jesus at our side.

Sounds ~~resembling~~ something like a Sunday school song, but we all sang it lustily. Those were great days for the youngsters. We had plenty of time for games, and we were all strong and healthy. Harry Kelly, my cousin, was the best runner in school, and

also the most difficult to catch. He just seemed to wriggle out of any hold. I believe that I was the second best runner. Our school term was only three months -- May, June and July, in those days.

Each Friday afternoon we had readings and recitations, given by pupils selected by the teacher. I was much terrified when my turn came, but stood up and did the best I could, which was not always so very much. I did not mind reading from a book, but to have to commit a poem to memory and then get up before the school and recite it, well, that gave me a desire to be a thousand miles away from that spot; but instead, I was "on the spot" for sure. I still recall some of those recitations. One of them began like this:

In the hay, in the hay,
Toss we and tumble;
No one to say us nay,
No one to grumble.

While I knew something of the fun of tossing and tumbling in the hay, and had often done so, I did not enjoy telling the school about it.

My very first "effort" in school, however, took place back in the school in Pulaske. I was probably about six years of age. There had been a number of readings and recitations, and finally the teacher asked if there were any others who would like to add to the program. Some evil little demon must have whispered in my ear, for I put up my hand, and the teacher said "All right, Willie, come right up and say your piece." And Willie did. It was a classic:

Monkey, monkey, bottle of beer,
How many monkeys have we here?
One, two, three, out goes he.

Just what the teacher's opinion of my initial appearance before the public was, I have never known, but I have often had a sneaking idea that I could guess what it was, and that it would coincide quite closely with my own later and more mature judgment of that occasion.

I believe the old sod school house served its purpose for a year or two, and then the school was held in the old "Wilhelm house", which was not far distant. This Wilhelm house was built of limestone rock and had a couple of rooms, one of which served for the school. After that the school was held in the house that my uncle Jake Kelly had built on his homestead, half a mile from where we lived. He and aunt Ell and Harry had returned to Pulaski in the summer of 1882, I think it was, and the house stood vacant until it was used for the school. One of our teachers in this school was Miss Rebecca Walker, called Becky by her friends. She lived about a mile and half, maybe two miles from the school house, and rode to and fro daily on a pony. We had a Fall term of school at this time, and great was the delight of the children when, in the latter part of the term, we would have our first fall of snow. Little attention was given to lessons when the first flakes of snow began to fall. Those first great flakes seemed as large as dollars, and when they had covered the ground we would ~~px~~ play fox-and-geese, and have battles with snowballs, and then trudge home through the snow with happy hearts.

LATER SCHOOL DAYS

In 1885 we moved from our old home place to a section of school land about two miles southeast. There was a deserted house on this land which we fixed up and lived in for some time. Later father built us a small house nearby, where we lived until we moved to Wakeeney.

While living on the school land I went to school in Wakeeney, riding to and from daily on a pony. We lived about four miles from town, so I had a nice ride each morning and afternoon.

After we moved to town I of course continued to attend school there, and my final examinations were taken under the careful eye of Professor Opp, who was a most cultured and kindly man. I still have one or two of my old school books and several of my examination papers.

Two things the youngsters in those days really learned in school. One was reading,

the other was spelling. We were drilled and drilled daily on both of these. We had lots of fun in our "spelling down" contests, and as a rule I was one of the last to go down, and occasionally I was the last one on the floor -- I mean, the last one left standing.

We learned to spell "to", "too" and "two", and also the meaning of each one of them, which is a doggoned lot more than many college graduates can do in these present days of so-called "higher education." The modern college graduate seldom knows how to spell correctly, and cannot compose a letter of application for a job that does not look and read as if it had been turned out by a fourth-grader. But I do not want to start on that line.

After we moved to Tacoma in 1889, it was intended that I should go to school, but it became necessary for me to go to work, so my school days actually ended in Wakeeney; that is, until I entered the "School of Hard Knocks", in which I have learned a great deal that is not found in books -- and from which school I have not yet graduated.

RATTLESNAKES

RATTLESNAKES! Lookout! These were a source of considerable danger to us on the prairies, although they nearly always sounded a warning when we got near them. They made a most ominous sound, and no one ever heard that sound without stopping dead still until he could locate the snake. I used to kill these snakes and then cut off their rattles and put them on my hatband as ornaments. Sometimes I would find a discarded skin from one of these snakes (they shed 'em every year) and I would fasten it around my hat for a band and felt quite dressed up.

I always made it my business to kill every rattler that I saw. Usually I did this with my blacksnake whip, but sometimes I would let my dog do the killing. I would attract the snake's attention with my whip, and the dog would get on the opposite side of the snake, jump in, grab it, give it a few lusty shakes, and that was the end of the snake.

One time the dog and I were worrying a snake when both dog and snake sprang at

each other at the same instant. The dog's mouth was wide open, of course, and the snake's head went right into that open mouth! The dog was scared, and so was I, and no doubt the snake was at least surprised. The dog withdrew from the fight, and I got busy with my blacksnake whip and killed the snake in short order. Fortunately the dog had suffered no harm. We never tried that trick again on a snake.

My father was out one day in the field raking up some hay, when he came upon a rattler. He began to tease it, putting the rake handle down in front of it and letting it strike. Finally the snake made a vicious strike, slid right up the rake handle, and almost hit father's hand. Needless to say father quit fooling and killed the snake. He had had quite enough fun for one day, he said.

One summer a shepherd dog owned by the Walkers wandered away from home and came to stay with us. As I did not have a dog at that time, I was glad to have this one to help me with the herd. After quite a long time I missed him one day, and thought he had probably gone back home. Some three or four days later I saw an animal coming toward me across the prairie. He looked almost like a young lion, and I got on my pony ready to take flight. However, as the animal drew nearer I saw that it was this same dog. His head and neck were swollen to almost twice their normal size, and he really looked quite formidable. The evident explanation was that he had been bitten by a rattler and had gone to the river and had stayed there in a pool of water for three days, until the effects of the poison had begun to wear off, and had then started out to find me. He fully recovered, but from then on he let the snakes alone.

When this dog was just a puppy, he was bitten by a rattler. The Walkers immediately took him to Wakeeney and dosed him with whiskey for two or three days, and he recovered. At least, that is the way the story was told to me, and I reckon it was true. I do not think any of the Walkers were addicted to drinking whiskey!

Once or twice while we lived there we heard of some settlers who had been bitten by a rattler and had gone blind and died a horrible death after wandering helplessly

about on the prairie and calling for help that never came.

One afternoon when Minnie, Mildred, Harry Kelly and I were returning home from school Minnie suddenly let go a terrific shriek, and when we looked around, lo and behold, she had walked right over a big rattler that was crawling along on the ground across our path. Fortunately for her the snake was not coiled, otherwise she might have been bitten.

THE JONES FAMILY

One summer we had some 400 head of cattle and 30 or 40 ponies, and the close-herding of these animals required two of us to keep them from trespassing on wheat and corn fields. The grazing was not confined to our own lands, but included the lands of other settlers, as well as vacant, or unlocated, lands. So we had a wide area in which the stock ranged while grazing. This kept two of us busy all the time, as we had to keep riding around the herd to keep it within proper limits.

As father had the farm work to attend to, he got a man named Jones to come with his wife and child to live at our place with us. Mother, Libbie and my little brother Tommy were living in Wakeeney, where mother was busy at her dressmaking, to supplement the meager purse of the family.

This man Jones was a shiftless sort of fellow, and his wife was a poor cook and a worse housekeeper. She was such a bad cook that I all but starved to death until I got sort of used to her style of cooking. There were gnats in all the food, and in the milk and the coffee that we drank. ~~But~~ Their bones were not large nor difficult to chew, but somehow or other I just did not relish them. Occasionally father would let me to go town for a day or so while he took my place with Jones in watching the herd. And boy, how I did relish the good meals my mother set before me! I just ate and ate and ate -- and then I would lie down and groan, the while I thought how very delicious the meals were.

MOTHER GIVES ME A RING

In the summer of 1885 mother and Libbie made a trip to Iowa, visiting with relatives in West Union. While there mother bought me a nice finger ring and sent it to me. It was a chased-band ring, and being my first ring I was particularly proud of it. Unfortunately it was a little too large for my finger, but I insisted on wearing it anyway. One day father and I were over at uncle Stuart's place getting some old, dried cane stalks with which to cover the roof of our cattle shed. Father was on the ground, throwing the stalks up to me on the hayrack, and I spread them around on the rack. Suddenly I noticed that my ring was gone. I yelled to father, and told him, and then we both spent an hour or more looking for the ring. We unloaded all the cane stalks, searched the ground, but all to no avail. The ring was gone, and I was all but heartbroken.

In the summer of 1889, after we had moved to Tacoma, I one day received a very small package by mail from Wakeeney. What was my surprise and delight on opening the package to find that it contained my lost ring! Cousin Mildred had found the ring in their corral near where I had lost it some four years before. I wore the ring steadily until the winter of 1909-10. One night in Cordova, while out shoveling snow to make a path from our back door to the coalshed some fifty feet away, I again missed the ring. I looked for it in the snow, but of course could not find it. No doubt it is still there. I felt very badly about losing it.

I DRIVE TO GARDEN CITY

One fall day a friend of father's who was a carpenter, wanted to go to Garden City, which was some 30 or 40 miles southwest of Wakeeney. Father was busy, so he arranged for me to take the man down there. We hitched two ponies to the buckboard and the man and I, with his tool chest, headed for Garden City. We arrived there shortly after noon, having started very early in the morning. After leaving the man at a hotel I at once headed for home, as I did not want to drive too late at night. I did not stop for lunch, or dinner as we called it then, and by mid-afternoon I was very hungry. Finally I came to a farm house and stopped to see if I could get a bite to eat. I

found that there was no one at home. So I looked around for something eatable. There was an outdoor cellar nearby, and finding the door unfastened I went in. There was some bread there and a little meat, and from these I made a hasty meal, all the time fearing that the people would return and find me there. I could not imagine what they might do to me. Before I left I took a piece of paper and wrote a note on it, explaining that I had taken the liberty of helping myself to something to eat, and I left some 22 cents -- all that I had -- as payment for the food. I signed my name and gave my address, and for some time after that I half expected to hear something from it, but never did. I arrived home late that night, cold, sleepy, and again hungry. I had driven some 75 miles that day.

MY FIRST CIGAR

One day father and I drove to Clay Center, I believe it was, and stayed there over night. In the evening I strolled about the town, and seeing a cigar store concluded it was a good chance to have a smoke. So I bought a nickel cigar and lighted it and walked around town puffing away until it had been smoked. Then I returned to the hotel. Soon I began to feel very queer, my head began to ache and I grew dizzy and felt very ill. I went out on the lawn in front of the hotel, lay down on the grass, and for some two hours I was just about as "seasick" as one could well be. That ended my cigar smoking for a long, long time. And as I lay there on the lawn I certainly "moralized" to myself on the utter folly of smoking -- especially cigars!

OUR LAST DINNER BEFORE LEAVING KANSAS FOR TACOMA

On the day that we were to take the train from Wakeemey for Tacoma, Washington, Mother, Libbie and I were out at uncle Stuart's place, and our last dinner in Kansas was had with uncle Stuart, aunt Mary and Mildred. It was a wonderful meal, such as only aunt Mary could prepare, and I recall that I ate until I was absolutely "full up." I do not recall in detail what we had, but I do remember the superb coffee, with the thick cream in it that floated on top of the coffee, and the delicious sugar cookies which aunt Mary always made just a little better than anyone else. After dinner uncle Stuart took us to town in his lumber wagon, and we stopped with our friends, the Eshers, at their hotel until train time, which was at midnight or later.

There were some four or five families in the party, all headed for Tacoma. They had chartered a coach for themselves and a freight car for their goods. We had a very merry time together on the trip. There were: Mrs. Killam and her daughter Cora, a most charming young lady; Mrs. Saisford and her several youngsters, one or two other families whom I do not now recall, and mother, Libbie and me. We took our own food along, and cooked our meals on the coal heating stove in the coach. The men folk of the party had gone on ahead some months previously and were all awaiting us in Tacoma.

Each succeeding day of the trip brought new scenes and it was an intensely interesting trip. The first time I saw the word "SALOON" was on the morning after our departure, when we stopped at a station in eastern Colorado. Across the street from the depot stood a building with that word painted in large letters across the front. I tried to figure out what it meant, but could not do so, and finally asked mother, who told me what it meant. I have since that day seen both the outside and the inside of many saloons, fancy as well as disreputable, but never yet have I seen a good one. There is no such thing. The liquor business is an outlaw; it cannot be tamed nor controlled. It is inherently bad in every respect.

TACOMA

My mother and sister and I arrived in Tacoma late in the evening of a very rainy day in early February, 1889. Father met us at the depot with a hack, or cab, and we were taken to our new home on South Yakima Avenue -- 1211 was the number. There had been continuous rainfall for many days, and the streets were rivers of mud, almost hub deep. We went up Pacific Avenue to Eleventh Street, then up Eleventh to Yakima Avenue, and then a block and a half south to our home. Eleventh Street was a moving river of mud several inches deep.

There were few sidewalks on Pacific Avenue in those early days, and I remember that at 11th, 12th and other cross streets, there were no crosswalks -- only 2x12 planks laid on top of the mud and extending from one side of the Avenue to the other. These were "one way" walks -- if you saw someone coming in your direction on the plank you simply waited until he got over to your side, and then you hurried to cross before someone else started your way. It was not difficult to get "mud in your eye" in those days.

I had intended going to school in Tacoma, but circumstances forced me to change my plans and in the late summer I started to work at the Pioneer Book Bindery, which was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Howe. The concern is still going strong, under the management of one or two sons of the Howes, who long since passed to their reward.

I went to work at seven o'clock in the morning and worked until six at night, and received the staggering pay of four dollars per week! I swept up the place each morning, did all sorts of other jobs that nobody else wanted to do, and meantime began to learn something about the book binding business. I made up the glue and paste, and helped the book binder with his work, and gradually began to do some of the binding work myself; and after some three and a half years I was doing law-sheep binding, half and three-quarter leather binding, and finally full leather binding, also some morroco leather work. Then I was fired. The boss said it was because I had commenced to be careless in my work, even intimated that I talked to the girls too much. But I have

always had a sneaking idea that the real reason was that he wanted to reduce expenses, as the business was none too good, there being a depression on at the time.

I BECAME A LAW CLERK

On leaving the bindery, in 1892, I attended Tait's Business College, where I studied stenography, typing and bookkeeping. I concentrated on the stenography at first, and after having an hour's lesson at the school each day I would go home, lock myself in a room, and study for six hours, only taking time out for lunch. I kept this up for three months, and then took up the typing, and later the bookkeeping, in addition to continuing with the stenography.

When I had completed the course I began to look around for an office job, and finally secured one with the law firm of Hoxie & Richardson. I did not receive any pay at first, but was allowed to serve all legal papers, for which I received one dollar for each person served, and 10 cents per mile for travel. After several months I was placed on a small salary.

I enjoyed the work in the law office very much. Mr. Hoxie was a fine old gentleman, and Mr. Richardson was a splendid lawyer who had come to Tacoma from Mississippi. On Saturday afternoons we had little to do, and oftentimes Mr. Hoxie would come out into my room, sit on the corner of my desk, and reminisce. I always enjoyed these occasions. I have never forgotten one bit of advice that he gave me. He said to me: "Shorthill, if you ever start practising law, keep this in mind: if you ever have to choose between eating and wearing good clothes, wear the good clothes." That was very wholesome advice, and every since then I have kept it in mind. It is still good advice. A man's appearance has very much to do with his success, especially if he has to come in contact with other people.

I studied law as time permitted, until the end of January, 1898, when I quit the law office to go to Skagway, Alaska. I had studied for some time quite hard, and

in late 1897 was admitted to practice before the Superior Court of Pierce County. As by that time I had my eye on Alaska, I did not go to Olympia and present my certificate so as to be admitted before the state supreme court. I have sometimes wished that I had done this.

At any rate, I gained a great deal of valuable experience while in the law office, and while I did not attempt to practice law after going to Alaska, my years of experience had given me a good deal of knowledge of the law and of legal forms, all of which has ever since served me well in the various positions that I have held. I am sure that I have often saved my employers a good many dollars by my knowledge of legal forms, etc.

IN THE TOILS OF THE POLICE

In the good old days when bicycles were the chief mode of "rapid" transportation, I did a great deal of bicycling. One evening a friend of mine, Harry Baker, who was working in a bicycle store at 9th Street and Tacoma Avenue, suggested that he and I ~~go~~ go for a ride after he had closed the store. So, at nine o'clock we started out for South Tacoma, and in due time we were riding along the main street on the sidewalk. Harry was some fifty feet ahead of me, when suddenly a great apparition in the form of a tall, long-armed policeman loomed up in front of him and blocked the way. Harry stopped, of course. When I arrived on the scene I asked Harry what the trouble was. He said the cop claimed we were riding too fast on the walk -- going more than six miles an hour! Which almost unbelievable speed was against the law. Fancy that.

I asked the cop what he was going to do, and he said he would have to take Harry to the police station. I said, "Well, how about me?" He said he did not see me and did not know how fast I was riding. So I got what I thought was a bright idea. I said to the cop, "Well, I was with Baker, and if you take him you will have to take me." This stumped the cop for a minute, but only a minute. Then he said "All right, both

of you come along with me." And we did. When we reached the station the sergeant in charge asked what was up. The cop said we had been riding too fast on the sidewalk. The sergeant wanted to know what the cop proposed to do with us, and the cop said that if we would put up five dollars bail each we could go. Well, five dollars was almost a small fortune in those days, and we did not have it. We did have about that amount between us. We offered our watches and our bikes, but the cop said they were no good. Guess he needed the money, too. Well, I suggested that I stay and that we put up the five dollars so that Harry could go on back to town. Then Harry said he would go to town and dig up another five and come back and let me out. Which he did. Meantime I was placed in the hallway in front of some cells and given a chair to sit on while I waited for Harry to return. It took him about an hour, and during that hour I tried to figure out some way of burning down the station, but could not see how I could get out if I started the fire. So I just sat and sat. Ever since then my sympathies have been with the fellow who has to go to jail.

The next day I went to the police court in Tacoma with a lawyer friend of mine, Colonel Albert A. Joab, who was redheaded and red-tempered, and who practiced before the police court a good deal. When the case came up Joab got up and told the court that "these two fine young men had been thrown into jail like a couple of hoboes and had been humiliated and mistreated." The judge was an Irishman. After listening to Joab's story for some time he finally said: "Well, I don't know as there is any ignominy in being arrested for riding too fast on a bicycle, and besides, the bicyclists themselves were in favor of the law. But I guess these young men have learned a lesson, and we will remit the bail and dismiss the case." Hip, hip, hooray!! That was all I wanted to hear; we were to get our five bucks back, which meant more than anything else. So I went to the clerk's desk and got the ten dollars, and after the judge had dismissed court I went into his room and thanked him, and told him it was the first time I had ever appeared before him, and that it would be the last. It was.

HUNTING BEARS

One summer my friend Steve Collins (now and for many years manager of the Tacoma Ice Company) and I went on a vacation for two weeks. We went by boat from Tacoma to Gig Harbor, a few miles from Tacoma, then rented two horses and rode over to the town opposite Charleston (now Bremerton), and then on out into the country some ten or twelve miles. We pitched our camp on a sandy beach by the side of a small creek, and spread our bunks under a little wooden bridge that spanned the creek. On the way out, while going through the timber, we spied a big black bear alongside the road busily engaged in picking berries, but as our shotgun and rifle were packed in our baggage, we did not harm the bear, which ran crashing away through the brush -- much to our relief!

After making camp we picketed our horses and started out afoot with the rifle and shotgun, scouting around to see what the prospects might be for game. A quarter of a mile from camp we came to a dense ^{growth} ~~mass~~ of brush, and running hither and yon through this brush were little "tunnels" which we discovered were the runways of the bears. Like a couple of ~~off~~fools we started crawling through one of these tunnels, not stopping to think what would happen should we meet a bear head on. Fortunately for us that did not happen.

The next morning we found that our horses had broken their tethers and were no where in sight. They had evidently been frightened by a bear in the night, had broken loose and started for home. We hurried after them, and after going several miles we overtook them in a flat where the grazing was good, and caught them. At this place we saw the footprints of a bear that must have been the great-grandfather of all the bears in the State of Washington. The tracks were as large as would be the imprint of a large ham. We were glad the bear was nowhere to be seen. And we did not spend any time hunting for him.

We hunted each morning out in the old roadways through the woods, which had been used by the Simpson Lumber Company years before in their logging operations.

We got a few rabbits, which we cooked over an open fire, and saw some grouse, which we did not get. Could not get within shooting distance of them. We tried fishing in the creek one morning, and followed it for two or three miles, with no luck. Finally we made our way out through the dense underbrush, tired, hot, and hungry. A mile or more away we saw a couple of houses and headed for them, as they were nearer to us than our camp. When we arrived we found that there was an old company store there and two houses. This was at what was called Elifton. The old man at the store did not have anything in the way of food except some hardtack, probably several years old. We bought some of this, borrowed a couple of tin cups, went out to a pump, filled the tins with water, and "dunked" the hardtack until it was soft enough to bite through with safety. We made a meal of this, and what a meal! Steve and I often said afterwards that we could not remember when anything tasted quite as good as that water-soaked hardtack.

One day while out hunting we had sighted some grouse, and I cocked the shotgun preparatory to shooting, when the grouse flew away. I lowered the gun but forgot to lower the hammers, and walked along, behind Steve, with the gun still cocked. Suddenly there was a tremendous BANG! When Steve and I recovered from our surprise we realized that I had inadvertently touched the triggers of the gun and had blazed away with both barrels, almost directly at Steve. The things he said to me would not bear repeating. Wow! I can hear him yet.

The two weeks passed very quickly, and we returned to Tacoma feeling quite fit for anything that might come along in the way of work. We were not particularly sorry that we had not killed a bear, and we were very glad that the bears had not captured either of us.

THE RAINBOW CLUB

In the spring of 1897 a group of young people organized the Rainbow Bicycle Club and invited me to join. I did so. Miss Florence Miller, a piano teacher, was the president of the club. Dave Worden, Walter Waddell, Will Miller, Miss Maude Miles, Miss Herriott, Miss Hattie Bostwick, R. A. Starkweather, Harry Bunker and half a dozen others were members, as also were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bedford and Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell.

In late June the club rented a house on the shore of American Lake, near the Bedford home, and we moved out there and spent seven weeks at the place. We had a wonderful time. Some of the girls remained at the lake place during the daytimes, but most of the members worked in Tacoma and rode in each morning and out each evening. The camp was eleven miles from the business district of Tacoma. Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell were our first chaperones, and they were good ones. They were not too watchful, and entered into all the fun. Also, they took along their cow, so we had fresh milk and cream every day.

As there were more girls than boys at the camp, the boys had a particularly good time. Florence Miller, Hattie Bostwick and Maude Miles were particular favorites. Only trouble with Maude was that she was engaged to Will Miller, brother of Florence, and while she was very friendly with the rest of the fellows when Will was not there, once he came on the scene she simply "froze" the rest of us out. We did not appreciate that.

One Sunday morning the girls got hold of Dave Worden's clothes before he and I were up, and hid them. They gave him an old red gingham wrapper of Mrs. Bedford's, after cutting off all the buttons, and this was all he had to wear throughout the whole day. He had to use nails for fastening the wrapper together, and he was a funny sight. He took it all in good part, however.

Will Miller and Maude Miles were married later on, and many years afterwards,

when Leola and I were visiting in Tacoma from Juneau, we were invited to their home for an evening with a lot of the "old gang". We had a fine time, and everyone was most friendly toward Leola, which pleased me greatly and for which I felt deeply grateful to my oldtime friends.

During the evening a discussion arose as to how the various married members of the club got along together. Finally Will Miller, who was then quite bald, topped the discussion with the remark: "Well, my wife and I get along just fine. We trade a head rub for a back scratch, and everything is just lively." Everyone laughed and enjoyed the joke, except Maude. If looks would have killed Will I am sure she would have been guilty of murder.

When the time came to break camp and go back to town at the end of our outing at the lake in 1897, Florence Miller and a Miss Nan Cole Albertson, of Keokuk, Iowa, who had been a guest at the club for a week or more, remained to help pack everything up for shipment to Tacoma. Walter Waddell and I also remained to help in the packing. One of the last things to be tied up was a large roll of bedding from the girls' room. After the two girls had spent a lot of time rolling this bedding up, they asked Waddell to tie it up, and they cautioned him to be careful. This aroused his suspicions, so he fell all over the roll and made a terrible job of tying it up, while the two girls ah'd and oh'd and told him to "please be careful, Walter." Later on Walter and I found out that the reason for the girls' alarm was the fact that inside of the roll of bedding they had placed a piece of crockery of considerable size which had reposed under one of the beds in the girls' room. Walter and I often had a good laugh about that incident.

Miss Albertson was a most charming young lady of some eighteen years, and I took quite a liking to her, which she seemed to reciprocate. Only trouble was that she left for her Keokuk home a few days after we broke camp. Some time after she had gone home I wrote to her, just to see if she would reply. She did, and we corres-

ponded for quite a number of years, and I enjoyed her letters very much. One time she wrote me that she would like a diamond ring. Well, I did not know whether this was intended to make it easy for me to propose, or just what it meant. Anyhow, I replied to that by suggesting to her that she ~~asker~~ ask her broyther for the ring! Could anything have been meaner than that, I ask you? However, we continued to correspond until about the time Leola and I were married. Then I thought it best to write Nan and tell her about the approaching wedding. She wrote a very lovely letter in reply, and wished Leola and me all the happiness in the world. Good Nan! Even now I wish I might see her and talk over old times. Oh, oh, here comes Leola, so I guess I'd best change the subject. Ha, ha. No, Leola has never been jealous of any of my "old flames." And she greatly enjoyed Nan's last letter.

FRIENDS IN TACOMA

During my eleven years in Tacoma, before going to Alaska, I had formed many delightful friendships, quite a number of which have continued on down through the years. There were the Frank C. Harts, the L. B. Stewarts, the Tom Stewarts, the John B. Sayres, the Burton E. Lemleys, and quite a good many others. These folks were all good Methodists and attended First Church.

After I returned to Tacoma from Juneau in 1918, with Leola, Warren and Allan, we joined the First Methodist Church and renewed acquaintances with all of these good friends and others, and formed new friendships. It was particularly pleasing to me to see how warmly Leola was welcomed by all of my friends. She has often said that they made her feel as if she had known them all her life.

Friendship is a wonderful thing. Friends may be parted for years, yet when they again meet life seems to start in again right where it left off before. Perhaps one of the best definitions of the meaning of "friend" was given by a little boy, who said: "A friend is someone who knows all about you, but likes you just the same."

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE

Among my most pleasant memories are those of the days when I was a member of the Epworth League and more or less active in it. In Tacoma I was secretary of the League in First Church for a long time, and then president for a couple of years.

In Skagway, Alaska, I was first secretary, then president, of the League, and when I left there to go to Treadwell the members of the League presented me with a nice gold ring, which I am still wearing. The date of presentation (June 3, 1902) is inscribed inside the ring. It was bought by the members of the League from P. E. Kern, a jeweler in Skagway, who was a good friend of mine.

ALASKA

I left Tacoma early in the morning of February first, 1898, and arrived in Skagway on the morning of the seventh, after a very stormy trip in the steamer "Rosalie." My cousin Charlie Kelley, and former mayor of Tacoma Orr, were passengers with me, and my roommates. The morning that we arrived at the dock in Skagway was terribly cold, and everything was covered with hard, frozen snow, and the wind was blowing a hurricane from the north. When the ship docked and I had a chance to go ashore and look around, I would have given a good many hundreds of dollars to have been able to go back on the ship and return to Tacoma and my job. But I had cut loose, so I had to face the storm and go uptown. Father had been at the dock to meet me, and we walked up the long roadway to town. I was all but frozen by the time we reached the store and house where father and mother lived.

Father and mother had gone to Skagway in the latter part of 1897, and father had built a small store and residence building in which they lived and in which they had each of them a small business. Mother had dressgoods and furnishings, and was doing some dressmaking, while father had a little stock of stationery and also handled the Seattle newspapers as well as several others from "the states." When a steamer arrived in port father would meet it, get his papers and carry them uptown and then start out to sell them on the streets and in places of business.

In the evening of the day I arrived, I took some papers and went out on the streets and called out the headlines, a la newsboy, and did fairly well with my sales; in fact, I made about as many sales as father did.

A day or two later I went to Dyea, some three miles by water from Skagway. We went in a small gas launch as far inshore at Dyea as the launch could go, and then we were carried the rest of the way to the beach on the back of a big Swede, for which we paid him 50 cents.

I had arranged before leaving Tacoma to handle the Seattle Post-Intelligencer

and had taken with me a small stock of stationery, cigars, etc. I bought a cabin from a doctor who was anxious to leave Dyea and go down to Douglas, on Douglas Island, near Treadwell. I fixed the cabin up with shelving, etc., and had a "store front" put on it, and had the name "Olympic News Company" painted across the front. I arranged with a man who operated a launch between Skagway and Dyea to meet the steamers and pick up my papers each trip and deliver them to me.

I began peddling the papers around town and did pretty well. After a couple of weeks I was able to get some boys to take over the selling end, and I stayed in my store and took things easy. Just how easy is indicated by ^{the} ~~fact~~ fact that within three months after arriving in Dyea my weight had increased from 145 to 170 pounds!

There was great excitement in Dyea when news came of the declaration of war with Spain after the sinking of the battleship "Maine", and when news came of the battle of Manila Bay, everyone went wild.

For some time I had had one or two men who took papers out on the trail and sold them to the people who were "mushing" on toward Lake Bennett and on down to White Horse in Yukon Territory. These men would take a big bundle of papers and magazines on their backs and "mush" up the trail, sometimes being gone several days before returning to town to settle up with me.

When the first papers arrived with the news of the battle of Manila Bay, one of these men met my launch man and took all of my papers and hit it out up the trail late at night, stopping at my door to drop off a bundle of the papers on his way. I did not see him for four or five days, and had about concluded that he had made a cleanup on the papers and had decided to keep right on going. However, he finally limped into the store one late afternoon, all but dead on his feet. He had gone as far as Cariboo Crossing, at the lower end of Lake Bennett, some 75 miles from Dyea, and had then mushed all the way back, hardly stopping to eat or sleep. After he had settled up with me he went to his cabin and slept the clock around.

Thousands of men who were on their way to Dawson, where the big gold strike had been made the year before, were scattered all along the trail from Dyea to Lake Bennett and on down the lake, and down the upper reaches of the Yukon River; all waiting for the winter weather to moderate and the snows to melt and the ice to go out of the river so that they could launch their boats (most of them home-made) and go on down to Dawson. These people were commonly referred to as "Klondikers", since they were on their way to the Klondike River, near Dawson, where the biggest gold strikes had been made. Each one of them was confident that he would be able to locate a placer claim and become rich, and then go back home to enjoy some of the things he had always been wanting. Many of them died in Dyea, or on the trail, and there were small cemeteries scattered all along the trail to White Horse, mute evidences not only of buried men but of buried hopes.

With the moving of the Klondikers down the lake and river, Dyea was soon left with a very small population, mostly those who were in some kind of business, and who found themselves with few customers. This left me with a very limited market for my papers, and I soon had to give up the newspaper agency. Soon thereafter I sold my store for \$20, glad to get that, and went to Skagway and stayed with my parents until I went to Treadwell nearly two years later. In early 1900 I got a job as stenographer in the office of the superintendent of the White Pass & Yukon Railway Company at Skagway, which I held until I went to Treadwell in June, 1902.

FIRE IN DYEA

One morning early I was awakened by shouts of fire, fire, fire! I dressed quickly and went out on the street and saw that a building about a block away was burning down. A bucket brigade was making frantic efforts to put out the fire, but was unable to do so. On my way to the fire I saw something lying in the street that attracted my attention. As I got up to it I saw that it looked like a great mass of badly burned hamburger, and then I discovered that it was the remains of a man who had been caught in the fire and burned to death. The sight so sickened me that I

was unable for more than a year afterwards to eat a piece of hamburger. Even yet at times I think of that burned body when I am served a piece of hamburger.

Another poor fellow who had been asleep in the building escaped from it in flames and ran yelling down the street. He was so badly burned all over his body that he died in great agony that afternoon.

KELLY PARK

My cousin Charlie Kelly, who had gone to Dyea with me, coming up to Tacoma from Dagget, California, where he had lived for many years, was "taken in" by a high-powered real estate salesman named Browning, who was selling lots in Dyea. He finally persuaded Charlie to pay a cool thousand dollars for two lots directly across the street from my so-called store. They were vacant, and 100 by 100 feet in size. Nice, smooth lots, with a one-board fence around them. Shortly thereafter with the opening of navigation on the lakes and the Yukon River, all the Klondikers were on their way to Dawson, and Dyea went as flat as a punctured tire. I dubbed Charlie's lots "Kelly Park" and used to joke him about his fine public spiritedness in providing such a nice "playground" for the town. After spending some three or four months with me Charlie left Dyea and returned to his old home in Bryan, Ohio. He never got a penny out of the two lots. I never saw him again. He was a fine fellow, and as jolly as could be. He has long since gone to his reward.

OYSTERS ON THE HALF-SHELL

My first introduction to oysters on the half-shell was in Dyea, Alaska, believe it or not, in the early summer of 1898. Some Tacoma people had built a large hotel there, and when they were ready to open it they gave a big dinner and invited all the business people of the town, of whom I was considered one. Cousin Charlie was also invited. What was our surprise when we had been seated, to find that the first course was actually oysters on the half-shell. They were good, and so was the rest of the dinner. The hotel project, however, had gotten too late a start, and soon

after they had to close the place, and write off their investment as a loss. After I had gone out of business and was looking around for something to do, I was offered the job of clerk in this hotel. I went on the job one morning, worked about an hour, put the key in a drawer of the desk and left a note to the manager saying that I had decided not to keep the job. The reason was that I found out at once that the clerk was expected to go into the barroom and mix drinks when the regular bartender was out. I had never mixed drinks, did not want to learn at that late date, my good mother was a loyal member of the W. C. T. U., and I had some scruples of my own anyhow, so I just quit the job pronto. Have never been sorry, although it was several months thereafter before I got a job in Skagway.

SOAPY SMITH

In the winter of 1897-8 the town of Skagway was infested with a horde of gamblers and holdup men who were under the leadership of "Soapy" Smith. Every sort of gambling device that man had invented up to that time was in full swing there, and when a man with a few dollars or a small "poke" of gold dust in his pocket came along they would try to get him into a gambling game, and if he refused, or if he did not bet as much as they thought he should, a gang of them would get around him and force him into a back room and rob him; and then tell him that if he squealed to the authorities they would kill him. This sort of thing went on for many months. In the early summer of 1898 when the miners began to come out from Dawson with their gold, Soapy's gang began to rob these miners. This aroused the business men of the town. Finally a miner came along with some \$2800 in gold. Soapy's gang told this man they had captured a big eagle and wanted him to go and look at it. He did so. When they reached the place where the eagle was supposed to be, they hit him over the head and he saw stars instead of the eagle, and when he came to his senses his poke of gold was gone. Well, he made a big fuss about it, and the business people decided that they had to get busy. So they hastily organized a vigilante committee

and began to round up Soapy's gang. They almost lynched two of them, but were dissuaded by the United States Commissioner, Judge Sehlbrede. They found that the editor of one of the Skagway papers was a member of the gang, and also the deputy United States marshal. When they found the deputy he was hiding under a bunk in a rooming house.

The vigilance committee was holding a meeting down on one of the docks half a mile from town. Soapy heard about this and, contrary to his usual custom, he took a number of drinks, strapped on his gun and started for the meeting. Guards had been posted along the road leading from town to the dock. One Reed, a civil engineer, was the first guard whom Soapy met. Reed ordered Soapy to halt and leveled his rifle at Soapy, who drew his gun and let go at Reed, at the same time that Reed fired at Soapy. Both men fell, fatally wounded. Soapy died almost immediately, but Reed lingered for several days. Soapy was buried without any honors and only two or three of his friends attended the funeral. Reed was buried with all the honors that could be given him and the whole town turned out to the services.

Meantime the roundup of the gangsters continued, and finally the job was completed. Seven of them, including the editor, were marched down to the dock and put aboard a steamer for Seattle and warned never to return. The deputy U. S. marshal, because he had a family, was allowed to resign and leave the country. The fellows who had robbed the Klondiker of his \$2800 poke of gold were sent to the penitentiary.

The shooting of Soapy took place on July 8, 1898. Just four days before, on the fourth, Soapy had led the Fourth of July parade, mounted on a fine dapple gray horse and followed by some forty of his henchmen, also mounted on horses. The common herd of patriotic citizens trailed along behind these freebooters! This, also, was one of the things that culminated in the vigilantes committee and the cleanup.

There was much less lawlessness in Dyea than in Skagway, although occasionally a man would be shot, but for the most part the place was quite orderly.

Shortly before I arrived in Dyea there had been a flogging episode out on the Dyea trail at Sheep Camp, some nine miles from town. Three men had stoled part of the food cache of a Klondiker; in fact, thefts had occurred several times. Finally these three men were located. One of them tried to get away and was shot and killed, the other two were captured and given a trial before the Klondikers, who found them guilty. One, who seemed to have been less involved than the other, was permitted to leave the country. The other man was sentenced to a flogging, which was given him on his bare back, and then he was given his clothes, a sign "THIEF" was placed on his back and one on his breast, and under guard he was marched the nine miles down the trail to Dyea, put aboard a steamer for Seattle and told not to come back. He did not return, needless to say. I have among my pictures of those early days a three-part picture of the flogging and of the man being escorted down the trail with the sign on him. Such incidents were not easily forgotten, and did much to preserve law and order.

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE

1898
In ~~1898~~ 1898 engineers and contractors arrived in Skagway and began surveying a line for a narrow gauge railroad from Skagway to White Horse, Yukon Territory, which was the head of steamer navigation on the Yukon River, the steamers going from there to Dawson, Y. T. From there still smaller steamers plied farther down the river, in fact some of them went all the way down to St. Michaels, which was at the mouth of the Yukon River, only about 100 miles from Nome, A laska.

By early 1900 the road had been built to the summit of White Pass, twenty miles inland from Skagway. I secured a position in the office of the superintendent of the railway company early in 1900, and remained there until the first of June, 1902, when I left to take a position in the offices of the Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining Company and its associated companies, at Treadwell, on Douglas Island, some three

miles across Gastineau Channel from Juneau. These gold mines were low grade quartz mines, the ore averaging about three dollars per ton in gold. Millions of dollars were returned to the stockholders in profits over a long period of time.

Life on the Island was full of interest. There were some 1500 men employed in the mines and mills, and they were of many nationalities.

I MEET A YOUNG LADY

There were two friends of mine among the employees of the mining company -- George Woodruff as cashier in the store and Clark Callarman in the office. We three chummed around together, having been acquainted in Skagway. Oftentimes during the noon hour we would walk as far as the town of Douglas, a mile away. On one of these walks we passed a cottage and, sitting on the front porch was a young lady apparently busily engaged in reading a book. She was not too busy, however, to see us when we came along, and Woodruff spoke to her. Of course all three of us tipped our hats. When we had gone by I asked George who his lady friend was. He told me she was a Miss Warren. Several times after that Miss Warren came down to the Treadwell store, and she always breezed in like a Spring zephyr and went directly to the post office, in the store, where her friend, Miss Lizzie McKenna, was employed as a clerk.

Three or four months after my arrival in Treadwell, and after I had begun singing in the Congregational church choir in Douglas, Miss Warren breezed in and again went to the post office. Soon Bob Willis, the store manager, came to the office and told me I was wanted in the post office. Not suspecting anything I followed him, and when we entered the post office, there was Miss Warren. Bob introduced me to her -- and then the son-of-a-gun beat a hasty retreat. Miss Warren asked me if I would sing a solo at an entertainment that was to be given in the church a couple of weeks later. I demurred, but she would not take no for an answer. Finally I had what I thought was a bright idea that would get me out of the difficulty. I said: "All right, Miss Warren, I will sing if you will honor me with your company at the entertainment."

Well, the joke was on me, for she promptly agreed to my proposition. And there I was! So I had to practice up on a solo, and took Miss Warren to the entertainment. As I recall it, my song was entitled: " Just Because I Love You So, Sweetheart." Cute little title, eh? And quite appropriate (?), considering that it was the first time that I had taken the young lady out. Well, I got by with the solo all right, and from that time on Miss Warren and I were very frequently together; in fact, it became a most delightful habit, and resulted in our becoming engaged less than a year later, on August 30, 1903. I was almost scared to death when I proposed, and I do not recall just what I said to her, but she seemed to understand what I was trying to say, anyhow, for she responded very sweetly and her "yes" was all I could have wished for. And was I happy!

THE WEDDING

The wedding was set for April 6, 1904, and the hour 8:15 in the evening, and the place was the Congregational church in Douglas. Flowers for the church decorations were ordered from Seattle, and there was a great profusion of beautiful roses and carnations with plenty of green trimmings. I was told that the church looked very nice, but I could not have sworn to that fact myself, as I was almost in a state of panic when I came out from the pastor's study to the pulpit platform and faced the assembled guests and watched the bride and her attendants come slowly up the aisle.

About all I could see was a great sea of eyes, and they all seemed to be staring straight at me. There were some three hundred guests present.

The bride and her father and the matron of honor and the bridesmaid were preceded by four little flower girls, each carrying a basket of rose petals, baby hyacinths and lillies of the valley, which they strewed on the canvas-covering of the aisle. They looked very pretty, indeed.

The bride was lovely in a beautiful white dress with a long train, and she wore a tulle veil that extended clear to the end of the train. She carried a bouquet of six dozen bridal roses with lillies of the valley.

The matron of honor and the bridesmaid each wore a pink mousseline de soie dress, and a picture hat trimmed with white ostrich plumes, and each carried a bouquet of five dozen rose-pink carnations.

The little flower girls were all dressed in white organdie. Each of them was seven years of age.

The groom, the best men and the ushers were all in full evening dress.

The Reverend Thomas Coyle, pastor of the church, officiated, and Mrs. R. L. Brown, of Juneau, played the two traditional wedding marches.

The matron of honor was Miss Crystal Brilliant Snow, of Juneau, and the bridesmaid was Miss Mildred Powell, of Douglas.

The flower girls were: the bride's sister, Enid Richards, the groom's niece,

Nora Mae Harrison, Helene Moore, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. I. H. Moore of Douglas, and Leah Hopp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hopp. Mr. Hopp was editor of the Douglas newspaper. The wedding received a fine writeup in that paper.

The best men were William A. Reid and Clark Callarman, and the two ushers were John Christoe and George Woodruff. They were all friends of the bride and groom in Treadwell.

The bride gave her matron of honor and her bridesmaid each a nice gold pin set with pearls, and to each flower girl she gave a gold necklace and locket.

The groom gave to each best man and usher a gold stickpin mounted with a flat gold disk in the center of which was a small diamond.

Of course the groom gave the bride a wedding ring. On the inner side of the ring there was engraved: WILL ^{Aug. 30, 1903} _{Apr. 6, 1904} LEOLA. The dates were, of course, those of the engagement and the wedding.

It is probably superfluous to add that the groom was first to kiss the bride after the ceremony. That had been very definitely and explicitly agreed upon before the ceremony took place.

After the ceremony we went to the home of the bride's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Richards, where a reception was held, and after that a wonderful wedding supper was served. My good mother never for ^() got the splendid chicken salad that was served, and often spoke of it afterwards. I do not think I ever tasted a better salad myself. At least not until my wife began to make salads.

Late at night the groom took his charming bride to their new home in Treadwell, more than a mile distant. There was no means of transportation, so we simply walked, and I carried the bride's suitcase. If it was heavy I did not know it, for I was so happy I was walking on air.

We went to Skagway by steamer two days later, and then by train to White Horse. We passed through portions of British Columbia and the Northwest Territory enroute to White Horse, which was in the Yukon Territory, 110 miles from Skagway. So we

have always told our friends that we "went abroad" on our honeymoon.

ONE MATCH SAVED THE DAY

Prior to the wedding I had stocked the pantry of our house with all kinds of groceries and supplies, and the cook at the "Crows' Nest" where I had lived roasted a fine turkey for us.

On the morning after the wedding I got up to start the fire in the kitchen range when, lo and behold, I could not find a match anywhere! What to do? That was the one thing I had forgotten to order from the store. In desperation I searched through my clothes, but no match. Finally I looked in one of the pockets of an old suit I had brought from Skagway two years before and had not worn since, and there was just ONE match! It saved the day. Otherwise I would have had to go to the store, and would I have been razzed by the boys in the store and office!

OUR HOME

We had one of the nicest houses in Treadwell, and we had furnished it in real style. No one on the Island had nicer furniture than we, and we were very proud of our home and most happy in it.

The house was all by itself at the top of a high bluff, and I thought it would be a good idea to get a dog to "protect" my young wife. So I bought a great big ugly brute of a dog, with yellow eyes. He looked so savage that he scared everyone and I was almost afraid of him myself. We kept him chained most of the time. One day the milkman stopped to talk to the dog. Leola warned him that the dog would bite, but he said he was not afraid of any dog. So he walked up to the dog, put out his hand and bingo! The dog grabbed his hand and bit clear through it. The man cussed and raved, but since he had been warned by Leola, he could not do anything else. Later on we sold the dog to a man who wanted him to complete a dog-team he was going to drive to Dawson. I heard that this man had been unable to get the dog to work in the team, and had shot him.

We spent four years most happily in Treadwell. Warren was born there on the 12th of May, 1905, and of course Leola and I were then doubly happy. Warren was a very good boy in those days, and gave us no trouble. But more about him later.

CORDOVA

On the first day of May, 1908, we left Treadwell and went to Tacoma, where Leola and Warren remained for the rest of the summer with my parents, while I went on to Cordova to take the position of chief clerk to the chief engineer of the Kattalla Company, which had charge of the construction of the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad, being built from Cordova to the Kennecott copper mines, some 200 miles inland.

The rails had been laid for a distance of some nine miles from the Cordova headquarters camp at the time I arrived, and everything was hustle, bustle and hurry from early morning until late at night. My office hours that first summer were from six in the morning until nine or later at night, and I was busy every minute. I greatly enjoyed the work, however, especially since my friend Mr. Alfred Williams, whom I had known in Skagway, was the assistant chief engineer and my immediate superior. He was one of the finest men it has ever been my good fortune to know and have for a friend. He has long since passed to his reward. He was of good old Quaker stock, could not tolerate a violin, loved music, and even liked to hear me sing "The Holy City." No wonder I liked him, eh?

By the end of the season the rails had been laid to the bank of the Copper River, 27 miles from Cordova, and work was in progress there on a steel bridge several hundred feet in length; a temporary wooden structure being in use meantime. There were two other sites for steel bridges on the flats of the River, which at that point was some seven miles in width, consisting of numerous channels with islands between. One of these bridges was to connect Round Island with Long Island and the other to connect Long Island with a sand bar beyond.

Out at Camp 51, on the bank of the Copper River, there was another bridge site, where later a five-span steel bridge was built. There was a bridge engineers' camp at this bridge site, where soundings in the river were made daily, and a check was kept on weather conditions. When winter settled down late in 1908 the engineers at this camp spent most of their time keeping their heating stove filled with wood. We had a telephone line from the headquarters office at Cordova to Camp 51, and the engineers telephoned their reports to us at nine in the morning and five in the evening of each day. The chief engineer and his assistant had gone to Seattle for the winter, following the closing down of construction work, and they left me in charge. My duties were light, consisting chiefly of receiving the telephone reports from Camp 51 morning and evening, and tabulating them into a report for the Seattle office, which I sent out on each outgoing steamer.

Frequently the daily reports would show a temperature of 30 or 40 degrees below zero, and every once in a while they would report: "The wind blew the anemometer away last night, so we know the velocity was at least 84 miles an hour." One can easily imagine that keeping the heating stove going 24 hours a day was a necessary job at the camp.

Camp 51 was situated on the bank of the river midway between two immense glaciers -- Miles Glacier upstream and Childs Glacier downstream. The Copper River ran along the faces of these glaciers, and in the spring, summer and fall the ice was daily breaking off in great masses and falling into the river.

Along in the early part of 1909 communication with Camp 51 suddenly ceased, and I wondered what had happened, but thought that probably the wind had blown a pole down and stopped the service. Several days later word came through that a tremendous flood had broken through the face of Miles Glacier and gone tearing down the river, taking out all of the ice and roaring on down to the ocean, some 25 miles away. Then we learned from the engineers that a large stream, or river, of water that normally flowed beneath

the glacier had been dammed up when the face of the glacier froze, and finally the accumulation of water had broken through the face of the glacier.

A temporary track had been laid across the Copper River from Camp 27 to the opposite side of the river, some seven miles distant, most of this track having been laid right on the sand bars, without any grading. When winter settled down the ties and rails were frozen to the ground, but when the flood of water and ice came tearing down the river it took the rails from the ties, carried them hundreds of feet away from the ties, and in many cases twisted the rails into almost unbelievable shapes. I saw many of them that had been twisted into the shape of the letter S. I could scarcely believe my own eyes.

During the year 1909 the rails were laid up the Copper River as far as Chitina, some 110 miles from Cordova, and then across a temporary bridge and on toward the Kennecott mines. The ground was cleared of brush for the roadbed, and no sooner had this been done than the heat of the sun softened up the so-called ground to such an extent that there was a long stretch of water, instead of ground. This made it necessary to haul trainloads of brush and earth to fill in this portion of the roadway before ties and rails could be laid. It appeared that a few inches beneath the surface of the ground it was frozen to nobody knew how far down. This condition prevailed all over that part of Alaska, and the farther north one went the more the ground was frozen. That is the normal condition.

The road was completed to the mines in the fall of 1910, and the contractor and all of his crews left for Seattle, and then the employees of the Katalla Company were all sent south, with the exception of the few who were left there to take care of the camp and equipment, etc. I was one of the last to leave.

A TRAIN IS SNOWED IN FOR A MONTH

During the winter of 1909-1910 a trainload of materials and supplies was sent out to Camp 51 -- that is, it was started for that point. When the train reached Round Island in the Copper River, it became necessary to replenish the water supply for the two engines that were pulling the train. To do this they had to uncouple the engines from the train and move them up onto the bridge between Round and Long islands and siphon the water up from the river, cutting through the ice to get to the water. This required quite a length of time. There was a bad storm blowing at the time, and the snow was drifting badly. The roadbed was not up to grade, and when the engines moved up from the train to get water, the train was left standing in a rather low place. Before the engines had backed down to the train the snow had drifted under and around the cars to such an extent that the engines could not pull the train out. Finally the engines, too, were drifted in. And there the whole outfit remained for a whole month. The snow continued to drift until it covered all the cars and the engines. The men with the train, some thirty or forty of them, had to burrow out to the surface, and the engines were kept warm all the time so that no damage would come to them. All of the provisions for Camp 51 were used up by the crews on the train and all of the coal and lumber used for fuel for the engines and for keeping the crews warm. At that we had to send some food supplies out to them near the end of their seige, and this was done with dogteams from Cordova.

While the train was snowed in, we had telephone connection from it and received daily reports, which consisted chiefly of stating that the wind was blowing like a hurricane and the snow was still drifting. When the storm ended, it required several days of hard work to shovel the train out so that it could proceed to Camp 51, and no sooner did it arrive there than it had to hurry back to Cordova for another load of provisions, fuel, lumber, etc.

TIPPING THE BAND FIFTEEN DOLLARS AND FIVE CENTS

Reverting to the reception given following the marriage of Leola and me, I should like to record the following incident. The Douglas City Brass Band serenaded us at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Richards, the bride's parents. I went to the front door and called the leader of the band to the porch and gave him three five-dollar gold pieces. About a week later, while Leola and I were in Okagway, I received a letter from Leola's brother Irvin, in which he rather apologetically told me that what I had given the leader of the band turned out to be -- two five-dollar gold pieces and one nickel! Well, was my face red. What a mistake to make at one's wedding reception. I immediately wrote to Irvin and enclosed another five dollars, and asked him to give my apologies to the band -- and to keep the darned old nickel! Rather generous of me, eh? I have always felt very grateful to Irvin for letting me know of my mistake, for otherwise the members of the band would certainly have put me down for some kind of a cheap guy.

PUBLIC HOSPITAL IN CORDOVA

In the carrying on of the building of the railroad from Cordova the Natalla Company had a hospital at the headquarters camp, for the use of its employees and those of the contractor who was doing the construction work. There was no hospital, however, for the general public.

One afternoon in the winter of 1908-1909 I received a telephone call from the company's Camp 27, stating that a man with a badly broken leg had just been brought to the camp on a sled, by a man who had by chance found him. This injured man had been hunting in the hills some eight or ten miles from Camp 27, when in some way he fell and broke one of his legs. He was all alone. He crawled quite a distance to no purpose, and finally gave up. Then by the merest chance another hunter came his way, found him, put him on the sled the other man was pulling, and hauled him clear across the Copper River flats to Camp 27.

For some time the residents of Cordova had been talking about a hospital, and this accident to the hunter brought the matter to a head. A meeting was immediately called, which I attended. It was held in the evening in the town of Cordova, about a mile from the headquarters camp of the company, where Leola, Warren and I were living. On my way home from the meeting I had to cross a small ravine, and as the snow was quite deep the footwalk down the slope had become packed and badly ridged up so that walking was quite difficult. I was carrying a lantern to light my way. When about half way down the slope my feet went out from under me and I landed flat on my back. My lantern rolled away across the snow. I was almost afraid to move, fearing my back had been broken. Finally I ventured to roll over, found I was all in one piece, and got up, picked up the lantern and went on home. As I lay there on the snow I thought how ironical it would be if I had to go to the hastily improvised hospital; but of course I could have gone to the company hospital. But that was not necessary.

The next day we sent a man and dogteam out to Camp 27 and the injured man was brought to town and placed in the temporary hospital. He recovered in due time, and was most grateful for what had been done for him. A short time later a permanent hospital was provided for the town of Cordova.

WE LEAVE CORDOVA

When we left Cordova, on December 1, 1910, it was with the intention of going to Tacoma. We stopped off in Juneau, however, for a visit with Leola's family, who were living in Treadwell. We had been there but a few days when I was asked to do some special work for the Alaska Juneau Gold Mining Company, copying records in the U. S. surveyor general's office. This took me about two weeks to complete. While doing this work I called on an oldtime Tacoma friend of mine, Mr. Louis W. Shackelford, one of the leading attorneys of Juneau, of the firm of Lyons and Shackelford. "Shack" as his friends called him, was the Republican national committeeman for the Territory of Alaska, and quite influential under the Taft administration.

SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNOR OF ALASKA

About this time the secretary to Mr. John Rustgard, United States District Attorney for the First Judicial District, at Juneau, left that position to go to Nome. Mr. Rustgard spoke to Mr. Shackelford about getting another secretary, and Mr. Shackelford very kindly recommended me. I called on Mr. Rustgard and arranged to take the place. I had been there three or four months, when one afternoon a gentleman called to see Mr. Rustgard. After he left, Mr. Rustgard called me into his room and told me that the gentleman was Governor Walter E. Clark, and that he wanted me for his secretary, his former secretary having moved to San Francisco. I then went to see the Governor. I found him a most interesting and a very fine gentleman. I arranged to take the place on the first of the following April, some two weeks away. A day or so later the Governor telephoned me that he had suddenly been called to Washington by the Secretary of the Interior, his immediate superior, and that he was leaving the following day. I spent one day with the Governor, going over all the details of the

office and trying to fix them in my mind. We arranged that I was to work in Mr. Rustgard's office mornings and in the Governor's office afternoons, until April first, when I was to take the oath of office and get busy in the Governor's office. This was done. I had a rather hectic time of it for a while, and soon found that the job was a real one with few idle moments.

Governor Clark remained in Washington for a month, and by the time he returned I had the office pretty well organized according to my own ideas, which fortunately met the Governor's approval. I remained with Governor Clark until May 21, 1913, the day on which his successor took office. I enjoyed every minute of the time. The Governor was most considerate and kindly, a man of the highest type, and very appreciative. I was sorry to see him leave.

Governor Clark was succeeded by John P. A. Strong, a Democrat, who was appointed by President Wilson, who succeeded President Taft. Strong and his wife were "sour-doughs", having been in Alaska since late 1897, and they were known by nearly all of the people in the Territory. His appointment as governor was a most popular one.

When Mr. and Mrs. Strong arrived in Juneau I met them at the steamer and escorted them to the Governor's House, where Governor and Mrs. Clark were awaiting them. I then went back to the office. The Clarks and the Strong's had luncheon together, and then went to the U. S. court house, where I joined them, and the oath of office was administered to Mr. Strong and he thereby became actually the Governor. Then we all went back to the Governor's House. No sooner had we arrived there than Governor Strong said to me: "Shorthill, I wish you would go over to the office and prepare a letter to be signed by me, appointing you as my secretary." Well, gosh, you could have knocked me over with a feather. I had not even dreamed of such a thing. When Governor Strong told me to prepare the letter, he turned to Mr. Clark and said: "I do not know whether Shorthill is a Republican or a Democrat, and I do not care; I figure that I will handle the politics of the office and let Mr.

Shorthill do the work." A copy of the letter of appointment is shown on page eighty hereof.

My work with Governor Strong was quite as pleasant as had been my work with Governor Clark. Having been a newspaper man (as was also Governor Clark) he always said the right thing in the right way. His office was always filled with callers, many of whom had known him in Dawson, Nome, Iditarod, Katalla, or elsewhere, and many an hour was spent by them in recounting old times, which the Governor seemed always to enjoy.

Occasionally when we were not busy the Governor would lapse into a reminiscent mood and would recount some of his early experiences as a newspaper man. He was a good story teller.

Reverting once more to Governor Clark. The people of Alaska, and those of Juneau in particular, did not like having an outsider appointed as Governor; they wanted an Alaskan named. When they heard that Clark had been named Governor, some of the tough element hanged him in effigy in the principal street of the town, and the effigy was left hanging until he and Mrs. Clark arrived. A very pleasant sight for them. However, the saner and more decent citizens gave them a warm welcome. Despite this feeling against Governor Clark, he slowly made friends with the Alaskans, and when he left office he was probably better liked than had been any other governor.

On the other hand, Governor Strong's appointment was very popular with all Alaskans, but when he left office five years later there was only a corporal's guard of friends down to the dock to say goodbye to him and Mrs. Strong. This was due to the bitter fight that had been made against his reappointment. Such is the great game of politics.

TERRITORY OF ALASKA

Governor's Office

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JUNEAU

May 21, 1913

Sir:

I hereby appoint you Secretary to the Governor of Alaska, the appointment to take effect on the 21st day of May, 1913, upon which date, or as soon as possible thereafter, you will take the oath of office before some officer competent to administer such oath. Your compensation will be at the rate of \$2150.00 per annum.

It is my desire that you exercise the duties of Disbursing Agent of the appropriations for the protection of game and the suppression of the liquor traffic among the natives in Alaska, and it is presumed that you will be so designated by competent authority, whereupon you will proceed to execute your bond as such agent.

Respectfully yours,

J. P. A. STRONG

Governor.

Mr. W. W. Shorthill,

Juneau, Alaska.

When Governor Strong's term of four years ended he asked for a reappointment. The matter was delayed for a year, while some other candidates for the place, especially Judge Robert W. Jennings, of the U. S. District Court in Juneau, put up a bitter fight to prevent the reappointment, and finally succeeded in doing so. However, Judge Jennings lost out, as his own term of office had expired during the interim, and he had to take a reappointment or forego the same. So he did not realize his ambition.

Mr. Thomas Riggs was finally appointed to succeed Governor Strong. He immediately left Washington for Juneau, stopping in Ketchikan to take the oath of office, so that upon his arrival in Juneau he was Governor Riggs. Meantime Governor and Mrs. Strong had taken a steamer for Seattle prior to the arrival of Riggs.

I had spent five years with Governor Strong, and they were very pleasant ones. The last year, however, on account of the bitter fight against him, was rather unpleasant in many ways, and both he and I were maligned by his opponents. Some of them even went so far as to say that the Governor was not needed on the job at all, that I did all the work of the office and practically ran it! I did not consider this any compliment, however, coming from such contemptible hounds as they were.

One of the last official acts of Governor Strong was to accept my resignation. I did not expect to remain with Riggs nor did I want to. When he arrived at the office and I told him of my intention to leave for the States in a few days, he feigned surprise and said he had expected me to remain. I knew this was not true, and that he had a man already selected for the place. So I bade him goodbye, wished him luck, and left the office for good and all.

Mr. George Folta, who had been my assistant in the Governor's office, remained with Governor Higgs for some time and then took the position of secretary to Judge Jennings and court reporter in his court. Folta was very capable. He studied law after going with Judge Jennings and was eventually admitted to the bar. Later on he was appointed a deputy United States District Attorney and was stationed at Ketchikan. I believe he is still there. He was a great help to me in the office and a fine fellow. He was a great hunter of bears, and often spent his weekends in the mountains hunting these fierce animals, and he found them, too. Several times he had narrow escapes, and more than once I told him he was a fool to go out alone, but he simply laughed and kept right on doing it.

Governor Clark had taken the office at the personal request of President Taft, and frequently made confidential reports direct to the President. So far as I know, no other governor ever addressed the President at all; the governor was required to direct all his correspondence and his annual reports to the Secretary of the Interior.

As secretary to the governor I was the disbursing agent of the federal appropriation provided for the salaries of the governor's office and its incidental expenses. I also acted as disbursing agent of the federal funds provided for the protection of game in the Territory, and also for the suppression of the liquor traffic among the native Indians in Alaska.

When the Congress made provision for a Territorial Legislature for Alaska, I was appointed disbursing agent of the fund provided by Congress for payment of the salaries and expenses of the legislators and the incidental expenses of each session of the legislature. I acted in this capacity for the sessions of 1913, 1915 and 1917. I was a very important individual for a few minutes when I went to the legislative halls with the checks for the members. I was always quite amused at the extreme cordiality shown me on those occasions.

When I closed all of my disbursing accounts and sent my final reports to the office of the Secretary of the Interior, I received a very nice letter from the

chief disbursing officer of the Interior Department, complimenting me upon the very efficient manner in which I had taken care of the accounts of the various funds.

DINNER AT THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

Governor and Mrs. Strong gave a small dinner one evening and Leola and I were invited. The other guests were Territorial Treasurer Walstein G. Smith and Mrs. Smith, and Collector of Customs Pugh and Mrs. Pugh.

This necessitated my getting a dress suit with all the "trimmings." I was fortunate in finding a suit in Goldstein's store that fitted me almost perfectly. Then I bought a dress shirt, collar, tie, shoes, and was ready for the dinner. We had a very enjoyable time. That was, I believe, the only time I had occasion to wear that dress suit, so I figured that the dinner cost me plenty. But it was worth it.

A CRAZY WOMAN CALLS ON THE GOVERNOR

One afternoon a woman walked into the office and instead of coming to my desk and asking to see the Governor, she walked right into his office through another door. She remained there for at least an hour, and I began to wonder what her mission might be, when she finally left. Then the Governor called me in. He looked half scared to death, and told me he had been in hell for the past hour. This woman, it appeared, was crazy, and she had told the Governor a lot of queer things and he wondered if she was going to shoot him. Several times, he said, he moved his hand along his desk to reach the push-button to my room, but she watched him so intently that he gave up the attempt.

This woman had a complaint to register with the Governor against Mr. Will Case, a photographer and curio dealer downtown. He had in his store a mounted moose head, which was a magnificent one. This woman had gone into the store, seen the moose head, and had warned Case not to sell it, saying it was the head of her grandfather, and that she had been carried around on those great horns when she was a child. Well, this scared Case out of his wits, and he did not sell the moose head.

The woman pointed out one of the windows of the Governor's room and said: "Do you see that big rock up on top of Mount Juneau?" The Governor said he did. She added: "Well, I turned that rock over once (it was probably as large as a house) and some day I am going up there and turn it over again." She rambled on in this crazy way for a long time, and by the time she had gone the Governor was just about down and out.

Soon after this the woman was taken before the court and was found insane, and sent to the Morningside Sanitarium at Portland, Oregon, where all of the Alaskan insane were cared for.

FOUR BUTTONS

One of the duties of the governor of Alaska was to visit the Morningside Sanitarium once a year and inspect it and see how the inmates were taken care of. On one of Governor Strong's tours of inspection he had some very interesting experiences. There was a negro in the institution who wore a cockade hat and a sash which was a large bath towel. He paraded up and down for hours at a time, and said he was Napoleon. At this time the woman heretofore mentioned was in the institution, and the Governor talked with her, and found she was still concerned about the moose head in Case's store. She again told the Governor about being carried around on the moose's horns when she was a little child.

One of the queerest cases the Governor met was a man who, when the Governor talked with him, seemed quite as sane as the Governor himself. After the Governor and the superintendent had gone on to another part of the building, Governor Strong said to the superintendent: "Say, that last man I talked to: He does not belong in here, does he? Why, he talks just as rationally as you or I." The superintendent said, "let's go back there after while and talk with him again. And when you are talking with him, point to the three buttons that are sewed to the lapel of his coat, and ask what they are." So they went back and the Governor again talked

with the man. Finally the Governor pointed to the three buttons and asked: "What are those three buttons?" The man replied: "Not three buttons, four buttons." "But," said the Governor, "I see only three buttons." To which the man replied, pointing to himself: "Well, you see, I am the fourth button." The Governor was flabbergasted. And that was the only thing that man was crazy about; he thought he was a button.

AUNT MARY'S RHUBARB PIE

Early one summer, just after school had closed in Wakeeney, I had to go out to the ranch to look after the cattle for a few days while father was busy in town. I slept at our house, but took my meals at Aunt Mary's. She was a lovely little lady, and a wonderful cook. She put up a nice lunch for me each day. One day she made a huge rhubarb pie "turn-over" style for my lunch. I could hardly wait until noontime to eat my lunch, and how I did enjoy that pie! I am sure it was the best rhubarb pie that I ever ate, and I have always remembered it and good Aunt Mary.

THE ORGAN

In 1883 or 1884 father and mother bought an organ for Libbie and me. How they ever managed to pay for it has always been a puzzle to me, for times were not good; but they did, and we got a great deal of pleasure out of it. I took lessons from a Miss Clara Bushman in Wakeeney, and rode six miles to town on Saturday mornings for an hour's lesson, and then rode back home. I practiced pretty faithfully. All in ~~all~~ all I took some twenty-four lessons. After that I practiced a great deal and gradually learned to play, but with only moderate efficiency. I played hymns a great deal, and got along well with them. One of the first tunes that I learned to play was Adeste Fideles, and I recall how proud I was when I could play it through without a mistake.

I do not recall how Libbie learned to play the organ, but she did and she was very good at it.

I have always felt very grateful to my parents for having given us the chance to learn to play the organ; it opened up a field of enjoyment for us that we could not otherwise have had.

ALLAN TAKES PIANO LESSONS

Right here is a good place to say that while Allan was attending the Madrona grade school in Seattle, Leola bought a fine piano and then arranged for Allan to take lessons. He had a very efficient teacher, and he took great interest in his

lessons and made fine progress. He showed real ability both in the theory and in the practice of piano music. Leola and I have regretted that we did not have him continue his lessons while we remained in Seattle. He would have gone far with his music.

FAVORITE HYMNS

While on the subject of music, I might as well continue for a while on that subject. In my childhood my mother and father taught me many of their favorite hymns, and these have been my favorites, too, throughout the years. Some of mother's most liked hymns were:

Sweet Bye and Bye
 Jesus Loves Even Me
 Jesus, Lover of My Soul
 What a Friend We Have in Jesus
 Safe in the Arms of Jesus

The last named hymn I recall seemed a particular favorite of mother's after my little brother Jimmie passed away, and it became even more of a favorite to her after Tommie had gone to be with Jimmie. What good times those two must have been having together in the long years since they left us.

Of course mother used to sing her children to sleep with Rock-a-bye Baby on the Tree Top. How well I remember that song as she sang it to Jimmie and to Tommie. I often rocked them and sang it to them, too.

Some of my father's favorite hymns were:

Rock of Ages
 My heavenly home is Bright and Fair
 The Ninety and Nine
 My Ain Countrie
 The Gleaners
 Let the Lower Lights be Burning

In his younger days father had been in the village singing schools, was a member of a male quartet, and a very good bass singer.

I BECAME A CHOIR SINGER

I always enjoyed singing, and as I grew older I developed a fair tenor voice. I sang in the Methodist church choir in Wakeeney for a time, somewhat to the disgust of the basso profundo, who was the town's butcher. His wife was the leading soprano, and a good one. Incidentally, when Kansas enacted a prohibition law and liquor was difficult to obtain, this basso profundo, who had liked his liquor, turned to drinking Hostetter's Bitters, which contained a high content of alcohol, and he almost killed himself as a result.

I was the janitor of the church at the time (at the munificent pay of four dollars per month), and the basso seemed to consider that I was more or less of a disgrace to the choir. This did not deter me, however, and I enjoyed having a part in the music of the services.

After we moved to Tacoma I sang in the choir of the First Methodist church, and also was an usher there for a long time, after I quit singing in the choir.

While in Skagway, Alaska, I sang in the choir of the Methodist church, and even played the organ at times when the regular organist was absent.

When I moved from Skagway to Treadwell I soon began attending the Congregational church in Douglas, less than a mile away, and then began singing tenor in the choir. Later on I took charge of the choir, as its director (fancy that!), and we managed to escape being mobbed by the audiences that attended from Sunday to Sunday. I even dared to attempt an occasional solo for the entertainment (?) of the audience. I do not recall that anyone ever got up and left -- they were all very patient and extremely polite.

When we moved from Treadwell to Cordova, I sang in the choir of the Presbyterian church there, of which the Reverend S. Hall Young was the organizer and first pastor. Occasionally, too, I played the organ for the services, and once or twice even dared to inflict a solo on the people.

After moving from Cordova to Juneau, I sang in the choir of the Presbyterian

church. I have some rather painful recollections of two or three occasions when I attempted to help in some special music for the services. On one occasion a Mrs. Clay and I were to sing a soprano-tenor duet. We started off with it, and after two or three words I realized that I was singing soprano instead of my tenor part. I tried to shift to the tenor, but could not; so I signalled to the organist to stop, and then we started all over again, and got through without further trouble, but was my face red!

Another time we had a male quartet, and one Sunday evening, while the Territorial Legislature was in session, when several members of the house of representatives were in attendance at the service, the quartet ventured to give a special number. We stood up to do our little part, started off miserably, and had to stop and start all over again, much to the amusement of the legislators in particular and the rest of the audience in general. The situation was all the more embarrassing because Reverend Stevens, the pastor, was a member of the quartet, and he was also the chaplain of the Territorial House of Representatives.

THE HOLY CITY

I suppose there have been few tenors, both good and bad, who have not at some time or other in their careers attempted to sing The Holy City. A most magnificent and inspiring solo. It was a great favorite of mine, and I sang it several times during my choir-singing experiences. None of my friends ever told me my rendition of it was terrible, and some even said they liked it. I have always suspected that they really liked the song far better than they did my rendition of it.

SINGING AT FUNERALS

To me, and I suppose to all people who sing, one of the most trying experiences is that of singing at a funeral. I had to do a good deal of that while in Alaska. On one occasion, in Juneau, some poor fellow had died and his lodge friends were holding the funeral services for him. They asked me to sing, which I consented to do, and I had to play my own accompaniment, too. I am afraid that I made a

very bad showing. But one could hardly refuse to help out at a funeral.

MALÉ QUARTETS

I have had much pleasure in singing in several male quartets, hither and yon. The first one was in Wakeeney, Kansas, in about the year 1886 or 1887. The ladies of the town, with my good mother at their head, had organized a Women's Christian Temperance Union, and they were starting their campaign of education. A public meeting was announced, to be held in the Opera House on a certain evening. The ladies thought it would be nice to have some singing, so they asked me to get a quartet together for the occasion. I did so. I was the first tenor, a man named Greenwood, who was in town for a time while on the job of painting the new court house, was second tenor, Paul Carson was first bass and Walter, his 210-pound brother, was the second bass.

The quartet met several times, practised up on a lot of songs, and when the meeting was held we sang fourteen songs; and we escaped without a scratch! Talk about a patient and long-suffering audience; we sure faced one that night.

Years later in Tacoma, I was a member of the Y. M. C. A. male quartet, with Johnnie Bourgaize, first tenor, John Boyle bass, and a young fellow named Williams first bass. I was second tenor. We sang together for several years, not only at the Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon meetings, but frequently at lodge meetings and other places, and seemed to be more or less popular. But a male quartet is nearly always able to get away with almost anything.

In Skagway one Sunday afternoon, I was walking around town when I came to a tent where Will A. Reid, a Y. M. C. A. man, was conducting a service. I stepped in and took a seat. After the meeting I spoke to Reid, and since he was short on help for the music end of his services I allowed myself to be persuaded into playing the organ (one of those little vest-pocket editions that you could fold up and carry away under your arm -- almost). Later on Reid and I, with a Mr. Royal and a Mr. Alfred Williams, formed a quartet and we sang for some time at the meetings and

at other public gatherings. Reid, Royal and Williams became very warm friends of mine.

In Treadwell I again met Reid and Mr. Williams. Both of them came there after I had been there for a time. Reid instituted a work among the miners which was somewhat akin to Y. M. C. A. work. Williams was the mine surveyor for the group of mines which were being operated on Douglas Island.

Reid, Williams, Reverend Thomas Coyle, of the Congregational church of Douglas, and myself, made up another male quartet. We sang at the meetings of the club that Reid was managing, and sometimes at the church, and occasionally at other public gatherings. We had a fine time together.

Mr. Williams and I were again associated in helping with the music of the Presbyterian church in Cordova.

After returning from Cordova to Juneau in late 1910, Leola, Warren and I joined the Presbyterian church, which was under the pastorate of Reverend John R. Stevens, one of the finest men I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. I have already made mention of a male quartet which Reverend Stevens and I organized, so the less said about it now, the better, perhaps.

MIKE TIERNY, SECTION BOSS

Old Mike was one of the section bosses on the White Pass railroad, a few miles out of Skagway. Needless to say what his nationality was. One day he sent in an order for some track supplies. He wound up his order with:

"Yours truly,

"and a keg of spikes."

"Mike Tierney."

Another time he sent a note to the office of the superintendent, about a man whom he was sending in to the company hospital. The note read:

"I am sending Tim Hogan to the hospital, he has a peace of steal in his ei."

Mike was a good old scout. I met him years later in Cordova, where he was again working with a track crew.

SPANISH PETE

As an echo of the Soapy Smith regime in Skagway, I might briefly mention Spanish Pete. He looked as if he might have been on a pirate ship in "ye olde days" when men were men. He operated a rowboat-ferry between Skagway and Dyea.

When the vigilantes were rounding up Soapy's gang, half a dozen of them came to Dyea looking for three or four of the gang. They found them and took them back to Skagway. A couple of my friends suggested to me that we go to Skagway and see what was going on. So we hunted up Pete and arranged with him to row us to Skagway. When we arrived at the wharf at Skagway we found that everything was under armed guard. We got by the guards all right and went uptown.

Spanish Pete strolled around town for a while, had a drink or two, and then went down to the wharf to go back to Dyea. He got into his boat and began rowing away from the wharf, when a guard saw him, levelled his rifle at him and commanded him to turn around and come back. Pete was scared half to death. He yelled back to the guard: "No shoota, no shoota, I come back, I come back; no shoota, no shoota, please." He went back to the wharf, and finally satisfied the guard that he was all right, and then rowed over to Dyea.

A couple of years later, when I was working in the office of the superintendent of the White Pass railroad, I was chatting with Mr. Whiting, the superintendent, one afternoon, and I mentioned the Spanish Pete incident. Whiting said "Why, I was that guard." Then I told him that I had gone down to the wharf to see a steamer that was arriving from Seattle on the afternoon that Pete rowed us to Skagway, and that I had been halted by a great big guard with a sure-enough rifle. Whiting laughed and said: "Well, I was that guard, too." I countered with: "Well, if I had known that I would not have halted." To which he replied: "If you had not halted I sure would have shot you." Then we both laughed and let it go at that. Whiting was a fine

man and had a splendid family.

EARTHQUAKES

My first experience with an earthquake came one night while we were living on the old homestead in Kansas. We were awakened in the middle of the night by the rattling of the dishes in the cupboard. As there was no wind blowing, we were forced to conclude that the cause of the disturbance was an earthquake.

My next experience with this most uncanny type of disturbance occurred in Skagway, Alaska, in 1900, on a Sunday afternoon. I had gone down to the depot to visit with the train dispatcher. There were two other men also chatting with the dispatcher. Suddenly the windows began to rattle, the lights began to sway to and fro, and then the whole building shook and trembled. No one said a word, but we made a wild rush for the stairway and almost jammed it in our haste to get downstairs and out of the building. Down on the ground and away from the building, we took in the situation. The chimney was swaying to and fro, telegraph poles were swaying like trees in a heavy wind, and the earth seemed to be dancing under our feet. This continued for a couple of minutes, and then gradually stopped. A horse was standing on the platform near the depot, all four legs wide apart to brace himself, his head down almost to the ground, his ears drooping, and his eyes staring to right and to left. He was the most woebegone, hopeless looking creature I have ever seen.

The following Sunday another quake occurred, almost as bad as the first one, and on the next Sunday still another came along, but it was not quite so heavy. Some people got the idea that a tidal wave would accompany the third quake, and quite a number of them took their lunches and went up into the hills and remained all afternoon. But the tidal wave failed to appear, for which all were thankful.

One Sunday morning, after I had gone to Treadwell to work, I went over to Juneau and strolled around the town, finally coming to the Presbyterian church. As it was just time for the service I went in and took a seat. All went well until the minister was in the middle of his opening prayer; then suddenly the whole

building began to creak and sway. The minister stopped praying and looked around, not knowing just what to do, but he stuck to his post. The music was furnished by a quartet of big, husky men, with a young lady playing the organ. As soon as the quake began the four big, brave males made a bee line down the aisle for the door and out to the street. A few of the congregation followed them. The little lady organist, however, stood, or rather, sat, at her post. I was seated about half way up the aisle, and as I was a stranger I did not like to show the white feather, so I kept my seat and hoped that all would be well. It was. In due time the male quartet came slinking sheepishly back to their places, the minister finished his interrupted prayer, and the service proceeded without further interruption.

The first earthquake at Skagway, mentioned above, extended all along the coast of Alaska from Skagway to the Aleutian Islands. Off the west coast of Alaska, along the Aleutian peninsula, one island sank into the sea and another one, which was later named Bogoslof, came up out of the ocean, a great burning, smoking peak. It is still there.

Since coming to Los Angeles in July, 1935, I have experienced a few earthquake tremors and "bumps", but nothing of any importance -- and I am not looking for any real quakes, such as have occurred at various times in this land of sunshine.

LABOR STRIKE AT CORDOVA

In the summer of 1910, I believe it was, we had a strike of the laborers who were employed by the Katalla Company at the headquarters camp at Cordova. There were two or three hundred men employed at the camp. On the day the strike began none of the company officials were at the camp. By mid-afternoon practically all men were on strike. I saw quite a number of them around the bunk house and several bunk tents, and decided that they had no business there. So I went through the bunk house and ordered out all men who were there, and they packed up and left. Then I went to the bunk tents, found a few men in them, and ordered them out, and they left. But, when I got to the last tent, there was a little Italian sitting

on his cot. I told him he would have to pack up and leave. He very promptly told me that he would not do so. I then said I would give him just half an hour to pack up and get out, and that I would come back at the end of the half hour. Then I went outside and walked around for half an hour, wondering just what I would do if the young fellow still refused to move. When I returned to the tent, there sat the Italian, with no apparent intention of packing up. I went to the rear of the tent, sat down on a cot, and awaited developments. After some time, during which the Italian gave me some very black looks, he finally began slowly to gather his clothes together, put them in a suitcase, and gave me another black look, got up and walked out of the tent. I took a deep breath, waited a few more minutes to give the fellow time to be on his way, and then left the tent. I called it a full day on that line of action.

The strike was over in two or three days. The men asked for more pay, which I believe they received.

CHIEF GOOD-LA-TAH

Chief Good-la-tah was the head of a little tribe of Indians that lived on a tributary of the Copper River, about a hundred miles from Cordova, near the town of Chitina. The first time I saw the Chief was one afternoon when I was on a visit to Camp 27 on the railroad. Everything was bustle and hurry at the camp, and the engine was shunting cars here and there and making a lot of noise. Alongside the track I saw a tall Indian and a young lad who was his son. Although that was the first time either of them had seen a railroad, an engine or a train of cars, they showed no apparent interest in what was going on around them. The Chief looked like a Sioux, tall, straight, fine features, a piercing eye, and altogether a very splendid specimen of Indian manhood. The young fellow looked like a worthy son of a Chief.

Chief Good-la-tah's little tribe of less than one hundred Indians eked out a rather meagre existence by hunting and fishing. They were entirely unlike any

other Alaskan Indians that I ever saw. I think they must have been from some far northern Canadian tribe, and had wandered across the country in years past and settled in the Copper River valley.

DRUNKEN SWEDS IN CORDOVA OFFICE

The Katalla Company, which had charge of the building of the railroad from Cordova to the Kennecott Copper mines, first made an attempt to build the road from Katalla, some 75 or more miles from Cordova, but because of almost impossible conditions they finally abandoned the attempt and moved to Cordova. When they shut down the work at Katalla in late 1907, the company offered free steamer tickets to all men who wished to go back to Seattle, where most of them had come from. The majority of them took advantage of the offer, but a few remained in Katalla; and in the spring of 1908 most of these men went to Cordova and worked on the railroad construction there.

One day in the summer of 1908 a big Swede walked into the office where I was at work, and said he was from Katalla and wanted a free ticket to Seattle. I took the matter up with the assistant chief engineer, Mr. Williams, who told me that the offer made in Katalla in late 1907 no longer applied, but that if the man wanted to go to work we could send him out on the road to a construction camp. The Swede did not want to go to work, he wanted to go back to Seattle. He was quite drunk, and very quarrelsome. He kept insisting that he be given a ticket, and I kept telling him it was out of the question. Finally I told him to get out of the office and quit/bothering me, that I was too busy to talk with him. He said "Come and put me out." Well, that put it right up to me. I thought the matter over for a minute, trying to figure out just how to get rid of the big fellow. Meantime Mr. Williams was sitting in his room, listening to what was going on and thinking what a fine spot "Little Willie" as he sometimes called me, was in, but also ready to get into action if necessary if I got into too much trouble. I decided what to do; I got up, made a run for the hall door behind the Swede, and as I went past him I grabbed him by the back of the collar, threw him off balance, and dragged him down the

hallway and out onto the sidewalk. Then I shut the outside door and locked it, and went back to work. The Swede gave no further trouble.

Dr. Williams was a bit surprised at the way I had handled the matter, and said that while he was laughing to himself at the seeming predicament that I had gotten myself into with the Swede, he was prepared to join in the fun if necessary.

CLERGYMEN

I do not recall the clergyman who was pastor of the little church in Fulaski, Ohio, but I know we attended the services regularly and listened to long sermons, which were the vogue in those days when everyone worked hard but did not hurry like mad demons.

In Kansas, in the earlier days, we seldom had the opportunity of attending religious services. About every three months a Methodist presiding elder would visit Wakeeney and hold services. If possible to do so, we would drive to town and attend the Sunday morning service. These occasions were most welcome, because they not only afforded a variation from the daily humdrum routine of ranch life, but because the sermons were always uplifting and helpful and gave us courage to go back home and continue the hard battle of our pioneer life. The sermons were usually some two hours long, but they were wholesome and I always greatly enjoyed them.

After we moved to Wakeeney from the ranch, we attended the Methodist church, of which the Reverend W. H. Mahaffey was the pastor. He was a fine, friendly man, and a good speaker. In later years he moved to Tacoma and went into the real estate business.

In Tacoma we joined the First Methodist church, in the spring of 1889. The church building was then situated on the corner of South Seventh Street and C (now Broadway) Street, diagonally across from where the Elks Temple now stands. Later on the Methodists erected a larger church at South 8th and C Streets, where we attended for many years. Later on they sold this property and built what is now their present fine church at South Fifth and K Streets. This is a very splendid

edifice. I was always greatly intrigued by the DeVore Memorial Window in the K Street side of the church. It is a beautiful window, and since I had known the Reverend John F. DeVore and his lovely little wife for many years, the window always brought back pleasant memories to me. Reverend DeVore was one of the early pioneer missionaries of the Methodist church in the Puget Sound country. It is a matter of history that one day he went to a lumber manufacturer near Olympia and told him he wanted to build a little church at Tumwater Falls, just outside of Olympia, where the lumber mill was located. The lumber man was none too friendly, but finally told Dr. DeVore that he would give him all the lumber that he could carry away in one day. Well, that looked like quite an order, but it did not daunt the good Doctor. He simply came on the scene early the next morning, worked until late at night -- and had carried to his proposed site enough lumber to build the church! Such was the spirit of the pioneers.

I believe that the College of Puget Sound, at Tacoma, has a very splendid full-length portrait of Dr. DeVore, done in oil by an artist who was in Tacoma for several years many years ago. It would be well worth anyone's time to go to the College and look upon this portrait of one of the finest men who helped to lay the foundations of society in the early days. One felt a benediction descending on one when merely looking at Dr. DeVore; and when he spoke it was like a great prayer. Mrs. DeVore was one of the sweetest little women I have ever known, and she was beloved by all. She seemed to bring a touch of heaven to every gathering she attended.

The Reverend George C. Wilding was the pastor of the First Methodist church at the time we joined it and for some years afterwards. He was a fine man, an exceptionally good speaker, keen witted, and quite Lincolnesque in appearance, being very tall and having a beard very like that of the beloved Lincoln. Had the movies been in vogue in those days Dr. Wilding would have been ideal for the part of The Great Emancipator.

The Reverend Doctor F. B. Cherrington succeeded Dr. Wilding. He was a most cultured man, but was not nearly as popular as his predecessor, especially with the young people of the church, who more than once disagreed with him in matters pertaining to the Epworth League.

I believe the Reverend Doctor Marlatt succeeded Dr. Cherrington as pastor. Dr. Marlatt was a fine man, and a wonderful pastor. He served the church for several years, and then transferred to Pittsburgh, I think it was. Later on he returned to Tacoma and was for several years the pastor of one of the Methodist churches. His health gradually failed and he quit the ministry. A few years ago he wandered into the hills out near Monroe, Washington, I think it was, and although diligent search was made no trace of him was found. He had gone to his last home from the hills he had always loved.

When we returned to Tacoma from Juneau in 1918, we joined the first Methodist church again. The Reverend Doctor R. B. Schuett was the pastor at that time. We renewed oldtime acquaintanceships and made many new ones. Dr. Schuett endeared himself to me at once, as my good father was ill when I returned to Tacoma, and he passed away on the 25th day of May, 1918, just three weeks after my return. During father's illness Dr. Schuett called at the house nearly every day to inquire about father, and after father had passed on the good Doctor Schuett came very frequently to see us. He is a fine man, very sympathetic toward anyone in trouble, and always preached a most interesting and helpful sermon. He retired several years ago and is now living near Seattle. Mrs. Schuett was a very fine lady, and she and Leola became great friends. Frank, their son, and Warren were good friends. Allan was quite a favorite with Dr. and Mrs. Schuett and Frank. Mrs. Schuett is still living, and is, of course, with the good Doctor.

When we moved to Seattle from Tacoma in late August, 1924, we transferred to the First Methodist church there, of which the Reverend Doctor Ralph Magee was the pastor.

Later he was made a bishop, and his brother, Dr. John B. Magee, succeeded him as the pastor. Both of the Magees are the very highest type of Christian gentlemen.

After moving to Los Angeles in 1935, we joined the Rosewood Methodist church, in the vicinity of our residence which is at 659 North Barendo Street. Loola and I would have preferred joining the First Methodist church, of which the Reverend Doctor Roy L. Smith was the pastor. But since the Rosewood church was close to where we lived, we thought perhaps Allan might form some acquaintances there among the young people and find a place with them. But this did not work out.

Doctor Smith recently resigned his pastorate to go to Chicago and became the editor of The Christian Advocate, following the union of the Methodist churches of the North and the South. The North and South, in Methodism, finally decided that the Civil War had ended, and they at last united, although it took them some seventy-five years to accomplish it. They had separated prior to the Civil War, over the question of slavery, and it took them all the intervening years to get to the point where they could and would forget the past and face toward the future. So much for bitter prejudices and differences of opinion even among the religious. In fact, religious prejudices and differences are usually more bitter than almost any other sort. Funny, eh? Or at least very strange.

I have devoted a good deal of space in this section on Clergymen, because when all is said and done, there is no finer type of man than the clergyman, and it is always helpful to be associated with one of them. Well, almost always, anyhow. I did meet one fellow who was a queer chap. He came to Douglas, Alaska, while we lived in Treadwell, to become pastor of the Congregational church. I met him at the dock when the steamer arrived from Seattle. He had a wife and two small daughters. He had a badly bruised nose and another bruise on one cheek, and I wondered what kind of a fight he had been in. He jokingly explained that he had "bumped into something" and the bruises were the result. I believed him, but as to just what he had bumped into, well, that still remained a question.

This man preached what we thought were very fine sermons -- until we discovered that he was using the sermons of some celebrated divine who had lived and preached many years before in the East. Then we found he liked his liquor; also that he mistreated his wife and girls. Then he went to a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society one day and was just tipsy enough to make a fool of himself. That was the last straw. A meeting of the board was called, of which I was a member. We talked the whole matter over, decided to ask this man to resign, and then the board most generously appointed me to tell the man he was fired. Well, I did so, and he resigned and went to Juneau where he succeeded in getting the Presbyterians to take him on as their pastor. He remained just one year, and then they, too, told him to move on.

Of course I have met some ministers who were not very good speakers, especially in Alaska, but none who did not do his best to be helpful, and there was always something in the sermon worth remembering.

One time in Tacoma I had the great privilege of seeing and hearing William Booth, of England, the organizer and head of the Salvation Army. He was a wonderful man, tall, good looking, a fine physique, full white beard, looking quite like pictures of Moses. And he was a wonderful speaker. He told of his work in organizing and carrying on the Salvation Army, with his slogan of: "Soap, soup and salvation." Said he had ~~xx~~ always believed in feeding a man who was down and out, but had him use some soap and water first to get cleaned up on the outside; then gave him the soup to fill him up inside, and then it was the proper time to talk to him about his soul's welfare. Always seemed to me he had the right program in the right order.

In later years, in Skagway, I had the great pleasure of seeing and listening to General Booth's daughter, Evangeline. She talked in the church there, her subject being, I believe, "The Music of the Universe." She compared the music of Nature to that of a great pipe organ. It was a most remarkable address, and I have

always remembered her and the wonderful address. In later years she succeeded her venerable and honored father as the head of the Salvation Army -- a most wonderful organization. For long, long years, it was derided and scoffed at, even by well-meaning people, but now it is honored by one and all.

MOUNT RAINIER AND THE EASTERN DIVINE

One year there came to Tacoma a celebrated clergyman and lecturer, who gave a series of lectures in the First Congregational church. Reverend Doctor Wilding presided at the first lecture and introduced the speaker. In response to the introduction the visitor expressed his appreciation, spoke of the beautiful city of Tacoma, of its fine people, and then paid a glowing tribute to Mount Rainier -- only I guess he called it Mount Tacoma, since he was speaking in the city of that name. He said it was an inspiring sight, and that he would like to come back a hundred years later and see what sort of a people would then be living in sight of that great mountain and with it as their constant inspiration. This was too much for Dr. Wilding, who arose and said the good man did not need to wait one hundred years, that he could take the good man out to the Puyallup Indian Reservation the next day and show him a people that had lived almost at the foot of that great mountain since time immemorial, and they were still squatting on the ground in dirt and filth, digging clams and eating berries, almost too lazy to forage for their food. Well, this took the wind out of the sails of the lecturer. He and everyone else laughed, and let it go at that.

I want to include the following, which to my mind is the most concise and complete summary of the life of Christ that has ever been written. It is taken from THE NEW AGE MAGAZINE for December, 1940, the official organ of The Supreme Council 33° A. & A. Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, S. J. U. S. A. (Page 725).

THE MAN OF GALILEE

By J. A. Francis, 32°

Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another obscure village. He worked in a carpenter shop until He was thirty, and then, for three years, He was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never put his foot inside a big city. He never travelled two hundred miles from the place where He was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but Himself. He had nothing to work with in the world except the naked power of His divine manhood.

While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. Another betrayed Him. He was turned over to His enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon the cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth while He was dying, and that was His coat. When He was dead, He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone and today He is the center of the Human race and the leader of the column of progress. I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that were ever built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has this one solitary life.

PROHIBITION IN ALASKA

The 1915 session of the Alaska Legislature enacted a prohibition referendum bill which was immediately signed by Governor Strong, in his office. Several members of the legislature were present at the signing of the bill, and Mr. Case, the local photographer, was there to take pictures of the event. I had the honor of being in the pictures.

Governor Strong used two ivory-handled gold pens in signing the bill, and I suggested that he send one of them to my mother, which he gladly agreed to do. Below is quoted the letter which the Governor wrote to mother on this occasion:

(COPY)

TERRITORY OF ALASKA
Governor's Office
JUNEAU

April 13, 1915

-73-

My dear Mrs. Shorthill:

In recognition of the fact that you organized at Skagway, in 1900, the first W. C. T. U. in Alaska, it gives me great pleasure to forward to you the pen used by me, as Governor of Alaska, to affix my signature to a bill passed by the Alaska Legislature, providing for the submission to the people of a referendum which, if adopted, will provide for the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in Alaska.

That the work in behalf of the temperance cause in this Territory, initiated through your efforts, continues to bear good fruit is thus evidenced in a striking manner. Expressing the hope that the cause of temperance in Alaska will be signally endorsed by its people, and with assurances of my deep personal esteem, I am

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. F. A. STRONG,
Governor.

Mrs. T. A. Shorthill,
907 South "K" Street,
Tacoma, Wash.

I wrote my mother on April 14, 1915, telling her of the signing of the bill by Governor Strong, and that he was writing her and sending her one of the pens he had used when signing the bill. I am including herein (on the following page) a copy of my letter to mother.

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(COPY)

Juneau, Alaska,
April 14, 1915

Dear Mother:

The Governor on yesterday signed the prohibition referendum bill recently passed by the Alaska Legislature (now in session), a copy of which bill I enclose herewith. At my suggestion a photograph was taken (two of them, in fact) when the bill was signed, and I had the honor of being in the pictures. I also suggested to the Governor the presenting to you of one of the pens used by him (he used two) in signing the bill, mentioning that you had organized the first W. C. T. U. in Alaska years ago in Skagway. He very promptly and heartily assented, with the result that there go forward to you today the pen and a very nice letter to you from the Governor, both of which I know you will prize most highly. I assure you that nothing I have ever done has given me so much real joy as to have been instrumental in commemorating the event of the signing of the bill, and particularly the sending to you of one of the two pens used by the Governor; and then his letter, which is certainly very fine, and quite characteristic of the Governor.

I am sure you will feel in a large sense repaid for your years of work and thought for temperance and prohibition when you read what he has said. I have thanked him for both, but I know he will be pleased to have a letter from you thanking him for them, and I know you will be glad to write it.

The world moves along, it seems, and even Alaska will one of these days be in the dry column; and I shall not be at all surprised if we put her there at the election in 1916; although some further legislation will then be necessary to make the matter effective. But if the people of the Territory vote dry, the legislation will follow, of course.

We are going to inaugurate the campaign here in Juneau very shortly. The Governor says he is ready to contribute to the campaign fund whenever we get ready, which shows that his heart is in the right place.

We are all well and happy, and send love and kisses to you folks, and hope to hear from you again soon. Will write to father in a day or so. seem to have but little time for writing now, but will try not to let you wait too long for letters.

Good bye for now, with love and best wishes.

(Signed) BILL.

When mother received Governor Strong's letter and the pen, she wrote him soon thereafter. A copy of her letter follows on page 105.

(COPY)

907 So. K St.,
Tacoma, Wash. Apr. 27, 1915

Governor J. F. A. Strong,

Dear Sir:

Your personal letter to me, also the pen used by you as Governor of Alaska when signing the Alaska Referendum bill, was received a few days ago. Words are inadequate in which to express my gratitude to you for both pen and letter.

I am glad that I had a part in the initiation of temperance work in Alaska and that I lived to see the day in which the death knell of the liquor traffic is sounding in Alaska and elsewhere. I sincerely hope that the people of Alaska will, when the day comes, vote the liquor traffic out by a large majority.

Thanking you again for your kind words and for the gift of the pen which I prize above rubies,

Sincerely,

(Signed) SARAH E. SKORTHILL.

Regards to Mrs. Strong. We were co-workers in church work in Skagway in 1897.

The people of Alaska at their general election in 1916, adopted the prohibition referendum by a large vote, and the 1917 session of the legislature, as well as the Congress of the United States, enacted the necessary further legislation to make the outlawing of the liquor traffic effective in the Territory.

The Reverend Stevens and I handled a publicity campaign in Juneau under the name of the Juneau Dry Club. We were the only members of the "club." He raised the funds for newspaper publicity and I handled the actual publicity. We had a lot of fun out of it, and much satisfaction when the votes were counted in 1916.

No one in Juneau knew who belonged to the Juneau Dry Club; that is, no one but Stevens and I. Ed Russell, owner of the Juneau Daily Dispatch, in which we ran our publicity stuff (we also ran it in the Daily Empire, of which John W. Troy was the owner) tried very hard to get Stevens to tell him who belonged to the club, but he never found out.

In going through my old files for the foregoing letters to my mother and her letter to Governor Strong, I have found a letter of recommendation which the Governor gave me at about the same date that he accepted my resignation as Secretary. While I do not believe that I really measured up to all that the good Governor said about me, I am just vain enough to want to include it herein. Here it is:

(COPY)

TERRITORY OF ALASKA
Governor's Office
JUNEAU

April 24, 1918

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: 1

The bearer of this letter, Mr. W. W. Shorthill, has for five years filled, with great ability, zeal and fidelity, a position as secretary to the undersigned as Governor of Alaska. Of Mr. Shorthill's ability I cannot speak too highly, nor can I too strongly emphasize his sterling integrity, his loyalty and his assiduous attention to the many duties with which he was charged and which were discharged most acceptably, faithfully and conscientiously at all times. His ability and extensive knowledge of the practical affairs of life and business fit him especially well for any position of trust requiring special ability and a thorough training.

The esteem in which he is held by me can be but inadequately conveyed in mere words and I, therefore, confidently commend him to all those whom he may meet as a man entirely worthy of confidence in all respects.

(Signed) J. P. A. STRONG.

I am sure the Governor "laid it on pretty thick" but I certainly appreciated the letter and the fine spirit of the man who wrote it.

I have also found a letter which Governor Thomas Higgs, Jr. (who succeeded Governor Strong) gave to me the day I said good bye to him, before leaving for Tacoma. A little more vanity prompts me to include this letter herein, and it is quoted on page 107. It was quite decent of him to give me the letter; I had not asked for it and was not expecting anything of the kind from him.

(COPY)

TERRITORY OF ALASKA
 Governor's Office
 JUNEAU

April 30, 1918

Mr. W. W. Shorthill,
 Juneau, Alaska.

Dear Mr. Shorthill:

After having faithfully served two governors of Alaska in the capacity of secretary, you are now voluntarily resigning your position and will shortly be leaving Alaska. Both Governor Clark and Governor Strong have expressed to me their appreciation of the capable manner in which you have handled all matters connected with the office of Governor of Alaska, and at this time I desire to express my best wishes for the health and prosperity of yourself and family. If I can be of any assistance to you at any time, I shall be glad to give it without any hesitancy or mental reservation.

Cordially yours,

(Signed) THOMAS RIGGS, JR.

While Governor Riggs said "you are now voluntarily resigning", the fact is that I had resigned before he arrived on the scene and my resignation had been accepted by Governor Strong.

MY FRIEND WILLIAM A REID

I have already mentioned Mr. Reid. He carried on his Y. M. C. A. work in Skagway for some time, and was a genius in his way and untiring in his efforts to make a success of anything he undertook. One of the things he promoted was a gymnasium, not very large, but ample for the needs. It was built on the property of the Presbyterian church, which was supposed to be paid a small rental for the use of the ground. For a time all went well, but finally interest began to lag and in time it was impossible to get funds enough to keep the gymnasium going, and it was closed. Shortly thereafter Reid arranged to make a trip down the Yukon River to Dawson and other points and intended to go on down to the mouth of the river at Ft. ~~Stikine~~ Michaels. He got too late a start, however, and winter overtook him and he was

obliged to buy a dogteam and travel over the ice and snow in a bitter Arctic winter. He finally got as far down the Yukon as Fort Gibbon, where he stopped for the rest of the winter, and busied himself with providing entertainment for the U. S. soldiers who were stationed there.

Before Reid left Skagway he arranged with me to look after any letters that came for him from friends in the States, which I did.

I have given the foregoing explanation so that the two letters which I am now going to quote will be more understandable. The first letter is one dated March 10, 1902, written at Fort Gibbon by Reid to me. Here it is:

(COPY)

Ft. Gibbon, Alaska, Mar. 10, '02.

Mr. W. K. Shorthill,
Skagway, Alaska.

My dear Shorthill:

Just received your good letter of the 21st (of February). Glad to hear from you at any time, old man, but especially so when you write to inform me that a check is waiting *me* at Skagway. I think possibly I could use a few dollars, for as a matter of fact I am somewhat "short." However, if the work there needs it worse than I do, just you take it and use it there and never mind me, for I can manage in some way alright. I am glad, Will, that you wrote in acknowledgment for me; I appreciate your thoughtfulness. I will write also at my earliest convenience.

Ere this reaches you, you will have received mine of previous date and will understand what is my plan, as well as I understand it myself. As for my "putting in my time down here," I have no trouble in doing that; my constant regret is that there are not more hours in the day and more days in the week. I am up with the gun and never turn in until "Taps:" or as the Irish "biddy" put it, when she threw up her job in the post as cook: she "didn't like this business of being blown into bed at night and shot out in the morning."

Say, I guess the Judge and family have decided to "cut" all old acquaintances; at least I have not heard from any of them yet; while on the other hand I have had letters from my people in the East. So they have had time to write, surely. Perhaps the Judge is sore on me over the bear experience and has put a stop to all further intercourse? That wasn't very generous of me, was it, to leave the Judge in charge of the boat? As a matter of fact, though, he didn't seem to be very anxious to get after the bear himself. Indeed, he seemed quite relieved to find that I had killed the beast before he came up with his hatchet, belt knife, revolver and shotgun. But don't tell him that I said so. Ha, ha. I noticed, too, that it took him a long time to make fast the boat, but then he was always more anxious about the boat than looking for bears.

Yes, that stereopticon lecture will be great; I think I will charge an admission fee of 5 cents to the general public, with a special rate of

50 cents to my friends, for of course they will be curious to know just how big a yarn I'll put up; for they will think it but a "yarn," tho I give them bare facts. Take, for instance, the following brief account of the "trials of a musher" which I gave in my letter to our Army Secretary; which at best he will think greatly exaggerated, tho I simply state plain facts.

"I had been unfortunate in spraining my knee shortly after starting out on my return journey over the rough ice, and was laid up for several days (\$5 per day regular charge for the privilege of sitting on a barrel and resting my foot on a soap box; that is, in addition to two meals a day and some fir boughs to stretch out on at night). When I started out a second time, I could get no one to go with me, for it had been storming hard for several days and there had been a heavy fall of snow. I felt, however, that I must hasten on, as I was anxious to reach Ft. Gibbon before the holidays. So I started out with my dogs and 150 lbs. of baggage, anticipating no difficulty in reaching the next station, 20 miles distant. Shortly after starting it began to storm again. The snow was then so deep that I was obliged to go on ahead and break trail and then retrace my steps and "mush" the dogs. This I kept up until darkness came on and we could no longer make any headway. My knee had by this time played out, and to make matters worse, I had broken through the ice and had wet both feet, a thing most dreaded by "mushers." This meant to cut and run, for my dogs were played out and unless I got a fire started I would soon freeze my feet. So, cutting the dogs from their traces and stacking up some dog salmon beside them, I started for the shore, taking with me my belt axe and fur robe. When I reached the shore, however, I was too cold to start a fire and it was then a case of reaching some shelter or entering upon a "musher's last rest." So on I limped, floundering in the deep snow and darkness, frequently sinking down in pain and exhaustion; part of the time crawling on my hands and knees, dragging my robe after me. Several times I was tempted, as only a man can be tempted when in that condition, to roll up in my robe and sleep, caring little whether I waked or not.

"Already my feet had started to freeze and I felt myself growing numb. God gave me grace, however, and I kept pushing on until I at last came across a little cabin. There was no light, nor response to my call. I crawled in and found it to be a deserted Indian cabin, but there was some dry wood and a little Yukon stove. I managed to get a fire started and soon had the frost rubbed out of my feet.

"I remained there until daylight and then pushed on, for I was without food. Shortly after noon I reached a little Indian village and enjoyed a good feed. A party of Indians returned with me for my dogs, which at first we could not find, for the snow had entirely drifted over them. They had dropped in their tracks and were just where I had left them. I found upon inquiry that we had covered a distance of just eight miles that first day.

"This was perhaps the worst experience I encountered, tho later I came ~~xxxx~~ near engaging in the cold storage business on two or three occasions; in fact, got nicely started two or three times, but every time fire destroyed all my stock in trade (consisting of one or two knee joints, a few toes, some fingers, nose and a cheek or two) and I would have to begin all over again the next day.

"However, I was very persevering, for "mush" I was obliged to or take the choice of going hungry. The temperature kept falling to 40, then 50, then 60 degrees below zero. My but it was interesting! The night when the mercury dropped out of sight (60 below) I had the novel and delightful experience of camping out in a little tent forty miles from nowhere. Upon my arrival I was nearly stiff; four or five joints frozen. But I soon forgot my troubles in the pleasant occupation of eating dried fish and washing it down with hot coffee, while sitting on a cake of ice (or a baking powder can), turning first one side and then the other toward the little redhot Yukon stove, in which way I managed to keep one side thawed out most of the time.

"About that time I fell in with a fellow "mushing" up river with a team of Government mules (lovely creatures, for they were so docile they would stand without hitching; in fact, sometimes they were not inclined to do anything but stand!) He also seemed inclined to push on, as his mules might fail him at any moment, for they were slowly starving. This, notwithstanding that he was feeding them a cup and a half of corn meal twice a day - most of the time - and all the cordwood they could eat, and that was not a little, for they had reached a point where they were not very particular. At times, however, they evinced a desire to change their diet to human flesh, but in this we were not inclined to humor them.

"The mules had no shelter whatever, for we could not take them into our little tent, and as for blankets, they had long since eaten them as a relish. When it got down to 60 below, however, we decided to get along with a little less covering ourselves and fitted them both out with good blankets. This they fully appreciated, but preferred an internal application rather than an external one; they served, however, to top off two meals. We then decided to keep the rest of our blankets, for in case of an emergency they would make good soup. We never got into the soup business, however, for on Christmas afternoon we reached a small Indian settlement.

"The reception they gave us, I shall never forget. I was somewhat hungry and chilled, too, in fact, for I was nursing two or three frozen joints at the time; but I could not help but laugh and feel amused as I beheld the whole Indian village moving in our direction, for the entire population turned out to meet us. Indeed, if the whole of Barnum's circus had been coming up the trail it could scarcely have attracted more attention. I confess that to the natives, some of whom had never seen a horse or a mule before, we must have presented quite a spectacle with our caravan of lean, lanky mules, dogs, sleds and two such cadaverous looking specimens of humanity. They gathered about us like bees and took possession of our outfit, all curious for a good look at "the white man's big dogs," as they called the mules. Here we laid over a full day and ate bacon and flapjacks to our hearts' content."

"Sounds rather "fishy," you say? Well, I suppose it will to those chaps down in New York, but it is nothing more than a plain statement of an actual experience and not uncommon to the average musher, as you well know.

"Well, I guess I had better stop, don't you think so? If by any chance this fails to reach you, just let me know and I will endeavor to duplicate it.

"Remember me kindly to all my friends and acquaintances -- ALL, mind you; you know who all are included. A little bundle of love for my little sweetheart (Marjorie Harrison).

"With sincere regard, believe me,

"Your's cordially,

(Signed) W. A. FLID."

* * * * *

At the risk of making this Reid episode too long, I am going to include herein a copy of the letter that I wrote to Reid in reply to his letter above quoted. Here is my reply to Reid:

"Skaguay, Alaska, April 29, 1902

"Mr. W. A. Reid,
Ft. Gibbon, Ala.

"My Dear Reid:

"Your letter of March 10th came some days ago, and as the mail leaves day after tomorrow, I will answer it now. Am glad to know that you have gotten along so well during the winter, and have been busy. I read with great interest your account of your trip as given to your New York correspondents. I have no doubt they are praying that you may see the error of your way and come back to the path of truth and correct statement. You surely put it to them pretty strong, but I do not doubt that you kept within the bounds of truth, strange as your story is. I can believe anything after living up in this country four years; so you cannot stump me with such a tale, however much it may puzzle your New York friends to understand your motives in giving it to them.

"I do not think the judge and family have "decided to cut all old acquaintances," as you seem to think. I have had several letters from the judge and he has always mentioned you; and I had one or two letters from Miss Bertha about Christmas time, and she mentioned that their Christmas would have been very happy if "Will had been here," so I fancy that you have not been forgotten. Oh, of course you want to know how I came to hear from her. Well, it was this way: I received a package at Christmas time containing a string of little china dolls all tagged out, and I noted that it was from Salem, and so concluded it was from Miss Bertha, as a means of getting even with me for having sent her a quartet of little black dolls the Christmas previous. I thereupon wrote her acknowledging the receipt of the package, and sent her some of the worst specimens of doll-dom that I could find, which she admitted receiving, and I answered her letter. So there you have it all, up to date.

"There is nothing new here. Skaguay is quiet, and nothing going on of any consequence. The Camera Club still thrives. Had our semi-annual election last Friday, and re-elected Dr. Hall as president, and put Mrs. Hillery in as vice-president, Miss DeGruyter as secretary, and I was re-elected treasurer. We expect to hold our annual banquet soon. Wish you could drop in on us at that time. We would give you something besides bacon and flapjacks to eat.

"Nothing new in Association lines. We tried to get the Church people to waive the rent, etc., until your return, but they declined. Said they preferred to wait until you get back, and then take the whole matter up and make a final settlement. My private opinion is that they want to hog the whole thing -- but you keep this to yourself.

"Do you expect to come up the river, or will you go down and come back via Seattle? If you do not return to Skaguay, do not fail to let us know as soon as you make up your mind about it, as we are sort of half waiting for your return, inasmuch as you requested that we hold things in abeyance until that time. Of course there is no use of your coming with a view of opening up the work again; that is simply out of the question. It is simply a matter of how best to close out and quit gracefully. If you think you can be of any help in this (and I believe you can) why we shall be most happy to have you come and aid us. We shall of course be very

glad to see you here, even if you cannot do anything to help us in closing out. We shall not forget your past record, and no one, I think, will ever fail to feel the most kindly toward you and always be glad to give you a hearty handshake and sit down and talk over 'old times' with you when we have a chance. So come along, old man, and we will try to treat you white. We won't promise you any wines or champagne, but if tea, coffee, chocolate, and glacier water will quench your thirst, why they are yours for the asking.

"I hope you will get my last letters, those particularly which contained the check and money order. And I trust they will be of use to you.

"I have not yet received the ink pads for the Blickensderfer machine. I ordered them from Seattle, and the party had to send to Portland, so they are slow coming. Will forward them to you as soon as I receive them.

"Many thanks for the second copy of the 'ICY SENTINEL.' It is interesting and unique, as is also the invitation you sent with it. Those fellows up there will miss you when you leave them, or when they leave you. I dare say some of them are ready to swear by you now, and perhaps some would like to swear at you. Every good man has some enemies. If you have none, why you better get busy and get some right away.

"Well, old man, will close. Miss Case, Rev. and Mrs. Harrison and little Marjorie (your sweetheart) send their best regards and good wishes, as would also many others did they know I am writing you.

"With my own best wishes and regards, and hoping to see you this way before very many moons, I am,

"Sincerely yours,

(Signed) "W. W. Shorthill."

Do not think that Reid painted too tough a picture of his experiences on the Yukon River trail. It would be difficult for even a Baron Munchausen to exaggerate the hardships of a "musher" on the trail in the dead of winter in those early days.

A good story is told of Bishop Peter Trimble Rowe, of the Episcopal church, who has spent the greater part of his life in Alaska. It is said that he was one day mushing along the trail on the frozen Yukon River, and having a terrible time of it. He met another musher, going in the opposite direction. They stopped for a minute to exchange greetings. The Bishop asked the other musher how the trail was that he had just come over. The man replied in language that was forcefully descriptive and profane to the nth degree, he did not know he was speaking to a bishop. Then he asked the bishop how the trail was that he had just come over. The bishop looked him in the eyes and grinned, and said: "Just the same as the one you have come over, brother, just the same." and then they went their ways.

I first met Bishop Rowe in Tacoma in 1896 or 1897. He was on a visit to the States

and while in Tacoma he called on Mr. Chester Thorne, president of the National Bank of Commerce (now the National Bank of Tacoma). Mr. Thorne brought the bishop up to the office of Hoxie and Richardson, attorneys for the bank, to meet Mr. Richardson. Mr. Hoxie was Mr. Thorne's father-in-law and of course already knew the bishop. I was in Mr. Richardson's room taking dictation when Mr. Thorne and the bishop came in. Both Mr. Richardson and I were introduced to the Bishop, and he then sat down and for half an hour related some of his Alaskan experiences. I was thrilled: here was a man who had travelled all over Alaska and had seemed to think nothing of it, but to me it was a wonderful story.

Probably Bishop Rowe and Rev. S. Hall Young were the two best known and most loved missionaries who ever worked among the people of Alaska, especially among those who were in the interior of the Territory. There were, of course, Catholic missionaries in Alaska, too, and many of them were very popular, but none equalled Bishop Rowe and "Daddy" Young, as many of his friends called him, in the esteem in which they were held.

It is worth a great deal to know and be associated with a Bishop Rowe or a Reverend S. Hall Young, and to get a glimpse of their outlook on life.

I should like to make mention of another great missionary, the Reverend William Duncan, called Father Duncan. As a young man, in England, he one evening attended a church service and heard a man from British Columbia relate some experiences among certain of the Indians he had visited. Young Duncan was greatly impressed, and he volunteered to go as a missionary to these Indians. In due time he left England and took up his work. His first work was with a tribe of very savage Indians, who were ^vcanibals. He had a very difficult time with them at first, but finally won their confidence and began his good work. In time he met with difficulty on account of the lack of cooperation on the part of the Canadian government. He then visited Washington and made a plea for an island near Ketchikan, called Annette Island, to which he pro-

posed to move his tribe of Indians. After some time spent in negotiations he was given the right to establish his Indians on the island, and they were moved to it. He then began to train them in various lines of work, and in gardening, fishing, etc. They built all their own houses, and a very nice church, and in later years erected a cannery in which many of them worked during the salmon-fishing season. The Indians were prosperous and satisfied for many years. Finally the U. S. bureau of education began to take a hand in the affairs of the community, and from then on Father Duncan and the bureau engaged in more or less of a feud. The good old Father was almost heartbroken over what he considered the interference in his plans, and he finally died at a ripe old age, sad, disappointed and embittered. It was too bad, for he had done a most wonderful work and should have been permitted to spend his last days in peace, comfort and happiness. The town built by Father Duncan and his Indians on Annette Island is known as Metlakantla. It is not far to the south of Ketchikan. I visited the town of Metlakantla several times while traveling between Seattle and Juneau, and it was always most interesting. Once or twice I went into Father Duncan's study and saw him at work.

THE ERUPTION OF MT. KATMAI

On June 6, 1912, Mt. Katmai, situated on the Alaska Peninsula, across Shelikoff Straits from Kodiak Island and about 70 miles distant, broke forth in a terrific eruption. According to government experts who investigated the eruption, it was probably one of the greatest, if not the greatest, volcanic eruption in the history of the world. They estimated that the fine pumice-stone ashes thrown up by the volcano went up into the stratosphere and were then carried around the world.

The first news of the eruption did not reach Juneau until three or four days later, but during that time the residents of the city had noticed a very fine powder covering the walks and the porches, and they wondered what it could be. Then came news of the eruption, and the mystery was solved.

Governor Clark was in Washington at the time of the eruption, and remained there for quite some time. He wrote me and asked me to get together all the information available and to make a report to the Secretary of the Interior. A considerable amount of information had reached the governor's office in the meantime, and from this I made up a rather complete report. I believe the report will be found of interest, and, in spite of its length, I am going to quote it in full. Here it is:

TERRITORY OF ALASKA
Governor's Office
JUNEAU

August 9, 1912

Sir:

By direction of the Governor I have the honor to submit herewith a report on the recent eruption of Mt. Katmai, as requested in your letter of the 22nd ultimo to this office.

Mt. Katmai, one of several volcanoes in Alaska known to be more or less active, is situated in the northerly part of the Alaska Peninsula, at approximately latitude 58°, longitude 155° W. It lies about six miles inland from Katmai Bay, which indents the northern shore of Shelikoff Strait. An Indian village of more than one hundred inhabitants has stood on the shore of this bay for many years. Other native villages are scattered along the shore of Shelikoff Strait both to the north and south of Katmai Bay. Numerous native and white villages and settlements are scattered throughout the region surrounding Mt. Katmai, but at considerable distances from the mountain. The islands of Kodiak and Afognak, with several small, adjacent islands, lie to the eastward just across Shelikoff Strait, a distance of about 50 miles. The town of Kodiak, situated on the northeastern shore of Kodiak island, is about one hundred miles distant from Mt. Katmai. A government agricultural experiment station and stock farm is located near the town of Kodiak, and a government fish hatchery is maintained

near the village of Akhick on the southern shore of Kodiak island. At Afognak, on the island of that name, the government also maintains a large fish hatchery. On both of these islands, as also on several smaller islands adjoining, are numerous small farms owned by settlers and stocked with cattle, sheep and hogs. The future of Kodiak island in particular, as an agricultural and stock-raising region, was thought to be assured prior to the eruption of Mt. Katmai.

An eruption of Mt. Katmai occurred at about two o'clock in the afternoon of June 6, 1912. Heavy earthquake shocks were felt throughout a considerable region just prior to the eruption and during the two days following. The eruption was accompanied by loud explosions, lightning and thunder, and great volumes of sulphurous gas, sand and ashes were thrown thousands of feet into the air, spreading rapidly over an immense area to the northeast, east and southeast, there being a strong west wind blowing at the time. The explosions which accompanied the eruption were heard throughout a considerable portion of the Alaska and Kenai Peninsulas, reaching as far north as the town of Hope, latitude $60^{\circ} 30'$, longitude $149^{\circ} 45'$, and east to the town of Seward.

Although the 6th of June was a very clear and bright day, so great was the volume of smoke and ashes thrown out by the volcano that by six o'clock in the evening the entire region as far east as the Kodiak group of islands was enveloped in darkness, which continued throughout the greater part of the next day. Under normal conditions at this time of the year along the Alaska coast daylight continues until near midnight and returns within a couple of hours. I quote from a report received from the game warden at Seward, Alaska:

"On the 6th day of June reports similar to heavy blasting were distinctly heard all over this (Kenai) Peninsula, reaching as far north as Hope, which is situated in the extreme north end of the peninsula. The residents of this vicinity could not explain what caused these explosions.

On the evening of the 8th the skyline to the south and west took on a copper hue, as though the heavens were lit up by an immense blaze to the southwest. On the 9th the steamer DORA, plying between Seward and Kushagak, arrived at Seward. Captain McMullen reported that on the afternoon of the 6th he arrived off the town of Kodiak, but so dense was the darkness, due to the fall of volcanic ashes, that he could not pick up any landmarks and had to put to sea again. He ran to sea for 20 hours, expecting that the air would clear, but as it did not do so he steered for Seldovia and from there to Seward. He reported that the Katmai volcano had blown out, and expressed fear for the safety of the inhabitants of Kodiak, Afognak, Raspberry, Woody and other islands in the path of the drifting ash clouds. When the DORA arrived here she was covered to a depth of about 3 inches with ashes."

With the exception of the territory adjacent to the volcano, Kodiak and Afognak islands, with the several smaller adjacent islands of this group, seem to have experienced the greatest fall of ashes. On the mainland surrounding the volcano, and particularly to the east of it, the depth of ashes is reported as being from three to six feet. Afognak island and the north half of Kodiak island, as well as the smaller islands in this group, were covered to an average depth of 14 inches. Three distinct layers of volcanic ash fell on these islands. The first was a coarse sand 4 inches in depth; the second, a red clay 6 inches in depth; and the third, a fine, floury, grey dust resembling pumice stone, 4 inches in depth. The more remote regions have reported a fall of the grey dust only. There have been no reports received at this office indicating any considerable fall of ashes directly to the north, south or west of Mt. Katmai, with the exception of the territory immediately surrounding the volcano. This is no doubt accounted for in large part by the fact that a strong west wind was blowing at the time of the eruption. To the southwest, at Chignik, approximate latitude

56°, longitude 158° W., no ashes fell. To the northeast the towns of Selvodia and Ninilchik reported a fall of about half an inch of the grey volcanic dust, while to the east of these places the towns of Seward, Valdez, Cordova and Katalla reported a somewhat lighter fall of dust. Farther to the east and south the towns of Juneau (some 750 miles distant from Mt. Katmai), Sitka and Ketchikan experienced a light sprinkle of grey dust, which fell on the evening and night of the 8th and morning of the 9th of June. Unconfirmed press dispatches reported a very light fall of the grey dust as far to the southward as Vancouver, B. C. It has also been unofficially reported that a light fall of the dust occurred at Fairbanks, Alaska, and Dawson, Yukon Territory.

The electrical storm which accompanied the eruption occasioned no damage so far as known, except at Kodiak where the Naval wireless station was struck by lightning and the building and plant burned to the ground. Although this station was only about 500 ~~miles~~ yards distant from the mission buildings of the Baptist Orphanage on Woody island, adjacent to the town of Kodiak, the fall of ashes from the volcano was so dense that the flames from the burning building could not be seen by the people at the Orphanage.

So far as known but three deaths occurred in the volcanic zone during the period of disturbance. One of these was that of a consumptive at the village of Katmai, and the other two were a woman and child at Kodiak. It is understood that these three persons were natives. On account of the water supply being polluted and the houses rendered temporarily uninhabitable by the great fall of ashes, there was much temporary suffering and inconvenience among the residents of the numerous settlements within the limits of the heavier fall of ashes, particularly at the villages of Katmai, Douglass and Cold Bay, and some smaller settlements, along the southern shore of the Alaska Peninsula, the town of Kodiak and other settlements on the northerly half of Kodiak island, and the several towns and settlements on the adjacent Afognak, Raspberry and Woody islands.

At Kodiak the revenue cutter MANNING, which was in port at the time of the eruption, took the inhabitants of the town (some 400 in number) on board and cared for them for about ten days, when, the fall of ashes having ceased and conditions being somewhat improved on shore, the people returned to their homes. The teachers and children of the Baptist Orphanage and Mission on Woody island were also taken care of on board the MANNING for a day or two. Two native children were born on board the revenue cutter during the time the residents of Kodiak were being cared for on board the vessel.

Nearly all of the natives of the village of Katmai were at other points engaged in fishing at the time of the eruption. The village was buried under the volcanic ashes and practically destroyed, and the few natives who were there suffered greatly until removed by the relief boats, which took them, with the residents of nearby settlements on the mainland of the Alaska Peninsula, to Afognak where they were cared for. Efforts are now being made, through the Bureau of Education and the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, to remove these natives to Stopovak Bay, latitude 56°, longitude 160° W., on the Alaska Peninsula, where there is a good supply of fish and game and where they will be encouraged to establish a settlement. There are about 125 of these natives.

All vegetation on the northerly half of Kodiak island, and on Afognak, Raspberry, Woody and other islands in the Kodiak group, was buried under the heavy fall of ashes and the greater part of it rendered worthless. Some of the small gardens were promptly uncovered and thus saved from being a total loss, but it was not possible to carry this work on to any great extent. This loss is a most serious one not only to the people but to the livestock, which depended in large measure upon native grass and hay for feed. Conservative estimates of those on the ground and familiar with conditions are that it will be perhaps two years before grazing and hay land will have recovered sufficiently to support any considerable number of cattle and sheep. As a result of this, some owners of livestock have shipped them to the interior of the Territory with a view of

supplying the local markets with fresh meat, others have shipped to points on the mainland where feed may be had, and quite a number of the cattle at the government experiment station on Kodiak island are being sold in order to reduce the expense of providing feed which must be shipped in from the States.

During the period of the fall of ashes and before the streams had been cleared of the ashes by rains which, fortunately, fell a few days after the eruption, quite a number of the blooded cattle at the government stock farm on Kodiak island died from lack of water and feed, and many of the settlers lost cattle, sheep and hogs from the same cause, not only on Kodiak island but on the adjoining islands. This loss was a very serious one to the settlers.

The southern half of Kodiak island experienced a much lighter fall of ashes than that which covered the northern half of the island. Only slight, temporary damage resulted to this part of the island from the volcanic ashes which settled upon it. In fact, the reports state that no ashes fell on the extreme southern end of the island.

For a time it was feared that the fall of ashes in the waters surrounding the Kodiak group of islands and in the streams on these islands would result in a serious loss to the several salmon canneries located on the shores of the islands. The fish, which had just commenced to run at the time of the eruption, disappeared for a time and it was thought that they had sought some of the undisturbed streams on the mainland, but toward the latter part of June they began to run again, the streams, meantime, having been greatly cleared of ashes by rains; and by the first of July the canneries were reporting good catches. Many of the residents of Kodiak and the other towns and settlements on the Kodiak group of islands thereupon engaged in fishing for the canneries and the outlook, both for the canneries and the residents of the stricken district, became much more hopeful. The people will no doubt be able to obtain an ample supply of fish for food not only for present needs but for the coming winter.

The most serious feature of the situation is the loss of the gardens and small farms, which furnished the people with the greater part of their vegetables, both for summer and winter use, and the great shortage of grass and hay for the livestock. Considerable hardship will no doubt be experienced during the coming winter, the people being for the most part necessarily idle at that season of the year, but it is not believed that there will be many cases of actual want, since a local committee of citizens of Kodiak has been selected to see that food is supplied to any who may be in actual need of it.

In spite of the very heavy fall of ashes on Afognak island, no serious results were experienced at the government fish hatchery near the town of Afognak. In fact, the superintendent of the hatchery is officially reported as stating that on July 1st the salmon fry in the lake were larger than usual at that time of the year.

I quote from a letter received from the United States deputy marshal at Kodiak, dated July 2, 1912, as to conditions on the island at that time:

"The cattle are looking very bad, but are getting some little food on the side hills, and I am issuing some bran. They will no doubt live through the summer, but the natives will be compelled to kill them this fall as there will be no hay for them to eat. They intend to ship out most of the government cattle, I understand, and the sheep men on Raspberry island will ship out on this trip of the BERTHA. The bears have killed a great many hogs, sheep and cattle, and are very bold and hungry. They killed a cow and calf right near the home of the government experiment station. There is none of this ash on the south end of the island -- it did not reach as far as Old Harbor -- and the people there are all right. The potatoes here are not all dead, but ~~will~~ cannot tell much about them until later in the season."

From the first reports received at this office it was feared that great loss ~~of~~

of life had resulted from the eruption and that much assistance would be required throughout the volcanic zone. An appropriation by Congress was recommended, and at the suggestion of this office the revenue cutter THETIS was loaded with provisions and supplies and dispatched from Seattle for Kodiak and vicinity. Later and more conservative reports, however, indicating that no loss of life, other than the three cases above referred to, had occurred, and that no extensive measures of relief would be required, no further action was taken with respect to an appropriation by Congress, and the THETIS, which had not yet arrived at Kodiak, was intercepted by wireless and directed to return to Seattle.

Great credit is due the officers of the revenue cutters Manning, Bear, McCulloch and Tahoma for assistance rendered to the residents of the stricken towns and settlements during and immediately following the eruption and fall of ashes. The Manning cared for all the residents of Kodiak, distributing rations and distilling water for their use, and with the other cutters named, which arrived on the scene a few days after the eruption, rendered all possible assistance to the residents of the Kodiak group of islands and to those on the mainland in the vicinity of Mt. Katmai.

To illustrate the gratitude of the people of Kodiak and vicinity for the assistance rendered them by the Revenue Cutter Service, as well as to show the general effect of the fall of ashes in that region, I quote at some length from an article written by the superintendent of the Baptist Orphanage on Woody Island, which appeared in the June issue of a publication issued by the management of the Orphanage:

"It is difficult to find words to adequately express the praise due Captain Perry, his officers and men, for the unselfish way in which they gave up their quarters for the use of the ladies of Kodiak and Woody islands, and their untiring efforts to make everyone as comfortable as possible.

"Since the disaster the cutters Bear, McCulloch and Tahoma have been here. Army rations have been issued for the indigent, and we are indebted to Captain Reynolds of the Tahoma, who is in command of all the cutters in these waters, for many courtesies shown us.

"With those owning cattle it is a serious disaster, for the grazing lands are covered up, and there is no possibility of making dry hay for winter use. To the mission it has caused great loss. We had our gardens, potatoes and other crops all in. Never in the past four years has everything been so promising for a big crop. Now it is all buried under nearly a foot of well-packed volcanic ashes. We had 22 head of stock, including 8 calves. Of that number 12 have been butchered and one was lost. We have feed for the remainder for some weeks, but there will probably be no grazing for them this summer; that means that we must buy feed for this summer as well as for next winter.

"We are trying to adjust ourselves to these new conditions. Have uncovered onions and radishes, which seem to have been uninjured. Other beds are being replanted. If the two top layers of ashes, measuring about 8 inches, can be removed from the potatoes soon enough, we still hope for a partial crop. That is the work now. It is too soon to say what this covering of volcanic dust will do for the land. It may prove a wonderful help to vegetation. It will need to be very excellent to compensate our matrons for the extra work it is causing in house-cleaning, etc. No sooner are the rooms cleaned and in order than the wind blows, and it is all to do over again."

It is somewhat difficult to reduce to a concise statement of facts the many fragmentary reports at hand regarding the eruption and fall of ashes and the conditions resulting therefrom, but it is believed that the foregoing embodies practically all of the more important facts and details. No comprehensive report, exact in all its details, and covering the entire region affected, is at hand.

There seems but little doubt, at this time, that Kodiak, Afognak and the adjacent islands in the Kodiak group have suffered a severe setback in the development of agriculture and stock-raising, from which they will not likely fully recover in less than two years, even under favorable climatic conditions.

The most serious result to the native residents on the mainland of the Alaska Peninsula immediately adjacent to Mt. Katmai seems to be the probable necessity of removing to some locality in the Peninsula outside of the ash-covered area. Since these people live almost entirely upon fish and game, of which there is an ample supply throughout the Alaska Peninsula, their chief loss consists in the destruction or enforced abandonment of their houses, which for the most part are of the rudest sort and can be replaced in other localities with but little expenditure of time and labor.

The latest information received at this office is to the effect that Mt. Katmai is still smoking.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) W. W. SHORTHILL,
Secretary to the Governor.

The Secretary of the Interior,
Washington, D. C.

* * * * *

It developed that the volcanic ashes which fell on Kodiak and the other islands adjacent to it, really proved to be beneficial as a fertilizer for the land.

Some years after the eruption a Seattle firm made considerable shipments of the grey, pumice-stone ashes, from Kodiak island to Seattle, where they used the ashes in the plant where they were manufacturing a polish for silver, etc.

The United States Geological Survey, I believe it was, made a very complete and exhaustive survey of the Mt. Katmai region, and their findings were published in the National Geographic Magazine some years later. They gave the region surrounding Mt. Katmai the name of "The Valley of a Thousand Smokes." They found that all around the volcano there were hundreds of small potholes from which smoke poured.

On second thought, it was the National Geographic Society, not the United States Geological Survey, that made the survey of the Mount Katmai region and a report of their findings.

THE WERNERS

My mother's maiden name was Werner. Her grandparents came to the United States from Germany. On the steamer enroute to the United States a son was born to them. I believe he was named William. The family settled in New York state, where the son grew up and married. To this son and his wife were born four daughters and three sons. The daughters were: Clara, Helen, May and Sarah Elizabeth. The sons were: Cassius, Frank and George.

Sarah Elizabeth Werner married Thomas Andrew Shorthill, and they became my parents. Clara married a man named Alcorn; May married a man named Rush. Helen never married. Of the three sons I know but little. Frank was in Seattle for some years. All of these daughters and sons have passed on to their reward.

I met aunt Clara only once, when we visited her one winter while she was staying with some friends near Burr Oak, Jewell County, Kansas.

I met aunt May in Tacoma on one of my visits there. She was a very fine woman. She and Leola formed quite an attachment for each other and had some good times together. One day in Tacoma the two of them attended seven picture shows! They said they had had the time of their lives.

Aunt Helen I never met, but Leola and I corresponded with her at various times.

MY MOTHER

Mother was a wonderful woman, of high character, kindly and sympathetic toward those who were less fortunate or in trouble, and always ready to give her support to any forward-looking movement. In Kansas, from about the year 1830 when we were living in Wakeeney, she was very much interested in the suppression of the sale of liquor, especially to minors. Kansas had become a prohibition state, and there were no saloons, but drugstores made more or less of a business of selling high-powered "bit-TERS" and sometimes real liquor, behind screens at the rear of the stores. There was one drugstore in Wakeeney whose owner did quite a business in this line. Finally my mother and a few other women got together, talked the matter over, and went to inter-

view a lawyer. This lawyer was an elderly man, quite profane, and himself a drinking man who made no attempt to conceal the fact. However, he was in sympathy with the plan to curtail the sale of liquor to minors, and he took the case and after some weeks of investigation and an interview or two with the fellow who ran the drugstore, the town woke up one morning to find a new proprietor at the store. The former owner had sold out and taken the night train for the east, just in time to escape arrest.

At that time girls and women in general almost never took a drink. A much later so-called "civilization" had to introduce drinking among women to the extent that they often became quite as drunk as their male escorts. But even at that, it was not until the repeal of the Federal prohibition law that women and even young girls learned to walk up to a bar and order drinks, as they do now.

After we moved to Tacoma mother became a very active member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and she, with others, was frequently busy making life miserable for some saloonkeeper who was a notorious lawbreaker. She remained a member of the Union and was keenly interested in its work until the day of her death.

Prior to her marriage mother had been a dressmaker, and after her marriage she continued this work, partly from choice and partly to augment the family cash, which was never too great. She made clothes for her children when she was not busy sewing for others.

In late 1897 mother went to Skagway, Alaska, to join father, who had gone there earlier that year in the midst of the great "Klondike Rush." Father built a small store on the main street of Skagway (Broadway, it was called), and in the rear of this store and upstairs he provided living and sleeping quarters. Mother put in a small stock of dressgoods and fittings, and took in dressmaking, and was kept quite busy. Father put in a small stock of books and stationery, and handled newspapers and magazines. The two of them did a fairly good business.

In 1904 or 1905 mother and father sold their businesses and property to my sister and her husband, who continued the businesses for many years, finally selling out and

moving to Tacoma.

Father and mother returned to Tacoma from Skagway. Father built a nice house at 3801 Sixth Avenue, in which they lived for many years. In 1908 Leola and I bought this property, not because we expected to live there, but in order to help father and mother. We paid them in monthly installments over a period of years, and during most of the time father and mother continued to live in the house, without any cost to them. Leola and I were glad to have them live there, for we knew the property would be well taken care of. After several years father and mother moved into a house at 907 South K Street, which mother owned, and they lived there the rest of their lives.

Mother was very fond of Leola, who was always most kind to her and helped to make her last years happy. And mother was very, very fond of her two grandsons, Warren and Allan, as they were of her. She was never more happy than when one or both of them were with her.

Mother passed away very suddenly one morning early. My sister telephoned me at two o'clock in the morning and told me that mother had gone. It was a terrible blow to me. Leola and Allan and I had been planning to spend the weekend with Mother and Nora. Leola went to the funeral parlors and arranged mother's hair, as the two of them had agreed would be done. Mother's hair never looked nicer than it did as Leola's loving hands arranged it.

THE SHORTHILLS

My grandfather, James Shorthill, was born in Ireland. There is no record of his parents, nor of the date that he arrived in America, but the records do show that on September 23, 1830 he and a Miss Elizabeth Bechtel were married in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania. Two sons and four daughters were born to them. One of the sons was named Thomas Andrew, the other Stuart Law. The daughters were Mary Anne, Heturah Graham, Elivrah Jane and Tamar Rebecca.

I have made mention of the four daughters on page ~~eight~~^{ten} and following pages, in my references to relatives -- with the exception of Mary Anne, who evidently married a man named Bach, and passed away at the early age of about nineteen years.

Stuart Law Shorthill married a Miss Mary Ball, and to them were born two lovely daughters, Minnie and Mildred. Minnie died of cancer at about the age of fourteen, at the family homestead in Kansas, and was buried in a little cemetery some six or eight miles up the Saline River valley. Mildred grew to young womanhood and married one of the Walker boys -- Frank B. They are still living in Wakeeney. They have several fine children and quite a number of grandchildren. One of the granddaughters, Frances Jean Walker, visited us in Los Angeles in late 1938 and how we did enjoy her stay with us. She is one of the sweetest, most lovely young ladies I have ever known.

Uncle Stuart was a fine man, gentle, kindly and a fine character in every way. Aunt Mary was one of the sweetest little ladies that I have ever known, loved by all who knew her. Both she and uncle Stuart long since passed on to their reward, but the memories of them still linger like a sweet incense.

Minnie and Mildred had a pony named Randy. He was a small pony, very trim and neat of build, and fleet of foot, but quite gentle, and the two girls used to take turns riding him. I can still see one or the other of them riding swiftly across the prairies on Randy.

MY FATHER

Father was eighteen years of age when there came a call for volunteers to join the Union army at the outbreak of the Civil War in the year 1861. The call was for enlistments for a period of one year. Father and his brother both enlisted at once, and they served for the one year, and then, after short furloughs at home they re-enlisted "for three years of the war." They served to the end of the war and were mustered out and returned to Pulaski, Ohio, where they again took up their trade, that of carpentering.

I remember an old-fashioned "secretary" that father built a year or two before we left Pulaski and went to Kansas. Father had found a black walnut plank buried in the mill race near grandfather's mill. This plank had been buried there for some forty years. It was, of course, completely water-soaked, but otherwise was in fine condition. He dug it up, let it dry thoroughly, and then sawed it into boards, and with these boards and some white maple boards, he built a fine secretary, tall and roomy, and the two colors of wood, one white, the other black, made a most attractive piece of furniture. Father was justly proud of it. When we were making plans to move to Kansas this secretary was sold, as we knew we would have no need for it on the prairies. I have often wished that I could find that old secretary and buy it back.

Father did quite a good deal of carpentering in Kansas, not only for ourselves but for other settlers and in Wakeency. His work was always of the very best -- not like most of the work that is done nowadays. In those days a carpenter took real pride in his work, he was not merely interested in the dollar or two a day that was the going wage then. In the summer of 1868 father worked on the construction of the courthouse in Wakeency.

Father was always a great reader, and always of good books. He liked to get into a discussion on some deep subject, and was always able to hold his own to his

credit. In his later years, in Tacoma, father was frequently called upon to address the students of the grade and high schools on the occasions of Memorial Day exercises. The students always seemed to like to hear him, and he derived a great deal of real pleasure from these meetings with them.

Father's early ambition had been to become a lawyer, but force of circumstances and poor health denied him that profession. He would have been a very fine lawyer, for he had a keen mind, was very logical in his thinking, and he had a way of getting right down to the honesty of facts and making them so evident and plain that his viewpoint was easily established. As a judge on the bench father would have been entirely impartial, just and fair in his decisions.

Father was always most kind and thoughtful toward his children. I recall but one instance in which he showed real anger toward me. I had done something of which he did not at all approve, and he told me to go and rectify it. I replied that I would not do so -- and no sooner had I said that than a boot hit me in my nethermost anatomy, and I went immediately and with speed to do just what I had been told to do. I never forgot that boot nor the foot it was on, and I had the good sense never again to do anything that invited a repetition of that treatment. After I had taken time to think the matter over I was glad that father had asserted his authority so forcefully and effectively, though perhaps not in an altogether elegant manner.

FATHER MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MEMBER OF
THE KANSAS STATE LEGISLATURE IF ---

One afternoon in 1885 while father and I were out rounding up the herd to drive it home, two men drove up in a buggy and engaged father in conversation. After perhaps half an hour the two men turned and drove away. That evening at dinner father told us that the two men were Mr. Tilton, editor of the Wakeeney paper, and Mr. Osborne, a lawyer, who later became county judge. They had come to talk with father about being a candidate for election to the State legislature from Trago county.

Father said the men told him they would like to see him elected, that he would be a valuable man in the legislature, that he was popular in the county, and that if he would become a candidate these two men would work for his election. Father was inclined to consider the matter favorably. Then these two fine birds sprung their trap! They said to father: "Of course, if you are elected you will be expected to vote for the establishment of an experimental station" which they wanted to have the legislature authorize. Father knew of this proposition, and did not think that the experimental station was necessary, especially since it would involve much more expense than he thought the state could afford. So he told the two men that he could not favor that project. They then said that if that was his stand on the matter they could not do anything for him. He said: "Well, if that is your game, gentlemen, you can both go straight to hell!" He turned and left them.

Father would have been a valuable member of the legislature. He made friends easily, was of high character, and could have done much good as a member of that body. The salary connected with the position would have been of great help to us at that time, but father would not compromise his opinions for the mere sake of being elected to office nor for any salary that might have come to him in that position. If he thought a thing was right, he was for it; but if he thought it was wrong, he was against it, without any ifs, ands or buts. It was this trait of character which drew to him many true and loyal friends throughout his lifetime. After his death

I was frequently spoken to by his friends in Tacoma, and it was a real benediction to me to listen to their words of praise and of how much it had meant to them to have had him as a friend. He was a man among men.

FATHER'S LAST TRIP DOWNTOWN

During the first couple of weeks after my return to Tacoma from Juneau in May, 1918, I was quite busy trying to find work. I visited many places, but got no encouragement. At every office and place of business I saw only women and girls at work, scarcely a man in sight. This was near the end of the first World War, when all available men were in service.

On several occasions I went to Seattle to look around. On one of these days father went downtown to see Mr. Homer T. Bone, an attorney (now United States senator from the state of Washington), in the hope that Mr. Bone might be able to use me. Father and Mr. Bone were great friends. Mr. Bone was out of town, so father did not get to see him.--

That was the last time father was able to leave the house. Shortly thereafter he took to his bed, and in about a week he passed away, early on the morning of May 25th.

It has been a source of great satisfaction to me to know that up to the last father's thoughts were of me and my family, and he was anxious to help me get a foothold again in Tacoma. It was characteristic of him. He was always greatly concerned about the other fellow's problems and helped whenever he could do so.

I am including as a part of these memories, two of father's addresses, which I think will show the workings of his mind and heart.

L I N C O L N

An address delivered by Thomas A. Shorthill before the Custer Post, Grand Army of the Republic, and the Ladies Auxiliary, Tacoma, Washington, on the occasion of the Lincoln's Birthday Anniversary exercises, February 19, 1916.

Lincoln was a man of prophetic vision. Sixty years ago he saw what we, as a nation, are only just beginning to see: that prohibition was the only remedy for the liquor traffic. During the war he said: "The time will come when all the states will have the initiative and referendum." Towards the close of the war he said he felt greater anxiety for the future of the nation in consequence of the growth of the money power and the corporations, than he had felt during the war.

He was a great lawyer, a great orator, a great statesman, and a great President. But in none of these things did he excel all other men. His greatest contribution to the world lay in none of these things.

Tom Lawson, whose life has been spent studying stocks, bonds, mortgages, gold, silver and copper, banks, railroads, insurance companies and mines -- groping among things materialistic -- a man whom we would naturally expect to be cold and unfeeling, suddenly broke into literature and wrote some of the most vivid and artistic descriptions of individual character that have ever been penned. One of the finest sketches of character ever written was his beautiful pen picture of Governor Johnson of Minnesota, who so much resembled Lincoln. After struggling to give expression to his conceptions of the great Swede, comparing him to Lincoln, he closed the eloquent paragraph by saying: "Ah, he was such a good man."

While occupying the position of foreman in one of the great manufacturing establishments of Chicago, years ago, I stood talking with one of the men, a young Norwegian. He could speak five different languages, but was compelled to work as a common laborer until he learned our language. He asked me if I had ever seen Lincoln, and I told him I had not. "Well," he said, "you have missed half your life." I asked why, and he replied: "I heard him make a speech in the Mechanics Institute, and he talked like a great Father talking to his children. Oh, he was such a good man."

Tolstoi, the greatest of all Russians, was talking with a chief of one of the wild tribes down among the Caucasian Mountains. After telling him and his tribesmen all about the countries from which he came, and their great men -- Peter the Great, Frederick the Great, Alexander the Great, Napoleon the Great, and all the other little Greats -- he was interrupted by the chief, who said: "Yes, but you have told us nothing about that great ruler of a great country that is so far away that if a young man should start to travel to that country he would be an old gray-headed man before he could reach it. He was a great general, he spoke with a voice of thunder, and he loved his people. Tell us about him."

Tolstoi told them all about Lincoln, and when he had finished the chief said: "If you will get us his picture we will give you one of our finest Arabian horses." It so happened that Tolstoi had with him a picture of the great American, and he gave it to the chief, who took it with trembling hands, and, as he gazed intently upon it his lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears, and he said: "His face looks sad; can't you see the tears in his face? Why was he killed by a villain?"

Lincoln's sadness commenced where many another man's sorrow begins, at the loss of the greatest love that ever touched his great soul. She was buried on the banks of the Sangamon River, in Illinois. Lincoln was living in sight of the Sangamon and the grave, in an old log cabin on the other side of the river. One afternoon, soon after her death, during a violent storm, while the lightning flashed and the thunder roared and the rain fell in torrents upon that newly-made grave, Lincoln stood in the doorway of his cabin, looking over toward the graveyard. His face bore mute testimony to the agony of his soul as he gazed thus across the river. At last he turned and threw himself upon his

knees at his bedside, crying out in heartbroken tones: "Oh, I cannot stand it to have her lying out there in the storm!"

Great loving-hearted Lincoln! That which distinguished him from all the men of the ages who have held high place was not his great ability as a lawyer, an actor, a statesman or a President, tho he was great in all of these; but, like Abou Ben Adam, "his name led all the rest" because "he loved his fellowmen."

The great financier, Lawson, the scholarly mechanic in the shop, the wild tribe in the Caucasian Mountains, all classes of men proclaim the great truth that he "was such a good man." Of all the men who have ever lived since Christ became the central figure of history, the name of Abraham Lincoln stands out, colossal and alone. Tolstoi called him "The Divine Man," a "Christ to the people."

To be known and loved as Lincoln was, and is, all over the world, proves that there were, and still are, millions of Lincolns in embryo among the world's great multitude. There was that in their own souls which responded to what they found in him.

I imagine there stands before me the world's great monument on which are inscribed the names of its benefactors; and after reading the names written thereon, from base to summit, away yonder in the blue distance, towering above all others, is the name of that man who, more than any other, loved the great multitude who are slowly coming up into their heritage of power and privilege: he ~~of~~ the sad face and the great, loving heart, ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

PATRIOTISM

An address delivered by Thomas A. Shorthill before the teachers and the three hundred pupils of the eighth grade of the Bryant School, Tacoma, on May 26, 1916.

There is just one thing I wish to do before I commence to get ready to begin, and that is, I want to make as clear as I can to these young people my idea of patriotism.

When Dr. Kane came back from the north, from his first trip in search of the North Pole, he brought back with him a native from a tribe called Innuvit, a species of Indian. He educated him at Cincinnati, Ohio, and took him back with him on his second trip. The Innuvit died on the way north. Just before he died he asked to be raised up with his face towards the north. After gazing towards his northern home, he said: "Do you see the ice? Do you see the ice?"

It may be a marble palace, a tent in the wilderness, a sod house on the prairies, or a palace of ice in the cold north land, but the human heart will ever and anon hark back to the home of its childhood, back where we were born, where father and mother lived. The early associations of childhood, its friendships, its loves, its joys and its sorrows: these are home. And the love of our childhood's home is the basis upon which rests all the patriotism this world has ever known.

When this love of home broadens out until we love the city, the county, the state and the nation, we call it patriotism; but it was born in the home. Garfield said "The homes of the people are the pillars of government."

Some people seem to think that these commemorative services are held and patriotic addresses given in the interest of the old soldiers, in order that our names may not be forgotten; that it gives an opportunity to portray in vivid colors and tell in eloquent words, of our deeds of valor on the field of battle, and gather to ourselves honor and fame. Not for this do we strew flowers over the graves of our dead comrades, or call to mind the memories of those tremendous days. For be it remembered that the record they made, and the deeds they accomplished, were written in blood and recorded on the historic page, and will be remembered as long as men love home and country. The results of the war are woven into the heart of our national life, and are a part of those imperishable things which make our nation great. We gather here in order that we may impress

upon the young and rising generation the fact that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and that patriotism and love of country may continue to burn in their hearts and that they may learn from the lessons of the past to study more closely the trend of our national life, and not do as their forefathers did through party prejudice, ignorance and blind political fanaticism -- plunge madly into one of the greatest wars of history; and that they in these peaceful times may guard those liberties which were purchased with such priceless treasure.

We have false notions about patriotism. All too long we have associated the idea of patriotism with the blue coat and brass buttons. The fife and drum, the shrill bugle call, the glistening bayonet, the blue coat and brass buttons send a thrill to our hearts as we see the soldiers parading the streets. But there is no necessary connection between these and patriotism. We make a great mistake in thinking that we boys who wear the bronze button (emblem of the Grand Army of the Republic) are the only patriots.

The women who stayed at home were just as patriotic as the men who went to war. The women suffer most during all wars. The giving up of husbands, fathers, brothers, sons and loved ones, and the anxious watching and waiting for those who never returned, was a greater sacrifice for the women than our four years of service was for us. Our American poet, Buchanan Reade, puts the thought in beautiful form in the poem:

"THE BRAVE AT HOME"

"The maid that binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her dropping lash
One starry teardrop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story;
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

"The wife who girds her husband's sword
Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks with cheering words
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

"The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Receives on Freedom's field of honor."

The highest type of government yet evolved by the slow process of evolution, through the storm and stress of the ages, is that of a government of the people based upon the votes of the people, counted by the head. If we realized the lives sacrificed, the treasure wasted, the sufferings endured and the weary travail of the ages, to bring about this latest and highest conception of government, we would not neglect our duty, but would count it a glorious privilege to cast our ballot at every election; and unless we become more loyal and patriotic, and use the free citizenship which the age-long struggle has given us, there will be built upon the ruins of our republic the greatest monied aristocracy the world has ever known. When these young people grow up to voting age, if they will study the conditions of the city, the county, the state and the nation, and go to the ballot box on every election day and cast an honest ballot, and continue to do so during their lives, they will have earned the right to be considered as great patriots as any soldier who ever drew a sword in defense of his country.

I am glad to believe that when this European war is over there will come a reign of peace and that the nations will unite on some plan by which all disputes will be settled without war. Already two of the southern republics have agreed to settle all their disputes by arbitration -- Argentine and Chile -- and they have erected a monument to commemorate the event, on the line which separates the two republics. A globe of the world is held aloft on a granite shaft, and standing on top of the globe is a bronze statue of the Christ, 26 feet in height. In His left hand He holds a cross, while His right hand is spread out in blessing over the world. On the base of the granite shaft is a bronze tablet on which are inscribed these words:

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust, than that these Argentines and Chilians shall break the peace which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

There stands the statue of the Christ, away yonder on the Andes mountains, on the dividing line between the two republics, a prophetic vision in bronze of Christ's promise of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

There it stands, foreshadowing Judge Taft's dream of the settlement of all international disputes by an international court; a vision in bronze of Bryan's dream of international unity and the rule of the "Prince of Peace" -- a prophetic vision in bronze of the great Christian poet's dream of the coming time:

"When the war drums shall beat no longer,
And the battle flags be furled,
In the parliament of men,
The federation of the world."

A prophetic vision in bronze of the Christian soldier's dream of that coming time when the gospel as taught by the Carpenter of Galilee will close forever the cannon's bloody lips.

How long will it take us to learn that the gospel of Christ was not ushered in with gatling guns?

"No war nor battle sound
Was heard the earth around;
But peaceful was the night
On which the Prince of Light
His reign of peace
Upon the earth began."

A few years ago, in a small town on the dividing line between the North and the South, they held a Memorial Day service. In a tiny graveyard on the hillside lay men who had worn the blue, and also those who had worn the gray. The comrades of both met at the little church and, sitting side by side in peace and friendship, they listened to their grandchildren singing, and to the music of the village band made up of the sons of both the North and the South. And they hobbled side by side down the village street and out the winding roadway to the City of the Dead. There they stood with uncovered heads while their children heaped high the graves with flowers; those who had worn the blue and those who had worn the gray were covered with flowers.

Just as the fires of the Civil War burned away the barriers that separated the North and the South, and made of us one grand nation, so will the fires of the great world war burn away the national boundaries, the race prejudices and creed differences, and weld the human race into one great human brotherhood.

Bitter was the price we paid for the knowledge that the rich and power-holding classes make the wars, and the poor are slaughtered in them. Blood-stained is our knowledge that the Yankee and the Rebel are brothers, and that vested interests are the enemy of both. If the result of the war in blood-stained Europe should be the destruction of monarchies and despotic governments, and there should arise upon their ruins governments "of the people, by the people, and for the people", then the millions who have died in the shambles will not have died in vain.

Both father and mother are buried, side by side, in Oakwood Cemetery, in South Tacoma, their graves being but a short distance from the Mausoleum, in the part of the Cemetery which is set aside for the burial of members of the Grand Army of the Republic and their Wives.

MY SISTER

I had but one sister, Elizabeth Jane, whom we always called Libbie. She was some five years younger than I, so of course I was the "boss" around the house, so far as she was concerned. But we got along very well together. Living out on the homestead, and having few other children to play with, we had to invent our own games and ways of entertaining ourselves. We ran races, played we were Indians, cowboys, and so forth, and generally had a good time.

One evening Libbie went out to the corral to open the gate for me so that I could drive the herd into the corral. After she had closed the gate she started to run toward the house, saying that she could beat me there. Well, being mounted on my pony I felt quite sure that she could not win. I trotted the pony along behind her until I had caught up with her, then guided the pony around her and started ahead, when in some way the pony stepped on one of Libbie's toes, breaking it. Of course I was very much in bad for that, and oftentimes afterwards she would tell people how badly I had treated her on that occasion.

Mother sometimes punished Libbie and me for something we had done that she did not approve of. She told me in later years that when she punished Libbie she could always lay it on good and strong, because Libbie would look up at her in a defiant manner; but when she came to punishing me, I would look up at her with such a pitiful, woebegone look that she was quite disarmed and I usually got off with a very mild punishment.

Libbie was married to Lloyd A. Harrison on October 30, 1894, in Tacoma, where they lived for some time. In 1891 or 1892, I think it was, they went to Skagway, Alaska. A gold strike had recently been made in the Atlin, British Columbia, district, and the Harrisons went there and located a placer claim on Boulder Creek. They worked this claim during one season and a part of the next, and took out some three or four thousand dollars in gold. This provided them with the means of later

buying the store and businesses which father and mother had been carrying on in Skagway. The Harrisons enlarged the store and increased their stocks of goods, and remained in Skagway for quite a number of years. Finally they sold out and returned to Tacoma. They invested some of their money in apartments, and they made arrangements to take over the management of an apartment hotel which was then being completed. Harrison worked for some time around this property, getting it ready to be opened up. One hot afternoon, while he was working there, he told the man who was helping him that he thought he would quit and go home. A couple of minutes later the man turned around and saw Harrison lying on the floor. He had died of a sudden heart attack. As the Reverend Dr. Johnson, who conducted the funeral service, said: "He had, indeed, gone home." Harrison had been an indefatigable worker, and it is too bad that he did not live to take life easier and enjoy the benefits of the money his hard work over so many years had produced.

Some years after Harrison's death Libbie married Mr. A. Kimball Patterson, and they are now living in Kansas City, Missouri.

Libbie died Feb 5, 1949.

MY NIECE, NORA MAE HARRISON

About the year 1902 my sister and her husband (the Harrisons) adopted a little girl from Portland, Oregon. She was a very sweet little girl, with long black curls, black eyes, a pleasant voice and a bright smile. She was then about five years of age. When Leola and I were married, Nora Mae was one of the flower girls.

After a year or two with Libbie and her husband, who were then living in Skagway, Alaska, Nora went to Tacoma and lived with my parents, as she was not in good health and needed medical care. Her health improved over the years, and she continued to live with father and mother and was a great comfort and help to them. They were very fond of her and she was equally fond of them. She was interested in many of the things that father and mother were interested in, and thus was a wonderful companion to them.

After father passed away in 1918, Nora remained with mother and was even more of a companion and help to mother than she had been before. They lived together in Tacoma until mother passed away in 1924.

On June 12, 1929, Nora was married to Mr. Roy O. Duncan, of Tacoma. The wedding took place in the house in which they were to live. Leola, Allan and I went over to Tacoma from Seattle for the wedding, and Warren's wife, Pat, came up from Aberdeen. Warren could not leave his work in Aberdeen to attend. Libbie and her second husband, Mr. Peterson, were present, as also were a goodly number of Nora's and Roy's friends.

The ceremony was quite simple. The rooms had been nicely decorated and looked very nice. The Reverend Mrs. Clulow, an ordained minister of the Methodist Church, officiated. Mrs. Clulow had for a long time been one of Nora's best friends. She was of Irish birth and from the Old Sod. She spoke with a distinct brogue. As soon as she had pronounced Roy and Nora husband and wife, and almost in the same breath, she turned to Roy and in a very brusque tone of voice said: "Kiss your wife!" Roy did so.

Nora and Roy lived together very happily for several years, when he passed away very suddenly. He was a fine fellow and was most loving and kind to Nora. Since Roy's death Nora has continued to live in Tacoma, where she has many friends.

I have always felt very, very grateful to Nora for her years of kindness to my father and mother. If she had been their own daughter she could hardly have been more loving and devoted to them.

MY BROTHERS

My brother James Vincent was born on December 12, 1877, in Pulaski, Ohio. He was given the name James, after his grandfather James Shorthill. The name Vincent was given him after the Reverend John H. Vincent, many years later a Bishop in the Methodist church. Mother had attended classes in bible history for quite a while in her younger days, under the tutelage of Reverend Vincent, and she enjoyed these classes so much and had such a high regard for Reverend Vincent, that she gave her second son that name.

Jimmie, as we called him, fell a victim to an ailment that was quite common in the pioneer days in Kansas, and he died on the homestead on August 3, 1879.

Father made the little casket, and mother lined it with the best material available, and the little body was placed in it to be taken to the cemetery near Wakeeney.

I have never forgotten the morning that we started for Wakeeney in the big wagon. Father drove the team, mother sat beside him, while Libbie and I sat in a seat behind them, with the little casket on the bed of the wagon. Down near Smith's place, half a mile from home, the road dipped sharply down the bank of the Saline River. As the front wheels dropped down the bank, the little casket suddenly slid forward toward the seat where father and mother were sitting. Mother heard the moving casket, looked around, and in a most agonizing voice cried out: "Oh, Jimmie." Those words and the agony of the voice have rung in my ears throughout all the years that have intervened. It was always difficult for mother to speak about Jimmie, she felt his loss so keenly.

A funeral service was held in Wakeeney and then we took the casket out to the cemetery and it was lowered into the ground. I cannot describe my own feelings as I saw it being lowered and realized that the body of my little brother was down there in the cold earth, and all covered over with more earth.

My brother Thomas Arthur, was born on the homestead on March 23, 1881. He

died in Wakeeney on September 29, 1883.

I loved Tommy very dearly, and much of my spare time was spent with him. Frequently I would stay at home and play with him in preference to going out in the evenings to parties. He was a beautiful child, with dark hair and large, black eyes.

Tommy was laid to rest alongside of his little brother Jimmie, in the cemetery just outside of Wakeeney.

In the year 1927 Leola and Allan made a trip to Houghton, Michigan, to visit with Leola's uncle and aunt who lived there -- The Hoopers. From all that I have been told about them, these two people must have been very fine folks.

On their return journey Leola and Allan stopped in Wakeeney to visit with my cousin Mildred, wife of Frank B. Walker, and with others of the Walker family who lived in or near Wakeeney. They were royally received and had a fine visit. While out at the farm of Ralph Walker, where they spent a couple of days, Allan went out to the chicken yard to get some eggs. Soon he came back on the run and told Mrs. Walker that he had found a hen that had laid twelve eggs in one day! Needless to add, he had found a hen setting on a dozen eggs, and thought she had just laid them. Good thing the New Deal was not in existence at that time; they would certainly have done something about any hen that would lay a dozen eggs in one day.

While in Wakeeney Leola did one of the finest things that any wife ever did for her husband. She bought some nice flowers and went out to the cemetery and placed the flowers on the graves of Jimmie and Tommy. And I am sure that she shed some tears of sympathy for those to whom these two little lads had been so dear. When Leola told me about this it just about broke me all up, but at the same time it made me very, very happy to have a wife who would be so kind and thoughtful. Some day I hope that I, too, may go to these two little graves and lay some flowers on them, in memory of the happy days that I had so long ago with my two brothers.

And now I want to digress a little, and make mention of a family whose members have meant a great deal to me for the past thirty-six years.

THE RICHARDS FAMILY

I became acquainted with the Richards Family in Douglas, Alaska, after I began to keep company with the young lady who later became my wife. Mrs. Richards had formerly been the wife of William Warren, and to them were born two children -- a daughter, Leola, and a son, Irvin. Mr. Warren worked in a mine near Park City, Utah, and met his death by accidentally falling down the mine shaft. Some years later Mrs. Warren married Mr. John Richards. Some time after that, I am glad to say, they went to Juneau, Alaska, and later to Douglas. Mr. Richards was also a miner. To Mr. and Mrs. Richards were born three children: a daughter, Enid, and two sons, John Almond and Francis.

Mrs. Richards was a most kindly, lovely little woman, English-born and of a high type of character. I shall never forget the day I told her I was in love with her daughter Leola and that I wanted Leola to become my wife, and asked the consent of Mrs. Richards. She was very nice about it, and gave her consent, but when I saw the tears in her eyes as she looked at me I felt almost ashamed of myself. But I have never been sorry since that day.

Mrs. Richards was very fond of Warren and Allan, as doting grandmothers are wont to be, and they were both very fond of her. She was always very kind toward me and seemed to think I was quite a guy. This pleased me greatly, of course.

After Warren was born, Enid used to come to our house often and she took charge of Warren and was very happy in looking after him. When the time came for his afternoon nap she would take him in her arms, sit in a rocking chair, and rock him to and fro and sing a little ditty of her own making:

"Go to sleep, you little chap,
Go to sleep and have a nap.
Do not fear or shed a tear,
For your auntie's sitting near."

Enid was quite as fond of Allan, I think, as of Warren, and that fondness has continued throughout the years; and it is needless to say that both boys think their aunt Enid is "tops." And she is. No sister-in-law could be more kind to a brother-in-law than Enid has been to me.

The son Francis was a fine little chap. I remember how he used to delight to come to the archway between the sitting room and the dining room of the Richards home on evenings when I was there calling on his sister Leola. He would pull the portiers apart, put his head through the opening, and say, with a roguish grin: "Hello, Shorty," and then run away. He thought this was great fun, and so did I. The poor little fellow sickened and died, some years later, and was buried in the cemetery just north of Douglas, Alaska.

Leola's brother Irvin was a good fellow, and he certainly saved my reputation, as I have already related, when he let me know of the mistake I had made when I handed out some money to the leader of the Douglas Band when they serenaded Leola and me on the evening of our wedding. If he had never done anything else for me I would still be indebted to him for that one thing.

Irvin married a lovely young lady and they lived happily for several years, and then she sickened and passed away. She was laid to rest in the Forest Lawn Memorial-Park Cemetery in Glendale, California.

Mrs. Richards passed away in the year 1925¹⁹²⁵ in Glendale, California. She was laid to rest in the Masonic plot in the Forest Lawn Memorial-Park Cemetery. This is one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the world. The funeral services for Mrs. Richards were held in the Little Church of the Flowers.

Mr. Richards was a very fine man, and always most friendly and kind to me. I was very fond of him. He passed away rather suddenly some years ago and was buried in the Masonic plot of the cemetery in Juneau, Alaska.

The son Almond was a very active young fellow, a fine student in school, but so full of mischief that he was often in trouble with his teachers because of his pranks.

He always got high credits in his studies, in spite of his antics. He became a mining engineer, and a mighty good one. He married a young lady in Kimberly, Nevada, quite a number of years ago, and she has been a fine wife to him, always ready to vote yes on anything that he planned to do. A fine trait in any wife, if you ask me.

Both Almond and his good wife Nina, have in late years done many things for Leola and me which have increased my regard for them and made me most grateful to them.

Enid married Mr. Frank H. LeNoir in 1915 or 1916, I think it was. The ceremony took place in the home of her parents, who were then living in Treadwell, Alaska. Leola, Warren and I attended the wedding, and Warren acted as the pillow-bearer for the bridal pair. They have one son, Frank H., Junior.

SOME INTERESTING FAMILY SIDELIGHTS

Leola's sister Enid was one of the flower girls at our wedding. Quite a number of years later our son Warren was the pillow-bearer at Enid's wedding. And many years later, in Los Angeles, our son Allan was the best man for his cousin, Frank H. LeNoir, Jr., who married Miss Eva Fill, a very fine young lady. And in December, 1936, at Kimberly, Nevada, on the occasion of the marriage of our son Allan to Miss Bliss Morley, Allan's best man was his uncle John Almond Richards, and the ceremony took place in the Richards home in Kimberly. Allan married a lovely girl, of whom Leola and I are very fond. She certainly is in love with her husband.

Another interesting little sidelight is this: When Richard and Robert, the two sons of Warren and his wife Pat, were christened, Allan was their godfather and Pat's sister, Miss Eleanor Boyle, was the godmother.

TWO SONS

Our first son was born on the morning of May 12, 1905, in our home in Treadwell, Alaska. Doctor I. H. Moore, our family physician, attended. Leola and I were a pair of very happy parents. We named the young chap William (my first name) Warren (Leola's maiden name) but we have always called him Warren. I might add that he has not always come when he was called by the name Warren or any other, but that is a trait common to all boys; it was even one of mine. Warren grew apace (whatever that means) and became better looking with the passing days.

When Warren was a year old Leola arranged a birthday party for him, and invited in a dozen or more of year-old youngsters from Treadwell and Douglas. I believe two were invited from Juneau, also, but they could not attend the party. They were Madeline Valentine and Lester Pettit. The mothers came with their year-olds, of course, and after it was all over the mothers reported having had a wonderful time -- but I did not hear a word from any of the youngsters as to what they thought of the affair; they just "didn't say nothin'."

Warren was four years old when we moved from Treadwell to Cordova. In Cordova we had among our neighbors the family of Mr. J. R. Van Cleve, who was the master mechanic for the railroad company. He had a charming wife and two lovely daughters and one son. The son was about Warren's age, the girls a little older. One day Leola sent Warren over to Mrs. Van Cleve's to borrow some cream for making cookies. Warren went to the door and when Mrs. Van Cleve opened it he said: "Mrs. Van Treve, my mawver wants a tup of tream to make some toeties wif." Mrs. Van Cleve laughed and gave Warren the cream, and then telephoned to Leola and told her what Warren had said, and they had a good laugh over it. We have often repeated that remark of Warren's for his benefit.

One day John and Margaret Van Cleve both made a rush for the bathroom. Margaret got there first, turned to John and in a grandiose manner said: "Ladies first, always, John," and went in and shut the door with a bang! Whereat John learned that it is not

only on the sea that the rule of "ladies first" prevails.

One rather cold winter day Warren went to Sunday School. He had learned the golden text, which was: Many are called, but few are chosen. When the time came for him to repeat the text he evidently got the weather a bit mixed with the text, for he said: Many are cold, but few are frozen.

After we moved to Juneau from Cordova in the winter of 1910, Warren started to school. His first teacher was a Miss Taylor, a very fine young lady, who almost fell in love with Warren, and he reciprocated the feeling. She had to be on her guard all the time so that the other children would not become jealous of Warren. Long years afterwards Leola met Miss Taylor (who, however, was by that time married and living in Glendale, California), and they got to talking about Warren, and the former Miss Taylor said: "Oh, those eyes of Warren's, I just loved to look into them." Well, from observation over the years I believe there were other young ladies who felt the same way about those eyes.

While living in Juneau, Warren's grandmother Richards gave him a baseball suit and cap, and was he proud! He put on the suit and cap at once, went out to play ball, and a little later came into the house with quite a lump on his forehead. Asked what had happened, he told his mother that, having no baseball, he and another boy had been using a rock for a ball, and he had gotten in the way of the rock when the other boy batted it to him. His mother cautioned him to be more careful, to which he replied: "Well, a guy has to get hit once in a while, when he plays ball."

One Sunday afternoon Warren and I went out for a walk. For a time I held his hand in my own as we walked side by side, but finally he pulled away from me and ran on ahead, getting farther and farther from me. Then all of a sudden he spied a big dog coming his way, and he immediately slowed down and waited for me to overtake him. Then he reached up and took hold of my hand and we walked on together until we had passed the dog. Once again he slipped loose from my grasp and ran on ahead. I thought, how like

older humans he is, feeling very safe and self-sufficient when no danger threatens, but when danger seems near he wants to take hold of a big hand so that he may feel safe. Only trouble is that we older humans so often fail to reach out for the Hand that would help us, and we try to struggle on alone.

We left Juneau in 1918 -- I on May first, and Leola and the two boys in late June -- and went to Tacoma. At the end of May I went to work in the timekeeping office of the Tacoma Shipbuilding Company where I remained until July 15th, and then entered the office of Mr. H. F. Alexander, who was then president of the Pacific Steamship Company, and I have been with him ever since.

While in Tacoma Warren attended the Stadium High School, and in time he became quite interested in Miss Elizabeth Ann Boyle, a classmate. Both Warren and Kiss Boyle graduated from high school in 1924, and in the fall of that year they both went to Washington State College, at Pullman, where their friendship continued and finally resulted in their marriage on October 18, 1927, in Moscow, Idaho, near Pullman. They immediately left college and started for Los Angeles, where Mrs. Boyle was then quite ill. They visited us in Seattle for a short time before sailing for Los Angeles. Leola and I felt very badly to think that Warren had not finished his college course. It had been our great ambition to have both of our sons graduate from a college or university, a privilege which neither of us had enjoyed.

In due time a son was born to Warren and "Pat" as she was called, and I became a grandfather, and, of course, Leola became a grandmother. We were both very proud of our new distinction. And when, later on, another son came to keep company with the first one, Leola and I were really grandparents, indeed. Of course we realized that the years were passing by, but we were very proud of our two fine grandsons. They are now wonderful young lads, goodlooking, upstanding and intelligent, and both doing well in school.

Our son Allan was born in Juneau, Alaska, on the morning of February 5, 1916, one of the coldest, most stormy winter days I ever saw in Alaska. We wanted to name him after my father, Thomas Andrew, but we did not like the name Andrew. So we finally just picked the name Allan "out of the air" and named him Thomas Allan. We have always called him Allan instead of Thomas.

Allan was a little more than two years old when I left Juneau for Tacoma on May first, 1918. Leola and the two boys left Juneau in late June. I met them at the steamer dock in Seattle and took them to Tacoma on the interurban. Allan did not know me, and refused to leave his mother and come to me, which certainly surprised and disappointed me. However it was not long until I was in good standing again with him.

Allan's first schooling was in Tacoma at the Bryant grade school, a few blocks from where we were then living. In August, 1924, we moved to Seattle, and resided at 1619 32nd Avenue. Allan then attended the Madrona Grade School and later the Garfield High School, from which he graduated in June of 1934, taking his examinations ahead of time so that he could leave early in June for Kimberly, Nevada, with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Almond Richards. Mr. Richards was superintendent of the Consolidated Coppermines Corporation, which was operating a large copper property at Kimberly. Allan went to work in the mine and remained there until shortly before Christmas, when he returned home.

In late June of 1935 I received instructions from Mr. Alexander to close the Seattle office and move to Los Angeles, which I did, leaving Seattle on July 16th and arriving in Los Angeles (Wilmington harbor) on the 19th. Leola and Allan remained in Seattle for the time being. Soon after my arrival in Los Angeles I arranged for Allan to enter the Los Angeles Junior College, and he came down from Seattle in early September and entered that college. He completed two years of study and graduated. Leola came to Los Angeles in late September and joined Allan and me.

In October, 1916, my father made a trip to Juneau to visit us, his particular

purpose being to see his grandson, Allan. Father arrived in Juneau in the evening. It happened that Leola and I had taken our two boys and gone over to the Pettits to spend the evening. During the evening Allan went to sleep, and so we decided it would be best to have his buggy to take him home in, rather than to carry him. So

I went home to get the buggy. As I went up the steps to the front porch I saw a man standing in the shadows near the door. I went up on the porch and said to the man: "Who are you and what do you want?" The man turned and looked at me, and with a laugh said: "Hello, Will, how are you?" And there stood my father, whom I had not seen for a number of years. I took him into the house, and then telephoned to Leola and told her father had just arrived. She would not believe me, so I had to get him to take the phone and talk to her. Then I went over to the Pettits and Leola and I and the two boys hurried back home. Father visited us for a few days, and then returned to Tacoma. That was the last time that he saw Leola, Warren and Allan.

Leola says she will never forget the final wave of farewell which father gave as he turned the corner of the street below our house, on his way to the steamer. I know he had a heavy heart as he waved goodbye, no doubt feeling that it was very likely a final parting.

As I look back over the years I realize that I was not nearly the pal that I might have been to my two sons. This was due in part, I think, to the difference in our ages, also to a selfish liking on my part to be lazy after office hours, and also to the fact that my lame ankle prevented me from doing very much walking. I feel that I missed a great deal because of this, and that the two boys did not find their father just the sort of dad he might have been. This is particularly true with regard to Allan.

I also feel and know, now that I have had time to review the years, that I was altogether too much interested in mapping out the lives of the two boys, even in small matters, rather than letting them work out their own lives. I was so very

anxious that they should be just the right sort of lads, honest, clean in mind and body, and straightforward and upstanding, that I did altogether too much "bossing" in regard to matters that I should have kept quiet about. This raised a sort of barrier between Allan and me, in particular, which I am sure caused both of us to miss a great deal of happiness that otherwise would have been ours. A fond father has a tough time trying to decide just what he should do and what he should not do, and a young son certainly has an equally tough time trying to live his own life.

I hope that as the years roll by my two fine sons will be able to forget those things which were unpleasant, and remember only those things which will bring pleasure with the memories of them.

And I hope that my sons will be more kindly in their dealings with their children and take a much greater part in their young lives and be pals with them in far greater degree than I was able to do with my two young sons. I am sure that they will do this, and I know that they and their children will enjoy a vast deal of happiness in that way.

Warren has two fine young sons, Richard and Robert. Good looking, keen of mind, very polite and manly young fellows, these sons are great pals with Warren and are a source of great happiness to their mother and father. Leola and I love our two grandsons dearly.

A THIRD GRANDSON IS BORN .

On March 16, 1941 a son was born to Allan and his wife, Bliss. They have both written telling us that their son is the most wonderful baby in the world, and we have no doubt that is true. Leola and I are so very anxious to see this new grandson whom we love most dearly. Three grandsons! How very wonderful. And now another record has been made in the "Births" record of the old family bible mentioned on page 151 of these Memories:

At Ely, Nevada, March 16, 1941 (8:30 p.m.)
Howard Allan Shorthill
son of
Thomas Allan and Bliss Shorthill
of Kimberly, Nevada.

A DAUGHTER

On October 10, 1910, in Cordova, Alaska, a lovely little girl came to the threshold of life in our home, but the angels called her back and she was not permitted to stay with us. While fully formed she was, for some unknown reason, born dead. This almost broke Leola's heart and mine, and even after more than thirty years we can hardly talk about it. It has been the greatest sorrow of our lives.

The little girl was the loveliest child I have ever seen. She had an almost perfectly formed body, thick, black hair, black eyes, and a beautiful face. When Dr. Smith took her away I kissed her once for Leola, once for Warren and once for myself, then with a breaking heart surrendered the dear little body to the doctor.

Our lives would have been so very different with a daughter in the home, and a sister would have meant so much to Warren and Allan. What a happy trio they would have been and how happy Leola and I would have been as we watched them growing up together.

I have often felt very envious of parents who have a daughter, but as the years have come and gone and I have seen some young girls come to grief and a sad end, I have at times felt almost thankful that Leola and I have not had to go through some of the experiences that other parents have had to undergo. As I have seen some young girls drinking at bars and staggering around with their escorts, almost too drunk to know what they were doing, I have thanked God that no daughter of ours could ever come to such a sad place in life. There are some things far worse than death.

A VISIT FROM ALLAN, BLISS AND HOWIE

When Howie (short for Howard) was not quite a year old, Bliss brought him to Los Angeles for a visit with us. Later Allan drove over from Kimberly and joined us, and we all had a wonderful visit. While here, Howie took his first steps, and by the time he had to return home, he could cross the room without difficulty.

We greatly enjoyed our visit with Allan, Bliss and Howie, and were indeed sorry when we had to bid them goodbye. We have not seen them since that time, but have talked with Allan two or three times over the telephone. It was so good to hear his voice, which sounded quite as of old.

Since their visit to us, their little daughter, Loretta Ann, has joined them, and now we are doubly anxious to see the whole family. If only we could fly with our thoughts, how frequently we would be in Kimberly.

AND A VISIT FROM WARREN, PAT AND RICHARD

In July, 1943, Richard came from Salt Lake City for a visit with us and with Pat's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Boyle. Later on, in August, Warren and Pat came and visited with us and with the Boyles for a week, and what a wonderful week that was! We had such a wonderful time that it seemed a shame we had to take time out for work and sleep. Warren and I had one whole day together, with Richard sitting in on the side line, and it was one of the most delightful days I have ever known.

All too soon we had to bid Warren and Pat goodbye, and a few days later we said goodbye to Richard. And then, once more, we were left with our memories of the wonderful time we had enjoyed. If only we could fly with our thoughts, how often we would be in Kimberly, and from there we would fly to Salt Lake City. We do often take such trips through Nancy's delightful realm, and it is a pleasure to picture in our minds what such visits would be like could we really take them.

A GRANDDAUGHTER

On February 20, 1943, Leola and I were made supremely happy by the news that a granddaughter had been born. On that day Warren arrived in Ely, Nevada, to spend the weekend with Allan and his family. On arrival, Warren was informed that a daughter had been born to Allan's wife, Bliss, that day. Warren was greatly pleased to think that a little niece had been presented to him on the occasion of his first visit to Ely. Warren and Allan called us up on long distance telephone. My hard luck was to be on my day downtown when the call came through. But Leola took the call and talked with Allan and with Warren. I got the news second-hand upon my return home about an hour later. Leola and I were so happy over the news that we just about walked on air. This little girl was the first to arrive in the Shorthill tribe since the birth of my sister in 1885. So it was really an event.

Warren told Leola that the little girl was very pretty, had blue eyes, brown hair, the cutest little nose, and dimples. Allen said she had the cutest little dimples ever and was perfectly lovely. They named her Loretta Ann. A nice name for a darling little girl.

So now another entry has been made in the old Family Bible which my Mother gave to my father 'way back in 1872. The entry reads:

BIRTHS

At ^{Kimberly} ~~Ely~~, Nevada, February 20, 1943, Loretta Ann Shorthill, daughter of Thomas Allan and Bliss Shorthill of Kimberly, Nevada.

ALLAN'S GIFT OF A CORSAGE TO A LOVELY LADY

In Tacoma there lived a lovely old lady by the name of Mrs. Wheeler. She was some eighty years of age, and one of the sweetest souls one could wish to know. She was a member of the First Methodist church, where we belonged, and she became quite fond of Allan, who was then some six or seven years of age, and he was very fond of her.

Mrs. E. B. King gave a birthday party for Mrs. Wheeler, and when Allan learned of this he sent Mrs. Wheeler a nice corsage to wear to the party. Mrs. Wheeler put the corsage in the ice box to keep it until time to go to the party, and then forgot to wear it. Two or three days later, on a Sunday morning, Mrs. Wheeler came to Sunday school, as usual, and after the lessons were finished the superintendent expressed to her the congratulations of the school on her recent birthday anniversary, and asked her to review the lesson. Mrs. Wheeler thanked everyone and then, pointing to the corsage, which by that time was somewhat wilted, she said: "I suppose you are wondering why I am wearing this wilted corsage. Well, I will tell you. It was sent to me by my dear little friend Allan Shorthill, for my birthday party, but I forgot to wear it to the party. So I just had to wear it today, even though it is a bit wilted, because it was so nice of Allan to send it to me and because I love him so much."

LEOLA: DEVOTED WIFE AND MOTHER

How shall I say all the things that are in my heart to tell of the one who through so many years has been as loving and devoted a wife as any man ever had? Can an artist paint the rainbow? No, nor can anyone really describe it in all its beauty. And so it is with the dear woman who has been my constant companion and helpmeet for more than thirty-six years. She has always been sweet and loving, thoughtful and considerate, even when I have been anything but agreeable. I sometimes wonder how she has had the courage to put up with all that she has had to go through in the years since we were married. Certainly it has not been an entirely pleasant life for her. But through it all she has continued to smile, to help in a thousand ways, and to lend her encouragement in every possible way. I have learned to depend upon her far more than she realizes, I am sure.

Always loving and devoted, she has thought of herself last and of her husband and sons first. There must be a special heaven prepared for such as she, for no ordinary heaven would suffice. No one but God and a mother can know just what she has to go through as a wife and mother, and I am sure that there is no ordinary niche set aside for Leola in that great Tomorrow toward which we are all wending our ways.

I have often been selfish, and the boys have often been careless and thoughtless, but through it all the devotion and love of the wife and mother have shone like the brightest of stars. She has made all three of us supremely happy because of her unflinching love and care. She is our queen!

RECORDS FROM OLD FAMILY BIBLES

I have an old family bible which originally belonged to grandfather James Shorthill and his wife Elizabeth. They passed the bible on to father, and mother kept it after he passed away and up until the time of her death, and I have had it since that time.

In September, 1940, I took this bible to several old-book stores in Los Angeles and they looked at it and said it was probably published about the year 1822. The title page is missing from the bible, so there is no date imprint on it.

Immediately following the last page of the Old Testament in this bible there are two sheets (four pages) each headed "Family Record." The several records shown on the four pages are herewith quoted as follows:

(First page)

MARRIAGES

Married on Thursday, September 23, 1830, by the Reverend Mr. Allin,
James Shorthill to Miss Elizabeth Bechtel,
both of Torbit Township, Mifflin County, Pa.

(Second page)

BIRTHS

Mary Anne Shorthill
was born Sept. 5th, 1831.

Elvira Jane Shorthill
was born October the 19th, 1833.

Tamar Rebecca Shorthill
was born August 7th, A. D. 1836.

Stuart Law Shorthill
was born June 11th, A. D. 1840.

Thomas Andrew Shorthill
was born April 30th, A. D. 1843.

Keturah Graham Shorthill
was born Nov. 29th, A. D. 1846.

(Third page)

BIRTHS

James Shorthill, born in the Town of ^{NEWTON} ~~Stewart~~, Tyrone Co., Ireland,
October 21st, 1806.

^{BECHTEL}
Elizabeth ~~Shorthill~~ born in the County of Mifflin, Pa., April 25th, 1808.

(NOTE: The Elizabeth Shorthill named above was evidently born Elizabeth Bechtel, and married James Shorthill on September 23, 1830. See the Marriages record on the first page quoted, on page 149 hereof.)

Mary Anne Shorthill born in Mifflin Co., Pennsylvania, September 5th, 1831.

Elvirah J. Shorthill, born in Mifflin Co., Pennsylvania, October 17th, 1833.

(NOTE: The record of Births on page two, quoted on page 149 hereof, shows the date of birth of Elvira Jane Shorthill as October 19th, 1833)

Tamar R. Shorthill, born in Mifflin Co., Pennsylvania, August 7th, 1836.

Stuart L. Shorthill, born June 11th, 1840, in the County Williams, State of Ohio.

Thomas A. Shorthill born April 30th, 1843, in Bryan, Williams Co., Ohio.

Keturah G. Shorthill born November 29th, 1846, in Lafayette, Williams Co., Ohio.

(NOTE: It will be seen that the birth records of the children of James and Elizabeth Shorthill, as shown on the second page of the above-quoted record, are duplicated on the third page, the latter showing not only the names and dates of birth but also the place of birth in each instance.

(Fourth page)

DEATHS

Departed this life August 22, 1850, Mary Ann Bach, aged 18 years, 11 months, and 17 days.

(This was evidently Mary Anne Shorthill, named in the record of Births)

Mrs. Elizabeth Shorthill, wife of James Shorthill, died September 27th, 1873, in Pulaski, Wms. Co., Ohio, aged 65 years, 5 months and 4 days.

James Shorthill died at Pulaski, Ohio, February the 28th, 1880, aged 75 years, 4 months and 27 days.

Elvira J. Kelly died Jan. 23th, 1911, aged 78 years, 3 months, 9 days.

Keturah Gleason died Nov. 27th, 1900, aged 54 years.

The following records of marriages, births and deaths are taken from the family bible which my mother gave to father on his birthday anniversary on April 30, 1872, and which bible remained in their possession throughout the years. After father's death mother kept the bible, and upon her death I took the bible and now have it.

Immediately following the Apocrypha in the Bible are pages containing records of marriages, births and deaths, which I here quote as follows:

(Page one)

MARRIAGES

Rockford, Ill., Oct. 24th, 1869, by the Rev. T. C. Clendenning,
Mr. Thomas Andrew Shorthill and Miss Sarah Elizabeth Werner,
both of Rockford.

Tacoma, Wash., Oct. 30, 1894, by (Rev.) Joseph P. Marlatt,
Lloyd A. Harrison and Elizabeth J. Shorthill.

Douglas, Alaska, Apr. 8th, 1904, William W. Shorthill and
Teola Teresa Warren, Rev. W. Coyle, officiating clergyman.

THERESA
Moscow, Idaho, Oct. 18, 1927,
William Warren Shorthill and Elizabeth Ann Boyle (of Tacoma, Wash.)
By Minister of Episcopal Church.

At Kimberly, Nevada, Dec. 23, 1939, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs.
John Almond Richards,

Thomas Allan Shorthill and Bliss Morley,
Bishop Udell Call officiating.

(Pages two and three)

BIRTHS

At Bryan, Wms. Co., Ohio,
April 30th, 1843,
Thomas Andrew Shorthill.

At Rockford, Winnebago Co., Illinois,
Feb. 26th, 1847,
Sarah Elizabeth Werner.

At Rockford, Ill., Oct. 6th, 1870,
William Werner Shorthill, son of
T. A. and Sarah E. Shorthill.

At Pulaski, Wms. Co., Ohio,
May 20th, 1875,
Elizabeth Jane Shorthill,
daughter of Thos. A. and
Sarah E. Shorthill.

DIED FEB 5, 1949 TEXAS
At Pulaski, Wms. Co., Ohio,
December 12th, 1877,
James Vincent Shorthill, son of
Thos. A. and Sarah E. Shorthill.

(Pages two and three, continued)

BIRTHS

At WaKeeney, Trego Co., Kansas
March 23d, 1881, Thomas Arthur Shorthill,
son of Thes. A. and Sarah E. Shorthill.

May 12, 1905, Treadwell, Alaska,
William Warren Shorthill, son of
Wm. W. and Leola T. Shorthill.

GIRA OCT 10, 1910 *BORN DEAD*
February 5, 1916, Juneau, Alaska,
Thomas Allan Shorthill, son of
Wm. W. and Leola T. Shorthill.

Howard Allan Shorthill
March 16 1941
Ely Nev
Loretta Ann Shorthill
Feb 20, 1943
Kimberly Nev.

(Page four)

DEATHS

At WaKeeney, Trego Co., Kansas,
Aug. 3d, 1879,
James Vincent Shorthill,
aged 19 months and 22 days.

At Wakeeney, Kansas,
Sept. 29th, 1883,
Thomas Arthur Shorthill,
aged two years, six months
and six days.

Thomas Andrew Shorthill,
at Tacoma, Washington,
May 25th, 1918 (4:00 o'clock A. M.)
Aged 75 years and 25 days.
Buried in G. A. R. Plot,
Oakwood Cemetery.

Sarah Elizabeth Shorthill
Widow of Thomas Andrew,
at Tacoma, Washington,
May 11th, 1928 (2:00 A. M.)
Aged 81 years, 2 mos. 13 days.
Buried in G. A. R. Plot,
Oakwood Cemetery.

William Werner Shorthill
at Los Angeles, California
July 26, 1948
Age 77 years
Buried in Forest Lawn
Memorial Park, Glendale, Calif.

Continued - page 153

Deaths Continued

Elizabeth Jane (Shorthill) ^{Harrison} ~~Kimball~~ PATTERSON ^{2nd} Husband
 Daughter of T. A. & Sarah E.
 May 20, 1875 age 74
 to Feb 5, 1949

^{Texas}
 Leola ~~TEXAS~~ ^{THERESA WAYREN} SHORTHILL
 July 19, 1957.
 2:45 A.M.
 Acc. Hosp.
 Provo, Utah
 age 72

John A. Richards of Tucson "1/2 Uncle"
 June 1964
 In Australia

ROTH LOUISE WOOD SHORTHILL DIED OF CANCER AGE 39
 19 SEPT 1967 IN SEATTLE
 BURIED AT MOUNT OLIVET CEMETERY SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Births & marriages continued from page 157

Salt Lake City Utah ~~Sept 10, 1948~~ Sept 10, 1949 MARRIED

DAVID WARREN }
AND HOUSE }

Richard Warren Shorttill

Ruth Louise Wood DIED SEPT 19, 1967 ^{SEATTLE WASH}
BURIED 23 SEPT, 1967

Los Angeles Calif

S.L.C. Utah

Robert Havelock Shorttill

EST WIFE Pat

MARRIED NOV 3, 1963

GALE
AND WIFE

Provo Utah Nov 20, 1958
Loretta Ann Shorttill
to
John David Baxter

ANDREW WARREN
DEANN ELIZABETH

Born to Loretta & John Baxter

Jeri Anne Baxter Sat. Jan 9, 1960.

Heri Kaye Baxter Sat. Dec 10, 1960.

Shauna Louise Baxter Fri. May 24, 1963
JOHN DAVID BAXTER JR

Orem Utah June 24, 1964
Howard Allan Shorttill to Alice ^{JOE} Payne

Born to Howard & Alice Shorttill

Howard Allan Shorttill Jr. Oct 29, 1965 Utah Valley Hosp.

Jennifer Marie Shorttill Sat. Jan 11, 1969 Provo, Utah

Tracie Lynn Shorttill Tues. Nov. 25, 1969 Provo, Utah

James Gregory Shorttill Wed. July 16, 1973 Provo, Utah

Births & Marriages Continued From page 157

Salt Lake City Utah. ~~July 10, 1948~~ Sept 10, 1949 MARRIED
DAVID WARREN }
AND HOUSE } Richard Warren Shorttill
+
Ruth Louise Wood DIED SEPT 19, 1967 SEATTLE WASH
BURIED 23 SEPT, 1967

Los Angeles Calif

Robert Hancock Shorttill

WIFE Pat

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Tracie Lynn Shorttill Tues. Nov. 25, 1969 Provo, Utah

James Gregory Shorttill Wed. July 16, 1973 Provo, Utah

