J. A. M.

(JUST ABOUT ME)

J. A. U.

(JUST ABOUT US)

by

Dr. Bertrand K. Wilbur

Volume I of III Volumes

Boyhood & Education As a Physician

1870 - 1890

Camden, N.J. and Bryn Mawr, Pa.

(Pages 1 - 195)

Haverford, Pa.
1933 - 1936

Forward to Digitalized *Just About Me/Just About Us*

Bertrand Kingsbury Wilbur (BKW) lived a long and fascinating life. Born into wealth and imbued with faith and the idea of service, his autobiography *Just About Me/Just About Us* provides a valuable window into the changing times of his life span, 1870-1945.

In 1898, BKW married Anna Dean (ADW), who lived from 1874 to 1952. He took his new bride to Sitka, Alaska, where he was serving as doctor to a mission school. This autobiography provides a priceless record of rapidly changing Alaska, 1894-1901.

BKW and ADW had ten children: Bertrand (Bert), Harry, Donald (Don), Elizabeth (Buddy), Nelson (Nick) , Esther (Toni) , Ross, Anna (Deanie), Ruth (Helena), and Virginia (Ginno). Toward the end of his life, BK's children urged him to write his memoirs, which he did in Haverford, PA, and La Jolla, CA, from 1933-1939, totaling nearly 900 typed pages. Copies were laboriously typed on onion skin paper and distributed to his children. BK made an abbreviated Table of Contents covering the first 572 pages.

In the late 1970s, my father Ross Wilbur circulated excerpts from *Just About Me*, copied from his xerox of onion skin pages. Early in the 1980s, Ross had his copy of *JAM/JAU* professionally bound. For easier readability, he separated the autobiography into three volumes and prepared a more detailed index for each volume. The index of the first volume overlaps with BK's own index. Volume I covers BK's boyhood and education as a physician; Volume II covers his time in Sitka; Volume III covers his life at the Wilbur Chocolate Factory, Lavalette, family servants, and scouting.

In May 2016, with my husband Roy Treadway, I visited Sitka to donate to the Sheldon Jackson Museum a cabinet door carved by Rudolph Walton, BK's best Tlingit friend. This door was a gift from Rudolph to newlyweds BKW and ADW for their new home, Raven's Nest, which was up the hill directly above the Museum. This door, which had been in my family since my childhood, was thus safely returned to its Tlingit home for perpetuity. While in Sitka, we were honored to meet some of Rudolph's descendants. Talking with them and with Museum curators made me realize how much others wanted to read BKW's autobiography also. Thus began my intense quest to make this valuable historical document available "to the world."

It has been quite a journey, through thick and thin, to complete this digitalized *JAM/JAU*. The end result is three volumes, indexed, with OCR (Optical Character Recognition) added. Standard computer tools such as Adobe Acrobat and Preview can be used for basic searches; more advanced tools can be used for additional searches. This autobiography has been preserved in its original form as much as possible.

I am grateful to my grandfather BKW who deeply shared his life with his children through the written word, and to ADW and their children for encouraging him to keep on writing about his life. I am also very grateful to my father Ross Wilbur who preserved this precious family history so carefully and passed on to me not only the cherished volumes of BKW's life story, but the love of learning family history and preserving it for future generations as well.

Carolyn Wilbur Treadway
Lacey, Washington
January 2017

Introduction to this Digital Edition
Autobiography of Bertrand Kingsbury Wilbur
Just About Me

BKW began JAM in 1933 while still in Haverford, Pa, and wrote the final page in 1938 in San Diego, California as he notes at the top of p. 737 in Vol III:

....It is a long time since I wrote any of this, and I am still anxious to complete it. Having brought old letters and papers to do so with me in anticipation of having lots of time out here, which I have failed to find, I have at last gotten at it. It seems best to describe events as a series of pictures, rather than in anything like history. Its sad enough any way, but it seems to me that you children will want the whole picture.....

As noted at the top of p. 278, Vol II BKW hand-typed five carbon copies of JAM. These three digitized volumes were scanned from a Xerox copy made from Teddy and Nelson's carbon, when I stayed with Teddy at her small frame house in Haverford during the summer of 1981 and helped paint her eaves from a long ladder. I'm forever indebted to Teddy for introducing me to JAM, and for her suggestion that I make this xerox for my family, particularly since all the original onion-skin copies are rapidly deteriorating. And none of them would have held up to the digitization process.

Please note that in many places BKW apparently had later thoughts and memories he wanted to add after writing the main sequentially-numbered text. In such cases he summarized these added memories on pages which he numbered A, B, C...etc. I suggest that you read the main sequential text first. And then read these lettered addenda pages separately; the events they describe do not necessarily fit exactly where inserted in the text.

TABLE OF CONTENTS
Begins with BKW's original 3-page Table of Contents which covers Vol I and Vol II, and later supplemented by son Ross Wilbur's expanded Table covering Vol II and Vol III.

FORWARD
Written by sons Bert and Harry during the 1936 'Wilbur Welcomes Wilbur Reunion' in Lavallette, NJ (pictured on p.62 of 'Happy Days') when JAM was only partially completed

PREFACE
Written nine days later by BKW after a coronary event during the summer. He describes the genesis of JAM: *.....this took form, and as it did, I pounded it out from my grey cells by the two-finger-and-thumb method...* BKW speaks of spending many evenings with Anna Dean ('mother') writing, editing, laughing, and reliving their life together during the preparation of JAM/JAU.

HAPPY DAYS & SPECIAL EVENTS
The 900-page JAM/JAU story ends in 1912 when the family was still quite young and living in the big house with many servants, gardens and optimism for the future. It is unclear why BKW chose to end his story at this point, even tho he lived for many more years and died peacefully in 1945. But World War I was brewing in Europe, tastes and customs were changing, and the business climate was becoming more competitive. Perhaps these were the 'sad' years of which he speaks earlier in the text. And he might have had difficulty recounting those years in JAM.

So 65+ years later, after a wonderful Wilbur Reunion in Virginia in 1980, youngest son Ross Wilbur, then retired and living in Minnesota, was motivated to compile this heartfelt 190-page book of photos and personal memories, that fills-in this later period of the Wilbur Family history to some extent.

To compile this work, Ross interviewed his brothers and sisters who were still alive, excerpted sections from the large trove of personal letters and memorabilia he had accumulated, and added his own unique and loving memories. I flew up from Chicago to visit Ross and his wife Helen during the preparation of this volume, and was honored to help Ross in the its production and distribution to every living Wilbur at the time. So it seems appropriate that Ross' later work be included now in this digital Wilbur archive.

SUGGESTED JAM READINGS:
To help readers 'get into' the story of the Wilbur Family, I would like to suggest a few episodes that I have particularly enjoyed:

JAM page	
1	Early childhood beginning in 1870 in Camden, New Jersey
13	Family trip to Europe by steamship, train and carriage in 1880
170	Arriving in Alaska for the first time
240	Courtship of Miss Anna Dean
249	Hike up Mt Edgecumb in the wilds of Alaska
296	Summer in Gratiot, Michigan
370	Return to Anna Dean and their wedding
486	Cruise of the sailboat Bertha captained by BKW
558P	Meeting John D. Rockefeller in Alaska
562	Leaving Alaska for the final time
592	Beginning work at the chocolate factory, by 'God's direction'
629	Summer at HO's 'salmon preserve' on the St Lawrence River
658	BKW raises money on the Main Line for a YMCA
667	Buying a 1906 2-cyl Maxwell - top speed 35mph
683	BKW joins the first Board of Health; describes early sanitation standards
712	Discovering Lavallette and the New Jersey shore for the first time in 1908
745	Steamship cruise in 1910 from New York to Caribbean & West Indies
755	Early biplane flights from nearby cow pasture
759	Honeymoon in Jamaica by steamship in 1911
781	Early trips to Lavallette in the new 1912 4-cyl Cadillac
787	Harry Backus and the Family's black servants
801	Starting a Scout Troop soon after scouting came to America

Carolyn Treadway and I as BKW's grandchildren, enjoyed discovering, editing and digitizing this massive work. We hope that future Wilburs will also enjoy reading it and passing it on to their children. JAM represents our heritage. For we believe that within each of us dwells the ideals and spirit of the man who was Bertrand Kingsbury Wilbur.

Clark Maxfield
Son of Helena Ruth Wilbur Maxfield
January 24, 2017

Table of Contents

Volume I

Boyhood & Education As A Physian

Volume II

Medical Missionary to Sitka, Alaska

Note: Father compiled a semi-annotated "Table of Contents" for J.A.M. & J.A.U., pages 1 to 572 covering his childhood, youth, medical education and the period in Alaska. He changed the title of his Journal to J.A.U. (Just About Us) at the point in the account which was at the time of Harry's birth in Alaska, 1901.

The separation of the Journal for binding into three volumes is unrelated to the two titles (J.A.M. & J.A.U.). Rather it coincides with the three periods of father's life as indicated above.

On page 229, father starts inserting captions indicating the content of each section. When I presented copies of Vol. II, Medical Missionary to Sitka, Alaska to the Sheldon Jaskson College Library, the Sheldon Jackson Museum in Sitka and to the Alaska State Library in Juneau, I compiled a "Table of Contents" following father's captions. This "Table of Contents" running from page 195 to the end, page 835 follows. It overlaps father's annotated table from pages 195 to 572.

Volume II

Medical Missionary to Sitka, Alaska

Volume III

The Family Grows, Years at the Chocolate Factory, Community Services, Lavallette, Boy Scout Activities.

F O R W O R D .

In response to the insistant desire of his children, this record of his life and of the lives of those nearest and dearest to him, has been written by our father, Bertrand Kingsbury Wilbur, in his maturity, and after the rigors of life had left their mark upon his health.

As we advance in years each of us is beginning to experience something of the difficulty of living; something of the burden of decision in the face of inadequate knowledge; something of what it means when opportunity or temptation comes; something of aspiration, of discouragement, of hope, and of fear; something of the high joy of achievement; something of the bitter pain of disappointment; something, perhaps, of the most penetrating experiences of life - the vicarious grief and happiness that comes as we follow the fortunes of those closest and dearest to us. Such we are finding life to be ! All of this, we find hidden within the pages of this record of the experiences of our father and mother.

We are grateful for such a record. We treasure this journal - not as a thrilling biography, although it has power to grip the attention of even the casual reader; not as a historical work, although it reveals many interesting sidelights on the latter part of the nineteenth and the early twentieth centuries; not as a moving romance, although its pages contain much of courage and of beauty.

We treasure this journal because it is the story of something we all have come to cherish. It is the record of something that has transcended adversity; a reality that has developed in the midst of change; a unity that has perceived and

embraced diversity. We treasure this journal because it is the story of the development and growth of our family circle.

The development of the family group has long been recognized as an important factor in the progress of society. We have found in the family group a more personal significance. In early life, it meant security. As we grew older, it became a source of joyous companionship - we played together, worked together, faced problems together, and worshiped together. With the approach of maturity, it has become a force integrating our various personalities into an understanding love one for the other.

In one way, our family was different. Our strong family loyalty tended to develop in us both an inferiority of isolation and a selfsufficient superiority. Happily, this loyalty to the family circle is no longer a rigid barrier erected subconciously to keep us unified from within, nor is it maintained to protect us from without. The circle's bonds of love have been strengthened rather than weakened by an increased understanding of individual limitations. Experience is showing that physical and emotional conformity are not essential to spiritual unity. It is the circle rather than the individual that is blessed by the quiet capacity for adjustment. Our separate lives when brought together share this joyous privilege. The family circle is big enough to embrace us, each one, as we are.

The perspective of the years that have past gives our family circle a deeper meaning for the future. It is no won-

der, then, that we treasure this journal. We are humbly proud of the story it tells. We are grateful for the privilege of having a part in its story. We are thankful for the patient wisdom that has given unity to our diversity. We are deeply grateful for the many examples of unselfish devotion afforded by the lives of our parents. We cherish the love that has been the basis of a beautiful reality. We treasure it all. We treasure this journal !

Lavallette, New Jersey
September 6, 1936.

B.H.W. and H.L.W.
for the rest of us.
Bertrand H. Wilcox

P R E F A C E .

It has been more than three years since I began this story of my life and when I began it I thought it would be told in a few hundred words, certainly in a few hundred pages. But it is still unfinished and my children urge me to complete it. Had I realized that I would still be writing it at this time I doubt if I would have had the temerity to begin.

Following a severe attack of coronary spasm at the home of my niece, Madeline Barnes, in Cardinal, Virginia, I was confined to the second floor of my home in Haverford for some months, and, as I slowly recovered, it seemed to be an appropriate time to begin this story which my children had been urging me to write for some time past. So it began.

Writing in the Reverie at 731 Panmure Road, Haverford, Pennsylvania, although some of it was written in the attic at our cottage, Drowsy Dunes, Lavallette, New Jersey, sometimes in the morning and often in the morning and afternoon this took form and as it did I pounded it out from my grey cells by the two-finger- and-thumb method of typing. Pounded is eminently the proper word for I was making carbon copies in order that as many of you as possible might have one.

So it grew, generally five pages a day although, under the stimulus of particularly vivid recollections, I reached seven or eight, 1700 to 2800 words a day. But I was not working against time. I had plenty of that. I was pleasantly filling my vacant hours for my eyes will not permit long continued reading and I was having a lot of fun in looking over

old records and reading again old letters. I think I have every letter Mother sent to me in Alaska, and that's quite a lot. I have reread every one of them and in doing so I have realized, in a new way, that she was an even finer girl than I thought she was at the time, if that is possible, and it is no wonder she is the splendid woman we know today. With all these other pleasures my writing was giving me some of that peculiar satisfaction that comes from creating something.

Then there were evenings in the Reverie when Mother, with sewing, would listen as I read to her the day's writings, and all but forgotten incidents would be shared again in awakened memory, the laugh and the heartache, the hope and the disappointments, all touched alike by the kindly hand of time. There were hours of correcting and sorting and the punching of many holes so that my busy children would not be too severely taxed to bind successive installments in folders.

Lately, I have been anxious to finish this narrative yet, when I do, so much has the writing become a part of the routine of the day I fear there will be a gap that will be hard to fill. When that time comes I shall begin the story of Mother's life, if I can persuade her to dictate it to me, for hers is a life truly worthy of record.

It has been a great pleasure to have this story received with so much interest by these dear ones for whom it was written and their decision, at our recent family reunion, to bind it in book-form, and so put it in more permanent form, is very precious.

This is not an exciting tale, neither thrilling nor brilliant but is is the story of a great love and my gratitude goes out to her, the beloved companion of my life who so wonderfully helped me by her constant encouragement and the correction of errors and by suggesting incidents that I had forgotten. This, then, is but a plain story of a somewhat unusual life for it has not beem embellished by imagenary situations nor by the recital of events that might have happened but did not.

As such I leave it with you, my dear sons and daughters, grateful for your love and loyalty and for your thoughtfulness in binding my story into a book.

Affectionately,

Your father,

Bertrand K. Wilbur

Haverford, Pennsylvania.
September 15, 1936.

Note. Thirty nine years ago today your mother said, "Yes."

Some of my sons and daughters have been rather insistant that I write somthing of my life story and so to please them, for it has been somewhat unusual, I am starting to do so. I know it will interest my children.

And so; here begins:--

JUST ABOUT ME.

A high ~~said~~ board fence about a hugh yard with some fruit trees in it is the earliest recollection I Have of this thing they call life. The fence, painted gray, I'm sure it was gray, seemed to reach up, so very high and the yard seemed so very ~~long~~. This was doubtless because they, my family, had brought me by force, I certainly did not give my consent, from the good old town of Pliladelphia, where I was born, they tell me, I have no personal knowledge of the historic event, on August 5th., 1870 So, from the close confines of the brick walls of Mervine street near Berks (PHILA) to No. Second St. Camden with that hugh back yard the open spaces seemed vast, indeed. I do not know just where that house was located but I'm quite sure it was a little way, three or fou blocks south of the Camden and Atlantic R.R. then a popular line to Atlantic City and way stations. I always resented being torn thus from my native state and taken to New Jersey for Jersey was called 'Spain' in those days, and and scorned with mighty scorn by those on the western side of the Delaware.

It seems that the world narrowly escaped being greatly depopulated by the failure of one little baby to be borned, on that August morning very early I'M told, for I was nearly strangledwhen I appeared and only the coolness and effeciency of my dear Mother saved my life for the doctor had not yet arrived. That was characteristic of Mother, ever calm in emergency and effecient. Poor Mother! She had not been well for for some years anddid not see how she could go thro another period of strain and weariness and suffering. Indeed, she thought her life was likely to be the price she would pay. And Father was far from pleased when he found another BOY had come , he wanted a girl so much. So my arrival seemed to have been greeted with resignation and the determination to do her full duty, if she lived, butdear Mother and no entusiasm by my Father while Lena, my only sister said she did not want "that red squirmy thing" tho Will, my oldest brother took me in his arms and loved me.

It was a queer sort of a fence, that fence along the front and side yard of our new house at Second and State sts. Camden. Father and ~~Im~~ WM. TBaily built rather fine houses of the twin type ours being the corner and Baily's on State St. The houses were of Brown stone, at least to the third floor, with Mansard roofs considered quite the thing at that period. That fence had a brick or stone base about a foot high and above that large turned wood spindles supporting a broad rounded string piece, the loviliest place fpr a small boy to sit and play he was on horse back youever saw. And there he sat almost every day, riding his proud steed while he waited for Willie, Harry and Lena to came home from school for dinner. It must have been in 1874 or 5 that we moved there for we were certainly living there during the Centennial Exposition which was held in Philadelphia in 1876.

There is no doubt that we were there at that time for all our relatives and all my parent's friends and their friends came to "visit" us some time tat summer. Thwre was a large third floor room which was used as a dormitory for the women, where the men slept I dont knowprobabally three in a bed in the various bed rooms, but that dormitory is remembered for one night, Will Lawrence, Mother's youngest brother and always full of mischief, and some other men put father thro the transom of that room and dropped him inside. As the ladies had retired there was a furious racket and mother, who was sleeping there with a slipper in her hand and righteous indignation in her soul. It was said that the mark of the heel started to take boarders

lingered on a well padded part of Fathers anatomy for some painful weeks. The rascals outside the door in the hall held the knob so father could not escape and a number of other outraged females joined in the att tack until the plotters outside, overcome with laughter, allowed a frantic figurex in pajamas? O! No. never heard of at that time, nightshirt, my dear, night shirts! flee down the hall. It was a wonder the police did not raid the place there was such an uproar but I guess they were few and far between and that was a "very respectable neighborhood"

Altho but six years old I still retain some very vivid memories of the Centennial, the huge crowds; the funny steam engines on the rail road that ran around the grounds with cars that you could enter from the side on a running board and of lots of men on top of the cars for they could not get inside always. Then there was the Vienna Resturant, the beginning of Fleishman. Strange architecture, tables out on the porches, unheard of in the U.S., and those wonderful rolls and that coffee, WITH WHIPPED CREAM on top standing up like a merangue on a lemon pie. Ofcourse, I was not allowed to drink coffee but I was given a TASTE and tho I was with the Gods on Olympus.

But most of all interest centered, for me in Machinery Hall where my wonder was didived between a huge, to me, tank of water with streams and jets continually flowing and playing into the basin,. It seemed to me even now as I can see them again there were hundreds of them of all shapes and sizes. (I belive they were to show the power of various kinds of PUMPs that were being exhibited.) And then <u>the</u> feature of all others, THE CORLIS ENGINE driving all the machinery of the show. Experts crossed the ocean to see it and it was counted the marvel of the ages. But as we see things now with the smooth quiet, thoroughly uninteresting steam turbins for comparison that huge engine was a grotesque monstrosity. For it was huge, towering from floor to the ceiling of that big building. High up in the air two walking beams, somewhat like a stem boat, went up and down while great connecting rods went ever in pursuit. Modern machinery may be infinitely more effecient but it's not half as as interesting to the small boy's wondering eyes and to many a bigger boy too.

I always wondered if that tank leaked and watered the cellar too.

I was always wanting to go to the Exposition but brothers seldom would take me and I don't blame them but I think I managed to get there quite often for thw Croft Wilbur & Co had an exhibit near the tank and the big engine and I could be parked there. As I remember the main exhibit of the candy company was a large revolving pan where peanuts were coated with brown sugar and sold by the bag, right from the pan.

It was customary for the school children to be taken in stages, buses we call them now, to the cemeteries on Decoration (Memorial) day and I can still see Mr. Baily, our next door neighbor, who was a politician, riding at the head of the parade on Lady, a beautiful dappled brown mare as Marshal of the parade. He seemed to be the ideal of a fine martial figure in his high silk hat and long Prince Albert coat. We children stood by while the flowers we had broght from home, were placed on the graves of the soldiers and came home deeply impressed, if not with the sacrifice they had made, at least with the duty of remembering them. It was a fine custom and a pity that it is no longer followed.

Circus parades frequently passed or corner and went out State St. One day, captivated by the tinsel and the bands and all the rest, I followed along beside, strictly against the rules, and rather exhilerated at the thought that I was running away to join the circus! But somewhere out those long blocks my sister rudely nabbed me and took me home to receceive a real spanking, no doubt, for Mother was never one to spare the rod, in this case her effecient right hand, and thus was a brilliant career blighted in its budding.

11 a.m.

It was about 2 p.m. when John Baily, oldest son of our neighbors rushed into the house and told Mother to take down the flags for the Democrats had won the presidential election, So up to the trird floor and in came the flags from the poles in the windows. At 2 p.m. he was back calling "put the flags out! It's all our way!" and out they went again. That was the time of the Tilden and Hays contest, tho the names meant nothing to me then. But the pre-election enthusiasm was always and the party marching clubs, arrayed in gaudy uniforms, sometimes quite elaborate, such as Pioneers in cocked hats and wooden axes made lasting impressions on the small boy with their torch-light processions. If it was a Republican club the homes of that party were brilliantly lighted and everybody went out to cheer the marshers but if of the opposite faith, the houses of the opposition were in darkest gloom.

We had a horse and carriage and at rare intervals we drove to Fairmount Park, as I remember an all day trip. It was most exciting and delightful but with one terrible drawback, we had to cross the rail road tracks of the Reading at Broad and Callohill Sts in Philadelphia and that was always a terror to me. There were many tracks on the surface and no doubt the anxiety of the older ones was imparted to the youngest member, who generally went thro that trial in tears. We had to traverse many cobbled streets but when we came to Belgin Blocks we we felt that we had reached the acme of vibration-less comfort. It's interesting to know that some of those Philadelphia cobble stones now form the fire-place at our Lavallette cottage. (now at THW - 575 Haw)

Our Sunday school picnics were held in the same Park and I well remember one sad day when, no sooner had we left the stages that i ran to explore a culvert near by. My foot slipped and I fell flat in some horrible filth right on the front of my nice clean white shirt wast(how I hated those stiff starched things!) and I bellowed like a wounded cow, or calf. Mother came running and was so sympathetic as she washed me up as best she could but I was so ashamed and disgusted I was one lonely boy that day.

It may have been the same day that rain came on toward night and we gathered in the front of a fire station to try to keep dry. Suddely the alarm rang, the horses rushed to their places, a few feet behind us; firemen called to get out of the way as they came sliding down the poles & rushed to their places: the harness was on; bells clanged; the picnickers rushed here and there and got in each others way and Mother or someone with me, in their arms fell flat in front of the fire horses just as they stared to come out. That's all I remember but certainly we were not run over.

An accident that nearly resulted in a tragedy cooured before we left Camden. Mr Baily kept a fine riding horse and which he would allow Will to use occasionally, Will was about 17 or 18 then and one day he went off for a ride. I was playing with another boy in front of our house when my friend suddenly called "Look! Horse running away! Down State St, from the East and the open country, dashed a horse and rider, stirrups flying and on the dead run. A block away on the other side of a vacant lot the horse swerved suddenly toward his stable and the riders plunged to the ground and lay quite still. Someth thing told me it was Will when I first saw him and as he came nearer I knew the horse. I never knew how I got over that block but I gathered Will's head in my lap and sat there crying to him until others came in a few moments. He was unconscious and I thought, dead

But Will was not dead, tho he was unconscious for what seemed ages to me and it was a miracke that no bones were broken. The doctors said "Conuss cussion of the brain" but after a time he was quite himself again.

The Delaware River was not far from our house and a ship yard there was most interesting when the brothers let me go with them when they went swimming near-by. Once there was a launching and as the schooner slid down the ways it made a vivid picture of grace and beauty that still lingers.

It was near this shipyard that Harry gave me my first lessons in swimming. The boys all said that the way to teach a kid to swim was to chuck him in deep water and he'd have to swim. But Harry did not try that tho it would have been more like him if he had, not because of unkindness but because that method would have appealed to him. Perhaps Will intervened for he was always good to me, but the boys made a pack of cork covered with burlap, with straps to fasten it on my back and with that I learned to paddle about.

Diagonally across from our house was a little store that kept candy and chewing gum, pencils and slates and kites and all that sort of thing not to mention 'prize packages' for 1¢, and the most delicious diamond shaped coconut cream candy covered with very black chocolate. Never has any candy tasted as good as that but as father was in the candy business naturally Bertie was not allowed to buy it. Why throw money away? But Croft Wilbur & Co. did not make a thing as good as that coconut cake. Mother noticed that I was going over to that little store quite often, in fact as I continued to go she started the the third degree and horror of horrors, Bertie had been taking pennies from mother's pocket book to buy that candy. I don't know what was done about it for Mother did not always spank. Sometimes it was a dark closet and I feared the dark greatly and sometimes it was confinement within the limits of the yard, but whatever it was, I was cured of taking money that did not belong to me and that was a remarkably lasting cure.

There were some pretty tough boys around and as I began to go to school I got acquainted with them and to some extent was attracted by their bold badness. One time, as I was considerably younger than the others, they gave me some coins and told me to get a penny stick of candy and bring them the change. I guess I heard them discussing it before hand, anyway, I knew it was counterfit but the store keeper took it tho I shied at a policeman for some time to come. Harry was always much concerned about the kind of boys I went with and I guess it was that that kept me from going with that crowd very much.

A small boy driving a horse car or as we say now, a street car, would bring rage to the City Fathers and lead to a speedy arrest now adays and indeed, was an unusual sight in my boyhood but the kindly man who drove the one horse car by our house allowed me that privelege now and then. He had long dark whiskers and was full of fun. In someway we got acquainted and later I was allowed to drive. It was near the end of the run and if there should be any passengers of course I merely looked on but sometimes the car would be empty and joy, O! Joy I was the CONDUCTOR. The old white horse, it was always a white horse, could not have been persuaded to leave his gentle amble and the line was as flat as a pancake and I was sure I was a great man and would certainly be a street car driver when I was a man, really.

Mother and Father were very active in the Centenary Methodist Church for while mother was a congregationalist she went with Father to his church and was happy in doing so. The Ladies' Aid was giving entertainments at private houses "to raise money for the church" and the Wilburs gave one of them. Gilbert and Sullivans "Pinafore" was the rage about that time (I think this was the first of their light operas) and every one was singing snatches of it on the streets.) So I was rigged out in buff knee trowsers a blue coat with gold braid trimming and a Knight Templer Hat borrowed from a neighbor, George Perks, and I sang the Admirals song. Oh! yes; there were enormous gold epaulets and a toy ~~xxxxx~~ sword and Mother made the suit. Well I did'nt forget nor get stage struck and it went off very well amid great applause. Singularly enough the last line of that song has come back to me and here it is.

"Now Landsmen, all, whoever you may be
If you wish to rise to the top of the tree,
And your soul is'nt fettered to an office stool;
Be sure to be guided by this golden rule.
Chorus, (friens gathered in the hall)
Be sure to be guided by this golden Rule.
STICK CLOSE TO YOUR DESKS AND NEVER GO TO SEA!
And you all may be admirals in the Queen's Na-vee.
Chor. Stick close to your Desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ admirals in the Queen's Na-vee.

We still have apicture of Bertie in his Admiral-suit.

I think it was later on that same eveing the we had "Mrs. Jarley's" Wax Works", an unfailing field for amatuer effort and very popular then. Mrs. Jarley, a rotund and fussy individual, made and owned these wax works and went from place to place displaying them, for a consideration, and Cousin Charley Mace, Mother's cousing and a professional actor, his stage name was Abbott, was Mrs. Jarley. He even sacrificed his fine moustache to take the part and he created roars of laughter. The wax works were different people who were carried in by their elbows and stood up more or less uncertainly, singly or in groups, wound up by winding a fishing reel behind and then going thro motions, very mechanical indeed. Ofcourse, the face must be kept very rigid and no sign of life must be evident. I was Olive Twist but greatly to Mrs. Jarleys distress, had not been delivered by the express company Tracers were out but Oliver could not be located and Mrs. J said a lot about her disapointment so as to get the audience quite wrought about what they would miss. Then a bell rang loudly and a messenger rushed up, we were having that part of the show on the second floor where the 'Sitting Room' was located, and and express package for Mrs Jarley was announced greatly to that good ladies flusteration. A coffin like box is carried up the stairway in sight of the audience and with much confusion the lid is pried off. Quantities of paper packing is tossed out and there is Oliver, who is grabbed by the assistants and stood stiffly on his feet. Mrs. J fusses about urgeing caution and dusting him off with a turkey feather duster. But the duster is also a vicious tickler and Oliver who has had trouble enough to keep from laughing assumes a terrible grin but is able to hold it there tho he looks little like a pinched and starved school boy. Oliver is at last wound up and begins to eat mush from a bowl held in his left hand the right dipping the spoon. Suddenly that right arm seems to slip a cog and decends on the bowl which crashes in fragments to the floor. What to do what to do Mrs. J nearly frantic. But another bowl is found and after a good deal of apparently driving nails thro Olivers hand he at last gets some mush.

I was standing by the window in the second floor back, the 'Sitting room, for like most hoses in the city, at that time the family spent most of its time on the second floor back, which always had a bay window at the end of that room. Mother was with me and it was storming and blowing hard. Across the street was quite a large hose, with its long side toward ours and with a nearly flat tin roof. Suddenly, that whole roof rose a little form the house and slid out in the air as one piece, like a hugh toboggan, to land across the street in front of some house back of of ours, where it crumpled into a pile of splintered timbers and twisted tin. No one was hurt but I can still see that big roof sailing thro the air.

Sometime, while we were still living in the State St. house in Camden, Harry had a strange and distressing disease and as It gave me my first and only sight of Dr Constatine Herring, whom, I belive, was personally acquainted with Hahnemann and famous among the homeopaths, as Hahnemann, himself and the incident seems worth recounting. What was the name of Harry's malady I do not know but I remember very clearly his appearance for I saw so much of mother's care of him and was in his room a great deal of the time as Mother was there almost all the time. Harry's skin became a mass of scales, some as large as a finger nail covering him from head to foot and scaleing off from day to day, only to be followed by a new crop. Every bit of hair came off and his head was in the same condition, even his eyelids could not be closed and I've heard mother say that there would be a handful or more of scales in his bed each morning. For weeks each finger and toe would have to be wrapped in bandages covered with mutton tallow and the wrappings carried up to the shoulder and thigh. Strange to say, much of the time he was not feeling very ill and would sing, 'He had no hair on the top of his head in the place where the hair ought to grow.' Dr. Hering came as a consultant, a heavy set man with thick glasses, long hair, quite grey, and very German, indeed. His medecine case was about the size of a cigatette case, It was silver or silver color anyway, and filled with the tinest bottles about the size of an rubber eraser that fits in the end of a pencil. The Dr. was a 'high potency' man and they belive that a dose or two a week or month was quite enough hence the tiny case. To satisfy the patient a 'placebo' which was simply milk sugar in fine powder was given every few hours, but such men certainly effected some astonishing cures, and as I remember, Harry began to mend almost at once after Hering's visit. He eventually returned to normal health and skin and seemed to be none the worse for the terrible experience . How dear Mother ever stood those long days and [illegible] she never was in very vigorous health.

It was Communion service at the Centenary Methodist Church and communicants went foreward to thex chancel rail to partake of the elements. All of the family had gone 'foreward', for brothers and sister were church members by that time, and a small boy sat lonely in the pew. It seemed to him there was something that he could not share; that, in some way that he did not clearly understand, he was shut away from the love of a heavenly father. There was a distinctly spiritual element in that lonliness and sense of loss for he must have been too old by that time to mind being left alone in the pew.That was my first religious experience and the sense of loss never quite left me until I joined the church some years later.

And so the years slipped by un-til, one day, we wex were driving out Montgomery Ave. in Bryn Mawr and stopping to look at the house that is on the west of the present Manse. It had a fine flowering magnolia in the yard and this and a hot-air engine, to pump water, in a little house xxxxx back of the kitchen made me decide at once, that that was where we should live for everx after. But the house did not please Mother or Father and as were were there they thought they would drive out a little further and look around. So they came to another place for sale, with great trees, a big yard full of them, and house and stable. Mother always loved trees, all nature in fact, and the big grounds, 3 acres filled all the children with extatic joy. And so in May 1879 Aunt Adelia and Bertie moved into the Cooper place in BrynMawr.

It was athree story house with thick stone walls covered with grey plaser, lined in black to look like blocks of granite. The mansard roof had the usual slate sides and there was a shallow air space above the the third floor ceiling. The house seemed hugh tho our Camden house was very comfortable, but this house had TWO BATH ROOMS! and who ever heard of xx such luxury? and beside there were set wash stand with hot and cold water in the second floor rooms and such fine plumbing fixtures for Mr. Cooper

Sometime between 1876 and 1879 Father had a partial stroke of paralysis tho whether it was more than a facial paralysis I do not remember, probabally it was not. He had been working very hard and in the Christmas holidays they kept the retail store open until late at night and a few days before until nearly midnight. Wanamakers kept oper late in the evenings also and one night i was taken there in the evening and I cannot remember such a jam of people as were crowding the aisles.

After Father grew better it was decided he must have a rest so he and Will went to Florida, then quite an undeveloped country. Their experiences, ~~on their return~~ were most interesting and they brought back a shaddock, a big yellow fruit with coarse grained pulp arranged like an orange. It was sour and very bitter and a curiosity tho some people liked them. It was little like the grapefruit of today yet it was the forexrunner of that popular breakfast dish, ~~of today~~.

One time, Father and Will were driving thro a pine and palmetto forest but did not seem to arrive anywhere. Late in the afternoon the Negro driver confessed that he was lost. No houses could be seen nor had they passed any ~~few~~ for a long time and as darkness came on ~~x~~ there they were and it began to rain. Their open carriage soon became impossible and they crawled under the body and wondered if their driver was planning to murder and rob them. Will had a small revolver and with it in his hand they huddled together and hoped for the dawn while swamp fire, Will'o'the wisp. floated wierdly about. They thought they were the lights of more darkeys, coming to help their driver overpower them and they were a pretty badly shaken, mosquito-bitten and bedraggled pair when, at last the morning light began to dawn.

Another time, they were shooting ducks on some river will in the front seat rowing and Father in the stern. They had shot a number when a flock was seen coming toward them. Father, standing in the stern, cocked both barrells of his heavy shot gun intending to one barrel at a time and so get in two shots. Will was facing forward, withhis face turned away from Father. Here they come! A big flock'. "get about a dozen out of that, with two shots." Right over the boat and low down. There was a tremendous roar. Will turned to see what had happened and there was absolutely no father in sight! Not a trace until Will saw ~~x~~ Father's hat floating in the water. Scared to peices and wondering ~~x~~ what to do Will was just about ready to dive down and try to recover his father's shattered body when a head bobbed up beside the boat and a hand hauled up a very wet shotgun while it drippingly gurgled. "Here, take the gun!" ~~X~~ In his excietment, Father had pulled both triggers and the heavy recoil had kicked him right over the stern and making a

Left me afloat at the funeral, but he never let go of the gun!

manufactured plumbers supplies and used the best and most up-to-date in this house he had built only a few years before. There was, ofcourse, the 'Parlor' on the right and the 'Sitting'room on the left of a fairly harrow hall which led straight back to the kitchen via the back stain entry. The dinning room was back of the sitting room but entered also by a doorway under the straight flight of stairs that seemed of in terminable length. Then there was actually a DRESSING room for Mother and Father back of thire room on the second floor and connecting with the bath; the 'Guest'room in the front, Helena's room on the other side ofthe hall, Wills room, which I shared for some time sleeping in a double bed, we all did, and how often he warmed his icy feet on the small brothers back when he came in l-ate,11 p.m.! from parties and entertainments.

The third floor had the 'Servants'room, another small bed room and on the east side, a hugh room running the whole length of the house. There was also a big store room on that floor. The water came from a well in one corner of the celler, which was deep enough, itself,but had another and deeper celler, quite small, where the well was located. Hours a day the 'Hired Man' had to pump that water to a tank in the top of the house and more than one gave notice after a few days of that ~~strenuous~~ strenuous labor. We burned gas made in the gas machine located in the yard, down in a pit with a roof over it. Gasoline was stored in a tank and the pres- sure created by a weight which had to be wound up every day and much woe and trouble did that infernal machine cause before electric light came in. A chicken yard, with a paling fence, occupied about a quarter of the yard and there was a large garden and a barnyard, some fruit trees and and grape vines growing among the fence. It was quite a place, ~~in~~ in those days and I have described it a length because I spent 15 years of my life there, perhaps the most important years for development.

A board walk lead from the Brym Mawr station to the corner, opposite the Marvin place and from there to our house there was a cinder walk. The Marvin place then belonged to a sculptor, Howard Roberts, by name and the ground between his house and ours was allowed to grow as a tangled wood-½ land. We learned to know them, after a time, and to spwak in passing, but nothing Across Merion Ave. from the Roberts place Joseph Richards and his wife lived with their two children, Sam and Lizzie.

To the west of us the Fuguets lived, He was a Cuban and in the cigar business and Mrs. F was a French woman, related to the nobility the De Laforests and so thmat name appeared in all of the names of their five children. Acousing also lived with them, a boy about 14, and the oldest of the shildren. It was quite a while before we got acquainted with them for they seemed pretty top lofty and had lots of money. I learned, later that the children called me bonbonier ,'candy box' partly because of Father's business. Later, we all became the best of friends and the oldest son, Alphonse De Laforest Fuguet, 'Al' for short was my bosom friend and we were almost inseper-able.

Across Montgomery Ave., at the corner of Roberts Road Mr Frank Hipple lived with one son, Will, who played with Al and me quite a lot and went with us on our first camping trip to the Adirondacks. But he was older than either of us and never was the close chum we were.
Next to them was John Kennedy, a Catholic family, as were the Fuguets, but with two pretty daughtess, girls then, both brunettes of the darkest type and the oldest one Emily, an object of my early devotion, <u>for a ~~short~~ time only</u>. Her mother saw to that!
East of them was George Oberge and wife, with son and daughter, Eureka, who later went to B.M. college with Mother and still lives here at Haverfor one of the very few boyhood friends who still lives or of whom I know anything. (Not so many years ago I met Emily Kennedy forget her married name and a very few minutes conversation, her highly flavored language of decidedly sulphorus odor made me most thankful that that affair was most thoroughly squashed, even tho is was just a boy and girl affair.

Mr Oberge was a Sweed or Swedish decent and looked it. He always had a lot of fire works on the 4th of July and invited all the neighbors over to his house to enjoy them. For some reason or other we never played much with 'Reka' and her brother ,George was too much of a kid to even receive notice.

East of the Oberges were the Tracys,living in a very large, green stone house, the stone quarried near black rock and thought to be very fine indeed.(The Chapel ~~was~~ at our church and at the Baptist church on the Pike(Lancaster Ave.) were built of the same material) The Tracys had about four acres of land and the property extended to the railroad as did all the places on that side of Montgomery Ave. Mr. Tracy was quite an elderly man, one of the Trustees of our church and probabally a charter member. He was tall and gaunt and sandy and followed the old custom of always standing at prayers, when he would let his eyes roam over the congregation(O! I peeked, I'll confess) and he always jingled some loose coins in his trowsers pocket.

His widowed daughter, Hoffman by name with her only son Miles lived with them and a daughter-in-law, with her son Atlee lived there also. I cant seem to recall the face of the younger Mrs Tracy's husband nor do I remember anything about him except that he was seldom at home, a travelling man I think. Miles Hoffman was about my age and for quite a while we were close friends,before ~~we~~ I chummed with Al. Somehow, Miles and Al never hit it off if indeed they even knew each other, Atlee Tracy was in the kid class so did not count.

I am not going to decribe all the resident of Bryn Mawr and vacinity but have mentioned these because they played so large a part in my early life, but there was a strange tract of land on the ~~the~~ east side of Merion Ave and opposite to the Tracy House. A mansion had occupied that large acerage at one time with handsom grounds about it but the house burnt down and the place had grown to a tangle, haunted, it was rumored, by ghosts

as it certainly was by tramps who ganged there, tho they committed no serious crimes. Naturally we small boys explored it with great caution and at rare intervals and never alone and when we returned, as travellers form a far country, we were glad for our many hairbredth escapes, we may have seen where some tramps had camped sometime, releived of our curiosity and very content that THAT would not have to be done again for quite sometime.

Naturally the question of schools came up during that first summer Private schools were very much restricted to the children of great wealth and there were none nearx by. The Richards children, Miles Hoffman and two or three other children were taught by Miss Annie Johnson, still living in this neighborhood, at the Richards home but my brothers and sisters had always gone to the publis schools and I had gone to the same school in Camden before we moved so naturally go here, especially as they Had a new school house just built a year or two before. Sox in the fall Bertie Wibbur was enrolled in Miss Annie Whites room, 9 to 12; 2 to 4 and home to lunch.

I was not enthusiastic about Miss White, the first school teacher I remember. No doubt she had an exasperating lot of students, ex politely so called, but she seemed to fly into rages so easily and failed to win our respect and certainly did not win our affection. There were glass sliding partitions , above shoulder height, between our room and the higher grades in the next and we kids would sometimes see the big boys in the next room at least their head and shoulders, when they had 'entertainments' or 'Slecial exercises' Friday afternoons. Oh! would the day EVER come when we would be in that happy land and have entertainments every Friday?,

What ever Miss Annie's faults she did teach and eventually we did arrive in 'Hanna's room and found the Paradise, on closer inspection, seemed tp bear some striking characteristics of earth with decided suggestions of some hotter place. Miss Hanna Geiger, Principal and senior teacher was indeed a remarkable woman. Of mid-life, heavy tho not fat, muscular

but not tall, she was a woman of executive ability: A stern disciplinarian, but careful in deciding the suspected one to be guilty and fair in her decisions. She was quick to recognize real effort or a desire to obey and while I cannot remember that she openly praised, she did show her appreciation by her attitude and certain priveleges which, it was well understood, could be earned in this way. Miss Geiger was a good woman who tried to lead her pupils to see the value of righteousness. But I am too far ahead for it must have been after we had been to Europe that I was promoted and the whole family made that trip in 1880.

Father must have been very prosperous to be able to buy the Cooper house in 1879 and then take his family of his wife and four children for a two months tour of Europe. He had been born in Dundaff, Pa. in 1832 the son of William Wilbur (born in Rhode Island, I think, in 1809) and Ariminda Birge, (born in Hebron Conn. in 1810.) They were rugged people and in 1835 drove from New England to Dundaff in a one-horse chaise, some undertaking at that time. Why they made that long journey is not recorded, neither do I know anything of their parents or what they did but as Grandfather Wilbur was a carriage builder and wheelwright it is more than probable that his father followed the same occupation. My father was never one to preserve family history and my life was too full of problems at the time when one becomes interested in those things for me to find out.

Father was born in Dundaff and I think learned his father's trade but went to some academy in a nearby town. This was rather unusual at that time and I suppose gave Father the desire to see more of the world than the tiny village he lived in afforded. So he did not follow the Wagon business but clerked in the railroad at Scranton, tho that was ater he married I think. It was while he was working in Elmira, N.Y. that he met Mother who was attending the college for women there and later won her. They were married in Pepperell, Mass, Mother's home in 1858 and I think went to

went to Corning N.Y. to live. Certain it is that early in their married life they lived there and Father was at first Asst. Post Master and later Post Master. Later they went to Pittston Pa. It was while Father was a clerk at Scranton that the president of the R.R. Co., the D.L.& W. I think, made it possible for him to buy some of the stock on the installment plan, and as this proved to be profitable it gave Father his first capital. It was with this that he was able to move to Vineland N.J., tho why there I cannot imagine, and set himself up in the stove business, in which he was successful and continued until some mutual friend brought him and Samuel Croft, a practical candy maker together and that resulted in the firm of Croft Wilbur & Co with a store and factory at 125 No. Third St. Philadelphia. I suppose it was at this time we moved to the Berks St address in Philadelphia. The beginning of that business must have been some time prior to my birth in 1870.

The property at 125 No. Third has not changed much but is about the same outside at least, except for a display window on the street front. I remember very little about the inside of the factory except the narrow stairs at one side and the enormous quantity of candy the covered the treads. It seemed to be inches thick and tho very dirty always made me wonder why anyone would waste so much deliciousness and could'nt it be boiled over and cleaned in some way. And that's no joke either for, sad to relate, if all we hear about the candy-makers is true there was many a pound of floor scrapeings that went into 'penny- sticks' in those days. (It comes to me now, that I have heard father say that when they started in Phila, it was in a small place on Quarry St. between Second and Third. tho I never saw the placethat I remember.)

I think it was just before the Centennial(1876) that Croft, Wilbur moved to their new factory at 1226 Market Sts, considered then to be one of the largest, if not the largest, candy factory in the U.S. It had a most unusual feature, a cast steel front from pavement to roof, put up in sections ofcourse. Wanamaker had moved to 13th and Market, a half a block away and

and the partners thought they had been very wise and foresighted in selecting this site for their xxxx business as many considered it "a little far out." Later events show their good judgement for this is today, nearly 60 years later, one of the busiest section of the retail trade. Years after Croft Wilbur sold this property it was burnt down and replaced by stores with a large power house in the rear which supplies Wanamakers and is owned by that company. Some years ago I made an album showscenes of Fathers business history but it could not be found after Mrs.H.O?'s death. For the boys sake, I wish we had it. Father managed the office and business end while Croft looked after the factory and altho they were quite different in temperment and had divergent views on many matters they continued in partnership for many years and were very successful.

It was in the new store,xx always spoken of as 'the Factory' altho they had a large and fine retail store on the first floor, that I saw and was allowed to try a telephone, something new and wonderful and just coming into general use. One had to stand at a good sized box fastened to a wall, not so different from the wall-sets still to bee seen, and ring a bell at the side. Then wait until the bell rang a reply and then give the number and,if lucky you could hear a faint voice coming in the receiver It seemed very wonderful as,indeed, it was but it was considered of doubt-value for sometime.

I was a chunky lad rather given to plumpness and was highly insulted, when some photographer said to Mother, when she was criticising some proofs of my photo,'You can't help that bagginess of the cheek, Mam." It seems that I was generally well and escaped all the children's diseases only to have them at most inconvenient times later on. I did have severe attacks of tonsilitis and even as early as that some Doctors urged having them out but Dr.Anna Griffiths, of whom Mother thought a lot, did not favor it and Mother was much opposed. I have often heard her say with

The ear piece looked as it does today but it was also the transmitter, as you had to put it alternately to your ear and to mouth.

pride," No, Bertrand, I would never allow it." She never knew how much sickness I might have been saved had she urged their early removal for severe attacks continued until I,at last outgrew them, some years after I was married.Dear Mother thought she was guarding me from an unwarranted and dangerous mutilation. Even in my college days the dangers from infected tonsils were recognized by very few and the operation was seldom performed.

So the summer of 1880 came along and with it much hustle and bustle in preparation for our trip abroad. It was quite an undertaking at that time and far from the 'ferry trip' it is thought to be today. Naturally a boy of nine did not worry much about the getting ready, but he had to be fitted for a grey check flannel shirt or two with a neckband like his my brothers and father's FOR it was difficult to get laundry done in Europe and we males all wore celluloid collars and, on occasions, like the stately 'table d'hote' a false shirt front of the same material, freshly 'laundered' by the simple process of a good bath with soap and water. No doubt Mother made the shirts for the family. they were all the same color and pattern. Evening dress? Nay, nay, not in those days when travelling, at least not for people in our station of life.

The problem of baggage was also considered serious for there was no checking system Abroad and'bookings' were reported difficult and uncertain So everything must go in handbags as far apossible. I suppose there were some trunks but we only saw them now and again for they were expressed, on something, to points where we were to make longer stays,but there were certainly very few of them. Now behold the Wilbur family setting forth for Europe: Father and Mother with a very large canvas covered telescope carrier between them,Will, with one of exactly the same color and design, a kind of a natural crash color, but Will's a little smaller than Mother's. Helena's a little smaller

and so on but even I had one about a foot long, as I remember. Will, who was just 20 years old the previous March and had just graduat from Lafayette College that spring, was courrier and travel directo for could he not spesk FRENCH as we thought with greatest fluency. for even employees at large hotels spoke little En He certainly was a great help but even at that I marvel at the courage of my parents in starting out with such a cavalcade.

We sailed on the CITY OF PARIS of the Inman Line, one white band on a black stack. She had some sail on her two masts but no square rigging. I remember about the sail for some kind petty officer would rig a bowlin over the spanker boom on the aft deck and sitting in this I would swing off the skylight transom and lower myself to the deck a few feet below. It seems as tho I played this for days for was I not gathering the eggs from the nests of countless sea birds along the overhanging cliffs of a wild sea island?

Mother was very seasick and I doubt if she left her berth from land to land. The cabin ventilation was poor and she wanted the port hole open as much as possible. I slept in her room in the upper while Helena slept on the transom below the porthole, Father and the two boys in an adjoining stateroom. One night we turned in as usual the weather being quite calm. Sometime in the night a wave slapped against that side and poured a full stream over Lena sleeping beneath.the open port. Much excietment,Lena scared and shivering, stewards running and the slosh on the floor gradually mopped up, while Mother, tho she could hardly hold up her head, directed everybody, and operations gene erally.

Another time, either going or coming, I was sitting on the taf-rail, which is a short railing, a foot or two just inside the bulwarks and I was much interested in a game of shuffle board, when whack!.a wave struck me in the back and knocked me to the deck but beyond a

a thorough drenching no harm was done, tho some kindly old lady remarked "How fortunate that the wave did not come from the INSIDE of the ship or the poor chuld might have been washed in the ocean!!"

Mr.Miller, our pastor at Bryn Mawr and his brother, Rothsay, a missionary in Japan, returning to his station, were passengers on our ship Altho a middle aged man, Mr. Rothsay was very good to me and whiled away many an hour in the rather monotonous voyage of eight days for I cannot remember there was another child in the ships company. Mr.Rothsay's impromptu fairy tales, interwoven with his experiences in Japan never failed to interest nor was he above a mild romp now and then.

I shall not attempt to describe a tour of Europe but some things as seen thro a small boy's eye, seem with recounting. There were the enormous paddleboxes on the queer 'tenders' that took us ashore at Queenstown and it was on the top of those paddleboxes that we went from the ship to the tender The big delicious strawberries we had at our first dinner in Ireland the jaunting cars, a never ending source of delight: and the enormous gooseberries, sweet and fine, that you could buy for ha'penny a tincup.

We rode thro the Gap of Dunloe on pony back and it was not long before I could trot on after my brothers, who had galloped on ahead. Turning a sharp corner around a hill I came upon Will and Harry trying to kiss a buxom, rosy faced Irish girl whom they had generously tipped for the occasion, while her parents stood laughing by. The boys wanted to know what business I had to be riding alone and maybe get run away with and commanded me to return to my mother at once and be sure to stay with her. Did tell? I don't know but nothing ever came of it tho such actions in 1886, were regarded as very serious indeed, at least in our family. No end of 'Old Wives' would accost us with the plea to'Have a wee drap o' mountain dew'(Irish whiskey) while they held the bottle and a tiny glass temptingly in their hands.Father sternly declined for he was a

a 'temperance man' and Mother was a zealous worker in the W.C.T.U. But goat's milk was different and I drank some:.... and wished I had'nt.

Helena kisses the Blarney Stone while Will and Harry held her legs, 'limbs'(with a slight blush,) in 1880, and I want to kiss it but the distance was too great for my short body. Alas and again Alas! but for that I might have been a great ~~author~~ orator. The lakes of Kilarney I remenber but slightly but with pleasure for I was enjoying everyday and taking a keen interest tho I was not much of a student and had no to read as much as some children. But Mother was always an inspiration and always a teacher. One thing, I guess, that gave me more interest was my love of geography in which I had always done well in school, so I knew where we were and where we were going. An so on to Belfast and a steamer to Amsterdam with happy memories of Ireland.

Those funny Dutch ships we saw as we came up the harbor., their centerboards hung outside the hull on each side and their bows so blunt you could heardly tell whether ther were going or coming! The wooden shoes, clump-clumping over the cobbles or parked in rows at the sides of the streets; rosy faces and everybody so CLEAN! And then, the green,green country with canal boats seeming to slide thro the fields in all directions and windmills everywhere, turning, turning, turning and apparently doing nothing. I did not know they were ceaselessly ~~ceasely~~ pumping the water to the sea. The seashore and the prospect of an ocean bath for we were atScheveningen (No, I did not remember how to spell it.I had to get the atlas.) Schevy is the Atlantic City of the Hague tho as little like That bizarre resort as one could imagine. BUT! What,Under the sun! are those funny little houses out in the water and now being hauled out by a man who is wading and a horse and now being pulled in. Bath houses?Well, for gracious sake. I was tucked in with some,maybe all of the males and we were hauled out. There was a big hood on

on the back of the wagon, like a sprayhood on a motorboat, only bigger, that was let down to the water and under cover of that contraption we bathed in buff in the icy water. All the men were on one section of the beach and the women on another, quite a distance away. I wonder what they will do now?

As usual, we were travelling second class. There was no corridor thro the trains and the conductor had to climb along the the steps that ran along continuously outside the carriages (cars) The second class compartments held eight but as we had six in our party we generally were able to have a whole compartment to ourselves especially if the gourd was tipped when we got in. Just before the train started the guards ran along the platform and LOCKED us in and there we were until the first stop when all the doors were unlocked as long as the train was at that station. There were two rows of seats in each compartment , facing each other and without arms except the seats by the windows at each end. As long as a party could have a compartment to itself it was all very nice but to be cooped up with strangers and forced to sit facing them indefinite hours was most disagreeable. There were no half fare tickets sold as I understand but two children could ride on one ticket. Harry was small for his age so father thought it was as fair to have Harry and I travel on one ticket as to have to pay full fare for me. So it was that, whenever we saw the conductor coming, we could generally see him at the window of the compartment ahead, Father would say, "Now boys scrunch up!" whereupon Harry and I would crowd our heads into our shoulders and draw our joints together and try to look as small as possible. I would'nt be surprized if that two months of contracting prevented me from growing to be 6 ft. tall. But for all the 'scrunching' there was more than one argument with the conductor giving Will considerable practice in his college French.

We were on our way to Antwerp and it had grown dark as we swung around a long curve and the lights of a large city came into view. This is Antwerp we said. Will consulted his guide or time table and said "No, this is Ah-vare, at least that's what it sounded like to me. The station guards unlocked the doors and called Ah-vare, Ah-vare. Why, Will, this must be Antwerp?" "No, this is Ah-vare"! So we sat in the train and after quite a long wait the train went on again and out in the country. It was an express and it was quite a time before the conductor climbed along that perilous outside step, and asked for our tickets. Tickets? we gave up our tickets sometime ago! French back and forth and increasing excietment. He unlocked the door and came in. More French and more excietment. At last the terrible news was out. Ah-vare was the French for Antwerp and we were on a thro train for Paris or some distant place. At last he agreed to stop the train, about an hour from Antwerp and we got off and got back to Antwerp about midnight. And then, just to keep us awake, the drunken driver of our cab ran into another and a shaft came crashing thro the window, near Mother, and ~~me~~ me and the others who were riding in it. But no one was hurt and so, at last, to bed.

I remember the cathedral but looked in vain for stork's nests on the chimneys tho there were plenty of pictures of them and I suppose it was here that those weary miles of picture galleries began for me. Art galleries, to be sure, but picture galleries to me. Perhaps it was those weary miles that account for my lack of appreciation of art.

Then came Switzerland, tho whether I follow out itinerary or not I do not know but it makes no difference, for Switzerland was a delight with its mountains and charming valleys; its waterfalls and glaciers: its goats and their tinkling bells and enchanting chalets with the stones to hold the roofs down. There was a Sunday on a mountain top which we reached on a funny little cog railway, where we were on an

island floating on a sea of billowy cottonX There were other islands all about us, some of them snow capped but of the 'good green earth' there was not the slightest glimpse, all that Sunday on MY.Rigi.

But I fear that this is becoming 'My travels in Europe' in spite of my promise not to indulge in that luxury, but as it is more than probable that I will get more pleasure from this story than anyone else I'll get along, fpr, after all ~~it~~ not many American boys of ten saw Europe in 1886.

The steamer trip on Lake Geneva was delightful as all steamer trips were, to me

Chamouni! Thy beauty and ~~xxxxx~~ and the grandure of the mountains that surround thee: the charm of the beautiful valley where ypu nestle: Thy quaint houses and the tinkle of goat bells and that marvelous air, crystal clear and filled with fragrance and life, unpolutted, then by the vileness of any auto exhaust:Fifty three years have passed since then but I can see and hear and feel your facination even now! Here I became a real montaineer for it was at Chamouni that my shoes were sent out and the soles covered with hob nails! in preparation for that terrible trip up the mountain, across the trecherous Mer de Glace and then that very dangerous climb along the Mau ve pas! at least so the pamphlets said as I gathered from the conversation Of my elders. So we all ~~xxx~~ set out, even Mother going too, not that she ever lacked the the willingness or desire for such trips but quite ~~xfx~~ often the strength.'Up the mountain' proved to be a climb or walk would be the better word, of perhaps 1000 ft. along a very good path; the 'x 'sea of ice' a narrow ~~stream~~ glacier of dirty ice, with crevasses, sure enough but such a well defined path around them that we would not have needed a guide: and the 'dangerous way'while truly a narrow series of steps across the face of a steeply slopeing rock was so guarded by an iron hand rail that, even tho it was along the inside of the path, nothing

short of a cyclone would have dislodged us. But in spite of what we had expected the trop was most interesting and I enjoyed it all and examined my hobnails when we returned to the hotel to see how much had been worn off!

We spent Sunday at Chamouni and while I was sitting on the balcony overlooking the river valley and Mt.Blanc beyond, I noticed a very pretty young lady sitting near. She was so pretty it was hard to keep my attention on the mountain and seeing this she gave me a friendly smile that confused me greatly and no doubt covered my fx face with blushes. But before long we were talking together as old friends and I was telling her all our family history. Mother came from her letters in her room and was introduced to Miss Ida Bodine, an American girl travelling with her father, and so a long friendship began of which Will ursurped the major shmare and at one time, aafter we returned home, we thought he was going to marry her.

Ofcourse, we had to have Alpine stocks for our trip 'up Mt.Blanc' and even I was able to persuade Father I needed one. He was always good to me, even tho I was not a girl. These staves were about 5 ft. long, a knob at the top(Tho the professional variety had an ice ax there) and a big spike at the bottom. As they were made of some white wood theymx were branded with the names of places where one had been. preferably mountains climbed, ofcourse. I carried that infernal bunch of sticks to many cities before we finally had the ends sawed off with the brands on them and threw the rest away. Helena had a sort of a cane effect with the horn of a chamouni for a handle and I saw it at Cardinal only a few weeks ago.

Milan Cathedral and the wonders of its roof:the Leaning tower of Pisa which we boys ascended and the very peculiar effect when coming down on the low side and VENICE and eternal boat riding to

my intense delight. We doubtless went to a pension, but it was on the Grand Canal, not far from St Mark's, and when we got out of the gondola to go in I wondered if their cellers were full of water. Helena was nearly eaten by mosquitoes that first night and most of the family complained of flees, but what of that when you could get right in a boat from you front steps! I remember St.Marks and the marble column that they said came from Solomon's temple; the Bridge of Sighs and the holes in the wall, near it,where the cords of the garrotte ran thro: and a fine ocean bath at Lido where we were given towels as big as sheets to wrap around us until dry. You see,I was fond of the water as far back as I can remember, except when it came to having my neck and ears washed and then I was sure there was no skin left on either of them.

We were gliding down the Grand Canal, Mother, Lena and I in one Gondola and Father and the boys in another, when, a shout went up, fow there, in an approaching gondola sat Mr. Miller as solemn as an owl! I was in his gandola in no time, for even then,that attachment between us was strong, we were off together for the rest of the day. I Know we went over and under the Rialto with its funny shops on either side and some recollection of a pink ice, very insipid, but I found a fine three. ice cream was unknown. We had not seen Mr. Miller since we left the steamer at Queenstown as his itinerary was different and he was so glad to meet friends as he was travelling alone most of the time. I left Venice with regret for even the shops were most interesting and the funny tiny streets and the ever hungry pigeons. And so we headed for Rome.

I had read Plutach's Lives for Young People and so I had a lot of interest in Rome.Being a ptetty familiar with Bible stories added to that interest so that I enjoyed Rome and never tired of

standing at the window of my room and looking at the ruins of Caesar's palace on a hillside a short distance away. I enjoyed it all, the Coleseum where, in fancy, I saw again the gladiators and the Christians given to the beasts: The Arch of Titus, the bas-reliefs of the furniture from the Temple at Jerusalem of special interest and the ruins of this and the ruins of that that meant lees to me than these others.

But it was not all ancient Rome that was interesting. There was the Vatican and that funny ceiling where a picture of the Judgment (Michael Angelo) I am looking thro boy's eyes, where the souls of the dead are represented as children emergeing from the mouths of their bodies only to be ceased by a devil on one side while an angel struggles for posession on the other. Some were more fortunate for they were at once born off by the angels while for others the angels let the devils have there own way without a protest, or so it seemed. at least this is as I remember it, for remember it I certainly do. We did not attempt to see His Holiness, not impossible then for Americans were not such frequent Visitors as they are now. But kissing the great-toe did not appeal and that was the invariable rule.

A good deal of horror come back to me whenever I see a picture of the ball atop the spire of St. Peter's for I had an experience inside that self same ball. My brothers' allowed me to go with them to the inside of that ball, permission being granted for a small fee. Up countless stairs we climbed until we came out on a narrow balcony circling the entire inside of the base of the dome where it joins the roof. Looking down to the main floor from here was very wonderful. A hollow, slightly conical tube about ten feet long and only large in diameter enough to admit one person at a time supports the ball, a hollow iron sphere, perhaps about five feet across. One has to climb up a

I do not remember just where the stairs were that led from the base to the top of the dome but they reached the base of the tube, at last. One has to climb up an iron ladder, inside the tube to reach the ball. Nothing very difficult about that for and active youngster, so up we went and others followed until the hollow spere was not only full but in daanger of being jammed! As it was only ventilated by a few small narrow slots and as people kept crowding up the tube, thus shutting of all air from that source the situation began to look serious. There were no guides or guards, as I remember, so it was 'every man for himself! I thought I was beginning to smother and feared that so much weight in the Ball would break it off, for the tube looked pretty small and thin, and we would all go rolling down that great dome, only to bounce from the roof and go falling, falling, falling to crash on the pavement below. I suppos I bawled, I fear I was likely to, and others yelled but men kept crowding up, there were no women, No one seemed to know what was wrong or understa the shouts from above. As the tube was completely filled with people th man at the bottom had to back down first to begin ~~to clear~~ to clear it. And, at last this began and the ladder was free and down we all hustled thankful for space and air once more. That is why I never can see a picture of St. Peter's and the ball at the top, just under the cross, without a bit of a sense of oppression for air and a little shudder.

We saw High Mass and the gorgeous coustumes and all the rites and forms with the clouds of incense impressed me greatly nor shall I forget the statue of Moses tho the horns seemed to me rather ~~mixx~~ ~~xxxxxxxx~~ to suggest another personage generally represented to have both horns and an arrow-headed tail.

We had a courrier named Molespini, (spelling doubtless phonetic) a handsom young man very intelligent, pleasant and courteous. He made eyes at Lena and Father was a little disturbed before we finally left

left Rome for Naples.

And here I am reminded of a funny experience Harry and I had at Verona for we were to spend Sunday there. I do not think we ever travelled on that day, but went to an English service when possible if not hen to a Catholic one. So Saturday we went sight seeing, Harry not careing to go, and visited the old Roman ampitheatre, which, tho much smaller than the one at Rome, was in a perfect state of preservation. When we told Harry about it he wanted to see it and as it was too late to go that day he and I started out Sunday afternoon. It was quite near and I acted as guide. When we reached it, great was our surprize to find crowds of people there and an admission was charged but we wanted to see what was doing so paid and went in, to find races going on and two greased poles with clothing at their tops. We stayed quite a while hoping to see the pole act but finally decided to return to the family feeling rather guilty for ~~ix~~ that was not the way the Wilbur children were expected to spend Sunday afternoon.

On the way to Naples I saw the primitive wine making and it did not make me want to drink wine. In a large trough, on top of a hogshead, were a number of boys and girls treading out the grapes, their legs covered with the juice.

Naples and strings of Macaroni hanging on poles at the side of the narrow streets to gather dust and dirt ad lib: The ever facinating aquarium and then, one day, to Pompeii. I remember it well, especially the bakery with its mills to grind grain and the loaves of bread, burnt black but still in perfect shape, trust a small boy to remember where the eats were made; and the marks of the shariot wheels worn in the stone paved streets. It was a marvel how the horses ever learned to pass between the large blocks of stone that were placed for foot traffic at the crossings.

The trip to Vesuvius will never be forgotten. A long carriage ride around the shores of the beautiful Bay, then up the sides of the mountain, in easy grades, soon passing above the little farms to miles of lava from old eruptions. Altho many differnt colored lavas are found, from almost white to black, these surface feilds are all black, folded and coiled, like the top of a bowl of cake dough. A thousand yards or so from the top we took a cable road with tiny cars, and went straight up the steep incline of the lower part of the cone. This cone was covered with fine cinders almost impossible for foot travel for any distance. It could not have been more than 200 ft. from the edge of the crater that we left the car and passed a little way around the cone. It had to be on the windward side for the sulphur fumes were almost stifling when the wind shifted, even a little. It was awesome even to the grown-ups and little short of terrifying to me for there a little above us, and so near, the great throat of this thing that surely must be alive, was belching smoke and throwing stones, some of them as large as my head, into the air. They seemed to go straight up, perhaps a hundred feet, and then fall back into the crater again. The eruption was not continuous but came in successive periods, closely following each other. There was, first, a low rumble dieing down and then returning louder than at first; to be repeated, again and again, each one louder than the other until at last with a roar, up came the smoke and the stones shooting up in the air. It certainly was a wonderful spectacle; little wonder it frightened me.

As we walked along, our coachman acting as guide and he was a good one, we stepped over cracks in the ground where smoke slowly seeped out and our feet soon told us that, tho this might be holy ground it certainly must be near the Inferno for it was not warm,

it was hot! Not far to the left, stood a tall chimney looking as tho it had been made by some huge giant, carefully piling up successive layers of stiff dough, each a little smaller than the last. It must have been ten or fifteen feet high, mostly yellow color with some streaks of black and not more than a foot in diameter at the top, where fumes lazily escaped from a small opening in its center. The guide told us it was mostly pure sulphur, and was constantly getting taller as the oozy stuff flowed out from the interior.

Down the side of the cone below us, fifty yards away, a small stream of molten lava, bright red, was slowly flowing down tho we could not see any motion. Here our guide took some 5 centime peices we gave him and walking and sliding down the cinders approached the foot wide stream. Winding a bandana handkerchief about his hand and shielding his face with his other arm he put some of the lava around each coin with a staff he had with him. After they had cooled ~~a little~~ as he dragged them away from the heat he brought them to us each coin embedded in the lava like a jewel set in a ring, his face glowing like a brilliant case of sunburn, For many years I had one of those lava-encrusted- coins and perhaps we still have it somewhere.

White grapes, an inch and a half long and smaller at both ends than at the middle, linger among my memories of southern Italy. They were called Tivioli grapes and altho I have never seen them since they still seem the acme of delisciousness.

There was a long steamer ride on the RHine with the many castles and the countless vinyards on the terraced hills and some days at Heidelberg in a hotel well above the town and near the ruined castle. It seemed as tho I would never tire of looking at those towers split clean in half by some terrific explosion and Lena and I wandered about the ruins every day. Then the droll steamer crawling up the NecKAR

River which flowed thro the valley some distance below the hotel and in plain sight for a couple of miles. That queer boat acted like a floating cable car for it would take up a cable from the water, at the bow and pass it back at the stern, pulling itself along, meanwhile, up the swift current.

It was in the celler of the castle, I think, that we saw the Great Tun, a famous huge cask for storing wine, the biggest ever made at the time it was built. Here again some of our party practiced that petty vandalism of which some of us were guilty, I regret to say. I was a chronic offender, but with my parents knowledge it should be said in all fairness. In Caesar's Palace, in Pompeii and a lot of other places I would linger behind or wander off and the guides would pay little attention to the small boy. Then with the toe of my shoe or a knife blade I'd pry loose a stone from a mosaic or chip a piece from a columns or some other outgageous doing and carry it off for my 'COLLECTION' It certainly was shameful but I cannot remember that anyone of our family objected in the least. So it was that a college friend of Will's, who was travelling with us at that time, slipped behind the big cask and sliced off a few chips for Helena's COLLECTION tho hers was almost entirely pressed flowers and therefore quite innocent.

It was at Heidelberg that the the proprietor, they were real hosts in those days, came to me after dinner one evening, and as we were leaving our table, holding a large plate of fruit, quite a pyr- a mid of it in fact. I always loved fruit and he had noticed it. Of course, I was quite overcome, and as I reached out my hand for the fruit plate I began to stammer out my thanks, in English, naturally. But Mine Host seemed strangely reluctant to release the plate tho I tugged manfully. Finally Will interpreted the spouting German: not the plate but the fruit, help myself, maby TWO peices. Some crestfallen

From time to time we saw German students in their corp uniforms, white trowsers, high black boots, well above the knees, short dark jackets with brilliant sashes over their shoulders in the different colors of their corps, and rediculous tiny caps held to the sides of their close cropped, bullit heads. But their faces! slashed and checkered with ugly scars. Beasts, Mother and Helena called them but they certainly slandered the beasts for most of them have finer characters and a lot more sense than we humans.

The outstanding memory of Heidleberg was the night tramp to Wolfesbrunnen, a tiny place around and higher up the mountain. Dr. Miller had appeared again, tho whether by appointment or chance, I do not know but we two started off and after a climb on good paths where I thought I was lost in trying a short cut, we reached an Inn and sat down by a fountain with brook trout swimming in the basin. Soon some of those very trout were scouped out in a net and fried for our supper. Was'nt that beloved Pastor a good old chum?

Of Paris I remember little except chocolate and rolls served to us in bed in the morning, a most absurd performance, I thought tho both were mighty good: A whole store full of kid gloves that Mother and Lena bought 'so cheap': a gorgeous service in the Madelain with a church official in brilliant silk uniform who marched up and down the aisle to wake up any sleeper, they told me: and miles and miles of art galleries and aching feet and tired legs, and so to England crossing the Channel on a queer steamer built like a catamaran with the propeller between the hulls. It was supposed to be very steady but we had a stormy day and most of our party were sea sick.

In London, where we were to stay some time, we lived in a house on Half Moon St and had the entire second floor. The memory of wonderful bread, sweet butter and jam, every morning for breakfast lingers

lingers still, and with longing desire. Of course we visited the Tower and, also ofcourse, I remember the Block and the headmans ax, The crown jewels and the Beef Eaters, most assuredly. Then there was St. Payls and Westminster, and the Horse Guards and Omnibuses, the first two deck ones I ever saw, I guess: and a boat trip on the Thames. There was also a very tragic family erruption when Will was discovered one noon day drinking claret! There was a resturant where we often took lunch as we had all our meals out except tbreakfast, and Will had beam off somewhere with some friends. One of his college mates either traveled with us or joined us from time to time, but we were not expected at that resturant that day, for some reason or other. Imagine his surprise and Mothers horror when we all trooped in and found Willand his friends, all men, with small glasses of wine beside them as they ate their dinner. Nothing was said but the was a frigidness in the air quite noticeable. And THAT NIGHT! Whew! some row Mother greatly grieved 'that her Son' Father stern, doubtless under Mother's prodding, for he was not the stern type of parent nor did he have the unbending New England conscience of my Mother. As I remember, there was talk of sending Will home at once but somehow peace was patched up and we were happy again. But it would have been an untold blessing to my brother and his family, as the years have amply demonstrated, had he shared my Mother's strict principles on the use of alcohol and had he never touched it again.

My tenth birthday was spent at Crystal Palace, a sort of a permanebt exhibition and here again Dr. Miller appeared to give me a good time. The palace was a big building with a huge arched glass roof, the roof of Broad Street Station train shed frequently reminded me of that big glass arch. There were sort of little shows in the place at which a small admission was charged and to at least one of these Dr.M took me. There was a large iron tank about ten feet deep with portholes some five feet above the bottom and open at the top on the floor above. Here a

a man put on a diving suit while his helper explained it peice by peice. It was a complete outfit, even to the lead belt and lead soled shoes. Finally the helmet was screwed on and down he went in the tank. A rubber speaking tube was passed around and I heard him voice but was too flustered to make much of it. We went to the floor below and, standing at the port holes, saw the divers face in the little round windows of his helmet as he passed from porthole to porthole, and the bubbles of air escapeing from the relief valve. Then we went to the upper floor again and saw him get out of the suit; all most interesting and it made such an impression that I remerber it clearly, even now.

Sometime on our trip we went to Scotland but I remember little about it except the blue bells the fortress on the heights of Edinburgh, where the fireing of 'Big Ben' a large old fashioned cannon, fired everyday at noon, almost scared me to death. But the Highlander band playing and marching in the park or gardens in the afternoon was no end of fun.

It was at Edinburgh, as were taking the train, that I had the surprise of the trip. The ~~train~~ cars were a little dark as it was afternoon, and the compartment empty. I bounced in first and ran to the window in the opposite door. Believeing the window was open I stuck my head out, when CRASH: I had run hy head thro the glass for the window was not open at all! There was some commotion, I tell you; family asking and advising, Mother anxious, brothers scolding and I am sure Father must have said" Whatcha'bout?" Guards came running, Station Master called and departure of train delayed. But finally Father paid for the damage and quite subdued I subsided in a corner and 'scrunched' up. I was not even scratched.

There are other scenes and incidents but I have written enough of our trip tho I must mention a Sunday service in London in Mr. Spurgeon's church. It was a typical ~~fog~~ London fog with the street lights going

and so thick inside the crurch that, even with all the lights on we could scarcely see the great preacher. I am sure that both the church and the city were lighted only by gas. Then there are memories of many abbeys; the drive over one of the Alpine passes where we literally slept on and also under feather matresses and mighty comfortable in that penetrating cold: and our driver stopping to water his horses and getting out a loaf of 'black bread' really dark brown inside, and sliceing off peices with his jacknife which he fed to the horses with now and then a chunk for himself; and here and there on the high Mountains, a Yodeler with his big horn sending out his liquid melodies across the valleys often to return in the charming notes of an echo.

But the time has come to sail and the S.S.New York brought us to that city without incident except one day when I saw a sight so strange that until this day I am not quite sure it was real and not some fancy. We were drifting in a perfectly flat ocean while they made some repairs to the Engines and I was standing by the rail looking at nothing in particular when, Only a short distance away, out of the quite sea, a huge snake, almost as long as our ship, coiled along like a rapidly revolving spiral spring and dipped below the surface again. It looked to be as large around as a good sized watermelon and from head to almost the tail its thickness did not vary. The head was like the head of an eel, the same size as the body and it's odd that as often as I have thought of that 'sarpint' and seen it again in my mind's eye I have never thought how much it was a like an eel until this minuite. But if it was an eel it was a thousand time bigger than any eel anyone ever heard of before; In this connection it must be remembered that I was only ten years old and and never had a drink in my life!

So life began again in Bryn Mawr but with many curios and memen

Father never could get used to the extra charge for soap and candles while to be charged for wine, at a few of the hotels, when we did not drink a drop at table d'hote was nothing short of an outrage. There were few if any fixed wash stands in the rooms but a wash bowl and a pitcher and I cannot remember a bath room anywhere. What? Sure we bathed, but it was generally in the wash bowl!.

But the one thing that nearly ruined the trip for father was the farewell at every hotel. The bill was paid, the carriage at the door, and we decended from our rooms, by stairway of course, and there along the sides of the entrance hall, which was comparitively narrow, every employee of the hotel, from porter to head waiter cooks, chamber maids, scullions and sweepers, all to say goodbye and, incidentally of course, with hands extended for an appreciation of their wonderful service. Then black looks if the tip was less than than they expected and it generally was. It nearly drove Father frantic, not that he was niggardly but to be held up in that way was a little too much. There was scarcely any tipping in America at that time and even the table tip was rather hard to get used to but this wholesale onslaught was just too much.

Mother had a great time getting hot water in the mornings but finally managed 'varmest vasser' and generally got what she wanted whether in Germany, France or Italy, while in Rome, we all mastered, ' Co-ke- arie, Co-ke-arie, Questa piattza? no authority for the spelling, and this remarkable flow of Italian was supposed to mean 'Driver, what place is this? He generally reaponde promptly but the trouble was that we could never tell what he told u

One afternoon along toward evening, we had arrive at some hotel and as usual , gone straight to our rooms. Having cleaned u

I stepped into the hall to take a look around when I saw Harry at the other end of the hall approaching another young man who was walking toward him, Harry stepped to the right to pass the other and the young man did the same. With a slight bow Harry murmered, 'Beg pardon and moved quickly to the left but not quick enough to avoid the other . They were now face to face and almost ~~kmm~~ tuching each other. Harry glared and the other did not look pleased when, as Harry made another effort to pass he bumped into his opponent and-- a MIRROR. 'Darn fool!.'said Harry as he scuttled down a stairway. You see the entire end of that hall was covered by a mirror without any frame or other thing to mark it. It was doubtless so placed to make the hotel seem very large and roomy and Harry walking toward it saw his reflection but in the rather dimm light did not notice the mirror or recognize himself and,naturally, he could not well give ~~hi~~ himself the go-by.

Did you ever see a 'shawl strap? The were constant pieces of hand baggage in my boyhood and no one would ever think of travelling without one. A shawl-~~strap~~ strap was a stiff leather handle with ~~a~~ a leather strap at each end which were fastened around a bundle of rugs, shawls and similar stuff so that it could be carried like a valise handy enough, and certainly much more convenient than hanging them over ones arms as is the present vogue tho they are not so much needed nowadays as when trains and boats were not as well heated. I don't doubt we had ine on our European trip but I don't recall it particylatly.

Follow with page 31, center paragraph.

toes of our trip . Mother was ever a student and enjoyed learning about things and telling others so many statuets, small mosaics,filagree work and such things of no great value were brought home. There was a cuckoo clock and a Swiss carved salad fork and spoon which are in our sideboard drawer or else a pair just like them. There were many photographs, some of them hand colored, all professional as Kodaks were unknown and folding cameras and tripods certainly not in general use, even if they were known at all. The gelatine dry-plate did not come into general use until 1880 so there were no amatuers at that time. Some years later, while I was still a boy, camers and outfits for developing began to be offered for sale and my parents gave me one. You could put about 3 dozen fair sized Kodaks in the carrying case which was of wood and the whole camera except the tripod went into it entire for it did not fold up at all and the tripod had to be carried separately. I think that some of our albums still have some of those early 'attempts' views taken from the roof of our house in Bryn Mawr, interstting especially because they show how few houses there were at that time and how much of the country round about, even close up to the village, was open farm land with very few trees. The same view today would make it look almost like a forest, so many trees have been planted and grown to large size.

But I have wandered from the photoes we brought back which were mounted in two large albums and I can still see Mother, seated by some friend, telling about our trip as she turned the pages of an album.Photo albums were not the pests then they have scince become nor was a summer in Europe so much a matter of course.

The most treasured souvenir and by far the most expensive, was the beautiful copy of the Madonna of the Chair, painted in the gallery where the origonal haung and by some artist of

note. It belongs to Madeline Barbes now and hangs in her home at Cardinal Virginia. For many weeks I had lugged it around Europe in a round tin case for it was not framed until we got home. Not that I was overburdened, not a bit. My little packing case seems to have been absorbed by Mothers but what ten-year-old would not feel burdened by anything he had to carry.

The collection of stones, lava and other results of my vandalism were all carefully fastened to cards and labelled and splaced in a cabinet where I soon forgot them and no one else had any interest in them, even my boy freinds showin g scant interest when I would occasionally exhibit my treasures. They were kept around the house for many years to be finally thrown away, I suppose.

Will was in some business in the city tho he wanted to be an author, Helen was at Mt Holyoke and Harry attending Haverford College as a day scholar. Many evenings I drove one of our span, the quite one and the station wagon to the college to bring Harry home and passed down Buck lane directly behind our present home.

I was going to the Public School and getting on without any trouble with the powers that be! We had recess morning and afternoon and I played ball some and those other games of boys but I was never very keen about them, except tennis and that came later. We often played kissing games in the yard where a large cherry tree made pleasant shade, Copenhagen being a favorite. I was quite a bit younger than most of the girls who outnumbered the boys quite a lot, but I was generally there. And I fell quite desperately in love with one of the older girls, Mamie ----. She had dark blue eyes and black lashes and hair, ' and her father and mother were Irish and she was Irish too' but she was always very neat and trim and was counted as one of the good girls standing well in her classes. I always waited Friday after

noon for a kiss before she went home for would it not be two whole days before I would see her again? The boys guied me a lot with haughty disgust and no doubt Maimie laughed but she always treated ~~xkkk~~ me in a kindly, motherly sort of way. I carved her initials with mine on some of the beach trees in our yard, much to the indignation of Harry especially, who said her father ran a speakeasy and indeed her home did not have a very savory reputation. It was in what was called Kilkenny and the house, littled changed, ~~xkk~~ is now occupied by the Womans Exchange, only a little way from our present home.

We had new Readers in Miss Geigers room, very different from the old style. They told about what the children did in some school and among other things, how they collected seeds which they put in small bottles and exhibited in the school room. It appealed to me and I asked Miss Geiger if we could not do that too. So, before long, we had a collection of our own, prominently displayed among one wall.

Anna ~~Richards~~ Pistine, who later married Sam Richards, was the prize scholar of our room and it was her duty to keep the names of those who were 'kept in' after school to write long lists of words from their spelling books. The penalties were given out during the day and Anna recorded the name and the number of hundred words the culprit must write, so she was not very popular tho she was in no way to blame for our punishment and she hated the job of recording. Only once, as far as I can remember, was I kept in and then for 200 words which seemed interminable. I dont know my offence but it made me feel very badly to be kept in for misconduct.

But Miss Geiger did not stop at 'mere words! More than one scholare was whipped with a stout bendy stick, generally cut for the occasion and generally after school hours, when most of us whould wait

around, outside of the school house, to hear the crys of the unfortunate and see how he looked when he came out, not to express our sympathy, either, but rather to find out if it hurt!

Once in a while there was some breach of rules so flagrant that a public punishment was thought necessary, I well remember one such occasion for I was sent out to cut the rod of punishment. And did I get a nice, soft, thin, bendy one? with compassion in my heart? I did not! but a good stout stick with just enough bend to make it take hold well, and I confess it was considerable pleasure to do it, tho I was no more or less cruel than the average young human male.

Next to the school property, on the west, lived Dr. Sargent, an elderly man and one of the officers of our church. There were some apple trees near the school fence and we were strictly forbidden to go into the doctor's yard or dare to take any apples. One of the boys in our room, Bernard Montague, (No not Mon-tay-gue but Montage) could not resist the lure of those luscious apples and filled his pockets. In some way Miss Geiger found out about it and brought him foreward with the stolen apples still in his pockets. He had been called to the platform so suddenly he had not had time to give them away or hide them. Slowly he was forced to bring forth his plunder, apple by apple, a half dozen or more and place them on the platform before him, while the atmosphere grew heavier and heavier with the impending doom! "Bernie Montage," thundered the teacher, "you will eat every single one of those apples now or you will get a thrashing!" Bernie grinned. That was a cinch and he gathered up the apples and started for his desk. "None of that," shouted Hanna, "you put them right back on the platform and you stand up facing the school and you eat every one." That was different, very different indeed, and poor Monty looked a little worried but the first apple went down in gig time, tho Monty looked pretty

sheepish. the rest of the school were told "to go on with our work and not to pay any attention to Hernard", which we pretended to do but with many covert glances, to see how the apples were going down. I'm afraid many of us hoped he would not be able to eat them all so we could see a good licking, not that we disliked Monty, not at all, for we liked him. He was a happy-go-lucky soul who often made us laugh at his droll sayings, but we wanted to see just what happened when someone go a licking and if Monty was caught: well-- we could'nt help it.

About the third apple Monty began to slow up and to look doubtful Each bite went down slower and slower. About the first bite of the fourth apple, I guess it was the fourth, I can't remember the exact number, the jaws seemed to loose power, the swallower showed symptoms of bucking and a look of resignation crept into his eyes.

Miss Geiger eyed him, waited a little and then, "Vell why don't y you go on"? "Ca-ant" "What, can't eat any more apples?" "Nomm". " Bertie Vilbur go get a switch and get a good one! The Voice of doom. The whipping was without apparent anger but thorough and severe. With a hand fixed firmly in the back of Monty's collar the blows fell on his back and legs in rapid succession Hanna getting considerably hetup by her exertion but not losseing control of herself. When she was thro she threw the stick in a corner and brushed her hands against each other as tho she would shake off the dust of a polluting and disagreeable job, and turned to the routine work again.

But to us it was really a terrible sight and upset me badly. It made me feel mean all over and I was glad to get outof the room, when school was over, for I felt smothered and oppressed and the fresh air was good. But we surely had the best of order and attention in that room for many days to come.

Tho we had Janitor service, for some reason, the older girls had to sweep out the room after school, for a time. It was not a punishment

but was necessary because of some emergency, I think. We had double desks in most of the room tho there was a row of single ones on one side. These were much coveted and were therefore assigned to the best scholars, Anna Ristine sitting in the first one, the high place of honor. There was a shelf under neath for books but the top did not raise and there was an open inkwell in the center. Generally two boys or two girls occupied anst desk but a brother and sister might sit toggèher and Frank and Maud Marshall sat together mear me. Their father, who was the ticket agent at Bryn Mawr, object4ed to Maud's sweeping and so notified Miss G. in a note. When she received that note she shut her lips and her eyes smouldered and we knew there was going to be trouble. Presently Frank was told to go to the blackboard and get a peice of chalk and we wondered what was going to happen. Under Miss Geigers directions Frank drew a circle of chalk about the desk he and his sister occupied and Miss G. announced that as their father would not let them sweep the room then no one should sweep under their desk or within that circle and the Marshalls mmrm blushed and looked uncomfortable. It got pretty thick under their desk after a little while for boys and girls would not be true to form if some rascal did not sweep dirt within the tabu mark.

We had the Friday entertainments and they were fun but I never reached the upper grades and so was entitled to take part in them, for a friend of mine, Percy Ashmead, was so entrusiastic about the city school he attended that he persuaded my parents to let me go there under his protection for he was one of the bigger boys and as Will was engaged to his sister it was sort of a family affair anyway. So, at the age of about 14 or 15 I entered the Belmont Grammer School, a public school, at Fortyeth and Brown Sts, in Philadelphia. Before mm I leave the Bryn Mawr school I want to record my respect and gratitude to Miss Geiger. I may have

referred to her as 'Hanna' but it was more in affection than disrespect. While she was not of the type to make us youngsters love her when we were her scholars we had a real affection for her when we had grown older. She was a good woman and a good teacherx.

Every year Mother made it a rule to visit her parents who lived in Pepperell, Mass. and I generally went with her. Sometimes the trip was in summer and occasionally in winter. In that case I would be excused from school,'because he is a good boy and attentive to his studies' and Mother would see my teachers and get an outline of the ground xx the class would likely cover in the time that we would be away. Then, every morning I would study and recite to Mother and she was not one to skimp or let it go tho always patient and loving. Mother always preferred to go by steamer thro Long Island Sound to New London which we reached about four or five in the morning or earlier. It seemed to be in the middle of the night and in order to 'make connection' we had to hustle off at that feindish hour without breakfast. The cars were lighted by coal oil lamps, ptotty dim and flickery and a stove, generally coal but sometimes wood, as we got farther north,was supposed to heat them. How I dreaded those long cold rides from New London to Worcester. It was too dark to see outside and the light to dim to read or look at pictures inside and the stars looked so cold as they shown on the hills and valleys covered with snow.

We always approached Worcester with much anxiety lest 'the Express' had left or that Mr. Brooks, the Station Master and a school mate of Mother's had not been able to have it stop at Pepperell. He had a jolly face and manner and a white beard and was just the kindest man. Generally he would be waiting on the platform looking for us and would see us safely on the Express.Ofcourse the Conductor thot we were

'some punkins8 when he saw that. When the New London train was late Mr Brooks would hold the Express fpr us and we were the proudest things ever, at least I was. I felt that the whole rail road system was waiting on my pleasure. As a matter of fact a little one-track road that meandered up into New Hampshire, and with one or two trains a day, didnt mind a bit if the Express was late. It generally was, anyway. It was some souther*n* Rail road and not this , tho it might have been just as well that a man walked into the station and asked the agent who was sitting on a packing case, and lost in meditation or slumber, "How long will it be before the next train get here?" "I kaint zacly tell, Mister, but I reckon it wont be long now. I see the conductors hound coming down the track and the train gen'ly follows him!'

It was always a source of wonder to me how that train got out of the station for it had a special door way in one corner and the hole looked much too small for the engine. When it started it always seemed as tho it was sneaking out the back door and as it went by some backyards it looked as tho it was slinking along the back alleys. In the earlyer trips the engine burned wood and had a hugh smoke stack shaped like a huge funnel with a rounded screen over the top. I saw that funny back door in the Worcester station about two years ago on our auto trip to New England. It was boarded up but the station looked just the same as it did years ago when it was new and considered very fine. When we reached Ayer Junction we felt we were nearly at our journey's end,it was only a few miles from Pepperell and we bumped across the tracks of the main line from Boston to the East thro Hoosac Tunnel, then one of the marvals of railroading.

If our Uncles did not meet us at the station we took the stage which was set on runners in the winter, and drove the two miles to the 'Center' while Mother gathered the town news from the driver who

greeted us as old friends. We passed over the Nashua River with its mill dam and paper mill and the ever present odor of chlorine.

Until his death, we always went to Grandfather Lawrence's home, and received a hearty welcome. They lived a little way beyond the 'Common' on the street that led to Townsend and Fitchburg, in what they called 'the tenement!. Most all the houses had a section for the owner and his family and another for renting. Each had separate entrances and stairways and were,in effect, twin houses. Uncle Summer Lawrence his wife and two daughters, Gertrude and Grace lived in the main part of the house and the two cousins were my playmates, especially Gertrude who was the older. Uncle Summer, Mother's oldest brother, was the Village blacksmith and his shop was nearby, the other side of the garden. He was a big man with with hugh muscles, a Selectman, Chief of the fire company,and leader of the church choir, quite a leader in the village.

Grandfather was a tall/rather gaunt man with blue eyes and a fringe of white whiskers about his face, his upper lip and part of his chin being shaved. He almost always looked stern but he had a merry twinkle in his eyes when anything amused him but I think I never outgrew some fear of him, tho he was always kind to me. Grandmother was a Chapman with numerous relatives in the village, and nearby places. She was always smiling,a small little woman, who in spite of her large family, there were thirteen children tho not all of them lived to adult life, and her years of toil for they were never well to do, was just love and sunshine all the time. With them lived their daughter Catherine and her husband James Pierce who was awfully good to me and took me on many trips with him as he went to the woodlot or the fields. I loved him dearly. He was tall and wore a long black beard but no mustache,fought in the war of the Rebellion and had lost a hand some

time afterward. With an iron hook on that arm he could do more work than many men with two hands and his stories of army life never ceased to enthrall my interest. His wife Aunt Catherine, Aunt Kate, was a semi-invalid and honestly, did 'enjoy poor health' tho she kept cheerful and bright and was always good to me.

Into this family we were receive with open arms and what a time they had talking over the family news while I was given albums or ~~ex~~ books to play with or allowed to go and play with Gertie. The Sitting room was warmed by a soapstone stove burning wood and this room was generally the dinning room also. The sleeping rooms had no heat, tho perhaps Katie's was an exception and if there is anything colder than a New England bed, even a feather bed, on a frosty night I'm thankful I do not know what it is.

But we did not always go to Pepperell in the winter and I enjoyed the long summer days when I could be out doors almost all the time. One of my priveleges was to drive the cows to and from pasture, over a half mile away. The heavy dust in the roads felt good to my bare feet for I did not go barefoot often enough to make all going comfortable. Of course, to drive cows one must have a whip and Uncle James he was never called Jim, made me one large enough to drive a string of mules. How the town boys made fun of that city boy with his whip Thet did'nt need anything to drive cows in fact the cows went along by themselves and all the boys was for was to take down the bars. Grandfather was not so sure about the whip and said I could carry it if I wanted to but if I rann the cows, especially when they were coming home from pasture 'he'd tan my hide' and, with his face so stern and those blue eyes so severe you may be sure I promised Never no never. The cows were usually standing by the bars waiting to go home but one evening they were not there nor could I see them in the

pasture which was on a rocky hillside with little patches of evergr green trees here and there. I must have been very young for I did not like to go up the hill among those trees and look for the cows. There must be something wrong or the cows would be at the bars as m usual and maybe a bear had chased them. I called and called but they would not come. The pasture was just outside of the village and there were farms not far away but it ran back from the road ~~what~~ it seemed tox me a very long way and held all kinds of possibilities, maybe a panther! Well, there was no helpf for it. If I went home without the cows I'd get scolded and laughed at for being afraid and so I let down the bars and climbed into the unknown. I found the 'critters' not so far away but they seem excieted and wild and I was sure there was m wild animal about. In anger, that they had made me so much trouble and expecting some wild creature to burst from cover any minute I ran those cows down hill and out into the road, full tilt, regardless of grandfathers warning and when we reached home they were still hot and excieted. "Been running my cows!" "What'd I tell you?" My explanation with all reference to bears and panthers carefully omitted, must have saved my hide from tanning for I am sure he did not whale me then or any other time. I learned afterward, thro overhearing conversation not intended for me, that all the trouble was caused because one of cows wanted to see her boy friend and the others were so sympathetic they all forgot itwas time to go home. 'Boy-crazy' girls always make a lot of trouble anyway.

Naturally, all village interests centered in the Common for here stood the Town Hall where the Selectmen met as did the Odd Fellows, and the town meetings and entertainments and all that. One small room with barred windows was the entire jail and it was seldom occupied The General store and post office was at one corner and the Unitarian

Church diagonally across while near the store and the center of the Common and really dominating it, stood the Congregational Church with a tall spire and a clock in the tower. The clock was always running and, I guess, everybody set their time by it. Just about everybody went to one or the other of these churches every Sunday and it was a sight to inspire patriotism to see those Godly folk in their Sunday best and exchange greetings and then solemnly take their places and reverently turn to worship. All my relatives belonged to the Congregational church and altho the Unitarians were regarded as friends and neighbors it was evident that they were terribly misled and were hardly thought to be Christians at all. As a matter of course, I went with the family every Sundayand as I grew older enjoyed the simple earnest sermons, for the people were intelligent, if many of them were not far advanced in book learning. They took their church and and their government seriously and were a fine type of American citizens. Would that we had more of their kind today.

After church we returned home being within easy walking distance, but those coming from a distance would wait until Sunday School was over when they would take their teams and out of the horse sheds and bundle in the family and drive home. We always had a cold lunch which peeved me greatly for I was never much for cold lunches as a boy. As I remember those lunches they were mostly pie and after lunch followed a long afternoon when relatives and friends came in and there was endless talk about the family connections and the local news. It was a simple sensible way to spent the rest of the day for the grown ups but rather dreary for me as I was not allowed to play with my cousins or anyone else.

One of my Aunts was my devoted slave and therefore the center of my best affection. She was Aunt Adelia and married to Sumner Carter

a carpenter and builder by trade, what we now call a working contractor, for he was generally his own boss. He was a large man but not tall, rather grave and serious,as were most of the men there abouts, yet kindly and patient. I say patient for I loved to climb into his lap and pull the cord of his glasses or tease him in some other way, and I can still hear him say,"Ta-care, Ta-care. He would stand it as long as he could and then put me down, telling me "to go run and find Aunt Deal" I never saw him angry or impatient. Altho he was somewhat older than Aunt Deal the were very fond of each other tho not in the least demonstrative, but they always called "Good luck" to each other as he drove away to his work in the morning. Uncle Carter, as I called him, to distinguish him from Uncle Sumner Lawrence,was a Bible student and fond of reading and altho not wealthy had a comfortable house a half mile from the Common, where I would often go to send the day or longer. A funny old bacherar lived in the tiny tenement of their house and tho I often saw him he seemed to me as some sort of a gnome or man from fairy land tho he looked like any other men.

Of course every house was as clean as was possible to make it I never saw one, anywhere we went that was not just that way and they smelled fresh anf fragrant of well cooked food, just a suggestion you know, no stale fried grease smell but ginger cookies or fresh bread or a new-made pie. While the furniture was plain, there were curtains and tidies and growing plants and an evidence of pride in one's home and of comfort if not wealth. Ramshackle or run down places were very rare as nearly eveybody was just about in the same condition of modest prosperity. It seemed to me to be just about the nicest place and the nicest people and I loved to go there.

Grandmother and my aunts always kept a wooden ferkin or wood bucket for cookies and they made a peculiar soft molasses cookie, sort of a

cross between cake and bread that I was crazy about. The bucket stood on the pantry floor and I was allowed to help myself if it was not too near meal time. O! the joys of the good eats of childhood.

Aunt Adelia lived next to a place owned by some very wealthy people who lived in Boston but spent their summers in Pepperell. Thre were two or three such families scattered about the neighborhood. The hired man on this place was a goodnatured Irishman who let me ride around in his two wheeled ox cart as he went from one place to another. One day as we were bumping along I lost my balance and fell back so that my back was resting on the broad tire of one or the revolving wheels. I was so startled that I could not cry out and it seemed quite a time before Pat. became aware of my danger as he happened to be looking in another direction. He quickly hauled me up and so I did not drop beneath the wheels. Another time I was with Pat when he was threshing wheat with a hand flail and I was playing with a small pile of the newly winnowed grain. Someone had given me a narrow gold ring, heavily chased, of which I was very proud. It occured to me that it would be good fun to put that ring in the loose wheat and see how easily I could find it again and so in it went, just a little way and a hand immediately followed back and brought it forth, in triumph. That was easy. Again and yet again but this time the fingers failed to find the ring. Try it again No ring: a little anxious searching, no ring. More anxious feeling in the pile but with no luck. Then a really frightened pulling the pile apart till Pat told me to quit it or I'd have the wheat all over the barn and that was the last I ever saw of that ring for I was too scared to tell about it and felt ashamed for having been so foolish and so that little pile of wheat was never sifted which would have been very little trouble indeed.

On the other side of the stone wall, all the fences were stone walls, was an orchard and one day I saw one of the trees just full of red squirrels running hither and thither among the branches. Hurrying into the house I asked Aunt Delia for some salt to put on ones tail so that I could catch him. I noticed a funny smile she gave me as she handed me the salt but I rushed back and stood a long time beneath the tree but never a squirrel I caught. When Uncle Sumner Carter heard about it, that night, how he did laugh but it was a long time afterward that I learned the joke.

Mother's oldest sister, Aunt Sarah, was married to a farmer named Henry Hall, a short, blue eyed man with a goatee and they lived on the Prescott Farm where he was the farmer in charge. It was a large place and the room where Prescott, the historian, wrote some of his works was preserved just as it was when he used it. We looked into it with awe, almost reverence. Uncle Henry kept a bull that was very fierce and pawed and bellowed when we passed by his stall and filled me with fear. If he was in a field we were always warned and took good care to keep out of it. But sometimes we forgot and had a fright now and then when we saw him start toward us. We always managed to tumble thro or over the fence before he got there.

There were two Hall cousins, Lillie and Lura and altho older, they played with us, my brothers and Lena and I when the strenuous work of the farm would allow it. Under one of the tall trees near the house was the biggest swing I ever saw. It was made of iron rods in short pieces which were looped together and went up, up to one of the big limbs a long way above the ground. It was great fun to swing there and the older ones would 'work' up to appalling heights.

Quite a distance away but the next neighbor, was the Farrer place owned by wealthy people also and I have dim recollection of playing

with-the Farrer girl,who was about my age,but I did not play with her nearly as much or know her as well as the lively Fitch girl who lived in the big place next to Aunt Delia's house, in fact I had quite a x crush on her,or thought I had. (Note. I have mentioned some big places owned by wealthy people and one might infer that there were many such but, at that time these were the only ones I ever saw in our many drives about the country.

Not far from the Prescott place was Mother's birthplace where on the 21 st. of October, 1835, Harriet Amelia Lawrence was born to Daniel E.Lawrence and Rachel Chapman his wife. It was a humble home with a brook nearby. After Anna and I had returned from Alaska we spent sometime in Pepperell, one summer and I took the photographs of some of the scenes of Mothers early days. These we made into a little album which is still among our treasures. At that time the old house was abandoned and ~~in~~ going to pieces but one of the views shows the tiny bed room,opening off the kitchen, in which Mother was born and the old fireplace, almost at the bed room door.where Grandmother did her cooking for the large family. One side of the fireplace one can see the iron door to the brick oven, built in next to the chimney and here the baking was done and the beans put every Saturday night and the brown bread later. I never was much for vegetables or beans but there never were any like Grandmother's and I loved that dish and often begged Grandmother or my Aunts to cock some. We, ~~Mother~~ Anna and I, took off some of the old door latches and hinges from the doors. They had been hand forged by Grandfather, whom was a blacksmith, I think. They are still about for I never had the chance to put them into a house I expected to build, sometime.

Much nearer the Prescott place was a little red school house wher Mother went to school as a little girl~~x~~, and there is a photo of that

in the abbum, also, as well as of the Oak Hill school where Mother, a brown eyed, black haired girl of sixteen was School Marm and continued to be inspite of the big boys, older and bigger than their teacher who threghtened'to tunn the teacher out'.

I do not know the names of Grandfathers or Grandmother's parents or what they did but on the Memorial tablet that has been erected on the Common, since my early days, there are Lawrences way back to the Revolution so they probabally all lived in that vacinity.

Always there was a visit to Uncle Will Lawrence who was a blacksmith and lived with Aunt Rose in towns some miles away, first in Shirley and later ~~xxxxxx~~ in Ashby and the drive there seemed very long indeed over hot dirt roads with a generality utility horse, i.e. generally utilises the opportunity to walk. But Uncle Will, Mother's youngest brother, was full of fun and always up to some mischief as you may know from his pranks at our house during the Cebtennial Exposition. Mother and I stayed to visit some days and often Aunt Kate would be there too. One night there was a crash and loud exclamations od indignation from Mother's and Aunt Kate's room and Uncle Will in roars of laughter. The rascal had taken all the slats from under the mattress but kept it in place somhow and when his sisters went to bed down it came with a crash. I spent much time in his shop and as there was often a spare anvil he would let me heat some iron and hammer away but, somehow, I could never make that iron do any of the wonderful things that seemed so easy to his skillful hands. After supper he would sometimes take me fishing, and that was fun but I can't recall any big catches. Later on As I was always fond of tools Mother and Father wanted to send me to Uncle Will for a summer, to work in his shop and learn what I could of the trade but he thought I would cost more than I woud learn tho they expected to pay for my board and any loss to him. He had much to

to thouble him for he was not very successful tho very industrious and a fine smith and wheelwright. I enjoyed being with him and as he had no children of his own he seemed fond of me so we were pretty good chums.

My brothers and sister were summering in Pepperell while I was still a little boy and they made friends with some of the boys and girls of the village, especially Belle Mace and Clara Shattuck, Cousin Caddie. There was an old Concord Stage somewhere in the village, Maybe the livery stable attached to the hotel for there was a so-called hotel. Occasionally, Uncle Sumner Lawrence would take a crowd of the young people out driving in the old stage with its leather springs and the four horses, and under his skilful management, made the people turn out to stare. So a trip was planned to Mt. Monadnock, thirty or foty miles away Uncle Sumner acting as coachman, I guess. How I begged to go but of course a small boy would be a nuisance on a trip like that and Mother very properly refused consent. In the early morning, just about dawn, I heard them starting and life seemed full of disappointment and woe.

Later on, when Grandfather and Grandmother lived on the Groton Road they had an orchard near the house and brothers and Lena would perch themselves up in the trees and eat and eat as they read some book, while I would be below enjoying thos luscious 'August Sweetings' a sweet juicy yellow apple I never saw in market or any where else. Tummy aches? I'spose a plenty but fortunatly forgotten in the memories of the joys of August Sweetings.

Many hours were spent in Uncle Sumners Shop. It was a busy place as he seemed to have much better trade than Uncle Will for Pepperell was much larger. The most fun and most excieting was shoeing oxen for there were many of them in use on the farms. In one corner of the shop there was a strong frame like the frame work of a horse

stall and with a windlass at each side and at the end. This one was to hauld the ox into the stall by a rope attached to his hornes for the animals almost all refused to walkx in quietly and hung back and bellowed. Once in, a large piece of heavy leather was put under his body and fastened to the windlasses at the sides and he was thus swung up in the air and his feet fastened to the supports at the side, in the right position to be shod. The poor beasts seemed terribly frightened but altho Uncle Summer was a quick tempered man, I never saw him beat or kick them, no matter how stubborn they were. It was all very excieting to me but I dont believe Uncle and his helper were as much pleased.

Like Uncle Will Uncle Summer was fond of his joke tho he was not such a cut-up. Often, when he was welding and heavy hitting was necessary he would spit on the anvil and the next blow would be followed by such a loud bang that I thought the shop had blown up and would nearly jump out of my skin and Uncle would laugh and laugh and want to know "what was the matter". I never knew when that would happen but soon learned to wander away when they began welding, much to Uncle's amusement and he would urge me to stay as it would be interesting.

Setting a tire was interesting. First the old tire was taken off and with a little wheel set in a handle he would revolve it around the outside of the felloe. Then he would revolve it around the inside of of the tire and thus find out how much smaller he would have to make the tire, which was then cut and a piece taken out and then welded together. It was too small to go on but a fire was built all around it and when it was hot it forced on the wheel and quickly cooled tho generally it had to be laid on its side on a big flat stone and both men would set to hammering it merrily. When the job was finished that tire was on to stay and I don't believe it ever had to come back

because it did not fit.

There was an attic in every house, of course, but Grandmother's did not have as many ancient things as some of them for she had suffered from one or more bad fires. Still I loved to explore around and whiled away many rainy hours, especially with the old carding wheel but the spinning wheel had disappeared.

A memory of Pepperell remains which must have impressed itself on my mind while I was still a very small chap for I remember it only dimly, except the central figure. On the Common were three large cisterns to supply water in case of fire. Their round iron covers could plainly be seen, near the Congregational church. One night, down the street comes the fire company to be greeted by loud cheers by the villagers who stood about. Up to the top of the tank of the old hand-pump fire engine sprang my Uncle Sumner, the Fire Chief, his eyes bright in the flickering light of the lanterns, every powerful muscle tense, radiating energy as he called to his men at the brakes for more speed and power. To me, how magnificent, what force, what energy, what enthusiasm! A heroic figure I shall always remember.

There was no fire. It was only a drill or perhaps a contest with some rival company, but I remember no one else, only my Uncle Sumner, my hero.

There are other memories: of Bert Durant who fell out of the cherry tree close by our side door and knocked the wind out of himself so that I thought he was dying: of catching frogs and cutting off their hind legs and marvelling that they did not seem to mind it and would not die and of those same legs fried in butter, what luxury what extravagance, and the deliciousness of that browned white meat: of many days in a rented house with Mother, Helena my sister, and Anna and our dear

boys, after we had returned from Alaska, and the meeting the people held in the Vestry of the church, as the large room on the first floor was called, to hear me tell about Alaska.

Mother had taken us all to Pepperell to attend the Chapman Reunion, an annual gathering of the Chapman clan and Grandmother was a Chapman. It was an all day affair, held in the Town Hall or ~~that rear~~ in'The Academy' the building where Mother gained her higher education before she went to Mt. Holyoke College. There were 100 or more Chapmans, Lawrences, and relatives of various names and reports from different members were given at the meeting in the morning with the exchange of banter and jokes and serious friendly greeting. Uncle Will Lawrence, who was Secretary, I think, got off the following: The Irish were making plans for a celebration on St.Patricks day at their meeting in New York, and a member had just made a motkion to have a procession when Mike jumped to his feet and said:" Oi'm in faavor of havin a processin an Oi'm in faa-vor of havin a tarch light processin an Oi'm in faav-or of using them tarches that is advertised frim wan end of the kintry to the other, namely Brown's Bronchil taaches!" The afternoos were given over to talk and meeting new relatives while the young people played games. There was a rousing dinner at midday the food being brought by the different families but all sitting down at big long tables in the Town Hall ~~and~~ or the Academy. It was fun even for a small boy, and very delightful when I grew older tho we could not attend them every year. I suppose they have died out as the clan grew smaller and more widely separated as the years went by.

Note. Brown's Bronchial Trochees were widely adverised for sore throat.

Then there is the memory of the fun in the meadow pasture play ing with the brook, there were always brooks everywhere.. In the Spring when the the thaws set in, wonderful ice gorges would be made with blocks of snow and imaginary ice houses jammed with tons of snow bloc

which, of course, ~~was~~ were the clearest and bluest ice. ~~It~~ They had to be guided down stream, around many obstructions until ~~it was~~ they were landed at the sliding ways of the ice houses where my, imaginary, crew of men stored and packed it away. Tireing of this, I would break the gorges and flod the tiny valleys and follow the roaring flood down the brook. For hours on end, it was no end of fun.

Sometimes, we would stop at Pepperell on our way to some camp in Maine, where we went nearly every year in my vacations from College. One time a Mrs. Perks, a dear friend of the family was with us and she and Aunt Deal, who was then a widow, were staying at the hotel when they were awakened by the most ~~xxxxx~~ awesome noises. Peculiar thuds milgled with uncanny rattling of paper; cries, growls and wails Lighting a candle and cautiously opening the door a little Aunt Deal sprang away with a scream as a big cat rushed in and went tho the wildest gyrations. Hor he had gotten in some sticky fly paper and ~~xxx~~ could by no means get free.

How I loved it all! The ever kind, dear Grandparents and the Uncles and Aunts: the simmering heat of summer and the snappy cold of winter with the creaking snow and the merry bells: the fragrant groves of pine and birch with theit moss and brackens and teaberries: the sweet odors of new mown hay and riding on the hay loads: Blue berries and blue berry pie: the delicious~~ness~~ clean odors of every house and the facinating ~~cleanliness~~ neatness of the country store and to hear the people say, 'sho, I wan't' know, Dew tell, Why! How yeu talk! and to their horses, Sh-h, Sh-h, Sh-h beck! when they wanted them to whoo.

Oh! I'm glad for those weeks in a New England village and the happy memories that abide. I am thankful for God-fearing and God-serning ancestors and the good old New England stock. I want to go back againg and have time to ramble here and there for there still

lingers the charm of dear old Pepperell,'Center'.

Most all N.England towns had a 'Center' with an East and West village and ~~xxx~~ or a Noththand South and sometimes all four with a junction, now and then, for good measure. A story is told of a weary traveller on a slow accomodation train that wandered to East Hadem, Hadem Center, West Hadem, South Hadem and finally to Hadem Junction till, at last worn beyond endurance, he exclaimed in a loud voice, 2 I wish the devil had'em"'.

My longing to return was gratified, in part, when with Anna and Bert, we went back in November, 1931 to see Lura Hall Swallow and the only near relatives who are still there, Clara Shattuck, as apart of our New England trip, my first auto tour. There is a full account of our visit in the account of that trip but the old scenes had changed but little. The Unitarian church had disappeared for the two congregations had united, on what theological basis it would be interesting to know. But allx the places about the Common were well kept up and the Congregational Church, spick and span in its shining white paint. The little school house near the cemetery, where Mother and her brothers and sisters went to school after the family moved to the village looked just the same ~~tho~~ It used as the home of the D.A.R.chapter and the Common not shabby and run down but more trim and fine than it ever ~~did~~ was in my boyhood.

Only the hoses on the Groton road, where Grandfather and Grandmother and Aunt Kate lived, later on in their lives, looked run down and neglected. It was in that house that Uncle Henry Hall and Aunt Sarah lived after the death of my grandparents and with Aunt Adelia living on the second floor. Mother and I often visited there and Anna and I made at least one stay there, while, in the same house, I attended the golden wedding of my grandparents as well as the Golden Wedding of Uncle Henry and Aunt Sarah.

But delightful as our auto trip was we felt pushed for time so

s I could not entirely satisfy my longing to return.

Dear Anna had childhood experiences in New England, also, for her father was born in Salem, Mass., and she spent many days with her relatives there. Perhaps she will tell about them sometime and I will make them a part of this story,too. But when we visited Salem, the same day that we went to Pepperell, there was little that she could recognize. A fire, years before,had destroyed so much of the village almost nothing familiar could be located altho there were a number of places in Marblehead that had changed very little since the days when she played there.

Wlile Harry and Lena were in college at Amherst and Mt.Holyoke, Mother and I generally visited them on our winter trips tp Grandfather's. I suppose that is why we went in the winter time. Mt. Holyoke college was a long plain rectangular brick building, located among trees and facing Mt.Tom across the plain, some distance away. South Hadley was a tiny village and we lived in a little hotel or boarding house just across the street from the college building. It was quite an experience to visit there with the girls coming and going in Helena's study which she sheared with Edith Derby, her room mate. Then there was Ida Hay, Mrs W,C.Atwater, now a very dear chum of Helena's, Greta Jack and very pretty Ruth something or other, her married name is Bill, of whom I was very fond. For the girls all made much of me being "such a cute and dear little fellow",and,naturally,being a Wilbur, I did not object. But those perfidious creatures, true to their ancestor, Mother Eve, used my innocence, at least they thought I was innocent, to get by the letter of the College rules. They could not buy candy in the village nor, I suppose, elsewhere even if they had a chance, which was not likely for week ends away from college were unheard of. So I was given money and sent to the country store to buy various sweets which I smmuggled in th the great rejoiceing of the assembled conspiritors.

Helena was permitted to bring us to the dining hall for one dinner possible more, and the girls told me they always asked any man present to say grace and that I was liable to be called on. I took it seriously and sat in an agony of apprehension when the President rose, as all were seated, and I waited for the fatal mention of my name. Of course no one ever thought of asking that small boy for such a thing but I was scared, just the same. All the scholars and the faculty sat at long tables and the girls acted as waitresses and, infact did most of the college housekeeping. I remember the dessert they had called 'Deacon Porter's Hat' Deacon Porter being one of the Trustees. The 'Hat' was a tall boiled pudding, shaped like a truncated cone and not unlike the crown on a high silk hat. Of course I felt very conspicuous as the only 'man among so many girls but it did not spoil my appetite.

But I certainly was trapped in an amusing situation tho it was anything but funny to me at the time. Mt. Holyoke, being an institution of decided religious influence, true to the concepts of its sainted founder, Mary Lyons, whose name was always mentioned with a sort of reverent quiteing of the voice, at least by the faithful thom some faint memory of a shocking reference to 'holy Mary' seems to linger. Well, any way, getting back to religious influence, there was plenty and groups of girls were formed into 'sections' which held short prayer meetings in some small room or study. One day I was sent to a small reading room while Lena was in class and mother probabally with her. Busilt looking at some magazines I hardly noticed whene a girl came in and sat down. Two or three more coming in a few moments rather interested me and when about a dozen had assembled in a few minutes more I wond what was doing. I soon found out for one of them began to read from a Bible and I knew it was going to be a prayermeeting and wanted to get out for I felt I was intruding terribly. Naturally the girls were

surprized when they came in and saw me ~~xxxxxx~~ there, their surprize soon giving way to amusement as the meeting began. The only door was on the opposite side of the room from me with girls sitting along each of the side walls and I never could run that gauntlet and escape. Fortunately I knew how to behave in~~x~~ a prayer meeting and so worshipped in outward appearance, at least. Great was the amusement of Lena and her friends when they heard about it and said that surely I was the only male who had ever attended ~~x~~ a meeting of "sections". As far as I know the meeting did me no harm!

I do not want to leave the impression that I scoff or jear at the standards of Mt. Holyoke, as I remember them, or at the memory of Miss Lyons. Truly she must have been a saintly woman and she made higher education possible for thousands of women. I have only tried to give some idea of the atmosphere of the College in those early days. While is seems to me it was overdone, to some extent and shared in the false emotionalism of the period, it certainly would be a great blessing to young people if such reverence for God and belief in Him were far more common in colleges today.

Our visits to Harry, in Amnherst , were in strong contrast to those at ~~Mt~~ South Hadley. Harry lived in a dormitory at least part of the time and his room was a facinating place for the 'kid brother'. There was a piece of fire hose, about a foot long, hanging on the wall along with the pipe racks, pictures, none of ladies in scant attire, or none, and ~~xxx~~ usual collection of souveniers! ~~xxx~~ but my interest centered in that bit of hose never ceased. The Freshmen were having a class celebration with a big bonfire on the campus. Out rushed the Sophs with the village fire hose all ~~x~~ hooked up and proceeded to douse, not only the fire but the Frosh as well But '84 drew off and gathered in the stragglers abd with a mighty sweep they charged the upper class and captured the hose which was promptly cut up in small pieces and distributed among the men. It cost some hundreds

of dollars ~~out of~~ from mournful Sophomorex pockets to pacify the Fire Company which of course, made the Freshmen exceedingly happy.

Harry interested me in good books Scott, Cooper and the like and wh while he was at classes I sometimes stayed in his room and read. His chums and friends would come busting in the room anytime and chat or guy the kid. They allx seemed so full of life and fun I was greatly inte terested. They ate at a club, not a fraternity, tho Harry was a psi U and Mrs Louise Houghton, the hostess was a rare womanx of fine character and great charm. She helped many a boy to follow the 'straight and and narrow' and the fellows all worshipped her. It was interesting to hear the talk and the enthusiasm and pep. It seemed as tho they never ran down. There was Spondee, William C.Atwater, ox At, Billy Wheeler Arthur Dakin all close chums of Harry's and all frequent visitors at our house in BrynMawr. Atwater was quite tall hence the name Spondee after that foot in meter called spondee, meaning two long feet hence too long. Harry, being quite short was called Bildad, either here or at Haverford, for you remember the Biblical character, Bildad, the Shuhite (shoe hight)

The graduation exercises at Amherst , the first I can remember, were very impressive with the faculty in long Prince Albert coats and names of the graduates read out in latin except the Family name. Harry Lawrence be came Henricum Lorentium, at least so I recall it. The enthusiasm of the alumni, some of whom xxxx staid at Mrs Houghton's astonished me. One day one of them came bouncing in like a schoolboy his face glowing as he said, "Have you heard the new Alumni yell? No? Well here it is, Alumni-i alumni-i

To the Dean we used to lie!

Alumni."

There was Ivy day and Class Day with ceremonies in the woods where the Grads all smoked long clays, very much to be regretted I thought for tho I doubtless smoked crrn silk now and then on the sly this evi-

Evidence

of early degeneration seemed to rob my heroes of some of their ~~gkar~~ glory.

As I said, quite often we would go on to Maine for a fews weeks camping before we returned home, and the memories of those and other camping trips are ~~tk~~ among the happiest of my life. Father always loved to fish from the time he was a boy and fished in the streams around Dundaff with a bent pin for hook until his second wife persuaded him he was too old to go fishing for she did not like the woods a little bit and even such a very mild form of camping as the ~~wxell~~ well appointed fishing lodge as the one Father owned with Mr. MacCloed on the Ste ~~Xxkx~~ Margarite near Tadousac, on the St. Lawrence filled her with terror. But Mother loved the wilds, the wilder the better and never tired of fishing whether the fish bit or not. To me, seems to have descended the combined love for the open ~~that~~ of both my parents and then, that combined love, was multiplied by some big factor. I never had enough of it and in the semi-pioneer days in Alaska, while I missed my parents and my dear ones and congenial friends, I loved the mountains and the Bay and the islands the sea and the forest and some feeling of being in the wilderness. I never felt lonely, that is, not until I came back and left my fiance 3000 miles away back in the East and mails every two weeks, if ~~you are~~ we were lucky. But that's way on ahead in this story. So to get back, I loved camping.

Father was tickeled to have any of his boys love it and as Will did not care for it and Helena, being a girl, was not considered a possibility, in those days, Father took Harry and me on a number of trips. It would be wearisome to attemp to describe every trip in detail or even mention them all but a scene here and there will bring thoses scenes, so dear to memory, back again to me and, perhaps, interest you.

The first trip to the Maine woods must have been in 1881 when I was eleven years old and we went to Lake Kennebago, not far from Rangeley Lake. The last part of the journey was over the Sandy River R.R. a narrow gage line, with cars so narrow that there was only room for one row of seats on each side of the center aisle. There was little attempt to grade the road which wandered up and down, over the hills most of the way along the banks of the Sandy River. It was most interesting and my only regret was that I could not ride in the engine.

After getting into our woods togs and repacking our duffle, a buckboard took us to the Kennebago camps where we ~~xxxxx~~ spent the night. The next morning we went to the other end of the Lake our guide taking us in a light row boat. There we settled down in a snug log cabin with balsam bough bunks, what can equal them? and camp life began. Hardly had we arrived before I started out alone for a short row. The wind was fairly stiff and straight down the lake and after going some little distance out in the lake I thought I'd better return for I was not much at home in a boat. But no sooner had I headed toward camp than my boat perxxversely headed up lake. I pulled on one oar and headed for camp again but about it went heading up lake. Again and again I tried but no use and I was drifting down the lake and farther and farther away. Quite scared, I stood up and yelled" Help! Help! I cant steer the boat!" a phrase I was not allowed to forget for many a day. The camp was in plain view and they called back something I did not hear but they did not seem greatly excieted. As I had the only boat at our cabin a man from another, not far away, came out and towed me in laughing meanwhile, to be greeted by more laughter from Father, Harry and our guide. It was'nt funny to me but when I learned that if I had shifted ~~fr~~

my oars from the bow seat to the center one I could easily have come back I felt pretty sheepish and did not wonder that they laughed.I certainly was far from the rugged woodsman I had fancied myself to be. They had tried to make me understand I should shift my oars but I could not understand and it was a long time before Harry stoopped saying, often at the most inopportune monent, 'Help, help, I can't steer the boat.'

Near our cabin was a fine cold spring of the clearest water and it flowed into a small pool which was large and deep enough to keep fish in fine condition. It was soon filled with brook trout of medium size for we put the fish in ax'live-box' towed by the boat and so brought most them,to camp,alive. Then when we wanted fish for breakfast, dinner or supper and we generally did, they would be actually flapping when they were put in the pan. Never were they equalled for deliciousness tho I have eaten many trout since then,from a number of different places, tho the salmon trout from Indian River near our Home at Sitka were a mighty close second.

One day, Harry, Father and I had gone thro a narrow stream into another small lake and were fishing when a small cloud drifted up, in the clear sky and promptly proceeded to shower us heavily. Our rubber coats saved us from much wetting for it was over in a few minutes and we were rejoiceing in the sunshine again when someone said " That cloud is coming back!" And it certainly did and showered us again. We could see the sky clearly and it was perfectly plain that the same cloud came over us once and in a few minutes came back again in the opposite direction. I suppose it was sufficiently lightened by the loss of water to rise and so meet a current blowing in the opposite direction. The out let of the

of the little lake ran into one of the Rangely group rejoicing in the name of Moosle-meguntic which our guide insisted came fro from an old Indian who tried to shoot a moose on its shores but his flintlock failed to fire. While he primed it again, the moose still stood there and the second shot killed him. So the Indian said it was the lake ~~that~~ where the "moose let my gun tic." While at Kennebago I caught my first ~~trout~~ on a fly and all other kinds of fishing has seemed tame ever since. It was there that I first went 'jacking'for deer ~~xxxxxxxx~~ but only as an onlooker for Father was in the bow ready to shoot. There were many musk-rats swimming about and as long as they were in the light they did not seem to know we were there bu as soon as tey passed into the shadow they g went down, giving their tails a mighty crack on the water and making such a report one would almost jump out of the boat, especially if you had not seem them before.

But Kennebago was too civilized for Father and the fishing was not as good as he wished so the next year we went to King and Bartlett Lake twelve miles from atown called Dustice on the Dead River, so called because it had so few rapids and its current was so slow. Here I saw my first real saw mill and its log pond and the logs coming down the river,the clean up of the sprind drive. It was a very tiny operation for lumbering in that part of Maine was practically over but it seem big to me. Before me, as I write is a tin-type of Father, Harry and me taken <u>before</u> we went into the woods. How do I know it was before? The color of Harry's trowsers is ample proof of that. Father would not trouble to put on his wood's clothes so the general rffect is of an African explorer with his two gunbearers. But not the rig. Father with a pith helmet and Harry and I with canvas caps. Each one had a gun, mine a little 22 flobert, Harry

a 10 gauge, double barrelled shot-gun and Father, a 44 fourteen shot repeating Winchester rifle. Heavy armament indeed but, fortunately it did little damage even in these days when anything alive was considered a fair target. But that does not mean that we were butchers or game hogs. Neither Father nor anyone of us ever killed game for the fun of killing or shot more that we could use or immediately dispose of and that w as not true of a ~~xxxxx~~ many parties who went into the woods ~~x~~ in those days.
Look at those big necties, on Harry and me and those blue flannel shirts considered absolutely essential for every real camper, and that long Bowie knife at Harry's belt! It was double edged and about as useless in the woods as an automatic sliceing machine but it made us feel we were true frontiersmen, hardened and tough and not to be tampered with. In truth. we were neither over dressed or over armed, according to the custom of the times. It is interesting to note that Father, who is dressed for travelling, is wearing a Prince Albert Coat with silk faced lapels and most likely, a high silk hat to go with it for he wore one a great deal, tho Fathr was never a 'dressy man'.

Father engaged John Day as our guide and he was with us a number of successive years. John was 'sandy complected' with a decided ~~xx~~ emphasis on the red tones but he was not the fiery kind but was always good natured. Tall broad shouldered and strong he did not believe in taking life too seriously or in working too hard when Guiding but all in all he was very satisfactory. At first he was rather apt to be pretty broad in some of his stories but Harry was ever striving to protect my morals and jumped on John so savagely that he pretty well stopped that.

There was some doubt as to whether the 'Kid', meaning me, could make the twelve miles of rough 'tote road' to the Lake. Ofcourse I was confident and there was no other way to get there except to walk so we started out. A tote road is a path thro the forest origionally cut out so as to allow sleighs or sledges to take supplies to some lumber camp

in winter. Being a winter trail it was not necessary for the swampers, who were laying it out, to avoid the bogs nor boulders of considerable size as the snow and ice filled in the hollows between the rocks and made the swamps into fine level roads . But cold weather does not last forever and when the thaws come rocks, that, in winter, were slight elevations become big boulders and bogs which were nice level places of hard road, become deep quagmires that can not be crossed until 'corduroy' is laid. So the road is impassable except to foot travellers or on horseback and then only at a walk . Such must have been the roads in the frontier days of our country and anyone who has ever travelled one marvels how those early settlers ever managed to get on to the west.

Bob Philips who ran the camp with his father, did manage to haul in some supplies and a little baggage on two wheels, an axle-bar and a pair of shafts and an old white horse. The duffle, well covered with rubber blankets, was lashed atop the axle-bar and almost as often as not was resting in some mud hole with the axle on top and wheels in the air. Bob had probabally used up all his large supply of swear-words long before for when we passed him, on our way in, he was philosophically putting the rig right side up again, a half smile on his mouth and a look of resignation on his bearded face. Naturally you only put things in your duffle bag that would stand unlimited squashing.

That tote road was about the worst I ever saw but it ran thro beautiful forests and, while I was tired before we reached the end of the twelve miles I was not played out, and enjoyed it all. About half way we reached an old logging camp and stopped for lunch. John Day told us that one of the lumberman died during the winter and as they could not take him out they buried him in two flour barrels, placed end to end, until the body could

taken down the river in the spring he showed us the half empty grave and,in fancy,I could see the body in the flour barrels for many nights to come. But that did not prevent me from enjoying a big lunch and topping of with a lot of the luscious wild red raspberries that always grow around an old logging camp.

John Dsy, who was a little ahead of us, was ~~wiggking~~ standing still but wiggling his fingers for us to come on ~~quietly~~ carefully. Looking into the forest there was a doe and two fawns feeding quietly, the mother looking at us occasionally. It was a beautiful sight and, of course, we did not spoil the party tho we were well armed.

Some distance on a large bird flew up in a hemlock not ten feet away. It was a handsome in its black plumage tipped with white and a bright red comb and sat there twisting its head this way and that 'Spruce patridge' said John. "Good to eat"? "I don't fancy em. Too strong. Some like em." "Can I shoot it?" ~~Shure~~ " Shure, if yeu wan to." So I raised my 22 Flobert and fired. The bird never dodged only twisted back and forth a little faster. Ofcourse I aimed at his head as even a small bullit would have torn th body to peices at that distance. I fired again but still the idiot did not fly. "Aw pshaw! said Harry, "let me have that gun" and he fired but the bird was still there twisting about. John laughed and asked"Do you want that patrige? Well I'll git im" It was not customary for guides to do any shooting unless asked to do so and we were not altogether pleased. But John did not intend to shoot. Why waste ammunition? He stepped a little to one side and went a little nearer to the bird which still did not fly, and threw his logg-handled axe and birgie's head dropped off as clean cut as if it had been on a chopping block.

These birds are often called 'fool hens' because they seem so dumb

about getting out of danger. We found its crop full of the tips of small spruce branches. You know their rather sharp little needles stick out in all directions and how the creatxure ever got them down is a mystery. John was right "they was pretty strong!" and I prefer thet my spruce gum should not be mixed with my meat. I never did like rosin as a diet anyway.

But how Father did guie us! "Great shots, you boys. What will you do when you don't have John along with his ax?" Harry and I, like the Tar Baby, 'ain't sayin nothin'.

Along in the late afternoon we came over the top of a hill and there was the lake and the camp, a few log cabins and a larger one for cook house and dinning room. I was able to spurt ahead and came in ~~ahead~~ first much to the wonder of the few campers who were there, who wanted to know how I got there and hardly believed that I had walked. Our cabin had a single bunk along the back end and we all slept in it side by side, on spruce or more properly, balsam boughs Fathe and John we enormously fond of onions, which neither Harry or I ate and they generally kept some big ones sliced and soaking in salt and vinegar, so that they could have some whenever they wanted them, which seemed to be about all the time. Halitosis! Whew; It was not so bad in the daytime but at night, for there was little room to spare in the bunk. Harry, as older brother claimed the right of greatest distance and I had to sleep next to the odorous ones. ~~He~~ Well they say a man can get used to anything and doesnt even mind hanging the second time so I lived thro it.

We wanted to get a deer or even a moose and to do that we had to cross the lake and make a short carry ~~and~~ which brought us ~~into~~ a small river. There were deer track a plenty and quite a few moose tracks also. After dark we would light our jack and steal along in the canoe. One night we head a moose sloshing along

the edge of a bog, close beside us, but aa row of alders hid him from view. He tramped along, parallel to us, for quite a way, snorting and splashing and making noise enough for an ox. Every moment we thought he would come out but, after a time, he went off into the woods and we neither got him nor any other moose and we never saw a deer.

Dr. Porter, his son and a friend had the cabin next to ours and, while agreeable enough, did not seemed inclined to be chummy. We were quite astonished, therefore, when they went out of their way to do us a most welcome kindness. We had been over to the little river fishing and hunting and it began to rain and we got troroughly soaked. Somehow they knew when we would get back and as soon as we got inside of our cabin they sent in a big cup of hot partridge stew with hardtack to go with it, for each of us. We were wet and cold and bedraggled and never anything tasted as good. Mighty nice was'nt it.

I never saw a man swim like John Day. Not that he was fast or had a fine stroke but in some way we could never understand he swam high out of water so that his shoulders were all in the air and you see a third of the way to his elbows while his head stuck up in the air like the conning tower of a battleship.

Father and John had gone off to another lake for fish or deer leaveing Harry and me to amuse ourselves till they returned and then to pick them up with the boat. We were on that little river and and Harry's match box slipped overboard and sank in deep water Like all true campers we kept our matches in waterproof holders and just at this time we favored a 12 gauge brass shot gun shell with the but of a paper shell for a cover It was fine and waterproof but we found out that day that it was a far better sinker than floater. We had shot a partridge, as they called the ruffed

Grouse which we had planned to roast for lunch and it was clouding up and beginning to drizzle and we wanted a fire. But our matches were ~~x~~ down there in the damp and the water far too cold for diving. What to do for a fire? We never carried flint and steel tho we might possibly have found some flint and we had our knives but we never heard of Boy Scouts. There were none at that day and so we knew nothing of rubbing sticks and camp was far too far away to think of going there and back, so, what to do? We knew there was a half burnt old logging shanty down the river a bit where we planned to go for our lunch and as we went in some cotton batting sticking from a hole in an old quilt gave Harry an idea. He pulled out more cotton until he got some that was quite dry. Then he ~~xxxx~~ drew the shot from a shell and holding the shot gun four or five feet from the shredded cotton he fired. The low roof made the report sound like a dynamite bomb and the flying ashes and dust looked, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ indeed, as tho the shanty had blown up but when the smoke and dirt had subsided there was the cotton glowing cheeffully and ~~wex~~ soon had a fire.

But time's up and we pack our duffle with great regret on my part to start on our homeward way. How I hated to leave! Did I ever want to break camp? Yes, I remember once when we woke up in the morning to find a small creek actually gurgling thro our tent and it raining as only S.E.Alaska know how to rain but that's way on ~~x~~ after while. Our stay at King and Bartlett was not a great success. It rained a lot, the fishing was poor, the moose seemed shy and the deer had vanished, while Uncle John Philips'Bob's father, who was cook and the whole kitchen staff was a poor cook and too dirty to even pass in a rough camp. So up the hill for another twelve mile ~~jaunt~~ tramp and---home.

Brym Mawr again. The same old country village in odd contrast to the rather pretentious dwelling on the 'Avenue' as Montgomery Avenue was called while Lancaster was always the 'Pike'. They were all dirt dirt roads, except the Pike, which was macadam, smooth in spots but most of it full of holes. At the corner opposite the Trust company stood a real toll gate with its big single beam, which formed the gate, swung back and a sizeable little house for the keeper. The inhabitants had quite and exciting time dodgeing the toll gate for the Company, owning the Pike, put a little box between Bryn mawr Ave/ and Morris Ave. with a man there to catch the pennies of those who went that short distance to the ~~xxxx~~ Station and the stores.But it did not stay long for there was such a howl, not ~~x~~ about the amount, but about the bother of having to stop that they moved it further east. Then people went down B.M.Ave. to R.R.Ave. and around back to the Pike and dodged it that way. Then the Company moved it east again and for a time gathered in the toll but it was not long before we learned that you could have the toll charged and the Company would send monthly bills. But the Keeper was not very bright and we found that by giving him a smile and holding up one finger he understood it was a charge customer whom he was supposed to recognize and then make the proper entry. Soon everybody was giving the signal and the poor man would stand ~~xxxx~~ scratching his head and looking after the departing ~~xxxx~~ carriage trying to remember who's who. The Company finally gave it up as It was too much for him and few entries were made. poor business.

Ramsey's Store stood, for many years, where the Trust Company is located now and it was the ~~xxxxxx~~ bigest store in miles. Nearly everybody went to Ramsey's altho marketing was done reglarly in the City. It was quite the thing for the man of the family to

appear at the station every Saturday morning with a large market basket on his arm which he would fill at the 'Twelth Street Market' a real farmer's market in those days. The R.R.Comapny would bring the marketing out gratis and some one would have to drive down to the baggage room at the station and get it.

Opposite Ramseys Store, where the National Bank now stands, was a drug store, the only one nearer than Ardmore. Christian Moore bought it years later and carried it on for a long time. The home of Samuel Black was on the other corner and the house still stands there for his children gave it to the Community Center. The plot which is now a Public Playground was owned by the P.R.R. It was a vacant lot until Mother and her friend Mrs. Joseph Richards, both most active in the local W.C.T.U., got Mr. Cassatt's consent to their using a corner of it for the site of the Reading Room which their association built and maintained for many years.

This corner was the business center of the village and still is alto nearly all the building have been replaced or removed. But the station has not changed much, in outward appearance, altho the grading has been changed. We used to go down eight or a dozen steps to reach the level of the tracks.

Bryn Mawr was a terminal in 1879 and for some years later as the run of nearly half the local trains ended there. There were sidings and switches and a turn-table and we felt we were quite important.

So I began to go to the City to school and the going was, in itself an adventure. Every morning I had to make the 8.18 which was inconvenient for Father, who, like nearly every other man who went to his business in the City, took the 8.30, the only express train in the morning, and he did not care to go to

the station so early and, somehow, two trips to the station seemed rather complicated. In the end he generally went with me but we did not ride together for Father was a great smoker and I did not like a smoking car. I hated it. Generally there were four or five school boys on the train and we always got together in the last car where we traded stamps or coins or tin tags & the little tin markers that were placed on plugs of smoking and chewing tobacco. They were in colors and printed or marked with a symbol to show the brand.) We did not chew but found these in the streets or got them from or friends. I fear we made a good deal of noise and the 'rear brakeman' had his troubles. Some of the brakemen were cross and some were indulgent and some were 'cam but firm' One Conductor was a universal favorite, Harry Carns and he never had any trouble with any of us. Not that we were rowdys but just boys and like boys fond of noise. One favorite trick was to see if you could beat the Conductor by finding the piece that came from your school ticket and puttin it back in the hole so that he would punch it again. If he did, that gave you a free ride but as we always had a number of rides left over each month we did not need it. Dire threghts of arrest and imprisonment kept a curb on that trick but generally when the CONductor punched the the insert, the pieces would fly here and there and we would be caught and the thing went off as a joke The conductor threghtening to punch five extra rides for every time we tried it. Of course, he never did.

The Belmont Public School, located at 40th. and Brown was a very different affair from the Brynmawr school. It was, for those days, a large three story brown stone building located in a good sized yard which was divided in halves by a high iron fence, one side for the girls and the other for the boys and

woe betide anyone who was found on the wrong side of the fence. I never knew it to happen. But notes did go over the fence now and then but that was risky business and we let the girls pretty much alone. We had separate teachers and separate class rooms. The boys were on the first floor where there was a large room in the center surrounded by four classrooms. Partitions could be raised between them so that we all could see the Principal as he read the Bible at opening exercises in the morning at 9 oclock. Jacob Sides was the principal, a tall, grey haired man with a full beard which he kept trimmed. He was kindly but firm and just and had the welfare of every pupil at heart even tho he did wear a tall, fuzzy silk hat and a short coat and we respected and some of us loved him tho we called him Jakey. I don't remember my first teacher's name but I well remember I was reading a book under the top of my desk, one day, when she came up quietly and caught me at it. "Let me see that book!" I passed it to her. She was all prepared for 'a penny dreadful' or worse, but found it was a high class boys' story by Bjorsen and was so releived that I got off with a mild rebuke. The other teachers were Miss.Gilbert, Mr.Sides assistant, Miss Lancaster, Miss Slyfer, a pretty young woman whom we all liked and Miss Davis who was my favorite, tho for some reason we called her Squaw Davis, and Miss Lancaster was always Lanky. Every six months, if we 'passed', we were 'moved up to the next grade and went to a new room and a new teacher.

As we had two hours for dinner nearly all the boys went home but there were four or five who brought their lunches from home and it is a marvel that we all did not go to the dogs in that long idle interval. There was a station, then at Girard Ave. and later at 40th. St. and between these two was a large field about four blocks in size and we went there very often to eat our lunches and play. Sometimes we would go to what we called 'the York Peninsula' the triangular bit of land between the P.RR. Main Line and the New York

tracks. We had to cross the Main Line tracks to get to it but there were not as many then as now. Even at that, it was a foolish thing to do and when some of the city boys told us it was the hang out of a a very tough city gang called the Yorkies we did not go there any more.

One of our queer amusements was to collect 'engine numbers.' We would sit the whole noon hour on the abutments of the 40th. St bridge and put down, in our little books, every engine number that went by, if we did not already have it, and the fellow who had the most was a proud lad. Some of the shifting engines, that went back and forth, grew to be old friends and developed a personality, like old 213 that was always a joke. She seemed to be so important with her hugh stack and big smoke, puffing back and forth and apparently only not doing a useful thing.

Other days we would play on the side of an old gravel pit where some city boys had dug some shallow caves with paths leading to them. At their foot was a little stream which we dammed and made water ways and pipe lines with odds and ends from a nearby dump.

Like all boys, the language of some was hardly fit for 'the parlor' So I organized 'The Moral and Intellectual Improvement Society'! and, in spite of the name it flourished for quite a time. We wore red ribbons bearing the initials in gold, which one of the boys printed on his press but what M.A.I.I.A. ment was known only to the members. There were initiation rites conducted at noon hour but the chief thing was the absolute rule that any member useing dirty language was to receive three punches on his upper arm by each other member. When we grew to have six or eight members that was no joke, for the virtuous ones did not deal lightly with the offender and once was plenty enough. It did have a marvelously beneficial effect tho one or two resigned after the first treatment.

As a matter of course, I took my lunch to school every day. There were nox restuarents near and no need for a school caffeterias. At rare intervals I would go over to Market St. and get an oyster stew but that seemed like a journey to a far country and was seldom undertaken. Quite a crowd of us did go to see the cable cars when they first began to run displacing horse cars. They were marvels and the Chinaman's description was about right. "No pushee, no pullee. All same-e, go like hel-e!"

But I shudder when I think of those lunches I took to school. I can't imagine why I was allowed to do myself such violence for Mother was far from indeifferent to the best good of all her children and she certainly was not ignorant. I suppose that knowledge of diet and food values was much more limited at that time. But, be that as it may, day after day my lunch was a good part of one of those braided loves of bread the bakers used to make and some stiil make them, broken and buttered and spread with currant jelly! Tireing of of that I was often allowed to buy something for lunch at a German bakers near school. Here a dime would purchase a goodx sized pan of sticky cinnamon buns and that was my lunch many a day and yet I am sixty-three, even if not so much to brag about.

I suppOse my dear Mother would rebel at these statements and indignantly insist that I had plain nourishing food and that these poisons were only occasional variations or deserts. It may be so but I cannot remember the 'plain and nourishing.'

And so in due course I went up to High School to take the entr exams and failed! So back to Belmont for another six months. I dor know why I flunked for I had studied faithfully, not hard but hard enough to set me along regularly.

I'went up' to High School exams again in the winter of85 as Number 1 boy from Belmont and there was high hope that I would enter No.1 or very near it and so bring honor to my school. But I did not do that but was about the middle of the ~~four~~ two or ~~five~~ three hundren boys who entered at that time.

While these sshool days were passing by a Y.M.C.A. was organized in BrynMawr and held its meetings in the Reading Room. Mother and Mrs Joseph Richards were active in the W.C.T.U. and,as saloons were common, they saw that a place was needed where men could find a decent place to spend a quiet evening. So money was raised and summoning their courage they went to see A.J.Cassat, president of the Pennsylvania rail road and were courteously received by that eminent gentleman. He gave them permission to use a corner of the company's lot opposite Ramsey's store and good sized building was erected there with a large bright room on the first floor, which was well supplied with books and magazines, and a good sized assembly room on the second floor. It stood there for many years and met a real need in the community.

The Y.M.C.A. did not last very long but before it died it gave birth to a Boys Branch which long outlived its parent and was of untold blessing to the boys of the ~~community~~ town. Dr.Miller fathered it and, altho the only activities were a weekly prayer meeting and a monthly business meeting Dr. Miller made religion so real and vital that he held the group together until they began to go here and there with larger interests. But a cleaned crowd of boys, with better ideals were hard to find anywhere. Of course the Scout movement did not begin until years later.

Beyond question, the business meetings helped to hold the gang. They were held in the first Manse where Dr.Miller lived with two maiden sisters, a widowed sister in law with her little girl and a

a good deal of the time a bachelor brother who was a civil engineer. First there was a business session conducted on strictly parliamentary rules and many were the debates on right of proceedure. Then the reading of the 'Chestnut Bur' a paper written by the members, mostly the Editors, Poems? stories, articles and jokes. An old joke was called a chestnut in the slang of the day.Hence the name of the paper. There was quite a vogue, about that time, to wear a little gong on you vest hidden by the coat and when someone you were talking to told an old joke you rang the gong. You generally rang it anyway and there was danger of jokes being killed off entirely!

Then came games, debates, mock tials and little plays. Brother Jim, the engineer, bought us some wigs and false hair and we used them on all occasions. All that were left were given to me by Miss Mary and Tilly after Dr. Miller had gone to his Heavenly home and they appeared again at our dress-up party at the reunion of 1933. It is a wonder that the old Manses did not fall to the ground with the wild fun of those meetings. The Millers always served ice cream and cake with smiles and cordiality but I can imagine they must have heaved a heartfelt sigh when we went home soon after ten and gave thanks that it would be a month before we came again. Dr. Miller was always present and, altho I cannot remember that he took any part we always felt he was one of us as he laughingly seemed to enjoy is all.

Bill Hipple, Al Fuguet and I were coming home from swimming at Wynnewood one hot summer afternoon, in Als'dog cart' a two wheeled carriage with seats back to back. Generally it was drawn by one horse tho the Fuguet girls often drove two, tandem. The infernal thing nearly jiggled your teeth loose but it was very stylish and that was reason enough for the Fuguets, except Al who was anything but a snob.

So we jogged along. Al and I had become great chums and Will often played with us. Altho not handsome he was goodlooking and had a perdonal charm. His fine physique and strong active body made him rather a hero in our eyes and altho he was somewhat older we liked him a lot.

"Gee! It's hot. "Certainly is. Wish we could go camping." "Why not?" ssid Will. "Fat chance! How could we?""Get some one to take us, each pay his share"answered Will, nonchantly. "Who"?a chorus from Al and me. and then silence. Abright idea hits me. "Say, Fellows, why not Dr. Miller? He goes every summer. I've often heard him say he wished he had some one with him. Say! Let's ask him."

I think we stopped at the Manse that very afternoon,on our on our way home and the dear Domine, as I always called him,seemed rather pleased with this brand new idea, for there were no summer camps for boys and girls, or, if any they were strictly limited and never advertised. We were to talk to our parents and see him next day. Al belonged to a Catholic family altho they were not very active Catholics as Madame F. did not take kindly to the Irish Fathers of America after the refined priests of France. But everyone respected Dr. Miller when he came to talk about the trip Mrs. Fugues was so charmed by his courteous dignity and his sincere piety that she was almost tempted to join the Presbyterians!

Costs were figured; parents persuaded, Dr. Miller comiserated by his frends, and in July, 1885 began that long series of camping trips when Dr. Miller and some of his'dear boys'would steal away to the lakes and the forests for a wonderful time.

We went to Westport by train and then a short drive to Elizabethtown where we spent the night. The motherly woman who kept the boarding house said to Dr. Miller, at supper ta ble, " Are all these your boys?" The bachelor blushed to the top of his bald spot but doubtless

answered, No, but I wish they were.

A three seated wagon with a top and two horses was at the door for our long drive of forty miles to Saranac Lake. The was considered the easiest way to get into the Adirondaks at least from the East. It was an all day drive over dirt roads, up hill and down dale thro some farming country and some pretty wild. We played Travellers whist and passed many miles that way. Along toward night we reacked'Saranac Village' a regular little country town tho now it is quite a little city. We did not stop in the village but went on to the Lower Saranac Lake where there was a good-sized hotel. As I remember, there were scttered houses all the way from the Village to the lake about a mile or two.

We had worn our city togs this far but now, O joy! we were to change to woods clothes and so become real seasoned backwoodsmen. That night our guides appeared as Dr.Miller had made all arrangements in advance and we had our first view of Marsh(Marshall) Brown and Sile (Silas) Flagg and were at once captivated by Sile's merry twinkle and somewhat awed by the rather stern serious face of the other man. Marsh was rather tall and gaunt with blue eyes and dark hair somewhat greyed. He was lean and wirey, seldom laughed but was reliable and always kindly and patient and as our headman and cook was eminantly satisfactory. Sile was short, chunky, blue eyed and sandy strong and merry: a good man but he teased me some and never seemed to inspire the confidence the Marsh did.

The next morning we saw our first Adirondack boat, famous all over th country and well deserved to be. Made of quarter in cedar planking with strong but light spruce ribs, smooth as glass on the out side and rowed by a pair of oars in swivel oarlock which did not allow the oars to feather, they were shaped like a birch canoe

but they were not as cranky and better rough water boats. Birch canoes are of many shapes, according to the regions where they were built but these round bottom boats, with a single narrow flat bottom piece, shod with three strips of thin iron were the best all-aroung outing boat I ever used. Two of them took the six of us, two guides, Dr. Miller and we three boys, our duffle which was cut to the limit of comfort and our camp stuff a day and a half journey into the wilderness and never shipped a drop. The photoes of that trip, which Dr. Miller took, I still have and they show how low we were in the water and we passed some rather rough water in the bigger lakes.

In high glee that we were leaving civilzation we made an early start, leaving our city togs at the hotel. A few miles brought us to a large brook of swift water flowing into the Lower Lake. Here we walked a few yards while the guides hauled the boats up stream with bow lines and we were soon in the Uppwr Saranac. Crossing the lake we came to Bartletts Carry where the boats and duffle were put on a two horse wagon made for the purpose, while we walked the three miles over a fair road. After lunch we soon entered Raquette River which had been flooded years ago by a dam, and wound in and out among the whitened skeletons of large trees. Toward night we reached Mart Moodys on Big Tupper Lake and stopped fpr the night. It was a primitive smallish house but clean and comfortable. Mart was a big man and noted thro the entire region. They said he would have been seven feet tall if they had not turned uo so much for his feet!

Al and I slept together and as we were dozing off Al suddenly sat in the moonlight that fell across his bed. "Say Bert, is it true that sleeping in the moonlight makes a person loony?""Oh! Nonsense Al. No! Go to sleep" and we were soon lost in the cool fragrant air of the untouched wilderness.

As before, Dr.Miller and I were in Marshes boat and Jill and Al

in Sile's and most of the way we travelled side by side, an oar's length apart. Will kidded me so continually and got Al to rather side in with him that I got a little sore and Dr. Miller had to reprove Will. We had another three mile 'horse carry' and after some some miles on Bog River the boats turned to the shore where a trail led up a small hill. Everything was unloaded and a short walk brougl us to our camp on Spring ~~kxkx~~ Pond quite an extensive layout. Nearest the lake was a frame for a large wall tent while across the path was a similar frame with an elaborate rustic porch made of hemlock bark. A little further from the lake was the dining shack, also of bark, open on three sides with the cooking fire not far away and the lean-to kitchen a little beyond. Why the camp was not laid out along the lake shore I never knew but our men did not plan it~~X~~. It seemed rathe civilized for, Al and I wanted it ROUGH but after our two day trip from Saranac we felt we were pretty 'far from nowhere' and we were soon settled in a large tent ~~and~~ wet the ground for our floor and bed as well.

We swam for hours tho the water was pretty cold and there were many leeches, which never troubled us tho they looked mean. Short lengths of logs were made in water horses and we jousted and splashed and, one day, swam the quater mile across the lake towing our horses, Dynamite and Bucephalus behind us and feeling very proud of our long swim! Will and Al each shot a deer, for, while it was close season in was an unwritten law that camping parties on distant lakes could shoot enough meat for their needs alto needless slaughter was severely punished. When my turn came to go 'jacking' Marsh took me out. It was cramped and uncomfortable in the bow of the boat and very, very still Marsh made no sound as he gently propelled the boat close to the shor The light made every rock seem to rise to the surface and, at first, expected the boat to hit them. The mosquitoes and flies bothered a l but no sudden motion must be made and ~~hit~~ but many slow ones. Now and then muskrat would swim along but I knew about that mighty flap of the tai and so was prepared. But no deer. The boat slid on: the light slipped from tree to tree and I began to be very drowsy. I must stay awake, I must stay; I ---. Shhot! whispered Marsh. Waking from a sound sleep I pulled my gun up and fired at the shadowy, grey form ~~xx~~ on the bank "Yu shot a mile over his back" Marsh said in a disgusted voice and soon a badly disappointed and very crestfalledn boy crept into his blankets and mourned his lost opportunity. I was not quite 15 years old. Ofcourse I was kidded plenty the next day and Marsh said it was as good a chance as a man could ever ask for, which did'nt help any.

As I look back on that trip it seems to me it must have been rather dull for I cannot remember that we took any trips, caught many fish or did anything much except swim and have Dr.Miller read to us, as we sat aroung or loafed in the bunks and whittled. But we returned wild with enthusiasm to show the many photoes Dr.M took, they were all with a tripod camera, 5 x 8!, and tell our stories of our great trip to Al's admiring sisters and smaller brothers. But we four never went again as the same party and strange as it seems I never went with Dr. Miller again tho we were the closest friends as long as he lived. Circumstances did not fall out that way and I guess that Mother and Helena and Harry began to go to the woods in summers and I naturally went with them. Dr.Miller, however, took a few boys to the woods evrey summer for many years after that first trip. I really think that that was the beginning of boys camps that have grown to such hugh proportions today.

And now, a high school boy at the age of 16 and amember of the 93rd. class. The classes were not designated by the year of graduation as two classes completed their work each year. The entire class was divided into three sections so as to reduce the number in each section to a size that could be handled in one room. At that, each section had about 6o boys and I landed in the second section known as H2, H 1 having all the scholars who had entered with the best averages.

The old school still stands at Broad and Brandywine in the city, and looks just as it did when I went there but just opposite stands the fine new school, altho that is not so new now, that is three or four times as big as the old. one.

School life at the High was very different from the old Belmont days. Each professor, they were all men as the school was not co-ed and there were about a dozzen of them, had his own room and every hou a gong sounded and we went from room to room up and down stairs for the building was three stories high. There were five classes

between 9 and 2 when school was over and there were no study periods, all recitations with demonstrations, lectures covering a part of each hour. There were no electives, no physical training, no break in the grind except a recess of 15 or 20 minutes at noon. During this brief period we were no allowed to go to our lockers in the basement without special permission nor to loaf inside the building tho perhaps we did have some sort of a home room where we could study but just about everybody piled out to the small yard, paved with brick and fenced in by granite blocks, about two feet high surmounted by an iron fence. As we could not get our hats or coats, no doubt many a cold followed those recesses in the icy winter winds.

As we could not go to our lockers it was difficult to take lunch and carry it around all the morning and practically no one did but we all rushed to the fence outside of which food venders lined up with various kinds and degrees of poison. It is beyond belief that the faculty allowed such truck to be sold to the students and such people to sell it, for they were far from cleanly not to consider the word sanitary. There was Old Annie, a veritable hag who sold cinnamun'buns from a big basket so fast, lots of boys could'nt get one. She was always dirty and the buns a poor combination of fair bread dough a raisen or two , some of sugar and considerable cinnamon but the boys were crazy about them and every day Annie was sold out long before the others.

Then ther w was the colored man who sold 'fish cake in the shell.' His basket was always clean with its little heater to keep the cake hot and he put them in a crusty roll. That was the shell. They were good even if the fat was often a little strong.

A funny fellow who certainly must have been a sailor sold fried turnovers filled with apple butter, politely so called, They were generally warm as I guess he fried them every morning but the blanket that lined his basket was, to say the least, suspicious, even tho a white cloth sepatated it from the cakes. The little fellow who sold the was quite short with very red cheeks, not whiskey colored but fresh and healthy looking like red apples, very blue eyes and very red whiskers like a halo around his otherwise clean shaven face.

Of course there were ice cream men in warm weather and candy

and other truck,all exposed to the street dust and flies for cellophane was unknown and few peices were wrapped. I have to hold my diaphagm when I think of the probable cellers,single room houses or back yardsheds where those germ distributors were made. But we had no more sickness then than now I guess tho diptheria was far more fatal and Typhoid far more frequent.

Having rushed to the fence as soon as we reached the yard and fought our way to the front line, passed out our penny or nickel and grabbed our bun or what-not we hunted a sheltered corner, if any and there ate our prize, discussing the quality of fish cakes or the relative merits of cinmun buns and turnover, or the events of the day in school life or the utter degenerency of certain professors who had given us ___ demerits just for nothin,'tall. You may be sure we watched sharp lest some fellow come bustin round the corber and a knock or bun a black away, never heeding what might be in his way. But it was a good natured crowd and fights were almost unknown. Perhaps the fact that the class room windows were just over our heads with a prof. often seated at the window, had something to do with that.

Those prof at the windows sometimes tempted us to try to'get wild' without getting any demerits for so doing. Prof. Billy Green, was a good teacher but never could be taken seriously tho he sould distribute demerits, callled 'notes' as a mule driver lays on the lash. But Billy Green was funny to look at and it was partly his own fault for, in addition to very light blue eyes, reddish hair, a big noseand a very high forhead he wore a long but scraggly red beard and he had a way of flying into momentary spasms of rage that were simply too funny to be resisted. But, Oh! Boy! if he ever cuaght you laughing at him! But with it all he made chemistry very interesting and went to a lot of trouble in his demonstrations &c

more than was actually needed . He was reasonable in his questions and fair in his treatment of his scholars, so thst, underneath it all we really liked Billy. But he was suspected of going to saloons, now and then, for a glass of beer and the color of his nose almost confirmed these rumors and made such terrible actions practically a certainty, at least to us. It is a great pity that High school students today do not regard drinking, even beer, as an unworthy if not an immoral action. I do not believe that a single one of those thousand or more students ever carried a flask tho they were no paragons of virtue and we did think that our profs ought not to drink. Teaching temperance in the schools had accomplished that.

One day, after a story had gone around that so and so had told so and so that he saw Billy going into a saloon, some of us got together at recess, just below Prof. Green's window, and in chorus yelled the following:

'Who is he the midnight prowler?
Who is he that runs the growler ?
Who in the rum-shops is often seen?
Four-eyed, cock-eyed Billy Green!'

Billy did have a slight cast in his eyes and wore glasses. Never have I seen such a picture of flaming rage as suddenly appeared at the window above our heads as those weak eyes, fairly boiling with fury, glared down at us, the face red with anger and the frame of red hair and beard bristleing with indignation. Wau!! I took one look and ducked my head to prevent his recognising me and ran for another part of the yard and so did every other conspiritor. As far as I know it did not effect a reform!

Next to Prof. Green's room on the first floor was Prof. E.J. Houston, pronounced then as house-ton, taught Physical Geography and physics and altho hes was almost as droll in his way as Prof. Green no one ever thought of laughing at him. Short and very fat

with a broad round face, rather long black hair, a thin scraggly black beard you would expect a poor teacher and the but of many jokes and you would be dead wrong. He had perfect order without any apparent effort. We studied harder for him than for any other teacher and I, at least always looked foreward to the hours with him with keen pleasure,, altho he required good work. A kinder man or a better teacher would be hard to find and he was easily the best liked man in school.

In contrast was Prof. Cristine, Political Economy, a subject that seemed to cover almost everything. Cristines room was just at the top of the stairway from the first floor, for there was only one flight of double stairs in the building and I cannot recall any outside or inside fire escape.

It was not because his subject was considered so difficult that Cristine was so thououghly disliked but because he seemed to take delight in giving fellows demerits and I believe he did enjoy it, and because Crissy was always sneaking around to try to catch some one worthy of punishment. We changed class rooms every hour going up and down stairs as our 'rossiters' required and Crissy would stand at the head of the flight. If we happened to be rollicking or making much noise he would pounce on us like a cat on a mouse, putting down our names on his ever present pad as he softly said with the sweetest hatefulest smile imaginable, " It will cost you just ~~three~~ four notes,(demerits) Brother." If thoughts could have done it he would have been smitten dead many a time, right then and there. Still he was a good teacher.

One day having ended his questions and begun to explain the next section, he suddenly stopped, the fierce look he could summon when angry came on his face, and he could be very stern, as he said in a very harsh voice," close your books" Breakers ahead tho probabally most of the boys felt as I did and couldnt imagine what had happened. "EVERY

BOY PUT HIS HANDS ON HIS DESK AND LEAVE THEM THERE!2 What on earth? I wondered. Then Chrissy brought the first boy to the poatform and to my utter amazement, lifted the boy's hands to his own nose. then the next boy's hands went to Crissy's nose and so on, a deathly silence pervading the room. I just could'nt guess what it was all abput.

When half of the class had been put thro this peculiar performance Criss suddenly gave a gratfied "AHH! So you did it." The victim blazed red to his hair while that meanest of all smiles spread over Cristine's face. A scribbled note and the culprit, a nondescript chap of no special prominence in the class, started for the Presidents office., the principle of the school was always called the President of the school.

"Now,s aid our professor,if any of you boys want to put shoemakers wax on my chair just try it$" So that was it. Some boy had put the stuff on Crissy's chair and old foxy Criss had just smelled each fellows hands until the tell tale odor gave the guilty one away. He got his man,all right, but it required some courage to persue that method.

But much as I disliked Cristine I absolutely hated our German teacher, Max Straube, a German of the leonine type, longish yellow hair,a full square cut yellow beard, parted in the middle and a large long yellow mustache whose ends he liked to curl. His was a big broard face and from beneath the high forhead a pair of very blue eyes loked out seriously and with great complancency if not insolemce. I suppose Straube was rather a fine looking man tho I never could bring myself to admit there was anything good about him, for he was the most comtemptible creature I ever have known, the great bitterness we held against him coming,mostly, from his rank injustice to us.

It seemed unjust to us that he not only required us to write all answers to his questions on our lessons but to write them in German script and then he counted any error in the script as an error in vocabulary, for example, ~~xxdxxx~~ But, in addition to this was his unjust and enrageing way of reproveing us. That became almost unbearable. Seated in his high tacher's chair he would look down on the class literally and figureitively and rave about his wonderful High Saxon language and tell us, with evident comtempt, that, ofcourse, people here did not agree that it was the most beautiful language on earth. In fine round syllables he would say, in German, 'Dare mon hot ein hot,' in a rich musical voice.'That' he would say 'is not beautiful!' 'You think this is beautiful 'The man has a hat' rasped out in the harshest,flattest most nasal tones possible.

But that was not the worst, irritating as its constant repetition certainly was, for, when he caught seme resentment in some boy's eye, and he was constantly looking for it, he would say, with the greatest apparent fairness,'Vilber is not satisfied. Vilber wants to make a speech. Now Vilber!" Naturally Wilbur was quite unconscious that he had shown any resentment and this mean, unfair attack did make him frown for it made him rediculous to this classmates. So it is not strange that when Straube ended this comtemptible attack with 'Vilber gets an inattention zifer' I flamed into rage at the injustice. But I had to be mughty careful that I did nor allow any trace of my rage to show on my face which Max watched for any sign of anger. Then, with the air of a man who was very much abused and who had dealt with an unruly pupil with great justice he would proceed with the lesson. An 'inattention cypher' was a sort of combination of demerits and deductions from recitation marks,an invention of Straube and the devil.

Straube taught me little German tho I carried good averages in

Latin, but he did teach me to hate him and the whole German race with a hatred that lasted thro the years. Every victory over the Germans in the world war rejoiced my heart. I cannot remember anyone else I hated and I knew that such feelings were wrong. It would be a real trial if today to have the opportunity to forgive Straube for any thing he had done even tho he asked for giveness.

I have detailed this to some length to show what lasting impression can be made on the adolescent mind by those who exercise authority over it. I do not believe I was more impressionable than the average boy.

Esther said, when I had read about these High School days to her, ' You must have had a queer lot of teachers.' Well, if this were all that would be true but there were others, some of whom I liked very much. It might be intersting to me, at least, to tell about them but there is so much of later years to tell that I must get on. It is certainly true that our Profs were individualists. It was the day of beards and almost all of them wore them and I think that indentifies a man more strongly. There was Vogdes and Shock and Kern, Cliff and Holt and Stewart, who wrote the Latin books were studied and so never criticized the author. Then there was Smythe who taught 'Literature' and took himself very seriously. He was English by birth or imitation, wore a black cape coat, a very round barrelled, straight rimmed silk hat a large black bow tie: a very blond face and equally blond mutton chop whiskers of some length. We were prejudiced against him with that strange innate prejudice which seems to be a part of every American boy, much more then than now, I judge, but he made Lit. interesting and inspired some love for a better type of reading. All in all they were all good teachers, except Straube and most really conscientious in their effort to help their students.

They labored with me with varying success. I floundered around in arithmetic, we did not call it mathematics then, but enjoyed algebra, plane geometry, chemistry, physics and drawing, even tho our first teacher in that subject was daffy on perspective. Zoology was facinating and physical geography a joy. At the end of the first six months I climbed to the first section of the class and before long to the first ten of that section for we had a strict marking system with averages every month. Then the boy with the highest average would take the first seat, the one nearest the professor's desk, and so on. Those who were the poorest students being in the back of the room which suited them all too well. I think I made No. 2 once but could never displace Frank Schermerhorn who hung on to No.1 like a puppy to a root. There was a light colored colored boy in the class, Dick Lewis, a a nice clean chap, who was ahead of me much of the time.

Once I had an attack of the miserable tonsilitis the second or third day of the semiaannual exams. You know how follicular tonsilitis comes on, all of a sudden. As I sat reading over my paper I coundn't seem to get a grip. Soon chills began to race about and my throat got soe and before the first hour was over I knew it was hopeless. Sent by the prof. in that room to the president of the school I was told to open my mouth and after one look I was sent home in a rush while the poor man doubtless expected the whole school to come down with diphtheria. But, because of my good record and as I had passed one or two subjects I was not flunked and forced to repeat that terms work but they graciously 'shoved me up' and I was allowed to go on with my class. but in the very lowest seat in the very last section, among the dumbest boys of the class. I hope I held No.1 there. There was no Frank Schermerhorn ahead, but I dont know. I only know it was not a very happy six months that followed.

There are one or two incidents that seem worth while telling

Before I walk out of the front doors of the old 'Central High' and never enter them again. No. You'r wrong. I was not expelled but honarably discharged and at my own request or rather that of my parents. Incidentally that was the first time I ever did pass thro those 'august portals' as the students entered only by the basement. However that's a little farther on.

Assembly was held every morning at nine oclock in a large room on the first floor where long settees ran from the center aisle to the walls on either side. In the aisle sat the Profs, at intervals, and they marked absences or lateness. Perhaps the Bible was read. if so it made little impression on me tho I remember it well in the grammer school, announcements were made but the great event was Declamation, Public Speeking it would be called now. Every boy after his first year had to speak, or recite before the whole school and the profs each marked for it, the combined marks making the average for that subject. We rehearsed our speeches before the Prof on Lit. who censored them and coached us, but we were free to make our oun choice of what we would 'declaim'. When it came my turn I chose 'Little Breeches' principally because of these verses:

> 8I don't go much on religion,
> An free grace an that sort of thing.
> But I believe in God and the Angels,
> Ever since one night last Spring.

And then, when they found his son, Little Breeches, safe and warm in a sheep fold, in the midst of a rageing blizzard the story goes on:

> ' How did git thar? Angels!
> He never could'of walked in that storm.
> Thet jis swooped down and toted him
> To where it was safe and warm.
> An I believe that savin a little child
> An bringing him ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
> ~~all safely~~ to his own
> Is a durn sight better business
> Than loafin round the throne.'

When I came to the line where the rancher goes in to the country

store to get a jug of'merlases' the story runs this way:

"The snow kum down like a blahket
When we kum by Taggert's store,
An I went in to get a jug of merlases
and left the team at the door."

So after I said merlases I paused and rubbed my tummy meaningly while what I intended to be a sly smile spread over my face, just to show that there was considerable doubt as to just what the jug was to hold. Prof. Cliff looked startled and then rather angry but in a moment he broke int a hearty laugh as he said, 'Well, if you want to interpret it that way all right.'

In one of the upper classes there were twin brothers named Rondinelli and most of us could not tell one from the other. When some one said here comes Rondinelli the invariable answer was, ' NO! That's his brother.' Both of them were inveterate jokers and quite noted by the whole school.

One morning, one brother started his declamation useing the lament of some old Roman for his dead brother. When this Rondinello started with " I had a brother once" there was a pause and then the whole school began to laugh. The Profs. screwed around in their chairs with pencil and note book ominously displayed. But when the twin went on with " a fair young child" there was a roar,for both brothers were as homely as a hedge fence. The Profs rushed about and distributed demerits on all sides and Rondy tried again but it was no use. The school simply could not be controlled and Rondy had to leave the platform, with an injured look of innocense on his face. Just about all of us and, I suspect, most of the Professors, thought he chose that particular piece just to make a disturbance but how it ever got by Prof.Cliff is a mystery.

Every once in a while, some boy would come into the class room and show the prof. a little slip of paper. The the prof would sign

it
as the boy passed him the text book on the subject that he taught as the whisper went round the room 'he being let outs 'Being let out' meant that he was leaving school and most of us ~~xxxx~~ envied him and wished that we were the lucky fellow. I had been in the school ~~xxx~~ two and a half years when I bumped into Trigonometry and I bumped hard! I tried and I fussed and I fumed but still sine and co-sine meant nothing to me and logarithms just got me mad. I was going to be a Doctor so why bother with all this mathematical truck any way. I wanted to leave school and finally got Father and Mother to consider it . Dr.Powell, our family physician was consulted and thought it was useless to spend more time in such work, better go to medical college. Brothers and sister, all college graduates agreed or assented and one day in October 1889 I too went around with my note and my books and was being let out. Some of the profs. signed and said nothing but others asked why I was leaving and one or two who were M.Ds said I was making a great mistake not to do more preparatory work before taking up medicine, Cristine even urgeing me to reconsider, talkk it over at home and come back the next day. Somehow I found that being let out was not half the fun I thought it was but I could face not that Trig again and so down I went those front steps tp Broad street a free but a lonely boy. True I was 19 but I was very much a kid for all that.

The preliminaries were soon made and within a day or two I was a Freshman in the Class of 91 Hahnemann Medical college. There had been no exams. My High School record was quite suffecient. The 'good moral character 'listed as one of the requirements was not even mentioned but like a long lost brother I was gathered in and my tuition fee most gladly tucked away in the treasurer's slim bank account and I began to raise a mustache! How or why my family ever let me do it I can't imagine. Th was good reason why I should not have been forced to spend so much time on mathematics. perhaps. If there had been any electives I no doubt would have graduated from the High. But at that the U of P was giving

a fine two year course prepatatory to a medical course and why I was not sent there I do not know. You see I must have been very immature for these decisions were made for me and, so it was, one week a High School boy; the next a College man with the title of 'doctor' which was applied to all medical students except by the profession itself. The family decision was most unwise. Neither my mind nor my character was ready for such a radical change.

During High School days I reached home about mid-afternoon and a few minutes later Al Fuguet and I were together. He went to a private school and reached home earlier. Until the days were short, we generally went to the 'Company woods' that plot now owned by the Austins lying along Gulf Road , west of the Baptist Church. That same tract thro the kindness of Mr Austin was the stamping ground of my troop of E Boy Scouts, years later and in spite of all the changes here abouts thro these years, that patch of woods has not changed in any material way.

We played there a great deal and camped out there almost every Saturday. There we had an 'Ole swimmin hole' where the water was actually waist deep; if our dams had been well caulked. As the 'Pike Boys' often broke up our camps, at lesst we held them responsible, we tried to hide them and I remember one that was in the center of a big briar patch. It was made with much pain and many scratches and doubtless many tares in my clothing that added work for dear Mother's hands but she never complained. Into that mysterious camp we could only go on our hands and knees thro a tunnel in the blackberry bushes that led to quite a comodius little clearing in the center. It was a long time before that was discovered. It was healthy play and no doubt saved us from many pitfals.

When night came early and the days were two short to 'go to the woods' we would play with Al's brothers and sisters. Dallett was a cou

a cousin who lived with them, an orphan, I think, who always treated as a son by Mr. Fuguet. He was a queer, studious self contained chap, older than the others and given to moods. Marianna was the oldest of the others,a tall blond girl with very brown eyes. Then came Alphonse Al to me and to the others, for that matter as they all had nick names Evilana was the next youngest, a chunky girl with black hair and eyes quick tempered and very outspoken but likeable for all that. I might have gotten'sweet on her' if she had not made fun of me so often. Then came Raymond and Stephen, Stevie.

They all talked French, almost as much as English, and they used it freely when they did not want me to know what they were saying nor did some of them hesitate to make fun of me in the language tho Al never did. But,somehow, I liked them tho it was quite a while before I was really accepted as one of them. But Al and I were chums almost at first sight. Madame Fuguet was'the grand lady'. She was never called Mrs. Fuguet, for was she not related to the Nobility of France and she had no objection to anyone knowing it. Yet she was kindly and always courteous. Mother called on her a few times and was interested in Madame's views on America and the Catholic Priests here as compared with France but they had nothing in common and being-strict Sabatarians Mother and Faather never attended the Musicals the Fuguets held so often on Sunday afternoons, rather to the scandal of the neighborhood.

About the time I got acquainted with the Fuguets the first bicycle craze began, and all the Fuguet boys had on of those terrible high wheel contraptions, Al's being about six feet high. They rode morning noon and night if the had a chance and altho there were frequent headers there were no serious falls. As a great concession I was allowed to ride none of the smaller wheels, now and then, but, I must confess, I never felt real anxious to attempt the six-foot giant of Al's

Two of the boys in our Sunday school class were learning telegraphy and tapped out messages on each others shoes or hands or any other part of their anatomy that was handy, often when they were suppose to be listening to the teacher. It annoyed me that I could not understa and Al and I decided we must have a telegraph line between our houses. There were plenty of trees to carry it and, so, the next Christmas, there was a complete outfit. My brother Harry ran the line and soon we were dotting and dashing madly. We could send alright but, somehow, receiving was quite a differeent matter. We worked at it a while tho played at it would be a better term and we finally got so we could understand s.d.f. which meant 'come down to the fence' the dividing fence between our properties, and there we would meet and continue our conversation 'by wire.'

We had the bow and arrow craze at one time and went hunting with them but the game did not suffer. One day while wandering along in the edge of the Company woods by the Ashbridge farm we ran into a flock of half grown turkeys and, not expecting to hit anything as usual, I let go an arrow. Rather to my horror it went smack into one of the birds! What to do? I regret to say we were not manly enough to take it to the house and own up. Instead, after a hurried conference we smuggled it home and in the little furnace-house back of our green house wem broiled it over the coal fire and at once devoured it. I must confess it was the best turkey I ever remember.

Just at the dividing fence, at the corner by the hedge, grew a large malpe with very close limbs and heavy foliage and almost at the top Al and I made a seat with a broad back. This was our trysting place for many hours. We had tried cornsilk but did not care for it. Cubeb cigaretts were not so bad but we feared they were drugged and neither of us wanted to risk tobacco altho Al's. father was in the cigar business. Someone said sassafras bark was fine so we went to the Ashbridge farm and got some corncobs. Sassafras trees were ~~fine~~ plentiful and soon we repaired to our nest and there ~~were~~ enjoyed our pipes like real old timers. At least we thought we did and hailed a cigar box to the tree to hold our impedimenta. Day after day we had our smoke. Sometimes Mother would say 'Bert, you small so smoky and I would unblushingly reply, 'Aw, I've been roun fire' which was true but surely intended to deceive.

One day Harry, from the third floor window, about on a level with our tree top, tho some distance away, noticed smoke lazily rising from that maple tree. Climbing up there, when we were away, he found our ~~ca~~ casche and the well burned pipes and the truth was out. Confiscating

the outfit, tore down the box, lectured us and threghtened to destroy our nest if ever -----. Oh! Well, we had had about enough anyway.

Al and I were close friends for many years and I cannot remeber we ever had a quarrel. Just after he entered the University of Penn his father failed in business and they all moved into their town house at 1128 Spruce St and the BrynMawr place was sold. Al went to work tho devoting much time to music of which he was very fond. He ~~xxx~~ played the piano very well and I have him to thank for my appreciation of the better things in musical composition. I said the 'better' things for I cannot appreciate the best, but I certainly detest the rot and drivel we get so often on the radio. The Puguet family struggled along, keeping up a pretense of style, but it was pretty hard going at that, and Mr. P. did not long survive.

I went there to dinner one evening. They still had a servant Or two and Madame with a friend of hers sat up near the end of a long table the rest of us rangeing down along the side. Madame and her friend were served with lamb chops and peasm, in some style while we had stew or some much cheaper dish. It struck me as so very queer but the children took it as a matter of course.

Alk ~~xxxxx~~ and I lost contact, to a large extent, after they moved into the city and I was busy with medecine and when I went to Alaska there were not many letters exchanged. He married a wife who was not much help to him I thought, went into light opera without much succes and when I returned from Alaska wrote to me, the first time in years, and asked for a loan. With my rapidly growing family I explained to him that I could not help except in a very small way, he wanted a considerable amount, but he never answered my letter and not so long afterward died of appendicitis. It saddened me that our friendship ended in ~~xx~~ clouds for in many ways it was the most satisfactory friendship of my life. I think we were complements of each

other. I was, perhaps the more agressive and took the initiative more often but Al had to be shown before he would follow. Without any strong religious convictions it seemed to be natural for him (To do right) and he was morally clean. With so few mutual interests we seemed to find in each other strong elements of attachment that held us to each other for many happy years.

It may be that the steady degeneration of one of our friends had a more profound effect in keeping us from the usual pitfalls that assail youth so often than we realized at the time. This friend had been quite close to us for a while but he got into a fast crowd at the Bryn Mawr Hotel, a very fashionable resort for the wealthy, until it burned down. Altho this boy's father was prominent in Church work in the city he thought it no harm to Serve wine at his table and kept a decanter on the sideboard and our friend took a glass rather frequently. Altho a fine personality and with a magnificent body he gradually went down spending his evenings and often his nights, I guess, in the city. I well remember my astonishment when, after playing pool or billiards with Al and me in the Fuguet's house until it was my bedtime, he would say "Well, I guess I'll run into the city". Before many years his health broke down and he died as the direct result of his own folly. But he never tried to get Al or me to join him, not even by recounting his escapades. I never saw a life, full of splendid possibilities and most unusual advantages so deliberately ruined by the paath of sin.

During all these years I had a very different set of friends made up of the young people of our and the other churches in the community. I have already written about the Boy's Branch of the local Y.M.C.A. and what a helpful influence it was to all the boys who came under Dr. Miller's influence. In this I was a recognized

leader in that and, for a while I was president of the BAPTIST young peoples society, strange as that may seem. But there was a reason. There generally is about that time of life and this was the usual one. I was fond of a girl who was a Baptist and liked to take her to 'meetin'. But the churches were all very cordial to each other and held union services after the holidays, that is the Christmas holidays for pekople always called them 'THE Holidays'. So, it did not seem so stange, espetially as Dr. Miller's group were of all denominations except the Romanists.

I cannot fully tell the great value to me of those young peoples societies. They made think, study the Bible and religious books and prepare our little addresses. They gave training in parliamentary proceedure that has been of real value all thro my life and practice in Public speaking and debate. We planned our programs and made a list of topics and leaders and, later, when a Christian Endeavor Society was organized in our own church we young people planned and won the approval of the Trustees and Session for a church paper, 'The Church Messenger' which continues until this day. At first a committee Of Young people were the editors and to a large extent the authors also. Of course school duties were not half as exacting then as now not even when I was in Medical College and we had time to enjoy these outside interests.

But above all other helpful interests in my life was the splendid influence of 'The Dominie' as I affectionately called Dr. Miller. I loved him as a father and he returned that love in full measure. As my own father was not one who paled with his young son altho he was always kind and affectionate, Dr. Miller was my confident and adviser. Time after time I would climb to his study, on the third floor of the old Manse, and waste a whole evening of the good Dominie's time, tho he never showed any annoyance, even in the slightest degree. Indeed

he always made me feel it was a rare treat.

I was a happy, joyous boy delighting in my religious life which was very real to me. I was absolutely sure that trouble could never really hurt me, if, indeed I recognized any circumstance as troble, for, I was certain that my Heavenly Father loved me and, being all-powerful, nothing could happen to me unless He ordered or permitted it. How much richer life would have been had I been able to constantly hold to that simple faith. Childish some may say. Perhaps; and yet the Master said, "except ye become as little children ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven" There have been days since then, when that confidence has been sorely tried and not a few times when I felt it could not be true but, thro the mist and murk of doubt the sun has shown and now I know that it is true.

Do not think that I was a religious prig or that I was a long-faced, sanctimonious ass. Even in my humblest moments I have never been willing to acknowledge that I was an ass, altho those animals have a lot more sense than some humans, I believe. No. I was a noisy, rollicking happy boy, fond of my friends, glad to be counted in near the top of most of our activities, a joy to my Mother and good company for my father when we went camping together later on. But I was no saint, far from it tho I did honestly strive for better things.

After the Bryn Mawr Hotel burned down the ground stood idle for a number of years and as few of us went away in the summer time except for a week or two I thought it would be fine if we could organize a tennis club and get permission from the Rail Road company to use the hotel grounds. Some of the fathers secured that permission and we took posession of 'our club grounds'

The situation was almost ideal as a level space offered room for the courts while a double terrace by the drive, sheltered

by trees was just the place for a long bench with a nice high back where we could sit and talk to the girls and watch the play. It was just about as nice as a county club and I'm sure, just as much fun and lots more wholesome.

The walls of the old hotel still stood in places and the ruins had never been cleaned up. At the base of one of the walls we found the ruins of the kitchen and two hugh kettles with the spigots still above one of them. To our surprize the water ran from this and here we slacked our lime for the white wash to mark the courts. Naturally, the walls might have fallen at any time but we never thought of that and there were no police rules or police to keep us away.

Back of the courts was a culvert for storm water from Montgomery Ave. and to carry a tiny stream to the little pond in the lower part of the grounds. A man-hole was near the courts and a tile drain half way down the side of the culvert discharged a very small stream of clear, cool water. Where it came from we never knew but we used that for our drinking water and never had any harm from it tho I guess we were taking big chances.

The costumes of the boys, especially, were very gay. It was the day of the 'blazer' coats and some of them were blazers in very truth. No combination of colors were too gay, the gayer the better. Much as I loved color those gaudy things looked hot. Hahnemann colors were impossible, college boys wore college colors generally, but the sickly green and bilous yellow of Hahnemann Med. were simply horrible. Instead, a flannel coat of alternate, moderately narrow stripes of navy blue and white appealed to me as both attractive and suffeciently colorful. Anyway the girls seemed to like it. Thro the belt-loops of our white flannels trowsers we wore brilliant sashes of silks, mine was crimson, I remember and I was very proud of the fringed ends that hung a little below my knees. Yes , I was considered, 'dressy'.

We had a lot of healthy fun from that tennis club and one year we played tennis on Christmas day, it was so summery.

The Tennis Club became the Cooking Club in the winter season and that also proved to be a great success, and ran for a number of seasons. It was almost simplicity itself; we met once or twice a month at the homes of the members, each member bringing something cooked or prepared by that member. (Note. this rule was not enforced very ridiidly nor was a probable breach investigated, even languidly. Suppose some fellows mother did make his cake or salad for him? It would be a lot better than he could make, almost to a certainty and we had no desire to limit refreshments either in quantity or quality.) And we did have good feeds. One would think that there would be a surplus of samdwiches and a dirth of icecream and cake. Maybe sandwiches were taboo, I cant remember we ever had them not did we ever fail in suffecient variety. Possibly the girls hinted to each other what each would bring tho it was supposed to be a profound secret but whether they did or not we had a fine time. There were no rules, no by-laws no minutes and only one officer, a President who simply made sure that someone would arrange the next meeting, the host of the evening arrangeing the program of games or what not as there was no dancing except the Virginia Reel and sometimes the Lancers. It was all great fun and so perfectly wholesome and natural. I cannot remember all the crowd, there were about twenty of us I guess but I well remember those I liked best. There was Maud Marshall and her brother Frank, Florence Humphreys and her brother Charles, Mabel Morris, Lillian Battersby, Anne Lawson a peaches and cream blond but somhow I never fell. Then there was Miles Hoffman, Nelson and Arthur Evans, Will Weimer whose jolly mother would like the club to come to her house all the time. There were no scoeial high hights and no 'scions' of great wealth and therefore we had a mighty nice time.

It was from this same group, with some from the Endeavor crowd, that Helena and Her husbandm Roy Elliott, choose a troop for amatuer theatticals for the benefit of the Boys Branch of the Y. Two plays were selected, 'Sarah's Young Man', a farce centering about a grocets ~~xk~~ clerk and a maid in an English estate, and a romance, 'Sweethearts', in which an elderly Englishman returns from India after many years and falls in love with his boyhood sweetheart again. I was given the leading role in each as my sister always over estimated her brothers ability at least, after he grew up. We had to give the show at Wayne as there was no suitable place in Bryn Mawr or Ardmore, so our audience was rather small, the Wayneites were not interested and the home people thought it too far away. The press notices were enthusiastic even tho the gate was far from what we had hoped for. Sam Richards father said that I ought to be an actor and not a missionary and perhaps he was right. Anyway, it was lots of fun for us, tho poor Helena and Roy near-died of dispair after the last rehearsal, sure that we had all gone hopelessly to peices. But the show, a few hours later, went off like clockwork.

On the afternoon of one rehearsal, we had a picnic in the Company woods and I was accidentally struck in the eye with a stick by my best girl(at <u>that time</u>!) Maud Marshall. The conjunctiva was torn and for a while it looked as tho it might be serious. But we could hardly get thro rehearsal that night. It was just about too much to see a supposedly ~~dignified~~ pompous middle aged Englishman, Sir Henry Spreadbrow, making dignified but ardent love with a big bandage over one eye and the other red and bleary.

Horseback riding was the rage for a while for many of the crowd could get their family Dobbin now and then. Emily Clark had a horse ~~x~~ of her own and was an expert, much to the envy of the other girls. Dirt roads and no autos and lots of country made an ideal conditions for the

for the sport. I had ridden enough to feel quite at home on our steady horse, Don and never rode Dandy the other one who was nervous and excitable but the span of dapple grays were very handsom together. Mother was 'canning' and wanted a basket of peaches that had been sent out from town and as I was just starting for a ride asked me to go to the station and get them. The 'baggage man at the package room' was Jim Reilly who had been there for years and knew everybody and Jim rather demurred at my taking the basket on horseback for baskets were baskets in those days.But I assured him that old Don was perfectly safe and he put the basket on the pommel of the low English saddle. I had hardly turned away when Don started to trot and then things happened; Don gave a terrific plunge and started to run, jumping like a crazy horse every time he hit the ground. I remember, vaguely, trying to control him and hang on to the peaches, swinging them to one side with one hand and spilling half the basket along the street; of Don's lungeing around the corner and my sailing thro the air and then, blank.

When I opened my eyes it was to look into the anxious Irish face of one of the Read maids who had my head in her kindly lap as she sat on the ground. There was a small crowd about and I was very wet about my head and shoulders for a bucket of cold water was considered to be the first necessity in every case of First Aid. I was taken home and Dr Powell, our'family doctor' 'took stitches' but I knew little about it for I was unconscious for a while. They found the basket near where I lay with a few peaches in it but Mother's canning party was spoiled for that day.

To vindicate steady, Reliable Old Don it should be told that there was a small sore on his shoulder which the saddle did not touch in ordinary riding and our man did not tell me about it. The weight of the peaches jabbed the saddle down on that sore place with the first trot and the harder Don jumped the the worse it hurt. No wonder

went 'up in the air'..

DUNDAFF. I have referred to father's parents on page ten and during my childhood and youth we often visited them tho not as regularly as we went to Pepperell. Mother made it a regular duty, and pleasure as well, to visit her parents every year if possible whie father went to Dundaff from time to time. Somehow it generally seemed to be winter when we went and it was very disagreeable with the long cold drive from Carbondale, just at nightfall, always dreaded.

Grand-father Wilbur was blue eyed, rather short and small with a kindly face and gentle manner, while Grandmother was large with brown eyes and a decidedly Irish cast of coutenance. It is from her that so many of the Wilbur's get the long upper lip and their tendency to snub noses. Grandmother Wilbur was inclined to be harsh, hard, severe in her judgements and unrelenting in her punishment. I was afraid of her and would have preferred not to visit Dundaff but Mother felt she 'ought to go'. I have often heard Mother tell of the time when Willie, my brother, would not eat his corn meal mush and said it made him sick. They were visiting Dundaff at the time and Grandmother said he was stubborn and ought to be made to eat it and 'if he were HER child &c.' and I can see just how her eyes smouldered as she said it. Father had her brown eyes tho his disposition was far more like Grandfather's. Well, much against her better judgement daughter-in-law Harriet, my mother, took Willie aside and ~~whacked~~ flanked him and she knew how, and Willie ate his mush but promptly lost it then and there! There upon , Grandmother advised another whaling because he was such a naughty child. Instead,- Mother put him to bed to recover, no doubt ~~doubt~~ feeling that he had been pretty badly treated.

As I remember Dundaff it was a pleasant country village of perhaps a dozen houses, a Methodist church where the visiting Bishop and assisting minister conducted Communion service on Sunday. Altho

the church was very tiny the service was quite formal and the ministers, in their gowns, took Communion first. It seemed to me very strange and selfish for the clergymen to be having a service all by themselves as I saw them, peeking thro my fingers.

Two of my cousins, George and Clarence Rogers live in the next house to Grandfather's and were my playmates but, somehow, I never had much fun at Dundaff. Their father George Rogers always seemed to be an old man as far back as I can remerber. He was tall and kindly and worked with Grandfather in the wagon building business. His wife Amanda, Fathers oldest sister, was buxom and worked hard but kept cheerful thro it all. Father's other sister, Gertrude was much like her mother in disposition. She had married a Mr. Slocum and ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ their children, Wallace, Earnest and Mattie sometime were at Dundaff when we were there, tho not very often. Mattie later married Tom Hunter so that's where he comes in.

Father must have been a lively boy. They tell of his fondness for fishing for trout in the little streams about his home and of his falling into a tanner's vat one day, which, fortunately, was about ~~xx~~ empty. One of his little playmates, peering over the top of the vat piped, 'Oscar, He was called Oscar in his boyhood, 'Oscar, do you see any hoppy-toads down there?' Another time Father was coasting and most of the children piled into a big sleigh while Father, on a small sled took the tougue of the sleigh and guided it down hill. Halfway down an oxcart appeared, coming up hill, and before Father could turn aside he ran right in between the oxen. I never heard how they untangle the mixup but no one was much hurt.

In 1879 I went to Dundaff to help celebrate the Golden wedding of my grandparents, the first of the three Golden Weddings in our immediate connection, that I attended.

After Grandmothers death in 1895 we did not go to Dundaff for

many years, for Grandfather had died some years before. It was not until November, 1931 that I saw the town again when Mother Bert and I stopped there on our auto-trip. There may have been a few more houses but the town was terribly run down. Fathers birthplace looked just a s I remembered it and the village store stood where my grandfather's wagon shop used to be.

"I thought you were a Wilbur" the storekeeper said when I went in to ask for directions. Old friends of Father's, visiting us when I was a boy, often said that I looked so much like Father in his boyhood especially my heavy head of hair and I am sometimes startled now when, I unexpectedly, I see myself in some window or door and almost feel I am meeting Father again. But, as Father was considered to be a very good looking man, why worry?

There was another place that I visited as a boy that ought to have some mention before I begin my medical studies and that was Barnegat City and Bay. It must have been before we left Camden that Father began to go there on fishing trips for I certainly remember Mother and Father in our back yard struggling to get the scales off a 'sheepshead' with a hoe! and that was one of the fish Father had brought home from Barnegat., and he always brought bluefish, I am sure.

Father and some friends believed that the little town at the Inlet Light would become a great summer resort and raised money and began improvements, among which was a good-sized hotel, 'The Oceanic' and a STREET CAR LINE from the wharf at the inner edge of the inlet to the hotel on the beach. The was one car and a mule for motive power! There was no rail road running across the bay except at the Pier and the company ran a forty or fifty foot steam launch from the Pier to the Inlet. The pier was a lively place in those days, Party Boats being tied up to every stake when the trains came down from the city. They were all sail boats and took the fishermen down the bay

or to the Inlet, and every party was almost certain of a fair catch and often an enormous one. The Inlet was was wide and fairly deep and small, two masted schooners sometimes passed in or out. There were flocks of snipe and the game laws, if any were not enforced so one could shoot them all summer. It was not trick at all for a acouple of fellows, in a little 12 ft. sneakbox, to slip along under sail or oars to some of the many sand bars that were just coming out of water, set up a few decoys, squat down a few yards away get two or three good shots. Then away in the 'box' again to another bar and do it again. The bags were often pretty heavy and far too often there was useless slaughter. My brother Harry was crazy about that sort of shooting and he and Will Baily, who live next door at Camden, were on the bay all the time they were at ~~xxxxx~~ Barnegat City, as the new town was called.

The trip from the city was quite pleasant even tho the trains were as slow as our winter trains now are but there were fewer stops. Arriving at the Pier in the late afternoon, a delightful trip in the comfortable launch of about an hour brought one to Barnegat City where the colored porter from the hotel was lustily calling 'O-she-Nanic, Hotel O-she-nanic!' The street car was full and a ride thro the Pines and mosquitoes brought one to the well run hotel, right on the beach. The town site had been laid out on a large swale and here and there, widely separated, were cottages of various shapes but all well supplied with the giggerbread trimmins thought to be essential to every seashore house, 'to make them look light and airy'.

It was a great place to have fun and a lot of boys and girls at the hotel had lots of it and I nearly became a hero, more nearly than any other time in my life. There was a hole in the beach which generally was quite long and sloping. One day a girl I knew and played with and I were bathing near it. She stepped in the hole and I could'nt swim much, if any but I was not afraid of the water an so went under and helped her

climb up the steep side coming up for air when she got her head above water. Altho she was frightened, the girl kept her head xxxxxxxxx and I told her to keep cool and just climb up over the edge and we were in shallow water in a few moments. She thought my calmness and help saved her life and made a lot of it around the hotel tho she didn say' Isnt he WON-der--full !!!'

The hotel had one or two successful seasons but the promoters had forgotten one very small but very important factor in their reasoning, the Jersey Mosquito, which tho smaller and not nearly as hot as his Alaskan relatives is 'plenty enough' to ruin any business, as they did the business of that hotel and townsite company. Beside it took too much time to go and come and men could not commute. Even the coming of the railroad to the very doors of the hotel did not revive the 'City'.

As if to cover the sad spectacle of so much lost money and dead hopes the sea came up and took the hotel into its capacious maw but, not before 'them Wilbur boys'(Bert, Harry and Donn) had gotten some of the elevator weights from the ruins for ballast in the Pollywog. But Mort Johnson of BayHead thought thay were much too fine for a mere snackbox so he gave them to some fine yacht, I suppose, and calmly told us we could have some sash weights. That's a Jersey Bayman for you, all over Ofcourse tha happened many years after the hotel was built.
xxxxxx

In 1895 my brother Will was married to Elizabeth Fitch of Norwichtown Conn. in April but I was not there. Instead I was in bed at home with a hard attack of the measles and Aunt Adelia was taking care of me. She was probabally brought on from Massachusetts in the emergency as she was always ready to help and loved me better than anything on earth, I do believe. It was a great disappointment to me for I was, temporarily, interested in the youngest Fitch daughter, Sarah and had nearly gone to sea with her in a canoe at Watch Hill one time. Per-

haps we were too busy talking, perhaps the wind did change, but, whatever the reason, I suddenly discovered we were some distance out in the bay, with an off-shore wind and a choppy sea that was getting nasty. It was just about all I could do to get back to the dock again.

Mrs. Fitch was a large, white haired matron of much poise and dignity and the family lived in considerable style, for the little village adjoining Norwich, always pronounced Norrige. The first time I visited there I was a little late in coming to lunch, taking particular care with my toilet before appearing before the very proper lady and her four daughters. Hurrying down stairs, I turned in the dining room, stepped on a little rug in the doorway and went down ker-flunk! I was covered with confusion but led in the laugh that followed, even Mrs. Fitch joining in.

Hahnemann Medical College. Feeling like a fish out of water I joined the Freshmen at Hahnemann, who had been at work for a month and tried to adjust myself to the new life. Classes did not begin until 10 and were over at five with an hour or more at noon. A few fellows brought their lunch and we hung around the rooms, quizzed a little and sometimes studied. Among them was a chap from Milford, Del. tho perhaps he was not there at noon time but, anyway, we became acquaint- very soon and found much that was congenial. So began a lifelong friendship with Frank Pierson that endures until this day.

When I said classes I should have said lectures for there were no recitations of any kind, and no one paid any attention as to whether a man attended any lecture in the entire course. One fellow was said never to have attended a single lecture but graduated just the same!. There were quizz-classes made up of the students themselves that were supposed to take the place of recitations but lots of fellows never went near one and I was one of them. The relief from a strict marking system and, so much freedom was too much for my immaturity and

I just did'nt study much that first year. Our young peoples' societies and clubs, Christian Endeavor, Sunday school and entertainments and calling on the girls filled nearly every evening. But I attended lectures regularly and took notes fully and did my practical work, dissecting, chem lab. and the rest carefully so it was not all loss.

Dissecting was done at night, first and second year and I enjoyed all practical work. We wore old coats when dissecting, black oil cloth aprons and elbow-sleeve covers and let every visitor beware or he would find a choice bit of cadaver in one of his pockets when he got home. The cadavers had nearly all been posted and were kept in the college basement in a tank of brine. There was a tiny hand operated elevator passing along the wall of one of the class rooms and we often heard the car ascending and knew that another 'stiff' was going to the dissecting tables. Each body was divided into theoretical quarters called 'parts' and the head formed another part, so that five men could work at the table at on time, one on each leg section, one on each arm section and one on the head. The arteries had almost always been injected with plaster of paris colored red but the muscles were grey as the body had been preserved with a zinc solution and the flesh looked very dead indeed. We were not taught to reverence the body but the rather there was an emphasis on the idea that when a man was dead he was dead and his body was just so much material and that was all there was to it. The cadavers looked like something else than a dead person, anyway for they were colorles, or rather greyish objects that showed very clearly the effects of their long emersion. Nevertheless I felt rather queer when I came to the table with my case of shiny new instruments. There are pictures around of Frank Pierson and me standing by our first, partly dissected part.

We had a General Surgical clinic every Saturday afternoon and the whole student body gathered in the operating ampitheatre in the brand

hospital, so new that we students acted as guides at the offiwial opening. In the ampitheatre the Seniors were in the lowest seats tthese nearestkm the operating surgeon and the Fresh up near the ceiling, quite a distance from the half circle on what was really the floor of the story below. I well remember that first operation. Dr. John E.James was the surgeon, a former surgeon in the Civil War and not ready to accept the comparatively new'germ theory' in its entirety. He acknowledged the presence of germs but he claimed that they were the result, not the cause of infection. In other words, germs resulted from pus not pus from germs, and he still thought there was a 'laudable pus! In an operating gown coming a little below his knees, over his his street clothes from which he had removed his coat and vest and with bare hands and no protection over his full beard and hair he was ready for any abdominal, craniotomy or any other operation.

But clical material was scarce that day and after a considerable lecture on the germ theory and its falacies he took a scalpel and opened an <u>abscess</u> on a man's foot! The pus, whether laydable or not was not stated, flowed out and a number of theFreshmen flowed out the door also, looking very pale and sheepish. Perhaps other cases followed that pus case but I think that that clinic was over.

Then the Gynaecological clinics were so rediculous I must mention them. A poor frightened wom-an was wheeled into the amptheatre, compkm-km pletely covered,from the top of her head to the soles of her feet, in sheets. The Professor making the examination without exposing any part of the poor patient,and then told the class whatx the conditions he had found and the patient was wheeled out. Can you imagine anything more absurd? It was as utterly unnecessary as it was useless as a teach-method. I am glad to say it was given up before my Senior year.

Xm Living at home, I did not attend the quizzes which were generalheld at night nor attend the meetings of the Hahnemann Institute, a

student society that held monthly meetings,lectures and demonstrations and quizzes more frequently and so, I did not ~~I did not~~ come in contact with my class mates in this informal way. That was a mistake but the allure of so much freedom was too.strong.

The members of the Class of '91 were a variegated lot as any one would judge by outx class picture,taken when were were graduated, and which, I still have. There was a father and his son in the class. a number of men of middle age or beyond and one fellow younger than I. There were farmers and clerks and some from the trades, I think: a few college men, one or two wealthy men, a Turk from Constinople, a German with blond hair, blue eyes and very thick glasses and gener ally disliked; there were some fine men, chumps, nodescripts and a scalawag or two, and yet Hahnemann was considered to have a decidedly better grade of students than Jefferson.(Just remember that, Harry,my son.) Before the end of the the course congenial fellows chumed together and I made some good friends.

So April came along and the end of my Freshman year. Think of it! October to April, really only thro March, a three year course and an M.D. and H.M.D. to top off! But we produced some real doctors for all that. One of our class was elected president of the Homoeopathic national society, years later, The highest honor in the profession. That was MacCahn of Ohio.

I was sittin with Frank Pierson while he waited to'go in' for his chem examination, a two year course unless you had studied it before In that case, you could be examined at the end of the first year. Frank said, "Bert, why don't you try it? You had chem at the High." 'No'. I said, ' I could'nt pass'. "Well, try it anyway. It will do no harm and if you do pass you wont have to bother with it next year." So I'went in' and, greatly to my astonishment, I passed. That was the

only exam that I ever approached without ~~much~~ previous boneing and much ~~x~~trepidation.

The exam on Histology was very different. You know that Histology is the microscopic anatomy of the body but I always said it was the science in which very ~~small~~ large names were applied to very small objects. It is a difficult subject and my failure to study that first year did not help a bit. When I went to be examined and after a few questions, which might as well have been Greek for all I knew about them, Prof. Ingersol looked at me as tho I was some strange animal and remarked "You are not very familiar with this subject", and I certainly was not. He was a ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ lackadaisical, indolent chap with an absurd drawl and did not give me the calling down I so richly deserved, but, in all fairness he must have given me zero in that exam.

But, somehow or other, I passed enough subjects to go on with the the class and with NO CONDITIONS. I never heard of such a thing in medical college in our day. What my average was I do not know and doubtless thought it was far better not to find out. It was certainly a blot on 'the fair reputation of Hahnemann' that I was not flunked. But then, I can remember ANYONE was! so why pick on me.

You ~~all~~ may remember the the wonderful 'Concerts' that were given right after the performance of the circus. How the 'barkers' would announce, every fifteen minutes or so, the wonders of the acts to be shown only at the 'Concert' Tickets, 25¢ buy them as the Ushers come around!' I always wanted to stay, it sounded so wonderful and was always such a disappointment. I remember one act, for the music was only a little more of the circus band, reduced in numbers for the occasion. In this thrilling scene? Col. Hector O'Leary, of the Royal Irish Horse fought a fearful broad sword combat on horseback with Maj. Umpsteumps of His Majesties Royal Bengal &c&c. at least that was the barkers announcement. What happened was that two small and thin red coated

men, on scraggly horses and with their bodkies well padded and their heads protected by hugh masks, rode out and were elaborately introduced Going to the opposite end of the track they roade as fast as their poor nags could go and with broadswords, they were wood, I am sure, whacked at each other a blow or two and rode on to the other end. Then they repeated this blood curdling performance, the base drum coming down hard when ever a blow was struck! It certainly was a fearful contest: in the opinion of the barker, and the audience, they had hooked, perhaps, a quarter of the ~~xxxxxxx~~ the people who came to the circus, smiled wanly and doubtless said " sold again." There were some other acts just about as thrilling as this one and in fifteen minutes or so the show was over and we fools and our money soon parted'.

But what has all this to do with medical college? Just this. After the regular course was over the College gave what they malled a Spring Course of about six weeks, open to any student on the payment of $ 20.oo, or thereabouts. There were lectures and quizzes and demonstrations and the opportunity to do extra dissecting, for the usual consideration. Now the Spring Course always reminded me of thase Circus Concerts, not that the Spring Course was a deliberate effort to catch our money on a fake, as the Concerts most certainly were, but the Spring course of about six weeks supplied only second rate lecturers, shorter hours and a general spirit of letdown. There were only a few of the men who took these courses but Father thought I better improve my time and I was willing enough to do it. Five months of idleness was rather appalling, even to me and no youth thought of working thro the summer unless he had to.

But I did get a lot from dissecting those extra parts. There were only a few fellows at work there and much of the time I was alone as I preferred to work in the afternoon to coming in to the city at night. There was only one drawback. ~~xxxxxxx~~ As the weather grew warm mag-

gots appeared in the cadaver, tho I kept the part well wrapped up in damp clothes and, as the weather grew warmer it was nip and tuck as t to whether the worms of I would get there first. But they were innocent looking fellows and created very little unpleasantness. Why should they? For, in some way, or other they had trained themselves to live, pretty much, on zinc chloride! All in all the Spring term was worth while and I believe I took it between both terms.

When the Spring Term was over I tried to read up on Anatomy at home. Day after day I would seat myself in a steamer chair on the poarch at the Bryn Mawr house and start to read 'Gray'. But the warm air and the quiet surroundings and too great comfort in that reclining chair ~~was~~ love too soothing and Gray had a very soporific effect. So, before long, I was dozing peacefully.

T he second year at Hahnemann was uneventful except it attracted me mightily to Dr. William B. VanLennep who lectured on Pathology. He was a young surgeon, a brilliant lecturer who had an odd way of drawing in his chin at the end of a sentance and Frank and I had many and argument as to the relative herits of'Van' and another Prof. I studied that year and worked hard, not forgetting that Histology experience and getting a view of the seriousness of the work before me.

Frank and I went to a student's boarding house for our dinners of which I remember an enormous dish of gravy that was served at every dinner. It was a noisy crowd at the table but the Landlady, who always presided, kept the fun within bounds and the walk to and from and the break in the day's routine and the hot meals were all helpful.

Exams came along. Dr. Van Lennep must have had me before him an hour or more and took me thro some intracicies of the pathologic liver that I never heard of before but I guessed ~~that~~ right and

scored a hundred. But it was not all guessing for I had studied hard and Va[illegible]s questions called for reasoning and deductions rather than mere book knowledge, altho my lack in Histology made Path very hard. Some exams were oral and some written and as our lecture rooms were all built with very steeply sloping floors and the seats in tiers, one row above the other, it was difficult not to see what the man below you putting on his paper, and it was just as difficult for the prof. in charge to detect it. Of course it was assumed that men studying medicine were far above such things as cheating but and they ought to have been but we were just like any other grop of students, good, bad and indifferent and some fellows copied the other fellow's paper almost verbatim. And so, a Senior.

Pierson and I had decided that it would be better if we could live in the city Senior year as there was a good deal of night work and we had to attend at least one child delivery and we wanted to study hard. Smile, if you will, you youths and maidens of this modern day when you read that two young fellows wanted to live in the city in order that they might study more; Well it's true and study we did. Frank had been living in the city before and we decided to get a room together if we could. Mother and I searched the neighborhood of the college, Broad and Race (The college I attended has been torn down to make way for the big Hospital while the College is now in the hospital building of my day.) At 1421 Vine we found a nice front room on the second floor in a mechanics home, a Mr. Hern, room and board, $5.00 per week each! and there Frank and I lived that winter of 1890 - 91, very comfortable and happy indeed. As our meals hours did not correspond with those of the family Mrs. Hern, who had not been married very long, gave us our meals at the times that suited us and Frank and I lived in state for Mrs. H tried hard to please and she was a very good cook.

Senior Year was the hardest and the most interesting of the whole course. We had more practical work than other years but it was very little as compared to Senior years in the modern mecical college. In addition to the practical work were such difficult subjects as Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Practice, Clinical Diagnosis, Surgery, Gynaecology, Obstetrics &c. We had to grind and grind we did. Frank had had a college education and a good mindand was quiet and studious and set me a good example. We studied late, had breakfast about nine and went to our first lecture at ten, but that was much easier than the modern grind.

Along in the year we did minor operations in our surgical course They were very minor indeed and when my turn came the Greek on the table turned to the doctor who was conducting the clinic and said with fear in his eyes and voice, "Doctah! Doctah! Don't let the little boy do it! and that in spite of my burnsides and moustache! (The operation assigned to me was to pass a catheter!)

Not long after midnight of a dark winter morning I was called to go to my obstetric case. My long round black leather bag had been read for weeks and I rushed into my clothes and hurried down to Ninth and Vine and turned into a small court there. That was and is a fine neighborhood to prowl around in in the 'wee sma hours' but Drs were never bothered nor were nurses in uniform. A little two story, three room house held my patient. It was the fifth or sixth child and the large fleshy 'lady' on the bed knew a lot more about the proceedure than I did. I think no one else was there but I got out my antiseptics and brand new instruments, put on a surgical gown and tried to look very important tho I certainly saw my patient smiling rather broadly. Was she saying, 'nice little boy' under her breath? I was twenty years old and still young even for that advanced age! Before I was fully ready a baby slid into the world about as easily as a parcel comes down a

chute and causing just about as much excitement in the patient altho the accoucheur was suffeciently nervous. I did the necessary for the baby very scrupulously and put a binder on the patient with care and tenderness in spite of that amused smile; stayed around a while and then returned to my room. Elapsed time, less than four hours, I'm x sure.

The next day I called, some neighbor was helping out and all O.K. The second day I took my patient some white grapes which she accepted as a curoisity but hardly useful and the third day I went in without knocking and upstairs to the little bed room.

The bed was empty! Horrors! Had she died of haemorrhage and been taken away? What had happened? "Doctor" called a voice from down stairs, 'Is that you?" That voice sounded rather familiar. I went down and there was my patient. "Sure Docther, I was out in the yard hanging out clothes and niver heard ye, at all, at all." "But, Mrs.------, "Och! It's all right. I always gets up the third day. Don't ye worry Docthar, Dear an don't bother about me me. I'M all right." So ended my well planned after treatment But I had successfully CONDUCTED my 'obstetric case'.

Frank and I slept in a double bed and one night, contrary to customx he went to bed quite early. I was sitting studying when, suddenly Frank bounced out of bed and picked up his pillow and carried it to wash stand with considerable profanity, which was something new for Frank. "Blankety - blankety - blank!" sputtered Frank."What on x earth is the matter?" "The darn bed bug bit me on the forehead" and he flipped something into the waste bowl. As I said, Mrs.Hern was very clean but in some way the pests had come in. Perhaps we brought them but our Landlady had them cleaned out the next day and that was the last we saw of them.

I was feeling rather punk that Saturday when I went home. My jaw

was stiff and Monday I was feverish and went over to see Dr.Powell "Go home and eat a pickle and if it makes your parotid glands ache stay home and let me know." And it did and there I was with the Mumps Febuary of my Senior year! And was it only one gland that became inflamed ? One at a time, for the inflammation slowly crept first to a sublingual, then the other and finally to the other parotid. Three solid weeks out of the last part of my final year!

But the hard work of that year carried me thro the finals and I passed with an 84 as I remember.

Quite an audience assembled in 'The Academy of Music' one after noon as we were called to the platform and received our degrees of Doctor of Medecine "and by the special power, in me invested, Doctor of Homoeopathic Medecine' and so, there I was, a really truly Doctor, 20 years and seven months old! Fortunately, I would be 21 before the next college year began and therfore I was not required to repeat the third year, as one man in my class had to, The State law requires a man to be 21 before he could paractice medecine.

There was not State examining Board but we had to register and that was easily accomplished and as there was no hospital service required we were free to hang out our shingles with the whole U.S. before us.

I had been more and more attracted to Dr. Van Lennep and wanted to be his assistant very badly and made application for that position. He replied that he had a number of applications and each man must take the examination for Intern for Hahnemann. Then he would choose. Alas, alas, more exams. Of those tests I remember only the exam in Materia Medica. The examiner, Dr, Middleton was the old school type of Homoeopathic physician and laid great stress onthe drug ~~symptomatology~~ symptomotology and while I was not strong on that branch I had used a 'compend and knew the leading symptoms. These I sprinkled in with plenty of the

symptoms common to every drug and so made a great showing of symptoms, This was the kind of Materia Medica that every old style homoeopath loved. I finished my paper before any other man in the room altho there were some of the best men in the class there and I was not considered anything but just one of the common herd. The man who made the highest average in our class was taking the exam for the hospital and many were the astonished eyes as I walked out with the air of one to whom that exam was so easy it was quite a joke.

But I was rather more than surprized when I found that I had hit Dr. Middleton in his soft spot and hit him hard. He was so enthusiastic about the 'splendid paper' I had handed in that he almost put me in the hospital whether or no but I did not want the hospital appointment I wanted to help Dr. Van. I won an appointment but something much more to my liking intervened, so Hahneman did not have my valued service for a year or more later.

But I must turn back for a while to tell something of the happy summer days and vacations as I seem best to follow my school and college days thro with out these side trips.

I do not recall the dates of most of these vacation trips nor does it make ~~much~~ any difference for they were vivid and full of the keenest enjoyment. It's certainly unusual that not one of the different trips was a failure of a dissapointment, either at the time or as I remember them. To attempt details would be wearisom but a ramble along those delightful days of the long ago will amuse me and I hope ne worth your reading, my dear Children.

There was the camp on the Upper Saranac when Mother, Helena, Roy Elliott and I camped on tents a half mile or so fron Jess Coreys place called Rustic Lodge. It was on the shores of a tiny cove with a facinating little point on one side ~~where~~. We put up raised wood platforms for a large wall tent for Mother and Helen and a smaller one for Roy and me. There was a dining shanty or fly and a kitchen further bac

for the shores were too rocky to put the whole camp along the lake. We went to Coreys for dinner but got the other meals ourselves altho we had no guide. Roy Elliott, who was engaged to Helena, was a good x Woodsman and I thought I was pretty fair at that myself. Roy spent a whole winter in the Adirondacks, perhaps a year for his lungs were considered 'weak' and with a guide he lived in a little cabing in the woods He owned a little 12 ft. Adirondack boat, one of the sweetest little craft for camping I evarx saw. and we rented a little larger boat that I used. What happy times we did have tripping it here and there on the lake, Roy and Helena, in the seventh heaven, ofcourse and Mother and I, enjoying every minute for she was such an ebthusiast.

I imagine I was about 17, but whether or not I could pack Roys boat which was a little lighter than mine, across a two mile carry without much troble and I was strong and fit. So we could take side trips to nearby lakes and I remember how mother caught pickerel on a troll and nearly jumped out of the boat when a big fellow broke loose just as she was about to land him. I thought she was going overboard to try and catch him again.

On another little cove, nearby but out of sight, Mr. Mathias, his wife and daughter Elsie were camping and we soon got acquained with them at Coreys. MR. M. always seemed to me rather grouchy but he had a vein of fun, too. Elsie was about my own age, a golden blond with vivid coloring but not so pretty. But we soon were good friends tho her 'papa' watched her pretty close for he did not know me. Still I took Elsie for a row now and then and we all went for picnics together as the photoes of that summer show, and it was not long before I thought I thought a whole lot of Elsie, tho she warned me not to be 'soft'. Among those photoes will be found a group taken at a Sunday service on our point and at the back will be seen Bertie and Elsie sitting side beside, looking pious, indeed..Close examination of that photo, however, will utterly fail to show more than one hand of

Elsie's and, strange to say, only one of Bert's hands is to be found. Had there been an accident and each of these two young people lost a hand in the prime of their youth? How sad! No? But where, then, were those missing hands? They were not missing, much! Be sure of that for Bert, the young rascal, had whispered to Elsie and had slipped his hand behind his back and clasped Elsie's hand which met his by the same manouver. And there they sat, demurely enough, while the Episcopal service was read by Mr. Matthias and Roy, their two free hands being used to hold a prayer book, most innocently. That certainly was a fine service, but all too short. It had a spiritual quality, for these two conspiritors that was most unusual althe not altogether divine.

But the great event of that summer camp was a two day boat trip without a guide. After considerable persuasion I got Mother to induce the Matthiases to let Elsie go too as I had room in my boat, the larger one, and so, one fine morning we set out, Roy and Helena and Elsie, Mother and I. I cannot remember the route and it makes no difference, but we travelled all that day tho different small lakes and streams, once passing thro a vast patch of water lillies, some of them decidedly pink in color and very beautiful. Late afternoon found us in a fair sized lake where we were to find a two mile carry to Long Lake and our stopping place for the night. So we rowed confidently across to where we expected to fine the trail. All had gone like clock work and we had made every torn and picked up every trail without a miss. But, alas and alack, when we reached the shore there was no trail, just untrod wildsness! We tried another cove. No luck. We took our bearings and compared instructions and that first cove ought to be the place but it was'nt. Had we gotten on the wrong lake and liable to wander of anywhere? Meantime the sunn was getting lower and we had nothing to make camp and no food but a little chocolate. Looked rather uncomfortable. Roy went one way and I another and after a time one of us found the trail and we landed in haste. I took the larger kx

boat as Roy had a light pack of the extra coats &c. The girls helped us get the boats on our shoulders as that is about the hardest part of it, that swing from a low stoop by the side of the boat, raising it and at the same time turning it upside down. Roy started on tho the rapidly darkening woods and I took a step and,--- bang crash I came down with the boat on top of me. Roy came hurrying back at Mother's ~~x~~ call while she called'ARE you hurt? Is your Neck all right? That was the great danger in a fall like that, a broken or badly hurt neck, for as I have mentioned before, the yokes of wood sometimes gave the neck an ugly twist if the bearer did not get out of the yoke quickly enough.

Foutunately I escaped and the boat was not injured at all. An accident would have been pretty serious right there and with night coming on for the Adirondacks were almost a wilderness at that time. Getting my boat on my shoulders we swung along on our two-mile tramp to Long Lake. It was soon very dark but the trail was well cut out and with Lena walking ahead as pathfinder we had little trouble but it did seem a very long two miles.

The lake at last! How good that lighter glimmer seemed as it began to show thro the trees. We had quite a row before we reached the little forest hotel and pulled in for the night, somewhere near ten oclock I remember, tired some lame and awfully hungry, But what a fine day, now that we were happy and well fed. I had rowed continuously all day with the exception of the carrys, carried the boat three or four miles and was not done out yet. My sturdy sons please take notice. Your Dad never had your heft or height or beef, either! Was I tired? Now, why bring that up, just at this time?

The next day we went on thro Long Lake and the Raquette River and then a short carry back to Coreys and our good little camp, and with this happy memory tucked away to give pleasure many times afterward as it does now as I write it.

I had to leave before the rest of the party, for school began early in September but the hard wood trees were begin ing to show their brilliant fall colors and the air was full of snap. Reluctantly I said godbye to Elsie. She was a sensible nice girl and were had been good friends but that was the last I ever saw of her and altho we had probabally promised to write to each other I cannot remember that we ever did and so a lonely youth returned to his home.

I see from my old album that the camping at Tim Pond, in Maine must have happened before that camp near Coreys. It was very eventful for me and Helena seems to have had another young man at that time. Don't think she was a flirt but times and girls minds change. William C.Atwater was the happy man that year and with Mother Helena and I made up the party with my brother Harry, there a part of the time.

Tom Pond was one of those camps where you lived in one of a group of cabins and took your meals at the central dining toom. It was seven miles from Eustice by a totem road, baggage by buckboard, men walked and women rode horse back at a walK. We had a two room cabin, built of logs snd as the weather was rainy at first and we were not too well pleased we named our cabin, Camp Arden, someone having found the quotation " So this is the forest of Arden? Aye, now are we in Arden. When we were at home we were in a better place but travellers must b e content." But with clearer skies and getting acquainted with our neighbors and good fishing we had a good time after all.

We went by row boats to the end of the lake a mile or two, for flyfishing and seldom did they fail us. Mother was a tireless fisherman and I was her guide and we could both fish at once so it was great sport for we often caught two and sometines three fish at a time, averageing a quarter to a half pound apiece. The boats were rather tippy and Atwater going to help Lena with a tangled line, upset her for she was sitting on top of the bow block and over she went. He staid in the

the boat. Mother and I were near them and other boats not far away and Helena bobed up beside the boat in a moment altho she could not swim. It happened so quickly that I think we were all rather dazed. But Helena was not very well and Mother was so provoked at poor Atwater, first for upsetting her and then for not going in after her at once that it was some time before she forgave him. Ofcourse, two people in one end of a cranky boat are pretty sure to get a ducking, only Atwater did'nt. That seemed to be the unforgiveable.

One day I went out alone to fish, inx itself, quite unusual, and while roving the mile or two to the best place I thought I might as well X troll as I went along. The rod was proped on the seat and wedged under a leg but I did'nt bother to go very slow as one generally does when trolling. People seldom trolled in Tim Pond for they thought they was no use in doing it. But I might as well and the rod bent gently with the weight of the line as we went along, we? Yws, the boat and I. You know that a fish pole for fly casting is NEVER called a pole but a ROD.

I had almost forgotten I was trolling when the line gave a jerk and the reel actually screamed as the line tore thro the guides. I grabbed the rod. Jimmimy! Jupiter!! Thats either a log I hit or a whale! Then, joy, O! joy! there came the thrill along the line, that little quiver with a jerk or two that tells the angler he has hooked, no sunken log, but a real live fish and in this case he certaily was not fast to a minnow!

And now began the battle. Back and forth the trout rushed; toward the boat to try and get slack line and shake loose the hook; then a straight away rush to break the tackle. But I was no novice at that game and the line abd leader and flies were good, father saw to that and the flies I had tied(that is made) myself. After some time the fish grew tired and how was I to land him? Generally some other person did that, the guide if you had one. Thout are not flopped over into the boat as in bait fishing. The tackle is all too light for that. They must be brought to the side of

~~they must be brought to the side of~~ the boat and then landed with a dip net, easy enough for two but not so easy for one in a tippy boat for, the rod must be manipulated in the left hand and the net held in the right. Then the line must be just the proper length; the rod held just so fo if it is allowed to get in a wrong position you will break the tip, as sure as fate. The tip is the the end piece of the rod and not much thicker than a match stick at the end. Now in addition to these few details the fish must be brought in gently to avoid scaring him and making him thrash about or bolt off on a new run, or tear loose when the line is tense and it is quite important that the angler should not get so interested in netting the fish that forgets he is in a boat and so tumbles over into water, as he reaches over the side to net ~~him~~ the fish.

Simple enough at times but not so easy for a strippling youth who was keyed up to the top notch by the sight of the biggist trout he had ever seen, for there he was, plain enough near the boat in the clear water.

And now to net him! Hardly daring to breath under the intense strain, I slowly reach out with the net. A little further and I'll have him, an inch more! Dah it! The side of the boat is nearly under water! ~~Thar~~ He's got to be brought nearer! Move the left arm further back. Turn the body a little to the left for the arm won't go back any farther. Slowly, slowly, easy, here he comes! The net's almost under him, an ~~inch~~ bit more, the net goes under and as I quickly bring in in the boat I roll back from that dangerous low side. Jupiter! What a fish! No more fishing for me that day. I want to tell the whole world and show them my prize ~~and~~ and weigh him before he shrinks and the scales are at camp. I certainly made that boat hum as I rushed back to the landing and called to Mother and Helena and Atwater to come and see my prize. A pound and a half, with no pebbles inside to boost the weight, the biggist trout caught that year and for many others. Pooh! Only a pound

and a half and all that fuss ! some of you may say. True enough, not such a big fish but a big trout, very big indeed for Tim Pond, and I cant remember one that gave me a greater thrill to land him. One on the Restigouche River in New Brunswick was nearly as much fun but that is another story. If you dont believe that was a big fish look at the photo in my Album, No.1, and compare him with the string of trout that Harry and Atwater are holding, and anyway, he looks bigger than a pound and a half but that's as I remember it.

Harry and I went deer hunting getting John Day for our guide. We went out the tote road toward another group of cabins at Big Island Lake, some seven Miles away. John turned off before we xx reached there and after a couple of miles we came to a small stream which had been dammed by beavers who were still working there and had made quite a pond. It was the first time I had seen their work, outside of a zoo, and we looked at the trees they had cut and the dam and a bever house with great interest.

It looked like rain and we put up a shelter tent that we had made, following the directions in some book on camping. In the picture it looked fine but when put up it seemed inclined to sag. AND IT DID. For the rain came along and altho our tent had been carefully water proofed the shape was all wrong. It was made like a long lean-to and the flat roof did'nt have slope enough to carry off the water fast enough. It gathered in pools at the low end and an effort to 'hist' the cloth from the inside only made a spot thro which streams of that unpleasant bedfellow came running joyously in. We had a most uncomfortable night. It was close and muggy the midges and mosquitoes were fierce and we were soggy. There was no use hunting for there was plenty of water everywhere and the deer would not come down to the stream. We were mighty glad to pull out the next morning and go on to Big Island but for all the discomfort

We were glad to get to a real cabin and dry out and get a good sleep and to have a day or two with the Big Island trout which were bigger than those at Tim, but we caught none that rivaled my prize.

Then, one morning, bright and early,we were on our way along the old tote road toward Tim Pond but intending to branch off to another lake after a few miles. In some way we had gotten strung out along the the road after we had gone a mile or two,with John Day ahead,Harry fifty yards or so behind him and I last of all about the same distance behind Harry. I was carrying a double barrelled shot gun, 12 guage and one barrelk loaded with buck shot, more as a matter of form than with ahy real hope of seeing a deer. The sun was bright and the air had just a bit of snap that made it a real delight just to be in the woods.

Suddenly I heard a twig snap in the woods to my left! I stopped in my tracks, on the instant. And then, a large deer walked slowly by 20 or 30 yards away. There was a sort of hole in the brush back of which I had a kind of panprama view of the deer, first the head, then the body slowly moveing by. I was so astonished I almost had buck fever as the idea slowly percolated thro my numbed brain that that was really a deer, a wild deer wandering free thro the forest and that I WAS HUNTING DEER! Hastily throwing my gun to my shoulder I drew down until I saw the red and fired! The heavy charge gave my shoulder a vicious punch but that did not prevent my seeing that deer kick high in the air, like a tickeled mule and plunge away while the woods seemed full of deer running here and there.

Harry yelled,'What's the matter"? 'A deer'.'Did you get him'? 'Don't know.I hit him, sure'. By that time John had come back on the full run and Harry two. 'There was he'? We walked in to where I had seen the deer, for I had been standing in the road, remembering the advice not to rush in when you think you have hit a deer for if you

wait a bit bleeding or other reasons may preveny him from getting up at all. 'Guess yu missed him,'John said and my heart sank a mile. x "Ain't no blood." Which way did he go?" I showed them "John moved in the bushes a bit and then shouted, "No. Yu hit him and hit him bad heard." And then after a minute more he yelled "Here he is!" and there he lay or rather she for I regret to say it was a big doe and I fear that the other deer I saw dashing here and there were the fawns, Je persuaded ourselves that the fawns, for there were certainly two of them, were big enough to care for themselves but I wish I had not shot that deer. That is I do now and have often in the past years when I happened to think about it but you can be sure that a happier or prouder boy never lived that I was just then as I gazed at my FIRST deer. In fact I was quite overcome and said a little prayer of thanks-giving, outloud, right there and then, which made Harry laugh, tho not unpleasantly.

John soon had the deer skinned and dressed 'OUT' as he said and on his suggestion we decided that I should take a quarter back to Tim I wanted to do that, and the rest John would tote to the Big Island camp, so that none would be wasted. So a hind quarter was put in a sack to which shoulder straps had beeb fastened and I started on my long hike alone. The pack did not fit very well for it had been made for a man and I was considerably smaller than that but, as I swung away x it did not seem so heavy and I felt like a real'Old Timer' bring ing in his kill. Harry and John would try for another deer that night at the pond ~~xxxx~~ we were headed for when I saw the deer.

So I swung along, The trail was the tote road so there was no danger of going wrong and there was not a soul on it. I had some lunch about midday and my sloulders were some sore with the~~ir~~ pres-sure of the straps. I had quite a way to go before I reached the lake and as the afternoon wore on that pack dragged unmecifully and of

course it seemed about ten times as heavy asnit did when I started. Packs always gain weight that way, especially onx a tenderfoot but I have read that old timers, like Stewart Edward White, confess to the same experience.

As the afternoon wore on and the sun began to get low the road seemed interminable. I began to wonder if I had gotten on some other old road but that was not possible. This road was used too much in going to and from Big Island. I did not know how much farther I had to go. I knew that they generally kept a boat at the upper end of Tim Pond and that would save me three miles more walking and toting, IF the boat was there. I was tempted to hang the sack in a tree and hustle on but pride prevented that, and I struggled on.

There was a little hill and quite a dip just before xhm you came to the lake and every time there was a hill to go down I was sure that it led to the lake, At last I began to go down hill in earnest and was hurrying as fast as possible when there was a terrific roar right by my side! I nearly fell flat. I was sure my heart stopped and I know that my hair stood straight on end. I knew there was nothing to be afraid of. There were no wild animals to bother but I was lonely as any one will be when they are in the big woods alone and not used to it.

When I had gathered my scattered wits I saw a partridge, a ruffed grouse on a limb of a tree not ten feet away and thatnwas the terrible animal that had nearly scared me to death, for when they are scared suddenly they take wing whith a truly astonishing beating of their wings It is hard to understand how they can make so much noise. Not a little shaken, I hustled on as fast as possible and it was still down hill and as the light began to glimmer thro the trees I knew that the lake was near, at last. But the boat? Yes, there is was. Hurrah! and soon Kxxxx xx xxxx stretching and resting my weary muscles for rowing, without that fearful drag on my back seemed very easy indeed.

It was advisable to approach camp with some circumspection for one never could tell wheter every one in a group like that understood and believed in the law of the woods which was that moderate killing of deer was to be allowed for food purposes, even in close season. Some ~~old~~ might complain even tho they would eat the venison when it was served on the table as 'Mountain sheep'. So I hung my meat up in a tree before I reached camp and Mr. Lambert, who ran the camp went x and got it after dark. But in our cabin there was a group of a selected few who hung on the tale of the great hunter with breathless interest. There is a picture of the hunting party taken in front of a bunk shanty I built at Tim.

Ofcourse one met with all kinds of people in a camp like that and that was why we tried to have our own camp in later years. A thron in thenside of all the others at Tim Pond that year was an old grizzeled professor,whose name I have quite forgotten altho I can recall his face very clearly. He thought he was the last word in all questions as to fly fishing and did not hesitate to say so. The professor was so peeved at my big catch that he passed the word around that trolling was not really scientific fishing but was almost the same as BAIT fishing which every fly caster regarded as the last stage in episcatorial degredation.

One of the abominations of this man was his practice of eating smoked herring for breakfast every morning, and that in spite of the fact that the finest table fish in the world, brook trout, were to be had at every meal,if wanted. Now every one knows that a smoked herring is odorous enough just cold but the profes. insisted in broiling them over an alcohol lamp on his table a so filling the dineing room with noxious fumes that some of the ladies could hardly keep their food in its proper and alloted place. Imagine! eating smoked herring every morning when one could have brook trout for the asking! Well, as I said, all in all we had a good time but we never went back to Tim Pond.

Father bought a membership in a club that had been organized to fish and hunt in northern Maine and Canada. It was called the Megantic Fish and Game Preserve and controlled hundreds of acres. On Lake Megantic in southern Canada there was a fairly large club house and from it trails led in many directions to different camps, where they had cabins or leantos. It was a fine country and a fine layout and we went there every summer for some yeays. As father grew older and married again his wife thought that country much too wild and poor father could not enjoy it as he might have done, for many years. He offered to give me his membership but I could not afford to keep up the dues and there was small chance for me to go there because of expense and time, but how the family would have enjoyed it!

One of the best camps on 'the Preserve', as we always called it was at Chain of Ponds , as four good sized lakes all connected with thorough-fares were called. Snow mountain rose from the very shores of one lake and the country was wild and beautiful altho it had been logged years before. On a small hilly peninsula jutting out from the shore of Third Pond were six or eight log cabins perched on the side of the hill with the cook house and dinning cabin at the top.

Here, Mother, Helena, Roy Elliott and I with a Mrs. Perks, a frien of Ours of whom we were all very fond, spent some weeks, probabally after the Adirondack camp. The trip in was by narrow gauge rail road , buckboard and horse back for the women. Then a Steamer trip! but such a steamer! It was a flat bottom scow with a stern wheel and quite a large and nice pilot house. Logs were still sent down from the upper country in the spring and the steamer was still kept to tow them thro the Chain. We reached First Pond about dark and as there was not telephone to let them know were coming they had to get steam up after we arrived but it did not take so very long at that and we were choo-cowing our way up the lake. The engine exhausted directly into the

the air and you could hear the steam escaping, first from one cylinder the from the other, a mile away. Then a couple of miles from camp the Captain, red headed Bob, blew three long blasts on the whistle to let them know he was coming and followed with one short toot for each guest so that supper could be gotten ready for them for it was quite dark by that time.

There were lots of boat trips from the camp, some fishing and I think I shot a deer, a yearling altho I cannot remember just how but it certain that the manager of the camp, tho they did not dignify him with that title, dried a deer skin some distance from camp and that I took it home and had it tanned by a funney old man whose shop was down on Willow street, a hole in the wall along the rail road. That skin was on the floor of my room at Bryn Mawr for many years. One side of the lake not far away from camp was a steep rocky wall, but well wooded and with mossy ledges and terraces. I built ladders with saplings and so mounted the sides for twenty or thirty feet. It was a cosy place, with a fine view of the lake and I suspect Roy and Helena spent many a happy hour there. I always wanted to 'make something when I had time on my hands.

Some twelve miles form'The Chain' by good trail was the Club House and we wanted to take the tramp for that was the only way to get there from the Maine side, but Mrs Perks was a rather frail woman and it was a question if she could do it. She was anxious to try and rather afraid to stay alone at the camp tho there was not the slightest danger and people always there. A Dr. Bishop, a Boston M.D. was secretary of the club and at the Chain for a while and encouraged Mrs. P. to go so off we started, our party and Dr.B. He was late in getting ready and so delayed the whole party and we had not gone many miles before Mrs.P. began to wear out. We were too far to go back and went slowly with frequent rests. Mrs. Perks heels

were blistered so we had to help her along, one on each side. It got to be pitch dark and about four miles from the Club House Dr. Bishop said it would be shorter if we took an old tote road he knew of. But he took the wrong road and before long we were actually lost for the road ran into a path and the path soon became a trailx and the trail ran up a tree and into a squirrel hole, as an old woodsman, Nesmuk, wrote inx his book. Mrs Perks was game altho suffering much pain and really scared. She had never been camping or tramping before.

There was a telephone from the Chain to the Club and they were x expecting us so we began to shout and fire a gun. After a time we saw lights tho the woods and heard calls. Soon a rescue party appeared among them a big native, a regular giant. He picked Mrs.P. up as one would a baby with the remark, 'I jes as soon lug yu as not' and we were at the Club in a short time.

After a few days fishing there, the question arose how to get Mrs. Perks back to the Chain. The Doctor said that was easy for there were a series of small ponds connected by a small stream leading to Fourth Pond and as these were dammed for logging and he had a light boat at x this end we could take Mrs.P right thro without her walking a step, for by raising the gates there would be plenty of water to carry us along. So it was decided that the Doctor and I should take her and we started after lunch as we could'make such good time,'he said. A buckboard took us to the first small pond and the Doctors boat proved to be a beautiful Rushton, finished in the natural wood. Merrily we slipped down the first little pond and raised the gates and went on the tiny stream, happy in the bright sunshine and the wild beauty of the forest. After some miles we came to the second pond and thro it but horrors! the gates were open and the water low! We could not return for the stream we had come down was too swift and the head of water might give out an any time. Thw water that had brought us down was already thro

thro the dam, or at least most of it was. There seemed to be but one thing to do and that was to go on and for a while we got on without much trouble, the Doctor in the bow to keep us away from the rocks, he would not have that boat scratched for the world, Mrs. Perks in the center and I paddled or pushed at the stern. But we couldnt make the time we had expected and as the afternoon began to draw to night and the water got lower and lower we just had to go overboard and drag the boat with our passenger, over bars and ledges and they were not all sand by any means. It hurt me to think what was happening to the bottom of that beautiful boat. But Bishop was a fine sport and never growled except at the fool man that had opened the gates. Mrs. Perks just sat and never peeped. Darkness came. We had no supper for we were going to make such'good time' !. 'Be at the Chain for supper, easy' It became a case of'main strength and cussedness8 Bishop pulling at the bow and I, shoving at the stern for all we were worth for it was almost travelling on dry land except that every now and then we'd go into a hole nearly to our arm pits. As time wore on I noticed the odor of whiskey wafted back to me. My! Oh! I thought, The Doc is certainly hitting it hard. I hope he'll not get too full. It was rumored that he it had happened. Again that odor, Again my fears. and so on, time after time. Finally after miles of dragging we saw a lighter glimmer in the sky and then into the Lake but not before we had threaded our way thro a regular labyrinth of hummocks and tiny islands that lay in that upper end of the Fourth Pond.

Bishop guided the boat without a slip and just as we were nearly out a ball of fire appeared some little way off. A Willo' the wisp' Marsh fire, I thought for it seemed to bob about in the most mysterious way and really was eriе. I asked The Doc about it. 'O, that's only someone jacking he said. Our sudden and frequent turnings had made the light appear to travel from place to place with such amazing rapidity.

So at the Camp again and dead tired? Well I guess but none the worse next day only a little stiff perhaps.

Dr.Bishop's boat was a sight when we saw it the next morning. It It looked as tho it had been drawn over a field harrow for a week. The bottom was gouged and shredded and the wonder was that holes had not been torn clear thro it. It was more than enough to make any man crazy mad but Bishop was a gentleman and a sport and what ever he may have said to himself he only smiled when we commiserated with him and passed it off as of no consequence. I found afterward that it was not Dr. Bishop who was hitting the whiskey but Mrs. Parker! She had a small flask for emergencies and was cold & frightened and so —

Captain Bob and the "NATANTIS2, the name painted in large letters on a sign board in front of the pilot house of the steamer, was a frequent visitor at the camp dock and I got well acquainted with him and was quite often taken on trips up the lakes when he happened to be going that way. On day he invited me to go along and I was just delighted to do it. We went up to the head of the Fourth Pond and Bob shoved the square nose of the scow against the bank. I was in the pilot house, for ther was no cabin and passengers all rode there, and as I stood looking out three men with lumpy packs came out of the woods and came aboard but not to the upper deck. Bob had been rather vague as to the reason for our trip but I thought little about it, just some natives on some errand I thought, and as soon as Bob had backed off and turned the steamer about he asked if I'd like to steer a while. Would I? Well yes and then some! So Bob gave me the wheel and went below. It was all clear water till we got to the Thoroughfare which which was quite a distance away and things were going fine. The old Natanis went coo-chowing along and I was a happy youngster. But I soon found that the craft slewed abomibly for it was flat bottom and had no keel and the first thing I knew she began to wander off on her own hook. I put the wheel over but still she went off . Then the other way and she started to slew clear around. About that time Bob came xx rushing in to see what was the matter and straighten us out. I explain the troble and he laughed and gave me a few pointers and off he went.

In a short time he was back - rather flushed and very jovial and this time he had a bottle of whiskey in his hand and a tin cup. 'Have a drink!' It's good stuff, the boys just brought it over.' I thanked him but told him I never drank and after some good natured urging he went away. Then it dawned on me that I was steering some whiskey smugglers thro the waters of Maine, rock bottom prohibition state, 'DRY as a BONE!' Only a mile or two from where we had landed was the Canada border, we went up there one day so see the line and the iron markers along it, and these fellows packs were full of bootleg and I was 'aiding and abetting'. I thought it was no place to start a reform movement, from the sounds coming from below however, in fact it would be extremely wise not to know anything about it and I never peeped until we were well out of the State and on our way home. That was the only time I was ever a smuggler.

Blueberries have always been my favorite small fruit and still are and there were vast quantities of them in Maine. Once, while riding along on a 'hog back' for miles, the driver told me the the berries grew so thick, in the little valleys on each side that the pickers used tin dippers to pick them. They swung the dipper along the tops of the bushes and nearly filled it with a single sweep. After seeing some of the berry patches I can well believe that story is true. But the very finest berries I ever tasted we found on top of some of the low mountains about the Chain. They bushes were only eight or ten inches high but the berries were quite large, blue as the sky above them and had a flavor and aroma so exquisite they must have drawn some of it from the heavens above the clouds. But alas and alack! It was too much of a climb for even me to go to, them more than once in the time we had at the Chain. There are no pictures of our Camp at the Chain.

There is another amusing incident at one of our camps, tho it was exciting enough at the time. This was in the Adirondacks when Roy Elliott, Al Fuguet and I were alone without a guide. Lon Corey had helped us in; taking the duffle in his boat while we went in

Roy's. We came up from Saranac as we did on our first trip with Dr. Miller until we came to Tupper Lake but we would not go to Mart Moodys Not much! No hotels, lodges camps or people for us! Instead we went to a small island, a mile of two from Moodys and went to all the trouble of making camp just to stay one night. When Mother, Bert and I took our trip to the Adirondacks we saw that island, across the lake for the village of Moody and it appeared unharmed by civilization as the photo will show. The next morning we went to the opposite dide of the lake, over beyond the island, a three to four mile carry, no horses; a real grunt, and sweat and lug carry, to Long Pond and then a across the lake and a very short carry to Pleasant Lake which was really only a little pond. I'M glad I cant go back there for the map shows that a horrid, disgusting rail road runs near our old camp and is called, such desecration, Pleasant Lake at its station there!

Well there was no railroad for a hundred miles or more when we came to an old logging shanty, the roof burnt off in the front but the log walls still standing and well roofed over the back half where the bunk was. We had cached all the extra stores that we counld not carry in one trip on the shore of Tupper and Lon carried over Roy's boat, leaving his with the cache. The next day he went back to Coreys where he lived and we were on our own. It was very wild and we felt a long way from everything and we thoroughly enjoyed it. We climbed a mountain and fished and tried to get a deer but without success. Across the lake some large owls must have had a roost for every evening just at dusk they would start a regular concert and for a half hour they fairly doubled us up with the wierd sounds that came to us. Thus

there was not a great deal of variety in their lyrics. The songs were entirely 'Whoo whoo ha-whoo; whoo whoo ha-whoo aaah' but no one could imagine that so many inflections and varieties of whoo were at all possible. They amused us a lot and we grew to feel quite friendly with our evening choristers but we never saw one of them.

Althd we could see no deer when we went jacking we often saw a hedgehog, quill-pigs they were called locally, as they came out on a half submerged log along the shore. They did not seem to mind the light and we watched them feeding but after a time they grew restless, perhaps at our whispers, and slowly turned and went into the woods. Our failure to get fresh meat made us meat hungry and we were tempted to shoot one but we were no quite that hungry, - - - yet.

We all slept side by side on the bunk at the back of the cabin where the roof was and up under the peaked roof was a little window a foot and a half square but there was no sash in it and it helped to ventilate tho we did not need that as the cabin, with half of the roof gone and no door, was about like a leanto. One night Roy awoke Al and me and whispered, 'Ther's some animal trumping about outside and he sounds like a good sized beast. There! Hear him? We listened and we could hear the thump, thump, thump of slow foot falls quite near the the back of the cabin. 'Must be a bear. Nothing else would make that heavy thump!' We listened. He seemed to be coming nearer,- - - yes,- - - he surely was. Very cautiously, under a blanket we lit the lantern and kept the light hidden. The rifle was passed to Al and I had the shot gun while Roy handled the lantern. 'Now, if he comes thro the door, you thro the light on him and Al you shoot and if you do not stop him, Bert give him the buckshot! ' The animal was right near the back of the cabin now, right at the back wall! We heard his claws on the logs! HE'S CLIMBING UP!! Up to that little window only two or thr feet over our heads. We drew some small comfort as we realized no lar

bear could get thro that window but thos[e] claws seemed awful close as we heard them so plainly, just a few inches away on the other side of the log wall. We did'nt get out of the bunk because we were afraid it would scare him but, all the same, I'll bet every fellow wished something would scare him and at ONCE.

He's almost at the window! We almost held our breath as we gazed at the slightly liter square that showed in the cabin gloom. The outlines of a shaggy head appeared in the dim light! ~~xxxxxxx~~ I swear, it seemed to me he could hardly get that head in the window! Roy threw back the blanket and the light showed a big paw and long cruel claws clinging to the sill with the head above them.

I guess we were startled, quite some, for before we could get our guns up and fire the head disappeared and a tremendous clump sounded as he hit the ground and rushed, smashing and crackling thro the woods. We rushed out and with the lantern looked for tracks and went a little way in the woods; a very little way indeed. We had lost a bear but,- - well; we did not come up there to hunt bear any way. That log wall at our backs seemed inviting and the blankets very cosy. Who was the last man as we filed back to camp? I dont know but I'll bet I was'nt. We wer'nt really frightened. Bears were very scarce and very harmless and never came to an occupied camp and panthers were gone years ago, but - - - it just was'nt customary for such a thing as this to happen. Anyway, he's gone and we would'nt see him again tho we might see tracks.

All was quiet; Al and I had dozed off but Roy did not get to sleep as easily when an almost horrified whisper brought us wide awake in a minute: 'Boys! HE'S COMING BACK!' Well--- say; that's quite another matter. Coming back. Is it possible he smelled us and wants some fresh meat? What else would bring him back after a good scare? We stood, or rather reclined to arms again, Again the lantern was lighted. Againg the heavy thumps approaching. Again he comes toward the back wall. But instead of climbing the wall he goes slowly around

around the wall toward the door-way where there is no door! But before he came to the hole where the door once hung he stops and the scratching of his claws tells us he is climbing the wall at the corner. Again that breathless tension while we listen to his slow and heavy progress, You remember there is no roof over that part of the old cabin and the sky shows faintly gray above the darker walls. Along that gray line a head appears again as the creature pauses to investigate. Whatever it is our blood is up and we' er ready for the fight. The light was not very good for a rifle shot so Roy whispered for me to ~~shoot~~ let him have it with the buck shot. If I did'nt kill him at first Al had the rifle and I the other barrel of buck.

The lantern flashed and I saw the eyes blink as I drew down and fired. Under the low roof over our heads the gun roared like a cannon but we heard a heavy flop and then absolute silence. You may be sure we did not rush out at once to see what had happened. We were all too well versed in camp craft to do that. Instead we sat and listened. Not a sound. Had he jumped and made off before the report of the gun had passed? We could not be sure. So, after a time, with guns held at 'ready' we cautiously stole thro the door and toward the side of the cabin. We were near the corner. Listen! All was still. With lantern and guns cocked at arms length we peeked around the corner and there, dead as the the rocks beside him, lay the biggist bear? no hedgehog, I ever saw.

How we laughed laughed and kidded each other and accused each other of being 'scared silly' by a QUILL PIG! ' The old fellow was salt crazy and he smelled it among our stores and that is why he would come back the second time.

We were meat hungry, as I said and the flesh of the pig looked pretty nice when I cut into it the next morning so we had some for dinner. ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Not bad! A bit spruey but not bad at all, was the verdict. We had some more for supper, cooked another way, all our cooking was

over an open fire in front of the cabin and, as usual, I was the cook. Say Fellows, this is stronger of spruce that it was the first time we had it. Wonder if it gets stronger as it gets older? We ate some but there was considerable left but the next day, at dinner, hedgehog pork was a drug on the market. We simply could'nt go that taste of spruce rosin and we never ate quill pig again.

About every ten days we made the trip over to Tupper Lake where we cached or extra supplies, just piled on the ground with a canvass over them and never found them disturbed in any way, not even tumbled about by the hedgehogs. We hated to start on that trip with the long tramp back with those heavy loads but it was that or starve and afterward we thought of it as all a part of the fun.

Roy had to return to business before Al and I had to go so we all went down to the Upper Saranac together and there Al and I camped on a little island a mile from Coreys. We had to go over to the mainland for drinking water but it was only a little way and the island was very attractive. There are some fine ~~xixxx~~ views of that camp in my #2 album.

While we were there we got Fayette Moody to take us deer hunting. We went light, sleeping out or under the up-turned boat and went to a number of little ponds but without success. Just at sunrise we put out on Whey Pond. Something in the water made it look just like whey and before the first rays of the sun came over the hill we slipped quietly out on the water. It was perfectly still. There was not a note from a single bird. The sky brightened. A sunbeam fell across the tops of the higher spruces. A bird called. The sunlight began to creep across the smooth surface of the lake and then, like a great chorous, from every side of the shores, a thousand birds burst into full and joyous song. Wonderful! and beautiful; and soul lifting beyond belief. In all my camping trips I have never heard anything like it and have always

been profoundly thankful for that marvelous experience.

Then Fayette whispered, "Don't move! There's a deer! We had almost passed him as he stood in the water in a little cove, almost behind us. How Fayette ever got that boat around without scareing the deer is a mystery. But he did and as the boat slowly swung around Al and I saw saw the yearling buck in spite of the wisps of mist that were rising from the water. It was Al's turn to shoot and he was in the bow of the canoe as we stole over the glass like surface of the water. Nearer and nearer, but Oh! so slowly. Down would go the deer's head and we would move foreward. Up it came to gaze about as he chewed a lilly pad and we sat rigid, every muscle tense. Then, without warning , the deer started out and Al. fired but the distance was long and when the buck reached the wooded shore he whistled and stamped around and we knew he was unhurt. That was the end of our hunting that season and in a few days we started for home.

It was in the early summer of 1890 that it was decided that I should go to the Pacific coast to visit my brother Harry who was in a boom town in the state of Washington erecting a saw mill. Harry thought he could make money as a stock broker, after he had worked in the factory a while. Father had started in the chocolate business in 1884, the year Harry graduated and Harry started in there but decided he liked ~~him~~ somthing else better. Association with Roy Elliott led to the stock brockerage and Father, with his usual kindness, gave or lent him money to start. Idon't know how long Harry lasted but he was cleaned out and something took him to that boom town called GraYs Harbor City. The town was on Grays Harbor, the only deep water harbor between San Francisco and Puget Sound and it was to be the great port for the wheat of eastern Washington. James J.Hill had decided to build an extension of his Great Northern R.R. to that point ~~in~~ so as to ship this wheat without the longer haul to Seattle and the long run through Puget Sound.

A townsite company was organized and a tract of virgin forest, a mile or more by half a mile had been slashed, streets laid out and cleared and later planked and a wharf a quarter mile long, at least was built for the channel was well out from the mud flat shores. The boom was on.

Harry was associated with an elderly man Shields by name, and his son about middle age and a rather ner-do-well brother of one of his class mates at Amherst College. All had money in the saw mill and visions of the great mills at Tacoma glowed in their minds. They were in on the ground floor and things looked very bright indeed as reports of Hill's progress were magnified and multiplied as they passed from mouth to mouth. Altho most of the townsite was simply a tangle of fallen logs spread over the sides of a rather steep ridge and the valley behind it, building lots of 100 by 200ft were selling at $2000 or more and changeing hands rapidly.

So, one night father came home with my ticket to Seattle and x return, yards of paper strips, grumbling at the expense, $139 if I remember rightly, and some $20 gold peices which mother sewed into the waistband of my trowsers, and I was away on my long trip, I was nineteen years old but rather a kid for all that and very thrilled at the prospect of really going West. Would the train robbers, which were quite frequent experiences in the 'wild and woolly' find my gold when they went thro the passengers? I heard of a woman, some years later, who carried her money under a porous plaster on her back, in fact, Mother and I both knew her. Needless to say she carried her street car fare in a more convenient place.

Alone in Chicago where I had to spend the day waiting for a train to carry me on. Imagine such a waste of time now a days but trains x were not as frequent then by any means. No plans had been made for me to see the city before I left and I did not know a soul there. So

I wandered. There is a peculiar sensation in being alone in a big city, far from home for the first time,when you do not know a soul. To a young fellow comes a sense of freedom and the right to do utterly as you please, within the law, ofcourse,but likely enough outside the moral law. I must confess there was a temptation to see some show that I would hardly think about at home or to do some things below my standards. There was no one to know; there was no one who would tell We do no realize the great protective influence of righteous surroundings not the vast help in attaining a decent life that comes from high standards based on the teaching of Christ, whether He is acknowledged or not. Certain it that with these influences removed there was a real temptation toward evmil. But my religion was raelly sincere and my standards not too flimsy, thanks to a Godly mothet whose love ever surrounded he sons,and the allure of the flaming signs was quite easily resisted.

My wanderings took me past Libby Prison which I had read had been removed from Richmond Virginia and set up in Chicago as a museum of the war, that is the Rebellion. We always called the Rebellion 'The War' at that time. The prison was very interesting, especially as I had read a story about the prison life written by a friend of father and Mother's. In the celler was the hole in the wall and the beginning of the tunnel ~~x~~ thro which those six or eight men escaped. It was really thrilling.

Day after day on the same train,after I left St.Paul: night after night on the same sleeper: miles and miles and more miles of ~~xxxxxx~~ landscape: hills and valleys and plains, rivers and days of sage brush; the constant, insistant winds of of the Dakotas; the gentle airs of the foot hills:the still cold of the mountain plateaus: Towns, cities and ranch houses: what a country! HURRAH for America. and the good old U.S.!.

I was travelling on the Northern Pacific and the diner went along

all the way,worse luck! for the food was very poor and as that car was directly in front of my sleeper I often saw the cooks at work, dirty white men and the sight of them did not help my appetite. But of all the poor food the concoction they called chocolate, to drink, was the limit. On top of this brew was a half inch of clear oil floating on a muddy, almost black fluid and tasteing like sweetend greasy mud slightly flavored with poor chocolate. At least I imagine mud could not taste worse. I lived thro it and was none the worse and was not very hungry anyway being cooped up for four or five days in one car.

Naturally I was out at every station which, tho not so close to each other, were made the occasion for a real rest for the tired locomotive. At one place I was strooling ahong the paltform when I saw three cowboys, in chaps and sombreros and six guns, lounging against the railing. I was wearing a blazer of dark blue and white stripes and a little tennis cap to match. It seemed a very fittin costume for a college man on a long trip and that rig was so common in the East as to cause no comment at all. The cowboys were the first I had seen near to and were very interesting and I suppose I looked at them pretty hard. Felt friendly and was thinking of speaking to them but on the second or third time I passed them I noticed they were watching me closely and laughing and I caught considerable strong language. The next time I passed them I caught some remark with still more violent emphasis and then it dawned that they did'nt like my coat and cap a little bit, in fact they were not pleased with me at all. With no delay at all I made for the nearest steps and boarded the train nor did I tempt Providence by looking at them thro the window, I really believe that had it not been that the train was back of me and only a foot or two away they would have shot that cap off my head and there was mighty little cap

above my skull and I had no desire to have that skull ventilated by a bullet hole or two. Ofcourse,I knew that they would not shoot at my head right at the rail road station but they might have made me dance to the tune of six-guns while I took off my sweater and cap. Talk about a red flag to a bull! Those fellows were certainly mad, 'Shore!' And it was a pretty raw country in 1890.

The Western town amused me greatly with their false fronts and pretentious signs. A little shack with a peeked roof would have a front of just boards, maybe two stories high so that if you looked at it from the ground, and square in front, it would look like quite a building. But, ofcourse it fooled no one, and the waste of good lumber where lumber was expensive and scarce seemed rediculous. Some of my pictures of Grays Harbor City show this same effect but there was plenty of lumber there.

On this false front would be painted, sometimes very crudely indeed, Paradise Saloon, or The Golden Palace, or The Ne Plus Ultra Dance Hall. If the Golden Palace had a single chair that was not made by the proprietor out od nail kegs or packing boxes it was a wonder.

Then the names of the tinyest villages were remarkable. If, in addition to the very primitive R.R. station and the water tank, there were three or four houses, three or four saloons with their hitching racks in front, and a general Store, then that was always a CITY; Plains CITY, or Cow Horn CITY, or Red Bill City or some equally attractive name. There were the cyuses with their steady lope and the cowboys just like Buffalo Bills Wild west only not so flashy and much more dusty, a cow-girl, now and then, but in worn denim or calico, Indians, just'settin' most unattractive, no 'noble red man' at all and I always stood up for the Indian ever since I got a 100 for a composition at school, on the'American Indian'. I had just read a

'Young Peoples8 History of the Indian' and I was primed to the limit.

It is a singular sensation to be riding thro miles and miles of sagebrush,with never a stream and never a tree and no green thing but the apology for green which the sage offers; dust and heat and phactically desert: the dust sifting into the cars and over everything inspite of tightly closed double windows; anf then, suddenly come into a veritibl garden spot with trees and hedges, flowers and grass and cool air. That is what may happen, now and then,as you went on westward, in 1890. Here and there, around some station, there would be irrigation from the abundant well drilled to supply the engines. Perhaps it was a flowing well but whether or no it made 'the desert blossom like the rose' in very truth. It was a wonderful experience indeed, but very, very rare.

Tacoma at last! Seattle was only a mere upstart then and Tacoma by far, the larger and most important place, What a chage has taken place since then. By the last census Tacoma has 96000 while Seattle has 315,000. While Tacoma had a large and well appointed hotel the service was somewhat doubtful. It was told on good authority that shortly before I stayed there over a week end a guest wanted an extra plate for something or other and asked the waiter to bring one." You'l wait till h--- freezes over before I'll bring a plate' was the reply to his request. Another guest had a plate thrown at his head for some fancied failure to recognize the great American principle, 'All men are created free and equal!' But it was all o.k. when I was there.

I had to lay over Sunday at Tacoma and a friend of Mother's lived there. It seems to me that Mother and Father had taken the Alaskan trip and so met Mrs. Stacy but I was mighty glad to present my letter of introduction, after church that morning, for I was lonely and felt a very long way from home. Mrs. Stacy took me home to dinner and her nice house was bright and cheery and her young people very kind. I went to Christian Endeavor that evening and felt very much at home as we re-

recited the pledge together.

Monday morning found me on my way to Grays Harbor and to see Harry at the end of the long journey, and I would be mighty glad to see him for I was getting just a bit homesick. I had been warned not to use pennies on the Coast, that is the Pacific coast for it was generally refered to in that way. Pennies were not used at that time for a nickel was the smallest coin in circulation and there was a great deal more gold in circulation than in the East. They ssid,in Seattle, that if you gave a streetcar conductor five pennies he would go to the back door of the horse car and throw them into the street and that it actually happened. "Two bits"was a new one to me and when someone gave that as the price of something I handed out two ten cent peices, only to be told that two bits was a quarter and four bits, fifty cents and six bits, seventy five.

A flat bottom, stern wheeled river steamer on which our trip began, was filled with a pretty rough gang and we had hardly left the wharf before the smoking room was full of card games, all with money on the tables, silver and some gold. I DID NOT PLAY! I never playedfor money anyway and as I still had a considerable sum and those gold pieces sewed in my waist band I was determined that no one should know of my'great wealth' and would not have taken a chance with those professional gamblers for anything. They all looked like professional gamblers to my eyes, fresh from the'effete East' tho after my summer in that country I realized they were just the usual crowd one saw in the rougher sections with plenty of good fellows among them. So determined was I not to let anyone know I had any money that when a a hard faced chap came along flipping a twenty dollar gold peice in the air and asked me if I could change it I said a hurried 'No!' and went to another part of the bost.

We made a few stops, at Olympia for One, and it was there that

that I was astonished to see the wharf ten or twelve feet out of water. People going ashore had to go up on the cabin roof to reach the gang plank. Then I learned that the water rose and fell with eash tide, ten or more feet, not only in Puget Sound but all along the Pacific coast When we left the steamer a few hours later the lower deck was almost level with the dock.

A narrow gauge logging railroad took us across from the far meanderings of Puget Sound to some river, the Chehalis I think. that ran into Grays Harbor. Altho the road was built for logging the forests had not been cut along the tracks and were wild and beautiful and the trees hugh as compared with mu Eastern ideas.

Another river steamer at Chehalis or Centralia, both frontier lumber towns and I was on the last leg of the journey from Tacoma. It was not so long in miles but the changes and the slow transportation took almost all day. Down the river stopping at Aberdeen, then Hoquiam of which I was to see a good deal before the summer was over and then out into the bay as it widened out toward the Pacific. Almost at once I saw the long wharf of Grays Harbor City of Grays Harbor as the residents generally called it. It was nearly a mile long for while the channel was deep enough for fair sized steamships it was about five or six miles away. the center of the bay and black mud flats were bared at each low tide almost to the deep water.

As we came along side of the dock there was Harry looking just about as rough as my fellow passengers. I still wore city togs but no blaser coat and cap you may be sure. As I came down the gangway Harry must have seen signs of lonliness and relief and joy at a familiar face and the danger of an oncoming demonstration for with hardly a word he grabbed my hand and pulled me into the freight house a few feet away and there suffered me to kiss him but with no great evidence of pleasure but he gave me a warm welcome otherwise. You see , Harry knew most

everyone in town and for a man to kiss a man was considered just about the limit of sissyness. So, for my sake as much as his own he wanted any demonstration of affection to be strictly private. We often laughed about it afterward for I had'nt the slightest idea why he rushed me into the warehouse and did'nt know what it was all about.

Up the hill of Main Street to the Summit Hotel for supper after cleaning up in our romms ~~in~~ over a store next door. See album No.3.

The crowd was even rougher in appearance that those on the steamboat and as we waited in the 'Office' the only social room in the hotel I was introduced to the'Manager' Jim, a raw boned, black haired Irishman with a big black, drooping moustache. A door opened at the bac of the room and another big Irishman, red haired and plump with a white apron, stepped in and bellowed "Turn em loose, Jim" which was the usual way of telling us the grub was served. The hotel was kept by a motherly Irish woman, her two sons and a daughter who was the waitress and you had to be on time or no food would you get till the next meal. It was quite an unnecessary precaution judgeing by the way that crowd rushed into the dining room and fell to. I was somewhat startled, next morning, when the waitress came ~~xxxxxxx xxxxxx~~ came and demanded "What way will ye have yer aigs cooked!" I did not eat eggs, in fact I dispised eggs but it seemed evident I was expected to eat them and fearing that apparition of red haired Bob perhaps I did.

We started for the mill, a half mile away down the hill on the side of the ridge from the wharf and were soon laboring with hughe clots of yellow clay that stuck to our feet. It was the rainy season and rained some almost every day for the first month I was there and that sticky mud a burden hard to be borne. Little more than the frame of the mill was up for the machinery had not arrived tho expected every steamer. It was hard to kill time and some days we would be housed

housed all day and play cards and wander about in our rain coats tho not very far. I would not play even penny anty, much to Frank's disgust and Harry thought I was a little too stiff but I had never played cards for money and had very positive views about that and so I just would'nt. Frank.W., he was the brother of Harry's collegeg chum, you remember and one of the partners, got nasty in his ridicule but Harry called him down before we came to a fight. Frank had been sent out to Harry because he was no ggod in the East and his brother thought Harry could pull Frank around but he was no good there either. A profane foulk mothed contemptible cad. I disliked him intensely but he was there and I made the best of it for Harry's sake and there was no open rupture during the three months I was there.

Harry and I nearly fell out, though. I suppose the bad weather and the ennui had something to do with it and I fear, also, that I was inclined to be somewhat of a religious prig. We had some argument about something being wrong, I don't remember just what and finally actually came to blows about it but not many. It was in the evening after supper and I put on old clothes, for we often put on 'second best' for that meal, and went out vowing I would not return. I had seen a sign 'Men Wanted' down town and went down to read it again. Men were wanted to work on the R.R. construction quite a distance away,'transportation furnished. I stood hesitant outside the office.Then I decided I'd walk a little and think it over. I wasx not afraid of the work but I was a rather shy about the crowd of rough necks that were sure to be on the job. The longer I walked the less I liked to sign up and close retreat for a while anyway. Perhaps I began to feel I was partly wrong in the quarrel but anyway I went back to our rooms. Harry who had a very hot temper, had cooled off and we were soon brothers again.

Harry was pretty tired of the hotel food and it was a task to tramp back xx xxxxx from the mill,at noon, up hill all the way, and I

wanted something to do so it was decided that we 'batch it' as they called it when men lived by themselves and did their own house work. We built a rough cabin across the creek or little tide water stream that brought the logs to the mill, but it was distinctly specified, stipulated and agreed that I was to do the cooking and, especially, that I was to do the ~~xxxkixx~~ dishwashing without Harry(s help as he hated that job. Even tho I worked in the mill it was to make no difference I w was to wash the dishes and no favors asked. We lived up to that agreement and I never asked help altho Harry often helped just the same.

With another man to help I put up a frame cabin, 14 x 20 of rough lumber and later covered it with spruce bark. I had to girdle the trees to get the bark and, ofcourse they died but what odds? Trees were the mostest thing we had. Such waste seems criminal now. We had a porch in front, a great luxury, a fireplace with a mantel and cedar pillars and altogether it was considered quite fine, We called it 'THE JAYS' partly because of the great number of blue jays all about us and partly because that is what we styled ourselves occasionally. A bunk ran along one end and I was very proud of the springs I invented, small wild cherry poles that made a very comfortable bed when the spruce bows were properly laid in above them. When we were building ~~xxxx~~ Bob Clark, our sawyer at the mill, said"Yu got to have a fire place. They's nothin like a fire place to set by and spit into."

It was a great day when the mill began to hum and the saws to buz. Bob Clark and his helper rolled the first log on the carriage and Bob sent it along till the saws rang out their peculiar cry while the whisthe of the mill screamed out the word that the first industry of Grays Harbor City ~~xxx~~ had begun operation. As a special privelege I was given a job in the yard stacking lumber but a few days of that and I just couldnt hold up my end. My hand s were blistered and that wet green fir weighted a ton to the square foot. I tried to stand it but I

guess i begged off. So, as a further special privelege, I was given the job of running the 'cut-off' saw, the most dangerous piece of machinery in the mill. As the board or plank was cut from the log at one end of the mill it came down a runway of rolls to the other end of the mill. These rolls were turned by power and near the end of the line a cross cut saw, 16 inches in diameter was arranged to swing across the runway and cut off the uneven end of the lumber. This rapidly revolving saw was unprotected except for a hoop ~~peed~~ of iron that was used for a handle to pull it toward the operator and he had to watch sharp that his hand or arm or clothing did not hit it or it would slice that unlucky member with devilish rapidty. The operator had to keep his runway clear so ~~sx~~ ~~tx~~ the sawyer would not have to wait before he sliced of another plank.and it kept me jumping. We were all on the jump for Bob Clark the sawyer and foreman of the mill was a hustler when at work and every man was trying to get out as much lumber as possible; there had been so much delay in getting the mill running. Goodness know what Frank W was doing! Loafing most likely and telling everyone how it ought to be done. Harry was here and ~~tx~~ there and everywhere, from morning to night.

The mill hours were long, probabally from 7 to 6 with a half hour for noon. As soon as we shut down at night I had to hustle over to our shack and get supper, we had a cold lunch but ~~and~~ Harry wanted soup, meat and desert for supper each day. It was some hustle and when diswashing time came I was nearly asleep. But it was done and as I said Harry helped more often than not. And when it was done I could just about pull off my shoes, unbuckle my belt and crawl into the blankets for I never used pajamas in camp, there or elsewhere, for a long time. But it was all part of the bargain and I did not have to work in the mill. I wanted to.

Hoquiam, was a trim bustling little town, three mile up the bay by road, at the mouth of the Hoquiam river. Our little creek ran into that stream and we called it the Little Hoquiam. It was nearly dry at low tide but ~~was~~ four or five feet deep at high and we could go down it to the larger river and so to the town by water. It was six mile through wilderness, but very attractive to us with our love of the woods and the water. There was a really astonishingly nice hotel at Hoquiam and Harry knew some nice people, married folk, there. They invited us to Sunday dinner one day and as we had rented a canoe it was agreed that we would go down in that. I dressed in my best, which included a long tailed coat of which I was very proud but as I said I would do the paddling I only put on an undershirt above, and put the rest of my cloths in a water proof coat. I knew there were woods near town where I could shift into my 'boiled shirt' i.e. a stiff bosom starched shirt, high collar and tail coat. We slid along easily and landed at the patch of woods, ~~about~~ nearly six miles from home. I stepped out and took the rain coat ~~for~~ but happened to look in before I went to my forest dressing room. I did not see my shirt. I looked again and again more carefully and ~~it~~ there was no shirt!!! Six mile from home; to dine in a dressy hotel with ladies and everything up to the minute in the latest Eastern styl e and NO SHIRT! I was for going home at once but Harry would not hear of it and thought it a tremendous joke but I could'nt see it. When he saw how very badly I felt, for it was to be a real break in our rough hard working lives, he said to come along and he was sure he could borrow a shirt from one of the men. I got into the hotel with coat collar turned up about my terribly naked feeling throat and one of our guests came out bursting with laughter, and I was soon fixed up as he was just my size. But it was not a 'boiled shirt' he could lend but a flannel one. They all thought it tremendously funny but I was awfully embarressed but it did not spoil my appetite. I guess

it was that forgotten shirt, more than anything else that got me an invitation to go on a canoe trip with those men some weeks later and that proved to be one of the outstanding joys of that summer.

But the story of the shirt was too good to keep and the local paper came out with big scare heads and gave a'full account.' For some time I was kidded about it and was apt to be greeted with "Hey kid, got yer shirt on today?" or,"Hey Kid, Whar's yer shirt"?

The big fir trees were cut six or eight feet above ground to avoid the pitch in the lower end. The trees were enormous as can be seen in the picture of one of them in album ~~three~~ 2, where Harry lies stretched out full length on one of them and only covers about half of the distance across. It was always a marvel how the woodsmen cut them for they would cut notches in the tree and place plank in those notches and standing there would first cut a large notch on each side. Then, with very long saws would saw the rest of the tree, working all the time on those narrow plank way above ground. To get rid of the stumps a hole would be bored down from the top and three or more other holes from the sides to meet the center one. The side holes would be enlarged a little and in them a fire would be built, the center hole acting as a chimney. The highly resinous wood would burn a long time and gradually burn up the stump, if all went well. But other things happened some time for the chimney sometimes would throw out big sparks that frequently set fire to the half burned logs and small wood nearby. So, the 'townsight' was generally burning somewhere all the time after the rains ceased. Nobody paid much attention to it unless it was driven by the wind toward the built up part of town and then it was beaten out as it was easily controlled as a rule. The smoke from a townsite fire can be seen in one of the pictures.

But one day, the wind was rather high and blowing directly toward us. We could see the fire coming along from the far end of the slash but The Jays. We paid little attention until the smoke began to get pretty thick as we watched from across the creek at the mill. The fire was

larger than usual and before we realized it it had reached the edge of the slash and begun to burn the uncut timber and underbrush not 200 yards from our cabin! There were a number of red cedar trees not far away, most of them hollow almost to the top and the fire ~~xxxxxxx~~ entering holes at the roots, raced up the interior, roaring like a furnace and popping like revolver shots as the resins exploded.

We were helpless and could not get our stuff out before the fire was upon us. Harry and I got into some green timber, young cherry thickets, and expected to see our cabin go any minute. We were too far from the creek to form a bucket line and it was so unusual to take those townsite fires seriously we were caught quite off our guard.

Almost as soon as it came it was past, burning the light standing stuff but passing the cabin without damage. My greatest loss was the burning of a fine punk wood stub, half way to the spring, that furnished the finest punk for our many smudges. I remember that someone had brought the mail from town just before we went over to the cabin and after the worst was over I lay behind a green log with the smoking trees all about and read a letter from one of the girls back East.

Bert! the cabins on fire! Harry yelled in the middle of the night It seemed so as I tumbled out of my bunk, soon after we had moved in. There was a roar and the fire place was a mass of flames. The old timers told us that if we built our fire place and chimney of red cedar plank it would not burn after it got chared. So our first Saturday night we had a good fire and put a pot of beans on to cook slowly till morning. But the chimney ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~'Had'nt got chared' apparently and seemed likely to burn up the whole place. A few buckets of water from the spring soon quieted it and we went back to bed. That happened two or three times later and then the chimney settled down to quiet respectibility. But those great burning cedars kept up their racket for a long time, a torch by night and a pillar of smoke by day and nobody bothered to put them out.

There were six of us who left the long wharf and started across an arm of the bay early one morning. Pete Anance, a French Canadian, a mixed blood no doubt and two of the men from Hoquiam, in one canpe and another Hoquiam man and I with Bob as guide in the other canoe.(It would seem that all the men were named Bob but so it happened with those I have mentioned.) Pete was an expert canpe man and while Bob was tall and strong he was a local man and not as much at home in canoe as in a lumber boat. We had a light camping outfit and provisions and our fly rods.

Before long we entered the mouth of the Humptulips River flowing thro an almost trackless forest and with no towns and feww stelers in all the miles we travelled. I wanted to paddle or pole as the need arose and while they said it was not necessary I liked it and so helped along all the way. I think it made Pete rather sore for neither of his men hardly lifted a paddle and Pete did not like to have Bob have the easy end, and the current grew stronger as we went on, up stream, for two days.

And glorious days they were. If western Washington had a mean rainy season it also had the finest kind of summer, ideal for camping. The scenery grew wilder and more beautiful as we went on, nearer the Cascade mountains with each turn, for this was no tidewater backup but a cold mountain river, fed by the glaciers and almost unmarked by man. Time after time, we passed high brown gravel banks, towering 30 or 40 feet above some quiet pool, with the whole side draped from top to bottom with the most exquisite Maidenhair fern. Maidenhair fern did not mean as much to me then as they do now but I did not fail to appreciate their beauty for all that. The river was deep enough for us to paddle most of the time but now and again we had to pole up some rapid and one place made a short carry around a tiny water fall too high to ascend. And on a rock by that little fall hangs a tale, also some canoe paint. But

Way up the river we came to a few log cabins clustered together in a tiny settlement and went ashore to stretch our legs. The larger one was the 'Hotel'! and above the door was a piece of board lettered "Jas, Murphy, Private En". Considerably mystified we entered and asked Mr. Murphy just what it meant. 'O, just private inn,' But why 'En'? to which he replied, "En or In, synonymous terms, synonymous terms." Fancy; a man who could use synonymous correctly and did not know the difference between en, in, and inn! We did not stop at the 'En'.

The trout fishing was fine and as we camped for the night of the first day I put on hip boots and climbed to the top of a pointed rock to get a better cast at the pool below. Our canoe had gotten well ahead and I was busy casting when Pete and the other canoe came along. He ran his canoe between the rock and the shore and as he went by he he gave me a push with his paddle that upset me on my precarious perch and sent me into the water. Luckily, I managed to land on my feet but my long boots were filled to the top and all my lower clothing was drenched. It was just at night and I had to change with small chance to dry out and I was mad and let Pete have my opinion. He got so angry I thought he would knife me and when I insisted in reading my Testament by the firelight, before turning in got nasty about ridiculing me until one of the older men called him down. There was certainly a nasty streak in Pete but he tought me to make fine Jonny cake and we had no further trouble.

The second day we came to a gorge where the river tumbled thro a narrow defile, far too swift and steep for any boat. Here we found, much to our disappointment, another party camped on the small flat below, prospectors, or timber cruisers who seemed much inclined to mind there own affairs and as they were all big husky, bearded men we took the hint altho we had to camp quite near them. Before we were up the next morning they were gone and we never saw them again.

As we climbed the steep trail along the side of the gorge the next morning we were rewarded with scene after scen of rugged beauty. Water falls and rapids: shattered rocks and tumbled boulders with masses of of water boiling and fuaming among them: Maiden hair fern and wild flowers tucked in every nook and cranny where they could get a chance to cling. Then, suddenly, a smaller gorge with a little stream opened before our wondering eyes across the river; a place of enchantment and exquisite wild beauty. Among the photographs that one of the men took on that trip, all mounted so I could not put them in an album but still treasured among our others, is one of this miniture bit of lovliness. On the back of that photo I attempted a description of its facination. That was written long ago so I will not try to repeat it but the charm of its beauty still lingers like the half remembered fancy of some entrancing dream.

We could not stay to take our boats above the gorge where the river flowed on quietly again and the xafternoon found us on our way down stream. With the current with us we slipped along almost without effort and I, for one was glad to be quiet and revel again in the visions of what we had seen. And then we come to that little waterfall. Pete was ahead and went down the pitch in fine shape, altho it was a tickelish place;not so much of a dip but there was a large rock in the very center that split the current in two. Bob was standing in the stern with his set pole and we started down. Properly handled there was enough water at the rock to turn the canoe safely to one side but the man with us yelled something, Bob set his pole hard down and quicker than a wink the canoe turned across the rock, rolled one side under water, filled and held there in danger of breaking in two every second. Fortunately the water was only to our xxxxxx waists and I knew that if the boat stayed there until it filled entirely the current would smash it like a straw. I had the bow pulling one way and

and Bob, who was as strong as an ox, had the stern pulling in the opposite way. The water was swirling and rushing against us waist deep and how we managed to keep our feet is still a mystery. I suppose if we had stopped to think about it we would have been swept down the little water fall to th deep water below. Bob's tremendous strength got the boat loose and I was some husky in those days so we escaped without the canoe buckling up in the center or breaking off at the bows. Indeed, no serious damage was done. Oddly enough, the current was so strong and so directly into the canoe that our duffle did not wash out and, while the canvas bags helped to keep it from the water a little we were a very wet party when we joined the other canoe a little way down the river. They were coming back to see what had happened. Altho it was only midafternoon we made camp at once and we proceeded to dry out and were soon laughing at our troubles. Pete rigged Bob unmercifully and thought it was a big joke on all of us but it was not Bob's fault entirely for if the otherman in our boat had not called out to 'Stop her' we would have gone down all right.

We waited a while at the mouth of the river for the wind to go down on the bay and then, in the long soft twilight, paddled home. That trip was the big event of a most interesting and happy summer and my companions called me 'The Kid that Likes to Work.' ever afterward.

The absence of a church at Grays Harbor troubled me for, as you know, I was very fond of church and Sunday school, young peoples societies and all that and there was nothing like that in that raw little town, nor did anyone seem to miss it. That is not quite exact for the mother of th hotel boys, Bob and Joe, was a Protestant, north Ireland I suppose, and she did have a sort of prayer meeting Sunday. There was an old fellow, Scotch surely who attended regularly and always led in prayer, quoting scripture freely, somewhat altered

according to his idea of the meaning of the passage. A mere handful attended these meeting, a few women, there were not many in the whole 'city', and fewer men for they were not the type of religious meetings to attract the real he-man. It was an entirely new kind of religion to me, tho orthodox enough, no doubt, but it grated on my sensibilities still I attended faithfully until we moved down to the mill and then the long climb up that hill and my weary muscles provided an excuse that my conscience was quite ready to ok. I tried to suggest to the good Irish woman, I cannot remember her name, who was holding the meetings and 'doing her duty as she saw it' some changes and some ways I thought would attrack men but she immediately st arted in on the book of 'DE-cip-lin dear to the Old Country heart. I knew nothing about the Book of Discipline and gave it up. Wheeler, in his nasty way, ridiculee me for going with the saints, old women and doddering men until Harry made hin shut up. I think Harry even went with me once and I could not blame him for not finding spiritual help there. Any young man who attended was thought to be a milksop or a fool or worse. These services may have dispensed the 'sincere milk of the Word' but what was needed was 'strong meat'.

But summer was over and I must return. The trip East was uneventexcept that I went to Cheyenne on my way to Denver and had an hour or two to wait. Wandering to the outskirts of that little town I saw cowboys whangling cows not far away in the sagebrush. I wanted to get a nearer view but did not care to take chances with the rattlesnakes! and possibly a lariat around my shoulders.I was too green to think of the danger of the 'cows' attacking a man on foot as they were almost sure to do. The train to Denver was crowded and I rode on the platform all the way and was just one grey hombre covered with dust when I got there.(Please note how these Western terms will crop out.)

Our old friend, Mrs. Perks was on the Ranch of her nephew near

Denver and I wanted to visit a real ranch, especially as the nephew was a boy friend of mine. But it happened that they they were away and as I was headed for home and those girls, I was'rareing to go'. I did not wait for their return and so missed the only chance to to visit a ranch I ever had. At Kansas City I had to wait for my trunk to catch up with me, it having missed connection and they would not recheck on the the check I had. It was considerably more trouble to travel in 1890 than it is now. I had a whole day there and knew no one and did not want to spend money at a hotel so took a trolly to the end of the line and saw one of the most remarkable sights of my travels. The trolly line ended at a public park, quite primitive, and as I lay on top of a bluff overlooking the Missouri River I saw clouds OF DUST blowing down the river and nowhere else! There were a number of long loops in 'big muddy' far below me and numeros bars and the dust riseing high in the air would follow the curves and bends as perfectly as a sail boat. It certainly was a remerkable sight.

And, so, home:so glad to be back, so glad for all the new and happy enperiences.

I remember, very clearly, that after a while with Mother and Helena I hurried over to see my boy and girl friends especially the latter, if you must insist on the whole truth, finding them all at a ball game in Humphries8 field which was just about opposite the movie theatre on the Pike, There was a row of cherry trees running along one side to the rail road and in their shade the girls were gathered while the boys struggled for glory before them. But there was one girl that was not there and the other girls cast knowing glances as they saw my questioning looks. But I would not ask where she was but tried to seem at ease and hide my restlessness until Florence Humphreys said, 'Bert, There's Maud over there.' Maud! I looked and there at the fence of the railroad station yard was the

girl I longed to see. I wanted to run to her at once but, instead, I casually asked the other girls to excuse me, they were all giggling knowingly, and sauntered over and said Hullo Maud. All in white with a bit of color at her throat she stood behind the picket fence with the goldenrod blooming above her fair hair, a picture of loveliness to my hungry eyes. Ofcourse, I should have vaulted that fence and, well, the goldenrod was very tall, and I have often wondered why I did not but I felt a dozen pairs of girls eyes boreing into my back and so, after a few casual remarks she turned and went to her home in the station building for she was the agent's daughter.and I returned across the field feeling entirely inadequate.

What became of the 'Jays'and the Terminal Mill? Rather a sad sequal. The story goes the Hill failed to get his securities to Chicago by one day and so could not finance the extension to Gray's Harbor. The railroad never came and the town went flat and the Mill company failed and I guess Harry lost the money, Father's,he had put into it. Before he finally came East to go into the chocolate business again he went to the Jays ~~again~~ but trees had fallen on the roof and our little cabin was a wreck. The dream of Tacoma's great rival had ended. A recent article in the 'Geographic' shows a wonderful boulevard thro the Cascades and that region and Grays Harbor City is still on the map but I don't believe that city lots are selling for $2500 per front foot.

And now begins one of the happiest and most buoyant periods of my life, that following my graduation. You recall that I had applied for the position of assistant to Dr. Van Lennep and after Frank Pierson and I had gone to some office at ~~XXXXX~~ Independance Hall and shown our diplomas and registered we wre full fledged doctors ready to practice. A few days after I had taken the hospital examinations I had a letter from Dr. Van as we affectionately called him,

asking me to come in and see him the following evening. Promptly on the hour, in my new dress suit, I rang the bell at 1421 Spruce st., my heart pounding at to possibilities of that interview. The Doctor and his wife were in his office, for they were good pals and Mrs.Van often sat there in the evenings, and received me cordially. We talk- of the work he would require of me, my plans and I suppose he gave me a good going over, but it only made me the more anxious to work with him. There was one difficulty. I had made such a fine paper in Materia Medica in my examination that Dr. Middleton, the examiner, insisted on haveing me as an intern at Hahnemann and Van did'nt know as he could get Middleton to give me up. Hm!Hm! Hm! Some proud boy! Ofcourse, continued Dr.Van, I have other men who have applied and I have not seen them all but I'll let you know in a day or two. I am quite sure Mother went with me that night but just why I cannot remember. But I learned afterward that she was a factor in his choice and so was the dress suitm and so was Mrs. Van who fully approved. For in a few days another letter came with the 1421 address. I could hardly get it open.How I did want that job! And here it was"You may report"&c. Wow! I, I, really was VanLenneps assistant. The most coveted position open to any young medical man. So it was that within a couple of weeks of graduation I was'placed' and being inducted into the manifold duties of the assistanâ.

The Doctor,at once gave me a book on Anaesthetics to master for that was one of my duties.It was far from the science it is now for ether was used almost entirely, chloroform occasionally, cocaine quite often and the inhalers were simplicity, often only a rolled towel with paper folded in and a wad of cotton at the top. Oxygen was practically unknown,closed inhalers, never and nitros oxide by dentists often with unsatisfactory results. I was given a reprint on the VAN

LENNEP OPERATING BAG, an 18 inch 'cabin bag' holding all the paraphanalia, except basins, pitchers &c, for doing a major operation in a home where the majority of operations were then performed. That bag was a marvel of completeness and compactness. It contained the inst instruments, dressings, sutures, a lamp for boiling the instruments immediately before the operation, ether, a hypo and stimulants, Kelly Pad, fountain syringe, bandages and adheasive, mops and sterilized dressings, and two pans one acting as a cover for the other in which the instruments were boiled and then to hold them as instrment trays. It weighed a ton! I ought to know for I carried it manyx a block for I was generally sent ahead, an hour before the operation, to get things ready altho, sometimes we went together in the carriage for there were no autoes.

Arriving at the house we found the nurse, special had had some room generally employed cleared of furniture and carpets and well cleaned; a table, gererally the kitchen table, covered with a blanket and sheet well tacked on; two other tables, sheet covered, for basins and instruments and I k took charge. First the instruments were put to boil with a little soda bicarb to keep them from rusting. The folding ether cone was wrapped in a towel and pinned, the safety pins were part of the kit; bichloride tablets were put in pitchers and basins and and the proper amount of boiled watter, which had been cooled, poured in and the ether cans, 4 ozs. each , put to one side well away from the burning lamp. But one time, when th Doctor was with me, we opened a can too neaf the flame and had a fire immediately. But fortunately we smothered it before any damage was done. By that time the Doctor arrived, looked over everything, and I am proud to say, very seldom found anything lacking or had to make any changes. I thought so much of Dr. Van that it was almost a sacrement to have everything just as he wanted it.

Frequently I would give the ether but sometimes the attending doctor or the special nurse would do so and I would assist with the operation, keeping a vigalent eye on the anaesthetizer and the patient's condition. When we operated at the hospital I almost always assisted, especially after I had been with Van sometime and learned his ways. An instinct seemed to tell me just what the Doctor was going to do next and just what he would want to do it with and the instrument, suture or what not was ready to his hand.

Our personal preparations for an operation were quite simple. Laying aside coat and vest, collar and tie we scrubbed our hands with tincture of green soap, soap and brush from the bag, and then soaked them in a solution of bichloried of mercury, 1-1000 for a few minutes: scrubbed again mildly and then kept them wet with bichloride, the nails having been cleaned carefully before the first scrubbing. Clean but not sterile white gowns from that wonderful bag were put on the nurse holding and fastening them for we now guarded our hands as a Rajah guards his jewels. If by any chance or carelessness we touched anything not sterile all the scrubbing had to be repeated. For a while it was the vogue to scrub, then immerse the hands in potassium permanganate until well stained. After that they went into a strong solution of Oxalic acid from which they came pink and very attractive and fairly exudeing surgical safety. Bichloride was hard enough on the hands making them roughand hard to keep clean Still it was tolerable but that permanganate acid treatment fairly took the skin off, if you had to do, it often, and the method did not last long to our great relief. And so, the operation was on. Iodoform gauze was applied to the would after iodoform powder had been well dusted on. Ofter, especially in 'pussy' cases, sterile gauze was wet and wrung out of bichloride 1-2000 or less and applied over th iodoform

gauze, cotton and bandages being well held by adheasive plaster, Van Lennep being rather an exception to most surgeons in that for they relied on safety pins. We had very, very little infection and healing by first intention was the rule. There were some stitch abscesses occasionally but the strong antiseptics prevented general wound infection and they caused little more than an annoyance.

The Doctor left the house soon after the operation unless we were to go together. In that case he pitched in and helped get our kit together. But as a rule, I did that, the extra nurse washing the instruments while I gathered the other things and packed them into the bag. Then Back to the office where all was unpacked and and the instruments boiled and cleaned and put in their proper places, Kelly pad washed with bichlorids and dried, dressing boxes replaced with new ones; sutures overhauled and replenished; anaesthetizer's case overhauled &c. &c. and the bag repacked with everything but instruments, ready for another case. If we had had an abdominal case there was a job I disliked immensely. For that work Van used real sponges. These were of the finest quality, flat, about a half inch thick and as big as a man's hand. Even at hospital operations he took his own sponges, used only in the abdomen. They would get full of clotted blood and other debris and it was was long job to get them clean again. Wash and rub; wash and rub: wash and rub and soak and wash again. How I disliked it. When clean and the Doctor always inspected them at first, anyway, they were put in a large jar of some clear solution until needed again when they were wrung out with well cleaned hands and packed tight in a smaller jar and put in the bag.

It was part of my work to see that the instruments were not only kept clean but well polished also. They were not in very good shape

when I took over and I had plenty of exercise before I reached the end of the last drawer. If you doubt it look at the drawers of the instrument case in album #3 and you will see there were plenty of them, Mrs. Van supervised the condition of the instruments, as to their cleanness and polish and when I had finished I showed her with pride how fine they were. She casually picked one up and with a bit of cotton on a small probe she pushed it along a very small grove and to my horror brought forth a quantity of loose dirt, dried blood probabally. It was a Ultzmann urethratome and I had never seen one before, I have it still for the Doctor gave it to me before I went to Alaska. Being full of groves and joints, unless you knew how, it was a terror to clean and when Mrs, Van, just to tease me and not to be mean, asked do you call that clean I could hardly keep back the tears, I was still that much of a kid. But when she saw I took it seriously she said x nice things about my work. She was a very simple, unaffected woman and we grew to be great friends,

In the evening I wrote up the records for the day getting notes from the Doctor and writing my own account of the operations with whatever changes he choose to make. About eleven oclock at night I would leave for my room, a few steps away at 261 South 16th. and the next morning at nine I was on the job again. That was for five days a week for on Saturdays, after clinic in the afternoon, I was usually free to go home to BrynMawr until Monday. Van was awfully good about postponing Sunday operations, largely on my account I am sure, and it was only on rare occasion that I was called in. It was voluntary on his part for I never asked it and was ready for service any time and all the time if he wanted me. That was part of the job, and I loved my work and was very happy, for I had not been there long before it became evident that I was giving satisfaction and that they liked me and that was everything. I certainly loved them and before I had to

take up hospital work at Hahnemann I was treated more like a son than an outsider. What more could a mother and father do than they did when I had a sever attack of bowel trouble the second summer I was there? Father and Mother and and the rest of my family were away and I was quite sick. It looked as though it might be typhoid for a day or two. So the VanHenneps insisted that I should stay with them and the Doctor and his wife even moved from their room on the second floor to one next mine on the third and Mrs. Van Lennep came in to see if I was all right two or three times that night. They could easily have gotten a nurse to look after me or sent me to the hospital but no, Mrs. Van must do it herself. That was more than forty years ago but you see I have not forgotten that ministry of love nor am I every likely to.

In the Van Lennep family there was one child, Rebecca, a girl of about nine, rather spoiled but we soon became good friends and she seemed very fond of me as time wore on. Then there was a nephew, Gustave A., born in Turkey, to the son of a Congregational missionary, Van's father, and a French mother. Gustave, or Gus had been educated in Great Barrington, Mass. by another brother of the Doctor's who had a private school there and having finished the prep course Doctor was putting him thwo the medical preparatory course at the University of Pennsylvania in West Pliladelphia, where he was studying when I joined the household. He rowed on the Freshmen crew and while somewhat younger than I we soon became fast friends, a friendship that has had many a test in the years since then but which stands the test and endures in full measure today altho we have seen very little of each other in the past few years. Gus was quiet, studious and reliable clean and an earnest Christian altho not active in Church work.

Then there was Mrs. VanLenneps, father, Mr. Hart who was an invalid liveing on the third floor with a colored male nurse and whom

we seldom saw. For a short time before I went to Alaska Mr. VanLenneps mother lived there but that was after Mr. Hart died. Mrs. Van lennep Sr. was a New England woman who had spent nearly her whole life in Turkey in Mission work with her husband and she was much interested in my determination to go into that same kind of work, indeed she rather took me in as another son also. I was very fond of her, for while the Doctor was bitter against the Mission Board for real or imagined injustices to his father and even rather scoffed at Christianity, his mother, feeling that injustice had been done, still held her faith and made excuses for the Commisioners, as the Secretaries of that Board were called.

Pretty promptly at nine in the morning I would come into and most often found the Doctor at breakfast altho his office hour was supposed to begin at that time. But he did not linger long at the table. Some of his patients I helped get ready for treatment or redressed surgical cases. While the Doctor saw others, I sat in the 'back room' a room intended for the dining and at the end of the first floor hall, immediately in front of the Kitchen, which had been fitted as a sort of auxilliary laboratory and lounge. Here also the Doctor would often sit and smoke between patients and here, students, an occasional former assistant or young M.D. would gather sometimes in the evening to talk, exchange experiences or discuss some new operation and to smoke the Doctor's Turkish cigarette, quite a novelty then, and drink his beer of which he consumed rather liberal quantities, much to my regret. He could never get me to taste it, even, and in later days, as he more and more thied to get me to give up my missionary dream I have heard him say to a bartender, when we happenedto be off on a trip together, I'll give you five dollars if you'll get this man, pointing to me, to take a drink. But the barkeep only looked at me and smiled and gave it up. It was no credit to VanLennep, that sort of thing altho he doubtless thought he was doing the best thing for me in try-

trying to make me take more interest in his world, the flesh but not the devil, surely, for so he thought to wean me from my determination to go into foreign mission work.

But I started to tell how we spent our day. Office hour often lasted until noon and after the last patient had been seen we often went to lunch together, I as his guest, on our way to the hospital for an operation or clinic. He would see his patients, I with him taking notes writing his orders or redressing under his directions or helping him to do so. He saw his ~~post-operative~~ operated patients the same evening of the operation and in severe cases I was left at the hospital or the room to note symptoms and report to him, but that did not happen often. If the operation was at home we'd be off in the carriage, a closed coupe with a single horse, plain but in good form, or he would meet me ready for the operation. About four we would be thro that period of work and I would get to the office to ~~mark~~ clean up and repack for the next, while Van went to his favorite club, the Union League. Then dinner, I was often asked to stay with them for that meal but if I went to Agustine and Baptists around the corner near my room I was back about seven and finished my chores or far more often mounted a high stool to the desk abobe the safe and wrote the record of the days work in large calf bound books, a page or more to each patient all carefully indexed. While I was at that Van most a often studied some operation booked for the next day, or the anatomy of that region or worked on his lecture notes, while Mrs. Vanlennep sewed near by. There were evening office hours but not many came, very often no one at all as the Doctor did not care to develop that side of his practice. Along about 11 oclock I would go to my room and it was a day.

This program was varied, now and then by some call to go out of town to operate, generally an emergency and it was a rush to get there as quickly as possible. I remember once that we were on our way to Harrisburg and I suppose I was tired but, anyway, I went to sleep and

when I awoke as we were nearing the station, my head was resting on X Van's big manly chest. How long it had been there I do not know but he had not disturbed me. That was the kind of a man he was to those he liked. But don't think for aminute that he was not a strong,viril, masculin man. He was. Over six feet tall and big in proportion;Big in body, big in brain and big in life he inspired wonderful confidence the moment he entered a sick room.

Our trips sometimes took us into odd places. One cold winter forenoon we had a hurry call to Washington N.J. a town near the northern border. No trains connected direct but the Doctor who called on phone told Van that if he went to Easton and drove some twenty miles in a sleighhe could reach there by night. We did that and maybe it was not a cold ride. When we reached the town we found the hotel man's daughter violently ill with some abdominal inflammation, evedently not appendicitis and an immediate operation was decided on. No hospital was available so a room was prepared and in very unsatisfactory surroundings, with poor light the Doctor went to work. And it was none too soon for he found a dermoid cyst, twisted on its pedicle and moveing rapidly toward gangreen. It contained long hair and two or three teeth, one of those strange freaks that occasionally occur. As the girl was about twenty and very pretty indeed I guess we were more than usually sympathetic, indeed it is more than probable that I was anyway. We went to Trenton by train the next morning and so home and I returned in a day or two to redress and look things over. The girl made an uneventful recovery.

A class of cases which we both especially disliked were dihtheria cases. Antitoxin was unknown and intubation after a tracheotomy was thought to be the proper treatment in advanced sases where the membrane was shutting off the air supply. Ofcourse, such patients were very sick indeed, almost always children,to be operated in their homes

under very unfavorable conditions. There was no time for cleaning the room and it was seldom attempted as infection of the wouund was rare, the paatient often dieing before it could occur. The operation was almost hopeless but it offered a last chance which was generally taken. The air of the room was sickening with the horrible odor of the disease and the Doctor and I necessarily had to bend over close to the patients mouth and nose. Often caughing would follow even a few breaths of chloroform and pieces of membrane and mucus would fly about. The little patient struggled for we dared not push the anesthetic, and the turgid vessels bled copiously, a our nervers were worn ragged with strain and sympathy. Fortunately, it did not last long and we could get away.

Then to get into a smking car or a smoking room and smoke and soak in smoke for an hour or two for Van believed that that was the best possible disenfectant under the circumstances and that tobacco smoke prevented infection in our own throats and nasal cavities. When we returned to the office we washed our hair and applied some disenfectant and neither we nor any of the family ever contracted the disease. But for days I felt I was just one big hot bed of the terrible Klebs-Loeffler bacilli, florishing mightily.

When Gustave had finished his first year at the U of P the Doctor thought it would be well for us to have a little vacation. College Hahnemann where Van lectured was over and the summer fullness had begun, and he suggested I take Gus with me. I was only too glad to do so for we were good friends. So we went to Morehead City, N.C. to see Helena. Roy and gone into the lumber business there and was operating a small saw mill there and Helen was delighted to see someone from home.

Morehead City was a little town not much more than a fishing village on Bogue Sound opposite Beaufort and across the inlet from that larger village. Roy had a'sharpie' as the sailboats used there

were called. They were flatbottomed, centerboard boats of all sizes, the larger ones carrying two sails, a sort of modified lego'mutton rig that reefed on the mast and very handy and safe. Sandbars were every where in the sound but these boats would travel on a heavy dew and not tuch ground. We sailed and went bathing in the ocean crossing the Sound and then a narrow sand strip to reach it. I never saw a finer beach with a wealth of shells to make it all the more interesting. Sea food was delicious and abundant and we gorged on it. Watermellons were small but sweet and fine flavor, and that reminds me of one of the oddest fees I ever had. The child of Roys foreman was sick and Roy asked me to see her. We crossed the back channel in the sharpie and I saw the child in her very humble home. As we came out the foreman said, " Doctor, I reckon I don't Know what yoor charge is but I lowe I Kain't pay it." But I got some mighty fine watermellons outheah if y'd take one of them? I assured him I did not entend him to charge him anything but he insisted I have a melon. I sat on the high rail fence by the melon patch and he selected a melon, cracked it open and passed me the heart. I have never tasted its equal.

Gus and I were introduced to the belle of the town and about the only possible girl there except at the big hotel, probabally. We did not go there, not even look in for Roy and Helena did not seem to take any interest in it. Families from as far south as Georgia came to spend the summer there and now doubt it would have been most interestin to have know them. But our belle was named Lillie Bell so she was the real thing and we found her full of fun after her shyness of these two men from the 'noth' had worn off as we sat on the 'teeter board' for the first time. We had never seen one before and now-a-days they call them gliders! tho hers was home made and simply made.

Over on the east side of the Inlet was a old fort that had been built long ago and served in the Rebellion. We went to see it. Heavy brick walls set among the sand dunes it was not unlike Fortress Mun-

moe at Old Point Comfort,Va., only much smaller and with no moat about it. There was a lone colored Sargent in charge and he was glad to see someone and took us pretty generally over the whole place. The most interesting place was the magazine for small arms which did not seem to have been cleaned out since Civel war days and had pistol cartridges with the powder encloses in thin paper. The men caught the ends of these with their teeth and tore them open before cramming them into their rew volvers. He allowed us to take some for souvinirs.

Back at the office again we found the house all fixed for the summer. Carpets were covered with linen, chandiliers, with cheese cloth for there were no screens in the windows, and Dr. VanLennep had the first fly swatter I ever saw, which he kept by his hand at his desk as he worked. Mrs. VanLennep and Becky had gone to the Traymore in Atlantic City where the Doctor ran down from time to time as work would permit. Much of the time I slept on a couch at the foot of his bed as we were alone in the house a great deal, Gus being away somewhere or other. So the summer wore on.

When the Doctor was away I 'took office hour' always a rather trying experience. The Doctor was a tall man and the ceilings in those older Philadelphia house were very high. Between the office and the waiting room there were tall swinging doors, and when I swung one open, in the morning and said 'DrVanLennep is away from the city' those who had been waiting and had straightened up with a look of pleased anticipation slumped down with disappointment and when I added that I would see those who desired it there was generally a rather complete exodus. I could not blame them for, certainly I was not Dr. VanLennep. Some of the patients who kenew be better would come in and I would take care of them. Those patients had one advantage, however. They did not have to wait long for I made it a strict rule to be ready at nine oclock sharp.

I had some strange experiences as assistant to the Doctor and about the strangest was with a tall big society man who came frequently for treatment which was quite painful. Ihad to cocainize the part for about ten minutes then the Doctor came in and gave the treatment. The patient swore like a pirate and I remained in the treatment room to pass Van the needed instruments. I have been with some pretty rough men and in some pretty trying places but I never heard such a flow of varied and emphatic profanity. I do not beleive my face showed my horror and certainly, I made no verbal comment but imagine my surprize, one morning when this man apoligized to me very comp letely and humbly and thereafter grinned and bore it or only allowed himself a mild damn. Many years later I met him at a meeting of the Charities Committe of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce of which I was a member for a long time. He apparently did not remember me tho courteous as to all and I did not recal the fact that I was Van's assistant. The casue of hiss illness was not one that men car to remember.

As I have indicated, Van tried to make me give up my missionary plans. So he tried to interest me in a different kind of life than my rather narrow circle at Bryn Mawr. After considerable difficulty he persuaded father to put up the price for membership in the Bachelor's Barge Club that had a boat house on the Schuylkill near the Fairmoun t dam and still has I guess. He took me to meet the Membership committee at the Union League and ofcourse I was at once asked to have somet hing to drink. I t ook a Hires Celser lemonade of which they served a large glass. The night was hot and the drink was cool and before I realized it I had finished. Then another member ask what I would have to drink and i took another Celser lemonade and before we got away I was as nearly drowned as I have ever been. It is pretty sure I never would have gotten in had it not been for Van's influence for I was utt ly

utterly out of it with those men and their society godsip; this man and that man's escapades; men whom I did not know or care to know. Gus and I went to the club house two or three times and found a birch canoe, much to our joy, but the proper thing was a single or double shell. We went to the 'Button' a little house owned by the club at the mouth of the Wisahickon Creek and had supper but it was no use. I did'nt drink and so I did not mix with the members and that club membership was soon over

Van made another attempt. Knowing how fond I was of shooting he again persuaded father to put up the price for a membership in a very exclusive little club which owned a shooting schoner that cruised in the Nautilus the Chesapeke and the Virginia sounds. There were ~~xix~~ only six or eight members and so it cost a pretty penny to keep it going. But as father was opposed to my going to the mission fields he hoped Van's plans would succeed. Van had great respect for Mother but he had no use for father except to work him for these alleged attractions.

Three or four of my medical friends were my guests on one trip to the Nautilus that set me back quite a bit~~x~~. By that time the Doctor was paying me $10 per week. The weather was bad and we got nothing more that a terribly muddy walk on shore altho we had a good deal of fun joaking and kidding. But as I did not drink and as my scrouple would not allow me to offer any to my guests the trip could not be considered a success. They had to return to their offices but I stayed for some shooting and went out in a sink box the next mobning,my first and I am sure my last experience with those inventions of the devil, now, happily, against the law. This contrivance is a coffin shaped, watertight box with a folding platform on each end and the sides. Long before daylight it is taken out a mile or more from the schooner and achonered in a place thought suitable and then weighted

with iron decoyx ducks, placed onx the woden wings that rest on the water, until, with the weight of the gunner, the box was flush with x the water, a narrow strip of sheet lead being turned up alomg the sides of the box to keep small ripples out. Ofcourse it cannot be used in rough water. Woden decoys are placed all around so that the box appearss to be in the center of the large flock of ducks, and is scarcely nociable. The attendin boat then goes back to the schoner, the gunner, clad inx long rubber boots and plenty of warm clothing, having climed into the coffin and lain down, full length with a small pad to slightly raise his hed. There he lies, able to see a little on either side and a long way straight ahead while he looks for every tiny wave to come splashing into his not too comfortable bed. Sometimes he gets marveleus shooting but those ducks had had experience and, unlike their human brothers who claim to be so wise, they learn with marveleus rapidity. There were a lot of other sickboxes or batteries, as they are also called, scattered all over the bay, many farther down and as the ducks fly up stream they were shot at all along the line. There were no flocks, only single birds and one started up it was bang, bang all the time. With every beng the duck shifted gear to a greater speed, until he was going like an airplane in a speed race when he reached me. In proper form I sat up and fired when the duck was in range but I suppose he was a half mile up the bay when my shot arrived where I hoped he would be. If the ducks had behaved properly they would have come in flocks and slowed up to the decoys and just a s they were ready to drop then give them the right barrel, swing your legs over the side of the box and give them the left as the gather for a new flight. But they would not behave and after after an hour or two at th few streaking comets that came along I signaled fo be taken out. I'd had quite enough. I believex the Captain took my place

and shot a few ducks before the sun got too high and 'the flight' was over.But any man who thought that was 'a flight' ought to go to ALASKA.

I had planned to stay a few days for some days are much better the Captain assured me but my private opinion was that with 40 gunners for every duck some days might be just so and the others a good deal worse and I was not so keen. Beside, I did not feel so good and that night had quite a bit of fever. In the morning an eruption appeared pretty much all over me and I headed for home without delay. I should have gone to the smoker but felt too mean so got a seat in the back of a Pullman and hoped no one would notice my increasing pimples. Arriveing in the city I went to Dr. VanLennep but only to the waiting room for I was afraid I might spred contagion and had suspicions of small pox. Giving the Doctor some of the ducks I hurried home and had a fine attack of <u>chicken pox</u> some of whose scars are still with me.

The second summer at 1421 the Doctor was only too glad to have Gus go with Harry and me on a camping trip to Maine. We had great fun planning it and that trip was destined to give me one of the most remarkable experiences I ever had. For some reason Mother had gone to the Club House on Megantic Lake to be joined by Father later on. She had written indicating that she was rather lonely so what nicer than for me to go in advance of the other boys and give her a surprize visit for a few day as we planned to camp in that general region.

Off I went for our plans were complete, and what fun to plan a camping trip for weeks before one goes. The Sound boat to Boston, train up into Maine and a little narrow gauge R.R., that Sandy River road I have written about, to some little place where a stage took me to Fred Viles house in Philips for the night. Fred was to be our guide. Along about in the afternoon of the second day I began to feel very mean indeed and without any warning. I had a thermometer

My thermometer showed I had a considerable fever and my throat began to feel sore. Then I Knew; TONSILLITIS! and on my way to the woods! The remedies in the bag for emeregencies were just what I need for here was one of those rare emenrgencies for which a man carries medecines all his life. But like pistols in Texas' you don't need them often but when you do, you need them badly!' By the time I reached the little station where I was to take the stage I was nearly delirious No doubt the driver thought I was drunk and no doubt, he was accustomed to city sports who arrived in that condition. But he was a good sort and got a blanket out of my trunk and spred it under the seats on the floor, it was one of those long three seated wagons, and I went sound asleep only to awake when I reached the Viles house in Stratton. Fred Viles who was to be our guide and his nice wife were kindness itself inspite of their small sonwhom I told them to keep away from me and I was soon in bed.

The next morning, I was so much better, no doubt due to Homoeopathy, I felt I could push on as I was due to meet the boys a few days later. Fred took me to ustice in his buckboard where he got me a horse to ride as I was too weak to walk, his small son, Bernie, going alon g to bring the horse back. At the lower lakex of The Chain of Ponds th old Natanis took me to the camp where Mother, Mrs. Perks and party had camped some years before and there I stopped for the night. The blankets in the cabin had not been well aired and the bough were damp and I did not sleep well and the next morning I My throat was mighty sore. I had a twelve mile walk ahead of me but that was no place to be sick and dear Mother was at the end of the trail and I began to want her very badly. So to push on. The care taker, Mr. Lambert whom I knew well took me in a row boat to the Upper Lake and I was off on a good plain trail for my lonely stroll.

Walking seemed to limber me up and make my throat better and

before long I reached Massachusetts Bog, about half way feeling in pret-good shape. This place was noted for deer and you could see one there and sometimes a moose almost any time. But as I crept to the bushes at the edge and peered out there was just the expanse of grass and little ponds and lilly pads and nothing alive. With six mile or more ahead, I did not watch long and after a bit to eat and a little rest I pushed on. The last miles seemed interminable and streched out in unknown distances for I had only been over that trail once before and that was that night when Mrs. Perks was along and Bishop led us astray. At last, just as I had about decided that somehpw I must have gotten on the wrong trail, that welcome glimmer of light that tells one that a clearing is near or a lake, appeared ahead and in a few moments I entered the Club House. The Steward said Mrs. Wilbur was in the dineing room, you know Mother knew notheing of my coming and thought I was still at home. A more surprized woman you never saw as I walked in the dineing room and found her eating lunch with a man, the only other guest in the house. We teased her alot about my terrible discovery. And then I was sick, good and hard and If I did not cheer Mother at least I kept her mind fully occupied for a day or two and how good it was to see her dear face above me and feel the gentle ministry of her beloved hands.

Before I had to leave to meet the boys we had time for some nice rides on the lake and one picnic up Spider River where Mother could cast her alloreing fly for trout and then, far too soon, I was off for and early start back to The Chain. My throat was raw but I was feeling pretty fit and made the twelve miles in good time, and soon was at the camps, this time with a dry bed you may be sure. Tramping back toward Esutice, the next morning, I kept my eyes peeled looking for a split stick by the trail with a note in it telling where to turn to the Dead River nearby and helloo for Fred Viles, all as prevbously arranged.

Note. Althe I took the materials to continue this story to Lavallette last summer, time passed without writing any and it is now January 9th, 1935 and my children urge me to continue. So - - -.

Fred had told me, as well as he could, where to look for the stick and the note but it is rather hard for a city man to recognize the 'sign' in the woods. The number of miles from the Chain was the best guide but that I had to guess at for there are no signposts on a forest trail. You may be sure I kept my eyes glued to the left hand side of the narrow path as I hurried along, wondering if I had passed the note and should I go back? Then,--- there it is! a peeled white stick split at top with a bit of paper held there. Lifting my voice in a mighty call I sent out a hellee across the river and throught the forest. Fred's answering shout sounded mighty good and soon we were back at the camp we were to occupy with Gus and Harry. The three cabins were on Chase pond, a little lake, perhaps a half mile long, so pretty and so quiet on calm days and in the evenings we called it Mirror Lake. Fred had the cabins swept out and the place rid up and part of the supplies in so after a little more work we went down the river in his canoe to Eustis and so to his home in Stratten to meet the boys that night.

They came all right but the next day was so rainy it was foolish to start to camp but the following day found us four and our duffle paddling up the Dead River toward camp. Fred's canoe was a marvel, unusually larger, and yet high in the water. A happier bunch could not be found. Even quiet Fred caught the contagion but we were pretty quiet about if for any minute we might see a deer around the next bend.

Fred Viles was the best guide I ever knew. Better educated than most of that class he was effecient, kind, thoughtful and cheerful strong and big, a great worker but never bothering or officious.

He loved fun and a joke but could be positive if occasion needed it.

It had been arranged before hand that I was to cook and the chores were divided between the others so that no one had much work and to cook was just fun. The pictures of that camp in album no.3. are still very good and there are also two stories of what happened ~~in~~ while in camp that year. One day the ~~wind~~ wind was streng across the lake and we tried to see who cou;d paddle the big canoe against the wind while seated in the stern. Those who have had experience in canoeing know how difficult that is. I was the only successful one but I guess Fred did not try. Perhaps it was because I was lighter weight and so did not threw the bow so high but I was tough and streng and chuck full of energy and those long miles I paddled in the West did not go for nothing.

Fred had a little house, clean as wax with a fine wife at Stratton and generally wanted to spend part of a day there about every week to do chores. He would get supplies and bring back the mail. I liked the trip down the river and back again and I wanted my mail from Florence and Maud especially so I went with him for a couple of ~~trips~~ trips and nearly broke up our happy camp. Harry did not like to be left to do the work. He wasnt lazy but he had been~~n~~working hard and it was all agreed that I should do the cooking. So I gave those trips up and we had no end pleasure ~~on~~ ~~trips~~ ~~trips~~.at that camp.

A trip to another lake some miles away showed us a beaver house and brought us some fine trout,, altho we had to build a raft to get them. We drew lots to see who should go with Fred for the first ~~deer~~ deer and a very easy shot under the jack brought down a big doe for me. I felt very badly about it but Fred signaled me to shoot and there she lay. When we needed meat again Harry tried but without success and then Gus and Fred went up the river one forenoon to try for a daylight shot and 'jack' on their way down leaveing Harry and I to see if we, by ourselve

could get a deer at a little bog about half a mile from camp. Does that look like killing game for the fun of it? I repeat: none of our family or friends on any camping or outing trip ever killed more game than we could take care of and never killed just for the fun of killing, or to make a record. Neither Harry or I nor any one else thought we had much chance of getting a deer at the bog and as Gus, had never shot at a deer we were not very sure of his getting one and he did'nt.

Harry and I loafed around after lunch until nearly sundown and then started out to the most unusual avdenture that ever befel me. We had never been to the bog tho Fred told us where the trail began and as the guides often considered a blind path thro the woods to be as plain as the open road Harry took an ax to blaze a trail so we could return easily if the path was too obscure. We had drawn lots and it fell to me to do the shooting, if we were lucky enought to get a shot. Fly dope wwas smeared on our faces and hands liberally for while we did not have much bother from them around camp they were sure to be fierce at any bog. Those bogs, you know, are little lakes altho sometimes they are quite large, whose banks are just quagmires of moss, pitcher plants and roots, often growing out over the water and sometimes supported, if that is the word, by softest mud. They don't seem to have any bottom for even up to the very banks they is just soft oozy mud, not the sticky kind but just so soft it offers no support at all to anyone who falls in. But we knew what they were and were not bothered about that. We knew well that if a fellow did get in it was mighty hard to claw out for the bottom gave no support to the feet and the bank was so soft that it was very hard to get anything to which to hold.

We found the trail perfectly clear and as we quietly neared the bog a deer whistled and with great eaution we crawled into the fox-

laurel that grew close to the water edge. The flies, ~~mp~~ mosquitoes and midges were terrible but we did not dare to make any quick movement to drive them away. Very slowly and cautiously we would bend our heads down until we could get our hand up behind the bushes and rub the pests away from our eyes. The dope helped a lot but it just could'nt keep all these swarms away. ~~I was in front with~~. I was in front with a 44 caliber Winchester rifle, full magazine, holding 12 carteidges ~~xxxkkm~~ when fully charged. We did not expect to get more than two shots at most so had only put 6 cartridges in the chamber. Harry was a little behind me and the light breeze ~~the wind~~ was blowing toward us. We had seen to that.

The sun had disappeared behind the mountain; there was that hush that comes just at sunset: there did not seem to be a sound except the infernal hum of the insects about our heads. We were cramped nad tense and damp and very uncomfertable and the chance of a deer coming out seemed very small anyway and was it worth while, and, then--- right across the bog, 300± yards away, a yearling buck stepped out from the trees and stood looking this way and that and apparantly exactly at the very spot where we sat like statues. But he did not see us or wind us and began to walk slowly along near the trees where the ground was fairly firm. "Don't shoot" whispered Harry as he snaked low down around in front of me to give me a rest for the rifle. "He's coming this way"! Ofcourse he only moved when the deer's head was down as he browsed along, coming slowly toward us. Even in the excietment I was not to tense to note his grace and beauty. "Put the sights to 200 yards" said Harry. The deer showed some signs of restlessness. Had some suspicious sound reached him or some quiver of a twig or some stray whiff of man-scent? "Better shoot, he's going out" The rifle was already over Harry shoulder and I sighted hurredly and fired. It was the days of black powder and the smoke hid everything but with no thought or conscious purpose I had sprung to my feet and as the smoke cleared away there stood the deer stareing at the strange

creature that so suddenly had sprung from nowhere. Had he not been so young and inexperienced he would have leaped to the woods the next second but there he stood and I fired again. A leap and there he was looking at me at hard as before. It did not seem possible but as I fired the third time he went straight up inthe air,head first,nose pointed to the sky and so astonishingly high. And then he came down in a heap and Harry and I, yelling like savages, ran toward him keeping well away from the edge of the bog.

Had we just walked quietly toward him it might ave been a different story but who can tell? For before we were half way to the buck he had, somehow, wriggled to the water and was swimming in small circles round and round, near the edge of the shore. We stopped and I fired again, never thinking to lower my sights or make allowances. Another miss. "Waite until we are on top of him'yells Harry as we run nearer Twenty feet away and bang! another miss for we are both about crazy by this time, and I guess the poor deer was too. The hammer falls again but no report follows, for I had fired the last cartridge.

The deer was still swimming in circles coming quite near to the shore. Evidently he was partly paralyzed but seemed to be getting stronger. Harry had kept hold of the axe thro it all and I shouted to him to hit the deer on the head as he came near the bank. There are places, here and there, where a sort of hummock at the edge make it possible to get close to the water and Harry managed to reach one these and raised his axe for a mighty swat as the deer neared him. The ax decended, the wobbly hummock gave way and Harry went down in the ooze almost to his neck and the deer circled on. The ax went down with Harry and It's small wonder that he left it there.

I saw Harry clawing at the spongy bank trying to get out but my thoughts were on the deer and I called, "I'll swim out and cut his throat" "Here!" yelled Harry, "Get me out of this! I'm sinking in the mud." That rather quieted me for the moment and I reached out the stock of the rifle and hauled him out to more solid ground. Then, without waiting to ~~take off~~ take off my heavy hunting shoes I lay down and wiggled over the mushy edge and swam to the deer, my knife ready in my teeth.

Thrusting out my hand to grasp an ear and so throw his head back I felt a sharp blow and and found my hand bleeding freely. A blow from ~~the~~ razor-like edge of a hoof had ~~meut~~ a gash across the back of my hand, not very big or very serious but very much of a surprize. I had often heard how deadly were the hoofs of a deer but I had not counted on his being able to use them in the water. So I backed off a bit and ~~wx~~ waited for him to come around again in his circle and decided on a new plan of attack. As he went by I grabbed his tail and slid onto his back and reached foreward for the ear again but, like a bucking bronco his head went under water and I went over his head. Somehow I escaped that flying hoof. It was a very close call for had he struck my side he would have ripped me open as a child tears a paper bag.

I was pretty well winded by this time and never heard Harry ~~xx~~ shouting to come ashore. My Blood was up and I wanted meat and I ~~wx~~ wanted it badly and I was going to have it. Once more grabbing that tail I mounted my steed again but this time I kept well to the rear and got the ear and slashed my knife twice across his neck and slid back quickly over his rump and, almost played out, paddled ashore where Harry dragged me ~~in~~ up on the moss and I lay panting. The deer was ~~x~~ quite dead, floating on the water.

~~Harry was for going out and getting the carcas but that was my deer and after a few minutes I swam out and towed him ashore. And~~

Harry was for going out and getting the carcas but that was my deer and I wanted to finish the job. So, after getting my breath I was wiggling over the moss and mud to the water. I took powerful strokes with my arms, kicked vigorously but did not seem to get any nearer to the deer. More effort and no more progress. Then I realized that Harry was doubled up with laughter. After struggling to get his breath he called."Your feet are still ashore. Kick ahead a little" If was a fact. My heavy water soaked shoes were kicking in the soft mushy margin of the bog and I thought they were in water. But the deer was soon ashore.

Then I found that the right leg of my heavy trowsers and drawers was cut in ribbons, just as tho someone had slashed them up and down with a razor. It came to me that as I was riding my deer I had felt something striking the back of my leg, rather lightly. It was that hoof of the uninjured hind leg striking down. My leg was only barely scratched but a-gain I realized I had had a very close call. Had my leg been a little nearer to that hoof what it would have done to the big blood vessels in the back of the leg is not pleasant to think about. As we dragged the deer into the bushes for Fred to get later we saw why he had jumped so high and swam in circles, The first shot that hit him had gone just inside the horn, over the skull 'creased him' and doubtless paralyzed one side.

For some reason Harry seemed to think I was in a bad way. I was shivering and shaking from nerves for it was'nt cold and Harry insisted in rushing me back to camp and between blankets while he gave me something hot to drink. It was'nt whiskey or liquor for I would not have taken it if he had offered, it but I dont believe there was any in camp.

When we told Fred about it he could hardly believe it and shook his head and said in his quiet but most impressive way " I would'nt try it again if I miss you" and I never did.

There were no bad effects from my adventure. My hand healed without infection tho it had been dragged thru mud and moss and all sorts of things and I was very proud of the scar which I still carry altho it is very small now.

As in all camps, the sad time came when we must pack up and return to work and we determined that we would first pack our last day chock full of good times. In the forenoon we tramped to a lake for fishing some two or three miles away and had lunch and in the late afternoon we returned to the river by a different trail and had supper on the bank about dusk. Altho we wanted to give Gus a shot we did'nt care much whether he get one or not and apparently neither did he. So we laughed and talked and smoked and clattered tin ware and when it was quite dark lighted our jack and all four bundled into the canoe.

Deer were not so very thick but would you believe it, we had hardly gone a hundred yards before the jack light fell on a big doe standing on the high bank ahead of us. Of course we had all agreed on a buck and to shoot nothing else. So Fred slid the canoe over toward the doe which stood with her rump toward us and did not seem to be aware of the light at all. Nearer and nearer the canoe slips along until we are not twenty feet away. There is considerable current in the river and Fred fears we will be drifted away. How he ever managed to hold that canoe across the current without pushing on the bottom is still a mystery. So Fred shouted, "Hello, hello, hello, Old Fellow! The doe quivered as tho struck by a heavy blow but still stood looking into the woods. Then the canoe struck a sunken log, gently but the doe, with one high bound was in the forest and away. We howled with joy at the beautiful sight and swung on down the river.

Fred had said before we first started that we would'nt see any deer for a mile at least and by all the laws of hunting we should not after all the racket we made, but there was one, anyway.

Strange as it is, we had not gone 30 yards before we saw another doe and had a fine view of her as she stood well in the light. Shortly after that a deer whistled and crashed around in the bushes just out of sight. It looked as tho they had all come to see what all the noise was about!

Then we went quite a piece, perhaps half a mile down the river before we saw another. A snapping twig to our right, caught Fred's ear and instantly we were all tense and listening as Fred slowly swung the bow toward shore. It is generally believed that a deer will not come out of the brush to the water when the light is shining directly on where he is and, as we did'nt care much whether we got a shot or not, Fred kept the light steadily on the place where we all heard considerable crackling. Talk about the quiet of the'night before Christmas' ! There certsinly,"not a creature was stirring" except as the deer would move now and then, uneasily. After what seemed a long time to us, I suppose it may have been five minutes, the bushes at the river edge slowly parted and a yearling buck thrust his head into view. It was a hard place to hold the boat, directly across the current which was quite strong. But Fred did it and the ray of light never left the deer an instant. If it had the deer would be gone like a flash.

We could see his stubby horns clearly and his wide,wondering eyes as he looked at what I suppose he thought was the moon. But if the Moonit must have been very, very"full" indeed for never did a mmmm moon seem so near or to hang so low over the water. But he was young and foolish, tho, no doubt,like many another young thing, just vergaing into manhood, he thought he knew it all.Then very slowly he stepped out and into the water, dipping his muzzel a moment, then lifting his head to look at that silly moon again. With wonderful skill Fred brought the canoe slowly and silently toward the deer as we all sat like stone

images shure our thumping hearts,which were not of stone, would be heard by those alert ears. The tension was terrific as we slid so slowly and silently foreward. We hardly dared to breath. Any wise deer would never have taken the chance or allowed us to get so near for, by this time Gus,who was sitting in the bow, could almost touch the buck with his gun.But this dear was a young fellow'who knew it all8 and could take care of himself. Every hairw on the lithe, graceful body was plainly seen,every shading of red-brown to white perfectly clear. Stepping slowly along, his dainty feet just barely in the water, a beautiful sight of gentle loveliness. And there we were,four bleod thirsty savages,longing to kill! But we did not feel that way then.

Head down; head up: Eyes stairing, nostrils quivering, ears thrown sharply foreward. Hed down, nose nuzzling around in the cool water, tail wpipping back and fotth: Hed quickly up,did he catch some little sound? For one little'tunk' of the paddle on the canoe; one tiny scrape on the river bottom, one least motion and off he would go in a flash.

Gus sat with the cocked rifle across his knees, close behind him I sat, Harry next and Fred in the stern. It is generally arranged beforehm hand, especially with inexperienced hunters, that the guide will give the boat a slight quiver, just a tiny motbien of the hips, but plain enough to the man in the bow,as a signal when to shoot. Gus and the deer were now face to face and only a few feet apart and we felt the quiver pass along the canoe. But Gus did not move. After an interval, Gus still immovable, Harry took a big chance and whippered, " Shoot, Gus, Shoot"! But nothing happened, Gus and the deer still stared on. Then I whispered,"Shoot, Gussie, Shoot" ! Still no action. But the buck caught a whiff or heard a sound or saw behind the light or something.for with one big leap he was out in the river, splashing

acroas and into the woods. A crash or two and he was away like a limited expsess and all was still.

After a few moments Fred said, in a rather agrived voice, "Why in thunder did'nt you shoot?" Gus slowly pushed his slouch hat far down over his forehead, scrached his head and mumbled " Why - - Why I did'nt think about ~~it~~ it." We almost fell out of the canoe laughing and as it was about midnight and an early start before us in the morning we somewhat reluctantly turned toward camp.

What a day it had been, I find in an old diary the menu for the dinner that day, it was a special dinner as we did not have lunch in the woods, it seems. Heres the bill of fare, Camp Sweetbriar, Mirror Lake Maine, July 17, 1893. B.K.Wilbur, cook.

Chicken soup, canned style
Brook trout fried in butter, hard tack & anchovy sauce
Roast Venison, Elder sauce, Boiled potatoes, a la Nesmuck, Green peas Stratton brand, New England green corn, Royal unfermented bread a la Bert.
Tinned tea, lime juice, spring water.
Pumpkin pie, Rational style, Stewed apricots, Graham wafers.
Old Dairy cheese Bents chackers.
Maple sugar, au naturel
Coffee & Pipes.
And the diary says 'Then we rested much and long!'

That certainly was the greatest camping trip I ever had and we were all as good friends at the end as at the beginning which does not always follow.

On our way out I saw Bob Philips the game warden. You remember he was running the camp, at King and Bartlett lake when we went there and I knew him well. I knew he had been going up and down the trail only a short distance from our camp and I said to him. " Why did'nt you come and see us Bob?" "Say ; Young fella" he replied, "I was afraid I'd see horns growin straight out o'your head." What he meant was that I had eaten enough venison to make deers horns grow in my head. He knew very well that we never slaughterd deer or he would have been

on us in a minute. He knew we had been getting enough meat to supply our needs, when we could, altho my diary records many days when we were desperately tired of HAM. But he stayed away because he was afraid that he might see something that would force him to take action and he did not want to do that.

It was while I was with Dr. Van Lennep that Roy Elliott was so ill im Morehead City, N.C. and Dr Van thought I ought to go to my sister at once. You remember I told about visiting there with Gus but I made another trip there with Florence Humphreys. That was a most unusual thing to do in those days for we went alone with no chaperone and had to travel overnight on a steamboat. Just how Mother ever came to consent I do not know for it was most unlike her. When we got on the boat there was such a tough crowd of men aboard that I though I ought to keep Florence under my direct protection so I simply gave her name to the Purser without the Miss and got connecting state rooms, and told her to leave the door between unbolted and to call me if there was any trouble. My Oh! How my sister did scold us when we told her about it later. I wonder what she would say to a boy and a girl taking a two week auto trip together. It's simply a matter of course today.

I found Roy desperately ill with some form of fever and two old, very Old School doctors in attendance and filling him up with antipyrine, a comparatively new and much vaunted remedy for any fever. What was I to do? Could I assume the responsibility for an entirely different method of treatment/? I had been out of college only a year or two at most and had no experience in treatment of such cases and naturally Helena did not have a great deal of confidence in me. I did not have long to ponder the question for the second night Roy roused from apparent quiet sleep, raised up in bed and the overburden

heart gave out.

There waxs no undertaker in the village and we had to have a rough box made and with pans of ice we tried to do what we could. The next day was Sunday and there was no train to the nearest place where a casket could be secured. Mother was there and we decided that we would k have to charter the one train on the road and go and get one. It was my only ride on a special train and I hope I shall never have another like it, an engine, baggage car and day coach. Half the town came to see us go and all the town to see the train return.

Friends came that night and prepared the body for the burial and early next morning I started for Philadelphia to lay the loved body in Woodlands. We arrived in Broad Street about three in the morning and it was a sad and very trying time for me for I was very fond of Roy and loved Helena dearly. But I was thankful I had not ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ taken the case for with the heart already severely weakened by the hugh doses of the anti-pyretic it was already hopeless.

As a last attemp to keep me in Philadelphia Doctor Van succeeded in getting me to open and Office in the City, It was at 1128 Spruce street, strangely enough, the city house of the Fuguet family,who had lost their money and did not own it at that time. As mother, father Helena and Madeline wished to live in the city that winter Father took the second floor and it was arranged that I should use the dining room as a waiting room and an adjoining bay window room as an office. Meals were sent in by a caterer and it was figured we would not use the dining room much anyway. There was a fine big parlor on the first floor that could have been divided by a partition and made a splendid office and waiting room but it cost too much and Father was not willing to do it.

So my shingle, a black sanded sign with Doctor Wilbur in gold let-

letters, the same size and style as Van's, of course. I kept hours faithfully and after a long time one patient actually came in, sent to me by Van. It was not just at hours and as she waited the caterer came and began to lay the table and she fled. That was the extent and total of my Philadelphia practice!

In my off time I worked at the College laboratory, was anaesthetist at the Hospital and assisted Vanlennep and kept pretty busy. Some time before I had become much interested in a fine girl of fine family in BrynMawr and it seemed to me the honorable thing to do to ask her father if I could call on her with a 'View of matrimony' Such things were really done in those days tho very rarely. So I bearded the lion in his den, down near the factory, on Quarry street and he 'calmly but firmly' said "NO! " The world turned grey. All light had disappeared from life. There was nothing to support the pit of my stomach and in a sort of daze I walked the 15 blocks back to the Hospital and sat in one of the college windows with some other M.D.s as a parade went by. But I did not see it. I was sure SHE was just the girl. everything pointed directly that way. That she knew me only as a one of her many friends, a church acquaintance, made little difference for I could win her. Was I not Bert's Wilbur! And so this was the end.