THE FAMILY BOOK

by

EDGAR ROTSCHY

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I, Edgar Rotachy, was born August 29th, 1868 in Geneva, Switzerland.
Madeleine Germaine deNiederhausern, my wife, was born March 13th, 1874, in Geneva, Switzerland.

I came to the United States in October 1889, as an immigrant.
My betrothed came from Geneva to Portland, Oregon, in July 1894, and we were married in that city August 1st, 1894, by Pastor Morrisson of the Calvary Presbyterian Church.

Germaine Rotschy was born June 13,1895
Henry Rotschy was born June 27,1896
James Rotschy was born August 30,1897
Edwin Rotschy was born September 6th,1898
Samuel Rotschy was born September 28, 1899
Annie Violet Rotschy was born June 28,1901
Lilly Rotschy was born October 24,1902
Agnes Rotschy was born November 6, 1907
Barbara Rotschy was born February 7,1909

All the children were born and raised on our homestead, 4 miles north of Yacolt, Clark County.

Here are some notes concerning the former generations from which we received existence.

My father, Jean Baptiste Rotschy, was born February 1st, 1837, in Solothurn, Switzerland. His father was a very ordinary man, poor, and cooper by trade. He was also a drinking man and died from an accident in a cellar before his son was born. The mother, (my grandmother) was a very common woman, a washerwoman by trade. I understand that he was raised by an uncle, a brother to his father, who was some sort of a musician of the better class.

These Rotschys came from a parish in the Jura Mountains called Welscheurohr, and we knew nothing about them until one of my brothers happened to make a visit to Welscheurohr in 1928 and found from the parish registers that the first man by name of Rotschy or Rotschi appearing on the registers was a Russian who was Captain in the army of Survaroff. He probably was left behind and escaped when the Russians were beaten by the French, under Massina, near Zurich in 1799. I heard this Russian story in 1923, but in 1934 everyone denied knowing anything about it might be a fact on it might be an hallucination.

There is nothing noteworthy or illustrious in this ascendency. Will add that when I came to New York in 1889 there was still living in that city an old musician, corntrabass player, that seemed to be well known and popular with the Swiss; that was Peter Rotschi and he was, I believe, an uncle of my father.

Father was an able and industrious pupil and student, and about 1856 or 57 with a small stipend from the state of Solothurn, he came to Geneva with his friend Briesi (who later became a distinguished lawyer and magistrate in the city of Solothurn) to study law. The stipend was small and father had to give music lessons in order to pull through. He also played 2nd violin in the orchestra of the old theatre, pulled down in 1874 or thereabout. He did so well in the music line that he gave up the study of law, and in 1863 marríed my mother who was a Freulein Sophie Tschudi from Rhinefelden, Canton Argan, Switzerland.

Mother was born August 1835 in Rheinfelden, 2nd daughter of Anton Tschudi and his wife Anna, Grandfather Tschudi was a cloth merchant by trade. His father was some sort of a secretary or clerk at the city hall, and I think came from Canton Glarus and must have been a member of the well-known Tschudi family. His wife, that is my grandfather's mother, had been a Baroniun von Schoenan. The seat is near the village of Schoenan on the north bank of the

Rhine; consequently in German territory, about 20-30 miles above Rheinfelden. This baršoniun was a queer character from distant hearsay.I was told by my Aunt Cecile Tschudi that at the time of the French revolution the peasants of Schoenan had tried to follow suite, do away with their nobility and be free men, when the Baroniun had seven of them shot. And I think she would assume it was on account of this terrible deed that something of ill luck has been ever with our family. First, father and mother lost a little girl they loved very much; she fell in a canal and was drowned. Then an accident that happened in Rheinfelden weighed him down with remorse. The young folks of the town had come together to give a play (possibly the Raubers of Schieler) and he lent his hunting gun to one of the young men that was supposed to shoot down his adversary. The gun was also supposed to be blank loaded. But somehow, by thoughtlessness, it was fully loaded and at the performance the actor aimed at was killed. After this father was attacked with locomotor ataxia, and suffered a great deal for some years, an invalid, and then died before he was thirty leaving a young widow with four little children and small means of living.
Somehow she contrived to send your aunt Antoinette and your mother who were the oldest of the family, to boarding schools for young ladies and so they could find positions as governeses or teachers. But your aunt Antoinette has lived all her life among strangers and never had a home and a family of her own. Your mother married, but her married life was not happy as you know. Your uncle Anton was a sickly child, when a young man he was put as apprentice with a locksmith and got into bad company. He was not much over twenty when he immigrated to America where they had the Civil War at that time. He enlisted, went through several battles but did not prosper. He was addicted to drink, and after some desultory years in the States came back to Switzerland where he lived from the proceeds of his pension. At one time, when drunk, he broke the remaining leg that he had left. It had to be amputated and he died from the effects. Now see me, I am a poor old maid, took care of mother for many years during which she was an invalid. I also worked out with families but never had a chance to have a home and a family of my own. Does not all this show there was something that hung over the family from the descendants of the grandmother?

My grandmother, that is my mother's mother, was the eldest daughter of seven, and her father by name of Diebold, was a baker by trade. They lived in the well-known little city of Baden, in Canton Argan.

This relation gives you an idea of what my mother's family

was. After having finished her education, she went first to Udine in Italy as governess or private teacher. Then she went in the same capacity to Russia. This was a long way to go in these times for a lone young woman. To show that mother had decidedly character and a liberal turn of mind, hear what she did when coming home from Russia. Some of her acquaintances there gave her some revolutionary papers as documents to smuggle out of Russia and to do so she hid them in her boots. She was risking deportation to Siberia if caught.

While visiting with a school friend in Solothurn she got acquainted with my father and they corresponded for a year or two. After coming back from Russia, she was ready to go as teacher to Guatemala, where a cousin of her mother had established himself as watchmaker and trader. This was old Vetta Nicolas Fuchs that was to be my godfather later on. At this junction, my father heard of my mother's plans, proposed to her and they got married in Geneva as said before.

Father was a music teacher. With a slender stock of mother' s savings he started a music store which soon prospered as did also his music lessons. He began to draw the favor of the upper class, the old bourigeois and aristocrats _of Geneva. He held also the position of organist at the Saint Gervais Church, and that for over 40 years.

Father and mother had a large family of which the following were: Robert, first born, in 1864, was a lively body and full of mischief. About 12 got so in his behavior to cause worry to my father and he was sent for four years to a young boys' farm school in Canton Bern. Later he returned to the Geneva College (high school); made an apprenticeship in commerce, then worked as drummer or commercial traveler. He married young, a French girl of the working class (Eugenie Monachon) and later transferred to Zurich. They had a very large family,11 or 12 children, of which 9 are living. Alfred, the second child, was born in 1866. He was an unusually pretty child, from which he had the nickname of Natti given him. This means "pretty" in Swiss-German. He was also the pet of his parents. He was a live one too. When about 13 he got mixed up with mischief of the bad boys kind and father decided to send him to the high school of the city of Solothurn, which he followed for 4 years. Then, having chosen chemistry as his field, he entered the University of Geneva and went through the 4 years of regulation courses, when he graduated as doctor in physical sciences. Then he had the time of his life trying to find a position. He went here and there, and as far as Lyon, in France without results, but

finally got a position as assistant in the laboratory of one of the professors at the University of Bern, and he remained there a year or two with a yearly salary of $200, which looks rather puny for a doctor. In this country we are more inclined to speak of $200 a day, when thinking of a doctor. From there he emmigrated to the. United States in 1890 and worked as a chemist for a year or two in Tremley, New Jersey. There he got acquainted with the Heiny family, and Aunt Mamie, who was then a young slip of a girl not over sixteen years old. In 1894 he let go his job of chemist and came to make a visít on my homestead. He stayed 3 months with me, then went with me to Portland and was the sole member of the family that witnessed our marriage, August 1st, 1894. From there he returned to Tremley, and finding no work in his line (these were the hard times of McKinley's presidency) he was glad to enter as clerk in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, through the influence of Mr. Baldwin with whose family our Aunt Antoinette was living. While there, he suddenly married that young slip, Mamie Heiny. Then he quitted the Navy Yard and helped his father-in-law in giving out a little local paper in Tremley. This was no success, and later he found a job as chemist in Hegewisch, near Chicago, where he remained many years. They had two children, Marcel and Rose.

Sophie was the third child. She was a sickly baby and died from whooping cough when 8 or 9 months old.

I was the 4th child, born August 29, 1868. When hardly born, I had the whooping cough too. I was a pretty child too, so I was told, for I was too small then to reach the looking glass. When I was about to enter the world, Dr. Brinet was called in a hurry, and so he was in his medícal officer's dress (Swiss Army)., He did hot take the time to change, and came ín thís blue coat. When leaving,he offered it to my mother, saying playfully:"This is a sign that your son is going to be a general sometime." "Oh, said mother, "I am we1l satisfied if he is only an honest man." A young servant by name of Maria Ott, a faithful creature, entered the family aboutnthe same time and I became her special pet. Soon I was flourishing; and no wonder--she was constantly filling me with supple (soups) or papple (mush). Somehow I got nicknamed Jaqueli, or according to Swiss-German pronounciation "Shaklee". The name is similar to Jimmy, since it means little James. This is one reason why our own Jack was named James.

Sophie was the 5th child born November 1869. She was kind of a queer kitten and had not an easy time--the only girl among seven boys. She went through part of high school, studied the piano, went to the Conservatory of Seipsig, where among others, she had

Mr. Grieg (the composer) as her teacher. She came back to Geneva, taught piano, got acquainted with a young student in medicine named Willy Reiser. They got married and raised two daughters, Yvonne and Ariane.

Ernest was the 6th son born in March 1871. He was a fine boy, inclined to be smart and sassy. He had the peculiarity of making enemies out of the womenfolks and his mischiefs were frequent and sometimes original. I hope to relate some of them for the education and recreation of future generations, in some subsequent pages of this book.

He went to the college (high school) till about 13 years old, when father sent him also/the Canton Schule of Solothurn where he remained 3 or 4 years. At about 18 years old he entered the University of Geneva as a student in medicine. Having graduated with the title of doctor, he worked a year or two as assistant of one of the professors at the University. Then he got acquainted with the niece of Dr. Winzenried. This man had a large rural practice in Canton Geneve, and Ernest had charge of it as Substitute when Dr. Winzenried had to absent himself. The young folks got interested in each other and Ernest married Clara Winzenried` when yet he felt a lack of the proper conviction. They made a very unhappy union and raised two daughters, Antoinette who subsequently married Dr. Rene Raymond, and Andree.

In 1872 or 73 was born a girl whose name was Alice. She was a pretty child of sweet disposition. When about 2 years old she died of the measles.

The next child was Arnold, born March 1874. He was a pretty baby, too, with blue eyes and very curly blond hair. He was mama's pet, was of a quiet and dreary disposition. He went through the primary and high schools, entered the University, taking the courses in chemistry; graduated as Dr. in physical sciences, then took the courses of pharmacy and graduated as pharmacist.. He filled some positions as pharmacist in Geneva and elsewhere. Later he bought a pharmacy and married a high school teacher, Jeanne Boechler; they had two sons, Jean and Marc. His nickname (given by us boys) was Lilly, because when yet small with his pettycoat. and curly head, he had quite a resemblance with the pictures of Miss Lilly whose story you will find in the old and justly celebrated Magazine of Education (the same in which Jules Verne's great stories first appeared.)

Next, the 9th, came Henri, born May 1876 or 1877. When we, the

older boys, were apprised of the presence of another little brother, we got together in secret council (Robert, Alfred and I) and we decided that this boy should be removed from the influence of women; that is, our sister Sophie, and be raised as a boy by us boys., We christened him with the pleasant name of Baby, and Baby he remained all his life. Baby was a good little boy, without malice or mischief, with blue eyes, tender-hearted and somewhat dream. Mother thought it would not do to submit him to the hard knocks and possible lice of the primary public schools, so he was sent to a little private school kept by a Miss Aeschlimann not far from the old cathedral of Saint Pierre. There, in company with a dozen other little girls and little boys of the better class, he learned his letters, writing, reading and arithmetic; also many little pieces of poetry and little songs that delight the young and simple. Moreover, Miss Aeschlimann taught themall to knit, so Baby got proficient with the knitting needles although he never tried to make a living by them. He used to pass every day in f'ront of the cathedral and got in the habit of going in every time there was a marriage ceremony going on, of which he would relate us all the particulars at dinner time. He went through part of the high school, then went as apprentice in a bookstore. From there, father sent him to Leipseig, Germany to get acquainted with the music trade. After a year or two, he came back and entered father's music store, which he continued at his death. In 1911 or thereabouts, he married a young lady, Ellen Poncy, who had been a nurse and whose father was a well-known architect. They had one daughter, Elisabeth.

Finally in December 1878 was born the last of the tribe, Adolphe. I don't remember now what the original knickname was, but later it turned out to be Pepe. Here, stay a minute, I have it. He used to say pepe for bebe (baby) and from that it changed to Pepe (pronounced Pape). Well, he was lively and had nothing soft or dreamy in his makeup. In fact, he had the makeup of un petit pirate. He was sent to the public primary school without any fear about his. well being. He was a rather poor pupil and he was not sent to colleg but instead was put as apprentice with a cabinet maker. From there, father sent him to Germany to get proficient in the piano building and repairing business. After 2 or 3 years, he came back and entered the music store, which was extended. After father died he went in partnership with Henri managing the sale and reparation of pianos. He had an easy life and never knew what hard knocks means. ·He had a bent toward the girls and learned to paint very creditably; he also took lessons in musical composition and he started to compose a string quartet, but never finished it. He was a happy bachelor

for many years, up to 47 or 48. Then he married a French lady, divorced, and the marriage seems to be a happy one.

Now I am going to relate what I know about mother's family. She was born March 13, 1874, the youngest of a family of nine, in Geneva. ' Her father was Henri deNiederhausern, tea store merchant. Grandfather deNiederhausern was a small, stout, strong, jolly man, and a good man, truly religious. His father came to Geneva from Canton Bern in 1827, as the result of religious persecution by the state. He started the tea store business,and married a young 1ady from a native family, the Mounards or Kervards, I do not know exactly; and they had a large family. 3 The oldest was Uncle Louis, another being Fritz deNiederhausern, the painter, another Rodolphe, a popular character with sportsmen and club people, another was Auguste, a real estate agent, who, after an easy life, went to Argentina with a number of Swiss dairymen to look after cattle for the estate of a South American grandee. When they arrived in the country, the grandee had collapsed and the whole scheme went to the dogs. Finally Uncle Auguste was sent back to Switzerland incurably sick and died from the softening of the brain. There was also Tante Marie, a very aristocratic person (they were all inclined that way) who married first a Mr. Rosin, and after his decease, Colonel Ganlis , a fine gentlemen from the city of Louserne. Annie and Lilly got aoquainted with him in 1907 in Switzerland when making a stay in the Alps with their Aunt Elisa . 'The Niederhauserns made their family go back to the times of the battle of Laupen in 1330 when the Berner beat and smashed the troops of the emperor. It is related the first Niederhausern behaved most brąvely and kept fighting on while badly wounded. Accordingly, he got enobled by having the von attached to the name.n He must 'probably also have received some land. I know nothing of the family since that time. Also it is said that they have their name engraved on marble slabs in the cathedral at Bern. with the rest of the nobility. At any rate they are nowhere mentioned in history. Later they got hold of a seat or rustic property in Canton de Vand near Yverdon. And the folks lived somewhat like. English squires, half farmers and half gentry. Grandfather deNieder-hausern was a good, well balanced young man; the rest of the family and his father imposed upon him. His sister had a friend, Mademoiselle Catherine Titzschel. One rainy day he offered to accompany her home, and under the umbrella over her he asked her if she would marry him; which brings me to speak of grandmother deNiederhausern!s family.

Grandmother deNiederhqusern before her marriage, was Catherine Titzschel, born August 1833 in Geneva. Her father had been of a

we1l-to-do family, had a flourishing business of a livery stable, but later got ruined. It is said that during Napoleon's regime , when Geneva was a French city, and when conscription was at the order of the day, that her father, then a young fellow of barely 17, was married in a hurry, to escape the terrible emperor's conscriptior Her mother, I think, belonged to a LaCour family which must have been either of French or Autechtone stock. By that family she was a cousin to Marc Monmier, a well known Genevese man of letters or a wríter. Grandma deNiederhausern was a very pious person and was we11-educated. ohe was professor of piano at the Geneva Conservatory for some years. She had the makeup of a first class New England puritan, with the qualities and defects of those people, but withal a most worthy and deserving woman, devoted to duty and religion. Grandfather and Grandmother deNiederhausern had 9 children as follows Helene born 1860. She was not quite up to normal somehow, although she was always able to read the paper and give her opinion on any and all subjects, especially on religion. Being raised as the daughter of a better class family, she was not taught to do all the rough household work, for which the folks always had a servant or cool She helped some at home, making her bed and cleaning the lamp; she did not do any washing. They tried to teach her the profession of nurse, but she made no success out of it. She had her own opinions and her own ways, that's all. In a children's hospital, the doctor had ordered her to give to a little one, very sick, a certain medicine, every two hours. Tante Helene thought it was useless and did not give the medicine. Next day the child was dead and the doctor asked her if she had given him the medicine as directed. She said no, because she knew it would be useless to bother the poor little child. She was told to move out.

At a 'school for nurses in Lousarnne, she had a rather unusual happening occur to her. Not far from the window of her room was a cherry tree whose branches were crimson with luscious cherries. With Napoleon's eagle eye for strategy, she saw that by walking along the edge of a photographer's sky light she could reach the branches crimson with luscious cherries.' No sooner thought out, but done. But by mistake she stepped on the glass instead of the frame and she went through down into the art gallery, feet foremost. I daresay the picture man was no little surprised when he heard the crash to see a pair of lady's legs come in from the sky.After that she returned home and remained there til her parents' died. Later her sister Julia put her in a boarding place in a small town in Canton Vand and there she is yet at this writing. One day she felt bad, probably for lack of exercise, and asked the doctor to come and see her. The doctor knew her ,and sent back word that he

was a busy man and had no time to visit cathedrals. In that part of the country they have a saying when a man is portly and in rugged health, he stands like a cathedral.

Aunt Elisa was born in 1862, I think. Her nickname, or rather pet name, was Zabi, and later, on account of the elegance of her department, she was called the marquise.
She went creditably through the schools and acted as teacher or governess for some time in Germany. Later she came back and managed the tea store in conjunction of her sister Julia.

Uncle Auguste, or Rodo (his own invention) was born in 1863, I think he had nothing of a seraphic nature. Went to school, then started an apprenticeship in wholesale grocery business, but quit and entered the art school, and afterwards went to Paris. He had a fine talent for art, and his line was sculpture in which heachieved quite a celebrity. He was not a model of upright living,and caused a good deal of worry to his parents. He died in Munichsome ten or twelve years ago.

Julia must have been born in 1864 or 65. She went through the schools and graduated like Elisa. When small, her nickname was Totmabut, and it came from her trying to upbraid a woman neighbor with whom she was displeased (when a tot). The woman's name was Madame Mabut, hence Totmabut. I have often noticed that deep traits of character and disposition show themselves already very early in children in some little queer doing or saying. Later, Àunt Julia went as governess in a noble family in Austria. From there she came back to Geneva and later managed the tea store in conjunction with her father and still later with her sister Elisa. They have sold out last year (1928) and having inherited a pretty cottage in the countryside, from a cousin of theirs, they live there at the present writing.

Uncle Rodolphe was born in January 1866. He was very short, stubby and strong; a great lover of sports, such as skating, mountain climbing and the like. He was a most excellent juster and a great favorite among his friends for his jolly disposition. He was also a great lover of the tobacco pipe. He went through college with credi then was put to apprenticeship with a man in the country that made a specialty of beekeeping. He got to be expert in that line and also very proficient in joinery and cabinet making. When about 20, his father started him in the beekeeper's business, but after a year of failure, he had to give up. Had not enough business in his make-up. Then for awhile he raised rabbits and kept bees at the family home, 2 miles outside the city near Colsgrey. The place was named Traimont and Annie and Lilly lived there in 1907 while in

Switzerland with their mother. My bother Ernest was going to school
with two younger brothers of Rodolphe, that is, Walter and Benjamine,
and on vacation days (Thursdays) would go to Traimont and be busy
with his friends at one thing or another. And thus we got together
and got acquainted.

Rodolphe and Alfred had been to college together, too. I had been one year with Uncle
Fritz in the 7th class of the college which is entrance class.

In 1887-88 I was at home in Geneva and most of the time without
a job. I was then a photographer. Alfred was a student at the
University. We went out skating some five miles east of the city,
near the ruins of an old castle of the Dukes of Savoy and surrounded
with extensive marshes which made an admirable skating ground. One
Sunday afternoon we met chere Rodolphe, Benjamin and their little
sister Madeleine, and we had a pleasant time skating together and
playing hockey. Being invited by Rodolphe himself and not very
busy, I went and visited him at Traimont. Later when the season
was open we made one or two excursions at Salene. Rodolphe was a
number 1 climber and knew well all the passes and fancy locations
in the great limestone rock walls of that mountain including
numerous caves. This way I was introduced to the whole family.
But of this more, a little further. In Ápril 1888, Rodolphe
emigrated to Canada, province Ontario, to make his way as best
he could, preferably in the bee business. In 1890 he went to
Wisconsin to join his brother Fritz, and both were to go to Oregon
or Washington which were then comparatively new countries yet.
Fritz, being detained by an accident at the last moment,had to
remain in Missouri. Rodolphe went to Portland with some young
Swiss, les Loindet, and also Albert Raymond, the same that married
in the Stassart family, of which more later. Albert Raymond was of
a good family and studied for the pharmacy, but not behaving well
was sent to America, as was the case with unsatisfactory characters.
He had a little store in Monett, Mo. and being Swiss, got acquainted
with Uncle Fritz. Uncle Fritz had a nice meerschaum cigar holder
given to him by one of his uncles at his departure for America.
Not using it, he put it for sale in Raymond's show case. Raymond's
store was closed for debts, and the goods attached, and Uncle Fritz'
meerschaum cígar holder went with the rest.

Rodolphe sickened in 1902, went to Vancouver and Portland to try
to be cured, and died of a cancerous disease in the little Catholic
hospital on Reserve Street and 8th Street in April 1903. Fritz and
I went to his funeral, a sad end and far away from home and country.

Uncle Fritz was born in August 1867. He was a most lively

youngster and he had expressed his desire when a little shaver yet, to become either a coachman or a pastor. The horse business prevaile in his career as we shall see further. I was with him at school in the youngest class of the college, the 7th, which the boys entered at the age of 9. Generally, of course, the college was a high school for boys alone, just as the Ecole Secondaire was a high school for girls alone. The primary schools were similarly divided in strictly separated boys' and girls' schools. And policemen were always posted and watching around the boys high school and the girls' high school. We were then way back from the present day high standard of education, when the outside of the platter is so smooth and cleaned up and ornamental that it serves easily as a mirror for the present generation to admire itself.

Fritz was a lively young fellow, and very good at gymnastics, but less so at studies as I explained. The family lived about 2 miles out of town on a fine road following the shore of the lake. There was a retaining wall, then a large sidewalk, then the road itself; between the road and the sidewalk sycamore trees were growing every 30 feet or so. One morning Rodolphe and Fritz were going to school and a young boy from one of the neighboring families, an aristocrat, was with them. Boys are like men--they like to exchange news. Horace (let us call him so) showed his purse to Fritz and Rodolphe in which were $2.00 his father had given him to pay the tuition at the college. Fritz and Rodolphe were teasers so they took the purse and playfully threw it in one of the sycamore trees. But instead of' following the natural course of gravitation and come down to the ground again, the purse remained caught in the fork of' the limbs. Horace blubbered and said he would tell pa. Fritz and Rodolphe, when coming back home in the afternoon had the notion to try to get the purse. Fritz being a fine gymnast succeeded to reach the crotch and dislodge the purse. They divided the proceeds with another young hopeful that was with them and bought the prerequisite to a good time. But next morning the father of Horace came to inquire into the matter and the whole thing turned pretty rotten, that is for the gymnasts. After this, Fritz' father took him out of college and sent him to a village in Canton Vand to be watched and educated by a reverend minister, Pastor Segond (the one that made the translation of the French Bible that is at home). He was there 2 or 3 years, after which he was put with a man in another part of' Canton Vand, who was an expert beekeeper and beehive maker. And he learned the trade there, remaining 4 years He was about 20 years'old then, and some members of a good bourgious family making ready to travel to Texas, where one of the sons was already settled, Fritz' parents made up their mind and sent him to

Texas with the family, trusting in the providence of God. There is something tragic and at the same time strong, heroic and even great in such a course. For hoping for the best and expecting to reach success who can tell what will happen or when we will meet again? In this case, he was not to see any more his mother. Arriving in Texas in company with a small trunk and a complete beehive he had taken along from Geneva, he found a job as farmhand with some German colonist, and he picked cotton from early morning til dark, at #6.00 a month and his board. One day he went out to the woods to make Some stove wood. The road was crooked and rough, and I think some wasps began an attack on the mules who jumped ahead and kicked. Fritz was thrown out or jumped out and landed into some roots so unfortunately as to break one of his legs clean in two. He had a hard time of it, having to wait till the people were apprised and came to take him to . the house, then wait for a doctor that lived along ways off--60 or more miles. But he mended soon, then went over to Missouri where he worked 2 or 3 years with a farmer of French nationality, named Arnault.. Arnault, who was not an old man, had 2 sisters, and my impression is that Fritz would have married then and there and settled down for good but he had not his eye on a plain home, but on success, so he entertained no idea of settling in the family way. By that time,I had come myself to the States, and in 1891 was working as retoucher with an old Swiss from Neuchatel by name of Albert Sandoz, an engraver and photographer in Mobile, Alabama. Fritz wrote to me he was out of work having come to 1oggerheads with Arnault. Seeing one day an ad in the Mobile Register of a party seeking a reliable man to take care of the family horses and one or two cows in the suburb, I thought this might be a fine job for my school fellow, Fritz, and I went to see the party which was Mr. Martin, a lumber merchant of good standing. After some persuasion on my part he told me to send for my friend and Fritz came. During that time, Rodolphe was in Portland, and getting in touch with a Frenchman by name of Descamps who had some knowledge about taking homesteads, they came to Yacolt which was then only a small natural prairie (then later the McCutcheon farm) with a few other land hungry souls, Henry Stassart, the Belgian gun-smith, his brother Joe, Albert Raymond, the Swiss that Fritz knew in Missouri, and another young Swiss fellow, watchmaker by trade, whose name was Jaeggy. Rodolphe wrote to us that they had taken claims in Clark County and that if we wanted to join them and take government land, we should hurry and come as soon as possible.

Now I myself had entertained some notions about Robinson adventures and colonization schemes, but after working nearly two yoars in my trade, had pretty well given them up, and was contemplating going into the

picture business on my own account. Here comes
Fritz and sings to me about the glorious life of the free and happy farmer; the easy living, the wonders of nature; hunting, fishing and the rest, and your own boss all the time. My Robinsonian dreams returned. I made some objections to Fritz; I never had handled cow nor horse, nor knew how to feed a pig. Never mind, said the confident Fritz, I will do the handling. So, thinking matters over, I saw that I never would have a better chance to go in that business with better, more hardy, genial and practical companions as Fritz and Rodolphe. They were my friends and my hopes were with their sister. So when Fritz asked me: You come with us? I said: Yes. That's all. But all this is way ahead of my narration and I come back to finish my description of the Niederhausern family.

Walter was born in May 1971. I did not like him as well as his other brothers. After going through part of the college, his father not wishing him to enter the study of art, for which he had a remarkable talent, put him as a sort of apprentice with a farmer in Canton Bern. Later he followed the courses of the Agricultural College of Canton Vand in Lauserne. He also worked awhile on the property of some nobleman in southern Germany. About that time we had landed in Clark County, and he joined us there in the fall of 1891.

Benjamine was the next of the Niederhausern boys. We became good friends and partners, although he was several years younger than I. He had the same hardy, aggressive, belligerent ways of his brother was a devoted friend, but apt to be cranky and sour at times. We made many good trips to Salone; also outings to Rouelbeau, the skating ground. After my departure to the States, he worked for awhile in his father's store, but dissatisfied, went to Marseilles with the Bon of a family that were old acquaintances to the Niederhauserns, Alfred Delarue. They went in a small way into the wine merchant business together. Not doing well, Benjamin obtained a job as clerk on one of the French liners to the Orient and travelled a few years to Tonkin and way stations, then being seriously sick, came back home at Traivant, and died very soon after from quick consumption.

Madelbine Germaine, that is, mother, was the last of the family, and waB born March 13,1874. She was a lively type of a girl,short and stout, the favorite of her brothers whose games and parties she rully shared. There was nothing of the fine young lady about her. She was a regular tomboy, and Alfred on seeing her once or twi ce , called her 1e petit chinoís. Yet she was strictly raised, for the parents Niederhausern were altogether attached to the conservative old ways and orthodox institutions. For instance, at the tender age

of six, she was given twelve bed sheets to hemstitch. Her mother instruction her into music reading and piano playing. Her mother sat by, while she practiced and used to rapp her poor little knuckles sometimes with a comb and sometimes with a piece of corset stay. And you mind that Grandma N. was a good, pious lady, and a loving mother When her mother combed and plaited her hair every morning, to improve the time, she had to answer questions regarding notes, scales, flats, sharps and harmony in general. Those were the good old times, but they meant wel1, and did well, too. At any rate the youngsters were not so spoilt as they are at the present day. Madeleine went through the girls' high school and got her diploma, whích entitled her to teach. But at that time we had become betrothed, and her parents did not wish to send her away to make her living.o They reasoned that the best thing for her, since she was going to marry, was to be well equipped with practical knowledge concerning cooking and housekeeping. Accordingly they sent her to a high class old fashioned and very respectable hotel which offered courses in the culinary and kindred arts, for girls of the better class. This was in Heinrichsbad, Canton Appenzell. Besides a strict and very efficient lady manager, the Hotel was also under the supervision of a Pastor, the meals were all preceded by a prayer, and there was a religious servioe, with soup every day, to which the hosts were invited without being compelled to join. Young Madeleine enjoyed her stay there very much, made many friends, some of them remaining so through life. Such were Frauloin Ida LeGrand and Fraulein Milly Bindschedler.

Now I am going to give an outline of my career since my earliest years to the tíme I took up my homestead. Father was a good musician, without being a very good player; he loved and be-lieved in the best of music, that is, classical music. And as I was raised in the daily hearing of Clementis Sonatruis, Cramers Etuder, Beethoven, Southas, Bachs, Preluder and Figes, besides the works of Chopin, Schuman and Mendelsohn, music had a great charm for me; but I was gifted neither for playing nor memory. Father's music teaohing had grown and developed into a small conservatory, and he had several professors under him, teaching at home. I think I was eight years old when I began taking violin lessons with Mr. Sternberg. He was a very good-looking young man, a Jew and a German. We got along fine for some time, and I don't know for what reason, he called me the General. I think he saw a resemblance of my features with those of General Dufour, a well-known and fine character in Swiss hístory. He died in 1874 or thereabouts. In connection with this is the funny incident as follows. When Uncle Fritz was in Mobile, I visited him in his little house often. He had an old

engraving of General Dufour on the wall and a young Negro help asked
him when he saw the picture, "Is that your friend?" (meaning me).
Now the general was an old man. After awhile our relations got
strained. I was not gifted with any virtuosity, but I was also
blamed lazy and once he said to me, very impressively, "If I were
your father, I would take a stick and give a big trashing to cure
you from your laziness."-You could not like anymore a man that
had such perverse notions about the raising of young children.
I may also have earned his íll will the following way. One evening
about 5, wintertime, I was warming myself by the stove in the hall
(they called it calarifer). Without being seen I could see in the
living room where the servant was ironing. She was young, but
neither pretty nor of good character. Sternberg happened to heep
in from the next room to look at the clock. He saw himself alone
and all quiet. So he came in and exchanged some little conversation
with the maid, of which I oaught these words said in German; You
are so young and yet you are already so pretty!--On which he patted
her on the shoulder. Next day I told my story at the dinner table
to the great amusement of the whole circle. This being a joke,I
suppose it came back to Sternberg, and it must not have improved.
his liking for me.

I went three years to the Public Primary School from 6 to 9.
The crowd was great and very mixed; some were well behaved children
of the better class, some were the children of poor workmen and
artisans. The school building was adjoining the grounds of Calvins
College but separated by a wall fitted with an iron grating on top.
The building was very old, having been in fact, the residence of the
Duke of Savoy, centuries ago. Everything was old worn, stingy, dirty,
rough and unhandy. The teachers handled the mob a good deal like
herders their flocks beatings were not infrequent, sometimes severe.
The worst I remember happened when I was in the 2nd degree, or class,
the boys were all the way from seven to ten, and the teacher was
Mr. Sage. His name was indeed Sage but it made him not a sage for
all that. One of the boys was a fierce fellow from the lower class,
his name was Nachon. For some cause, I don't remember, the teacher
started to give him a manual correction, which Nachon resisted in
words and deed. Sage got mad, and pounded hard, viciously, while
the boy struggled and shouted, "You have no right to beat me, you
don't feed me, you are. not my father!" Hard things, and which
made a deep and painful impression on me. Next teacher was a
pleasant young man, Mr. Mange. The word itself has a better meaning
in French than in English for it means only, eat. He loved the
boys and they reciprocated. Every Saturday afternoon instead to
worry with slate and pencil, he would tell us stories. I remember

one that was particularly long, lasting several Saturdays in
succession, and was most captivating. It was all about adventures
like Robinson's, except that some gorilla story came in at one time,
and a stage robbery. I suspected, later, that Mr. Mange was him-
self the author of that heterogeneous and highly colored production.
The school started in September and lasted till the last days of
June. In winter the class opened at 8 A.M. and went til1 noon,
with a quarter hour recess at ten. We started again at 1 P.M.and
went out at 4. All pupils went home for lunch or dinner. In
summer the classes started at 7 A.M. and went till 11, and from one
to three O'clock. The school yearswas capped by the festivity
called the Promotions, when the young folks in their best garb were
assembled class by class, with a red and yellow ribbonppånnadtbottae
breast, the colors of the Republic and Canton of Geneva. The weather
was* generally fine, as it is apt to be early in July. The volunteer
firemen's brass band would head the parade which passed some of the
main streets of the city and saluted the city dads in front of
the old oity hall. There were two parades in the same day; the
one in the morning 1ed us to the Palais electural, a voting hall,
a sort of community building; and there the annual reports were
read and the prizes distributed. While in the primary school I
got two prizes (which were gíven under the form of books); one was
a prize of religion, the other, a prize for good reading. I have
them here, the first is named Lame des Pelerius and is a story of
poor people in the slums of Manchester; the other's title is
Aventures in Naturaliste, by Luaen Biart, being the relation of a
party of two friends, the small son of one of them, his dog, and
the Indian servant travelling on foot and camping out day after day
in the wilds in central Mexico and collecting samples of natural
history. The afternoon procession led us to la plaine de Plain-
palais, a sort of common or parade ground covered with a short and
mangy turf. There a temporary enclosure had been put up with spruce
boughs and a green entrance arch, all decorated with little flags
ad streamers exhibiting the various colors of the 22 cantons and
the federal emblem of the white cross in a red field. The enclosure
was provided with picnic tables and seats, also provision was made
for different kinds of' games dear to the boys and made more attractive
yet by tempting prizes, such as jack knives, bats, balls etc. On
the tables was spread the annual feast offered by the authorities
to the incoming generation of citizens. The victuals were plain;
a sandwich, a handful of cherries and a diminutive, dried up piece
of pie with 3 or 4 puny strawberries on top to each boy, and weak
lemanade for beverage. After the feast, the games; after the games
the wonderings from ice cream stand to soda fountain, from the
peanut peddler to the amange seller; all in high spirits and great

glee especially those that got prizes at the games or those whose
parents had provided them with a generous supply of copper coina.
This grand festivity terminated about 9 o'clock by a display of
fireworks. Then we had to wait and struggle for another long
year till it happened again. The promotion festivity of the college
was pulled off on the same general lines, but they were on a more
splendid scale, the youngsters being older and more select, since
the bourgeois upper class and the aristocrats had all their hopefuls
eatables. Of course, since boys and girls were taught in separate
schools, they also had their separate promptins. I cannot recollect
to have seen many, if any, girls at the boys promotions; perhaps a
at the college. After primaries promotions, many of the boys
gobbled up with relish the official foods; at the college promotions
the young smarties would grab the sandwiches, the cherries, even
the modest and indifferent tart, and pelt each other with theseo
timid sister or so when pa and ma came to rest their eyes on Johnny's
enjoyment. At the girls promotions the growing male population was
not allowed; the boys were excluded, tabooed, no go. No wonder we
used to be sarcastic with our sisters. The afternoon program for
the young ladies was gone through not on the open commons of Plain
Palais, but behidd the stone walls of the Palais electoral or
Community house, the doors being closed and the police watching at
the entranoe. From what I have been told, the girls, being favored
characters, had a more sumptuous fare than the boys. They had real
plates, forks and spoons, and meat, salad and dessert and for
beverage cheap red claret diluted with 90% water. I suppose many an
official who would not have dreamed to try a strawberry tart of the
masculine gender enjoyed the repast of the feminine assembly. The
girls had a brass band, too, that was giving out two steps, waltzes
and cotillions and the girls danced with each other or with some
privileged grownup man, such as a professor. But it is of no use
to say more; anybody can see the revolting injustice of the whole
scheme. From the primary school I passed tothe college. The
buildings were the same as those built under Calvin in the 16th
century, but the methods were altogether modernized, that is com-
pared to Calvin's time. I entered the 7th class which was the
entrance class and went slowly and painfully through the next ones
including the 2nd. I was lazy, I did not understand. I was not
interested. Lost time, missed training. Education is not like a stone that is cut once and
well and remains so ever afterward. It is 11ke life, a problem always new and never
solved to perfection, for the elements fluctuate, vary and change. In the older times
discipline was the recognized central rule and it often degenerated
into sheer cruelty and misuse. Now the tendency is in the opposite
direction; there ís some progress but it is not perfection nor the
road thereto. The fact is, kindness is necessary, indispensable;

and so is discipline. Treating the young generation justly and
understandingly, this is right. Letting them have the rights and
privileges of the grownup without the duties and charges the latter
are burdened with, this is the mistake of the present time. I could
see by my own experience that discipline is a better but healthy
medicine. While going through the classes, I had two years in
succession a dear little man of a professor, Monsieur Louis Deppe.
He lived in a little apartment in an old house just across or street.
He was kindness itself. Before an oral examination in which the names
of the pupils were chosen by lot, that is by means of cards with the
names of the pupíl on, I happened to pass near Mr. Deppe while I
said to another boy, "I wish my name would come out when the exam is
on geography. .." and was so ill prepared that I failed shamefully.
I remember yet the disgusted expression in papa Deppe's face.
On the contrary, the class in which I made the best showing was
ruled with an iron hand by Mr. LeCoultre, nicknamed LoClot. He
was an elderly man with a great flowing beard and very blue eyes
and he was very energetic and full of conviction. No fooling with
LoClot, he had the drop on his gang. In his report he described
me as a pupil that had ability but needed to be shaken up. Aocord-
ingly he shook me up, and unceasingly too. I was called twice
where the next boy had to answer once. I had to move.''In those
times some of my school mates used to call me Hardwood, on account
of a piece of birch wood I had brought to school to be used as a bat.
LeCoultre nicknamed me White Rat on account of my pale complexion
and pointed nose. At any rate at the Promotions that year when the
prizes were announced, I was surprised to hear my name connected
with an honorable mention for French composition. That year,
probably 1882, I had a great piece of luck conferred on me. Mr.
Brosi, father's friend in Solothurn, invited him to send someone
of the children to pass the summer vacation in his family.
I was chosen to go, not because I was deserving, but because it was not
handy to send another one. My brother Alfred was then in Solothurn;
his vacation started only in August, and I was to come back with him.
My little pack was made up and I was sent off by rail with the
monstrous capital of a silver dollar for pocket money. I am not
going to relate in detail all that happened and all I did. It would
make a picture with many blotches in it. I mention this Solothurn
vacation because it had an effect on my next step. Father thought
I might devote myself to music, with gratification to himself and
advantage to me, since after my studies I had a fine opening in his
music school. He wrote to Alfred to put the question before me and
explain and advise to the best of his ability.
Brother Alfred did so. I 1iked music, but never had thought to devote myself to it.
We were great readers of those grand stories by Jules Verne, and if

I had any inclination, it was for travels, adventures, building, hunting, colonization and similar subjects. But I was not hard to convince and warm up for something else, and after brother Alfred, then sixteen, had persuaded me with his great wisdom, I made up my mind to become a musician. Accordingly, next fall, I was rigged up in earnest. Besides 2 lessons of violn a week, I had also 3 1essons of piano, and I took part of the courses of the 2nd class at the college. Dismal year. I was a regular slug as far as studying and practicing was concerned. I showed some liveliness only for mischief, and I must also say for walking tours and outings and climbing all over old Salene. After the first six months, the piano professor, a young German with some slight resemblance to Schubert, told my father that I was a hopeless case as far as making a professor out of me was concerned. Firstly, I had not the aptitudes; secondly I waB entirely too lazy. The drift at the college was just as bad. One professor we had was a lanky young fellow named Louis Maul, a well learned and able teacher, but with·no more control over a mob of lively pups than ansoft and well-raised young lady. The class looked mostly like a bedlam, and once in awhile the janitor, the professor in the next room and even once the policeman had to come in to assuage the riot in the midst of which Louise (as we called him) with tears in his eyes vainly tried to bring us back to some sort of a decent behavior by reasoning and supplications. No wonder then, that my final report showed mostly 4eros or the lowest figures and Mr. Maul described me as a lazy and unruly pupil whose results were absolutely nil. When father received this doleful document, he showed it to me, much displeased, and said,"I shall keep it and remember." Now this is where some grand and vigorous discipline would have done good. I needed something and someone to make up my mind. Not finding the right man, I made up my mind alone which was a long and severe process, and I lost much time and good opportunities for advancement. Since I had flunked in college, it was useless to consider the choice of a liberal profession in my case. After some probing and groping, I was finally put as apprentice with a photographer, a Swiss German acquainted with father, Mr. Meyer-Frantschi. He was a good sort of fellow, easy going, and pretty good at his trade. The trouble was, he had little to do, and his patrons were of the lesser classes. So, I had no chance to learn the best in a third rate gallery. At that time the old wet process was yet very generally in use. This meant that the artist picture man had to prepare his plate for the negative, just before taking the picture. A plate of glass had to receive a coat of colloid, then soak in a bath of silver nitrate, put in the plate holder and exposed forthwith for several seconds to a minute or two, according to the light. As soon as the plate

had been exposed it had to be developed in the darkroom, before it
had started to dry up. There were few amateurs then, and the
witohery of kodakery was not yet invented. The photographer had
similarly to prepare his printing paper and sensitize it on the
surface with a bath of silver nitrate. The paper printed slowly,
and was not developed, but washed and toned and washed again. When
a negative was dense or the light weak as in winter, it would easily
take hours to print a single picture. Mn':Meyer had once in awhile
a call to go and take the picture of a deceased person, a gruesome
practice. I remember a joke peculiar to these conditions; a
photographer was ready to take the picture of a corpse, and opening
his shutter he uttered the professional admonition, "Now, don't
move!" I helped by carrying the outfit in those macabrous exped-
itions. When through with the job, the boss would lead to some
beer garden to shake off the sphere of mortality and regain a com-
posed outlook on life. Once we had more than one glass, in one
beer garden, the well known and ancient Brassene deSaint Jean.
We came out in a humorous frame of mind and Meyer-Frantschi felt
the hero awaken in his bosom; "Let's go on to Thomas now," says he.
Thomas was the next brassene on our way back. But I refused peremptorily, and
perforce he had to give up his attack. But when we
passed the plain of Plaine Palais, generally occupied by migratory
tent shows, candy booths or shooting galleries, he stopped again
and invited me to test our respective markmanships at one of those
galleries. I went straight on back to the studio
teaching him not to make a bull'seye at the wall of the teut or at
the lady manager. His wife, when seeing me come back alone and
hearing my deposition, sized the whole situation in a minute, and
I warrant he went through the third degree when he reached home.
Next spring, a bad epidemic of typhoid fever broke out in the city.
Many of our acquaintances had sick cases at home. Little brother
Arnold started to be sick. /fter awhile I got sick, too. It was a
very serious situation for my father to have cases of the sickness
at home, since his music classes were held in an apartment on the
same floor where we lived. So he decided to have me sent to the
General Hospital, where I was entered in one of the common wards.
I never was delirious that I can remember, but was in a sort of
continuous stupor. After 4 weeks I was but skin and bones and mother prevailed to
have me brought home, she not liking the idea of my dying at the hospital. The change
turned the case, I began slowly to mend, but was another month in bed with bed
sores on both hip bones, on the back of my head and inside my right
ear. °When I could stand up, the family doctor, a new young man,
came with his outfit (to cure me of the worst of the sores on the
baok of my head). First he split the boil on the back of my head,
then scraped it out to the bone. No anesthetics; he was jolly and

meant well, and took fortitude for granted. The big boil disappeared
it oould not resist being treated so rough. · Then for a while he
washed out my ear by means of a syringe, but it would not heal
entirely. Finally, he thought I was well enough to allow me to be
sent to the country with little Arnold. We were tocated:in a
pretty village at the foot of the Jura Mountains in Canton Vand.
The situation was like a picture in front of the blue expanse of
Lake Leman with the noble mountains of Savoy for a background, capped
by the great peaks of the Mont Blanc range. A little outside the
village extensive forests of spruce covered the slopes of the Jura
range with natural clearings in places, carpeted with short grass
and wild flowers. These clearings were used as pastures and some
were tenanted by cheesemakers who kept a herd of cows during the
summer. We found wild strawberries and rasberries in places and
enjoyed our vacation wel1. I was boarding with the mayor of the
víllage, a fine upright old man, by name of Corindet, who had a mind
opened to knowledge and a heart turned to wisdom. I am not going
to relate the few little details that remain in my memory; if I were
to stop at everything, I would come to the end of this book without
having ever reached the Washington homestead, which is the main
purpose of this narrative. Dr. Jeameret had told me to come back
to Geneva immediately in case my ear were to hurt or get worse.
During a warm day, while rambling in the woods, a swelling appeared
suddenly behind my ear. Next day I tramped down the ten miles
that were stretching between Marchissy and the railroad depot, and
landed in Geneva that evening. Next day, I reported to my jolly
dootor. He explained to me that since an easy method did not pro-
duce the results desired, he was going to tackle the trouble by
a sterner one. He made some kind of a cutting behind the ear that
day; next day he seemed ready for worse. He made me hold a barber's
plate below my ear, and had some kind of a steel tool concealed in
his hand. I was blue with fear, but able to stand. I could not
see what he was doing, but felt a twisting motion accompanied by a
horrible pain which made me swear aloud. It didn't last long,
however, and then he used his syringe and from the fact that some
of the solution he put in from behind the ear, came out in my
throat, and had a nasty sweetish taste, I concluded that the jolly
doctor had repanned me. After he had put a plaster on, he laughed
and complimented me, sayíng: you certainly are right brave.'I
didn't tell him about my blue fear. The trouble in the ear could
not resist such rough treatment; it left me for good, and soon the
siok ear wa8 noarly as good for hearing as the other. In the fall
I went baok to Meyer Frantschi's art gallery and remained another
year, when my apprentiship was considered completed. My father,
always wishing to do the best, was advised to send me to Salzburg

in the Austrian Tyrol, the birthplace of the great composer, Mozart. There was a renowned State School of Photography and allied arts there, and I was to go there to perfect myself. I was then seventeen. On my way to Salzburg I visited grandmother Tschundi and Aunt Cecile in Rheinfelden for a day. Grandmother was an invalid for many years and was extremely happy to see one of her grandsons. I remember being by her bedside and her holding my hands. She would exclaim, "Jean Maria, see what small hands he has!". But I had to keep on moving on my journey thenext day. I came to Winterchen in the northeast part of Switzerland and was very well received by á cousin of my mother, married to a Mr.Algerter who had a business of wholesale groceries. He presented me to an expert photographer who advised me not to go to Salzburg if I were to devote myself to ordinary landscape and portrait photography. This being the case, Mr. Algeter found me an opening with another photographer of the city, and I remained six months in Winterthen, doing mostly retouching. I acted as volunteer (that is something more than an apprentice, but less than an employee) and I earned $ 40.00 during my stay with Mr. Stephan. He was a good man and I might have remained longer with him but I was too restless, and the six months over I quit, wishing to see something more of the·world and not content to remain in a little drab and matter of fact locality such as Winterthen was. During my stay there, I took also an elementary course of chemistry at the well known Technician. Then I returned to Geneva and found no opening, went to Rheinfelden and stayed several months with Aunt Cecile who was alone then, my grandmother having died that winter. I put ads in the papers and waited for a job to bob up, and loafed in and around town. Rhein-felden is an old little place with the remnants of a mediaval city wall and two city gates under two high towers. The little city is built on the south bank of the Rhine River, the north bank being the territory of Baden in Germany. An old covered wooden bridge crossed the river, which at this place formed some rapids. I joined the pontoniers club, and got acquainted with handling a skiff in the waters of a river. Being summer time,I went bathing with some young fellows with whom I had got acquainted. I had some ambition, after all. I wished to cross the Rhine in swimming so one day I went to a lovely spot above the town accompanied by a young boy who was to carry my clothes on the other side, while I swam across. I launched in the waters and worked leisurely across to husband my strength. The current was much stronger and faster than it seemed from the shore so I had drifted down considerably and I was not much above the rapids when near the opposite bank. Here the current was very swift indeed and I worked my hardest to reach shore. I even felt the rock bottom once,with my foot.But the

current pulled me along and back towards the center again; and sure enough, I got into the rapids. Wave after wave broke over me,I was sucked down in places, but managed to work to the top again, to catch my breath. Where the waters were not too boisterous I worked frantically for the shore. I passed in front of the old city and under the main arch of the old bridge, a matter of a mile or so below where I had started. I was on my last pull. But here between the two piers, built on rock, was a chasm immensely deep where the tumultuous waters came to a standstill. On the side opposite the city there was a salmon fishery right below the bridge. I had just strength left to reach it and hold to some wooden grate when the fisherman came with a skiff and took me to his cabin, where little Emil came a little later, brínging my clothes. The fisherman was swearing with bulging eyes at my sight, for no one had ever come alive out of the rapids. Finally, after much 1oafing and waiting I got a job in Lucerne for the summer. The city is old, but with great new hotels, for it is one of the main tourist resorts of the country. In my spare time I visited the Righi Mountain alone, and Mt. Pilatus, with an American by the name of Winchester. He was a scholar and a quiet gentleman from New England and was writing for some magazines. I had got acquainted with him in Geneva where he exchanged English against French conversation with Alfred. That summer my father, passing through Lucerne, looked me up and we had a pleasant trip on an excursion steamer to the other end of the Lake of Lucerne, a very beautiful body of green waters surrounded by high mountains. After Lucerne I found/job in Basle, a well known city on the Rhine at the northwest corner of Switzer-land.I had the lúck to enter in the best gallery of the city owned by Herr Taeschler. Will not go into details. I remained a year there, then went back to Geneva for awhile, then got a job in the mountains of Bavaria, southern Germany at Tegernsee in the Tyrol country as you might say. I was too restless and touchy to settle for long anywhere. After awhile I was glad to sever my connection with Mr. Fackler, the artist of the village. Tegernsee was a tourist resort on the shore of a beautiful little lake surrounded by mountains. 'I had quite a time at finding a boarding place. Finally I came to live with a family of farmers in a fine old wooden chalet. I had my breakfast and supper in my room and they consisted of a quart of fresh milk and a chunkk of black bread. For dinner I went to a little restaurant on the hillside near the gallery with the rest of Mr. Fackler's employees. That milk and black bread made me turn pink and sleek as I never had before. Tegerngee was the residence of Prinz Karl of Bavaria, he who was an expert oculist and a noble philanthropist. One of his daughters became the wife of King Albert of Belgium of First World War memory.

While I was there that summer, he received the visit of Prinz Henry of Prussia, the brother of that old scamp, the emperor William. Hís body servant, a portly gentleman, native of Canton Valais, Switzerland, came to our gallery to have his picture taken, and hearing from the boss that there was a young Swiss working for him, he asked to see me. When introduced, we retired to a beer garden and had a long, pleasant chat. I saw him some more and he told me interesting things about his position. He seemed to like me well, and before he left he asked me to find him at a certain Inn. I got bhere so late that he was gone.I wondered whether he had perhaps in mind to find me a job as apprentice flunkey in the Princé 's household. The thing may not have been impossible, but I am glad it did not happen. About September, my relations with Mr. Fackler were strained. He was pushy; I was sarcastic and touchy. So I quit and went to Munich, the celebrated capital of Bavaria. I had at the start, a job open in some part of Northern Germany but that would leave me no time to visit Munich properly so I declined the job and rented a room with a taylor, having a cup of coffee and a roll for breakfast and a cup of tea and bit of cheese and bread for supper. eI had dinner wherever I happened to find myself, the city and country being full of inns and beergardens. It was a treat to ramble through the city on tours of discovery, and there was very much to see. Besides the many fine buildings and places of interest, I mention the historical museum. I σould not tell of all I saw there, even if I recollected it. I mention only two objects that remained distinct to me.' One was a sheet of black iron about 8" square and 1/4" thick. It had been rolled into the form of a pointed paper bag, the point being twisted over and flattened tight. This had been done by the notorious Augustus, Duke of Saxe and showed his extraordinary strength. It is said of him that on a travel, he had his horse shoed by a blacksmith. When the man had the shoe ready, Augustus took it critically and snapped it in two. He did so for the next and the third, just for the show, of course. When the work was done, he flung a silver dollar to the blacksmith, who looked at it critically, also, and then broke the silver coin in two between his fingers.u The Duke gave him another, and a third, which were broken the same way. Then Augustus laughed, for he appreciated not only the strength of the blacksmith, but his wit, and giving him a gold piece, he said to him, "That coin is too good to break." The other object that impressed me was the sword of a French officer, picked up on a battlefield. There were so many hacks on the blade that the edge looked like the edge of a carpenter saw.

The best that I saw in Munich was the two museums of painting.

v

One contained hundreds and hundreds of the finest pictures by old
masters. The other was filled with the works of modern painters.
I visited these wonderful galleries more than once. Yet, after a
week or two, I had to think about finding a job. The days getting
shorter and colder, I began to stir in earnest and visit galleries;
in one of the best I had a call to present myself, but when I did,
the job must have been already filled. I got the notion to 1ook
up the American Consul to ask him what chances there were Cor me
to join the American Navy. The gentleman was very obliging and civil;
we talked by means of an interpreter, my English being very small
and his German probably worse. He explained to me that it was a
good thing to enter the Navy, that a young man was well taken care
of, and had a good chance to see countries and learn a trade.
Unluckily, the appointment could be done only in the United States,
at specified recruiting stations. Besides I needed the authoriza-
tion of my father. So right there I missed my chance to become
a salt and later on, an admiral. nI regretted other lost chances
more than that, 1ater. My little supply of money getting low, I
concluded that a retreat was necessary. The same time I would
visit the galleries of the main cities, I would cross on my way
back to Switzerland and perhaps secure some work that way. I took
a ticket for Augsburg and made a tour of the galleries without
result. From Augsburg I went to Ulun where I was strongly im-
pressed by the old cathedral and its tower, the highest in Europe,
I believe. This impression was heightened by the old, queer little
houses, so quiet they seemed deserted in the vicinity of that
medieval Munster. Neither had I success there in my job hunting.
Then I went to Stuttgart, capital of Sualia, and there there was
nothing. Then I crossed the Rhine, and was glad to find again my
Aunt Cecile who received me kindly as usual. I wrote to professionals,
put ads in papers and did what I could to find work in my line.
But fate closed against me; and I further retreated to Geneva. Here
I came in time to assist at brother Robert's marriage with Eugenie
Monachon. I found a job in Geneva, and in one of the best galleries.
As printer, I was paid 80 francs a month, something like *15. It
went all right for awhile. Then the boss asked us to work on Sun-
day because the printing was slow and way behind. The other printer
had religious scruples. °I hated to miss my skating. Besides the
boss said not a word about any extra pay.So we refused to come on
Sunday. Next Monday old man Pricarn was in the printing room
before us, in a very cranky mood. He made all kinds of observations
about the work not being wel1 done, and conscienceless and lazy
helpers in general. The other young man answered and held his
own, and Pricarn gave him his sack right then and there. He was
to go at the end of the month. When the boss had gone,I began to

chaff jy companion, and exchange humorous remarks about bosses in general and old man Pricarn in particular. But he had remained behind the door and took in all that foolish stuff. He popped in again, like a jumping jack and gave me my sack, for the very present minute with a torrent of angry reproaches. I went home and my father did not even blame me. As Pricarn was slow to pay me my wages, I sued him and we had another oratory tussle, but he had to pay me. After this battle, I again looked around but found only one offer. Charmause, an old firm of tourist curios and photoviews had a batch of old negatives in bad shape. He offered me six dollars a month to retouch them up. I refused. After awhile nothirig showing, father asked me to repair old music sheets and books as he had a well patronized circulating musical library, connected with the store. So I worked at patching old music for some time. That was in 1888 and I was then in my 20th year..I had to. pass the physical examination for the compulsary military service, and I chose infantry because the earliest training course of the year began late in February and I might as well put my time to that and be done with it. Accordingly, I was incorporated in Battalion 13, got my accoutrement and rifle with the rest of the mob and we were sent to Colombia, Canton Neuchatel, where I passed ten or twelve weeks in strenuous exertion, the training being intensive and the comforts very small. Accoutrement and gun in full weighed 60 pounds. The rifle was the famed old Vetterli which kicked like a mule. I did not like the experience; the situation is antagonistic to a touchy young man, and I was glad when it was over. But the system is very good, being based on the most democratic principles. At twenty, every young man able bodied, has to undergo the military training, and as a private, regardless of whether his papa is a banker or something else. Only after having gone through the first course can a young man choose to enter a special training course to be even an officer. Each citizen is a soldier, and those in the infantry are intrusted with their gun which they take home and are responsible for. All men keep their accoutrement at home so that ín case of need, the mobilization is accomplished at the shortest notice.

After coming home from the camp, I found a job as printer with a new photo establishment going up in the city.eThe owners were the first men to try the then new processes of photo type and zincotype in Geneva. This is what I should have learned by going to Salzburg, and by sticking to the old portrait and view making,I simply took the wrong trail. Here, in this new business, I got interested and tried to learn as much as I could. The owners had to rely on a bunch of Germans who were supposed to be experts

in those new lines. They were much better paid than the rest and acted absolutely like favored characters. These Germans believed in eating often and beer guzzling. At ten a.m. they would send the messenger boy to the next beer shop for bread, cheese, sausage or smked herring and the indispensable foaming mug. At noon the shop closed and everyone went to dinner, either at home or at a restaurant, and came back to work at half past one. Had I known what I know now, it would undoubtedly have paid me to go to Salzburg for a year and acquire a valuable knowledge. With diligence and attention to business, I would have made me a good situation right hore in Geneva, where I could have lived much more pleasantly than I did as an emigrant in America. But man has elements in his makeup that often pull him irresistibly from the straighter and more obvious road. I lived a fairly happy year in Geneva, working for Thenozand and Co. I saw then Benjamin Niederhausern every Sunday and sometimes during the week, and his chubby little sister, Madelbúne as often as I could. I followed assiduously, during a whole winter, a religious meeting of the ultra orthodox of the City, in which Pastor Barde explained the Exodus at great length. I was then nearly an agnostic, but not altogether, for I seeked truth and was willing to learn; yet I had no special sympathy for the orthodox or evangelicals of the City. Many of them were from old families and aristocratic stock; but if Mr. Barde's theology was something of a pill to me, I had the great pleasure to shake hands with Madamoiselle Madeleine at the exit, and exchange a few words with her. Mrs. deNederhausern, hearing that I played the violin, invited me to come and play with her daughters, Julia and Madeleine. I used to go to Trainant once a week in the evening, and we played many good pieces together; a few sonatas of Mozart and Haydn; some waltzes by Chopin; some waltzes by a Parisian composer which were very pretty and catchey and much in vogue then, and other music I have forgotten.

During the winter season, Ben, Jules Paintard, I and others, went skating and playing great games of hockey. Sometimes little Madeleine was allowed to join our party and those were great days. She was then between 14 and 15. When the icy season ended, the courses de montagne started. We did not have the time nor the money to go far and tackle high peaks, so had to content ourselves in climbing all over the bald limestone walls of old Salene. In August 1889, after having worked over a year with Thevoz, I arranged an 8 day trip through the Alps with Alfred, Ernest and Benjamin. I asked one of my bosses for the vacation, or rather told him I was going to take it. We took the train to Bern and went over the German Pass into Valais, entered the Valley of Tourtegagne,and

climbed the Schwatzhorn, a lesser peak without permanent snow.
Returned to the main valley in Sion, took the train to Martiguy,
went up to Salange, behind the Deuts du Midi. Passing two
mountain passes, we descended into the Sixte Valley. From there
we tried to climb a lesser peak, the Pointe Pelouze, but missed
our way and after a hard day in the rocks and brush, had to leave
it undone, for our time was limited and we had yet a stretch of
territory to cover. We passed another pass and came to a village
where we ordered a regular dinner at an Inn. For we lived very plain, otherwise avoiding
hotels and sleeping in the chalets with the natives, on hay when we could get it and on
hard boards when we had to. We had a couple of bottles of white wine with our repast
and got pretty gay. Ernest who liked to make the monkey, made faces to
our hostess, which made me mad, and I talked harshly to him. So
when we went out, he went a little ahead, being peaved. Alfred,
Ben and I followed; it was a fine warm afternoon, and we came to
the lovely little lake of Mont Rion, a gem of clear green water
surrounded by woody mountains. We decided to take a bath, so spent
an hour or better at that place. Then we continued, expecting plain
walking till we reached the valley of Abundance. The road kept on
climbing and getting more and more rugged; the sun declined and
evening came, when we discovered that instead of plain sailing we
had another pass to go over. It was about 9 p.m. when we reached
the highest point of the pass; it was dark and we lost the faint
tracks of the trail. We tried to cut short down a steep slope to
reach the creek bottom near whích the trail must be. But suddenly
the brush stopped and we were on the edge of a precipice. We had
to work uphill again, through the dark, and pass the night on the
floor of an old empty chalet or cow stable, with nothing to eat
and nothing to drink. Next morning we were up at the first grey
of dawn, found again the trail, and worked down many miles, first
through forest then on the main road to Abundance, a large village
in Savoy. Here we stopped and ordered a ful1 size coffee breakfast.
We inquired also about that youngster, Ernest. We lost him, but
how? Did he remain behind, was he ahead? Did something happen to
him? We were anxious on his account; also he carried no money with
him, and so had no means to live and travel. The lady innkeeper
said a young man had passed through there and had seemed well. We
were much relieved by hearing that he had reached the village. As
the morning was well advanced, we concluded, that he was ahead of us
and we would catch him on the road to Thonon on Lake Lemance from
where we intended to return to Geneva by the steamboat. So after
the comforting breakfast, we resumed the march for Thonon. We were
not gone far when we heard someone tramping behind us. It was
Ernest, somewhat sheepish, but glad to join the main body again.
While we had stopped at Lake Mont Rion, the previous day, he had

kept on walking and reached Abundance the same evening. There he inquired about us and was in a bad fix, being without money. But an honest blacksmith tookpity on him and lent him a silver dllar with which Ernest could eat and sleep in Abundance. We reached Thonon about noon and concluded with another gala dinner at one of the inns, then boarded the steamboat and reached Geneva after 8 days of hard tramping and great adventures.

Arriving at home, I found a note from my employers stating that they dismissed me because they did not like an employee to take vacations without asking for it. I had asked Thenoz for it but he must not have told the head man. I considered the matter as a dirty tríck, and then and there made up my mínd to emigrate to the United States. t I had entertained notions of emigration before. There was a well known family in Geneva, the Sillems, with whose son I had been in class at the college, and my sister Sophie was a friend of 2 of the young daughters. Mr. Sillem rented a farm around Geneva, but finding conditions unsatisfactory, he decided to emigrate to Argentina, which he did about 1885. The family settled at some distance of Conception del Uruguay. The girls would write to Sophie.I got the notion to write to Mr. Sillem and ask him what he thought about my emigrating to Argentina. He was an honest and sensible man, and answered from his point of' view, which was that of the family father struggling with the many difficulties and experiences of' the emigrant. If you do emigrate, wrote he, would it not be better for you to follow your trade rather than to engage in farming? At any rate, if you decide to emigrate, you will find us ready with a welcome to our house. This was a very kind letter with good advice, but it appeared not glowing enough to me, and I did not answer, in which I was wrong, for mere politeness required me to do so. I never heard of them anymore. Did I miss better luck by not going to Argentina?

We were acquainted from olden times with the Sessely family. The parents S. were from Canton Solothurn, and it seems that father in his bachelor days had aspired to the hand of Miss Rudolph(that is, Mrs. Sessely) whose father was a well to do trunk and valise maker. But old Mr. Rudolph did not give his consent, he being suspicious of a young musician without belongings and property. I went to school with the oldest Sessely boy and knew the rest well. Jules,the second son, had learned his father's trade, trunk maker, and quite young yet had gone to Argentina where he did quite well. Later he crossed the country and went to Chile. I wrote to him, and he advised me warmly to come, saying that photography was one of the best paid trades at the time in Chili. I began to think

the matter over, and even had arranged to take lessons in Spanish, when my attention was diverted to photo type and zincotype, while working with Thenoz. I did not start on Spanish and abandoned the notion of going to Chili. Did I miss better luck by not going to Chili? I do not:think so, for when a 'man goes here and there, his surroundings change, but the very source of his happiness, or unhappiness, he takes with him, for it is in him.

Again, while working with Thenoz, his brother, an enterprising young man of pleasant character, having had trouble with his brother, got disgusted with the old country and began thinking of going to Australia and making a fortune by raising sheep there. wHe had no experience whatever, but you learn by doing. He proposed to me to go along with him. The idea did not strike me as very good. The creek looked too broad to be jumped in one leap.

I must have had nearly a hundred dollars in the Savings Bank besides some money on hand to pay for the travel, so I made up my mind to go to the United States. While working for Thenoz, where I was getting $20 a month and paid *10 a month to my parents for board and room, I must have saved around $60.00. mThe ticket for steerage with the French line cost me $28.00, plus 5 to $6 for railroad fare. In those days, second class cost about *60, and first class from 100 and up. I left sometime during the latter part of September, the 29th, I believe. Passed through Paris, where I met a few more Swiss emigrants going by the same boat. This was the time of the 1889 Exposition universal. We remained half a day in Paris, and with some of the boys we went through the streets as far as the Eiffel Tower, built for that Exposition. The same evening we boarded a special emigrant train, and after a crude and rude inspection, were shoved aboard the old Transatlantic Liner, La Bretagne, then an old ship without speed and less comfort. The members of the mob received, individually, a tin plate and a tin cup, a tin fork and a tin spoon, and were at liberty to sit down anywhere on the deck where they were not in the way of the crew. Some of us Swiss boys got together and paying each an extra dollar to the steward, that individual put us up a table under cover and took care of the tin plates and silverware. The grub was plentiful but plain; amongst other prerequisites, we received every day a gill or so of cheap nun. But no tobacco. Anyway, it did not matter to me, as the old Bretagne began to roll and pitch in great shape as soon as she nosed out of the härbor of Havre, and the weather remained tempestuous for 4 or 5 days. I got so sick, I had to lay flat on my bunk reflecting on the chances a man was taking on himself when travelling to foreign lands. Finally, having eaten nothing for 3 days, and yet still bent on vomiting, I threw up a lot of bile

and Fom there on, I mended. So did the weather, and the second half of the travel was pleasant and sunshiny. I landed in New York, October 9th,I believe, and after having successfully passed through the routine of Castle Garden, the emigrants' door, I took a room at the Gruth Hotel in Greenwich Street, in the old downtown quarter. F'rom Castle Garden I had sent word to my Aunt Antoinette Tschundi that I had landed in the New World.

Aunt Antoinette was the dearest person on earth to me. She was kindness itself, very generous, thoughtful, mild mannered, yet with much dignity and moral force with all. She was the oldest of the family and had been busy all her life giving lessons as family teacher, living sometime in England, sometime in Parig or Italy, or in Geneva, on one or two occasions, depending on the situation of the family, she was with at the time. I remembered her very well from my younger days. She it was who taught me to pray, when I was about 4 years old. Later she also began to teach me "Our Father", but departed from Geneva before it was ingrained with me. At the time of my coming he was the general house manager of Mr. Colambus C. Baldwin, a member of some old aristocratic family from Maryland. Mr. Baldwin had lost his wife quite young, years ago, and was fortu- nate in finding Aunt Antoinette to take care and raise the three little children, Roman, Louise and Columbus. Roman was my age, the other two following close. When grown, Aunt Antoinette remained with the f'amily and took charge of' the housekeeping. Mr. Baldwin at one time was President of the Lewisville and Nashville Railroad and was mixed up with the politics of the City of New York, being an old democrat of the first water. He was rich and kept, besides cook, servants, butler, etc., a Couchman with horses and coach. For many years Aunt Antoinette would send from New York a trunk filled brimful with everything to enjoy and please a poor tribe like us; warm clothes of the finest make, hardly worn; handy little tools, pocket knives, games, books, skates, watches, and a hundred more articles which have slipped my memory. No wonder it was an extraordinary grand day when the trunk from America had come and mother presided at the opening Of all this I have left now but 2 pictures of General Grant and his family, when he was sick to death at Mt. McGregor. I found the pictures at Conders 5 years ago, when visiting Geneva, and took them with me as a souvenir.

Such was Aunt Ann, of good memory. She hastened to come from New Port, Rhode Island, where the family had a fine summer résidence, and there the Baldwins remained all summer till early winter, when they returned to New York to mix with society and the then wonder- ful "400".

Aunt Antoinette showed me the city, took me to the family residence, 34th St., which was then a quiet, high-toned section. We took the elevated railroad and went to the end of the line to Harlem, had dinner there, in surroundings that looked like the green country. The day was a fine late autumn day, the last sunshine and blue sky before winter. After dinner she also produced a very b1g Havana cigar, although she would rather see me not snoking at all; this cigar_came f'rom Mr. Baldwin's own reserve. , It was very. good, probably, but so big that it made me nearly sick. Another day, Auntie took me to see several galleries and photo houses to help me find a position. But nothing was open and she had to be back at New Port to attend to her duties. She would see me again in a few weeks when the f'amily would return to the city.

Then from the Gruth Hotel I started to hunt a job by myself. I could speak some English, but the extremely fast jabbering of the natives I could not catch. When we were on our way to Harlem, Aunt and I were sitting at a depot waiting for a connecting train. Aunt knew the time, but to help me in getting the practice, she asked me to find out from the depot agent when the train for Harlem would pass. I went and started in a broken and halting sentence. The youhg fellow looked at me contemptuously and said, "Ah, go on, you booby," or something like that. I was taken aback, not knowing what to say, since I couldn't fairly understand, nor fairly answer, although I felt the insolence of the fellow. And I got a little peaved at Auntie, for she watched all and kept on smiling in an amused way. By going around from studio to studio I found one where they gave me one or two negatives to retouch, at two bits apiece. There was another retoucher in the room, a pleasant, genial fellow who ordered two glasses of beer brought in, and offered me one. He was an adept of the Truth Seeker, a rank agnostic periodical. He tried to understand me and I tried to make myself understood, but not to much purpose. Then they told me for a joke (for there were other employees as well) that somebody wanted to talk to me at the speaking tube. I could make nothing of the brogue and mine must have been as bad to them. Then a lively young lady had the genial retoucher tell me that she was looking for a little husband. I answered, "I had none to sell." But this was not steady work; by the newspapers ado, I found a steady position, as 3rd rate retoucher in a houseful of photo typers, with many German employees. Some years later I read about a house in that street full of printing presses, having suddenly collapsed, with many casualties. I think this was the place where I worked a week or two. I was paid $6.00 a week and paid one dollar a day 'to the Gruth Hotel, where needing the rooms with

windows, they put me to sleep on a cot in the hall. The beginnings in the New World were not very auspicious, and I thought with pain of Geneva,Lake Leman and the old Saline Mountain. After a week or so, I let that go in order to hunt something better. Once I saw an ad asking for a gentlemanly young man with the proper education to act as a helper in ą laboratory. My! but it would have suited me, but I.was too late. Then I got work at the establishment of Mr. Rush, a little man of German descent; so Were the three helpers. Besides gallery work, he was making prints for enlargements for several houses doing that specialty.I was making the negatives from pictures of all kinds and shapes that came from all over the country. My knowledge of the process came in handy then, for Mr. Rush used the wet process to make his negatives. Some days there was hardly anything to do, at other times it was a frantic rush. One day I made over 120 reproduction negatives. By going out with two young fellows, I found a boarding house in 9th Street in the German section. The old man of the house was a Swiss German, and acted as cook for his outfit. He was a good old man. I had a small room under the roof, the light coming from a small glazed trap in said roof. I felt a little itching once in awhile, but was blissfully ignorant. The bedbugs were not what you would call real bad, as this was the winter season, and most of the little fellows must have been in the dormant condition. "The grub was coarse but plentiful, and I needed it, for my appetite by reason of the change of air was fierce. If I remember right, I paid four dollars a week for the room and three for the board. At any rate there was a progress in the right direction. I was paid eight dollars a week by Mr. Rush. Auntie came back from New Port and I went to see her very gladly. One day she told me that Mr. Baldwin would like to see me. I was to come to the house next morning before he left for his office ín Wall Street; that is 9 A.M. I put myself in my best trim and walked uptown from 9th to 34th street and got there late. When I came to the street steps, an elderly sour looking gentleman went out and down the steps. I went up to pull the bell. He turned and looked at me an instant. Here was my chance to be alive and practical. I should have then and there presented myse1f and apologized. I did not, but waited till the door opened. During that time the old gent had gone away. My aunt told me that Mr.Baldwin had just left. I knew it. He had waited for me past his usual hour. He did not apologize nor give me another appointment. Perhaps I missed a trail to fortune right there.

Things went that way till after Now Year. Then I received word from a young Swiss, native from Lausanne, with whom I had travelled from Paris to New York, that Mr. Sandoz wanted a retoucher

and I was offered the job.i I had met old Sandoz, another Swiss, in the Bretagne. He was travelling 2nd class with ths wife. He was an engineer and photographer living in Mobile,Alabama. Think of this, Mobile, Alabama, the Gulf of Mexico, the wondrous South,the land of paat slavery and the funny Negroes. I did not hesitate in answering that I was coming, though I knew it would break my Aunt's heart. I broke the news to her, and first she would dissuade me, and then offer all sorts of objections. But see the world I must, although Mr. Baldwin had assured my aunt that Mobile was but an old nigger hole. So she accompanied me sadly to the depot and we parted. I never saw her again. She would have done anything for my progress and welfare, and helped me in any line where I would have shown a preference, whether that would have been the ministry, or some liberal profession or music; but I was too green, too set in my views, and too independent.

So, one cold, gray January afternoon I left New York and two days later, about 8 A.M. I landed in old Mobile, where the sky was blue, the sun shining and the feeling that of a nice spring day. I repaired to Dauphine Street, where old man Sandoz had his gallery. The situation looked somewhat cheaper than I had expected, but here I was. I took a walk through the streets and wondered at the ragged black population with their happy grins. Albert Sandoz made me acquainted with his brother Fritz, a portly, jovial old fellow, watchmaker by trade, and father of a numerous family. Also with other folks. Mr8. Sandoz was a tall, coarse, bony woman of about 45, and as I soon came to find out, with an evil and jealous dis-. position. She had two sons by a former husband; Frank, about my age, a sort of a mule-headed fellow, not bright and afflicted with epileptic fits; and Albert, a little younger, very good 1ooking, and smart, but spoiled. He was clerk in the grocery store below stairs, and Frank helped his stepfather in the gallery work. I went also to look up my companion of the Bretagne, Mocklin by name and confectioner by trade. The people of Mobile knew by a little insertion in the Personal column of the Mobile Register, that the gallery of Mr. Sandoz had suffered a valuable addition in the person of an imported Parisian retoucher. In those times the population of those parts of' the South paid no attention to any of those Yankee laws regulating emigration. They were anxious to have emigrants come and work for them. So I went to work, doing all the retouching that may _come up in a little two bit gallery. I was alsp helping old Sandoz in the dark room.v Frank did the printing, by the old albumen paper process. "Mr. Sandoz was a tall, portly, gray headed, jolly fellow with a figure and face of an old fashioned southern colonel. He had a knack of telling little stories well

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and an innate taste for the theater and acting. He was hipped with Shakespeare. He suffered from heart trouble and once in awhile was cranky, otherwise our relations were pleasant" He had come to Mobile some years before the Civil War. His father had emigrated from Neuchatel after the royalist government had been ousted by the republicans in 1858. When the war broke out he had just been married to a Belgian girl. o He was called to the army, but this being at the very beginning, the rules were not applied too strictly and for some cause or another he was allowed to return to civilian lif'e. But some time later, when the struggle had become deadly, he, not at all anxious to risk his bones to defend the property of the slave owners, escaped from Mobile in some sort of a contra-band boat, and reached New Orleans, then under the rule of General Butler, that is, in the hands of the Unionists, where he was safe from mobilization. His second wife and brother emigrated from Switzerland to Alabama just before the war, and when it broke 1oose, in a fit of hasty enthusiasm he joined the Confederate army. At a battle near Mobile, he got shot in the face, the bullet cutting through the base of the nose and taking one eye away. Fritz Sandoz, the brother, during that stirring period had been sent to Neuchatel to learn the watchmaker trade, and towards the end of the war, came back to the States by way of New York. Wishing to go south, which was impossible the ordinary way, he joined a regiment of New York soldiers and in this way found his way to Alabama. After the war was over, he filled the position of mayor in the village of Buccatuna, not far from Mobile, where he married the daughter of a Confederate officer. She was a fine native lady, and I liked her well. They had seven boys and a little daughter was born to them while I was in Mobile. But Fritz had to relinquish his exalted public position, for the Ku Klux Clan, the original one, sent him word that it would be good for him to give up the mayoralty and move out of Buccatuna. He was a sensible man and willing to follow good advice. So he came to Mobile, where he went into the watch repairing business. I liked him and his family well, and we had many a glass of beer together at Joe '8. Joe was a Swiss too, from Canton Valais; he had been exported by the Jesuits to be used somewhere in one of their estab-lishments in Mississippi. Not liking the regiment, he had escaped and come to Mobile, where he married the daughter of a well to do saloonkeeper,German, and afterward had become the proprietor of said saloon. It was a most honorable place, I must say(I mean respectable.) The two stepsons names were Frank and Albert Mahorn. Albert the younger son, played the flute, and when he heard that I was playing the violin, he asked me to join a little club of friends who were enjoying making music together. THese were Miss Julia Kern, and her brother Johnny; and another young man of

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Jewish extraction, named Brown. The Kerns either came here from Germany or were of German descent. The father was a baker by trade. They were very nice people. We gathered mostly at their house on account of the piano being there. Miss Julia was a good, sensible girl, not very pretty, but by no means ugly, and a right good piano player. Johnny was a kind of a spoiled young fellow, having exalted notions about his knowledge and abilities; he was bossing the whole. proceedings.. Thus we had a pleasant musical evening once a week. Later, Johnny's uncle lent me a viola, and I played the viola parts. Besides a family from New England having emigrated to Mobile and opened a new store, two of the grown sons joined our club which had been baptized the Mendelsohn Club,one playing the cornet and the other the contrabass. About the best we ever played were arrangements from the Opera Faust and the Overture of Russini's Barber of Senilla.

Old man Sandoz paid me seven dollars a week and free board and lodging at his home. I did not like that arrangement very well, as it bothered my independence. But I was taking patience and waiting for the day I would be my own boss and have my own gallery.

By being constantly with the young folks and receiving customers, I made good progress in the American tongue. Of course, I made a few breaks, once in awhile, but people could well see I was not to blame. There was no intention in it. Once, a young man and his wife oame in; Sandoz being out, I took the picture. The young lady sitting in a sort of sagged position, I meant to tell her to straighten her waist. I told her to straighten her tail; for in French, waist is called taille. She looked at me in a half puzzled and half funny way, as well she might. I bet she told the story more than onoe, as I did. At another time, a party of ladies from the country came in. After having agreed on style and price, I meant to tell them to pass in the dressing room. I told them to go to the toilet room, which is the French word for dressing room. I hope they understood ,I came freshly from Paris and that my speech was somewhat outlandish but my intentions above suspidions.

Another time, in came a party of colored ladies of a dark mahogany: hue., I explained the styles and prices, but they could not catch anything; instead to make an effort in that direction, one said to the other, "What kind of speech does that man speak?" That riled me, and I says to them, "If you don't understand English you better go where they speak Negro.". They went away very angry. We used to take pictures from sailors that had landed in Mobile; many of them were Norwegians. . Once, the young captain of a Norwegian

schooner had his picture taken with his young bride. She was pretty like a wild rose. We had also a good many folks come from the country and the back woods, which were then very extensive yet, in Alabama. Once a set of ladies with a small kid came in to inquire about pictures. While I was talking, one of them set the little kid on top of Mr. Sandoz's cuspidor as if it were a chamber pot. I protested warmly and told them they should have asked me about the location of the toilet. Our business prospects were broken off right there.

Once, and that was during the Mardi Gras celebration, when the streets were jammed with the populace come to have a good time and see the parade, Sandoz had a narrow escape.. The receiving room was crowded, as the day was the best for business during the whole year. The boss was busy like the dickens, jumping from the dark room to the gallery and back again. Going back in the dark room,he met a country lady coming out of it and excusing herself. "Yes, mam,"he says, and steps in, when he slips on something like a banana peeling and nearly broke his head against the wall. Producing light, he found, to say the thing plain, that the country lady, being in due need, had eased herself on the floor. Now you will say this is not a story to tell. Very well, says I, don't mate the story and then it won't be told.

After I had started to work for Sandoz, I soon got acquainted with a pleasant old gentleman. His beard and hair were white as snow and his eyes blue like the sky. He was an old, retired Scotch-man and his name was Donaldson. He used to come to the gallery to pass time, palaver with the old man and exchange news. He liked to talk with me, and we got to be very friendly. Once, the subject was about kissing girls. I thought it a most delightful pastime. He shook his head and said with a great rolling of the r's, "That's what my mother told me never to do, and I never did, Sarr." He had a property at Springhill, about 5 miles west of Mobile. There was indeed a little hill in the midst of the flat country mostly covered with the pitch pine forest. He had another one across the bay. One day he came in perturbed. Some of the natives incensed at his for-bidding hunting on his place, had set fire to his house while he was absent, and he lost everything in it, including many curios, which hurt him most. The place contained 160 acres of the best soil,and he was 8o disgusted that he said he would take $1,000 of the land just to get rid of it. But who would care to go and live in a nest of two-legged centipedes?

One morning Mr. Donaldson came in with a tall, ølderly man,

well-dressed but somewhat hazy with liquor, and he had his picture taken. This was Captain....? (forgot name) who brought in the last cargo of slaves from Africa, about the beginning of the Civil War. The captain seemed a good natured sort of an old chap; but you cannot always tell by 1ooks and liquor has a wondrous soothing influence at times.

After I had left Mobile for the brush and logs of the Cascades, Mr. Donaldson kept on writing to me occasionally, but he had his own way to do so. He would send 2 or 3 back numbers of the Mobile Register, and the margins were covered full of the news, comments and inquiries, well ornamented with humorous pictures and all done with a pencil. He wrote thus to me till after I got married, and the last was some good wishes on hearing the news of our first baby, Germaine. He wanted me to call her Scotia, and said he would give her a little present of a pincushion or something like it. But I did not follow his suggestion; I never heard from him since, and suppose he died then, being indeed very old. But I think kindly and with pleasure of the old gentleman to this day. He was the man that would have taken interest in my efforts at composition, and helped me to the best of his ability, but at that time I was not yet composing.

I have related how Uncle Fritz came to work for the Martin family in Mobile. He remained less than 5 months with the Martins. Uncle Fritz had the same peculiarity as Uncle Ernest. He would generally come to loggerheads with the womenfolks where he happened to be. He could not suffer the notion of being bossed by the women so he soon got cold with Mrs. Martin. The Martins solved a delicate problem very nicely. Uncle Fritz was a white man and they did not send him to eat in the kitchen with the Negroes. So they had a little table set in a corner of the dining room, for him alone, turned to the wall. Early in June 1891 we left Mobile for Portland, Oregon. We had to stay overnight in New Orleans, where in a dingy hotel we were at the mercy of bed bugs and mosquitoes. We passed a stretch of country that was flooded by the Mississippi River, our train moving with a foot or two of water over the track. Louisiana seemed a rich farming country and 1ooked very pleasant. Before reaching Fort Worth, Texas, the locomotive had a breakdown and for hours went at a slow and halting gait. Thus we missed our connections at Fort Worth, being some hours late, and we had to wait till next morning to resume our travel. We went out of town to a meadow or field with a creek shaded by some trees, where Fritz took a bath in company of the boys of the town. We lived on our provisions and slept under a stack of oat hay. Next day we repaired

to the depot, and walking along the track, the city boys treated us like hoboes, by throwing rocks in our direction. We must have looked a little queer; Uncle Fritz wore an old corduroy suit, a woolen tam o'shanter, and had a wonderful pair of long mustaches which would have been an ornament to a conquistador. At that time, although I was nearly 23, I had no beard yet whatever. We crossed the dry rolling plains of northwest Texas. Saw often bleached bones of cattle along the track; also, every native in the car wore a large frontier pistol on his hip. We cut the southeast angle of New Mexioo, went up Colorado, across Wyoming and Idaho, all dreary countries. But as soon as we had crossed a small range of mountains on the Oregon border, the landscape changed for the better. The hills and mountains were covered with dark pine trees; the valleys were carpeted with green meadows, and the little farms had fruit trees growing around the buildings. Later in the day when we reached the lower course of the Columbia, we greatly admired the noble stream dotted with islands green with cottonwoods and white firs; the wild hills covered with the primeval forest, and the white cones of Mb. Adams and Mt. St. Helens. The car was full of passengers and as we were in the smoker, the crowd was mixed and rather rough looking. A big young fellow came to sit near us and began asking where we came from and what we intended to do. He insisted in starting some card game which we peremptorily declined; at which he retreated, muttering disparaging remarks and insulting terms about fools in general and the Swiss in particular. I had in my valise a fearsome utensil under the form of an old Belgian revolver that brother Robert had discarded, years ago, and given to me. I took it out and held it in my pocket as we were then traveling through the Wild West and we did not know what might turn up. But we reached Portland safely enough. We repaired forthwith to the wine merchant business where Uncle Rodolphe was working. It was run by two Frenchmen of dubious reputation. After his day's work Rodolphe led us to his lodgings, somewhere up 15th Street, I believe. A young Swiss watchmaker by name of Jaggy, newly married, had rented an old cottage with a large cherry tree in front. He subrented a room to Rodolphe and the ground floor to a family of Belgians, and these were the Stassarts of happy memory. We passed a couple of pleasant weeks in Portland. We had to wait to the end of the month, Rodolphe wishing to give plenty of time to his bosses to find a htelper to replace him. The cherry tree was loaded with big ripe cherries. From the porch roof we could go and help ourselves.

Fritz and I went around town to buy our outfit; tools, a heavy 7-foot saw, axes, boots, oil cloth pants and jackets, even a good sized tent. We got acquainted with Stassarts, Raymond, Descamps and others. The explanations they gave of the wild country where

their claims lay we could not grasp very well for the present. Rodolphe, or as he affectionately was called by his friends, Roulean, was a most jolly and sociable man, and had acquaintances everywhere. By him we learned to know old man Mairet. Mr. Alexandre Mairet was a little man with a large head ornamented with a big shock of hair on top and a grissly beard below. He mostly talked to you with a watchmaker's magnifying lens inserted in his eye, for he was a watchmaker by trade and came from the Montagnes of Neuchatel in Switzerland where watchmakers are at home. He was a nice, pleasant, talkative philanthopic man and a fervid freethínker. Had been in Portland many years and knew everything about the city that was worth knowing. At that time his shop consisted of a little fenced off corner in the entrance hall of the Saint Charles Hotel, near the foot of Morrison Street. Being known all over the country there always was someone outside the fence talking with him while he was working. Once a Chinaman stole a watch from him. Some time later he saw the Chinaman among the crowd on one of the busy streets. He ran after him, John trying to escape by speed, and caught him by the tail of his hair. The Chinamen wore all long braids in those days. '"Do you picture yourself hanging after the tail of a Chinaman on Morrison Street?" Rodolph would say, and he would burst into loud laughter at the idea. He was obliging and always ready to help some countryman (that is, a Swiss) who needed advice or a couple of dollars. Finally, the time came when we started for the claims. Rodolphe knew a Frenchman by name of Courant. He was a pretty good Sort of fellow, of the paysan breed, practical and full of business but no soruples.

Courant had a little express wagon drawn by one horse, and carrying the mail to Mt. Tabar, which was then outside the city. limits. He said he would haul our stuff to our destination for ¥10. Well, July 2nd we started with all our junk, comprising our tools, provisions of all sorts, the tent, our trunks and valises, our fire arms, our tobacco, and a cup of foaming yeast, a kindly present from Mrs. Stassart, for we had to make our own bread from now on. About 9 A.M. we crossed the Columbia to Vancouver, on the ferry boat, then up Reserve Street, for Rodolphe remembered that the road to Yacolt started that way.

Yacolt was then the name of a little natural prairie on the site of the present McCutcheon farm. There were a few settlers in the country, but no post office nor store; they only came in 1903 when the railroad came in.

When the Descamps, Raymond Stassart crowd with Rodolphe went

to locate their claims in January 1891, they had stopped at Garners and had been well received there. Consequently, we were to reach Garner's place and from there see how to locate on the claims.

At the upper corner of the military reserve there were more than one road, and Rodolphe picked out the one he thought looked like the ríght one. The roads were then all narrow, lumpy, full of ruts and roots. Well--what is properly called dirt roads. So when we came to a bit of a steep hill, we had to push at the wheels to help Courant's horse, although he said he was unbeatable as a hard puller. Here, a little fellow about 16, who was helping make cord wood, hearing us talk French, addressed us in the same. Said he was a "mousse", that is apprentice sailor, but had deserted his vessel in Portland. He offered to join our party, but it did not suit us. About noon we came to a little clearing with an old cabin and a few fruit trees. The owner was an old French Canadian, and he was. glad to talk French with us. And where do you then go? To the country past Yacolt Mountain, we go to settle on government land--poor boys, why are you going that far? It is not worthwhile. You can get land much nearer. Here, I sell you these eighty acres, with this cabin you see, and 3-4 acres (?), a cow and ten chickens for five hundred dollars. But we were bound for the Yacolt country to pick up government land for nothing and we paid no attention to the old fellow's offer. I had enough money to buy, but the Niederhauserns had not. Namely, my godfather, Nicolas Fuchs, when he died in 1890, had left me in his wall a thousand dollars. Besides, I had saved $300 in Mobile, and had yet $100 from my Geneva savings account. Rodolphe had perhaps fiity dollars, and Fritz somewhat more. I had paid for most of the outfit. We were working in a sort of partnership or association, without clearly defined rules or articles. Fritz was full of business, he saw very well that since I had money, and they had none, they could lose nothing in the matter. We then travelled the whole afternoon along the old fashioned country roads. m We had found out that we were not on the right road, but were told we would eventually reach Lewisville, by going so and so. Courant's horse was played out, and no wonder. It was a good plug when you think of all the miles of bad roads he travelled with a heavy laden wagon behind him that day. About 8 P.M. we had to stop for he could not move a leg any further. We were in a little wood and we went for water, but could find none as it was getting dark. So we had an emergency supper of crackers and over-heated cheese, and nothing to drink. Rodolphe tried to humor the situation by playing a miserable mouth harmonica, to which whining the mosquitoes added their aggravating sing song. I was disgusted.

But that was only the beginning, I got disgusted many times more, till I could say, "It might be worse."

Next morning, right early, Fritz and I went ahead to find out where we were and see if a farmer could help us with his team. We soon came on a little dairy farm and the man gave us a bucket of skimmed milk which we thought a great treat. Then, after having done his chores, he came with his team and pulled us to Lewisville, 4 miles away. There, Courant said it was impossible for him to go further. So we paid him his ten dollars, which he received gratefully. Indeed it had not been his fault if we had wandered up and down the country away from the regular road. The store keeper in Lewisville had a fine team. We had our goods transferred and a young fellow took charge of the new rig which was to land us at Garner. We went up hill, through the great forest covering Yacolt mountain during the greater part of the afternoon; then the road began to incline downhill, and about 7 P.M. we arrived at the hospitable dwelling of old man Garner. The young fellow went right back to Lewisville the same night, in order not to miss a dance. Old man Garner (he was not really an old man then) was a pleasant man, creat story teller, und willing to help us by deed and advice. His family consisted of his wife, his oldest son Leon, then about 16, Jenny, 14, Sarah, 12, another girl, younger yet, and Roy, about 4. Garner greatly increased our confidence _and hopes bý many wonderful descriptions of the natural advantages of the country we had come to settle in. Next day, being the 4th of July, Garner with his family went to the celebration held at Amboy. Rodolphe, Fritz and I went for an exploration of the country west of Cedar Creek, to locate 2 quarter sections of land that were yet open for filing. We struggled all morning through brush, over logs, and under immense ferns and into the silent old virgin forest, admiring the gigantic trees of a size we never had seen before. I had a cheap compass, and at one time Rodolphe said to me, you go in the wrong direction, and sure enough, I was heading north for south. When a man knows the land, and when there are trails and roads to follow, the forest does not seem such a hard place to travel in and find one's way. But when it is entirely wild, distances will appear much greater and one may be badly lost on 40 acres. After I was settled on my homestead it took me not weeks, but years till I had a clear idea of the topography of my land in details. In this first exoursion I now think that we went about as far as the middle of Brazee's claim (May Baker's claim later) ,near the eastern line. Next day, July 5th, Fritz and I started on foot for Vancouver to file on onr two claims. We had to make Brush Prairie by noon, for from there we could have a ride on a little logging railroad.

This saved u8 10 miles further walking. We had to sit precariously on a pile of logs, and were charged 50 cents for the stunt.

Fritz took 160 acres, east of Rodolphe's claim, the land went 3/4 of a mile across. Cedar Creek and up the steep hill. There was some small timber on top, but not much suitable land to clear. He built a rough cabin, near the creek but never cleared any land and finally abandoned entirely his claim, saying it was not worth paying the taxes. Peg Miller's 40 acres was a part of Fritz's claim. I filed on the southeast quarter of Section 14, Township 5 North Range 3 East. This is the location of the old farm on which all of you children have been born. Rodolphe knew there was a little natural clearing, or fern prairie somewhere on his claim, which was mostly all covered with big green timber. Instead of wasting time in more explorations, we decided to start to cut a road from the Thompson cabín about 1/4 mile east from the Amboy road, and 2 miles from Garners. Garner hauled our belongings to the cabin, which was built of rough lumber, but was in good shape, even with an old little cooking stove. We cut the brush, the logs, and graded sparingly to save time and labor, and we used the compass to keep the genera1 direction. All this was new to me, and very tiresome. It took me years to get used to that kind of work. On Sunday I went on a little excursion by myself and when I came back Fritz and Rodolphe said to me that they had decided that the best way to work together was to work all of us on.one claim, then on to the next and so on. Since we were to land on Rodolphe's claim fírst, we would start to clear and build there first, then they would work back on my claim the time I worked on theirs. Here I must say the boys had their advantage in view, for they expected me to tire out soon, quit all and return to the city and my trade. Rodolphe said as much to Alfred when he came to visit me in 1894. Then of course, they would have the benefit of what little I would have done; also I would relinquish my tools and other stuff, and what they owed to me, that could wait till it was really convenient for them to pay back. If I were a real friend I might even be generous and make a present to them of the whole matter. I did not like their notion and some of their ways. We had each bought a supply of tobacco and we had each a dífferent brand. Rodolphe had tried mine and found it very good. Then he got in the habit of helping himself often out of my box, because it tastes so good, he would say. Finally I told him to stop the practice, by which I showed I was not a real pal. In September that same year, Fritz went to Portland to meet Walter,who had decided to join the colony. -He came from Geneva, and was supposed to be a great help because he had been at a college of agriculture. Meanwhile Rodolphe and I kept on clearing and making the road. One day, we were a half a mile from the cabin, and would take our lunch

with us, to save back and forth tramping. We had a little lard bucket with a nice mess of beans and pork in it, and at noon had built a fire and set the bucket hanging above. We were hungry and our mouths were just watering well, when the handle got melted off and those delicious beans with pork spilled right into the fire. We had a sad lunch that day, with hard dry biscuits and water.

It took us nearly a month to open the road. The saw worked very hard so we avoided big logs as much as possible and the road was full of crooks and turns. At one place we had to tackle a big 1og. Iwo of us were pulling at one end of the saw and two at the other, and then we could not saw more than six inches deep and it would pinch. So we invented the following process. After we had sawed 6 inches deep, we would make another cut, 8 or 10 inches next to the first cut, and when the saw would not work anymore, chop out the wood between the 2 cuts. It took us a half a day to get through that particular log. We were now going down the canyon in which flows the little creek on the southwest quarter of Rodolphe's claim. We had out a large log, the width of the road and not being able to move it out of the way, we split it. We had worked up a crack about 6 inches wide. We invented another trick to pry open that stubborn old log. We cut a heavy hemlock pole and tied a rope at the upper end to have a better leverage. The log was wet and the pole slippery, and while Walter and I were pulling hard at the rope, the pole slipped off the crack and came down on us. I was watching and avoided the pole, but it hit Walter across the back and he was laid up for several days. At another time, he was chopping an old log in the brush, I was near him, when the axe glanced on the log, just grazing me. A couple of inches difference, and I would have beeri ripped open. We were working in the vicinity when one day we heard the voice of a man talking on the other side of the canyon. We looked at each other and wondered who it might be. Indians? Later Rodolphe found some blazes there, following a straight line. When he reported his find to us, he remarked that the Indians 'had an unerring sense of direction and went always through the densest forest in a straight line. Finally we had worked so far that we were now close to where the little natural clearing was.° Next Sunday we went on an excursion ahead and came to the edge of that clearing. There in the N-W corner, empty and silent was a little round hut made of brush and fern. The Indians we heard talking the other day, we whispered. We got our guns ready and cautiously approached the hut, which was indeed abandoned. It was well constructed, and we admired the handicraft of the Indians. We were now in September and the road was open. O1d man Garner came with his wagon and hauled our belongings from Thompson's cabin to the little prairie where the Niederhausern boys were going to start

their clearing. We put up the tent. Then Garner came again to show us how to make boards and shingles out of split cedar. When we saw a particular big, knotty, rugged old fir, we wondered if that were a cedar and how it could be worked into boards, for we had been told about the fine splitting wood of the cedar trees. Garner pointed to us a peculiar dry old tree with a very broad, spreading base, and very thin bark and a very fine pointed top. The tree was dead and dry. You are lucky boys, says he, here is a fine cedar right close to your road. He showed us how to fall the tree, saw it up into cuts of the required length, and split these cuts into halves, quarters, and finally into boards and shakes or large shingles 3 ft. long. We soon became experts with the froe, the tool used to make boards out of split logs. After we had a good supply of boards and shakes split, Rodolphe and Fritz, being the carpenters of the company,set themselves at building the house, and I did the packing. It was fully a quarter of a mile from the cedar to the little prairie. I was of the opinion of building temporarily in order to gain time. I was very anxious to explore my claim and build me a cabin. I had to do that within 6 months of filing on the claim, and I thought that if winter came with much snow, I could then not build the cabin. This was good sense. But the Niederhauserns did not see it that way, being the majority. They decided that what they were doing should be well done, and they put plenty of time at building their house. It was built with a frame of poles, and cedar boards nailed on., Rodolphe shaved every board with a shaving knife. He made a porch, the floor of which consisted of split fir boards, eaoh board being drawn with the shaving knife and carefully planed square and even by hand.. Of course, if I did not like it I was at liberty to go away. During that fall, the neighbor, Brazee , came with some friends and girls of LaCenter, and built a little cabin on his claim. Brazee was a good looking young fellow, and a good companion. He told us that his folks came from oneof the Carolinas and were of French stock, as the name shows. I infer that they were descendants of some of the Huguenot families that emigrated in the 17th century to escape the religious persecutions.of those times. He came once or twice more, later, then abandoned his claim altogether. We went to LaCenter at that time. First Fritz and Rodolphe went to get a sledgehammer. We had rough wedge's but thought we could save the price of a sledgehammer by making one out of wood. We soon found out that a sledgehammer was one of the necessary requisites of a settler. The tramp to LaCenter was 16 miles, and the packing of the sledge proved to be no picnic. Then I went next with Fritz to buy supplies. Garner had told us of an old Swiss that had a fine prune orchard near LaCenter, who made delicious brandy out of prunes. We looked the place up; it was about

2 miles east of the old burg on top of the hill. The people's name was Auer. Conrad Auer and his wife came from Canton Schaffausen on the Rhine. They received us very hospitably and we tasted the prune brandy. It was good stuff; and then, for a good many years we bought every year a gallon or so, mainly to use in cooking.

Garner came again to show us how to fall trees by fire and also get rid of the logs the same way. This was the method: With an inch and a half auger a hole was bored in the butt of the tree at a 45° angle, aiming at the center of the tree. Another hole was bored below, horizontally with an inch auger so as to meet the end of the first hole. Then burning coals from dry vine maple were pushed down the slanting hole and air blown in through the lower hole by means of a bellows. Soon the coals would set wood on combustion. A little tongue of flame would shoot out ac companied by a brush smoke. Then the fire would disappear and the combustion would keep on going inside, the same as the char-coaling process. Thus the cavity would grow till it reached the sap and the bark, when the openings getting larger, more air would come in and finally the whole interior become a red hot burning furnace. The flames would now come out of the tree and eat the butt rapidly away, and when that was sufficiently weakened, the tree would come down in a great crash. It almost always fell in the direction the two holes had been bored. And what is curious, after the tree was down, the fire would soon go out; only in case of exceptional trees with dry rot or much pitch, would the fire keep on eating up the log. We soon had a number of trees bored and set a burning, all around the tent. 0ld man Garner happened to visit us one day to see what progress we were making. That was late in the fall when a high south wind is liable to blow any time. "Boys," says Garner, "I Would not sleep in your tent for a hundred dollars." "Why," says we. "Because when your trees that are burning get weak and a blast of south wind comes up, they will fall on your tent and crush you." Sure enough, the south wind came and started to sway the tree tops with a rushing sound, as of' great waters. We had a big fire burning in the middle of the clearing and out of reach of the trees. I went out in the middle of the night and waited for daylight there. Soon Rodolphe and Fritz came. Walter, with a sprint of contrariness, made light of our timidity, said nothing would happen, was not quitting his bed to go outside. But when he had been left alone for awhile, he thought that perhaps the thing might happen after all, and not wishing to be crushed while the others were safe, he came out also by the fire. Sometime later the cedar house escaped smashing by only a few feet. A tree on the south side, at some dis-tance, had been bored; the fire had gone out as it will sometimes,

leaving the tree standing on a weak butt. We were inside the houde about 8 P.M. when a sudden blast of south wind came up. We heard a cracking of wood, a great swish through the air, and before we were up from our seats, the top of the tree came crashing right in front of the porch.

Now the days got colder and rainy, and the living in the tent was becoming pretty uncomfortable. Rodolphe was planning .and nailing as f'ast as he could now, but the house was far from being finished. The sides, roof and floor were on. November 10, during the night, the rain came down heavy and steady and the tent began to leak badly. We had to get up at midnight and spread our blankets on the floor of the house; the shavings made a good crib.

Sometime in September, we were busy in the clearing when we saw two men with packs come out of the forest on the north side. They looked like trappers. They greeted us in French and we found they were neighbors, Adelin and Firmin Martin, having claims in Section 13.J They were Belgians and told us that they came to Yacolt in March to settle. Adelin was the older man, about 40. His claim is the 1/4 section on which is Paul Abernathy's now. It took them a 1ong time to locate their claims. The season was very rainy and they made a sort of a trail 2 miles out, north from the public road. It was they who made the blazes of the Indian trail. They stopped for some time on Rodolphe's land and built the little round hut at the edge of the prairie. Then they worked up another mile and came oл my claim (as I later found out) very near the east líne. Here near the creek they started a 1og cabin and while working at it, slept inside a hollow tree of great dimension, that a forest fire had brought down. Not sure of being on this land, they concluded to leave that spot and go farther east and finally they built themselves a good log house, near that growth of' perennial peas in the little valley that bears their name. Now they were going out to find some work. They stopped to eat their lunch, and I remember we admired a fine big round loaf of bread they had with them which they had baked in a dutch oven. They told us that they had had to make a sort of a rough trail from Chelatchie Prairie to their homestead up the hill because they had to go to Amboy to get their provisions. They thought they would make it at settling and clearing land, but it would take time and labor.

When we had settled in the tent, we cut a trail west through the forest to another neighbor we had got acquainted with, Frank Gerber. Fritz and I had gone first on his place, Garner having told us we might find potatoes and butter to buy there. Frank Gerber was a

Sw1ss from Canton Bern, and was glad to see us. His young wife was not up yet, having just had a baby girl. He had 3 or 4 acres cleared and they lived in a little 2 room cabin, all built of split wood. His little barn was the size of a woodshed, and he owned 2 or 3 cows and perhaps a dozen chickens. He showed us a trail that led to his brother Albert's place. Albert's place was about in the same condition as Frank's and he lived with his wife and 2 little boys. Lloyd and Elmer, 6 and 4 years old, respectively, in a small log house. Most settlers then had fruit trees planted, but none large enough to bear a crop. But the people had plenty of strawberries, raspberries and wild blackberries. From Albert's we pushed on to Amboy where we went to the post office. It was kept by Mrs. Ball, mother of Hugh Ball. The oorner of the room in the little house served as post office, and little Hugh, a kid of about ten years,was in bed with the measles in the other corner.

Mr. Ball had been an officer during the Civil War. He located in Clark County and started a sawmill on the north end of Yacolt Mountain, later moving to Amboy, where he built the dam on Cedar-Creek and the sawmill there. Somehow he managed to haul from Portland over the rough hill roads, all the machinery including a water turbine wheel, which must have weighed many tons. He had just finished the mill when a wooden pulley broke to pieces and hit him over the heart and killed him. The courage and enterprise of such men must be admired and remembered; they show some of the great qualities or the American race.

Frank Gerber came to visit our settlement; he was a great friend of the tobacco chew, we noticed at once. He looked around and gave us many valuable pointers on timber craft and clearing land. He tried, alone, our big heavy saw and thought she was running hard enough to kill a man. Why? Because "she ain't got no set." He also explained how to give the set to a saw. Rodolphe, the carpenter, learned a new fact, then and there. He gave set to the saw and it worked fine ever since, although it always remained heavy.

During the weekdays I worked with the Niederhauserns, keeping careful tab of my time. On Sunday I would take a compass, a hatchet and my rifle, a 38 old model Winchester, and start a trail going north to reaoh my claim, a mile distant. This was slow going because the brush was very thick and I had to take a sight every twenty steps. Somehow, I turned towards the west when I came close to the actual south line of my claim. I was chopping brush when suddenly I saw a bear, at the end of an old moss covered log I had to cross. The sight was entirely new to me and very impressive. I did not

know that the black bears of the country were harmless or nearly so. I thought of a terrific struggle in case I did not kill him on the spot. I had my rifle, but thought it safer to come next day and make a regular hunt out of it with the boys. Then I kept on blazing my trail while he looked at me undisturbed. When I came back to camp, I told the boys I had seen a bear, right close. We got ready in great shape next morning. I had my rifle and a hatchet, Fritz had a 44 Winchester, and a big cheese knife, Rodolphe had a single shot rifle, 32 caliber, of which he was very proud. I was with him when he bought it from an old Frenchman, an acquaintance of his, Aamed Martean. 0ld Martean produced his shooting iron, and with eyes rounded like little cups, would tell of the wonderful qualities of the arm. And shooting straight--why I never missed my man… or whatever I was shooting at, he added correctively Rodolphe paid five dollars for Martean's unerving rifle. It was a 32, but for an additional dollar Henry Stassart, the gunsmith, bored the chamber out so as to hold a 38 cartridge. . I must say, the barrel was heavy and stout, for it never exploded. But here, I notice I am making a mis-statement. Fritz, besides his Winchester, had also a good pistol. It is Rodolphe who supplemented his artillery by means of the big cheese knife. Now that this is corrected, I can go on farther, but not much, for when we came to the spot, the bear was not there anymore. We looked around right and left, we beat the brush and peeped under the ferns, but no use, he must have got wind of the projected expedition and I never saw him again.

About the same time I also made my first trip to Chelatchie Prairie, which extended from west to east at the foot of the hill on which my claim was situated.

We wanted to get a few sacks of potatoes for our winter supply and were told that we could find some in Chelatchie Prairie. I was delegated to that purpose and I started by my trail, tn the afternoon of a fine October day. I came to the edge of the hill near where the little creek tumbles down the steep slope. I had even some trouble to crawl down over some rock ledges. The view over the Prairie was enchanting; a broad, peaceful valley, surrounded by dark green hills over which on the north side, Mt. St.Helens raised her Snow cone. Overall, the blue sky and the air warm from the mild autumn sunshine, I came down west of the Fuller place, crossed the Prairie and made an inquiry at Judge Cahill's place where I was directed to old man Protzman's place. He had potatoes for sale, but could not haul them up our way. He advised me to see old man Pitchford who had a good team. I oame back to the public road that passes through the middle of the Prairie from west to east. I noticed the little brown school house with a dozen young folks big

and small watching me pass with gaping faces. For in those days you did not see a stranger every day in that neck of the woods. By this time the sun had gone down and evening was coming. It was plainly impossible for me to return and find my way back to our camp that same day. So I went to the nearest farm and asked to be taken in for the night. That was at Ulery's, and I was indeed well reoeived, had a good meal spread before me and the folks began to ask me where I came from and so forth. O1d man Ulery was a large, heavy man, with a kind face and voice. He came from Germany. During the goldrush he had come to San Francisco; from California he came to Oregon and settled on a farm close to Portland. After some years he was offered a good sum of money for his farm and he sold it. Soon after, the city limits were extended, took in that farm, which was cut up into many lots, and the other man made a lot of money. 0ld man Ulery went nearly crazy, and to soothe his nerves he began to smoke and smoke and smoke, the pipe.' His wife was a dear old little lady, very spry and kindly. She used to smoke her corncob, too. I have an impression that she was a native of the southern country. Ulerys had 3 grown daughters and a son. The oldest was Mrs.John Crawley, the next was Mrs. John Windle and the youngest was Mrs. Ben Autice. The three Crawley brothers were of Irish extraction, but born in the States, I believe. When John and Dan were working for old man Ulery, Dan made the remark that Mrs. Ulery would always give the bigger piece of pie to John. The reason became clear when John married Mrs. Ulery' s daughter. John Windle was a native of Oregon. He remembered the hard times when the pioneers were coming in the country, "prostitute" of everything, as one would later say (for destitute). Ben Autice came from Ohio, with his younger brother Арнов. He was 2 or 3 years older than I, and newly married. Our land office blueprint map indicated some kind of a lake at the corner of my claim. I asked old man Ulery about it, but he said it was a swale, not a lake, and that it would make me the best kind of a meadow when cleared. Next morning I took leave, the good folks de-clinińg to receive any pay for their hospitality, and Mrs. Ulery gave me even 2 or 3 heads of' cabbage for our camp. It took me the rest of the morning to work back my way to our camp.

After our moving from the tent to the cedar house, I began to work on my claim, making an opening in the jungle and burning some large old trees down. I chose for my cabin site, a spot about 150 ft. east from the creek, and so knew I was inside my line. The forest consisted of an old growth of firs dried up by a forest fire perhaps 60 years ago; some of the old trees had escaped and were green yet, a new generation of young firs, hemlocks, alders, soft maples and wild cherries had gown among the old trees, with vine maples, arrow

wash bushes and elderberries to fill the cranníes. It was indeed a
rough and wild bit of country and a very dense jungle along the
swale. The second growth firs were just the right size for to build
a 1og cabin with. So I cleared a spot, and prepared the logs and
rafters, and early in January, Frítz and Walter came and helped me
build the cabin. Rodolphe had gone back to Portland in December to
earn money. We had, fortunately, a very mild winter this first year.
It snowed at the most 6 to 8 inches around new year, and the tem-
perature was never very cold. About that time I took my compass, my
rifle and a hatchet and worked my way eastward to visit the Martins
whose land joined mine on the east. In the S.E. corner of my land,
the second growth had been killed by a more recent forest fire. In
1883 the dry season lasted longer than usual, and two hunters from
Chelatchie going through that part of the country, then absolutely
wild, set fire just for amusement to an old rotten stump full of
pitch. These two worthies were old man Holcomb and old man Pitch-
ford. The fire spread and lasted 3 weeks, when finally the fall
rains put it out. But for this, I would have had about 60 acres
more of green timber, provided it would not have dried up at one of
the subsequent fires. After working my way through brush, fern and
logs, I finally came on some tracks and blazes, which, following them,
led me to Martin's cabin. They had built a good log cabin as I said,
on the south edge of the swale in their valley. Adelin Martin,the
older of the two brothers, was alone at home. Firmin had found a job
with a farmer near LaCenter. He was right pleased to see me, and he
related much of his previous life to me. His father was a small
Belgian farmer in the hills of the Ardennes. He got a good schooling
and worked his way into higher studies, intending to become a teacher.
He was a liberal, that is agnostic and socialistic in his opinions,
and was supported by some of the leaders of that party, which was
then in power. But at the next elections, the liberals were badly
defeated, and the conservative-Catholics came in power. A young
fellow that had shown himself a zealous disciple of liberation, had
nothing to hope from the new party in power. Some prominent Belgians
were then planning to create a Belgian colony in Brazil, and Adelin
Martin was promised a place in the scheme. His patron advised him
to go to New Orleans to. get acquainted with American ways and
countries, while the plan for the colony was being matured. But the
plan fell through and Adelin had to remain ín the States. He went
to Texas, and among other things, dug wells, for his living. From
Texas he moved to Chicago, where his brother green from the turnip
fields, joined him; they worked in one of the big plants of that
city, but with the view in their mind to go west and take up some
land, which they did in 1891. Àdelin had heavy, coarse features,
but was well educated, a great reader, and a great lover of theories.

Later, our liking cooled down considerably. I must here say that the Niederhauserns were not true friends to me. I mean especially Walter and also Fritz. They loved to pry in other people's business and life, pick up faults, twist them to deep sins, and then peddle them around behind one's back. They did not like me much, first because I was a liberal in my opinions and they were straight orthodox believers; then I had money of which I made not the proper use. I should have put the whole pot in trust and management into their hands. Instead of this I made difficulties when they were short and wanted a little loan. I went even so far in my evil ways as to ask from them a note for what I had already lent them, a matter of $120, I believe. Then I had my personal characteristics which could not please always or everybody, certainly not fault finders. I recollect when the following year I had cut open the road from Niederhauserns to my place, that on the face of a freshly cut log I scribbled with a piece of charcoal: Niedrosville, 6 miles; Rotschy city, 4 miles; Martin's Boro 12 miles. Now, Martin was working at his road, down to Chelatchie and it was far from being open yet. When he saw mine open and that inscription, he got sore. He took it for a slight. I meant it for a joke only. But a joke with a point becomes easily a slight. One Sunday a little later, he came and visited Niederhauserns at their house. I was with them. Martin had a dog, that I chased out of the garden. Martin got sore and was heartily supported by Fritz and Walter. He began, to upbraid me for a smart aleck, putting silly inscriptions along his road and saying I was a baby, to all of. which Fritz and Walter eagerly assented. We got on better terms later, and he visited us sometimes, after we had a family. But he was not a man of whole trust, as a friend.

Now, early spring came, and I was most anxious to quit company with the Niederhauserns and live untrammeled and unpecked in my cabín. I had bought a cast iron box stove to use in my cabin. It had a lid to cook on, but I had to wait a very long time before I could get it. First the dealer in Portland did not send it out until I had sent Rodolphe who was again working there with the receipt. Then it was mislaid in the warehouse of the Lewis River Co. After that I had to wait till Garner would go to LaCenter and bring it to Yacolt, without forgetting it. Finally I received news that Garner had left it at Thompson's cabin. I went and packed it to my place on my back by means of' a contraption Fritz had made to pack cumbersome objects, what he called a crick. With it were a cast iron tea kettle, stove pipes, etc., a matter of 90 pounds, I should judge. I had then only the trail, the road was not yet cut from Niederhauserns to my place. I crossed the swale over old logs imbedded in the mud and poles I had put down over open places. I

was just going over with my stove on the back, when I slipped and over I went in the water, head foremost, stove and all., I pulled my shoulder free from the straps, and my load from the mud, and was glad to reach my cabin, my home. I cleared a couple of square rods west to the cabin and put in my first garden, out of which I mainly got a lot of fine radishes. Then I began to make a slashing, that is to cut down brush and trees, to be burned later in the summer. When we had some warm dry days in May, the fire spread from the trash I was burning around the cabin to the slashing, and I had some hot occupation keeping the cabin from catching fire.

Now I have to leave the clearing and wind up my matrimonial history. When I boarded the train, on my journey to the States, having thought the matter over in earnest according to the best of light and ability, I had then, I wrote a letter to Madeleine and handed it to her brother, Ben, to give her. That was my declaration. That is, more exactly, I gave that letter to Ben the day before,and the last thing he did when the train left was to hand me the willing answer from my girl. You may say I read it many times and kept it as my most precious treasure. Afterwards, when Ben wrote to me,as between friends, he would declare once in awhile, a little letter from his sister, which kept hope warm. But Julia was watching and thought there was something going on in the dark. So Madeleine told her síster, who advised her to open all to her parents which she did while on vacation in the country with her father. Papa Niederhausern took the matter kindly at first, but when he came back to Geneva, he gave a lecture to Ben for helping out secret correspondence against family rules. I received a stiff letter, at the time we lived under the tent, and was asked to explain my religious beliefs. They were then rudimentary and were not found sufficient to approve our marriage; I was not positively refused for the parents N. knew me; I was with their sons and they liked me well. Mrs.deN., who had a kind interest in me, wrote to me (I was not allowed to write to Madeleine) and did her best to lead me to a better light, concerning the great questions of the nature of our Lord, salvation, the eternal life and kindred topics., She also sent me books for that purpose. The decision hinged on the belief that the Lord was the Son of God, indeed, and not a man only highly inspired, as was the belief of the liberals in the protestant churches of Geneva. I examined the matter carefully and came to believe that Jesus Christ must indeed have had a divine nature, otherwise He could not save , forgíve sins and promise eternal life. All this was of course new territory to me., I was seeking for the truth, but I could not join a party with a hoop and a jump. The parents N. were satisfied that I was on the right way, and allowed us to correspond again, which

made us officially engaged. One Sunday, early in July, there being a little spell of dry, warm weather, I put the iron of my peavy in the hot embers left from a log fire. I had broken the handle and wanted to hew out the wooden stub, to put in a new handle. When the wood was burnt out, I pulled the iron out of the fire and threw it towards the cabin. There was much rotten wood all around the cabin. But since some of' that wood had burned before and rain had come after, I did not think it would burn and went to Niederhauserns to get my mail. We went to Amboy after it, in turn, every week. I visited with them pretty late in the afternoon. When I came back through the swale I was surprised to see no cabin anymore, and instead a remnant of smoke ascending in the air. The red hot iron must have set fire to the rotten wood, and that to the cabin, which burned to the ground with all contents; and I had a good outfit--tools, clothes, books, a silver watch given to me by my godfather, Nicolas Fuchs; the camera I had brought from Europe, my Winchester carbine, my good blankets, gift of my Aunt Antoinette. That was one of those occasions when the road clearly forks in front of you. I could have abandoned my clearing enterprise and gone back to the city and my profession, but I did not like it enough, nor did I wish to leave what start I had made. Above all, I was loath to lose what I regarded a8 my home, although for the present it was no better than a coon's lair. So I soon had made up my mind to remain and keep on.

I had to go back to the cedar house and live with the Niederhauserns. They owed me some workdays yet, but I had to wait till they were ready and willing; they had their own work to attend to. That summer I cut open my road with a bridge across the swale with their help. Also, I built a cabin of split cedar, near the creek, and went to live by myself' as soon as possible. I cleared land most of the time and it was very slow work. I think it is that year that a young fellow. from Geneva was sent to Niederhauserns to help him become a good colonist. His name was Arni Demierre. When he landed he was received with enthusiasm, and with some reason. He was an easy going, sociable chap, without backbone, was free handed, and lent or gave away on demand. He brought in his trunk one liter of absinthe, and while it lasted the bliss remained great. Also, on being asked if he could bring something from the old country, the N.boys had him buy three Swiss sgythes, with a special little anvíl and hammer to sharpen them. The blades must have been made of tempered steel, for every day they had to be hammered thin on the edge besides the sharpening with a stone.8pThey were broad, thin blades and Niederhauserns thought they were as much superior to the American soythes as the moon is to a barn lantern. Arni had brought one for himself and left it with Niederhauserns who used it. After

a time he settled on a piece of land adjoining the Amboy road west of Thompson's land. The Niederhauserns helped him put up a cabin and left him to paddle his own canoe, which he did in a very desultory manner. During the summer, on fine days, he was hunting the grouse and the jaybirds all over Yacolt prairie; on rainy days he would visit some neighbor and smoke his pipe in company. He went the length of asking Niederhauserns for his scythe to cut down fern, saying he would bring it back as soon as he was done. My, but what a fool that fellow is, said Rodolphe to me: the scythe belongs to him and he comes and begs to use it for a little while, saying he would bring it back. I thought the incident a good illustration of Arni's silliness, but could not help to find Rodolphe's remark illustrative also, in the opposite direction. After a year of aimless loafíng, having squandered what his father had deprived himself to set him going, he received orders to return home again, and he never came back. No, never.

The next winter 1892-93 was a bad one. Near the end of November, one day the weather suddenly turned cold, the east wind started to blow hard and soon the snow came down thick and fast. It snowed steady or a couple of days and there must have been three feet of it on the ground. We were snowed in. I remained ten days in my cabin, with little to do except keeping the fire agoing and reading what I had on hand. There are two books I remember; The Wooing of it, an English life novel by Mrs.Alexander; and the Little Minister by Barrie. My Aunt had sent me the books. I liked the Little Minister very much, and somehow have kept the very volume to this day. You can see it turned brown from the smoke in my cabin. For I had no stove, but made fire on a sort of hearth Indian fashion, but with a stovepipe above to catch the smoke. The reason why I did not buy a stove was I intended to build a regular house and fit it out well, next year, and I thought to wait till then to buy a good kitchen stove. After ten days, the snow had settled down to about 2 feet. Being short of provisions I fixed up some snow shoes made of cedar boards and went down to see the Niederhauserns. They had to go to Amboy also, and we decided to go the next day. This was a hard trip, one of us had to go ahead in turn, to break through the snow. We arrived in Amboy near noon, got our mail and provisions, and were back about 4 P.M. If I do remember well, the Niederhauserns invited me to remain with them overnight so I would not have to tramp the extra mile the same day. They had put up a barn made of posts, poles and split stuff. They had their first crop of hay under roof, about a ton of oat hay. This same year, they had bought two young steers from Clarke Wood, Garner's neighbor in Yacolt. They were spotted white and black and answered

to the names of Tom and Jack. Tom was smaller, stocky, good natured but tricky with all; while Jack was taller, more bony and of a surly disposition. Tom carried the cow bell, when turned loose to pasture. Somehow he knew when the Niederhauserns were looking for them, to go to town or do some work. Tom would remain immovable even in the worst fly time; the bell reinalned silent and the two rascals were as easy to find in the green brush as a flea in a hay stack.

This same winter we had chinook weather after the first blizzard, and the snow thawed away. But just before Christmas another snow storm broke loose, as bad as the first one. Fritz was caught by it as he was hunting for his steers around Yacolt Prairie and had to turn in at the first house. I think he remained five days. out on account of the deep snow, and when he came home, he found that the weight of the snow had crushed down the roof of their new barn. Had been built too flimsy. In the spring of 1893 there were patches of old snow left way into April. But after that the season was good. I had prepared about 50 or 60 fir logs, from 6 to 10 in. in diameter; also cleared the place where I intended to build my house. Fritz came with his ox team and pulled the logs on the spot. Then with Walter and Arni we built the log house, which was to burn down in 1907. Inside I filled the cracks with clay; then with Rodolphe as carpenter, we built the interior walls of planed mill lumber, as also the floors and ceilings. The house was if I remember right, 18 x 30, having two rooms on the first floor, the first being the kitchen, and a staircase between them. On the 2nd floor there was room for 2 sleeping rooms. I paid Rodolphe at the rate of four dollars a day, deducting from the sum the boys had borrowed f'rom me. At the time, the business depression was great and. remained so for several years; in fact, until the Spanish War and the best men could not find work at any price.

I made a long list of household goods including a kitchen stove, and a tin bathtub that I had sent for from Chicago by Montgomery Ward. Old Mr. Ward was at the head of the concern then, and his catalog was a boon for the settler and farmer who had to contend with mining camp prices everywhere, from Amboy to Portland. A man could get anything he needed at rock bottom prices with the catalog. When old man Lewis who hauled the stuff for me from La Center saw the outfit, and especially the painted tin tub, he told around and everybody knew I was going to get married.

I remember the next winter, 1893-94 with a great deal of snow. Next spring, I put out an orchard of 85 prune trees, for I had to figure on some kind of farm income. The Niederhauserns were expert

beekeepers; we bought each a hive in '93, in June; they did quite well, and next fall we had a super amount of the finest honey. Seeing that the bees were doing well in this country, we bought ten colonies each, next year. But this time they did not do well at all. First, the bees were sent to LaCenter where they remained severa1 days; old Lewis bringing only two out of the 20. I hurried to LaCenter as soon as I knew the case, and tried to clean up and give air to the hives which were choked with dead bees; had to find a man willing to haul the whole bunch at once to our places. We did the best we knew how, but they never recovered nor did we11, and after a few years, were all dead. The old settlers had told us that the bees would die out, but we thought they did not know how to take care of them. But it was so nevertheless. A dwindling disease got hold of them, and ours died as well as those of other settlers who at first did quite we1l, for some years. Thus Frank Gerber, Stull, one of the McArthur boys and others.

In April 1894 I had a great surprise and great pleasure; my brother Alfred, then out of occupation, had got the notion to make me a visit. He stayed with me till the end of July and enjoyed his stay very much. First of all, he took it easy, taking walks around the place and admiring the trees, the wild flowers, the many varieties of fern, or observing the ants and little beetles that are busy everywhere in summertime. However, he helped me to put up my first barn, all made of' rough material; fir posts and poles and split cedar. Sometime in June, we had the roof completed, but the boards for the walls not yet on, when one afternoon of a particularly hot day, a terrific blast of south wind came on suddenly. This is the hardest wind I ever saw in this country. The log house was safe; from the porch we watched the new barn expecting it to come down like a building of cans, any moment. But it withstood the squall, and a generation later when my son Henry took it to pieces to build his bungalow on the spot, he had a time to pull it apart. The old building did not have the looks, but it had stamina.

I had got acquainted with a good many folks in the country by now; especially with old Bill Flowers and Mrs. Flowers, his wife; and that through Frank Gerber. Mrs. Flowers had taken care of Milly Gerber when she had children, and they were especial good friends. She was then about 49 years old; he was near seventy, a stout, strong, hearty Englishman, full of joking and also good advice. As a young lad he had come from England and settled in Maryland where he lived many years. He got acquainted with the cook of the family, a widowed Irishwoman, 10 or 12 years older than himself, and with children, and had to marry her, on account of making her big with child. It made a poor family, and the old

man told me he often would go to the barn with the children, leaving the house in possession of the storming woman. They then came to California and settled on a farm near Eureka. From there old Bill separated from his old woman and he took his homestead 3 miles west of Amboy. He knew Mrs. Flowers from his younger days, and I suppose that in a visit he made to England, he saw her again and married her. She was then a widow with two sons, Ernest, the stone cutter, and Martin, busy in the shoe manufacturing line in England. When Mrs. Flowers settled in the lone forest, she was lost, and cried many a time for some company. She told me that at times that craving for company was so great that she would go alone on top of the hill about 1/2 mile from the house to look at one or two dots in the distance that were the cabins of' other settlers. I think they came in 1883. Old Bill Flowers rented out his farm in Eureka and got $300 income a year, which made him the richest and most independent of all the settlers. Next came old man Ulery with his son-in-law, Ben; they were good farmers and dairymen, and would go every month or so with a wagonload of' butter which they disposed of in Portland. Then came the poor honest people like Frank Gerber; and at the extreme limit of the social scale, the poor white trash. However, the settlers were democratic and had pretty often old fashioned dances at which all neighbors were welcome, and where all had a good time. But whoa, hold on, easy. I forgot to mention Judge Cahill. He owned I don't remember how many hundreds of acres in the Prairie. He was an Irishman by extraction; had been captain of a company of Negro soldiers during the Civil War. Had come to Clark County and had been some kind of a judge in Vancouver; hence his title of Judge Cahill. He was then an elderly man; his wife, however, was still young; they had a small son. Like the rest of Civil War veterans, and they were thick in this section, he drew a pension.' 'The privates had eight dollars a month, then, but he, being an officer, had a magnificent income of thirty dollars a month, I believe. He was farming his many acres without any special success. One day in the haying season, a stranger man came around and asked for work. Cahill put him to a job. That man was not a good worker; he would look around and make questions. For instance, he asked old Cahill if he was able to work. Why, I can beat any man here at pitching hay, said the judge; better hustle a little yourself. At dinner time the new hand explained to Mr. Cahill that he was a government agent inspecting the condition of the disabled veterans that were drawing pensions, and that since he was so husky himself (Cahill) he would have his pension reduced. At hearing which the unhappy judge put his hands to his head, and running out to the kitchen squealed aloud, "Becky, Becky, we're ruined, we're ruined!"

But I come back to Flowers. They invited me to come and see them, and I went the first time with Frank Gerber and his wife. The old man was a great fiddler to the bottom of his soul. He had a good violin. Old man Flowers was delighted to hear me play; he said, " No, I did not credit you for playing so well." He had heard about my playing violin from Frank Gerber. He was fiddling tunes, reels and jigs with great fervor ard gusto, and was in great demand at the dancing parties. Mrs. Flowers was interested to know that I was engaged with Niederhausern's sister and that I expected to marry sometime during the summer of 1894. The parents Niederhausorn were of course much interested in our work of colonists. In fact I believe that papa Niederhausern would have loved to come over and join his sons. He was a great lover of farm life, and cast longing glances in that direction all his life. But Mrs. N. took a more critical view of the case, and although greatly wishing to see the colony, thought it safer and more reason-able to remain in Geneva. When my house was ready, all I needed was my bride; arid here I wonder at as well as I admire, the parents Niederhausern. I could not come back to Switzerland, so they decided that they would put their trust in Providence and send Madeleine who was then just over twenty years old, to Portland, where we would then be married. Her mother and sister Elisa accompanied her as far as LeHavre. In New York she had the address of' some folks that were members of the same sect, which she found. She was an inexperienced young girl and when all has been said and considered, we haveto come back on the protection of Providence to explain how shemade that long journey without mishap. There was a great railroad strike going on in Chicago when she left New. York. Alfred and Icame to Portland and took rooms at a modest hotel kept by a Mr. Butirofer from Canton Bern, who managed also a cheese store and a notary's office. He was a good man and did what he could to get a license. We had come a day or two ahead of time; but I went to the depot just the same, for the daily eastern train, to be sure and not miss her. Then the day when she might reach Portland came and she was not on that train nor the next day. I don't know how late the train was--whether I went a third time to be disappointed; but the next time sure here came down from the car, Madeleine, pink and chubby. She wore a plain calico dress and a black straw hat. I do remember well yet. An old daddy farmer had taken her under his protection, and he explained to me and we shook hands. nI regret I did not ask his name and address, but then I may be excused, at such a time. We took the car to the hotel; all was so strange and new to my girl, and we had so much to say. Next morning I went with her to a lady hair dresser's shop where she had a regular shampoo; then I got the license with Mr. Butirofer and we repaired with Alfred to the home of Mr. Morrison, pastor of' Calvary Presbyterian Church.o Mrs. Morrison acted as one of the witnesses; Alfred was the other.a And

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so we were married. Mr. Butirofer, as an extra, put some white wine on the table when we had our dinner that day, explaining that it was his treat. After dinner we repaired to the City park. After supper we went to visit Mrs. Stebbins who was an aunt to cousin Sophie deNiederhausern, the painter. We found her a pleasant and talkative old lady, who promised to come and visit us on the homestead. Next day we did a little shopping and took the boat for LaCenter, the old Mascot. Alfred accompanied us to the boat, and from Portland went to San Francisco on a sailing ship, I believe, for the sake of adventure. Then he bought himself a ticket to go back to New Jersey, for he found no occupation at Salt Lake City. The conductor told him the rest of the ticket was no good, so he had to send a telegram Aunt Antoinette to get funds to proceed further. He liked to hear stories about knocking around the world with many ups and downs and colorful happenings: but I don't think he was cut out to go through them himself, although of course he would have swum like many another when thrown into deep water. As for us, we reached LaCenter about 9 P.M. as was the custom with the Mascot, and stayed overnight in the Palace Hotel. Next day, old man Lewis took us inhis wagon, which he had provided with an extra seat. And so we travelled Leisurely the 12 miles to Amboy. Maybe old Lewis had a notion of what was going on behind his back for to tell the truth, we exchanged more than one little kiss on the road, and I do shudder now when I think that a keep eyed farmer could very well have seen us. But that's life, and everybody goes through the same way, otherwise the world would be empty of' people.

Of course, a plain wedding was the thing for me, and I thought it was also the thing for my bride, for my idea of her was that she was absolutely plain and natural in her tastes, a child of nature. But it really was not so; I believe she regretted all her life having been married without a great wedding feast. She also never forgot my having come to Portland and married her with farm shoes on my feet. I cannot remember the kind of' shoes I had; it did really not matter with me. She used to say that even the Chinamen would turn and look at me on account of my shoes. I know better; the Chinamen turned to have a look at my bride, who was pink just like a young rose. From Amboy we walked up to Frank Gerbers and she got acquainted with them; then through the trail to the Niederhauserns who were very glad to see their little sister again. They had prepared a feast for us, after which we tramped alone to the homestead. And here I will relate something very funny and unusual. What do. you think we did, the first thing we were inside the house? My two days old wife proposed a wrestling match to me. Ah, bah, I says to her. But she insisted. So, right in the kitchen we had a wrestling match; she was terrible strong, as were all the Niederhauserns, and I had to use all my strength to spread her on the floor.

I mentioned old man Lewis (he was the first storekeeper in Amboy) had been a peddler over the country berore. He had 4 or 5 children from a first wife that had died. About that time he had married Mrs. Wethered, wife of a settler living near Fargher Lake, after a scandal that rocked our country for several days. I don't know whether he was a descendant of Lewis, the explorer of the Northwest; possibly. For men are always on the move, like particles in a fermenting liquor, some go up to the top; some go down again to the bottom, and by looking close at the mathematics of the matter it will be found that every one of us is some way related to kings and prandees on one side and to gibbett birds on the other.

The first Sunday on our place, or possibly the second, we had both Gerber families visiting us, as can be seen by the old photographs I took that day. The 3rd Sunday we went to visit Flowers and remained a couple of days with them. They received us most heartily. My wife could not take part in the conversation, and Mrs. Flowers was sitting near her and once in a while would say: Tell me something about that time a little accident happened to me. I was walking on a heap of little logs that were slippery, and I fell back and as bad luck would have it, right on my double bitted axe that was stuck in a log. It made a gash in my right wrist about 3 inches long and wide open. I went to the house and had by wife put 2 or 3 stitches in to close the wound. I used only carbolic acid, yet in a few days it seemed to fester, so I tried the salve that she had brought from Geneva and it did heal in no time. That salve was a brownish, waxy stuff in stick form and was the family remedy of' the Niederhauserns. We used it in many bad cases, also on animals and always with wonderful results. Much later, I sent a piece to Alfred in Chicago and he mude an analysis, saying it contained lead. We had a French book on popular medicine, in which was a recipe using red lead, wax and olive oil. I was sure this was the same as the salve we used. Thereafter we made our own red lead salve and it worked like the other.

I had bought my first cow that summer from John Crowley, for twenty dollars. I named her Jenny; she was some sort of a red scrub, old, with one teat out of commission and the others so hard to milk that it took me nearly an hour to get a quart. After a while she skipped off' our vicinity and went to live around Chelatchie Prairie. I sold her and bought a speckled young heifer from Tom Manwell on the urgent recommendation of Firmin Martin who was anxious for us to have a good cow. He was also anxious to help Tom find a purchaser for cash for Tom needed the money bad, and I suppose he gave a commission to honest Firmin. We had her for a season and

she proved another disappointment. Then I bought another heifer from old man Williams, a Civil War veteran, that was on the Novemaker place 、 He needed the money bad too, although he had his Civil War veteran pension. He let me have the critter for eighteen dollars. And she was a failure. I believe she was especially bad at keeping back her milk. You know how that is; here is a cow come from pasture with a bag distended with milk. You begin to milk her; one or two squirts and the milk stops altogether. You pull those darn teats till you think they must come off. You stroke the bag gently; you push it and handle it roughly. Nothing helps. You have to let the calf suck and milk in same time. | I did not keep her long neither, and bound to have a good cow to start a good herd, I tried once more and bought a large red durham cow from a man, Bowes, by name, who had a claim about 2 miles up Donegan Hill on the north side of Chelatchie. That man needed the money bad, too. He had 4 or 5 children, besides was suffering from a cancer orn the jaw, from which he died later. Bowes' cow proved to be a good cow. About that time Firmin Martin was another one that needed moriey bad. He had come back from his stay on that LaCenter farm and his brother Adelin had gone out to find work. Firmin never received a word from him for over a year, and came to the conclusion that his brother must have perished in an accident. Later, however, he heard again from him, and he got mad in consequence, because as he said to us, he had made up his mind that his brother was dead, and was nearly consoled over it, when here he bobs up and all the mourning and all the new plans " gone to hell."

0ld man Ulery had brought the first registered Jersey bull in the Prairie. From that bull, Martin cot a heifer calf and that he sold to me on special recommendations and because he must have money. I raised the calf' and she turned out to be a very good cow; that was our old Jane. That first winter was hard for my young wife, lost in the dreary woods with no social company, far from home and old friends and associations. She was very homesick. I advised her to react and take every day a brisk walk up the hil1 near the house to brace up the circulation. But she was of the kind that would rather take pills than practice good health rules. Mary and Milly Gerber proved very good friends to her. They would come fairly often and even the snow would not keep them back. I remember once of Milly coming with a little load of vegetables; at another time, Mary Gerber came from her place by the trail I had cut along the ridge to shorten my weekly trip for the mail to Amboy. As she could not leave her baby, Ruben, then about 20 months old, she had packed him along over 2 miles of rough, hilly trail. I had also changed the trail so as to excuse Niederhauserns to take my mail. I received papers

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and magazines and I had told them to open them and read them when they brought them from Amboy. But after a while, those magazines they were not through with when I came to get my mail at their house, and the magazines they kept without asking and handed to me a week or so later. On my remonstrating, they said in an easy manner, "Well, your magazine is not lost; you read it just a week later." I tell some of these little things to give the true tone to my story.

Next spring, 1895, we received word that Mrs. Stebbins,in-tending to visit Geneva that year, would come and find us out and be able to relate about our colony from actual sight and experience. She came by Lewisville with the mail carrier. The mail would come by wagon to Lewisville, next day old man Wooden would bring it to Amboy over Yacolt Mountain. |He was a character by himself. He was really an old man with Long snowwhite hair and a yellowish bushy beard, slow of' speech and gait, with old fashioned farm boots on. These boots were then very common; logging and high wages had not yet brought in the fashion of hightop logger shoes. The settlers would bring him a few dozen eggs, or 3 or 4 rolls of butter, and tell him what they wanted him to bring back in exchange. He would bring the things according to his notions and when a woman who had ordered 3 yards of blue gingham, received two yards of red and white calcio, she had to take it gracefully. She might start a row, but then the old man would not take her eggs and butter anymore. Old Mrs. Jones who stayed with us the year Edwin was born told us the following story about the old man. I give it for what it is worth. One of the Crowley ladies was coming back from town with him. On the way he stopped his team and said he was going to cut a switch to wake up his team. In reality he had to stop for natural necessity. But he came back from the brush with a switch. Mrs. Crowley,who liked a joke, would then say when going on a private errand, that she was going to cut a switch!

Well, then the day Mrs. Stebbins was to arrive to Amboy, I went there to receive her. It was a cold, gray late winter day. I had rno team and Niederhauserns had but their ox team, so I told the old lady that we had about 3 or 4 miles to walk and that if it was too much for her I would find somebody in Amboy to bring her up by means of' a horse conveyance. 'Oh no, no," she said, "I am a good walker. I used to walk 15 miles every day when I was in England." So I took her valise, and off we went. And it was smooth as far as Wagner's place, that was later Lawffer's place; for there was a wagon road open that far. Wagner was a school teacher with a wife and small son. We saw once Mrs.Wagner at a 4th of July celebration bedecked with the most gorgeous velvet dress. So you see there

were up to date and progressive people even at that time and place. They were no relation to Verne Waggener's folks. They soon quit the country. From Wagner's cabin my trail went up the ridge. It was an open trail, but rather rough. The poor lady found the way terribly long. Every few minutes she would say, "Are we coming to your place? Is it far yet? I don't believe we ever will reach it." It ís a fact that trails and ways in the forest seem much longer than in the open country, and much more so when you travel them for the first time; and longest in the night. Finally we came to my clearing. We had to cross the creek and pass through the 3 acre pasture between the orchard and the old clover field. That pasture was badly filled up with large hemlock limbs and tops and there Mrs. Stebbins careened over. But my wife was watching, and Mrs. Stebbins got to the house where she went to bed till afternoon, when having had a good warm meal, she got wonderfully spry and chipper again. She stayed a week or two and acted with us like a dear mother-in-law, so we were glad to bundle her out again; but this time she went to Amboy with the Niederhausern's ox team. Šuch scenes as the following would happen during her stay with us.

Mrs. Stebbins: "You don't know how; I am going to show you how to make bread. I am making wonderful bread." She would start making the bread. My wife: "Don't you wash your hands before kneading the dough?" Mrs. Stebbins, "No." My wife: "You bring dirt in your bread." Mrs. Stebbins, airily, "It is clean dirt.". The bread turned out a flat failure, whether on account of the clean dirt or some other influence. Mrs. Stebbins was also painting in water colors and would explain at length all the qualities of her pictures. After having achieved a masterpiece representing our garden (which would then look more like a land-scape imitation of a wild country than a vegetable plot) not hearing us compliment her, she said, "This picture is very good. I must compliment myself, since nobody else does." Flowers came on purpose to visit us while she was here because she had lived many years in England and also in California. Old man Flowers summed it up by saying, "She lived too long in California.". But she was a good old soul withal, and had a thousand stories to tell. No fear of getting drowsy with her. She went to Geneva and could tell of our doings by ocular witness to the parents Niederhausern. My folks invited her also to a special dinner to hear directly the news from the Pacific country. Ás she was not familiar with the streets, Grandpa Niederhausern was to wait ror her at a certain street and bring her to my parents' apartment. He forgot and came smiling into my folks' home. And where is Mrs. Stebbins was the next question? Grandpa took his hand to his head and said, "I have clean forgotten her." So he and my father rush out, take a cab and go to the street corner,

but Mrs. Stebbins after waiting in vain for a long time, had returned home, extremely peaved, and my folks lost the chance to hear about us from a first-hand experience.

Next comes the story of our experience with our first forest fire. That year 1895, we had a spell of warm and dry weather during the first half of May. My clearing consisted then of' about 2 1/2 acres, roughly cleared, and planted in prune and other orchard trees and seeded in grass. There were many stumps left; also snags, some short and very rotten, others large, tall and hard. The barn and the log house were in that clearing. The swale, to the south, was an inextricable jungle; the forest towards the east of the house was less than a hundred feet away. On the north, adjoining the cleared land and garden, was a 3 acre patch 'fenced in with logs and brush and covered with old logs, hemlock dry limbs and tops and overgrown with fern. Next, going north, was a slashing of about 2 acres extent which had fairly well burnt but had not been cleared. So was full of logs and stumps of 2nd growth fir, besides the remnants of the old generation and also overgrown with fern. Our place was, consequently, a regular fire trap. One day, after two weeks of dry weather, between the 15th and 20th of May, I went to Amboy early in the morning to get the mail. From Amboy there was a good view over our hill and further towards the mountains. I could see some smoke in the direction of what was later Will Maguire's place. A bachelor by the name of Tom Gregory was then on that land. It was a mile or so east of Martin's. ° The day was warm and the east wind had started to blow lively. Uneasy, I hurried home and told 'my wife that some fool had set fire to the fern east of us. 'She said,"How can you tell? I see no smoke?" The dinner being ready, we sat down at the table. But soon we saw the smoke come in clouds. We watched anxiously till I saw the fire light from one dead tree to another long before it burned on the ground; it was coming from the east and following the south side of the swale. We grabbed some of our most valuable things, my wife carrying her silverware in her apron, and we made for the brow of the hill overlooking Chelatchie Prairie. From there we had a chance to save ourselves if the whole top of the hill happened to burn. We waited there some time and I noticed that the smoke did not increase, so I went back to the house, where I was mighty glad to see it whole yet. But there was fire all around it and the barn, for the place was like a mine of rotten wood. The two stubs closest to the house, a pile of dry rotten wood, were providentially the two that had not caught fire. All the rest were burning and there were many. , I went on the roof and sprinkled water, then went to the cedar cabin near the creek and the fire which had burnt the brush and log fence near the bridge

was right near the corner of it. I had a keg or powder still in it. I put the keg of powder in safety and stopped the fire there. Then I went back to get my wire back home. This was a pretty lively experience but we were to have many more, and worse ones.

Some three weeks later my wife felt that the baby was to be born. As nothing more than precursory signs happened that night, I waited till morning, then ran to Niederhauserns who went after Milly Gerber and Mrs. Flowers. Milly was soon here, but it was a long way to Flowers, 3 miles south of Amboy. Mrs. Flowers came towards evening on her old pony, Biddy. We passed a long night in misery. Next morning Mrs. Flowers told me she could do nothing (she was a good midwife and helped many neighbor women successfully before); that we must have a doctor as soon as possible. Uncle Rodolphe went to LaCenter, 20 miles away on horseback. He arrived before noon there, but the doctor then said he was sick himself and could not go out. It happened at that time that a telephone line was in use between LaCenter and Vancouver. He was advised to ask Dr. Black to come. The Dr. , a rough old army doctor, asked a few questions, aong others if the money was safe. Then he started with a buggy from Vancouver about noon. Left the buggy in Lewisville and made the rest of the trip over Yacolt Mountain on horseback. He came about 5 P.M., gave chloroform to my poor worn wife, fixed up his instrument and soon had her delivered of the child. "Is it alive? asked anxiously Mrs. Flowers. "Why, yes," said the old fellow. He shook it up and down in the air a few times, and the poor little bit of' humanity started to cry. What you feel when you hear your first child cry, you must go through the experience to understand. The Dr. had hooked the child and it had a pretty bad wound at the junction of the thigh with the body. Milly Gerber, with tears in her eyes, took care of it, repeating, "Poor, bruised little baby, poor, bruised little baby." Dr. Black was very reasonable; he charged me only #20. But these days are gone forever. He went back to Vancouver the same night, arriving about midnight. And that's how Germaine came into this world.

We had another fire alarm this same summer. It was in July on a Sunday and I had gone to visit old man Nenochs and family, arid to take a picture of them. Nenochs was a little old German, with a puny voice and the looks of a gnome with a great bushy beard. They had one daughter, between 20 and 24, a nice pleasant girl, Bertha who was a favorite with Flowers.
For some time it looked as if something might happen with Uncle Fritz, but it didn't and she married one of the Barkers' boys. At any rate I went and had dínner with the folks, took the picture and returned home late in

the afternoon. Nmochses lived about a mile and a half southwest of' Amboy. When I came to the first gate in the maple grove, I saw smoke hovering over the clearing. I hurried anxiously down the road but was greatly relieved to find the wife and the baby well and the house still standing. What had happened was this. The cleared land around the barn and house I had put in fruit trees and seeded into grass. About 1 P.M. the fire caught to the stubble from some cleaning fire near the bridge. I had cautioned my wife to watch the embers, but she had no experience, and thought that as long as she did not see a great smoke from the house, there was no danger. She was badly frightened by the fire coming up fast towards the house in the stubble and from the bridge. As already said there were several large stubs in the clearing yet and spots with rotten wood. There was a picket fence from the S.E..corner of the old barn, making a sort of a yard in front of the house. If the fire had caught in that fence, it would have been all over with the buildings. The poor young woman beat the fire down and carried water I don't know for how long. The rotten wood and the old stubs were all afire but God protected us, the fire died out, and we escaped with a bad scare.

Since I am on that subject, I may also relate another fire alarm, but I can't recollect whether it was the same year or not. I think it must have been a year or two later. On a hot summer afternoon I had gone to Chelatchie Prairie, Leading a cow for breeding purposes. At that time there was no other trail to go down, but the one going up the cliff; from the cliff it went down to Martins and from Martins the road was open as it was later, and as you knew it. I first went to one place and found no bull, then was told to go to Protzmans which was on the other side, a mile farther away. While I was on my way I saw a column of smoke coming up from behind the green timber, on top of the hill. I had always some fire going on the place on account of the clearing, but there was nothing to produce so much smoke, except some outbreak, and yet I was not sure that the smoke did not come from old man Antoine. When I came home my wife said she had had a terrible time, the fire starting from some apparently dead embers and beginning to burn the garden fence on the east side, where the pickets were nailed to a large old log making part of the fence. Not being able to put the fire down entirely, she ran to her brothers who came up and put it out. It was a hot summer day, and another bad experience.

About the year 1895 or 96 I thought I would buy me a pair of young oxen and break me a team, like the uncles. A man could buy a pair of young critters for perhaps $25.00. So I went to Bill

Gerber, who always had a number of' cattle. He advised me to rather buy a horse, and he said he knew a first class horse for sale, near LaCenter, and if I could put the price on it, I would have the right outfit. I asked him to buy it as he was a good honest old soul, and besides with plenty of knowledge and experience, of which I was lacking entirely. So one day he brought the horse to Chelatchie and I went to his place to pay for it and take it home. It was a very large, gray Percheron mare, 5 years old. I think it weighed 1600 pounds. Everybody admired her. Her name was Belle, and I had rno trouble to head her home, except that she was lazy and dragged behind. I came home about supper time and I left her in the yard in front of the house. This yard had a picket fence all around and the pickets were nearly six feet high. We were at the table when we heard a crash. I jumped out, and found that lazy Belle had jumped clear over the picket fence in order to enjoy herself in the green grass ín the orchard. After that I had a lot of trouble and worry to keep the brute in when I wanted her in, and out where I wanted her out. Most of the time I had to put á rope around her chest to which I tied another piece of rope reaching the halter and so tightened as to keep her head about 3 feet from the ground. Then she could not jump. But it was hard and unpleasant. One day, soon after I had her, I went on horseback to Amboy to get the mail and things. When I came to Niederhauserns' road I found a box of butter rolls waiting for me which they wished me to take to the stove. The horse was big, I was small, the box was unhandy to hold while I tried to get up in the saddle. Belle saw that right away and started on her own account, when I fell on my back on one side and the box down to the ground on the other. I went after foxy Belle, but she would not stop, till near the junction with the Amboy road, where a man stopped her. I did not know much about handling horses, but I thought I would teach Belle some respect for the boss.
I tied her tight to a stout alder, the rope was strong and new, and with the other end I gave her a beating that must have evaporated all her smile: on her back teeth.

Otherwise, Belle was a good worker. At the same time I bought me a one horse wagon from Montgomery Ward, and a stump púller.' I found the working of the stump puller not so easy as reading what it could do. It was a cast iron drum with ratchet teeth and a sort of jaw on top to use a strong pole as a lever, the horse furnishing the power. I found that I could fairly easy pull all stumps up to six inches, and all bush roots. Maples arid wild cherry trees came out particularly easy, but firs, hemlocks and alders were bad. Stumps from 8 to 18 inches [could not bring out except I had cut some of the main roots. The machine weighed about ݢ to 700 1b., but when

Laying lower than the two points of' attach of the anchor and work-
ing cable in winding, the cable would become so taught that the
machine was lifted clear above the ground, sometimes 2 or 3 feet
according to position. One day, using a pole not strong enough
for a very hard pull, it broke in two and I was fortunate in not
being hit by the flying piece. But the recoil on the ratchet broke
the cast base so I had to send for another piece. After a while I
bred Belle to a horse kept by a lone Irishman, Dennis 0'Bryan, who
lived in self-inflicted solitary confinement in a prison of the
greenest vegetation on Yacolt Mountain, about 3 miles south of
Amboy. He lived on the left side of the road of' Amboy to Hopewell,
and Flowers lived 1/2 mile on the right side. Belle had a little
filly, which at the suggestion of that poetic soui, Jim McKee, I
called Birdie, for, said he, she is as pretty as a bird. I was no
lover of animals in general and not of horses in particular and did
not enjoy handling the horses. It was a gross misfit, but seing no
way out, somehow, I pulled through. I kept Belle 6 years. The first
year I had her, I had burned a slashing on the place where Henry
has now the upper half of his walnut orchard. It burned well, and
I wns told I could raise good wheat in sowing in the ashes. Accord-
ingly I cleared what I could that fall with the help of Fritz who
waS working for wages for me at that time; and I seeded the patch
into wheat. It came out well and I cut it next summer. But while
outside in bundles, the rain came unexpectedly for a week and spoilt
it pretty bad. Besides this, I had but little hay, which was gone
before Christmas. I had a cow or two and Belle was a great eater.
Then I fed the musty wheat, but I saw that I would have dead animals
if Í had no better feed. That winter was very long and snowy. The
roads were in a frightful condition, so much so, that old man Lewis
and Bill Gerber who used to haul for the neighbors cut that service
out entirely. So I had to go to LaCenter with Belle and the wagon--
a long, dreary drive 20 miles or more from the homestead.
I intended to stay the night with Auers as I was caught by the night long before
I had arrived there. As long as the road was through the open country
it was not so bad, but before arriving at Auer's place there was some
green timber to go through. Then I could not see even my hands, afraid
that Belle might walk on the edge of the road and thus knock the wagon
against a stump or over a Log, I went down from the seat and walked,
holding the horse by the head. I thus arrived at Auers about 8 P.M.
When they opened the door, they looked at me as if I were a ghost,
but received me well. Next morning, I went to LaCenter got 4 sacks
of corn or other feed, I had ordered from Portland, at the landing.
of the Mascot. I came home late at night. In a few weeks I had
to go again. I went two other times that winter. On one of these
trips, the road just outside of LaCenter was in such atrocious

shape for about a mile or two, that all that Belle could do was to pull the empty wagon through the deep thick clay mud. She went in it down to her knees and the wagon was buried as far as the hubs. When I went back with the load, it took me an hour to go hardly a mile, and the horse was played out. I saw I would not be able to make it home. I knew that a Chelatchie neighbor had recently moved in that vicinity, a dear, honest, well-mannered and well read Swede by the name of Axelson. I found him out, and left the wagon with nim, and came back on foot with Belle carrying two sacks of feed on her back. That night I got home about 11 P.M., but there was moon-light and the going was not so bad. Now you recollect that with all this I was not making my living und that I had charge of a young family. Why did mot I move to Vancouver or Portland?
I dreaded togo, knowing that my slender means would soon be spent in town,with no certain prospect of good work or even any kind of work.
Those were the hard years during Cleveland's Administration (fools and kriaves made that poor man responsible for them). They lasted till the opening of the Spanish-American War. Then, I hated to give up my homestead, which was my home. I doubt whether I could have got $200.00 for it then. It was not mine yet, since I had not yet proved up. At any rate I stayed, and I think now that I might have done worse.

I had had Belle six years when one afternoon a man with a buggy came to the place and asked me if I cared to sell or trade her.
His name was Wilson and he was running a saw mill and a small logging camp about 6 miles this side of' LaCenter. He offered me the horse he had with him which he called Puss and $70 to boot. Thinking I could do my work as well with that horse as with Belle, I decided for the trade. I kept Puss a few days without trouble; I worked her, she was willing and very quick. Then I decided to go to LaCenter to get some provisions and at the same time breed her. I had made a cart out of' the hind wheels of' the wagon,it being a lighter rig thus. Puss started like the wind and did not stoptrotting till Amboy. From Amboy the road is uphill for 8 miles or more. Puss kept on running uphill and I had some trouble to keep her under hand, the cart went over a log on the side of the road andturned over. I was spilt, but managed to hold the horse under control.
Then the foolish brute got more and more excited till finally she had the bit between her teeth and she ran away for good. After the up-hill grade there is a stretch of somewhat level country, then a rocky and narrow piece of' road with the ends of the sawed logs right close , going downhill and across a little creek.! I had no time to think much, but I was getting near that spot like the Lightening, and I was sure to hit something and be smashed to pieces. So instinctively I pulled the horse's head to the right, out of the road, into a thicket of' young saplings. There was a shock and I went ahead in the air,

but landed happily without hurt except a small scratch on the back of
my head. The cart was out 01' commission, the traces had broken and
the horse was gone. I followed the road towards LaCenter for a mile
or so, and found dear Puss tied to a tree by a farmer living near by.
I thanked him, took the horse in the lead and returned it to Wilson
who gave me another horse, except that he was too small to work
alone, and by and by he got cranky in his disposition and liked to
bite. We kept Prince as a family horse for many years, when I bought
a small team of pony horses from neighbor Cole in Yacolt.
That wasmnot a good buy. The team was too light to do heavy work. One of
the horses was another Prince, the other was Frisk. They were
great fellows to try to run away; they tried many times with me,
but I always managed to hold them back. But they ran away several
times with Henry and Jack and once with mother. Aunt Mamie was
on a visit and she wished to go to Canyon Creek to have a picnic.
I did not like to go, the day being cloudy and I had much to do.
Still I went and we had a weiner roast in the gloomy forest back of
Tum Tum, while the two horse fools were fretting tied to some bushes.
I let mother drive home as I wanted to go on foot over the hill by
Martins to bring back the cows that evening. Old Mrs. Flowers was
of the party, but had stopped in the Prairie to make a visit to
Lydia Browning. When they came home I found some breaks in the rig
and mother told me that the horses shied while they were stopping
in front of Lawffer's place. However, many years later, she and
Aunt Mamie allowed that they had had a run-away at the time, and
what saved them from a likely accident was that the trace chains got
loose and the worthless pair ran away leaving the scared females in
the middle of the road on a dead wagon. Someone caught the horses
und patched up their rig so they could come back. Now the good.
Providence would have that Mrs. Flowers was not with them at that
particular time. She had stopped on the going to make a visit to
Lydia Browning. But I have said nearly enough about horses. I ill
only mention another time when I got very anxious and a mortal
acciderit nearly happened, but this is many years later.In fact
Annie was already a big girl. She took the spring wagon on a Saturday
afternoon to go to Yacolt and f'etch mother home. The weather was
cloudy and threatening. She had gone but a short while when the
south wind started to blow furiously. Now around the little, creek
about 1/4 mile west of Niederhauserns there was a grove of' large old
hemlock trees that had been dried up years ago during a forest fire.
For years the tops came down and across the road, and they came
down just when such a wind was blowing. I took an axe, thinking
surely the road would be blocked by a fallen tree; I soon met
Annie to my great relief; she was coming back, saying as she was
getting in sight of the little bridge, the wind started suddenly

and the top of a rotten hemlock came down crashing right in front of the rig. I cleaned the mess and she continued her way, the wind having abated, and I was very thankful for the narrow escape.

Now I return to the family. In 1896 we were expecting our second baby, the latter part of June. The day having arrived, I went to Niederhauserns to ask them to go after Mrs. Flowers. One of them went, but they could not refrain to remark that the moment was most inauspicious, as the weather was clouding up and they were shocking their hay. This time all went well and we had a little son which we named Henry John in honor of his two grandfather's. Henry was a very good baby and never was a bad cryer. Later, when he grew to some size and could toddle on his little legs, we called him Tithom (petit homme), and for short, Tommy. Some of his ancestors must have been great mountain climbers and no wonder, for they were Switzers. It showed with Tommy for he would climb up everywhere as soon as he could use his little legs. He was particularly eager in trying to get on the table from his baby chair, at dinner time. And since talking did riot do any good, we tied him down by the leg for a time. And Milly Gerber thought it most cruel. One day I had left a ladder against the roof of the porch of the old log house; I came back and see Henry walking proudly on the roof in his petticoats, for he was then so young that he did not yet wear pants. He started to walk very young. He was in his petticoats yet when I was diggíng potatoes in front of the house. I had a yellow kind and a red kind, and a bucket for each. As I was digging, Tommy would pick them up, look at them and then put them in this or that bucket saying, "This is a red one" or "This is a yellow one."(Of course, he spoke in French.)

But Tommy could be stubborn too. One day his mother put on his bonnet and told him to go and play outside. But he thought he needed his cape too. No, says me, it is not too cold, you need no cape. Here Tommy stamped his foot with a terrible frown and said, "I want the cape!" Ma put him outside with a slap, to teach him respect.

We had explained to the children the danger of falling in the water and being drowned and dead. Henry took a walk towards the creek, following the trail to where I used to dip the water for summer use, and he 1ell in.. ie came out crying and was met by Gem who asked him what had happened. Henry: "I fell in the water and was drowned." Gem: "And was you dead when you was drowned?" Henry: "Yes , Í was dead, and I cried all the time I was dead."

In1897 we were saddened by the news that Grandna Niederhausern

had to undergo an operation for a cancer of the liver. She died that summer, and about the time that Jack, our third, was born. Also at that time old man Flowers was struck by apoplexy and was paralyzed in one half of the body, which was a great trial for Mrs. Flowers. and deprived us from a good old friend. Mrs. Flowers could not come this time; Milly would not come except after the birth. So finally, Mrs. Clarke Wood offered to come and help. There was then no doctor in the immediate country, and Yacolt was not yet built. The Wood family lived on the 80 acres on which the Weyerhaeuser’s later built the commissary, and thence running 1/2 mile east. They lived first in a little log house, facing the road. They were good neighbors. Mrs. Wood's brother-in-law was a business man dealing in real estate, his name was Holbrook. He had bought from the first settler the 160 acres on which Chilcotes live now, and had the house and barn built ín expectation that the Vancouver-Yakima railroad was going to be built on his place. Woods had five children, Blanche, a pretty girl about 16; Ross, Phoebe, Grace and Lorin. They were very poor, but jolly and a happy lot, just the same. Mrs. Wood came and stayed with us till Jack was born; and it was a hard time again, but not so bad as the first time. After the birth Mrs. Wood went home and Milly Gerber took charge of the household for a couple of weeks. Of course, I paid them, although they would have helped just as wel1 without compensation. Jack, that is Jacques, was a fine baby, but a terrible cryer, and hard to raise. He would go to sleep in the evening about 8 or 9, but the least noise would wake him up, when he would start to squal1 by the hour, till exhausted. And mind, he had a wonderful vitality. It always took him hours till he was exhausted. We taught all the children the early habit to do their little natural things when put on the vase, which thus saved a lot of washing. But Jacky was stubborn. I could hold him ten minutes on the pot without results and as soon as he was in bed again, he would soil things. The little dreck fink, as grandpa Schumaker used to say to his little Willy boy. But finally, he got broke, and then it was touching to hear him say: "Papa, ne fe en pot." When a toddler, he had two accidents. We had a painted tin bathtub. Mother was making a bath ready for the youngsters and had poured the hot water in first, when the poor little fellow, leaning over, 'lost his balance and fell in head foremost. He fell on his hands and kept himself' from falling in altogether. He was of' course immediately pulled out. However, he was not burned so bad as to disfigure his hands.

The other case was more humorous. I was making cheese, and I had poured the warm whey into a cast iron kettle at the foot of the kitchen table. Somehow Jacky backed on the kettle and fell backward in it, and so tight he could not get out anymore. Now, the whey

was warm enough to cause concern, but not hot enough to hurt. and Jacky was yelling half in fright and half in aggravation till nis mother drew him out.

Next came Edwin, the 6th of September,1898. On that occasion we had secured the help or Mrs. Sam Jones, living a mile above Amboy, on the LaCenter road. Mrs. Jones' sister was old man Bilsecker's wife, and the mother of Florence Ball. The Joneses came somewhere from northern New York, or perhaps Maine. Mrs. Jones was a very pleasant, able and practical woman, and she delighted to be with us. She liked the children well and was especially taken by Jacky, who she coddled all day long, repeating again and again: "Embass, Jacky." She had asked us how to say kiss me in French, and she was talking Frenoh to Jacky. At that time we had a large collection of back numbers of the Londori Illustrated News which, as everybody knows, is a great society magazine, and full of the doings of the reigning families of Europe and the rest of the nobilities, with pictures attached. Aunt Antoinette sent us this magazine from New York regularly after the Baldwin family had perused it. In this way we got well acquainted with titled heads and other people of distinction and we even gained a footing of familiarity. Some were sympathetic, others were not. Now, we could not endure Mary, the wife of the present King of England, she looked so bossy. But, please don't tell her, so we can keep peace in the family. Now Mrs. Jones had a natural inclination for select people, and I don't doubt that, had she been born at the right place, she would have made a duchess just as well as the next one. She delighted in going over those old magazines sitting on the floor of the upper room till late hours at night. She told me many interesting or amusing facts about the neighborhood folks, she being a good observer and not lacking in humor or speech capacity. All went well with little Edwin. He was born in the early hours of the 6th of' September, this same day I went to Amboy for the ma1I arid supplie3. It was a hot day, with east wind blowing pretty hard. Johnson Hooper,owner of' the Amboy Saw Mill, had set fire to some refuse and trash obstructing the flow of Cedar Creek; the fire escaped and came licking and scorching around Amboy, and the people saved their dwellings only by the most strenuous exertions. Mrs. Wood came to see the new baby. Now she didn't like the selfish way Mrs. Jones hugged Jacky and said "Embass, Jacky,"for she nightly claimed Jacky as her own baby.' Your baby is Edwin she said to Mrs. Jones, you pet him and leave my baby alone. But Mrs. Jones would not hear it that way. You have seen two hens each watching her brood of little chickens? You know how it goes: "Kluck, kluck, kluck and then pick, pick, pick." 'After mother was up again she suffered so much with her teeth that we decided to have the lower

ones pulled and a set made. For this she had to go to Portland and she had been invited to stay with Mrs. Holbrook. Holbrook, on seeing that the Vancouver-Yakima railroad was not coming right away, had transferred his activities to that city. I was to keep the children during her absence, but to lighten my duties, Mrs. Wood proposed to us to take charge of' little Edwin, and so did Milly Gerber. I first told Mrs. Wood I would keep the baby myself, then at the last minute I changed my mind and I carried him in my arms to Frank Gerber's home, it being nearer than Woods. When Mrs. Woods knew this she felt sore, but later we were good friends again. ' Mother had to make several trips to Portland berore the present Yacolt railroad was built. At one time she started with the mail carrier from Amboy early in the morning when it was dark yet, she riding one of his horses and he the other one, for the road over Yacolt Mountain to Lewisville was very bad. From Lewisvílle the carrier used a farm wagon. It was in winter and you may figure for yourself' the roughness of' the trip. Edwin was a good baby and gave us no trouble.

We come to 1899 and this was a year of mishaps, vexations, heartaches and tribulations. Clearing was slow and of course, hard work. I had then about 15 acres slashed and more or less well burnt; but the actual removal of the logs and stumps was way behind. Every spring I strained every nerve to nave a new patch cleared and plowed 3o as to augment the supply of hay. We began to have some f'ruit from the orchard, the f'irst bucket of prunes I picked about the time Edwin was born. We had vegetables, potatoes and plenty of' milk and butter; also salt meat because I always had some worth-less cow to butcher, besides the chickens and pigs. About that time I kept also some geese for a season and sheep. But I had too much trouble with my log und brush fences to keep them in and I disposed of' them. While I kept sheep (I started with a couple of ewes bought from Pircos near Amboy on the Cedar Creek) I had traded u ram f'rom a French fellow living at the further end of Yacolt Prairie. This ram was a fine big fellow, very woolly and full of fight. His name was Pasha. He had a queer idiosyncrasy as the professors say, that is, a butting complex. He would not stay with the other sheep, but jump out and follow the cows. To cure him I would keep him inside the barnyard, or in the long cow stable. Then he would get mad, und we would hear him take a run at full speed arid bump the stable wall with his foolish head. He liked also to try this agreeable trick on persons, taking them unawares from behind. The proper descriptive name for that sort of exercise is butting. Pasha was respectful of the old man and for cause. But one day he caught ma unawares from behind and gave her what may be truly said

to be the shock of her life. She did not care after that if I handled Pasha sort of rough.

The Niederhauserns had bought themselves a mowing machine. Í asked them to cut some of my hay for me, which Walter did. hie worked at it part of a day. In exchange I let him have my wagon and Belle, to which he added their horse, and he hauled lumber for his house from a mill 5 or 6 miles past Amboy, on the LaCenter road. My wagon was good, but light, and was not made to stand heavy loads or bad roads. One day as I came to use my wagon he told me he had had a little accident, the rear axle having cracked while he was hauling a Load of lumber. He said he would have old man Lang, the Amboy blacksmith, put a new one in. This was done and I got possession of my wagon again. Then he wanted to keep on borrowing the wagon and I refused him. This made him and Rodolphe extremely mad and abusive. We exchanged a lot of bitter reproaches; they wrote to their father; I did the same for I was in the habit of writing to him regularly to give him the news. And so the quarrel extended to Geneva, many thousands of miles away, and the strained relations lasted for some months till we made up again.

At that time I had a fine two year old bull, a big red fellow mostly durham. I received some complaint from old man Lawffer that this bull was annoying him around his barn. I had to do something. If I turned him into a steer and kept him another year, I might get a good price of money for him. I had helped Jim Mckee castrate a yearling bull of mine, years ago, so decided I would try my luck now. Having securely tied the animal in the stable, I proceeded and had not much trouble, but made the mistake or' not tying the arteries. The bull kept on bleeding, and I tried some means of stopping it, but did not have the sense to tie, thinking it would finally stop itself. It stopped but the bull died next day. Here was a mess. What to do with the carcass. Evidently the meat was good, I hated to lose it. With much trouble I skinned and cleaned the animal alone, cut him up and went around the country, selling meat from the hind quarters. Now to one or two parties I explained what had happened to me, to the rest I said nothing. Some to whom I told, namely Al Gerber and George McKee, hurried to tell the rest of' the world, and this caused an explosion of resentment. I had gone to Amboy through Chelatchie and to Yacolt Prairie. When I heard about the matter, I went around again, explaining and refunding the money paid, a matter of near $25.00, yet maintaining the propriety of using the meat as good meat. You understand what a fuss it made, and how all the meddlers and backbiters had their say at my expense. On this came the time when the 5th baby was to be born. Milly Gerber would not come for the

birth, and I had nobody else I could ask, so I handled the case myself and all went well. Next morning at daybreak, while mother and the baby were made comfortable and resting, I ran to Frank Gerbers to notify his wife, for she was willing enough to oome and help at the household after the birth.

This was Sam. He was a nice, good baby but was very slow in walking; he had a peculiar way of' locomoting himself; sitting on the floor he would give a succession of jerks with the legs and the back and glide in one direction or another with astonishing speed. We used to go to LaCenter once a year and make a visit to the Auer family. It took us one day to get there; we stayed one day, and returned the third. And the last time we went, Sam was a year or two old, and he took kindly to old nan Auer while he despised his womenfolks, which took the heart of the old buccaneer.

Another regrettable affair happened that same year, for the cup seemed never to end. Aunt Antoinette had finally left the Baldwin family. Mr. Baldwin had died and the children grown, did not know what to do with her. She, loving them as her own, hated to leave them. She came back to Geneva and rented an apartment, living with Aunt Cecile. At that time Aunt Antoinette was already under the influence of the disease that was going to take her, and so did not enjoy her stay in Geneva. At a visit she made to the Niederhausern family Mr. N. read aloud some letters just received from us, and she took offense at something in them, but I don't know what. Here, by an aberration of which I am yet most sorry, I wrote to her a letter of complaint and even reproaches, mainly about being treated like a silly fellow by my family. The pique became a breach, and she never wrote to me again, and I am sorry to say I to her. Soon after she sickened to extremity and died this same fall. She left $200 to each or our 5 children. Thereon my brother Ernest wrote me a letter censuring me for my conduct, but in a friendly spirit, and enclosed a ten dollar bill. I felt like having a quarrel with him, but better thought prevailed. These are the rubs and asperities and bitterness’s of this life, and there is no way to get above them but by praying the Lord for patience, wisdom and good will. We need them. He will give them.

At that time a pleasant young man came around and took the vacant quarter section south of Firmin Martin's homestead, that is, the level land. He was a Britisher, by name of Henry Granville, who came from a good family, or seemed to; had engaged as a young man in the British Army, was present at the capture and battle of Alexandria; made the campaign against the Iwad Mullah, for the

recapture of Kbrartown in upper Egypt. Then came to the States and engaged in the U. S. Army; he made some other campaigns of minor importance, was also present at the capture and battle of Manila. When the Americans occupied the city, Granville asked to take a couple of books from one of the Monk's libraries. i They were a work on butterflies written in French and with very fine hand-painted illustrations. He said the work was a rare edition. Later, when he left his claim, he gave me the 2 volumes as a souvenir, which I accepted under the condition that he could have them back any time he would like to have them. They burned with many other things with the old log house in 1907. Granville was a very nice and pleasant man interested in natural history, strong in theories, a good clurk, but not practical. I helped him start a cabin on his home-. stead and for a few weeks he lived with us and we liked him well. He tried to clear and also open a road to his house, but after one year, his money was gone. 'He lost hope of doing anything on his larid and felt too lonesome so he simply abandoned his claim and I bel1eve, re-engaged in the Army. Come to think of it, I know he did for he was busy us clerk at the Portland recruiting station afterward. He visited us afterward once or twice.

A year or two before, an old country acquaintance of the Martins from a neighboring Belgian village, an old fellow by name of Antoine, came and homesteaded 40 acres cornering with my land on the southeast. Old Antoine had no prepossessing looks with bleared eyes, a shaggy beard and coarse mariners, but he had some good qualities withall. He worked for me for a while, and we got well acquainted. He loved us well and was a devoted friend, whatever else he might have been. lle would later work in Portland then come and clear land for a while as long as the savings lasted. In the great fire of 1902 his cabin burned down and sometime later we read in the Portland paper, that on a New Year's day, being drunk, he upset the lamp in his caboose arid got burned up with it. That was in Portland.

I got my second citizen's papers in 1898; we had to have them in order to prove up on our claims. One day early in December, by a cold freezing weather, Rodolphe and I started to Vancouver on horseback. John Crawley happened to be at the Courthouse and so was orle of our witnesses. We had of' course to stay overnight, for it took the whole day to make the trip, the roads were bad and the going slow. Next day the cold had increased with east wind blowing and I suffered torture from cold feet. After coming home I had my worst attack of' gouty rheumatism I ever had. I could not sleep for pain, for 5 or 6 nights. The pain and inflammation always starting on the joint of the 2nd toe next to the small one, then moving to the

others in succession, then jumping to the other foot. There was some swelling and redness and pain was like that of a violent toothache, and I could not bear even the touch of the blankets. I slept during, the day, when curiously, the pain would leave me, returning in the evening.

About that time I was also bothered with irregular heartbeats, a sense of choking in the neck, some pains at the heart, and once in a while terrible noises in the ears while asleep. All this must have come from several causes, making too great an effort at handling logs when clearing land being one of them, and I suppose, that attack of rheumatism being another. I knew that smoking was not good for me, even when used moderately, and I quit it entirely. Later all these symptoms lert me, and now at sixty I feel better than at 40.

Three months after taking our citizen's papers we had to go to Vancouver again for the final proofs of our homesteads on which we were to receive our patents and be actual owners. This time Rodolphe and I resolved not to go through the ordeal of riding during freezing weather. We went afoot in the company of the two Martins and Antoine, who were proving up in same time. 0ld McArthur from the prairie proved up at the same time, and we were witnesses for each other, saving us the trouble and expense of bringing each a set of witnesses to the Land office. The proving went on fine arid We were complimented for our performances as settlers, and I think by Mr. Munford who was one of the officials at the office. We had to stop over one night atid_we remained in a little wooden hotel kept by an Austrian by the name of Petros who was a good sort of a fellow and very accommodating. Our crowd was very jolly and in high spirits, that proving being a great day for settlers, they receiving as it were the reward of long years of patient and ill-requited hard work. Old Antoine was a little bit fuzzy with drink and acted foolish at the restaurant. Adalin, ashamed, would tell him to be quiet and behave. Next day we proved up. While we werebat the land office, the weather clouded up and a thick snow began to fall. I recollect also that the evening before we saw old man Hall who had taken a homestead on the higher hill above Martin from which we came to call it Hall's Mountain. He had three boys, the oldest being Charley who must have been between 18 and 20. He had joined the army during the Spanish War and was at the time in the Philippines. That same evening the Portland papers published Lists of the dead and wounded during the battle of' Manila, and Mr. Hall was in great grief, for on the list was a Charles Hall; He was not sure but thought it likely to be his son. But happily it proved to be another Charley Hall and his Charley came back arid at

this time is an honored citizen, our State Senator, Chas. Hall.
Joe Hall, the prosecuting attorney, was another of' the boys.

Being through at 4 P.M. the band decided not to pass another evening in Vancouver, but to tramp to Brush Prairie the same évening, arid thus reduce the next days trampirig by ten or twelve miles. We tramped 3 or 4 Long hours in the snow to Brush Prairie, where we stopped in a little wooden hotel kept by old man Wilson.
Here we had a good supper and we were right jolly. At the table with us we found Henry Stassart, the gun smith. He was a worthless, scheming rascal and a dead beat, and at the time was in bad relations with the Martins and old Antoine. So, during the meal, you may imagine all the broad hints that were directed at the unlucky gunsmith.
As old man Wilson was short for rooms, he said he had to put 2 or 3 of' us in the same room., I advised him not to put these two old men (pointing to Antoine und Stassart) in the same room as he would likely only find their bones next morning, each was sure to eat the other up. Next day the weather turned to thaw and rain, buttthe snow on the ground was deep., That was hard walking. There was about 2 feet of snow when we crossed Yacolt Mountain., We arrived late in the afternoon in Amboy-dead tired. Martins went by the Prairie; Rodolphe and I went through F'rank Gerber's trail. When in sight of his gate, Uncle Rodolphe said to me: "I don't know whether I have the strength left to reach the house.". But of course that was meant only to indicate how tired he felt.

In 1901 Annie was born on June 28th. I took charge of the case and all went well. Annie was a fine baby, but mother claims she was a bad cryer. I can't recollect.

The great event of 1902 was the great fire that burnt the country from the Wind River to Yacolt and Woodland. That year I had made a slashing on both sides of the little creek in the southeast corner of the land. I set fire sometime in the early days of August, and the fire burning well, soon spread all over in the fern, brush and old snags.. It burnt thus for a whole week, putting me in a very unpleasant position and causing me much anxiety. It crawled down on Adelin Martin's land till it was near the house he had built on the left side of the road. Happily the weather clouded up and for a day we had some fine misty rain which put out the fire.
I felt very much relieved and grateful. My log and pole fence on the line had disappeared, of course, and I put another up to keep my cattle from wandering out. Now, a peculiarity of our climate is that in the last days of' August or first days of September, we generally have our first fall rain; after this rain the weather

clears up again and we are apt to feel the east wind blowing with force any day thereafter. This year, 1902, the first fall rain did not materialize; the dry weather kept on till the middle of September. There were fires all over the country from the settlers, as was the case every year in the fall, I had a slashing on the south side of the swale, made of brush and dried hemlocks, that I had not succeeded to get a fire to properly. I tried several times that summer without success. The northeast corner of my land was also a bad mess of dried young firs, brush, ferns, big logs and rotten wood. One evening, while chasing the cows, I was tempted to set a fire to clean up that jungle and make walking easier, and add to the pasture. I started a match on some rotten wood, but later found that the fire went out right at the start. The fifteenth, I think, when we woke up, we found the east wind blowing hard. I said to my wife, "There is going to be trouble today with the whole country tinder dry and the east wind blowing." Sure enough, as soon as the sun was beginning to warm up things, a column of smoke rose in the direction of Antoine's land, that is east-southeast. I was afraid of repetition of the fire alarm of May 1895, although we had now much more room to protect us by reason of the fields and clearings. I also thought it providential that the land between Adelin Martin's and I had been burned over. Still, the trash accumulated on the hill northeast from the house, was a source of great danger if the fire should happen to come in that direction. So I remained in observation for some time, the smoke getting darker and increasing steadily. I observed that the wind came somewhat from the north-east, and that the smoke was chased to the southwest, which gave me hope that the fire would pass us. About 10 or 11 A.M. I felt easy and resumed clearing among the very big old 1ogs and stumps in the swale, south or' the house. About noon we had our dinner and after dinner, ma gathered the children around her on a seat in the garden close to the house. I had planted a rough table in front, and there she used to teach them the alphabet and reading in French. I got a notion to take a picture of the scene, and you can see it among our old photographs. Meanwhile the smoke increased enormously and it was plain to see that hell was loose.

About 2 P.M. the smoke had become so dense that the disk of the sun disappeared completely. The fire was now crossing our road over the Breezee claim. The animals were uneasy and the cows came back of their own accord. At 4 P.M. it got so dark, we had to light the lamp in the house. The sky was a dark moving mass lighted up on the south horizon by the lurid reflections of the burning timbers. At that time something strange happened. I had gone to the first gate, on the line, to stop the fire from eating it up, calculating

that since the whole brush and log fence was burning I might at
least save the gate. In the darkness I felt something minute like
rain coming down from the air and I first thought---what a blessing,
the rain is coming. But by extending the hand I found that the
down-coming was not rain but fir needles that must have come from
many miles away (drawn high in the air by the draft or the fire).
We went through our ordinary labor with an uneasy, wonderment. The
fire was now burning on the south slope of the swale, opposite the
house, and the obdurate slashing that did not want to burn before,
burnt clear to the edge of the damp swale ground that night. We
noticed also a great red glamour in the northeast and I wondered
if that might be an effect of the northern lights. We were outside,
wondering, when we saw two men come from the west. They were Al
Gerber and one of the Reed brothers who were then running a mill
between Al and Frank's. They told us that the whole country was
afire on the North Fork and also on the South Fork, and that the
settlers of Yacolt Prairie and further around had fled to Amboy that
afternoon. Now the smoke making night at 4 o'clock, and the great
red haze in the northeast were explained. They said they had come
by the road as far as the fire allowed and then had skirted around;
they wanted to see if' we were in danger. I told them I thought we
were safe since the fire was burning past us on the south without
troubling us, and that I thought ourselves protected by the burnt
area to our east, that is the burnt slashing of Äugust. This being
so, they started back for their families, but took my old trail
along the ridge to avoid the hazards of the fire. They told me later
that they got lost and wandered in the unknown, in the dark timber
for quite a while till they met the fire line again, the advançe
guard of the enemy as it were, and skirting it they finally reached
Frank's trail and arrived home at 11 P.M. I watched myself till
that late, when seeing no cause for immediate danger, I went to bed
also. Next morning at early dawn, we woke up and heard a deep
continuous rumbling noise towards the east. I first thought this
might be the sound of Cedar Creek Falls, but ma says "No, it is fire,
go quick and see." I put my clothes on and ran east and when I came
in sight of what we called the great pasture, I found it burning all
over. The fire was running over the area burnt a month ago just as
if it had been covered with fresh trash. I was so scared, I went on my knees and prayed
the Lord to deliver us. But He had done so already. While we were sleeping, the fire
came from Hall's Mountain and the East, across Cedar Creek, and about the time it
reached our ground the wind veered from the east to the west which
certainly saved our farm buildings. There was enough open space
cleared so we were not in danger of being burnt as in a trap; also
there was no large body of timber directly east of us, which when
burning, would have raised such a hell of a heat as to destroy every-

thing in its path. Later that morning I went to Amboy. The fire
was down along the road, only old heaps and snags burning and
smoking here and there in an atmosphere of smoke and a scenery of
black, ashy devastation. As I was proceeding on my road I saw a
man come from the other direction. It was old man Antoine. He was
overpowered by emotions and said, "Ah, Rotschy, you are not burnt
down? You are all safe? Oh, I am glad. I was thinking of you all
the night; think what it means to be burnt to death in the fire!"
I asked him how Niederhauserns were; he said they had escaped but
had had to fight hard during the night, especially to save the
buildings on Walter's place. He had left his place and gone to
help the Niederhauserns. He thought his place must have been all
burnt up, which it had, in fact. In Amboy I got more details;
later we heard of many settlers having lost their homes all over the
country, and several even perished in the fire, especially on the
North Fork in the neighborhood of Yale. That whole country before
the fire was a magnificent body of green forest as also the country
of the watershed of the South Fork, south and east of Yacolt Prairie.
Firmin Martin told me afterwards that he went across the river with
a band of Chelatchie men to see what had become of the few settlers
in that part of the country. They came on a party of father, mother
and 2 little children burnt to death and laying face down on the
ground, and the parents over the children as if to protect them.
All their clothes had been burned off, and the most that remained
was not larger than the hand, so Firmin said, and we all had tears
in our eyes. This family were cousins of the Reed brothers that
had the sawmill on Frank Gerber's place. They were on their home-
stead at the time of the fire and like many others, thought first
they would remain to try to save their house. But perceiving the
terrific force of the fire, they put what they could on the wagon
and ran away towards the North Fork, when they came against a tree
freshly blown down across the road; they then turned and were
surprised by the formidable blast then and there, and were annihilated
in a few seconds. I understand there were thus sixteen people that
perished that day. I heard that, among many others, old papa
Schumacher had Lost his home, as also had his son Ferdinand.
They had had a prosperous year, so far as settlers would have it. The
railroad was being established from Vancouver to Yacolt; there was
much clearing and grading work done that very year, 1902. Uncle
Fritz had worked with his team of horses and made quite a few dollars
that summer; so had Ferdinand Schumacher. He used to go every fall
to Portland with his team and get a load of' provisions and clothes
for the winter. He was gone when the fire same, and when he returned ,
was told on the road by some acquaintance that his place and his
father’s had been razed to the ground. . During the day of' the fire

the settlers around Yacolt Prairie knew that the hills on the east
were all afire, and considering the wind that was blowing, they
concluded to make for safety in time, so most of them trekked towards
Amboy including old Mrs. Schumacher and Ferdinand's wife with her
two children, one a baby a few months old. The old gentleman
remained on his place to fight the fire off the buildings.
Another settler was with him, and strange to say, with the many hours they
waited, it did not come in his mind to dig a hole in the ground and
put his belongings in it, thus saving them, The fire was nearing
with an immense roar, sparks and even large pieces of burning bark
were coming down from the aír blown high by the terrific current
raised by the fire. The other man said,"Mr. Schumacher, this is
rio ordinary wind and fire, we must run away while there is yet
time," and notwithstanding the old man's reluctance, he grabbed him
by the hand and took him along with him. They reached Yacolt
Prairie and went under a culvert of the newly made railroad track.
The wind was so strong that while gathering fern to close the
entrance of the culvert, old man Schumacher was blown down, so he
told me. They waited then for a while, then thought they would go
to MeCutcheon's house and get a shovel to dig for earth. They came
to the house and did not try the door but stove in a window as men
in a confused state of' mind will often do quèer things. Later,
Mrs. McCutcheon, commenting on the events, said the wind was so
strong that it stove in a window in their house. The old man and the
settler returned to the culvert and about 11 P.M. saw the fire sweep
down on Yacolt Prairie. McCutcheons had two barns and the house
was between them. They sew the roof of' one of the barns catch fire
and soon the other one, and they expected every instant the house
to do the same. But the fire did not touch it; it burned a picket
1'ence from the barn to the woodshed and there stopped. The unchained
elements do sometimes behave as if they had a bit of' a fancy notion
in the midst of' their destructive course. But I prefer to think
that the prayer of Mrs. McCutcheon who was a right good Christian
woman was heard by the Highest. I know it does not happen constantly,
but this we cannot explain and understand more than to say that His
ways are the best, and what He permits to happen happens with the
absolute certitude or the eternal welfare of' man as the main purpose,
even if his temporal welfare is sacrificed.
This is the fire that caused the destruction of the great timber
body between the Wind River and the Yacolt and Amboy country, and
which is called now the Yacolt-Siouxon Burn. Some said the fire
was started by some prospectors who set it purposely to bare the
ground on the hills and make prospecting easier. I suppose this is
so. I also heard that a young boy in the Wind River District set
fire to trash to burn out a nest of yellow jackets. The fact is,

there was some fire everywhere around in the country, as was the case every summer and fall, and in many cases escaped just like Antoine's.

The Weyerhauser Company started Logging next year and worked continuously 2 or 3 camps during 20 years or more, and they did not log over 2 townships during all that time. How many townships were burnt over I cannot say now, maybe 20; so a person may figure for himself what the loss in timber has been. That such a calamity does not happen often when one thinks of the fires of' all kinds that have a start every year from different causes: hunter's camps, lightnings, settlers' clearing operations, carelessness or even purposeful malice, is because it takes a concurrence of' several special factors or elements to make a conflagration of' such magnitude. First there must be a rainless fall, that is an extremely dry season; then a strong wind, then, as it were, a preparation of the ground--the trash from the effects of a previous fire, burning against a body of green timber on a rising slope and without a break of continuity. When what is called a crown fire is started and it extends on all sides, tlere is no stopping this 1ire by human means; it burns out when-there is nothing more to burn or is subdued and put out by the tiny drop of rain. In 1902 the smoke hung over the country for another 5to6 days when finally the rain set in and relieved us. My road was cluttered with debris and logs that had fallen across, and the rotten wood in places a foot thick burned underground and left all kinds of holes and burrows. It took me some days to clean it and repair it.

About 4 weeks later a little daughter was born to us on October 24, and that was our Lily. All went well and old Mrs. Schumacher came after the childbirth to help in the household. She was a dear old soul, liked to tell stories, and was very de-voted to us. After they had been burnt out, ma made an assortment from her clothes and linen and gave ít to the old lady among others, some linen shírts she had brought from the old country, which pleased Grandma Schumacher so much that she said, "Oh, Mrs. Rotschy, when they put me in my coffin, I am going to put one of your shirts on." Her command of the English language was rather elementary and sometimes fanciful. She used. to say, "up 'orm". Now this meant at home or on our farm, as you like it. When bringing meals to ma, she would sometimes ask, "De crop taste good, yess?" Ma could not make out what that "crop" was when after searching diligently, it was found to mean "grub." On another occasion she asked her, "You like dem robbers?". "What robbers?" asked ma in astonishment. "Well, you know, the robbers dat you koep."⌋ Then she saw that the good old

lady meant our rabbits. She and the old gentleman used to receive us so kindly at their homestead, a long low cabin. She was especially proud of her German coffeecake. The first time I went to see her it was on a Sunday in summer time and I took Germaine with me; she was about 6. It was a long way to go--4 miles to Yacolt and from thence 4 more miles to their house on the hill. When we returned that evening Germaine so tired I had to take her on my back once in a while toward the end of the walk. Another time ma went with the 2 wheeled cart, old Belle, and little Henry who was then just old enough to walk on his chubby little legs. At that time Chas. Landon had come in the country and had taken a fine piece of Yacolt Prairie as his homestead, it being ground illegally set aside as school land, which made Garners furious. The old Yacolt road used to meander freely through the country. Landon stopped it by a stout rail fence and made it go around a quarter of a mile further east, which caused more bitterness among the neighbors who once or twice threw the fence down as a protest. Charley Landon followed this by legal action. Well, ma caught the fence at the corner and brought it down; that is, old Belle did it by running the cart in a contrary mood. Further down a man by name of Meyer had a homestead and a gate across the road. Somehow in opening the gate and handling that foolish stubborn critter of a mare, little Tithom rolled out of the cart in the back. But he was picked up in time, and not the worse for the accident.

Later, after the fire, Shoemachers, that is Ferdinand, bought 160 acres at Heisson--good flat land, easy to clear, with a good barn, 2 or 3 acres in orchard, a good creek and about 15 acres c1eared. He paid, I believe, $2000.00 on terms. That was a great bargain and he made a model farm out of it. I went several times to visit them there. The old lady one day gave me the following recipe for good Jersey cream: "We had a cruiser man boarding with us," she said, "And we did not have enough milk at the time to raise cream, so I takes the yellow of' an egg and mix it with the milk, then Mr. Stark he says to me: Why, Mrs. Schumacher, you had such fine yellow cream! Und den I dinks, Ach! de crazy fellow, dat is only de yellow of' an egg put in it.", After some years I am sorry to relate that the old lady got a cancer of the tongue of which she died soon after. The old gentleman lived till 1917, and died glad to leave this world of' sorrows, about 84 or thereabouts.

At one time we kept geese, but we were not well satisfied with them. Ma did not know nor care to pluck the down or feathers and the meat had a disagreeable taste coming from feeding exclusively on green grass as we heard later. We gave a goose to Mrs. Schumacher

on one of her visits with ·us. When descending from the train in Heisson, the gunnysack escaped her hands and the goose escaped too.

Lily was a good baby and before she could walk, she would stand up on the old rocking chair ma and I had bought the day we returned to the homestead after our marriage. She would hold herself to the back of the chair and rock herself in great shape while singing inventions of her own. I used then to call her our Sarah, having the celebrated Sarah Bernhard in mind. She tried also once or twice to have spasms when scolded, but with a good ordinary spanking, the spasms would turn to a fizzle not to reappear again.

Our living on the homestead was precarious. I was coming to the end of my resources. About those times we also used a sum of $400 that we had inherited from Aunt Marie, the wife of Uncle Ganlis. Seeing an advertisement of' a correspondence school in a magazine, I got a notion to try that and take the Civil Service examinations for the job of Patent Examiner. If I had succeeded we would have·gone to live in Washington D. C., a fine city and so much closer to Europe that we could then harbor the hope of' making some day a visit to our native country again. Especially did mother pine for such a visít.|Well, I got in touch with the school located in Washington D.C. I paid, I think, $35 for the course, and would have had to pay 2% of my first years' salary in case I got an appointment. I got some books recommended by the school and started to study. I sold most of my cows of which there were not many anyhow. I quit clearing and did but the strict necessity only in farm work. I like to remember those days although they ended in disappointment after all. Some years previous I had already tried to better my situation by some intellectual sideline. Once I wrote a little story and sent it to the New York Cosmopolitan. Not hearing from them after a time I asked what had become of my story, when the editor sent it back. Perhaps if I had wafted he would have sent me a check instead. I also received an offer to write for a magazine I don't recollect the name of now, but I had to subscribe to it first which I did and I heard no more about the writing part. I found the magazine to be a thoroughly Catholic and confessional affair so I asked the publisher to change the address and sent the magazine to the dear Sisters in Vancouver.

I had also found out that the Department of Agriculture employed some outside assistants or collaborators in the Division of Forestry to gather data on the spot, for which they received a compensation of $300 a year. The work would have suited me fine; I was well acquainted with photography; also, knowing French and German, I could have made

researches in Journals or works in those languages. And a sure
salary of $300 a year would have been the very boon of my life. In
those times the Forestry Division had not grown to the large and
complicated organization that it is today; in the first place there
were no national forests yet. Consequently, there were no superintendents, no district
rangers, lookout men, smoke chasers and whatmore. I sent an application to the
Division of Forestry and Iheard nothing for over a year, when I received a polite letter
from the Chief of Bureau telling me there had been a change of Bureau
Chiefs lately and that he, the now chief, found my application of a
year old in a drawer. He was very civil but said there was nothing
for me at present. All this was before 1902. In the fall of that.
year I took up again algebra, geometry, trigonometry, physics,
chemistry, technology and mechanical drawing. The lessons I received
were good but could not replace courses in a Technical Institute.
then I was hampered by the límited choice of books.I could not
put 30 or 40 dollars more into expensive books and publications.
Access to a technical library would also have been very helpful and
desirable. Yet I made good progress and in the latter part of
October 1903 I went to Portland to take the Civil Service examinations at the Custom
building. I think I was alone for that branch; ten questions in physics, ten in chemistry
and ten in mathematics were given at 9 A.M.; out of them 5 had to be chosen in each
branch and answered before 1 P.M.; in the afternoon ten questions in
technology were given and 5 of them answered, also 2 drawings of
any possible machine or apparatus ever invented were given with
parts lettered and diagramed. I had to name the parts and describe
their working and use. Finally, two paragraphs were given, one in
German, the other in French, and one had to be translated into
English. As I had to stay in Portland a couple of days, I went to
the house of Mrs. Flowers with whom her son Ernest was then living,
and was well received. Ernest Wright was a stove cutter by trade
and was making then good wages. At Mrs. Flower's house I got
acquainted with Mr. & Mrs. Knight who were on a visit with their 2
little daughters that were perhaps 3 and 5 years old. That evening
the little tots came in the room in their little nightgowns and
kissed papa goodnight, and they kindly kissed me goodnight too. Mr.
Wnight showed great interest and kindness to me. He explained many
of his out of the ordinary psychical experiences and also his beliefs
and notions, and they interested me very much. At the time I had not
yet begun to read Swedenbarg. Coming back to the examinations--I
felt I had done well enough to sort of expecting a call next spring.
After 3 months or more, I got the results that were on a basis of
100 points as perfect and 70 points as passing limit; physics and
chemistry, over 70, mathematics, 35, technology and mechanical drawing
way down in the 40's or 50's, translation 90. Average total,62.
I had failed. I decided to try the examination again and to improve

my knowledge by further study and review. Next fall in October 1904
I went through the examinations again with nearly the same results.
This time I went to stay at a hotel kept by a Swiss on Glisan Street
I believe. After the examination, instead of returning home I re-
mained in Portland for it had become imperative for me to find a job
and earn some money. First, I tried my old trade of photographer
and retoucher. I went to many galleries; did some retouching but
without giving the right satisfaction. I had been too many years out
of the business. I was offered to retouch small negatives at #10
a week which I refused as at the time common labor in a saw mill
was paid $12 a week. Besides, with $10 a week I could not live in
Portland and keep the family on the ranch, and the prospect was not
great enough to warrant selling the place.

At the hotel I met a young fellow whose father had been a well
known old professor at the College in Geneva, by name of' Rheinwald.
This young man had a letter of recommendation for Mr. Wren, Senator
for Oregon. As he did not know a word of' English, I went with him
around in his search for a job. We went also together to Oregon City
where Mr. Wren was living; the senator was a nice, plain little man,
a politician of the good sort, much interested in political reforms.
He had then just brought about with others, the acceptance of the
Referendum and Initiative in Oregon. He received us well and invited
us for supper. Finally Rheinwald got a job with a gardener, German
by descent, whose father had known Lincoln in Springfield. The old
man was perhaps 80 years old and a fine character. He told me a
story that he happened to hear in Springfield about the immortal
Lincoln. It seems that Abe had been running for some office and
just got the news that the other man had been elected. One of his
friends asked him il he was not downcast, to which Lincoln said, he
felt pretty sore but not downcast. "It reminds me," said he, "of
a boy that was running a race, fell and skinned his knee. He
pícked himself up and when the others asked him if he was hurt he
said, 'Yes, it hurts darn bad, but I am too big a boy to cry.'"
Later Rheinwald came to visit us for a week on the farm. He was a
cheap, 1azy, unreliable guy, went from one job to another, borrowed
money from old man Matrett and even from Mr. Wren, and I don't know
if he ever repaid it. I have not heard from him anymore. As he
was a free thinker, he soon was on good terms with old man Mairet.
When he oame back to Portland after his visit with us, the old man
asked hím, "And what is Rotschy doing up there on his ranch?"_ "Oh,"
says Rheinwald with his dragging Geneva accent, "he prays and he
plays the fiddle."Thut's not right," said old man Mairet warmly,
That's not right. It is about time for that fellow to go to work."
During that time I was clearing fir stumps and logs six and eight

feet in diameter, not counting the vine maples and smaller stuff, raising and breaking young cows, gardening, raising potatoes and keeping order in a family of seven youngsters. This is how history is made... .sometimes.

Coming back to my story in Portland, after the examinations. Having made a visit to the Wood family (Clarke Wood of Yacolt) who were then living in Russell Street on Eastside, Mrs. Wood offered me to stay at their home, whích I gladly did. Clarke Wood had a job in a sawmill at the root of the old Burnside Bridge on the east side, which has disappeared years ago. I went with him to the mill and got a job at handling lumber in the yard at $2.00 a day, working ten hours a day. Long days, especially when it rained, and we were then in November. After a while the foreman put me on the platform where the slabs freshly cut into 4' lengths were loaded on trucks drawn by horses. I think this is the fiercest job I ever handled in my life. The sawmill had a large output; the slabs were dropping on the platform without cease. They were soaked with the slimy water of the river. They had to be picked up; no time to think or stop, or scratch or blow your nose. We were 3 men, one a great Russian fellow with a knife scar across his cheek, the other one Italian who could not speak English. I say, we men kept warm no matter how chilly the air. The Italian pointed at his face which was covered with perspiration as if he had been loading hay on the hottest day of July. Evenings I felt as if I had gone through the bastinado. After 3 or 4 days we were laid off and I did not return.

I went up and down the streets in Portland for several weeks asking for a job at all sorts of places, from Saint John to south Portland, but without success. Hard times. Finally, disgusted, I returned to the farm. My father sent me $200 with which I bought some new cows and a small separator and I started shipping cream.

In 1905 Portland had a fine Exposition. Uncle Alfred with Aunt Mamie, Marcel and Rose came to visit us from Chicago and remained 10 or 12 days. I accompanied them to Portland when they returned and I visited the Exposition with them.

Rose was a fine fat baby about 3 years old, but of a very grouchy disposition and extravagantly fond of green prunes. o Aunt Mamie would first spank her; no use, the green prunes could not be put down in Rosey's young desires. Only the return to Hegervisch where prune trees were unknown, did break her of the unhappy passion.

I have to come back to the year 1903 to relate the sickness and

demise of Uncle Rodolphe. In 1902 he was already not feeling well and was bothered with swellings below the ears, which he thought to be the mumps. He got slowly worse and he suffered terribly from sciatic rheumatism. There was no doctor in the country then. He tried diverse remedies as every Tom, Dick and Harry would advise. At the time his brothers, having read about the marvelous cures of a certain electric battery sold by a certain company in the East, bought one. Instead of receiving it in the proper time,they had all sorts of disappointments with it and when they did receive it had more troubles making it go, and then it did no good. Grandpa Niederhausern and Aunt Julia had great faith at the time in a clairvoyant woman in Geneva who could tell at a distance the state of a person, his health etc. and would give out recipes for remedies. A short time before Uncle Rodolphe went to town to go to the hospital in which he was to die, the clairvoyant woman had declared that he would yet be cured. At any rate, his state getting worse, they decided that he should go to town and see a doctor. Mother went to see him before he left, taking the new baby, Lily, with her so he could see her. At that time the train was running between Yacolt and Portland, but of a sort of its own. At first the only accomoda-tion was an old caboose discarded from another section, a dirty benoh around, no stove, no light. The train would start about 1 P.M. and one thing and another, would reach Vancouver about 8 P.M. Charge, one dollar. But it was a great improvement on the old road and the wagon, horseback ride or 1eg walking. Please compare with the paved roads and autos of this day. Uncle Rodolphe went first to Portland und stayed a few days in a little hospital from which he was advised to go elsewhere. Then he went to the Catholic hospital in Vancouver that was a wooden two-story structure on Reserve Street about a block above where the Normandy Apartments are situated now. We did not hear from him for several weeks and Fritz was thinking of going to see what was the matter, when we received a letter from an undertaker in Vancouver tell1ng him that Rodolphe Niederhausern had died in the local hospital and they were seeking his relatives. Next day Uncle Fritz and I went to Vancouver and saw the poor brother in a cheap undertaker establishment on Main Street. He had the looks of having much suffered, which was confirmed by the Sister at the hospital who was his nurse. He had got worse some days before, had asked for a minister to take the communion; but the Sister Superior had refused to call one on account of not wishing to desecrate the holy house by the presence of a heretic Priest. Feeling his end coming, Uncle Rodolphe wrote a letter to his brother Fritz asking him to come right away. Towards the end of the letter he got con-fused, and when he put the address on, he sent it to his father in Geneva, who later sent it to Uncle Fritz. In this letter he expressed repentance and one thing he said was "one should not laugh or make

fun of God" (which the poor Uncle had done.) These words are most
tragic and worthy of the most serious attention coming from a man who
was taking his last step into the grave. Mr. Waggener who knew the
boys well for coming sometimes in the country, was very kind and
helpful to us, arranged all the matters concerning the funeral and
service which was held in the old city cemetery. And so the emigrant
was buried in a new and strange country, f'ar f'rom his native home and
frlends. Next year, that is 1904, Milly Gerber went to the hospital
in Portland for a minor operation, following which she got suddenly
worse and died a day or two later. Mary Gerber contracted the consumption some
years later and died in her turn.

In 1905 in the fall, I made a trail to go from my place to the
Chelatchie schoolhouse that was then the original shack on an acre
of ground given by the first homesteader for purposes of school
building and burial ground, near the northwest corner of Fuller's
quarter section. Fuller himself was not the first settler; he had
been a seafaring man and was a hard and ugly character. When the
school opened, I went down with Germaine, Henry, Jack and Edwin.
The teacher was a Miss Spitznogle, a plain person, for our present
fancy teachers were then unknown. A person could teach after
havíng completed the 8th grade. I think her salary was $50.00 a
month. She had a hard proposition to deal with half a hundred of
white Kanakas to handle and educate, some of them nearly grown, and
all ready to fight for the American independence. Next spring I was
eleoted school director and chosen school clerk, and I filled the
first position for ten years and the latter for nine years con-
currently. That is, I was director ten years during which I acted
as clerk for 9 years. But I would go too far to make the history
of those school years which were filled with plenty of contentions
and worries besides the walking up and down the steep hill.In a
few years the other 2 directors stirred up things and we built a
new and better schoolhouse. Later yet in 1915 or thereabouts, there
was a union of 3 school distrícts affected, Chelatchie, Tum Tum and
Donegan Hill. We bought 40 acres from old man Gray for ¥1000.00 and
had a substantial school building with basement and 4 rooms built for
a little over $400. This is the present building.

In 1904 ma was not feeling very well. 'Mrs. Jolimay of Oakland,
California, who had been to school with her in Geneva, proposed to
her to make her a visit and they would go and pick hops with the
children (Jolimays). That seemed a good idea, and ma and Henry, then
8 years old, took the boat to San Francisco, and found Jolimays in
Oakland. They went in one of the counties, north of the bay, Mendocino,
I believe, and picked hops with rather indifferent success for 2 or 3

weeks. Mr. Jolimay was then peddling fruits and vegetables with a horse and wagon, and remained in Oakland. Ma remained after that another month on a visit. I first thought this happened in 1906, but I recollect that I was then studying for the Civil Service examinations; consequently, it must have been in 1904. This year the prune crop was very good, the fall season was extraordinary dry, so that I could dry the prunes by opening them and exposing them to the sun on the roof of the shed of the old barn. The young ones were set at opening prunes, and they did it till they got desperate. Jack said one dåy, wailing, 'Do we have to open prunes till we go to Heaven? The whole of September passed and no rain. Two sisters from Portland had homesteaded the two pieces of land, one between Niederhauserns and míne, the other west of mine. On this one, their brother was slashing and burning and the fire escaped him and was creeping a1l around. Happily, there was no east wind blowing that fall. Finally the water got so low that I had to dig a hole in the bed of the little creek that comes out of the swale and the hole would fill with water in 24 hours, furnishing about 2 or 3 buckets f'u11. I had to leuve wushing alone, and this lasted till the 12th of October. That was the time ma came back from California.

In 1906 mother was asked by the Reverend Geissler, Methodist minister in Yacolt, to play the organ for the service for a consideration, and she was glad to do it, for the change of surroundings and the little extra money. She began also to give some piano lessons. The Twin Falls Company logging camps made a busy little place out of Yacolt,and some of the better class employees were glad for.the opportunity affording a better education to their children. A good large sohool building had been erected, and a full course of high school was given, besides the primary classes. Somehow we got acquainted with the teachers, principals and all, and every year they would come and visit the farm and see the view on the mountains from the top of the hill above Chelatchie Prairie. We thus got acquainted with a number or fine young ladies, also good men such as Mr. Berry, the principal, and these relations brought a very pleasant and refined element in our existence. But in 1906 mother seemed to brood under. the incubus of some unknown disease. She had once in a while great pains from stomach cramps. Finally she went to Portland to consult a doctor and Mrs. Holbrook took her to Dr. Wilson. I had goneto Yacolt with the spring wagon to bring her home.I was struck aghast when I saw her alight from the train. She indeed looked very sick, and she was dark yellow all over like a mulatto and in great misery, suffering from the stomach. After a while, when she had recuperated some at home, she went again to Portland to find out what was her trouble, and Mrs. Holbrook took her to a. specialist. Dr. Wilson thought it was a liver disease but could not pronounce

himself definitely. The other two said something similar; but Mrs. Holbrook wrote to Uncle Fritz to inform me that the doctors thought the case very serious and that I must expect to see it end in death in a few months. Partly to encourage mother who still was homesick, I proposed to her to go back to Geneva and make a visit to her people, and she eagerly grasped the proposition. I even went for information that same month of September, but her condition was such that traveling such a long distance seemed impossible. So we postponed the journey for next spring; she in great hopes, and I expecting her to turn worse any day. However, she got better by and by, what with the hopeful expectation and what with some pills she received from Geneva. Mrs. Jolimay having been apprised of these matters, made up her mind to go back to Geneva on a visit to her folks on the same occasion." Information was secured and everything made ready for the departure in April 1907. Ma decided to take Lily and Annie with her so that the families would have the pleasure of seeing some of our children. I thought it the best arrangement as in the case of the decease of' my wife, the two youngest children would be well taken care of' by our parents in Geneva, and I could manage with the five others. It was with great desolation that I looked at the separation from the two children, as it seemed certain that it would indeed be a long one, but I had to keep this for me, mother not suspecting the gravity of her case. In March 1907 by a truly providential occurrence, the Weyerhauser Co. made an offer to the Uncles to buy their timber, or the whole of their lands. They were tired by the long years of hard work and small success; the idea of making the journey to Switzerland inflamed their 1magination so they promptly made a decision and sold Walter's and Rodolphe's olaims,320 acres for $5,500,and a few days lator made an auction sale of their cattle farm gear and other belongings. Thus in a few days they were ready to travel with ma and Mrs. Jolimay, who had come from Oakland to start in one company from Portland. They made a good journey, passing by Hegervísch where they rested one day with Uncle Alfred's family. It is easy to understand what the arrival of the Americans meant for our families, especially Grand-father deNiederhausern. Mother, influenced by her family, lost some valuable time in trying the healing powers of Dupuis, the magician, who claimed to heal persons by prayer. But she got worse and finally went to see one or two of the very best doctors. Uncle Ernest,a doctor himself, 'had early pronounced the trouble to be gallstones; and so it proved when mother underwent an operation in July. She remained one month at the hospital, and of course the whole stay in Switzerland was marred by her sickness.

A week or two after her departure in April, the other children

came down with the measles almost in one bunch, and this gave me some extra trouble which I did not seem to need. We managed tolerably well, but the time seem endlessly long to me. Finally October brought the Americans back home again. Mother had three trunks crammed with all kinds of articles, from wearing apparel to books,and we were glad to be reunited again. November 6th a little girl was born to us, all going well, and that was Agnes who had travelled to Switzer-land without knowing it!

The 18th of December 1907, I had gone with the wagon to Yacolt for my weekly errands. It was already dark, when a quarter of a mile from the place, I saw suddenly mother with the two little girls coming down the road. She was crying and told me the house had just burned down. This was another stroke of' a contrary destiny which hit me quite unaware. I thought that with the return of my wife and children from Europe in good health my tribulations had ended. But the Lord, knowing better, directed otherwise. Mother went to her brothers. I finished driving the wagon to the farm as it was useless for me to run,the house having already burnt down to the ground. I found a great bed of red ambers in the night where my house and belongings had been when I left that afternoon. The boys were around it, not looking overly concerned, as youngsters are naturally thoughtless at their age. The woodshed was burning at one end and I put that out, thus preventing the fire to catch atothe old barn. Then we went to the uncles who were aghast at the catastrophe. We had supper with them and they went and slept in the hay with the boys, leaving their beds for the rest of the family. The accident had happened thus: mother was in the kitchen making Annie read her letters, it being after 4 P.M. She heard a sort of creaking noise, and wondered if it was rain or hail falling on the roof. Soon Lily came close with a guilty air, and said whimpering, "It's me who did it." "Díd what?" said me. Then suddenly the notion of what had happened came on her. She went upstairs where the fire had already a great start. Lily had scratched a match (I had forbidden the children to keep matches in their rooms) and applied it to an old dress of Gems she did not like, hanging against the wall. Mother went for a bucket of water but the fire had too much of a start already. Then she went in her room and began salvaging. Ät this time the children came back from school, having been detained one hour by the teacher that particular day. Otherwise they would have been home before the fire started, and the disaster might not have occurred. They applied themselves at saving what they could, but it was little or nothing. The muoh greater part of our belongings burnt up, and mother lost most of her silverware. I lost all my papers and books,and a11 my music. Mother thought about my music and seized a portfolio in

which I kept my compositions, but I had just changed a little while
ago,putting the written music elsewhere and using the portfolio to
keep the blank music paper. Thus she saved the blank paper and the
manuscripts burnt up. Another bit of derision of the adverse destiny.
Annie took the baby from the old rocker in the living room and
brought her outside in the orchard, putting her down on the snow.
Lily brought out a platter of cold meats from the food cupboard in
the pantry. There was about 2 inches of snow on the ground. Mother,
hating to stay on the old place, took the loss pretty easy, telling
me this was perhaps a sign for us to go away somewhere else (where,
presumably, the world would be nicer). I thought the matter over;
two or three years ago I had tried to find work in Portland with
much weariness and disappointment. I did not see how better we
would do if we were going now, and with the whole family to take care
of in the big city.'So I resolved to build again and raise a'temporary building as fast as
possible. I was then not without some means; Aunt Cecile had died some time ago and
left me about a thousand dollars, I think. As it was the winter season, we could not
rough it on the farm. So mother with the 3 smallest children went to Yacolt
where she was taken in for several weeks by Landons Batons and some
other kindhearted folks. Sem and Edwin were taken in by Frank Gerber
who proved a good friend in the occurrence. Germaine was asked to
stay with Florence Curtice's family and Henry and Jack who were old
enough to help me some stayed with me. We went in Buzan's 10g
cabin across the creek where there was a cooking stove. The neighbors
Were very kind with us. Ben Curtice started a collection in Chelatchie
Prairie, getting about $60 together. He had asked me first by
phone when I was in Yacolt whether I would accept a collection if
they were to make one. I replied that I had the means to start
again without a collection and needed no collection but would
accept one if the neighbors' kindness prompted them. Now, with the
experience acquired being in the same case again, I would very kindly
refuse it. His brother George Curtice who had come as a minister
in the country but had gone into a furniture and general merchandise
business, started a collection on his side in Yacolt and raised
about thirty or forty dollars. Finally Mr. Waggener put a collection
in motion in Vancouver and brought the sum of 135 himself to ma in
Yacolt. Besides we received many articles and jars of fruit from
several parties. The uncles cut down a fine cedar tree, then belonging to Weyerhauser,
and with the help of Frank Gerber made cedar
shakes for a roof. They also tore up the planks and boards of their
barn to furnish lumber and they came and helped me put up the new
house. Boody, in addition to the money he gave in the collection,
made one or two trips with his team and wagon to haul lumber from
the Reed mill; and mind, there was no bridge on Chelatchie Creek
which was swollen and almost impossible to ford. And so did Vess

Huffman. Will Maguire helped me a day or two and made a large kitchen table that we used many years afterward, and his brother Mark acted as carpenter at moderate wages. The weather was bad, not very cold, but a succession of snowfall and rainstorms. My road in places got so soft that the teams would sink suddenly to the belly and I had to cut a little detour around the worst place. Six weeks later in February the new shack was ready for occupancy.
It was 12 feet wide, 8 feet high (the ceiling) and 40 feet long, being divided into a kitchen in the center 12 x 16, a room at one endy.10.x 12; and another room at the other end, 12 x 14. Mother and I occupied the smaller room with the babies, the rest of the children occupied the larger room. The walls were made of roof boards 1 x 12,with betteng on the outside, and sheathed with rosin paper on the inside.
Next summer as soon as the crops lert me some time,I started an eddition,12 x 24,2 story high, also put up with rough lumber.
Later I added two more rooms 12 x 12 each and I put on rustics on the outside over the whole structure and we lived in it till the year 1920 when I sold the farm to Henry. In 1909 my father and mother died. My part of the inheritance amounted to over $4000.00 which was a very great help to me.

In 1910 we had a dry season and a fire scare. The Reed mill between Frank and Al Gerbers was destroyed by fire, started by some men moving a donkey engine away. That year I succeeded in getting an appointment as census taker at $5.00 a day. That was a great job and I went all over the country, beginning with Yacolt and vicinity, taking the Weyerhaeuser camps, Bell Mountain, the Dole country, the Swedish colony at Venersburg and further south near Hockinson and up again along the west side of Bell Mountain. It took me 5 weeks and I liked the tramp well, being naturally inclined to enjoy geography.

In 1911 we had the visit of Mr. Jolimay and daughter Germaine who stayed with us part of June and all of July. We went and camped a day or two on Canyon Creek by the falls. That samesyear I made a vísit to the Dupertins family at Adna, near Chehalis, in company with Gem. We learned to know the family this way. After the Reverand Geissler had struck his tent in Yacolt, another Methodist minister came in; he was Mr. Henry Dupertins, a very nice man and a fine orator. We got acquainted and I found that his father and mother had come from Switzerland when he was ten years old. The father was a mail carrier in his village and the whole family was very religious. They had emigrated with a brood of 8 children, all small, and each with a peculiar cap, identical for al1, purposely made by the mother

to identify her flock. And everywhere they stopped, the first thing she would do was to count the children, she told me.

Their destination was the state of Kansas, and namely one of the western countries where the land is flat and dry. Ánd there these poor natives of the Swiss Mountains had to strike root and exist. They had a hard time, as may easily be conceived. Everything in the country was strange and contrary to what they were used to. And they were poor. At one time, being short of money and out of flour, they lived some weeks on beans, molasses and corn. Later old man Dupertins who lacked not ambition and initiative, went to Oklahoma when that country was opened for settlement and took a homestead there. The children grew up as children will, especially when there are many of' them. They were good children, worked out as soon as barely able, helped their parents, worked their way through high school and college and became creditable American citizens. The old folks came to visit their son Henry, the minister in Yacolt, and thus we got acquainted with them, and that was during the year 1907. Later they came more than once and made long visits with us on the farm. In Oklahoma they had some French Canadian neighbors whose quaint language amused them very much. Thus a woman was ʿa creature' and to ponder something was 'jongler' (to jiggle). One of these Canadian habitants came to visit them with his wife and they had to ford a river swollen by recent rains. When in the middle of the stream, it felt as if the outfit were going to be swamped and carried away, and the woman would excitedly relate the thing to Dupertins, saying, I had caught hold of Moses' coat Moses was her man. But getting tired of the drawbacks of Oklahoma and having heard of the advantages of' Washington, they migrated to the Pacific Coast. While in the train the old man asked another traveler where there was a good place for people like them to make a start. Right here, says the other man, as they came to Chehalis. The family went off the train, and the old man prospected around and round a good Location near Adne, having round 120 acres of 1ogged off land that he purchased for $300.The old 1ady died some ten years ago and he 2 years ago.

In 1911 we had another fire scare. Sometime in August when all was dry an east wind started to blow hard. The fire escaped from the Twin Falls camps about 8 miles east from us. Some of the territory was covered with the dry slashings of previous logging and the fire soon took fearful proportions, not unlike those of 1902. The sun became invisible during the afternoon, but the moving cloud of smoke left a queer blue patch of sky on the north. This time we moved our belongings out of the house, made holes in the garden, and

got all kinds of receptacles filled with water. I sent also the women folk down to the Prairie, and' watched the fire come towards us. It came down the Cedar Creek hills, but from there swerved to the southwest, that is towards Yacolt. I concluded that Yacolt was going to be wiped out of existence for there was a large body of logged off land filled with trash just between the city and the fire. But when the fire came in that slashing, the wind seemed to turn suddenly, and away from the town, which was thus almost miraculously preserved, and as I believe, the prayers of some truly Christian persons had something to do with this issue. One or two roofs caught fire from flying sparks but were soon put out.

In 1914 Uncle Alfred, having relinquished his position of chemist in Hegervisch, came to Vancouver with his family and rented a house on 18th near Reserve Street. We saw them pretty often thus, they coming on a visit to the farm or us going to Vancouver. Henry stayed one year with his uncle, attending high school in Vancouver and Edwin did the same afterward. On one of our visits Uncle Alfred and I took a walk across the military reserve and he showed me the place we occupy now. It was then vacant and he thought it could be purchased at a bargain price. We liked the location well. By him I got the address of Mr. Gilbert, the owner who I went to see either before or after the New Year of 1916. Landons were then living in Vancouver and Charley Landon showed me all over town to see what was for sale. I could have bought 2 lots just back of the high school with an old-fashioned house and a smaller cabin that was renting to pupils for $1400. I could also have bought a fine new house on a corner lot close to Main Street and somewhere around 20th St. for $1800. There was the plumbing to put in yet which would have cost three or four hundred dollars more. But the quiet rural location and the size of the lot made me choose the East Reserve property which I bought for $1000. Then Uncle Alfred and I talked the matter over and he planned to put an addition to the old house on the lot and to renovate it. He took old man Stanley as carpenter, and the two together worked most of the spring of 1916. In the fall they moved from the west side to East Reserve Street. The addition and renovation cost me more than what I paid for the property, namely $1200. The prices of materials and fixings had much increased on account of the war. . Uncle Alfred would not hear of being paid for his work, so I let him have the place for a rent of 7.00 a month, which was half of what it was worth, the rents having likewise risen.

But early in 1917 he got a call to the position of chief chemist ín the sulphuric acid works of the Gen. Chemical Co. at Nichols on the Bay, about 40 miles east of' Oakland, California. He

went alone in February or March 1917 and in June I accompanied Aunt Mamie and Rose who went to join him. We used their car and Rose did most of the driving which was not a small or easy thing on account of the stretches of very bad roads in southern Oregon and down the Sacramento Canyon. Through the southern mountains in Oregon and down the Sacremento Canyon the roads were the dirt roads of the first settlers,but over the Siskiyou Mountains the new highway had just been opened. We came to the chemical plant which had a colony of employee's dwellings about 9 P.M. and as there was no room, I slept that night in the auto. Next morning early Uncle Alfred and I took a walk up one of the bae hills that border the south side of the bay.Later in the day I went with them to Pittsburgh where they had the car overhauled and since they had just that day to see around and find some lodging, I left them and went to San Francisco where I remained 2 days, during which I made a visit to the Jolimay family. Then I took a passage on a little steam schoomer bound for Marshfield. Germaine had accompanied us from Vancouver as far as Eugene, and had gone to visit the family of her best young man, Will Russell, who was living near Langlois in Curry County. I intended to pass there yself on my return. The old schooner was a cheap tub and as the wind was very stiff, the navigation was also very uneven and uneasy, and I was thoroughly seasick for 2 days.6I made a pleasant visit at Langlois and got acquainted with the country and the folks.

At Christmas 1917 Germaine and Will Russell were married on the farm by Rev. Rutledge of Yacolt, and after a few days they went to Langlois where Will had charge of his father's farm.
We were living in the awful times of the great War, and the United States had been drawn in as impossible as it looked in 1914. The conscription had been established and was to be put in application early in 1918. Henry, being of age, preferred to engage as a volunteer and he joined the 20th Engineers which was to do mostly logging and sawmí1l work. He joined the regiment early in 1918,went overseas without accident but with al1 the inconveniences that are unavoidable under such conditions. Then we round out that he had been sent with his detachment to a camp and sawmill near Nantua;-not far from the western boundary of Switzerland in the Jura Mountains. He remained there about a year. His uncle Ernest went to see him once or twice, having the privilege as a doctor to cross the frontier. He managed also to smuggle Henry into Switzerland and being him to Geneva where his presence caused the greatest commotion (as an American soldier, nephew and cousin from over the seas.) He was feasted and pampered for three days, then had to be smuggled over again which was happily done without a hitch. What I could never understand was that no one stopped him in Geneva and asked him what business he had there as an

◦ American soldier. From Nanbua he was sent to the country of the Landes south of Bardeaux. This is a flat, sandy, marshy country with artificial pine forests and he did not like it there but had to wait till they. were sent home in the spring of 1919. In 1920 we talked the matter over and I sold him the 80 acres of the homestead on which the farm was situated at the rate of $100 an acre for the cleared land including buildings and orchard, and $10 or $12 for the unimproved land, adding $ 300 for the timber thereon. He took charge of the farm in July 1920 and through the efforts of Jack, I found a job of fire warden under the direction of Mr. Brewer. I was stationed at the foot of Tum Tum Mountain near Canyon Creek. I built a little log cabin on the old picnio ground, cleared the ground, and cleaned out the trails to Fly Creek, Halls Mountain and Siouxon Creek, besides the patrolling work. That occupation suited me very well.

In 1921 in February, I wrote to Uncle Alfred, to see if there was a chance to find a job at the chemical works. He said yes, and I went to Nichols where I worked as carpenter helper til1 June. I had then some experience of what is going on in a great industrial plant. But I do not go into details since I wrote day by day in my diary all that happened then and there. When I started I was not looked on in a very friendly manner by my foreman and the other carpenters. When I made up my mind to return north, they begged me to remain. One thing, I had helped to put up the scafrold around the main chimney of the plant some 150 Ft. High. To start, I was sent to the top of the smoke stack with a rope on my back to establish the blocks by which we were to haul the materials up. I had to climb up the iron rods set like a ladder along the exterior wall of the stack; at the top were iron brackets to which I fastened the blocks and on which I disposed some boards. No dízzy man could have done the work; also I had to watch for the Sulphur fumes that came out of the stack. This performance raised my credit immeasurably with the mob. On the whole I like to remember my time there. I lived with Uncle Alfred and we had to take the early train every morning for he was located in Antioch., a pretty little town on the bay, 9 miles farther east. On Easter day he, Mr. Pearson, an office worker, and I made a trip to Mount Diablo, a conspicuous mountain about 10 miles south of the bay. We took an early electric car from Pittsburg to Concord from which we walked to the foot of the mountain and thern up by a good trail. ° I enjoyed the outing very much. A road goes up by an easy grade to the south summit, separated by a gap from the north summit that is rugged and rocky; it is considered as an alpine feat to climb up the latter and in a cache on the top there is a copper box containing a register in which the valiants put their names with such sentiments as they may be possessed of at the time.

I had my testament with me and I put down a Psalm in remembrance of
Easter Day. We had climbed from the west and south but went down by
the north slope through rock slides and brush, not a few of it being
poison oak. During my sojourn in California I was affected with an
unsatisfiable hunger which must have come from the change of air and
also from the Sulphur contained in the fumes hovering around the works,
which curiously enough were fatal to all vegetation. The trees
close by weré dead and the grass withered. Also we hau to go in
places for repairs covered with a thick coat of black dust or soot
containing some arsenic. After a day's work in such a place, the
eyes would smart quite sensibly. Consequently, I had my friend, the
unsatisfied hunger, also with me when we went to Mt. Diablo. When
going down somehow we separated, Pearson and Alfred remaining together. I reached
the public road first and while waiting for them,
I bought some crackers, a can of sardines and a glass of preserves
and had a wonderful feast, sitting like a tramp on the side of the
road. I must have looked like one. Well, Rose and her mother had
come with the car to take us back to Antioch; the stragglers soon
made their appearance and we rolled home, dead beat but well contented.

In June I quit the works; Uncle Alfred and I had considered
making a trip afoot, say from Eureka, California, to Bandon, Oregon.
We thought that part of the country was wild yet and unsettled,
perhaps without roads in places and that we might have to cross some
rivers by means of self made rafts. He would have immensely enjoyed
the trip and he had that very journey in his mind for many years
previous. But at the last minute there was some trouble of a tech-
nical order with a refining plant of the Standard Oil Company and he
had to be on hand during the adjustment. Also Aunt Mamie showed
unreasonable ill will and opposition. So that I started alone. I
went first to San Francisco and Sausalito where I waited till evening
to take a train for Eureka which we reached next morning. I had
breakfast in that city and took the stage for Crescent City. It
took the whole day for that trip that was very interesting, what with
the noble redwood forest we passed, what with the glimpses we had on
the surfbeaten coast,what with the other aspects of the country. We
crossed the Klamath River on an unstable old ferry and from there had
a hard ride over rugged hills covered with the primitive forest.
We reached Crescent City in the evening. Next morning I started on
foot for Smith River, 20 miles away. I was gone a few miles when
a young man came up with a car and offered me a ride. He was going
to Smith River himself, or rather to Brookings, the first town in Oregc
across the Chetko River. We arrived there about noon and we had dinner
together at a rather stylish 1ooking hotel. After dinner I walked till
evening when I reached the highest point of the road across the

Sískyou Mountains. The road was winding up and up in the forest, but there was no farm to be seen. I passed an old schoolhouse and thought I might pass the night there, rather than sleep in the brush (for it was then past 8 o'clock). But the door was locked and the windows secured. I was going further when a car came on behind me. A young farmer man invited me to step in and we went down the hills, the road being truly a caution in places. It was 9 P.M. when we reached Pistol River, we made our supper of the loaf of bread and piece of bologna sausage I had with me, and a farmer took us in and made us sleep under the shingles for which he charged us fifty cents apiece. Next morning we started at daybreak, the road still very bad in places but the country beautiful, composed of high hills covered with firs, maples, Port Orford cedars, myrtles under which grew a tangle of bushes, weeds and ferns of the freshest green. Here and there the road oame out in full view of the beach, and its narrowness and precipitous side caused impressions decidedly conflicting with those of an enraptured traveler. We reached Gold Beach about 8 A.M. I invited my neighbor traveler to breakfast and we separated. I crossed the Rogue River and walked all day, when I stopped overnight at a farm a few miles from Port Orford. At that place which gives you indeed an impression of being lost to the rest of the world, a man keeping a little hotel offered me a job of making and selling lunches at the counter. I pondered somewhat, for I was never spoilt by being offered jobs too many times, but thought I'd better go ahead. From Port Orford I walked about 15 miles when a passing car picked me up and put me down at the crossing of the roads and I was soon at Will Russell's place, where I stayed a few days, went on foot to Cape Blanco, 15 miles south, fording the Sixes River with my shoes and stockings in my hand and my pants pulled up as far as they would go. Happily the river was broader than it was deep and the bottom was flat and gravelly. I passed the whole afternoon at Cape Blanco; the day was cloudy and added to the feeling of solitude and desolation pervading the wild landscape, I went down the barren steep slope to the beach below, unceasingly lashed by the waves coming in from the main. A solitary miner was washing sand over a crude sluice box and he was glad to show me the workings of his trade and of the opportunity of having a bit of talk with another man. Towards evening I returned to a farm settlement belonging to the Hughes family, dairy people and strong Catholics. I had supper with them and passed the night there. Í was not well at ease; the man of the house had a hard, unpleasant look, his wife had something sad and constrained in her expression. The brother and the old grandma were pleasant enough. Next morning I recrossed the Sixes River the same way I had crossed the day before although Mr.Hughes had a boat near by. He did not offer to ferry me over. The tide being in, the water was a little higher and I

had perforce to soak my clothes, but not very bad, and they dried during the rest of the walk. At a crossing of the faint road tracks in the lone country side, I took one that by and by brought me to some old abandoned works as of a quarry, right above the beach. I went down and walked leisurely the whole afternoon along the seashore; the weather had cleared up, the sun was shining and the ocean was of the most intense and beautiful blue-green color, dotted with the myriads of ever moving white flakes of' its incoming waves. I welked leisurely, I mused; I picked small agate pebbles, I was, as it were, reading a great poem by myself. A day out of the ordinary. Reached Russell's home same evening; from there I returned to Vancouver.

That summer I went again out as fire warden to the Tum Tum Camp. Next year, again through Jack's instrumentality, I got a job as lookout man at the Gumboot Mountain lookout house, at clearing the trail to Lookout Mountain and from there to Gumboot, and replacing the telephone wire as every winter many snugs and trees came down during the great rain storms. I worked with old acquaintances, John Huffman and Ralph Moon, who had been for some years a saloonkeeper of the better class in Yacolt. But the details being recorded in my diary books, I do not attempt to put them down here again. I went to Gumboot during 3 successive seasons, but the fourth time I was left out. There was a change in the personnel of the forest management. Jim Huffman who had been ranger at Spirit Lake was called to Hemlock; and he, for some reasons of his own, did not call me again, probably keeping the job for a friend. My impression is that even if Welty had remained as ranger, I would have been ousted anyhow, for different little reasons. I had my own ways at cooking my grub and I did not chum very well with the boys as the custom with personnel of the national forest is. And the Forest Service being a sort of an exclusive family, every man was expected to obey the unwritten family rules. Then old man Baker (who later killed the county sheriff during a moonshine still raid and was hanged in April '29) and young Coldwell had both an eye on the job of lookout. They were smoke chasers and trail workers stationed at Gumboot in 1924· Then also I was a religious man reading theology books and the testament at the lookout house, and not swearing with the boys and mixing in their silly or dirty talk. And this is no mere imagination for Welty during that season showed certainly an ill will to have my mail reach me, and I lost two parcels. And on. one of' his last tisits, talking ostensibly to the boys, I noticed the following delivery of sentiment: Every man ought to be at his own trade; let a mechanic be a mechanic, let a forest man be a forest man, let a preacher be a preacher.At; any rate I was put out, and I missed the job pretty bad; making $200 or $300 during the summer season at watching fires was a very good proposition to me.

In the fall of 1923, I made preparations for a great move that till then seemed hardly possible to me to happen. I went back to Geneva for a visit to the native land and the relatives after having been 34 years in the United States. I went by Spokane, Montana, Dakota, Wisconsin and Chicago; then Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York; 5 nights and 4 days. I stopped a day in New York, took 3rd class passage on the Leviathan, had barely a touch of seasickness, when the weather turned rough, during the latter part of the sailing. Cherbourg, France, a few hours in Paris, then another night ride, when I reached Geneva two weeks later, at 8 A.M. But see the details in my journal of that time. We had a grand Christmas family reunion at brother Henri's home. I made 3 trips to the Salene Mountain, one in Maroh when there was over a foot of old snow on top of the mountain. With brothers Ernest, Arnold and Henri, we made also a successful outing to the summit of the Voirous mountain, Jan. 13, 1924. There must have been 3 ft of snow ion top, but it was hard enough to walk on, particularly, otherwise the trip would have been impossible. I passed my mornings at the composition of music, the main work being a minuet for piano, 2 violins, viola and violin cello. I had quite a time in finding musicians willing to play it, but finally brother Henri with niece Yvonne managed to find performers. But instead to make a careful preparation and give a regular recital with other compositions of my own making and so give a chance to good amateur critics and professionals to hear my music, my sister, Aunt Sophie, made a tea party out of it; went to all kinds of trouble to prepare end bring a grand lunch to the main hall of the piano store, which was certainly very kind but which I had not contemplated. The musiciar played the quintet once and that was all, the rest of the soiree was visiting, talking and enjoying the eatables and drinks. At the end of the winter I made also a voyage around Switzerland on my way in visiting my niece Mrs. Rauber and Uncle Robert and his family in Zurich. I went through the Simplon tunnel, the longest in the world, to Lugans where I had a fine day visiting the surroundings and admiring the scenery of the lake of the same name. This is on the south side of the main Alps. I crossed again to the north side by the Saint Gothard tunnel, the next longest after Simplon. On my way I visited also the capital of Switzerland and was shown the federal palace (or capitol as one would say in this country) with the different halls, and they were indeed remarkable and right Swiss in style. The 20th of March I left Geneva to return to Washington by the Panama Cana1. I took an English passenger ship, the Orita, bound for Chili. Saw the 3 ports of' Santander, Corumn and Wigoin Spain; the Azores, Cuba, and we had a walk through some of' the streets of Havana. Arrived one afternoon at Cristobal Colon, the Atlantic entrance of

the Canal, and next day boarded the passenger ship President Harrison, bound for San Francisco. I paid only $64 passage money from Cristobal to Frisco, steerage, but it was all worth it. We were three white men among a crowd of Asiatics and two of them were disreputable derelict sailors shipped out of the Canal Zone by the authorities. But I survived without any special mishap. Stopped 24 hours in San Pedro, the seaport of Los Angeles and looked up my nephew Ernest Rotschy there. From San Francisco I went to Antioch where I visited Uncle Alfred and his family and remained a couple of days.Then I went to Roseburg and from there made a trip to Langlois and saw Gem and her family. Resumed my travel and stopped in Albany to visit Sam at Corvallis and he showed me the college all over.The same evening I reached Vancouver and got home at 10 o'clock in the evening.

As said in 1924 I was on Gumboot for the last time. In 1925 I went to Longview and got a job as common laborer at the Long Bell Plant. I worked part of' the summer with the construction gang who were putting in the foundations for the 2nd unit of the great sawmill plant. I dug many a hole in the swampy ground, about the size and depth of an ordinary grave. Four pilings were driven in the ground about 6 ft deep, and we had to dig the holes around the pilings for the carpenters to put in the forms to pour the concrete foundation. I trundled also many wheelbarrows full of gravel or concrete, and I know all about any charm there may be in it. Then I quit and got a job at the Pacific Straw Paper Company, as brick layer assistant. That lasted about 6 weeks and was much better than the construction job; we built the brick work for the boiler. This being over, I secured another job as railroad track laborer, working on the. Long Bell Line between Longview and Ryderwood. Here I learned about the beauties of spiking rails to the ties, prying old spikes out with the big railroad crowbar, and shoveling and tamping gravel with the short-handles Irish square shovel. After 3 weeks, it being then in October, I asked my discharge from the foreman, a jolly man in an old city garb and a round belly. He had got used to me and didn't like my notion of quitting. "You are going to leave us?" he says. "Yes,". I say, "I had my summer vacation, and now I must go home and work again!"

In 1926 I got a job at the Camas Paper Mill. They were then just breaking in the new Kraft plant and so it was that I got charge of the lime burner. in the caustic room. The lime burner was a piece of machinery looking like a boiler, 8 ft. in diameter and 90 ft.long, lined with brick inside and revolving slowly. At one end the byproduct of the digesters were washed by a mechanical filter and

were roasted ín this lime burner. At the other end was an oil burning apparatus with a little steam engine to pump the oil and an electric ventilator. I had also charge of them. The roasted product dropped from the lime burner into endless chain conveyor and was dumped into two iron tanks about 14 feet in diameter and 12 ft. high. Än aisle in the center of each tank, fitted with a cog wheel and put in motion by an electric motor, caused a system of paddles to keep the whole content of the tanks in motion. The burned product came through a chute and looked like red hot gravel. Sometimes the chute would clog when we had to shake it into motion by hard knuckles or else jab her inside with a long iron rod. The tanks were filled with water which reached the boiling point as the process went on. In fact, we were preparing & solution of caustic soda.' When we had trouble with the lime burner which was as often as not, then we had to add quick lime to the solution in the tank, and many times I broke up to small pieces from 20 to 40 barrels of' lime and shoveled them into the conveyor. Besides watching and operating the lime burner, I had to watch the tanks and keep stirring the hot gravel inside a perforated iron cage contained in the tank. All this was very strenuous work and not a little risky. I was paid $3.80 a day, working in shifts of 8 hours; one week I worked from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. Next week from 4 P.M. to midnight; the 3rd week, from midnight to 8 A.M. with one Sunday's work eyery 3rd week. If the process had been working normally, I would have done well enough, and working 2 or 3 years could have saved quite a tidy sum. But the whole business was new and untried, red hot slag that would stick to the bricks of the burner and to the buckets of the conveyor. I had to watch for that, and when it began to drop on the grate above the conveyor pit, I had to remove it with a shovel and a hot job it was. The chemists, the foreman and the superintendent did not know exactly what caused this eruption. First I was cautioned not to heat up the burner too much,then I was told later to heat it up as much as possible. My idea is that there was too great a percentage of sodium salts in the stuff that was roasted and the heat caused them to melt and form said slag. Early in July I had that aggravation lasting from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M., besides I had to watch the tanks, etc. It was a hot day and the heat was suffocating. Besides I was ordered to put in 20 barrels of lime which had to be broken up on the cement floor before being shoveled into the conveyor. About 3 P.M. I felt like I was ready for a stroke. I asked the foreman, who was a nice man and was cooly taking his tests, to help me put the lime in, while I was attending at the hot slag that was accumulating on the grate.He upbraided me, told me to be more lively, I was too slow, etc. The timekeeper had also advised me that if things did not improve·I would be discharged at the end of the week. I may say properly, that on the heat of the moment, I resolved to quit, although hating to lose

a steady job. I quit that afternoon, the timekeeper putting down
on my card that I had been discharged. So terminated my experience
with the Camas Paper Mill.

I remember a certain Sunday morning when I had to be/duty at
8 A.M. Things went bad, I had another foreman and he acted like
frenzied that time. He was stoving in the lime barrels and pounding
the lime and shoveling, like demented. I thought:he throws too big
lumps of lime in the conveyor, the chute is going to clog up.And
sure it did, right away. Then there was another frantic action to
free the chute again. And this was the day of rest of the Lord.
I thought to myself: what for that insane rush and these mad exertions?
To be able to have the wonderful blessing of the Sunday paper? And
I felt a great contempt and aversion for our progressive civilization.

Our Sunday newspaper! Sixty-four pages of the most heterogenous
matters, squeezed and jumbled up ín a hurry, printed in a hurry and
read in a hurry. Enough paper and printer's work to make a goodsized
book, for 5 cents. The news of the world, the world of the politicians
the spreading of crimes, and accidents; on the back of that page,
perhaps, Societies doings with cheap ephemerous pictures of the women
young and women old, anxious to be seen in print. Then the emulating
advertisements of all kinds, merchandise, houses, places of amusement,
the shows, with alluring titles and pictures of women, sinand vice and
bragging and vanity, gilt and made rosy, riatural, reasonable, legiti-
mate. On the back of that page perhaps the churches and sects adver-
tising their places of' worship and inviting the people to feasts of
orations and music. Bits and shreds of science, flimsy and super-
f1cial, and always with a touch of the fantastic to hit the nob in
the eye. Then some pages for the nature lover and city bred camper,
the automobile section which is a world by itself; and the sport
section which is also a world by itself with millions in it; then
sober information about the shipping and banking business, a host of
small ads for the activities of' the ordinary people; houses and lots
for rent and for sale; work wanted, help offered, with indioábionerof
the devious and the abnormal as fancy beauty treatments, quack cures,
the telling of your fortune and once in a while a sad cry of distress:
daughter, where are you--come back home. This is the main food of the
mind of the masses, a terrific hodgepodge of the small and the great,
of matters intelligent and matters foolish; the important and the silly;
the high and the base, some philosopny mayhap, but more craziness,
greed, show, vanity, rush and push, bits of righteousness,
expectations and honors, philanthropy true and philanthropy simulated,
and selfishness and cunning scheming, side by side. All for 5 cents,
so the lowest down may feed and enjoy. This is the modern Sunday

v

paper, the very symbol, sign and concentration of our civilzation. In order to produce it, it must needs be that some men work like hell on the Sabbath. Not enough to struggle under the old curse for six days, struggle double on the seventh, which was set apart by the Lord God for the rest of our souls and the rest of our bodies. This is what I felt and experienced that Sunday morning at the Camas Paper Mill. I never buy a Sunday paper and do not read one, as a general rule.

That year 1920 I went picking prunes in September; the arop was not good, too many small hard prunes. I did not make much. I would walk every day 3 miles out on the Camas road to the Prentice prune orchard. I worked for Mr. Kong Loy, an enterprising celestial; later I picked also pears and apples 1or him on the trees at 10 cents a box; also picked potatoes later in the season at 25 cents an hour.

In 1927 we decided that ma should have her own turn at visiting Geneva and the old country. Agnes who was then teaching in the Forks Country, Jefferson County in the O1ympics and had saved some money, got a great desire to make the trip to Switzerland with her mother, and ín consequence, they started early in June going by the Canadian Pacific as far as Chicago and sailing on the Leviathan. There was not so much fun in the journey as imagined beforehand. Still, they saw Paris. I am not going to relate the whole journey and the visit in details. Agnes can do that someday in a time of leisure. But I was glad she got acquainted with the families and friends, saw our native country and city and had a close view of the Alps in Chamonix. She came back alone in the latter part of' August, or early in September, in order to teach school at Baker. Ma thought she would remain and have a Christmas family meeting experience. After that she thought it would be nice to see Easter in Switzerland; then it wag not worth going away just when the best season of the year was beginning and she stayed for the summer. She visited also Florence in Italy with Aunt Julia who had to go there and wind up business. connected with the decease of their cousin Viterbo. She visited her friends in Bern and other parts of Switzerland, twice; in short she had undoubtedly a most rich and glorious time. She came back in October 1928. And here I stop my narrative for the present.

The preceding discourse was copied from the original writings of Grandpa Rotschy. Some of it was hard to make out, but hopefully it has all been deciphered accurately. The wording, spelling, phrasing and paragraphing was left for the most part as he had it. I was fascinated with this story of Grandpa's life.

Paula Rotschy, daughter of Henry
✻ ✻ ✻ ***

Those in family deceased as of May 1985:

Michael Robbins died in the spring of 1947
Bertha Rotschy died October 1, 1957
Will Russell died June 4, 1957
Edwin Rotschy died November 3, 1959
Edgar Rotschy died December 26, 1960
Madeleine Rotschy died August 19,1963
Kirvin Smith died November 27, 1966
Jack Rotschy died December 9,1970
Henry Rotschy died August 11, 1984

The following material is copied from family albums:

INTRODUCTION - TIME'S PASSAGE SCARED US INTO ACTION

Grandfather Edgar Rotschy left us a legacy in photographs, notebooks and journals, music composition, letters and heirlooms. Also, many of Grandma Madeleine's wonderfully descriptive letters have been preserved along with art--paintings, drawings, wood carvings and sculptures. All this wonderful memorabilia was begging to be compiled for future generations to enjoy.

NOW TELL ME, HOW MANY HOMESTEADERS FROM THE 1800'S WROTE, DOCUMENTED, COMPOSED , DREW AND PHOTOGRAPHED, ALL THE WHILE THEY CLEARED THEIR WAY (PG.63) THROUGH THE SILENT OLD VIRGIN FOREST, WHACKING THROUGH BRUSH AND FERNS TALLER THAN THEY, WALKED MILES AND MILES FOR MAIL AND SUPPLIES, AND BUILT AND REBUILT HOUSES (2 burned), ALL THIS WHILE RAISING A FAMILY OF 9?

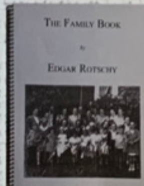
AND WHAT DID GRANDPA, WHEN AN OLD MAN, HAVE TO SAY ABOUT ALL THIS? HE MADE THIS REMARK TO HIS DAUGHTER LILY ONE TIME, "I HAVE NEVER AMOUNTED TO ANYTHING."

We grandchildren will let all who read this book decide whether they agree with Grandpa.

First, thanks goes to Paula for typing Grandpa's journal and for Morton who had it bound. Shelley and Quentin, being the 2 oldest grandchildren, who were able at this time, to tackle such a project as putting everything together into books, worked for months identifying, labeling, collecting art and photos, sorting, and editing. With encouragement and help from their other cousins, this overwhelming project was finalized at last. Enjoy!

Always have this journal handy when reading the two books. I have referenced throughout so you have the option to read "The Rest of the Story."

Shelley

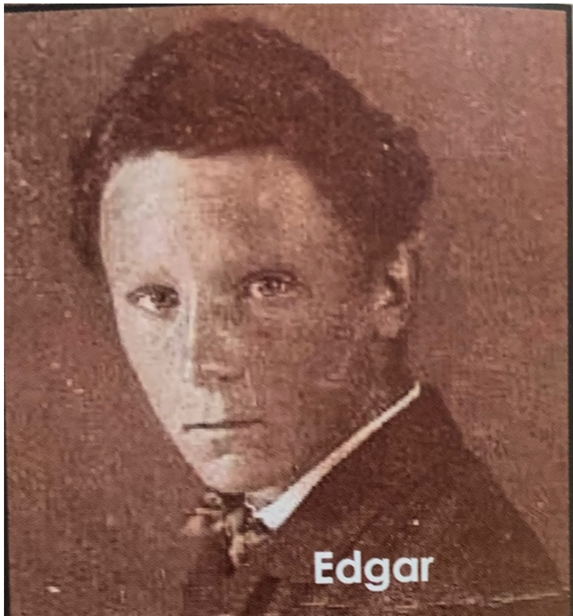


GRANDMA MADELEINE AND BABY GERMAINE WATCHING POOR OLD HORSE PULLING STUMPS-NOTE HER ELEGANT ATTIRE-- SHE HAD GROWN UP IN OPULENT COMFORT AND LEFT IT ALL TO PIONEER IN A NEW LAND.

BONJOUR AMERICA 1890

ROAD TO YACOLT HOMESTEAD

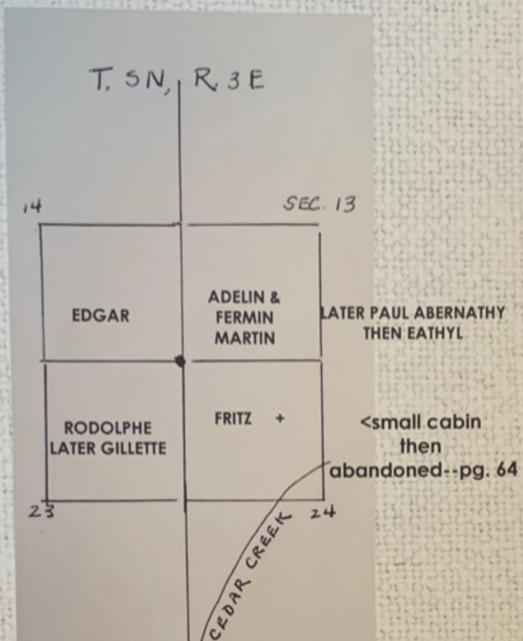
Edgar Rotschy, age 22 - Photographer in Alabama - In his journal he describes his first experiences while in the South. "I took the picture of the Captain that brought in the last cargo of slaves from Africa. . ." Edgar later struck out for the "Wild West"- Crossing Texas via locomotive, . . . "everyone wore a large frontier pistol on his hip!" After arriving in Portland, he and Rodolphe and Fritz DeNiederhausern (his future brothers-in-law) departed for Yacolt country to stake out homesteads. To a European, 160 acres of "free land" was a God-send!



HOMESTEAD CLAIMS
ROTSCHY/DENIEDERHAUSERN
YACOLT

RODOLPHE DENIEDERHAUSERN

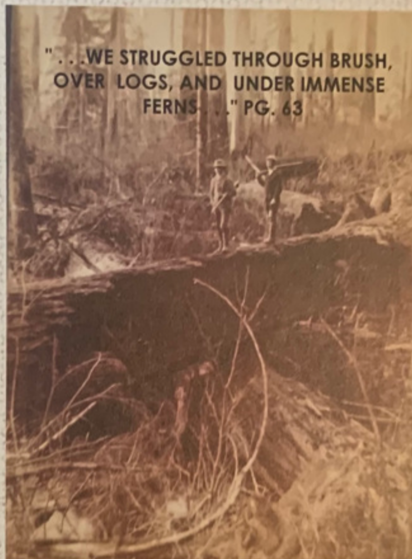
FRITZ DENIEDERHAUSERN & EDGAR ROTSCHY



LATER PAUL ABERNATHY THEN EATHYL

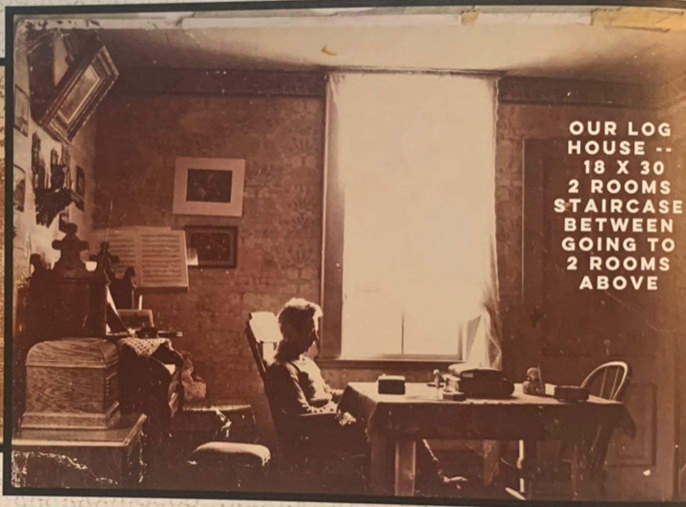
<small cabin then abandoned--pg. 64

IN 1891 WALTER, A THIRD DENIEDERHAUSERN BROTHER, CAME FROM GENEVA AND DECIDED TO JOIN THE COLONY. THIS WAS SUPP0SED TO BE A GREAT HELP BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN AT A COLLAGE OF AGRICULTURE. WITH FRITZ' EDUCATION IN BEEKEEPING, THINGS WERE LOOKING ROSY.
BUT IT WAS FRANK GERBER WHO TOLD THEM WHY THE SAW PULLED SO HARD:
"SHE AIN'T GOT NO SET." PG. 72



". . .WE STRUGGLED THROUGH BRUSH, OVER LOGS, AND UNDER IMMENSE FERNS. . ." PG. 63

"WHEN MY HOUSE WAS FINISHED
ALL I NEEDED WAS MY BRIDE"



OUR LOG HOUSE -- 18 X 30 2 ROOMS STAIRCASE BETWEEN GOING TO 2 ROOMS ABOVE

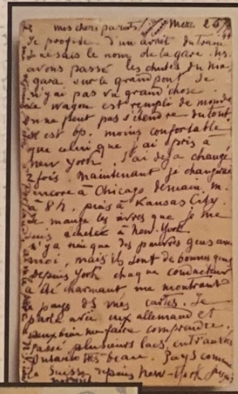
OUR STORY

Edgar and Madeleine Rotschy
August 1, 1894

WHEN SHE STEPPED OFF THE TRAIN SHE WORE A PLAIN CALICO DRESS AND A BLACK STRAW HAT. I DO REMEMBER WELL YET.

Writing home on train when leaving New York

Age 20



Edgar - age 26

I BELIEVE SHE REGRETTED ALL HER LIFE HAVING BEEN MARRIED WITHOUT A GREAT WEDDING FEAST. SHE ALSO NEVER FORGOT MY HAVING MARRIED HER WITH FARM SHOES ON MY FEET.

DAY OF 1902 FIRE - ROTSCHY CHILDREN BEING TUTORED BY THEIR MOTHER; LEARNING TO READ AND WRITE IN FRENCH. THEY NEVER SPOKE ENGLISH UNTIL LEARNING IT IN SCHOOL.

CHELATCHIE PRAIRIE -ONE-ROOM SCHOOL - 8 GRADES 1908 AND 9

CHELATCHIE VALLEY

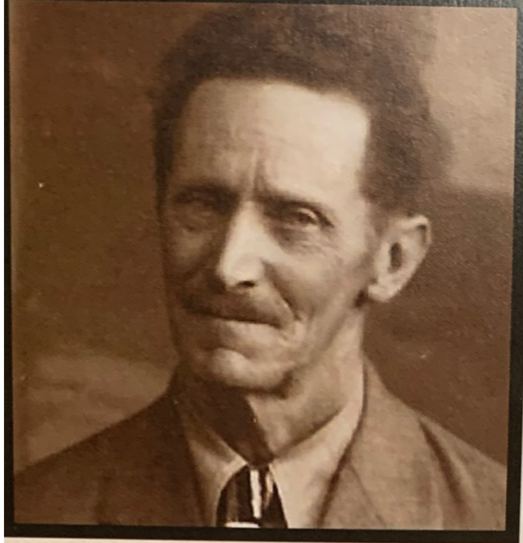
CHELATCHIE VALLEY, May 5.—(Special.)—A delightful program was given at the Chelatchie school house Saturday night. Several pieces were spoken and several songs were sung. Henry and Edwin Rotschy gave two instrumental selections. After the program came the shadow sale, in which the boys bought their partners for the supper. After a dainty lunch they played games and danced a cake walk. Everyone reported an enjoyable time.

1 Gregory, 3 Boodies, 5 Hendricksons, 7 Rotschys, 2 Allens, 3 Baggetts, 7 Huffmans, 2 Olsteads, 1 Curtis, 1 Protzman, 5 Eatons

Going down off the bluff to schoo
No staying home just because of
little snow!

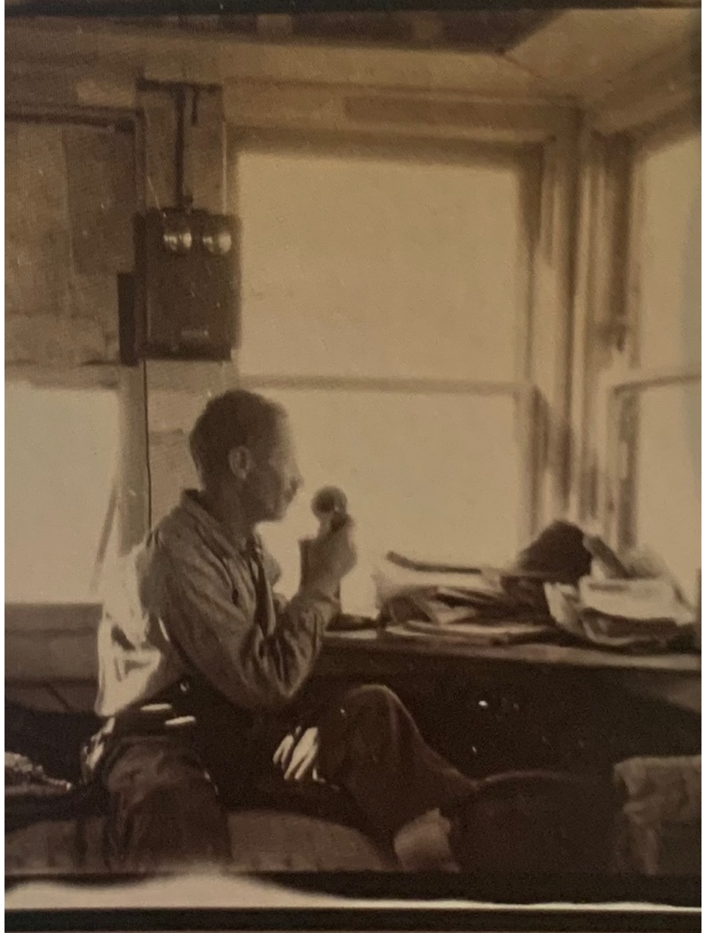
The log house that burned 12/18 1907
- snow on ground - Baby Agnes 1
month, 12 days old

Edgar and Madeleine's family



EDGAR, born 1868 - d. 1960. Somehow he got the nickname Jaqueli pronounced Shaklee in Swiss-German. It means little James. This is one reason why his Jack was named "Jaques (James).

He married Madeleine DeNiederhausern, immigrated to U.S. -took a homestead at Yacolt. Raised 9 children. His early life story is all in his journal.



Grandpa Edgar Rotschy - Gumboot Lookout

The above caption is incorrect. He immigrated, established his homestead and sent for her.

The Gerbers were homesteader neighbors:

GERBERS

Frank was 7 yrs. old when he came to this country with his parents and 2 older brothers, Albert and Bill. They came from Canton Bern, Switzerland but spoke German Swiss German.

Frank married farmer West's cook, Milly Adams. They had 5 children: Adele (Della); Bert who became a famous hunter and trapper and Dolly who became a school teacher and travelled extensively. And then came the twins, Earl and Lily.

The next year Milly died after a minor operation in Vancouver. When Frank got the word she was dying, he tramped the long painful miles to hear her last words. Three years later our house burned in Dec. with 2 inches of snow on the ground. Frank took Ed and Sam, bought them boots and fed them well. Ed when married with children, at times would talk about Frank with tears in his eyes.

Al married Mary Protzman. Her dad had had a 60-acre farm on the Prairie. Bill never married.

Bill, Al & Frank Gerber

Frank lived to be past 90. The 4 Rotschy boys attended his funeral . Grandma wrote: Ed broke down.