

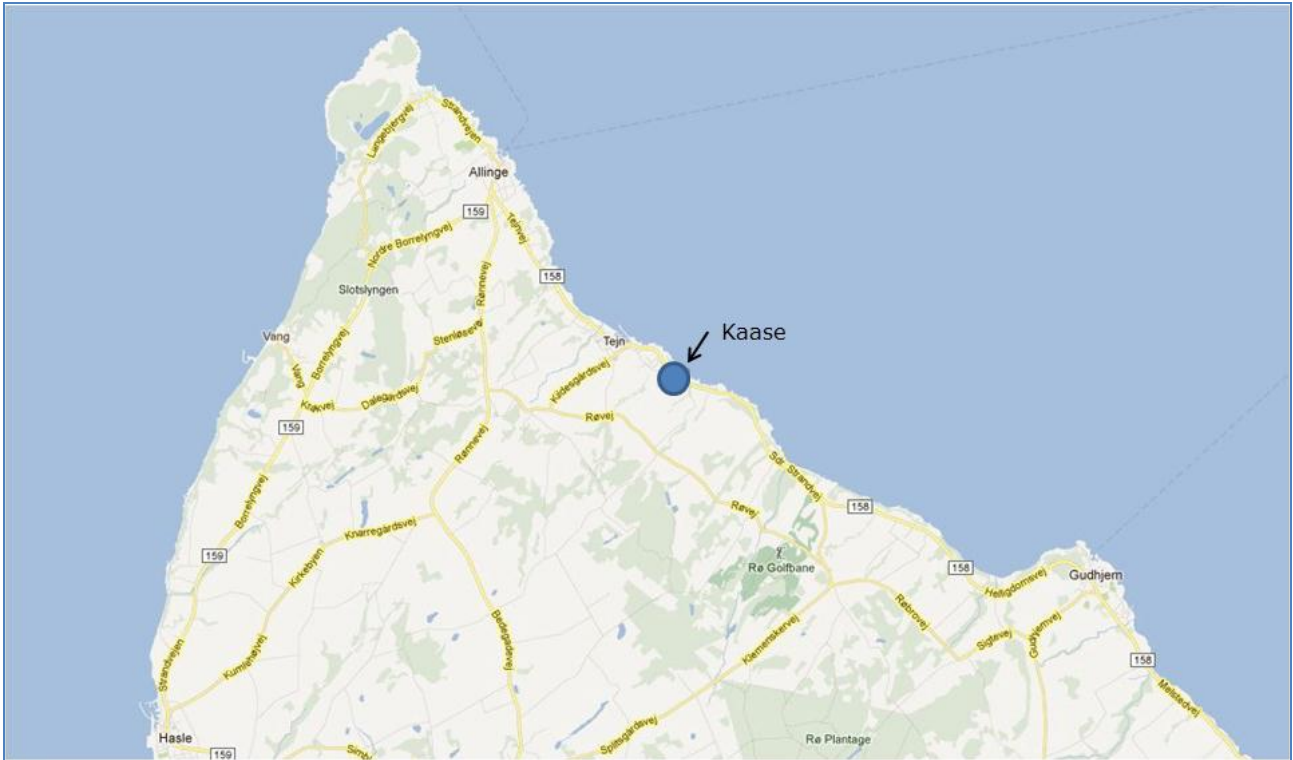
MEMORIES OF MY LIFE

by

Emily Andrews Thompson

"Non ti scordar di me --" Il Trovatore.

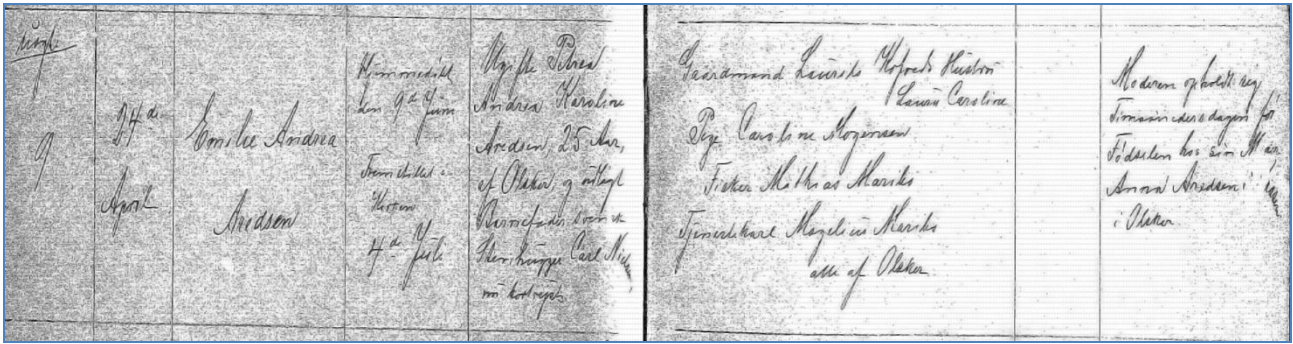
I was born in the small fishing village of 'Kaasen', Bornholm, Denmark.



There is said that one cannot choose his own birthplace, and certainly I did not choose mine. Yet, I always loved the small place, with the blue Baltic Sea, ever unruly outside my bedroom window, and the roar of the wind and sea on all except the long summer days and the short light summer nights. "I bind thee a wreath of memory - thousand short, light nights."

It was on one of those nights that my mother met my father, coming home from a dance. My mother was an excellent dancer, much sought after as partner in the old fashioned dances of yesteryear; my father was born on Scotland's isles. Naturally they met, went to dances, fell in love, became engaged and married. My mother was two years older than my father - he was born the 14 Oct. 1862. He died the 19 Sept. 1886. A short life - two cycles of Jupiter were his; and when Jupiter entered his 3rd cycle, he entered upon a new adventure - death. Fate drove him, first to the small island of Bornholm, where he was called to work as engineer for a German Syndicate, operating a red limestone and granite quarry - then back to Scotland, when the work was finished - only to die.

My father's full name was Alastair Carroll Andrews, He came from a rather nice family and had two sisters, Helen and Alice. One was dark, the other was fair. After my father was dead, no one mentioned them anymore. No one wrote to us or offered my mother [Petrea Andrea Caroline Aredsen, born Dec. 31st 1860, died Nov. 21th 1941] any help. She did not ask for anything either. She had a small dressmaker shop, and made a scant living; sometimes, when work was slow, helping the farmers with their harvest work; acting as practical nurse and even laying the dead out in their last new white gowns.



Figur 1 Church record show another father!

My mother was to all needs and purposes an orphan; her mother having obtained a separation and a small sum of money from her dissolute and drunken husband. With that small sum she purchased the small home where my mother was born, and two of her small brothers, Mathew and Peter who died of epidemic diphtheria at the age of 1½ and 3 years respectively. The rest of her life she devoted to raising my mother and to an unquenchable sorrow for her two sons, who she had loved passionately. My mother, who was rather plain, although in possession of culture and charm, she loved but little at first, but later she became dependent upon her; and clung to her with a strong affection. She never liked her son-in-law, my mother's husband, and I am sure she was rather relieved when he died. He was 'stuck up' she said and she did not like the way he looked; he must have had a secret, she said. Often when I refused to tell them everything, my mother and grandmother [Anna Malene Aredsen, born Aug. 1st 1825, died Jan 30th 1903] both would remark that I "took after my father". As it probably was, my Dad was longing for his own home and parents, his mastery of Danish was nothing to boast of, and he thought the old ramshackle house was nothing to write home about. But before he could be established in his own place; the Syndicate went out of business and his job likewise. Naturally he wanted to visit his home; but my mother did not want to risk a trip over the stormy North Sea in winter time so she determined to remain home; in the least until after I was born. But fate had decided otherwise. My father had for some time being consumptive; when he came the disease took a swing for the worse, as he had to work in a stone quarry, and he had several hemorrhages. My mother had a packet of letters from him, written but poorly on flower decorated writing paper. She treasured them above everything else.

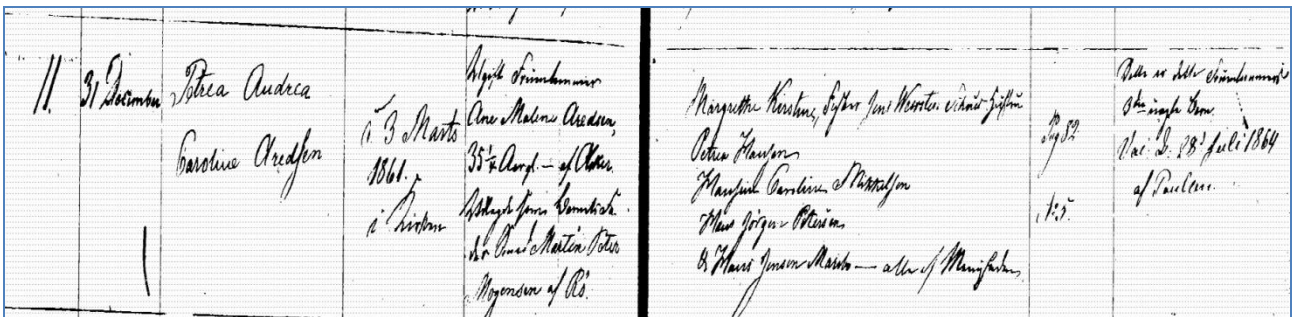
Meantime, I was born and was using but poor taste, besides endangering my chances of life considerably, by refusing to 'take the breast' as they called it. Nothing could avail; I was determined not to give up. My mother developed a severe case of mastitis, which called for an operation (without anesthetic) and I exposed myself to my grandmothers well meaning but poor efforts at feeding. If the doctor, who performed the operation, had taken things in hand, I should doubtless have died. But as the summer of '86 wore on, it was evident that I wouldn't die that year. I was born a Saturday, Easter eve, the 24th of April, 1886.

Late at night, Sept. 18, 1886, my mother, who slept alone on a small, hard wooden couch, could not sleep. A strange uneasiness took hold of her. As always, the outer door was unlocked, meaning the key was not turned. It was common practice in the small villages to sleep practically for open doors, with no one marauding. Suddenly she heard footsteps - a hand on the door handle. It opened, and my father stood on the low threshold. Thinking he had come home, my mother said: "She is sleeping with Mother, in there --".

He looked toward the bedroom, and suddenly was not there. My mother jumped up, but there was no one. A week later she got the message that he had died late in the evening, Sept. 19, '86.

She was now a widow, and I was an orphan. She never did marry again; to my best knowledge she never looked on any man with affection. She danced often and she was known for her quick wit and repartee; but she was done with love. For 17 more years my grandmother lived, she died the 2nd Feb. 1903 at the age of 77. She had been suffering from bronchitis for many years, keeping to her bed winters and moving around feebly when the weather was warm. She was a born mother, with her son in the house its own, Leo; and sorrow had struck her at her tenderest point, taking away her two infant sons. She was humble; she was truly religious, not a fanatic believer that so often makes people hard and cruel when they judge others, but tolerant. She had a great store of folk tales, which she often told to me, as the reward for good behavior. But the life and trouble of her married days was a closed book. To all purposes, her husband, the father of my mother, might as well be dead. In fact, he survived her only a month; he died at the age of 70, falling and breaking his back while climbing a ladder in a not too sober state. The date was Mar. 7, 1903.

My mother was born the 31 Dec. 1860. She never lived with her father; indeed, the divorce was in effect before she was born. However, a very close resemblance to my grandfather could be seen, and she likely often danced to his music, as he was an amateur fiddler, and much in demand for country dances, being by vocation a blacksmith.



Figur 2 Her mother were a illegitimate child like her self

Of my first years I have only fleeting memories. We were poor, certainly, but genteelly so. This was in a large measure due to my mother's efforts to keep the home nice and me, as well as herself, well dressed. It was her trade to dress people in the last fashions, as well as country and fishing village people may do so, and she made a success of it. She had the latest fashion journals, and she was among the first on the island to have a good sewing machine. She also had talent and designed many a fine dress, be it for wedding, or maybe only for a dance. She still danced; dancing and reading were her chief forms of indulgence. Later she became very religious and sacrificed a good deal of these very simple pleasures. By that time the world had entered a revivalist age, with Moody and Sankey in America and Spurgeon in London, we also had our wandering revivalists, and as eagerly as she before had enjoyed the dances, she now went to revival meetings. My grandmother did not favor this very much. "Running after preachers", was her caustic comment. Yet she said her prayers every night, and had no fear of death. Her death in fact was peaceful, she passed away with the words: "How clearly the moon is shining", although the moon was new, in Aries, and shone not at all. A remarkable woman and a martyr of her time; which punished the innocent woman and let the guilty man go free.

But in my childhood, my grandmother was very active in many ways. She was a good cook, often cooking for big parties, weddings, burial feasts, and harvest homes. It was red letter days, yea weeks, for both of us, because she always was given much food, lasting us for weeks. She herself was related to many of the best families, her father being a well to do farmer, married twice, and a father of 14 children, he succeeded only in one thing; empowering himself with gambling and drinking, and at last dying in the poorhouse. My grandmother was the poorest of the family, having refused to marry a well to do farmer, she married at the age of 30 a blacksmith and musician 7 years younger than herself, and a known philanderer. [Red.: She were never married and she had children with the different men] She had been very good looking; slim and very supple, which she was to her death; with dark blue eyes and dark chestnut charming hair, wavy and lustrous. After less than 10 years after her marriage and subsequent divorce, she was a wreck, her good looks gone. But she was ambitious, not content to live on my mother's industry alone. She raised young ducks, chickens, vegetables to sell, and she picked fruit in summer and fall; both wild and otherwise. We had a small orchard of cherries and plums, gooseberries, etc. around the house, and she could climb the trees at the age of 65, much better than I, who, alas, was clumsy and stiff-jointed, when it came to climbing. I went to the forest to gather wood, first with someone, then alone. Thus I eked out our meager provisions of fuel so my grandmother could keep warm. My mother hated to let me go, but I liked it. I went daydreaming, imagining this or that, while busy picking the dry, fallen branches together, deftly placing them in a bundle with a rope, getting it on my back and walking home. That it lowered my standards, I considered not at all. I was allowed to do it, and honest work could never lower anybody.

I played but little in childhood. My favorite pleasure was reading. I read voraciously and picked up all the knowledge and information I could. I got an old discarded English Textbook, used in Seminaries, that someone had given my mother. I pounced upon it, and began to translate the languages into each other. I remember it was Longfellow's poem: 'The Sun Came Out of the Sea', and I wondered what it really meant. Already then I could read all the Scandinavian languages, by primary intuition, as I was never taught. So with English, I was never taught.

I learned to read early at the age of 4. I could read well. When entering school the teacher was surprised that I could read, and I was transferred to a higher grade. This was no unmingled pleasure, as the girls were much older than I and I was easily offended. But there was one thing that helped me; I could solve any problems in Arithmetic and helped the others a lot. But still I was always lonely. I hardly ever played much or cut any figure in the groups of girls. I didn't desire to do so, even if I had been able. I had a few friends, but for the most I walked alone. There were causes: my father's absence making me different from the others who had fathers; Although some drank and gambled and some beat their brood unmercifully, yet I was vaguely ashamed at times when they asked me: "Who was your father?" Why did he go away?" Then we were poor, genteelly poor, it is true, but poor nevertheless. It was often said of my mother that she was "poor as a church mouse, but proud as a peacock", and that was undoubtedly so. My mother was a born "Lady" mingling well with those who were better off than us; having many friends and a good church-member; she went to church Sundays, to meetings other days, while my grandmother muttered something about "Those foolish women, running after preachers". Yet, she was very proud of my mother and her good standing in the society by which she herself was judged unfit, and that most unjustly. Yet, she never protested.

I used to like to wander about in the forest picking the fallen branches, and the leavings of the farmer's woodcutting, bringing my booty home, without any false shame. Labor to me was honorable - to steal or cheat was the opposite. Chastity was inborn in my blood, from many generations of Icelandic women and men, who learned the hard way, by dying, that the sixth commandment must be obeyed, and that the women must pay. Although young, I disliked the opposite sex fiercely, disdaining any advances, often wondering what the word "Love" really meant. As to its basic aspects, I was well aware, knowing by sheer intuition more than they who had learned from hearsay and faint experience. Preconscious? Yes, I guess I was just that; wise beyond my years and disillusioned before tasting illusion. I read greedily and hungrily anything I could lay hands or eyes on; my grandmother meanwhile admonishing and warning me that too much reading would make me blind. I was already nearsighted, and so was my grandmother, thereby being able to read without glasses at an advanced age.

I loved the sea I grew up by; I loved the forests wherein I wandered; I loved the animals I came in touch with; but for my own kind I had truly no love. Not that I hated them, I desired to avoid them. But I learned soon enough that it would never do, and so I mingled, but without zest, with the other children; well knowing that in my studies I was way ahead, even ahead of teacher, while woefully behind in other things.

I entered Sunday school at my mother's wish, nay command; but derived but little profit from it. I knew the Bible, church history, etc. better than those who taught us; I had some religious zest, but I was a born skeptic, believing unwillingly and half heartedly in the old fashioned dogmas then prevailing: The eternal and burning Hell - the necessity of baptizing infants, lest they would partake of Hell when dying; the faith of infants seemed absurd to me, and only my teachers warning that if I didn't answer right and in the orthodox way I could not get my Confirmation certificate and of a surely be looked down upon as an outcast, even unable to get legally married, made me to mend my ways, Although I knew I lied, when answering a meek "Yes" when asked these pertinent questions. But at last I was confirmed and my troubles were over. The Pastor was much impressed by my extensive knowledge, picked up by reading any book on any subject, and recommended me for further study. But I was too poor - and alas, to a social I said "No", I'd prefer to work for my living. I still think my choice was a good one; I was not born to prominence. My mother wisely knew I had chosen right, and then my troubles began; I had to leave my home and work for my living. Girls then had to work for a mere pittance. There was factory work, an occasional Chamber or Barmaid position, but they inferred pertness and not too strict morals, the domestics in a small town were no better than the British "Slaves", huddling in a small attic at night and working in the least 16 hours a day. In the country the farm girls began their work at 4 A.M. and keeping at it until at earliest 8 P.M. Some only got up at 6 A.M., but such positions were rare, as the dairy work was conducive to early risings. The dairies were co-operative, and the milk was called for early. Hence the early risings. After dancing half the night and walking home later, arriving at about 2-3 A.M., it was hard to awake at 4 A.M. ready for work. Fortunately dance nights were only Wed. & Sat., had there been more, we could not have made it. It seemed romantic to us unsophisticated girls to go out and find our 'Prince Charming', but to some it was a sheer tragedy. To me it was a game, wherein the cleverest wins. We were engaged, truly, but an engagement may well be broken. The girls who had no one to call for them or depended on luck were looked down upon by their own sex, and an easy prey for the opposite. Dancing and in the summer the enjoying of evening concerts were the chief pleasures we had. There was no cinemas, no theatres, and we got but seldom to church. There were church societies, but they patronized the poorer farm girls, being mostly composed of sons and daughters of farmers and well to do trader people. Of course, others were

admitted, even welcomed; but no one went. The Salvation Army was frequented by a still lower class, seamen, factory girls and alas other classes of females also, who weren't welcome other places, but enjoyed the brisk preabbing of the uniformed officials and also the doughnut-cakes and coffee and chocolate which was served free. Still, it was considered 'declasses', the last resort; so we never frequented it, although often attracted by the lively music; as lively a dance music.

A country dance was really very formal. Nothing unseemly was not allowed on the premises; it wasn't even attempted nor thought of. We danced decorously and sometimes blushing with the one we favored the most; we sat down as decorously drinking our coffee, or soft drink, while the escorts had a sip of beer, or even something stronger. It was considered very unfeminine although daring, to take a small sip of anything intoxicating, such as a sweet cordial. I for my part never touched anything alcoholic, and often got maled up with young fellows who were excellent dancers, but not adverse to take a drink; while girls who were not as strict got saddled with teetotalers, who hated the very mention of alcohol. It was eternal vigilance that determined a maiden's success and safety - the eternal game of pursuit and evasion. An intriguing game, but dangerous for some.

Thus raced time for us and sometimes it crept on leaden feet. I was by nature inclined to quietness and had an insatiable appetite for knowledge. Reading was my passion, but books were scarce and all reading matter was expensive. Our salaries were but small; we had no access to town libraries, our work lasting much longer than library hours. Our employers had books, yes, but oh my, we weren't supposed to read them. Nevertheless I managed to keep up to date in reading, borrowing reading matter from young men who had the means to buy them and who liked to boast of their knowledge. For the pious ones there were English novels translated and alas, abridged too, books such as "Ben Hur", "St. Elmo", and how we admired Edna or what's her name; "Adam Bede", with its sorrowful heroine was much wept oven and held up to warning for thoughtless girls. For the more adventurous there was Haggards stories, very much abridged, yet fascinating. There was Dickens "Tale of 2 Cities" and "Oliver Twist", a good and great favorite. They were considered "good" for young people to read. Doubtless they taught them something worthwhile, but those who needed instruction the most did not read those novels. Then there was cheap, yet clean, novels, with plots so intricate and long drawn that they defied delectation. Something new always came up, villain succeeded villain and the heroines suffered accordingly, while the brave heroes were slain for the sake of virtue and honor. Then a sort of renaissance set in and many books came on the market; some of them, if not risky, then in the least very realistic. They were, however, hard to get, because they were expensive, Although interesting. But only few read of winter evenings. In the country work lasted until 8:30 P.M. for the distaff side; milking cows, washing dishes, etc. In the cow barn the newest ballads were sung, to the cow's great pleasure, and hymns, also sometimes. It was not unusual for the girls to sing steadily while they manipulated the "faucets" from which the white fluid streamed. Ballads, love songs, dance tunes, even hymns. 10 P.M. was "Lights Out", and everyone sought their respective chambers. From 4 A.M. - 6 A.M. was the great rising time; up again to the same old task, with much less singing. A rural life, a vegetative life. Our feasts were few. Harvest homes were the finest, generally with dancing, and general democracy prevailing. Christmas was the next best, lasting a long time. 1st of May and Nov. were moving holidays and general liberty days. Sundays we took turn in going out to church, to visit friends, etc. Dancing eves or nights were as before mentioned Wed. & Sat., which also were "courting eves". Nuf Sed. But tedious and hard as it were, the life was much preferable to the city servant or factory girl's life: the first one over-worked and driven; the second ill paid.

MEMORIES OF MY LIFE

By: Emily Andrews Thompson

Edited By: Bjarne Bidstrup

When I was 13 years old I started on my chosen vocation, mostly working in the country, also in the fields. I did not seek the easier, but more confining work as cook, second cook, etc. but liked better to work where there were not too many woman-bosses around. I can hardly boast of too much diligence, I worked as much as I had to, not more. Neither did I loaf around in an unduly manner. I did my work, and feared no man. I loved no one, did not fall in love easily, although I liked to converse with the male sex about things progressive. But then at 18 I fell in love. A handsome guy with dark blue eyes and black hair; doubtless unprincipled and by no means shy. Some love too, little, some too long; some sell and others buy! He sold himself to girls, although he did not dance, could not learn. He was of the kind, who hates when the female does not acquiesce. I can truly say, I loved him a brief while, later he hated me for a brief while, until fate kindly separated us, making him subject to shot-gun wedding and myself to a better position. I think he never forgave me for refusing his advances. I wasn't as diplomatic as I later became. But hate him I did not then, although later I despised him. "Sic Transit", whispers the roses of yesteryear, twining with the ivy on the gables". Do you remember me, Martin, or have you forgotten? Or are you long dead, your bones mouldering in an old church yard? Or are you in the midst of the old world conflagration, doubly wondering what has happened? You were not hard to replace, though'.

We young people were certainly easy to please and did not ask much of life. Our surroundings were but rustic and our work was hard. No wonder many young people thought of going to America the ever beckoning "Land of Promise". Young men saved their money to be able to buy a ticket; or got a ticket sent from their relatives, who had already emigrated. No forced military service was the magnet that drew some young men; higher wages and better work conditions attracted some, while some dreamed of riches easily attained, of digging for gold in the chili Alaska and for the more toilsome task to wrest the gold from the prairie soil in the Dakotas, Minnesota and the Middle West states. The girls generally only went when some sweetheart sent them a ticket so they could marry; but some cherished fond, but alas, unpractical ideas about marrying millionaires, not reckoning with the unlikely-chance of such happenings. Meantime I had moved closer to my home; the Island yet untouched by R. R. tracks made it hard to be able to visit my home, except on very rare occasions. So on Nov. 1st, 1905 I left my working place, and I dare say no one missed me much, and again approached the place of my birth. The surroundings were a bit better, the work a little less rough, but to counter-balance this, the lady of the house was very difficult. As nearly always this sprung from unsatisfactory conditions in her marriage, although the man treated her very kindly. He could get mad on occasions, but was possessed of a good humor and all in all was considered easy going. He hailed from Copenhagen, the capital, and had but little ability for agriculture; but he had good hired help and did not make himself obnoxious. It was there I became acquainted with a man named Ingward Iskow, probably of Russian blood, as the Russians occupied Denmark as allies against Sweden, and the soldiers may have left some souvenirs, or remained to marry the girls. He was small of stature, with good features and very dark blue eyes, that would flash when he got riled, which was quite often. I did not readily love him; I disliked his mean temper profoundly, and could see no happiness ahead of me if I agreed to marry him. I was glad when he left after six months, the 1st May 1906, and another young man succeeded him, a man of good temper, and not so poorly educated, but not what you may call attractive. He also fell in love, or so he said, but I had to refuse him, although I hated to hurt his feelings (they were easily hurt). Meantime I was getting sick and tired of the ménage. The lady's temper became no better, she had a young girl of good or rather well-off family as companion and helper and in order to wend her wrath she managed

to assign me to rough work, which I had not been hired to do. But so tired was I of her nagging, that I agreed gladly to work doing harvest work, hoeing sugar beets etc. There in the least I was free from her meanness. Meanwhile I had met, at the annual fair, the man who directed and influenced my whole life.

It was on July 30, 1906 that I met, no June 30, John N. Jorgenson, or Johnson, as he was fond of calling himself. A good looking, well spoken, nice mannered man. Tall, about 6 ft. or more and 24 years old to my 20. I fell in love with him and him with me. It was doubtless love at first sight on both sides. He understood and could speak a little English, having worked in England, on the Isle of Jersey, famous for its "Jersey Lily", the royalty favored Lily Langtry; and he harbored thoughts of going to America, as he had a brother-in-law and married sister in Alaska. In October 1906 he left for America, we were then engaged. He landed at last in Wilmington, where he worked until June 1907, and then he left Delaware for Alaska.

<i>Name: Jørgensen, Johan Nikolaj</i>	<i>Occupation: Smed</i>
<i>Age: 24</i>	<i>Destination: Wilmington</i>
<i>Contract no.: 359000</i>	<i>Registration date: 8/14/1906</i>
<i>Birth place: Hasle</i>	<i>Birth place: Hasle</i>
<i>Last res. parish: Østerlarsker</i>	<i>Last res. county: Bornholm</i>
<i>Last residence: Østerlars</i>	<i>Destination country: USA</i>
<i>Destination city: Wilmington</i>	<i>Destination state: ?</i>
<i>Name of ship: Indirekte</i>	<i>IDcode: 10607J2707</i>

My fair, or rather unfair, Lady of the Manor had meanwhile drawn her own conclusions and they were not very flattering to me. I don't see why she should think my virtue was so easily assailed, but doubtless she thought so, and expressed her thoughts in words. As usual I didn't hear of it, and would have cared but little, but it probably cost my mother some worry, although she never mentioned the subject. She must have had faith in me. In matter of fact I left the place Nov. 1st 1906, and went to another place, south of my home. There I met a young girl, Lydia, who I liked very much, and the liking was mutual. We became and also remained friends, until fate removed me from her. The lady of the place was rather eccentric. She had daughters in America, but only one son, who lived with them, a very handsome young man, unmarried, a Lieutenant in the Army, and very very attractive. But he was not for us, we kept a polite distance. Also, I was engaged and it was rather binding in Europe at that time. I remained there until Spring May 1st 1908. It was then my attention to spend a summer at home, working in a fish factory, where fish was smoked for import to Germany to Sweden, etc. Then it was my intention to agree to my fiancée's request and go to U.S.A. But fate willed otherwise. In June 1908 I contracted a heavy cold, which settled on my renal system, also gave me pneumonia. I had to spend nearly the whole summer in bed, which I did not like much. Next fall, my former employer asked me to work for her one half year more, as I would not travel in a weakened condition. We had always been friends and I agreed. The winter was spent in easy and uneventful work.

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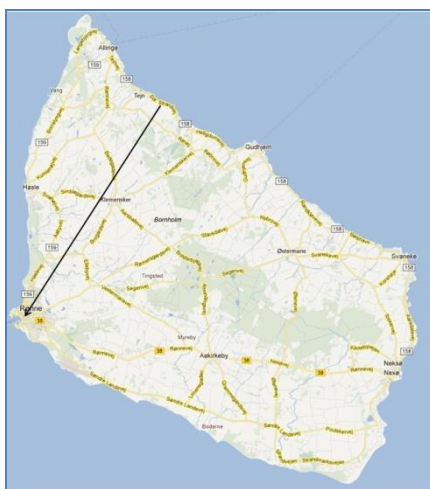
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May 1st 1909 I secured a girl for her, and left. But meantime my fiancée had succumbed to attacks of rheumatic fever, and had to leave Alaska. The company he had worked for so faithfully and bought stock in declared itself bankrupt. He lost thus all, or most of his money. I agreed then with him that I should come over to his sister's home after working one more summer, this time in a dressmaker shop. My mother did wish me to do some work but not too hard. So I worked 8 hrs. a day, for one of her friends, and also for her mornings and evenings. To tell the truth, I didn't like the idea of going to the U.S.A. I had a feeling, a hunch shall we say, that I would never marry my fiancée. But my mother was adamant. She thought he loved me; she corresponded with him, and sided with him, little knowing how it would turn out.

I spent the winter of 1909-10 busy with my trousseau. My fiancée, now living with his sister in their new home at Bainbridge Island, wrote very often; and we waited impatiently the day when we should see each other face to face after 4 long years. It didn't occur to any of us that we both might be disappointed. The winter passed and spring arrived, I was 24 on my birthday; the last one I could spend at my birthplace. Slowly the days passed with spring and mid-summer nearing. It was a warm year, with early flowering of everything. I used to wander about, looking at my old favorite places. The seashore where I had gathered sloes, the small wild marine plum to feed one when I was hungry while a child. The small paths in the forest where I so often had walked, looking for dry branches to bring home to my grandmother so we could enjoy a little warmth. I took a last trip to her grave, weeding and watering it, putting fresh flowers on it.

At last the day came; on the 5th of June, which also was a national Constitution day, I left my birthplace.



The day was beautiful as I enjoyed the ride to the city across the island, where I hadn't set my feet since 19 years old. I may have remembered the romances and adventures I had there, but I don't think I did. My thoughts were on the 3 oceans or seas I'd have to cross, and the dumb despair with which I looked upon the future as it arose before me, veiled in an opaque veil of illusion. I bade farewell to my mother for the last time; the whistles blew, the small steamer began to move out of the harbor. My baggage was safely aboard; my valise modest to the extreme was in my hand; I had entered upon a new adventure, lonely in a lonesome land of my own. I was at the end of the 1st book in my life. I had closed it gently and without tears, now I was to open another.



Figur 3 The ship - but with an other name on it. It was originally called: Bornholm

The Adventure Begins!

During the whole night I was awake, sitting by the steamer's railing, bidding my last farewell to my homelands shore. The ocean or the Baltic Sea, generally unruly, lay still under the moon. An engaged couple on their bridal trip sat close to me; adverse to be separated. There were a number of German tourists, drinking from their own flasks. The cabin was full, and although the sea was quiet, some of them did not feel any too well. I knew I would not be seasick, even if the boat would buck like a broncho, I was born that way. My mother on the contrary felt ill when she saw a ship sway for anchor in the Harbor, and my bosom friend Lydia suffered anguish if only on a small coast excursion. At last the morning dawned and the capital rose on the horizon in all its beauty. The ship slid gently into its berth; the passengers made ready to embark and an elderly, but lively, fellow came aboard, asking for the immigration passenger for the White Star Line. That was me; and he began to examine my trunk, declaring it was poorly secured; retying same. Then he took me to a hotel or rather inn, where I could stay until on the train.

I asked one of the maids for permission to go into one of the rooms and dress myself and fix my hair, wash ray face, etc. She was young and Swedish by birth, but very kind. She led me to a room, cleaned and vacant, and told me I could have it for an hour, so to be appearing orderly and decent. I gave her a Danish dollar (25c) and asked her to mail a letter for me and keep the change, which she did. Then I arranged my traveling suit and blouse, washed and arranged my hair, and had just time for a cup of hot coffee, before

another agent for the company came and examined my long strip of several tickets and took me via street car, or rather trolley, to an awaiting train.

At the station I encountered a whole party seeing off 2 young men, of the Apostolic Faith denomination, who also were traveling, via the White Star Line, to Canada. We were to have company for a long time. On the train I met a young girl about 20, she was also bound for Canada, someplace in Alberta, to live with her sister. She was born in the Capital; a handsome brunette, with heavy dark braids. She was very happy she said she liked travel and especially she liked to set away from the narrow houses in the Capital. I may add that the poorer class often live in overcrowded homes, with but little sunlight and small comforts. We were advised by some Seventh Day Adventists to look out for white slavers, a book "The White Slave" had been newly written, and although sensational, it did not scare us in the least. One does not easily become a white slave, if one doesn't want to be one, was ray answer and I found out by experience that I was right. Honest work is always to be found; although unprincipled men were then as now lying in wait for foolish girls, who hoped to crown their career by marrying millionaires.

We were in the train at last by late P.M. The train rolled slowly past the villa inhabited suburbs; then it became dark and the lamps were lit. The compartments were small and the seats narrow, we four, the 2 young men or boys and the young girl and I had a compartment to ourselves. At last we halted, we had to board a ferry, the train and all. The moon shone brightly and a party of Swedes played accordions and danced. But all things have an end. The train embarked once more on dry land, and we rolled toward Esbjerg, the export city, trafficking with Britain. There we would board a steamer to cross the North Sea. We were told to wait at a small hotel close to the R.R. Station and harbor. After traveling the whole night and not sleeping the night before either we were tired; I had been without sleep since Sunday and this was Tuesday morning. But we had enough things to do to keep us awake. We had our money changed to U. S. money, with some British money for incidental expenses. Then our tickets were again inspected and our credentials were passed upon. My small knowledge of the English language came in handy; the others could not understand a word. The agents spoke Danish well enough, but interspersed British words. I don't blame them but my ability to speak was of course limited. We made a half-hearted try in arranging our hair, clothes, etc, and to put our hand baggage in order. I exchanged my traveling suit with a cheaper dress on account of the ship we were to board; we used the last of our Danish money to purchase some candy, cookies, and then we were assembled for a nice meal. I was too nervous and tired to eat heartily; but the others did. I was on the White Star Company and they were not stinting us. Unfortunately my fellow passengers were subject to Mal de Mer. Now we boarded the ship, which was not much more than a tramp steamer, and the darkness began to fall. Many other passengers were now added; a young electrician who thought he'd have better chance in Chicago; a couple with 2 children, who later shared our cabin on the Olympian, and many others. Most of them knew not a word of English and looked wholly benefit of reason. The Danish emigrant class is generally high. There are no illiterates, but they certainly looked untalented. I was the only one who could read, write and understand a small bit of English, and I had a tiny dictionary. On board we found the Ladies cabins packed. I don't see where we could have slept. There was one place; we ceded that to the young girl, who was very sick already. On deck however I found unexpected company. It was 2 girls, under 20 I think, with beautiful bobbed curly hair, dark chestnut in color. Very good looking they were and well dressed, although not in the extreme mode. They could speak nothing but Russian, but had like myself a small dictionary. With the help of those we conversed. I had a plaid or afghan, like to them. We made a place and procured from the ships stores something to lie on. There we spent 3 nights

and the North Sea behaved like it always does. The ship swayed like a camel or worse. The girls and I stood it well, but their brother, who had a place with the 2 youths I have mentioned, was feeling miserable. I don't think he ever left the railing at all. His sisters tried everything from brandy to lemon juice and hot tea. They had a tiny samovar, and they obtained boiled water below. They offered me tea, without cream and sugar, fortified with gooseberry jam. I felt sorry to refuse, but I didn't like to try that concoction. It might have brought me too to the railing. Luckily we had fine weather, although of course windy, but no gales. It was unusual said the crew, and implied that we had luck. The girls were bound for London, we others for Liverpool. Their mother was dead, their father in Siberia, a political exile. Two charming girls and lovely to look at, they envied me my journey to America. America, they said, the land of promise. We could point words out pretty quickly now, oh if only some day they could come to America. They would stay with their uncle in London. We parted, promising to write to each other, in English, but I lost their address and they probably mislaid mine. The sun shone brightly and the pale and miserable passengers came out from the malodorous cabin. I felt rested in the fresh sea air, although the food was poor indeed. I guess they expected no one to eat very much. But now Britain hove in sight and our spirits ran high. We landed, and without further ceremony were put aboard a train in a pouring rain and late P.M. Through the Midland we went, while I repaired to the washroom and washed my face, fixed my hair and made myself presentable. I had a little powder, not much, but made good use of it, and even brushed my teeth. Then I went in and got a good seat, there was a table running the whole way through our car, and upon that we placed hand baggage, magazines, etc. There were also my fellow travelers, looking very poorly after the trip. I had a few candies and cookies left and we could purchase oranges, small pies, etc. But the oranges were of poor quality and the pies were an unknown quantity in our life, so we refrained. I was offered a piece of veal and ham pie by a fellow traveler, but declined politely. He also partook of gin, without offering me any though'. It was evening again when we entered Liverpool and it was raining steadily. For the first time we saw the "Bobbies" as they call the policemen and we received the bad news that it would take 2 weeks before the Olympian could sail.

The company agents now rounded us up (come along little doggies) and conveyed us all to a hotel. A cheap one, I guess, but clean anyway and free from dirt, bed bugs, etc. and well furnished with washrooms. There were two bunk beds in each room. I chose the upper one so to be undisturbed. I sure was exhausted. I had hardly one night's sleep in a week. I unpacked some of my things, took a good wash, looked after my hand baggage and climbed up into the bunk. We had a heavy tea I supposed they called it, meat pie, cold cuts, butter, bread, marmalade, cheese, condensed milk and strong tea. After the food on the ship and the stale bits on the train it tasted like ambrosia. Our meals were had in a different building, across two streets and around a corner, but we navigated it all right. Our meals and lodging were free, of course, as the delay was no fault of ours.

We ate breakfast at 8 A.M., lunch at 12-1 (also called dinner) and high tea at 5 P.M. Then later they had supper also, and the food was good. We had fish, bacon, eggs, toast and tea for breakfast. Lunch or dinner was soup, a pudding, meat pie or different forms of meat, always plenty of butter on the table, also much cheese and tea. Coffee was not only often absent, but of a deadly quality. Afternoon tea was served; there was cakes, scones, shortbread and toast, cheese was always present, and marmalade. The supper generally had potatoes boiled vegetables and boiled meat, also roast at time; it must have cost a good deal of money. Lamb chops or mutton was excellent. They had boiled leg of lamb, with boiled vegetables. They surely didn't starve us. The bread also was very good; we were really not used to good bread. Then we

could buy fruit and it was cheap, much cheaper than at home. I studied the dictionary; the other girl read her Danish magazines. I purchased English ones and endeavored earnestly to read them, but had but imperfect success. The older ladies looked after their children and knitted or crocheted. I probably mended my socks also, but have no recollection of doing so. There was a lot of weeping going on; and much writing to friends and relatives at home.

In one week, the ship was ready. We embarked in triumph, driving thru the streets of Liverpool in June with small British and Danish flags in our hands, given to us by the White Star company. The agents bade us good speed and we boarded the ship at nightfall, hearing the waves resound against its heaving sides as it slowly onward through the Irish Channel to Queenstown, Iceland. Aboard the ship we each were handed a slip; Cabin 12, Female, was printed on it in large letters. The word Female evoked much wonder among my fellow female travelers, who did not know what the word meant, they knew what cabin meant, and looked in the dictionary explaining that it meant the women's cabin. Where upon we all entered. There were 6 double bunks in all, making place for 12 women, but one of the bunks was occupied by one woman 2 children. The blankets were thin, the mattresses poor. It was o.k. in the harbor, but the nights were cold when at sea, and I froze a good deal, staying up late and getting up early. I had a sort of afghan, but I should have known it would not be sufficient. I was only 24 years of age, and not used to a too warm climate, but the sea was sharp, and I could hardly sleep for the cold. I put my life preserver over the bed, but still I was cold. I had an upper bunk, the lower ones given to those who were seasick for obvious reasons. I was not sick and ate plenty, so to keep myself warm. The saloon was heated a little and I sat there and read, until about 11 P.M.; then we generally went below, where strong, black tea, cheese and ships biscuits could be had. This tea was served in a different room, but very cozy. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Then we went to the washrooms, and to bed; reading awhile and then I managed to sleep in the least about six hours before waking up, freezing. It was third class, but everything was o.k. except in the matter of insufficient bedclothes. Some who had traveled before were prepared and brought heavy plaids and afghans. The days passed slowly. The sun shone bright and warmly and those who were able to enjoy it did so. Many of them felt miserable, although there were only 2 gales, and they did not last very long. But the females in the cabin were sick nevertheless. Only myself and a very young (17) Swedish girl were free from seasickness. She however suffered much from neuralgia and toothache, and although she slept fully dressed she froze a good deal of nights. We used to wake up early, dress, get a cup of tea and toast with marmalade and beat it up the stairs to the deck to sit in the sun and get thoroughly warmed up. Then we ate breakfast and the stewards sure were happy to see someone able to eat. The stewards were seasoned sailors, and they did not enjoy seeing the dining room emptying before dinner was half served; it wasn't their fault, but nevertheless they looked hurt. Of course the male cabins were far removed from ours; but I was able to borrow a set of good books from one fellow traveler, who had brought them to read, but was too sick to do so. So my time was profitable spent after all, and also we met in the salon, whenever we wished. Almost all the passengers aboard this giant ship were British and Irish. Many in the second cabin were Canadians and Americans who were coming back from their visit to England or Ireland. Anyhow, English was their native tongue and I learned a lot from them in the 7 days we were at sea. Especially I got acquainted with a young man about my own age, whose name was Edward. He was of middle height, but good looking and had the most beautiful hazel eyes I have ever seen. We were teased a good deal, but really, we did not flirt much. He was going to his sister in Quebec and I was going to Seattle to get married, or so I thought. He had a beautiful voice, and knew all the latest songs; such as "Pony Boy", Goodbye Mary", and many others. I really liked him, in a distant sort of way, and some of the others referred to me

as Ed's sweetheart or "Emily's sweetheart". It was not true; we liked to speak to each other that was all. My English progressed apace, but was still poor, but I could read it, well understanding the words and their meaning; also write it, it came to me naturally without schooling; why, I don't know. But even happy days at sea have an end and the ship was nearing St. Laurence's river. The fog was so thick and chili so the sun was hardly visible. I got a severe laryngitis and was so that I couldn't speak at all. I suppose I got chilled the last night setting up very long, saying goodbye to Edward.

In a New World.

In the sunlit distance we could see Quebec, a forbidden city for us, who were sent on by a small steamer to the Immigrant Station at Montreal. There great enclosures were ready to receive, like a sort of human cattle; each Pen had a letter of the alphabet over it. "D" for the Danish, "F" for the Finnish, "FR" for the French, "S&N" for the Swedes and Norwegians and so forth. Into these enclosures we were herded and then brought forth one by one to be examined and questioned by an interpreter who could speak the immigrants own language. Generally speaking this is not a hard trial for any reasonably intelligent person; but when one has laryngitis it is very difficult. I had to answer by writing down the answers, and I could speak a little in a hoarse whisper. Losing your voice under such circumstances is a catastrophe. I was examined also by a doctor, as were they all, but ray loss of voice was pronounced authentic enough and I was permitted to write my answers down. At last I was done. But, alas, I was later than the others, and my baggage was not with theirs. I had to write my inquiries down, and in English as I had no private interpreter. But I succeeded and my trunk was on the train and I myself embarking; bound for the "States". At Ottawa there was another brief customs examination - and then we were free to travel anywhere in the U.S.A. provided we had the tickets. Of my fellow travelers none remained, but new ones kept coming. Immigrants of all nations, classes, and varying degrees of intelligence filled the trains.

When in Canada, the brakeman came in the A.M. with cups of steaming coffee, which they handed to anyone who wished to partake; this beverage was not as bad as the one presented at the steamer, or in the hotel in Liverpool, but it was not of the best however. On some afternoons (the Canadian trains were slow in 1910) the train crew stopped the train and made tea, using the water in the engine boiler. They offered me a cup once, as I and a fellow female passenger got out of the train to pluck some wild roses; but we did not partake; made a polite excuse because we did not know if the water was o.k. anyhow, it was boiled, but I didn't think it tasted good. Every day a train "butcher" boarded the train selling his wares: small pies, cakes, oranges, books, magazines, boxes of cheap candy, bananas, and one day he had ice cream cones which soon were snatched up. The cars were unbearably hot, and the cinders from the track blew in through the open windows, mingled with our perspiration and making us to look like chimney sweeps or worse. Our clothes got dusty also, but our faces and hands got the worse of it. Bobbed hair was unknown in 1910 and the big rats some of the girls wore in their hair certainly were a great nuisance, as well as a source of heat. The washroom was nearly always crowded with girls who wanted to look clean, when they neared their stop and would be welcomed by relatives, sweet-hearts, brothers and what not. They arranged their hair as becoming as possible, fished out a clean blouse and waited. The men took it easier, going for a smoke once in a while, reading and sometimes trying to flirt with eligible girls. I became acquainted with a Dane from Cle-Elum; he was about 35 I guess, spoke good English, and had been home on a visit. He was well dressed, and very chivalrous, bringing me refreshments, fruit, books, candy; which I took with a certain misgiving, knowing that I was engaged to be married and maybe should not have accepted anything.

Wishing to be fair I told him the truth, but he thought nothing of it. It pleased him, he said, to be of assistance to a fellow Dane; and he added, that if my marriage should not come off, as scheduled, I could write to him, giving me his address. But at Spokane, or before, our ways parted; he bound for Cle-Elum, I for Seattle. But this was near the end of the journey; and the journey on the rail had been long and wearisome. Also I did not feel that happy buoyancy of spirit that my fellow passengers had. I felt that my plans would miscarry one way or the other; but I was also determined that I would go ahead, come what may.

As we embarked from the Canadian train to the American ones, we at once were aware of a greater speed. The people too were better dressed; it was no longer solely immigrants but also other travelers that frequented the third class or what it was, but many Native Americans. The cars were much better, the train service better, the trains hot and dust about the same, as the track beds were cindery. We were at St. Paul and its sister city Minneapolis but two hours; but in Chicago we stayed much longer.

Arriving in Chicago, we were met by a representative of the White Star Line, the last one we would encounter. We were put into a horse car, no obsolete, and the driver remarked that 10 people already had died from the heat, and this was 11 A.M. that day. The horse was nicely outfitted; nice seats and a large mirror at the further end for the ladies to primp at. There were seats at the rear for smokers also, but no one smoked that morning. We traveled far across Chicago, were put off at a station, and ordered to stay there; there was a superfluity of washrooms, etc, lunch counters; candy and fruit as well as magazines; we did not have to go anywhere in order to purchase anything. I and another fellow traveler sought a washroom, with all the fittings, and made ourselves as presentable as possible, washing ourselves thoroughly and happy in doing so. Then we selected clean blouses, brushed our traveling suits and hats, repacked our valises and threw away old trash accumulated on the way; thus reinforced we entered the main room of the great station, ate a frugal lunch; purchased postcards, daily papers of which I could read some, if not all; I guess I must have let much pass my limited understanding; then we settled down to wait more or less patiently for the agent, who would escort us all to a train, for the last time. After that, he said, we must look out for ourselves, guided by our tickets and the train personnel. In the fresh cars, newly cleaned and elegant-looking, an entirely new kind of fellow travelers awaited; all bound for the Pacific Coast and the various stops on the way. Many of them were Scandinavians, and a few had already been in the U.S.A.; returning home from a visit. Most all of those had traveled across the Atlantic on the Scandinavian Line, arriving at New York, stopping for a brief while at Ellis Island. They had left the Norwegian Capital long before the White Star Line ship Olympian had left Queensland, Eire; but their route was much slower, and I realized that it was well worthwhile to cross the turbulent North Sea, so as to have a much easier route, and a much less tedious and crowded inspection. Thus much I learned from a bunch of young girls, who complained loudly of the terribly poor accommodations aboard the ship; the poor food, the overcrowding etc, and as the ship was much smaller, a large percentage of Malde Mer. Some of the crowd felt perpetually sick aboard the train, saying they could still feel the motion of the ship. But at least they had relatives to receive them, I thought plaintively, while I had yes, what did I have? A man who had avowed his love for me, and sent for me to marry him; would I marry him right away I wondered. No, I decided, I wanted to see the country first; and by this decision my fate was changed; because, I could have married him the very first day; only later did I know that his sister and her family had expected us to do so, Although it was not entirely to her liking. By my own carelessness I gave her the chance she wished, namely to separate us; and she did accordingly plan this and very efficiently by carrying out the plan later. But fate

is fate; doubtless it had to be so. Yet, once it caused me deep sorrow, hurt my pride, and caused me great inconveniences and worry. During our time of travel, I saw for the first time great burned down forests, which once had been stately firs and pines. The forests I had seen before had been neatly kept. These were devastated. America was great, I thought, but how careless and how wasteful. The Train was nearing Seattle. All of us were preparing to leave it, primping a little, worrying a little, and making our belongings ready. We were at the suburbs of Seattle, and soon the train speeded into the tracks at King Station. A young girl confided to me that she was also going to Bainbridge Island; but was of course going to be married first the next morning. Then they would settle down on a small homestead; she said. She and him alone, she said shyly. She was so happy; suddenly she asked me if I weren't too to get married. I said I supposed so, yet maybe not right away. Young as she was, she uttered a word of wisdom: "Marry him right away", she said, "then no one can get him away from you!". Silently I thought, "I can take care of myself" and I felt certain resentment towards John for the first time. Why, I didn't rightly know. Slowly the train came to a stop. I saw a young red faced farmer boy approach and joyously claim the girl who had spoken of her imminent marriage. Then I saw John; we should have embraced and kissed, but something held us back. Four years had been too long; I had changed, he had also changed. I had changed mentally, more than personally; I was no longer the happy laughing girl he was used to seeing; he had changed personally, he was handsomer than before; his hair was darker; her was now 28; when before he had been but 24. I was 24 now, when I had been but 20 when we had said goodbye to each other in 1906. But we were more mature now; still our love had vanished not that we knew it then; but it was like a cut pine; it is green and fragrant for some time, but soon it begins to wither. So with our love; we spoke as before; we said the same words; yet, it was not the same. The perfume and freshness was gone, and soon would our love wither, as an uprooted tree.

On Bainbridge Island!

"Why do I mourn for thee, well beloved?"

Long loved and lost one, why do I bewail thee?"

John and I spent the night in Seattle, very decorously in rooms far from each other. Had I -- but then I knew better -- but had I given him my love then, we probably would have married because John, Although spineless and weak, had an active conscience and would not have wronged me. A more experienced and determined girl would have secured him, by any means, roped and tied him and led him to the altar; and, as I later got to know, his sister expected nothing less. I played into her hands, by keeping a chaste and chili distance, and only being extensively polite. But fate willed it so. We met at the hotel-parlor in the A.M., ate breakfast together at a cafeteria, and looked at the city for awhile. I surmise now that he was not proud of me. Had I yielded myself to him and exacted a marriage; all this would have been changed. But I didn't know John; I had been sought after by others; how could I realize that he, who had truly been in love with me once, should have changed. He explained to me at length that he had lent his capital to his sister, and that they had built a nice home on an acre of land right in Winslow, or Eagle Harbor. There was an old house, he explained, that we could occupy, should we get married. But none of us named the day. I had been asked in marriage before, but no one had been as vacillating as he. So I said that there was no haste, what else could I have said? We took the ferry steamer, "Florence K" and he remarked that I was a good sailor. Yes, I was a good sailor, I was born that way; but I certainly was not a good lover, I thought. At last

we arrived at his sister's home, and were greeted by no one. They had us all wrong; they had thought we surely would be wed by this time. But we entered the house and waited for them, and his sister, whose name was also Emily, greeted me heartily. When we explained we weren't married yet, she looked half relieved, half disappointed.

And now began a time that is hard to describe, as it is hard to determine whose fault it was that it didn't turn out as I had hoped. A new thing was revealed, his sister was pregnant; after losing a baby by miscarriage in the fall. Naturally she was supposed to be spared too much work. The household was large; 4 grown-ups, including myself, 3 small children. No electricity, no washing machine; and the children certainly made us work. My chief reason for objecting was that I hadn't expected to come over to America to become a domestic drudger for no pay. I had been asked to come over to be married; to make a home for the man I loved. Also, his sister took advantage of the circumstances and invited miscellaneous friends, some of them young and unmarried, her former candidates for the hand of her brother. While they stayed for weekends, enjoying her hospitality, I had to do the work. I remember especially one Monday late in July when she and I were busy with an enormous wash, and John and the 2 young girls were out on the bay in the launch. One could hear their merry laughter, while we labored over the tubs. They were sisters, Norwegian descended, their father had been a sea captain; lost at sea. They were living in Seattle; having attended high schools, naturally, and was going to college in the fall. The youngest was 18 years old, her name was Amandy, but her pet name was Mandy. She was pert, likeable and good-looking, figure good. Her sister Elizabeth was 20. Her eyes were a light blue, her hair very blond, not dark like her sister's evidently she was his sister's choice for fiancée. Why they were invited now when I was on the scene was clear enough to me; it was intended to serve as contrast, they were indeed better looking than I, I could not deny that; but had John really been in love with me, or so I thought, it would not have mattered. Little did I know men. Their presence did just what his sister had expected me to do: it made it clear to him that there were girls to be gotten, much better looking than me, with money and social standing. It did not occur to neither John nor his sister that these girls, while they were not adverse to enjoy a nice weekend in the country by the seashore, they were certainly not willing to fall in love or marry John. They had their own friends, their own society wherein they moved, and John to them was merely a fool. As for me, I don't think they offered me a thought. I was only a girl "from the old country". From that week I made my mind up. I would leave Winslow as soon as I could get an opportunity. In the meantime retribution was overtaking Emily C. She was a member of the Congregational church; although she was also a member of the Scandinavian Baptist Church in Ballard, Seattle. The congregation had heard of my arrival and had expected to see me and John married. As the wedding did not materialize, they made their own conclusions, which were not flattering neither to John nor his sister. I attended the church also, learning the language very swiftly. I had made my mind to master the spoken language in 3 months; I could already write it and read it. I was determined to show John and his sister, that I could do as well as they and better. But at last it so happened that the Pastor spoke openly to Emily, asking when we were to get married, saying it didn't look right. John got scared and left for Olympia, Washington to go to work on a construction gang; and I had the opportunity to become a temporary housekeeper for a middle aged realtor and ranch owner, who was to be married at Xmas, and whose former housekeeper unceremoniously had left him, on account of the same. No one could detain me, I left my sister-in-law to be, (as John and I still were engaged) and took the job as housekeeper. Mr. Johnstone was divorced from his first wife, and his fate had been a sad one. He originally came from San Francisco, and his wife and he had been very much in love until she became a Christian Scientist; of the fanatic kind. One of her two sons took scarlet fever, and she refused to

call a doctor, in fact she did not do anything for the child. The fever was the malignant kind and the child died. The other child fell down an elevator shaft, being left to himself while his mother attended a conference. He also died, never regaining consciousness. Only the eldest child, a daughter of 14, was left, and upon their divorce, she stayed with the mother. Mr. Johnston then took to drinking, and if it hadn't been for his stenographer, Miss McFadden; and Irish brunette - 39 when I saw her; and enveloped in a veil of violet powder from Hudnuts -- he had gone to the dogs. But she took care of him; encouraged him, made his business prosper and after some years (about 4) were gone, got herself engaged to him. They were to go to her home and marry; then take a bridal trip, and she wanted more than all to secure a reliable, non-flirting housekeeper for him, who would be able to look after the house after they were gone. How she chose me, I hardly understand. I looked serious; I was engaged, and I guess she thought me reliable. I, on the other side, felt great sympathy for Miss McFadden, a spinster if there ever was any; thin, anemic, frail, but efficient in her line; probably the same when married. She, too, maybe felt sympathy for me; arriving in a strange land, striving to master a new language, while trying to overcome the handicap of not being born here. She noted also that I was of frugal habits and asked me to try not to run up too high bills. High bills, I thought! On the ranch was everything, nearly 5000 hens; a cow, butter, eggs and milk was to be had free. Vegetables of every kind; chickens, guinea hens, ducks were plentiful. The apple orchard had filled the bins with all kinds of apples. There was a goodly store of smoked bacon, salmon, salted in kegs. I determined to have a very small bill indeed, selling eggs, milk, etc. so to defray the expenses: Luckily I could milk cows, one cow was but as child's play to me. I churned the cream into butter. Truth to say, I ran no bill at all, and fed the young hired man plenty. The cellar was filled, row upon row, of the very best called fruit. The housekeeper, who had had high hopes to marry Mr. Johnstone, had certainly done her best. I was coming into a land of plenty; not that I cared much for such. Early in November Mr. Johnstone left for his bridal tour. Miss McFadden and her sister again were to dinner, eating a roast young guinea hen, and gave me many instructions on being careful with fire, and not to let the hired man touch anything. I told her that I was careful by nature and that the hired man was not one to intrude upon anything; and saying thus Miss McFadden left. Next time I saw her she was Mrs. Johnstone, and very happy in being so. He was then 50 years old; but young looking for his age; a polite and gallant gentleman; but a Casanova under the skin. I could understand why the housekeeper had entertained the notion that he might marry her, and judging by what she left behind her in preserves, canned stuff, cookies, fruit cakes, etc. He might well have done worse. But Mary McFadden had money and more of that coming to her later, while the housekeeper had only her ability to keep house and to cook. Also, she was not at all handsome, about 40, I judged. She spoke to me, but I hardly remember what she said. However, I felt free to devour her fruit cake and other things, in view of being asked not to incur too high bills.

Every afternoon I went to the Winslow P.O., walking thru muddy lanes and highways in order to get any letters. John wrote, from Olympia; my mother wrote, wondering why I weren't as yet married. She likely worried a good deal, but I didn't care much. Sunday evening I went to church, while the hired man studied in the warm dining room-kitchen. I honestly endeavored to straighten things out, not knowing the exact date when the happy bridal pair would arrive. I cleaned the room's upstairs thoroughly. Had my own room in perfect order and my things always ready. Alas, the hired man did not always follow my example, loafing doubtless when he should have been busily working. As he said, he did not expect to stay after the couple arrived, and he would grasp the opportunity, collect his wages, and go. I cared but little, it being none of my business. I had done what was required of me, although I had not enriched the pantry or storehouse with anything. That, I reasoned, had been the fault of my predecessor; she had made it a labor of love; I did

my duty, no more, no less. At last, two days before Xmas, the whistle blew loudly as the Florence K. steamed into the dock. I knew they blew that way for a bridal couple, and was glad that all was in order. Mrs. Was overjoyed by the cleanliness of the house; by the well-ordered bedrooms; the beans I had made for supper were reinforced with salmon salad made by her own fair hands and she told me that she had engaged a colored woman to work for her, and she would be glad to get me a position in Seattle. But I was going to spend Xmas at Emily C's; John was to be home from Olympia and another guest was also expected daily, via the stork route. So I collected my money and my things bade farewell and good speed to Mrs. J.; listened for a while to Mr. Johnstone berating and firing the hired man and indeed it was a performance.

The hired man was young, only 19. He had studied law, but the sedentary life made him ill. So he spent time in the country. He was something of a hypochondriac, specially confirmed of ulcers in stomach. He wanted to take a cold bath in the morning, and went into the bathroom about 6 A.M. every morning to do so. He did so the morning after the Johnstone's arrival, and as fate would have it, did not lock the door. Unfortunately Mrs. J. chose that moment to enter the bathroom, just as he, naked, took his cold shower. Her screams echoed thru the house and Mr. Johnstone entered hastily clad in an old bathrobe. I was in the kitchen preparing breakfast -- and it was certainly a tableau well worth witnessing. He left after getting his wages, which Mr. Johnstone insisted he had not earned - really, he should have paid board, was Mr. J's loudly voiced opinion. So I was free and foot loose again. I determined to spend Xmas Eve at Emily C's, and then go to Seattle and secure a position. But meanwhile a small male stranger arrived, a new nephew of John's; and John himself arrived. He left hastily the day after Xmas, being allergic to births of babies. Honestly, I cared but little then.

Then on the 2nd day of Jan. 1911, in the early A.M., I boarded the 'Florence K', intending to get a job. I let my trunk remain, taking only my valise. I was in a great hurry, telling no one I was getting a job; but securing one quickly from a paid employment office. I was also a member of the Y.W.C.A., but did not care to apply at that smug place. I bought a new hat, a few new clothes, to work in; the rest of the money I kept, intending to send it on to my mother later. I had always loved my mother, and perhaps it was in my subconscious mind, that the money sent later, was partly a token, that I was getting along well; partly that it was a recompensation for her not having a son-in-law.

I Enter the City of Seattle!

"Tall-towered city, Seattle; Rose-bowered city, Seattle!"

The city of Seattle was in the days of 1910 called the "Sunny Seattle"; the city of roses; although the latter title was claimed by the city of Portland, Ore. Like Rome it was built on hills; and it was beautiful with its parks and lakesides; hills and dells and the already then flourishing suburbs. I loved Seattle from the first day I set foot therein; but it was a strange city to me -- I had no friends and anyway my pride always forbade me to ask for help nor favors. I entered the city with a dogged resolution to go forward or perish, and never would I have consented to go "back to the old country" as John expressed it. Lots of people have ventured to a strange land, and gone back, but not I. I considered such conduct weak and did not do it.

As I stepped off the Florence K., I had in my mind the last night John and I had spent together; going to the church at Winslow Christmas Day P.M., and singing out of the same book. "Showers of Blessing" was the

hymn and I have never heard it, without remembering the church, the people who looked so curiously at us; the preacher who shook our hands in farewell - and John, as he stood beside me, singing. For a wild moment I dared to hope that maybe he really loved me and would defy his sister's strength and his own weakness; but his hurry to go back to Olympia made me reconsider. Emily C's baby was born that night, and no one slept; early in the morning John went to Olympia.

Without stopping, I went to the place advised me by the Employment Office. I had paid \$2.00 to get that job, later I learned to go to the City Employment Officer where all was free, although the positions were not so choice. However, they did their best. I found the place, a large residence on Howe St., overlooking the then unimproved Lake Union, and rang the bell, which was answered by an elderly lady, hired by the day to do some housecleaning. A large, and heavily pregnant, lady, followed slowly; asking me if I thought I could take care of the house while she was -- well -- abed. Of course, she added, she would have a trained nurse too. Her husband, she added, generally looked after the furnace; but I'd have to do so at times. Of course, she continued, I'd have to do the washing and the cooking, in fact take over the duty of general domestic.

I had never cooked much. Emily C. was a good cook and I had watched her a good deal. I had cooked for Mr. Johnstone and the hired help; but here were no storehouses or shelves of plenty. But so eager was I to begin, so I said yes, of course I could. I was 24 and in good health and not afraid to work. I did not mention days off; but Mrs. Butler (her name) said that the girl had 2 hrs. off for rest every afternoon, every Thursday off, from noon till midnight, and one Sunday each month entirely free. I hardly thought of it. I had no friends, no place to go. But I did not say so, I merely answered that I considered it fine. She asked me how many years I had been in the U.S.A., and I remained non-committal, only saying that I had arrived in Seattle sometime ago, from the East. Which was true; but a little far-fetched.

The whole day I assisted the housecleaning femme to clean the house, washing the clothes in the basement; and generally surprising Mrs. Butler, who thought my work was exceedingly good. Housecleaning has always been my favorite kind of work. I liked to bring order into chaos, as it were. I even made an effort to bring a little order into the basement, which was in a terrible state. The lady of the house decided on lamb chops and French fried's that eve, and a fruit salad and biscuits. I did it, knowing hardly how to achieve good results, consulting a cook-book. Luckily the former maid had been a terrible cook. Everything was devoured; there were 2 girls and one boy, 12-10-5 yrs. Old; and they sure were hungry. My routine was simple and soon perfected. I woke myself at 6 A.M., looked after the furnace, and made my bed up, before going down. The girls had their bedroom there and a large masters bedroom was there also; a guest room; the bathroom and some closets. It was a lovely place, belonging to her mother, who was quite well off. Then came Mr. Butler's breakfast, very plain; one egg, 2 slices of bacon and toast, orange marmalade and coffee. Then the girls had to be awakened, breakfast given, their lunch made up and off to the school they went. The trained nurse made her own; the little boys' and Mrs. Butler's breakfast, assisted by me as far as she wished. She was an elderly Scotch woman, very efficient in everything. She stayed one week, as the baby was slow in arriving; a sweet little girl, weighing 14 lbs. Impossible? No, 14 lbs. it was. The doctor and nurse had expected twins, but it was one only. She had the baby at the house and I can hardly remember her even complaining. She was stoic, indeed. As the nurse spent nearly a month or more in the home, I had a little time off, but the rest hours promised were highly hypothetical. However, I dressed, primped a bit, and then went down. Thursdays I generally ignored except for the evenings when I went down to the public library. There I found a treasure worth more to me, who always had been book-

famished. I read all the English classics, translated and in their native language. I fell in love once more, with knowledge and with the English language. But also I met a man there, who fell in love with me. Sitting one evening and reading Longfellow's poems, a man set down across from the table. The other readers had departed, and indeed; it was time for closing the reading room. Then the man politely asked me if I ever had read any of Tolstoi's works. I answered No, I hadn't. I had read of Tolstoi, before arriving in the U.S.A.; but to get to read his works was out of sight for me. Ingward Iskow had called Tolstoi a master of writing, but I had never seen his works translated. But the hour was late, and he introduced himself under the name of Alex Finley, and asked permission to escort me home. I was grateful to have company, as I was very nearsighted and sometimes found it hard to get the right cars. But we had so much in common, our love of books and knowledge. He asked me to be allowed to call and take me to the Moore Theatre, and I said yes. I had the next Sunday off, and to the show we went, I being not very modishly dressed and he not caring. And now commenced a courtship, unusual to my knowledge of courtships.

Mr. Finlay was in love and showered me with presents, flowers, candy. He asked me to marry him in May, and to give up my position or job to do so. But meantime I had written to John in Olympia, telling him nothing about Finlay; but that evidently he did not greatly care to marry me; his sister being against it, so I concluded it would be better if we broke our engagement. Men are strange. Love them and they love you not; run away from them and they follow. John came to Seattle to see me, saying that he was responsible for my welfare, and I had better look out for other men as they were not always what they seemed to be. He even asked me to marry him then and there, and remain at work until summer telling his sister nothing. He meant well doubtless, but his stinginess, his humiliating treatment of me in his sister's home and all that, made me harden my heart to him. I did not commit myself and we bade each other goodbye in the cemetery outside my employer's house. We never saw each other again.

Meanwhile I contemplated getting to another position. This was partly Mr. Finlay's fault. He evidently thought me capable of more than I was able to do. But I had to go anyway. I wanted to go to Winslow, fetch my old trunk, or bring another one over there, as the old one had been damaged on the ocean travel. I collected my wages, bade my employer farewell and took a room for a week in Hotel Seneca; it was close to the Y.W.C.A., not far from other places of note. A truly respectable place also. But I had not reckoned with the high cost of living, acting on an impulse, as usual. The trunk cost money, and I ordered a pair of new glasses also. On top of this I sent my mother some money. I could have asked Mr. Finlay for help, but would not. I stored my trunk in a warehouse; paid my hotel bill and got another job. But misfortune was upon me. Only the utmost fortitude in adversity made me go thru many unfortunate circumstances, The job did materialize; but the lady employer had one fault: she was insanely jealous. Her husband was to her a priceless treasure. She had one small son 2 years old and a daughter by a former marriage, 18 years old. She should have been punished; maybe she was, by fate, later on. But let us not judge; many women are driven half insane often by desire for their husbands and jealousy. She was jealous of all women, even her own, a beautiful girl with a beautiful voice, taking singing lessons twice a week and practicing at home. One would have thought the woman was her stepmother, by the way she treated her; but no - she was her own daughter by her first, divorced husband. She was a lovely girl, with a good temper, but incidentally she caused me a good deal of trouble later. Not by purpose, but it hurt me just the same. My employer was the manager of the Lakeview apartments, on Lakeview Avenue. It was a fine neighborhood and the apartments were full of people. A married couple and a single, elderly, man did the janitor work; I had nothing to do with that. The work was easy and the place would have been ideal if not for the woman's mean temper,

which she used on her daughter, as well as on me. She did not wish Mr. Findlay to visit me, Although his visits were very conventional; while he was made and angry by being thus treated. He was a respectable man, employed at the library as a book binder and assistant librarian; and his wages were good. He was a widower, without any children, and 42 years of age; looking much younger though. But the difference in our ages and other things made me uneasy. He did not bring me luck; I saw that; he was a perfect Jonah. He bought me expensive presents and took me to fancy restaurants, while I had to work to make ends meet. Slowly I began to feel a growing resentment against him, and a vague idea that he would not make me happy. But he never surmised that. He was too in love with himself, and for the time with me, because he desired me. One Sunday he came to see me, and I invited him into the living room, as the folks were out and he was a perfect gentleman. I offered a small refreshment, and then my employer arrived and I was caught between two fires; her rage and his resentment. He wanted to know why I hadn't presented him to my employers; she wanted to know why I had dared to invite a stranger into the house, I tried to explain, that the refreshments I had served him were those she had set out for me; that he was a gentleman, not a tramp, and had a good position in library. But, unfortunately, her husband took my part and clad, unironed clothes lay everywhere. Dirty dishes littered the kitchen. The house had 3 stories and 2 girls could have been employed with benefit. The rooms were crowded and cluttered with expensive furniture; it looked more like an auction mart than a residence. But had she been sane; I could have brought order into that chaos, since there were no children; and only one guest, the foreman at the foundry, a Swede. He informed me of her idiosyncrasies, and said no girl could stay there. But I liked to stay there a month and make a little money to tide me over, in the least. Perish the thought! Anytime she gave a command; she forgot it and asked me to do something else. It was nearly impossible to get anything done that way, although I got up very early so to get the clothes ironed and the dishes washed. I stayed a week, and her husband and the boarder were satisfied. She drank, I am sure, and had the habit of taking one drop of carbolic acid in a glass of water every forenoon. Then one evening she went on a rampage, and would have hit me for sure if I hadn't been on guard. This was too much, and I asked her husband for my pay; he gave me \$10.00 and asked his foreman to take me to a hotel and rent me a room for a week. I might have sued then, but had not the money, and anyway I was unhurt. So I let it go. Mr. Nelson rented me a room and I had the ten. He also said that I was a fine girl, and if I wanted to marry him, he'd be glad to do so. He had money in the bank, he said, and we would buy a cottage and live happily ever after. But misfortune dogged my heels even then. Mr. Findlay came up to see me in Hotel Parlor, and presently Mr. Nelson also made his appearance. I was sorry for him, because he was a good man, although I didn't want to marry him. He was disappointed and although I would have liked to explain he did not wait. I had a hard time, and this was too much. I turned to Mr. Findlay and told him exactly what I thought of him. I used nothing but polite words, but I guess the truth is never welcome. He left without a word. He had been a Jonah I thought; he was overboard and that was the end of that. I had still a few days in the hotel but I was determined to leave. However, I went again to the city employment that increased her anger so much that I told her, it was better for all concerned if I left for another position. The next day I finished my early duties, which weren't many; packed my stuff, and received my weeks pay. I felt sure that I would secure a position right away, and accordingly went down to the city Employment Office. However, the jobs were few, and such as I wasn't able to qualify for, so I went to another office, where you had to pay. I paid \$2.50, and secured a job, very much like the first, except that the wife was going to a hospital and I'd be in charge. It was very necessary to come right away.

Well, fate is funny. The same morning the stepdaughter at the Lakeview Apts. decided to stay overnight with a friend and packed an overnight case, rather expensive with gold fittings and a gold-trimmed comb and brush. So when the express man called for my trunk and things, my employer refused to give it to him. I went over there to see what the matter was and was received with words of accusation, and the demand that I open my trunk and valise. The woman was evidently very sure that I had taken the things; the husband was perplexed, and when nothing was found, she argued that I had disposed of it. I was amazed! But then fortunately the daughter came home, she had decided not to stay, because her friend was ill. She had the missing stuff. Now I should have done something, but I did not. I went hurriedly to the place of employment, although it was past midnight, only to be confronted with an irate man, who had already gotten somebody else. I sent my trunk to an express house; but all the money I had in the world was \$2.50. I went into an all-night show and sat there until morning, and the company was not of the finest. Half drunken men and girls looking for them. The next morning I was given another position by the employment office; but it was suggested that no one had been there long. But there was nothing I could do; I had not seen my fiancée, for such he styled himself, and even so, I would not have humiliated myself by asking him for assistance. I went up to Beacon Hill, up to an enormous big residence, in which dwelt my employer. The house was in a turmoil and although her husband owned an iron foundry, and had a mint of money invested here and there, the woman was slovenly office. The man was sympathetic, and said this time he would try to get me a decent break. He introduced me to a certain Mrs. P. Gardener, Vice-President of the Alaska Fishing and Importing Company, who liked to have a girl she could rely on, as she was absent from home from 7 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. There were 3 children; one attending a Catholic Parish school on Queen Anne Hill; and an elderly Governess, very pleasant in charge of the children. The wages were good, and she promised me good treatment; but she said I hoped I didn't object to 2 things: No. 1 - a written routine and No. 2 - the fact that no meat was served on Fast Days. I agreed heartily to both. Fish was my favorite food, and a written routine would be a real pleasure after my last two experiences. I packed Mr. Findlay's presents together so I could return them someday and as it was the 12th of April and I weren't due until the Friday 15th, I determined to enjoy life those 3 days. I had just money enough for 2 days, and the last day, being Easter Thursday, I determined to visit a female acquaintance and far relative in Ballard.

But fate dodged my footsteps again. I became acquainted quite accidentally with a young man from Alaska by the name of Martin Koestler. We met in a church service; then went to a show. He said it was love at first sight, and likely it was; for him, not for me. The next morning, a lovely, smiling, warm (it was an unusually hot season) spring morning we went out on a private picnic; to talk and speak of each other's experiences. Mr. Koestler was 28, and he had also met with misfortune; not financial misfortune, but physical mishaps. He had gotten a small sliver of stone in his right eye, and it developed an infection. He suffered a great deal, and had to have it taken out. He had now given up his former work and wanted to buy a chicken ranch in Oregon. He asked me to marry him; but I was shy of men. I told him I was determined to work, in the least for awhile; but if he continued to have the same idea after three months, I might consider. However, I said, no engagement, adding that it seemed to bring me bad luck. It was strange talk for two young people; but he was no wolf. I for my part did not wish to be entangled. So he told me he would leave for Oregon and on coming home from the picnic he begged me to accept a present. I hesitated, but he bought it, nevertheless. We bade each other Good Speed, and I thought, there goes one good man; but I am done with men! Speedily I got up the next morning and surprised my friend, whom I had met at Emily C's at Winslow, by entering her home. I spent a very pleasant day and night and in the morning took an early car, filled with workmen working at the fill at some lake or canal at Lake Union. I

stood for a long time at Pioneer Square, waiting for the Alki Point Car; when spoken to by an elderly man, white hair; thin and ascetic looking. A pastor, I guess, I thought; when he came closer "Listen," he said, "I will give you \$10.00 if you will go with me?". My indignation was great, and I told him in a few well chosen words, how low he was. "Well", he answered, "I thought you may be one of those -- well", but he apologized. Then luckily I remembered that I had promised my employer to see her and go to her home in West Seattle, via the ferry, accompanying her eldest son, Philip, who would be home for the Easter vacation. Mrs. Gardener was brisk and efficient. She arranged to have my stuff brought from the warehouse to her home at Walnut Ave., West Seattle, and I surely envied her businesslike ways over the phone. I decided to really do my best for her; because she surely was one of nature's noble women. In that I was not mistaken. She was a rare woman.

I ENTER WEST SEATTLE!

"Bride of the Ocean, Seattle!

Maid of the Hillside, Seattle!"

As I stood on the wet deck of the West Seattle Ferry and listened not so attentively to the small or not so small boy's talk, I wondered how this new home of mine would be. I asked Philip, who was a fine boy, about the governess, Mrs. Curtis. Oh, she is swell, was his answer, and I thought, of children shall you hear the truth. She was a fine woman, a little lame in one hip, with a husband setting up a chicken ranch in California. Meantime she earned her keep and was a great help to everyone who knew her. I shall always think of her as a kindly and noble woman, unable to think or do anything evil. She had care of the 2 smaller children 3-5 respectively; also she had charge of the menus; of phoning for the provisions, while my duties were to cook, wait on table, and keep the house in order. It was no idle post, I must say that, and in order to facilitate the routine, Mrs. Gardener had written out a routine for every day. I must say, that although I adhered strictly to it, I improved a bit on it, at times, with her entire approval, because being a strict business woman she could well understand that some duties take longer time under different circumstances. I had always been an early riser, requiring no alarm clock, and no one to call me in the morning. Mrs. Gardiner refused to believe it, as she had had to call the girls in the mornings with the help of an alarm clock. Now, however, she could enjoy sleep to 6 A.M., which she appreciated. She and Phil had breakfast every Monday; after that, until Saturday morning, she ate alone; then she walked down to the car-stop, later taking the ferry to the Alaska Dock, where her office was situated. Precisely 7 P.M. she was home, ready for supper, except for Friday and sometimes Monday, when she brought some choice seafood hornet such as salmon, halibut, sturgeon, etc. She taught me to fry fish by deep frying method; although I excelled in cooking fish, even by the skillet method. In May we had the place renovated and her husband, who traveled, came home for a visit -- a long one. She sure loved that man, and he was rather handsome. I could have stayed on there for years, enjoying a happy, if somewhat humdrum life of a domestic; but I have always become inter mingled with love affairs. Why, I don't know. I never hunted for the male sex, they just happened along on varied occasions. Enjoying one Sunday out; I hardly ever went out Thursdays, and on occasion gave up my free Sundays, when unexpected guests, such as the Catholic Father, or such, arrived; but this particular Sunday, Mrs. Gardiner herself made to go out; Although I'd rather stayed hornet and avoided unwelcome adventures. However, I took a car, and hardly had I boarded it, I hear someone say "Hello, Kid" to my extreme annoyance. But I continued, looking at the man with a basilisk eye; he was

evidently not American and although I had only been on my own about nine months; I could and did speak English, or American, quite fluently. Arriving at Pioneer Place, I was hailed by a known voice, it was that of our hired man, who was in Seattle, arriving from Chehalis; where he had been working; and not that alone, but also lost his indigestion and ill health, and had acquired a sweetheart, or so he said. She, not being on hand, he asked me to go with him to a show. I didn't care to go, so he invited me to have a bite. You are always asked to eat, when you are not hungry; we had had a splendid dinner of roasted young ducklings with all trimmings; and I only wished a small helping of ice-cream, while he ate, I don't remember what. After that we passed a photographer, and he suggested we have our pictures taken. First one alone of each of us; then both, just for the lark. One sure is foolish when she is young. That done we walked slowly toward Pioneer Place, where I wanted to take the Alki Point car and be home in time. Monday was a busy day, with washing and baking and God knows what, and Phil home, leaving for the Catholic school for a week, and enjoying a hearty breakfast. Then an irate voice hailed us. It was Mr. Findlay himself, in person. I had hoped never to see him again and asked him curtly what he wanted. He said he had a small ring of mine, that he wanted to give back, and also he said, we were still engaged and he had been looking for me everywhere. I was entirely disgusted; I had never loved him and getting married to a man 42 years old was not to my taste, and I told him so. Also I told him that his temper was atrocious. He sure got mad; and my escort asked me if I wanted him beat up. I said, "No", "We don't want any trouble". So he begged me for my phone number and address, I said he could come and get his presents back. With that he departed and I was good and mad. I should have gone home, but changed my mind. I walked slowly down to the Colman Dock to see the 'Florence K.' once more. Moored quite close was a big ship, "The Glory of the Seas". Suddenly I heard a voice say out of a blue sky and clear sunlight "Do you like ships?". It was a man about 35 year's old, medium stature, dark hair and hazel eyes. I didn't answer, but slowly walked away (like the pig from the drunkard). But he followed, speaking very politely, saying he liked ships a lot and often came down to look at them laying for anchor. He was in the real-estate business, and was divorced, or so he said. He asked leave to escort me home, wondering what kind of man he really was I let him take me home. After knowing him 2 weeks I was still wondering. After that time went on as usual. Monday forenoon Mr. Findlay arrived, looking very penitent. But I had no mercy for him; I gave him his things, not asking for my ring, saying I did never want to see him again. He was more mad than I ever seen anyone. It was a very beautiful and early summer. The stranger; his name was John Davidson, or Davis, often came to see me; although not taking me any place. We went out on the street, into a park, where he would sit and smoke his pipe contentedly. He surprised me one evening by speaking of marriage. I said I'd consider it, and he took me home, early as usual; we did not keep late hours. Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner were on the porch, and saw us. Later my employer said she would like to speak to me. I said yes, was anything amiss. She said. Did I know that man? I replied, yes, slightly. Well, she said, she had seen him, as they both were members of the chamber of Commerce and she didn't think that I should go with him, He surely would never marry a servant girl, and well -- I knew what she hinted at. I resented it, but held my tongue; knowing I had 15 days left until I could find me another place, because come what may, stay with her I would not. I only answered that he was only asking for friendship, and until this day I don't know whether he was or not. Mrs. Gardiner and I never spoke of him again; but he came to see me once more, when she was out one evening. I told him promptly that she knew him; and he said he had recognized her, but it was none of her business. I told him then, that it was better we didn't see each other anymore, because after all, he could marry someone better fit to further his place in society. He looked at me strangely, then he said; I have a small house on Latona Ave., I'll give you the deed to it. But I did want it, like a fool, I must say, I was full of pride and

poverty those days. I said, No; I had no use for it. We shook hands, like two men might, and I never saw him again.

I spoke to Mrs. Curtis of that incident, and she said she thought Mrs. Gardiner was wrong. But in my heart I knew she was right, although not the way she meant. I knew that I was not the right wife for him, and he not the right man for me. I entertained no love for him, as I had loved none of those I had gone with.

A week of June had passed and I thought I'd visit my relative in Ballard. But I didn't get that far, I went in to a street meeting instead. Little did I know that those meetings were mostly for those of lower strata; at home I had attended meeting of that kind without any stigma attached to it. Later I sat on the bench at Pioneer Square, awaiting my car, that seems to arrive; when I observed a young man, simply dressed with a couple of newspapers in his hand. I thought he waited for a car; but then he spoke to me, the old familiar words: Haven't I met you before? I answered not, but boarded the car. He jumped after me; also boarding the car. Thus we were acquainted, and thus did I meet my husband to be for 25 years and the father of my 3 sons. Arriving home I went to bed, arose early and soon was very busy; it was Thursday and that meant a busy day, when not my day off. At 10 A.M, the phone rang. Mrs. Curtis took it. A young man asks after Miss Andrews, she said, shall I tell him you are not here. It would be no use, I said, he would just keep on phoning, and I answered the phone. From that day he phoned steadily on. Mrs. Curtis, good natured as she was, was bored thereby and Mrs. Gardiner was frankly mad. But I spoke very frankly to her, and explained that since I was not good enough for the people she knew by name, I'd marry somebody that was maybe not good enough for me. With that cryptic remark I left her staring. The next morning she was very polite and sweet, asking me whom the young man was, how old he was? What he was doing. Although it was none of her business, I remembered her past kindnesses and told her the truth. He was 24, the same age as me; or one year older, perhaps employed by Seattle Electric as track foreman. She did approve of this, recommending me highly for my sensibility, and offered to let me get married in her home. But I said, No, with Thanks. It would be too much work, too much bother. I put the place in good order, on the 15th of June, just 2 months after arriving at her home. I bade her and Mrs. Curtis farewell. They would never get a maid, who could rise early so easily they said, and they wished me the best of luck; giving me some money for the wedding. I responded in kind, still resentful toward her, which I had a right to be. I was resentful against society as a whole, and the fanatic deep eyes of my husband to be, I thought I saw a spark of Genius; to be handed down.

"I Enter Upon Marriage!"

"Let us not on the marriage of true souls,

Admit impediment" Shakespeare.

It was a beautiful, clear noon, when we both went up to the King County Courthouse, to get our license, to get married. Impediment was imminent right away, as we had not thought of taking witnesses along. We had then only known each other one week, and might both have been wed as far as the other knew. But my coming husband found a friend, who cheerfully perjured himself, swearing he had known us both for more than 10 years. It was late at night as we were married in the small Greek stone church at Lakeview Avenue, right close to the apartment building I knew quite well. Had Mr. Findlay then appeared he would have been slain. However, little did he know I was going to be married that eve; the 15th of June. Two

wreaths of sweet peas, white in color, were produced by the best man, a gift of my husband to be, and likewise 2 rings, not remarkable for anything but their cheapness. The bridegroom wore his best--a blue coat and green-striped peg top trousers and white shirt and yellow shoes and straw hat. I thought of John and his sartorial splendor. At last I would marry one no higher in society than myself. I had a white dress, fortunately, and a silk coat. We were both rather nervous as we entered upon our adventure and were interviewed by the priest who asked us a million intimate questions. Had we already consumed a marriage?

We said "No". Had I ever? ---- Indignantly I said "No", then - "Of course not". Would we be willing to let out children baptize. We said, "Yes". Did I have anything to bring my husband? I had my wages, I said, which weren't much by then. Well, he said, he'd marry us, although he didn't know if it was quite right to do so. So began the long and boring ceremony, lasting more than an hour. We kneeled on the hard, cold, stone floor, for what seemed an eternity; we were ordered to walk around the altar with candles in our hands, our rings were put on our respective fingers, and we were pronounced man and wife, admonished to be fruitful and faithful to each other. Then the priest kissed us both on each cheek, with his long hair and beard falling upon his silk cassock. He blessed us, received his fee, and out we walked into the warm night. Did I love my husband? Strictly - No., but I might later, I thought. So away we went to have a wedding supper. Lots of wine and beer was drunk and much love talk about weddings and such. I have never favored alcoholic liquors, but I did not object to see the guests partake. We had only a small room in a common apartment house in Olive St., to my husband it probably seemed better than those he had lived in before to me it seemed squalid. My childhood home had been but frugal, and the furnishings only old and few, but in the least they had been clean and decent. The hotels I had frequented, even the immigrant ones, had been cleaner than this. The red carpet with the faded roses that my new husband thought was so pretty was full of dust and probably billions of germs. I was animated, not by love or passion, but by a strong desire to clean the place up, in the least slightly. The next day I busied myself by doing just that. The adjoining rooms; a combination kitchen and small sleeping room were occupied by my husband's brother; who was about 12 years older than I, and of a lower mental capacity. This room was in the least worthy of the name "filthy". In this room, meals had been prepared and they evidently had been sleeping there also; my husband only renting the extra room when about to be married. All this I surmised, I did not ask them anything; because if I had had high hopes of this marriage; he evidently had been likewise buoyed up by hope of a better and in the least more clean and sanitary existence. They had one trunk, smelling terribly stale; I had one; also we each had a small valise. That was all our furniture, and as long as we lived in our furnished rooms we needed nothing else. Seattle was very hot that summer and I was not as yet acclimatized. The former summer I had spent mostly traveling; mostly on Bainbridge Island where the air was fresh and spaces were open. Cautiously I spoke to my husband and his brother. Was it not better to take a house? It was cheaper, and as they were furnished fare free, it could matter if out in the suburbs. But, no furniture, expostulated my husband, and furniture cost a lot. I was frugal and did not wish to impose too much expenditure upon two people who had only \$150. each in the bank for an emergency, and who desperately wanted to save a little money. I suggested second-hand furniture - 2 beds, some chairs, a couple of tables, an oil stove for the first 2 months, and some bed clothing. I had some linen myself, and of course some utensils. We were fortunate enough to rent a house, which already had a wood and coal stove for winter, and nothing else. There was a large garden, a bath-rub; but no inside plumbing, save the sink. It was no nice home, but in the least we had no bedbugs, and plenty of air. We moved in in July, and had a small housewarming for my husband's male friends. There were plenty of rooms; one dilapidated one, where we stored fuel, as the basements flooded every winter in that neighborhood; a large room with sink,

a combination of kitchen and scullery, no other name could fit it. Therein we put the oil stove and obtained boxes for our household items. It did not look so bad, when scrubbed. There was a bedroom for Bill, my brother-in-law, with a chair and small table we had no dressers. A larger bedroom for us, with 2 chairs and a table and the original kitchen with a very good stove in it we used a dining room and kitchen in winter. Then there was a large living room; in that we had a large table, our two trunks, covered decently and not looking so bad. An old rocking chair and a tiny table in a corner. That was all, but it was clean, and it was home. How much trouble we later experienced and how many adversities, I and my husband too, had to endure we had in the least a little more than a year of some poor happiness and a small amount of peace. The neighbors were two kinds. Some were Italians, who lived in dirt and squalor, spending but little money and eating frugally, but drinking much wine and having a lot of children. I never spoke to them; but one evening a kid, a boy about 5 or 6 years, fell into the flooded area beside the house. I was used to water from my childhood; waded in and pulled him out and he was up to his neck only and not much harm done. I took him into the kitchen and put an old sweater and a pair of old stockings on him, because no one was at home in his house. Why, I do not know, because he had a lot of brothers and sisters -- two or three younger than he -- and maybe the same amount older. Soon I heard a terrific rumpus and crying and yelling that 'Jimmy' was drowned. Hastily I went out and said No, he was with me, and the mother came running like a wild animal, thinking the worst. A perfect torrent of Italian ensued; I took the new dry clothes, we put them on him, and they departed with thanks, I am sure, if I could understand them well enough. From that day, she wanted to give me this and that; wine, fruit, and even invited me in to eat spaghetti; but I declined politely; I had plenty of everything myself, to eat, in the least. We began to buy a few things, some curtains for the windows, some clothes for all of us. The wages were but small, even for foremen. We spoke of taking a job on the Railroad, where the wages for a foreman was all of \$70.00 a month and free house rent, wood and water. My husband was not illiterate neither was he proficient in the art of book-keeping, which was necessary in order to keep a job of foreman on a lonely railroad. I assured him that I would be able to keep the books to perfection; which I also did later. But we hesitated. Meanwhile the winter with its floods; and snow and icy water, was gone and summer came in. There were flowers in the garden, and lots of tall grass; we could have raised vegetables, but they were so plentiful and cheap that we didn't care; especially as we thought of getting a better house to live in. I was going to have a baby in August; although it didn't bother me any, I had lots of things to do in preparing a small basket, clothes and so forth. August 6, 1912 my first son was born, with not too much trouble, and although I received but little care; I managed to get along. But then we had our first minor changes and adversities. First, the man who owned the house, wanted to sell it. The rent was but low, not much more than to pay the taxes, and the man needed money. He offered us the opportunity, but we did not accept it. So we moved downtown into a small flat of 3 rooms, not too squalid, at 8th and Olive Sts. But we were not destined to remain there long. A change was made in the personnel of the General Electric Co. of Seattle, and a new general foreman was put in office. He had his own friends to look after and as foreman jobs were scarce, in the least in winter, he laid my husband off, whereupon Bill also left the job. But my Husband was not without resources. Now, he thought, was the perfect time to secure a job as Railroad foreman. Soon he had obtained a situation as foreman on the Chicago and Milwaukee. It was yet in September and the weather was nice to travel in. We arrived with our stuff, the new baby and my cat, at Lake Chatcolet. A place known for its loneliness, and high altitude of 3000 feet.

Here we found a terrible state of affairs. The buildings were old construction barracks, not fit for men to live in. The wall was ventilated by cracks in the bare boards; the roof open to the four winds of heaven.

MEMORIES OF MY LIFE

By: Emily Andrews Thompson

Edited By: Bjarne Bidstrup

Below lay the lake, above the tall mountains. I don't know, if we had challenged fate and resolved to stay; but again fortune took a hand. The road master was notoriously mean and violent-tempered; my husband also was none too mild-mannered. The result was that he fired my husband before the month was up; and it was our luck, because that year the winter was extremely severe at Lake Chatcolet and we would never have survived there, in the least not the baby. The forest ranger, a nice, unmarried man, took us and our belongings across the lake in his motor boat, asking only for the cat. He had longed for a cat for a long time, he said. It was a very large female cat, tame and affectionate. I was glad to give her to this good man, who would feed her well - and who knows - she might mate with a wildcat of which there were many. So our work at Lake Chatcolet was over, and we set out for Spokane where my husband hoped to obtain a position on the Great Northern Railway. We had our poor and shabby household effects piled in the baggage cars, and boarded the train for Spokane; the baby yowling piteously all the while. Many a kind and elderly lady asked me that day what was the matter with that poor "darling" baby; suggesting various things such as 'safety pins', colic, wetness, hunger etc. Also suggested remedies, which they fortunately did not have on hand. They probably thought: "My, what an ignorant woman!", while on the contrary I knew perfectly well that the baby only cried because it wanted to! Maybe I was wrong; maybe my milk lacked the necessary vitamins. But at last we arrived in Spokane, and this time went into a rather nice hotel with no personal bath, but a wash basin, and plenty of hot water; and good heat, because it was now late in October and the weather had begun to turn cold. In that room I stayed about a week, not suffering any. I did not go out at all; but had the meals brought in from a Greek restaurant nearby; good, nourishing, delicious food which I needed to support the baby with decent food. It is a great boon to carry my own milk supply, I thought. Sometimes I let Bill look after the baby and went out to buy a few magazines and such; but it was all. I washed the diapers in the bathroom and dried them on the hot radiator. The baby was well fed, fat and happy. I regard that week in November as a very happy one; a sort of vacation in my life. I made all kinds of little songs to sing for the baby, and we were both happy. But now at last my husband had the job; the men, and the time to go was at hand. We took the R. R. again.

Sand Point!

"The road calls and you are mine!"

We arrived in Sand Point about the 15th of Nov. 1912. The section house was in very good condition and partly furnished with stove, sink and some built-ins, with a rude desk for the foreman to keep hooks, time books, etc. in. My husband began the Fall Inventory in earnest, as the snow might begin to fall at any time. Switches, culverts and many other things had to be looked after, and one day the road master arrived. A serious looking man about 35, named McGarvey. Many are the reports I had to write to this man, and I am not to forget the name so easily. He was a very decent man, coming from a good family back East. He certainly showed great patience when it came to my husband; and as he never knew that it was I who kept the books and wrote the reports, he likely thought Tom very well educated. But the one who brought us trouble and kept on doing it all his life was his brother Bill. He had a nature, at once dumb, illiterate and dense, and yet had a certain cunning; the Neanderthal man must have been his ancestor, and he, a throwback. He was exceedingly jealous; not alone of me, who after all he treated with a certain affection but largely of the other men at the section. In order to keep the men in the best of working pitch, the foreman must treat them fair. He must make them to work, not drive them as slaves, but neither be too indulgent, as then they would lose the respect for him and efficiency would be lost. Tom was a good

foreman but Bill was the fly in the ointment. Tom knew this; but would not fire his brother, preferring to endanger, even lose his position. This, I will say, endured to the end. The 15th of November frost set in. Clothes which I hung out to dry, froze stiff while I held them. Winter was in sight for fair. One day, while the sun yet shone, I walked into the town of Sand Point to buy some socks for the baby, the baby himself I carried along, and Bill escorted me, in order that no tramp, etc. should bother me. It was my last walk until February, for the snow lay very high. There was much to do, and much to be responsible for on a 8 mile section of track, especially in winter; but no season is free from troubles and worry. In the spring there are slides, in the hot summer and fall there are danger of fires. Eternal vigilance is here more than anywhere else the price of safety. Up early in the morning to see if the switches work; attending the snow plows that shovel the snow from the track; the wind is like ice and the men come in, feeling frozen. Then the fire is lit in the bunkhouse and supper is made; but in some cases one man remains behind and cooks and chops wood, draws water, for the foreman also; as well as for the bunkhouse; for which he draws full pay. Of course such time is never entered as such on the time sheets, but as something else, yet the road master never objected, because if they did they could hardly keep the men in winter. In the summer, however, the men did the work themselves; perhaps one went home early, but this was hardly practical when working far from the section houses. My husband and I spent a very happy Xmas at Sandpoint; but his very efficiency was his misfortune as he was sent to another section, farther west, where there had been nothing but trouble the whole winter. Arriving there, at the small town of Priest River, in the middle of a blizzard, we were greeted by the loud wailing of cats. They were snowed in under the house, and my husband opened a couple of planks on the porch. Two big cats came hurrying out, they had been under there since it began to snow, and were extremely hungry and thirsty. The house itself was poor and the floors were worn and full of splinters. We had a man to clean them; but it was nearly impossible to scrub them, they were so worn. The stove also was old and worn. My husband however found everything else in bad shape. There were no tools and the men were so used to taking it easy, so they simply wouldn't work. Then Bill got into his head that he was afraid someone would rob his deposit box, jointly owned by him and my husband. Vainly did we reason with him and at last my husband told McGarvey that we had to go to Seattle on business. Very well, said the road master, but tunder the rules of the R. R, we would have to leave for good. I did not like it; the weather had turned warmer; the snow was thawing and the sun was shining, and sitting by the window, I could survey Priest River, small as it was. But alas, I had no choice. One day we packed our clothes; the stove included, and boarded the train for Seattle, where the deposit box was located. On the way we were left high and not so dry by a snow slide in the Cascades and the trip was dangerous, We arrived in Seattle the 5th of March and took a furnished room, bedroom, small sitting room and kitchen, Unluckily, the baby had caught cold traveling and contracted a mild form of pneumonia. But it didn't last so long, and thence we moved into another furnished rooms, not so large, but warmer, and with a small gas stove we could use should we be cold. This was a rather imposing place, on the 2nd or 3rd floor, with large bay windows, where I could sit and look out on the street. The baby was rapidly getting o.k.; and as for me, nothing ever seemed to be the matter. Tom was out every day looking for a position which weren't so easy, as he got no references from the last one; but at last he secured one at Chiwaukum on the Chicago Milwaukee Road. We packed again and boarded our train. The place was a lonely place in the Cascades, frequented by bears and game. The house was large; but unfortunately we weren't there for long. Bill got hurt by a crane, when an extra gang was working there, and soon we were on our way to Seattle again, about the end of May 1913. My husband now was in bad with the company, as he had quit so suddenly, and to great inconvenience of the road master, who had relied on him to help get a new road

through. But he stuck with his brother, naturally, and in the end no one gained. There was no state compensation, as there is now, everywhere; and Bill had to sue the R.R. He had only one witness, and him he could not locate; the company saw to that. So, although he had had face disfigured and lacerated and several teeth knocked out, he obtained nothing. Neither could any of them obtain any work on the R, R., such as they wanted. My husband accused Bill of bringing bad luck, and he in turn accused me of changing their luck from good to bad. But it was evident that they had always lived this way, never making any headway, although Tom was a very good, practical foreman and could have keep his jobs infinitely hadn't it been for the unfortunate meddling by his brother Bill. But live without Bill he would not, and I don't blame him so much. They had grown up together and were much attached to each other.

Then one day we had a bright idea. Why not leave Seattle and try Portland, Oregon? We had to do something.

So we left for Oregon.

"We leave Seattle, and Embark for Portland, Ore,"

"Portland the beautiful, Portland the fair; Giving to strangers new hope, not despair!"

We had packed all our clothes carefully and our belongings were certainly so battered by travel that they did not amount to much. Unbeknownst I carried a souvenir from Washington; my newly conceived son, Thomas Arthur, his name to be. But this did not bother me, and I continued to suckle Conn; the first one. We traveled on the S.P.S. train by a free pass, wangled by Tom from a road master friend. The journey was tedious and the countryside was flooded, delaying our journey. But at last we arrived, walking down the streets of Portland, which then in 1913, struck me as being narrow and dirty. We bespoke a furnished room, resplendent with tiled sink and overlooking the blocks, but alas, there was a large colony of bed bugs also, eager to make our acquaintance in the heat of June. We determined to leave the City as soon as we could, our money getting a little low. My husband was remembered by a friend to see a certain road master on the O.R.W.R.M. commonly called the Oranen, pronounced hurriedly. I guess some money passed hands, anyway the 3rd of July we had the order and tickets in our hands, and early in the A.M. the 4th of July 1913, we bade farewell to the bugs, and boarded our train. The train was also full of soldiers going to training somewhere. Our destination was Station Rowena, Sec. 13. It was exceedingly hot and the sky was blue and cloudless. We approached the Section house, eager to see how the circumstances were. It turned out to be a nice small place, lying very close to a big peach orchard. There was a large garden spot and some fruit trees but no one ever raised anything there but plain H-II. The men wrestled on the grass evenings and Sundays, and there was a large and deep well with fine and healthy water. I can yet remember my husband stretching out in the cool grass, not knowing it was slightly infested with rattlers, and saying "At last we have found a nice place to live, we can stay here for years!" Little did he know the adversity he would experience, which cast a shadow over his life for a long time to come. But for the present we didn't know this and we were happy that we had found a nice place to stay. The road master was very much satisfied with my husband's proficiency in restoring the track to its original orderliness. He ordered an extra gang up there to help him and many new ties were put in. During this time, in August, Tom sustained a severe infection in his right hand, but after a trip to The Dalles to the doctor it subsided. We spent a night there as I wanted the doctor to see the baby, who had had an attack of malaria;

mosquitoes were prevalent in Rowena. The doctor also informed me that I could expect another baby in January, and that I absolutely must wean him. It was a farce as we could get no fresh milk in Rowena, but at last we were able to secure some of it from a very poor family; living like "poor white trash" as the negroes said. Their little girl came down with the milk every day, and collected the money for it. She had a splinter of wood imbedded in the flesh of her thigh, in a high state of infection, but her parents had done nothing, having no way of going to The Dalles. My husband, however, got her a pass, and the splinter was removed and she recovered quickly. I had thought I was poor, but this family had the real poverty; dirty, squalid surroundings. I have often wondered what makes some poor people so adverse to cleanliness; while some seem to draw strength from their poverty and succeed in spite of their handicaps. The road master was very easy to get along with; we had a fine crew of men, who were some kind of Slovaks, and unlike the Greeks and Italians, not afraid to labor. But nemesis followed us in the shape of Bill. He had another of his impossible ideas; worrying every day about us getting fired. It was quite unlikely, but it meant nothing to him. He was sure that he was right, and kept on nagging, saying my husband should himself use the pick and shovel so to get more work done. In the meantime I had succeeded in weaning the baby; the weather was getting a little cooler, and hobo's passing by said it rained in Portland. We had a grass fire, put out by me, and two passing tramps who came past, like pennies from heaven, or angels in disguise. The ranch owner gave me a bushel of good peaches, and a small red cat, named Ruffianus. Tora was very fond of that cat. I had canned the peaches; also some grapes and made some grape juice. I had in mind to see the doctor in The Dalles once more, as there was only about 2½ months to the baby's birth; and then the blow fell. We could no longer escape our misfortune. Bill had become more and more nagging, insisting that my husband take active part in the work. The 13th of November, indeed an unlucky day, I was surprised to see the hand-car come in too early. My husband had sustained a cut in the left eye from a piece of flying steel from an adze. We went to The Dalles immediately, but not before Bill had put a raw egg into the eye. That mess likely made an infection; but anyhow, the doctor ordered Tom to go to Portland and into a hospital. Bill went along; I was left alone in the house, in charge of the Section. I had kept the books anyhow, so it was not hard to send them out every morning and tell them to work on the roadbed, it was the work generally done in the fall; when the gravel was tampered down by the ties in preparation for rain and snow. After three days Bill came in on the train, telling me to go to Portland right away, as the doctor wanted me to come to the hospital, Bill was in hysterics as usual; and had steadily refused to allow an operation to be performed and my husband's eye removed. It was but a minor operation, but they considered it a major misfortune to lose an eye. Laughable, but none the less true. I went to Portland and took a room in the Olympia hotel, which I had seen advertised in the Oregonian. It was an old hotel, which once had been a fine place, but now was dark and gloomy, benefit of modern things but clean. After seeing my husband, I had to go back again; get a wire sent to the Road master; get one of the men appointed to acting foreman; and my clothes and things packed and ready to move to Portland. I was certainly not happy; but those two brothers were certainly over-hysterical. I was disgusted. We were again without occupation and just in the right time. I got an old house rented on Market St, newly papered and painted, costing \$15. a month. It was too big though' or so I thought, and also cost too much. We stayed there Xmas and then went out, walking around to find a smaller and cheaper house.

I found one at last and it was at 249½ E. Adams St. This house is now gone and new streets are laid where its garden once stood. It was a small roomed house, with a small front porch, bedrooms, a living room and a kitchen; also a small pantry and a toilet on each side of the small back porch. The tub had been used for coal evidently. There was also a small woodshed right by the kitchen door -- empty, of course. Soon we

were installed; the stove set up, a heating stove also set up, small and cheap, but still giving heat in the small rooms, Ruffianus too was there, getting more and more to look like a Persian cat, and walking stealthily around, looking for rats. I scrubbed the house thoroughly, hung up the faded curtains that had seen so many different places; we had little furniture so it was laughable; but I had a basket for the baby to come; and after a rather slow and difficult birth, he was at last born into this world late Monday eve, 26 Jan. 1914, same date as General McArthur. For some obscure reason I sustained a slight and short attack of a fever; but it didn't last long. However, the doctor absolutely forbade me to get up before one week was over. It was hard to do; but I waited, laying in the bed and reading, later sewing a little, with Ruffianus at my feet. He had a great fondness for the boy, and later he slept at his feet, in the basket. Some say cats are bad for babies, but I don't think so. Anyhow, Ruffianus' mind was made up. He would not be driven away from the basket; and so he stayed there, faithfully following us wherever we went, until at last he was lost in the virginal pinewoods around Clatskanie, Oregon. Maybe someone stole him; maybe someone killed him; maybe he answered the call of mating and went to Clatskanie, there to establish a patriarchy of red Persian cats - I don't know.

Meanwhile the baby throve well, and we called him Thomas. He was short and chubby and extremely precocious; later he astonished all by walking at the tender age of ten months; also singing and talking, etc. very early. His brother Conn had walked at the age of 14 months; but then there was not so much difference in their ages. We had two babies now, and no position in sight. A new highway was to be made and my husband wanted to have a try and be a sub-contractor. Meanwhile, he had sued the R. Rd. Co. for \$2500. and the case had been appealed by the company. The attorney's name was one who later became very well known, Atty. Arthur I. Moulton; a brilliant young lawyer. The spring came very early in 1914; War was yet in the shadows.

"We go into the woods, by Clatskanie!" "Farewell to the crowded Town!"

My husband had none, or but a little, experience in making roads and highways. He had had plenty of experience in making R. Rd's and laying track, etc.; but as yet none in construction of highways. Yet, so persuasive was his approach that he procured a sub-contract; jointly with his partner, a Greek store and tavern keeper, named Mr. Marandas. This man had absolutely no experience at all, whether in handling men, nor in the technique of the job, but they compromised by hiring a foreman, experienced in handling highway crews, by the name of Donelly. This Donelly doubtless had in mind to super cede the two partners as subcontractor; finding it expedient to formant trouble between them, so that they might split and he obtain the job; in the least as head man. Irish, as he was, he looked down upon his employers, speaking to them patronizingly and encouraging the one who had the most money, namely Mr. Marandas. With Bill also in a minor charge and Donelly subtly trying to make trouble, it was no wonder; this venture came to no good. However, nothing ventured, nothing gained and the fact remained that we must by needs, try something in order to make our living. So again I prepared to leave the house at 249½ Adams Street, where my second son had been born. I packed our belongings, the baby basket, everything, and it certainly was well that we were not hampered by too much worldly goods; all this accomplished we spent a night at a good hotel, not unmingled pleasure, as Tom got good and drunk and I had my hands full with him and the two babies; but nevertheless, early in the A.M. we boarded the train for Clatskanie. I carried along "Ruffianus", who also, silent like a gentleman; except perhaps leaving a souvenir under the bed, had also

spent the night in Bill's room in the hotel. Cats were not allowed; but I managed to carry him and conceal him within the baby's blankets. It was fool hardy; but then, what isn't?

The conductor called out loud "Clatskanle" and we were at the station, which was right by the highway project; but some distance from the town of Clatskanle. We all went out, and I am sure I looked no better than I imagined. Mrs. Marandas' was there, a stout female, well dressed; Mrs. Donnelly, much thinner and about 35, but also well dressed. The Cinderella was I, encumbered with 2 babies and a cat. Well, I thought, let them snob me for the present, I did not desire their society much. They probably looked on me as an illiterate foreigner, while of course I was better educated than they. I was to keep the books; but with all that mess they came in, it was a terrible task. Men came, sent from Marandas office, who charged them as much as five dollars, because work was scarce and a small depression had made itself felt in Portland in the winter of 1913-14. It was Marandas idea, to cheat the men; to let them go, or charge them too much for their board, and drive them as much as possible. With that, which was illegal, and Mr. Donnelly's everlasting bickering with my husband, I could foresee the end. I only hoped we would make some money so that we could rent a place when we came to Portland again. The woods where we had our tent house was lovely; the pines were fresh and fragrant; the mornings were cold, and the men carried water from a small spring, sometimes I carried it myself. The camp cook, who knew me well, sent me milk, meat and such stuff, although sometimes they sent me a pot of cooked food, which Bill and my husband ate at the tent house. But sometimes and more often, I did the cooking myself, and Ruffianus became fat and sleek. The boys thrived in the woods and all seemed o.k. But then, it appeared that Donnelly had wired to Johnson, the superior contractor, that he had better to come down to look things over, as my husband was absolutely no good. On top of that the men began a small strike, in the least they stopped work, and Mr. Donnelly called on the sheriff from Clatskanle, complaining that the men were riotous and dangerous. The sheriff sent deputies to guard the camp, this at the cost of \$8.00 a day per man. He also offered to have a deputy to guard my tent; but I refused. If I was that scared, I told him, I should feel ashamed of myself. I certainly was not afraid of any Greeks, I despised them too much. In the midst of it all, Johnson arrived to inspect. He found all in very bad shape, except the books, which I had kept in good order. However, this did not help Tom any. He and Marandas were enjoined by law to have anything more with the contract to do; they having forfeited their rights by leaving for Portland to sue each other. The Portland News came out with a paragraph "Greek meets Greek" in Judy McGinnis' Court. But little good did it do them, they had lost the sub-contract and the invested money too, which was Marandas' and not ours. Ruffianus also was lost in the turmoil. Maybe one of the Deputy Sheriffs took him home; maybe he was shot by the men; or maybe he followed the mating call to the City of Clatskanie? No one knows.

We packed our belongings and went again to Portland. Luckily we had left some of our stuff in the city with a tavern keeper. I hunted around for a small house, cheap as possible, and at last found one. But it was too far out, so I found another at walking distance at 7th and E. Couch, I was a miserable place, but I painted the floors and cleaned it up good; yet it wasn't much of a home. Meanwhile, Bill worked a bit at the Linnton Lumber Mill, receiving \$2.00 a day for 10 hours work, having to leave the house at 4 A.M. so to arrive at the mill in time. My husband hunted long for a foreman job; it was an early and rainy fall, cold very early. By Nov. 1914, he was promised an interview with a Road master, who arranged to have a mock examination, because of Tom's loss of an eye. Such things are sometimes done; and he secured the job; which was situated at Grand Dalles, just across from The Dalles, which we could reach by taking the ferry. My husband and I arrived at Grand Dalles with our small amount of furniture, and I was soon busy cleaning up the place

as it was very dirty. We arranged for credit at The Dalles, and thought ourselves very lucky to at last having found a place to live and earn our living. The pay was \$70.00 a month, and it was on the S.P. & S. R. Rd. It was the longest stay we made, before we at last had to be on the move again, and it also was the last time I was out on the road. The section house was large and there was room for two families, or for a very large one upstairs. I was never upstairs, we kept it locked. There was a good sized living room, a large kitchen, but no sink, and 2 bedrooms, 3 steps down there was a large room, built on to the house facing East, where we could pile wood, and store trash; also I used to wash down there. Also in the winter we stored coal there, that we secured from the freight cars stopping there, or sidetracked, then there was a fine chance to secure coal. It was not strictly legal, but everybody did it. My husband did get along well with the Road master, and also by the Division Supt. whose name was John Dwyer, and who later became manager of the S.P. and lost his son in the war later in 1918.

All in all we spent a happy winter there. The Columbia River froze stiff and hard for the first time in many years, and by the papers the train crews threw to us sometimes we could see that the winter was severe in Portland also. But the kitchen was snug and warm, and the boys played merrily on the floor, playing with the kindling wood, building houses and railroad tracks of them. They were very good, and I cannot remember them making any trouble. We had always plenty to eat and although I was busy having 2 men boarding also, I was on the whole happy. We left the children with them at times, Bill could be trusted, and took the ferry to The Dalles, where we bought provisions. Spring came on early in Grand Dalles and many Reservation Indians began to appear, catching and selling us many a fine salmon. The Indians liked Tora, but not Bill. Sometimes we walked along the track, until we came to a small village, where there apparently had been a start of building and establishing one such, but it had come to nothing; likely from lack of water and sufficient moisture. There were many small 3-4 room rustic cabins, with long dried-up, fenced in gardens, and dried up fruit trees around the house. Brambles grew in profusion; the wild blackberry alone had withstood the conditions that forced the inhabitants and owners of the dwellings to move away. Higher than the other, a small path up the hill marking the way to it, stood a house, much larger and more imposing than the others. It was my desire to go in there and inspect it, but Tom would not allow us to do so, saying it was empty of all but dust and cobwebs. It was this house I had in mind when I wrote "Abandoned Homestead!". I often wonder yet, and in my dreams I wander thru it, getting lost in a maze of rooms. It was two stories high, and someone must have lived there. One can almost visualize this little settlement, people breaking soil for the first time; then comes the terribly droughty summers and fall with 110-100 every day and not a drop of rain. The Columbia, narrowing at Celilo, so near, and yet so far. The Indians used to walk by the river in the shimmering heat, dousing their heads with water so not to collapse. Full of lice and fleas they were, and dirty to boot, their voluminous skirts incrustated with dirt. Maybe they are cleaner now; but one must realize that Nomads find it hard to keep clean. There is a streak of pure laziness and irresponsibility in the American Indian; and only the Squaws then worked. But in Greece, up in the mountains; and in other places in the U.S.A., among strictly white people, the same shiftlessness is seen, with women predominantly doing the work; while the men just rest. It is a kind of reversal to the cave-age; where the men went hunting, while the women crouched by the fires, keeping them burning. I kept my house clean, kept the books also, and kept them passing well.

By noon I would take the boys out in the shade of the house on the west side; where it was a bit cooler. On the northwest there were lots of rattlesnakes and once the section men shot a skunk, mistaking it for a rabbit. The men had to sleep out for some time. When it was dusk, we would climb up on the piles of ties,

there was a faint breeze there. The house was like an oven, and we couldn't even keep cooked meat for more than 24 hours, hardly that. It was one of Oregon's hottest and driest summers, then suddenly the railroad took on Japanese. My husband was fired and a Japanese foreman was put in his place. Honestly, I was glad to be able to go to Portland once more. My husband also received a communication from his lawyer, Mr. Moulton, that the Supreme Court had upheld the judge's (Marrows) decision. It was lucky, although I did not get much of the money. But it made the thought of moving away more pleasant, and it was with some hope of betterment that I packed our belongings, which were not so many, and prepared to go to Portland.

I took stock of the circumstances; we certainly had been much on the move these 5 years; and had experienced many adversities. That it was Tom's and Bill's fault, I vaguely knew, but did not berate them.

"We Take Up Residence In Portland!"

"City with a river's gem, In your zone of beauty set..."

It was a hot day in July 1915 that we again entered Portland; this time to stay. We took furnished rooms for a short while, but I soon rented a house in walking distance so-called at E. 9th & Davis. This was a 5 room house, with bay windows, and a small front porch, facing south. The row of 5 houses, all nearly alike, each had its little, fenced in backyard; the kitchen faced north; there was 2 bedrooms, a big living room and another bedroom, a pantry and toilet, but quite shabby; quite in line with our furniture. But the house was nicely papered, and not much infested with dirt; the kitchen and bathroom was paneled, half-paneled. I didn't like the place very much however, and I realized that in the winter the house would be terribly cold.

My husband had purchased himself a second-hand car; it had been his desire for a long time. He also advertized for a chauffeur to learn him or teach him how to drive. I shall never forget the long row of men wanting the job, standing outside our door, and wondering if this was the place ---. After some search I found a really nice little place, way out, at 7th and Alberta. But I had no luck because the landlady, living nearby, did not, as she said, like that kind of people, mostly meaning Bill, in her house. I was there only about 1½ mo. and then perforce I hunted again for a house, cheap and in a cheap neighborhood, at 12th & E. Oak Sts. It was not a bad house as houses go; very old. I doubt if it still stands, but newly papered; and painted inside. A nice looking big living room; a small hall and kitchen, a bedroom, another store room; a lean-to. I had this house fixed up quickly and I spent not a few happy hours there. But my husband did not like the house, because he could not park his car there. So again, in the spring of 1916, I hunted houses again. I went clear out to Mr. Scott on day, taking both the babies along on the street car, but my search there proved futile. But at last Bill found a place in the near slums of S. E. Portland at Grant St. and 8th. A poor house but good enough for us for awhile, I thought. Not so bad when new, I guess. A small hall, a front bedroom, another room where Bill slept, a pretty good kitchen, and a toilet. No bath and sink very old. The houses were duplex, in a way, so there were only Windows front, facing north, and the other Windows faced east. The other house had a more sunny location as the windows faced west. Well, at last we moved in; and the neighborhood was bad indeed. Italian's on one side, Greek's on another. For some unfathomed reason they thought I was a Jew, and hollered "Sheeny" but I got them silenced. I planted a small garden on the south 2-8ft., I guess, but nothing grew, not even weeds. Rats and mice were plentiful and under the Italian houses were plenty of dirt for them to frolic in. An unhealthy place, although I kept it clean enough,

but it was here that Portland's polio epidemic started just the same. Frantically I hunted for another place, but fate willed otherwise; my youngest son was born about, a month too early, Sept. 1916, and I had to stay for nearly a month longer in that terrible place.

At last Tom found another house, a large 2-story one, with garage to store his' car, and cheap to boot. However, when we moved in there I spied a quarantine sign across the street, "Infantile Paralysis". Well, I thought, no one may out run his fate. But nothing happened. The epidemic died down, on account of the very strict quarantine methods. Meanwhile we were getting very short of money. Bill worked in a sawmill, right close, but of course some way to walk, and the foreman used to let him carry a small bundle of wood, and good wood at that, home every night; if not, I don't know how we could have kept warm. I remember Thanksgiving came in; and Tom had spent nearly all his money, and Bill brought us something to eat. Xmas wasn't very much better; but then came the W. W. Steel Corp. shipyard strike. Then Bill and my husband got a bright idea. They would hire as strikebreakers, and when the strike was over, join the Union and have a Job. They had to borrow \$2.00 from a friend for fare; they were fed in the plant but slept at home, and Bill used to sneak a lot of sandwiches, cake and such, home to us because we had but little to eat. But the first payday we bought grub, wood and coal and everything; they even bought wine, as Oregon was going dry that year. After that, they obtained work and joined the Union as planned; and when U.S.A. declared war in the spring of 1917, there was plenty of work for all. The spring came early, and we stayed on. I used to take the children to a small moving picture show at Union & Morrison, but on the west side of the street. It was a little far to go, but I didn't care. Conn was big enough to like the show, but the others spent the time sleeping. Then we walked home. I always went to matinee, and of course only Sunday. It was but a little pleasure, but it was better than sitting in the old house.

At last summer came, and now Tom got the idea to sell his car. He had lost plenty of money on that Maxwell; but we planned to sell it and buy a house for the money, or part of it. We got \$150.00 for the car only, and it had cost \$750. But it was a good deal run-down and damaged, and as Tom was refused a driver's license, he might as well sell the thing. We looked long for houses; using the car until we had to give it up. I found several good places, but no; they did not like them. So they found a house with red roof; white with green facings, that took their fancy. That the house had no cesspool, no sewer, no plumbing never entered their minds; nor did they see that Although it was new, it was only an old shack improved upon, and added to. But all my protests fell on deaf ears. It was that house, or nothing. The sidewalk had a lien of \$85.00 and the unpaved street had a lien from the 72nd street viaduct, at \$150.00. Later the street was paved, and it cost \$300.00. A swell bargain -- yes, in reverse. But Tom was satisfied and I did not know all the bad news at once. He set to fix up the place and made wooden sidewalks (the house was about 100 ft. from the street) and he built or improved on the old privy, which was situated in the old woodshed. Gregory Heights was the name of the subdivision and it was not much developed then in 1917. The streets were unpaved; Sandy Blvd. was, or Roseway was, unpaved too, and very narrow. There were hardly any stores, nor anything; there was a small, portable school, not far from my house which was situated at what was numbered 671 N. E. 75 St. This house was destined to be moved, improved upon; cesspool dug, plumbing put in, porches and a new room built, until at last, weighed down by unpaid mortgages and abandoned by us, it crumbled down; was razed, and rebuilt. But all this took time. 14 years was the time I spent on that place, working hard; ridding the 50 x 100 plot of stones. Helping to dig a cellar so we could have a concrete foundation and basement. Keeping it painted and calcimined and clean as well as possible;

until at last fate decreed that I was to abandon that place, let my husband tread his own paths and seek another place to dwell in. It took time, because I hated to leave the place, but it was decreed.

"Of Our Life In 671 E. 75 N.1"

"I'll build for you a silversty, Honey", quote he!

It was on the 10th of July 1917 that we moved into our new home at 671 N. E. 75. The realtor, Mr. Gregory, was polite enough; he had been lucky to get rid of a half-finished house, and only I knew how hard it would be to live in a house with no plumbing, no accommodations of any kind, not even electric lights. But the weather was nice and warm; the grass was tall and the boys enjoyed playing in it. Little by little we put our meager furniture in place, set up the beds and the stove. There were built-ins in the kitchen, but the place was very small, and we were no small family. But anyhow it was in the country, nearly. There were woods in the next block, and the air was fresher than in the old near-slums. The neighborhood was respectable too; too much so for us, although we didn't know the low opinion the neighborhood had already formed about us. This was partly due to 3 things, namely:

1. The apparent look of poverty of our home, furnishings, etc.
2. The erratic behavior of my husband and Bill, always fighting and using loud language.
3. My own dumbness in having been extremely asocial, and not trying to have anything to do with the neighbors.

But one can hardly introduce one's self into society, and I have always been a lone wolf, or cat, that walks alone.

Yet, the neighbors erred in holding me to blame; the one to blame was my husband. Since he had his eye removed, he had changed fundamentally. In 1917, when we had been married more than 5 years we got along passing well; yet his overbearing and often disrespectful ways caused the neighbors to look down upon me even to the extent that they doubted we were legally married. But one hardly knows anything of that kind; I for my part did not get any knowledge of the low slander, before but after joining the Unity Presbyterian Church at 72nd & Sandy. But then it was too late, the damage was done. I have hated everybody since I was done wrong, and the fault when it comes to a showdown, was my husband's cowardly disloyalty, exposing me to circumstances not of my own choosing. But, being busy raising my children; nursing my husband when he was sick; cooking, washing and keeping the house in order. So, what the neighbors said and done did not at that time impress me very much. Yet it was the core and kernel of much of my suffering, and the theme of it was injustice. Of course there are many cases, where the husband does not give the wife her due and consideration, and there are as many cases where the neighbors do not favor a newcomer; yet very seldom does those combine, running in a vicious circle « The husband saying: "My wife is no good, because the neighbors don't like her"; while the neighbors opine: "This woman is no good, because her husband does not show her respect or consideration". Those facts embittered my life for nearly 20 years, and the reason I did not sink under this burden was that I loved my children above all. But I digress.

It is not to be supposed that those adversities came all at once. But early did I say with the poet: "It is coming to know he never did know, seeing at last that he never did know, and never could understand". I could liken myself those years to a man upon whom a heavy load was laid, and the command was ever to

go ahead until the appointed end. There was no going back. Well, I knew that I could not support the boys myself; I knew that I had to submit, until the time was up. But the first years were not so bad. Bill worked steadily and Tom did also work for a while until, in 1917, two incidents held up his work for a while. First, he was unjustly thought to be an unfriendly alien by the men at the shipyard. Only by asking them to wait until he could procure his naturalization papers could he avoid being thrown in the Willamette River. Next, the fall of 1917 he got a bad case of bronchial pneumonia, and in those days, when no sulpha drugs and such were to be had, pneumonia really was something. He spent 1 month at the St. Vincents hospital, for which Bill paid, maintaining him in a nice, private room, himself staying in our home; where he stayed with but few intervals, all the years of our marriage. In 1920 we had the house moved close to the street, a cesspool built and 2 porches, a bedroom and water closet added. It cost quite a good deal of money, but they were again working. Tom did never work steady, and Bill paid much of the expenses. The same fall of 1920 the 2 boys began to go to school.

But the new life closer to the open spaces had its advantages. In summer we went out afternoons, wandering into the cool woods; then, not yet laid out for building purposes. Sometimes on Sundays and evenings my husband would go along, condescending for the none's to be seen with his family. But generally we went alone. We did climb Rocky Butte, although it was hard to climb then, but we all arrived at the top and had a good view of Portland. On our way down we were assisted by a troop of Boy Scouts who doubtless considered it a good deed for that day. When Will was small he rode in the baby carriage; we sometimes also had some refreshments under the seat, and once a small black cat named Baby Tom. But when we moved the house Baby Tom ran away and was succeeded by a black female by the name of Tassie, who in turn was joined by her daughter, Persis, a smoke-gray Tabby. From her 2 male kittens were born, one gray and another silver gray. Those cats we had for a long time, and we also picked up a small Malty cat. Later the 2 older cats died, but the Malty was faithful to the last. But I digress.

The first winter we had was not so bad; the winter of 1918 was only fair, but the winter of '18-'19 was extremely cold, 9c below the zero point, our water frozen at the source and the pipes cracking. It was a terrible job to get them all fixed, and meanwhile our next door neighbors were complaining to the police department, that we lived under unsanitary circumstances, and ought to move. But since we had purchased the house, they compromised by us promising to move the house in the spring and have a cesspool dug. This we did, but not before '21, as we had unexpected expenses, paying the cost of the viaducts, many miles from our place, but such is life.

Under those circumstances it is understandable that I did not purchase any clothes for myself at all, except when actually needed to clothe me. I had not and indeed had no opportunity to know that second-hand clothes could be had at the Salvatton Array, or Paul de Vincents stores for the poor; if there were any of that kind before the depression. The boys however got clothes, as well as I could manage. They were now getting older, Conn was nearing 8 and Tom was nearing 7, when some of the teachers in the then only small Gregory Heights School did call on me, asking, if not demanding, that I send the boys to school. Naturally it had been my intention, and I said so. The school was close by at 74th and Siskiyou, no busy street crossings were near, and it only needed money for books, clothes, etc. But I promised the teacher they would be there. O.K.

"I Send The Boys Off To School!"

"Happy golden-rule-days!"

It was a foggy day in Sept. 1920 that I got the boys dressed and escorted them up to the portable school houses. I had money enough for books, crayons etc, procured from Bill, as Tom was not working then. Conn and Thomas both had new suits, purchased at Lipman Wolfe's basement; new shoes and caps also. Thomas was inclined to linger awhile; but Conn said manly enough, "Let*s go, Thomas!". They were inducted, and later on repaired with their lists, down to the drugstore at 72nd, where the supplies and books were to be had. They both hailed school as a joyous adventure, ready to study with the best. At the graduation in January; Conn was skipped to 2B, but wanted 3A and 3A he got, purchasing the books while Thomas also was allowed to skip to 2A. And so they remained, the one a year ahead of the other, always good friends. They repeated the stories the teacher told them; they drew pictures with their crayons and they enjoyed school to a high degree. Thomas absorbed learning easily, hardly ever studying much at home; but Conn prepared his lessons studiously at home. And so the days passed until vacation time.

Meantime, I had taken courage and asked Mayor Baker to give Tom a job in the park or former racetrack, which now is the Rose City Golf Course. This helped us a lot, and we were able to get the cesspool dug and set the house moved and fixed. But it did not last long; my husband embroiled himself in some difficulties with Mr. Kalsner, the boss of parks, and so he was fired and another man put in his place. From then and until about 1923 he endeavored to secure some miscellaneous positions in lumber mills and other places, never staying long in any position, relying on Bill to get the money for home expenses. From 1923 to 1926 or so he and Bill worked on highway construction. They were fixing Sandy Road, as it is now Roseway, or Sandy Blvd., on that project they were working as laborers; later on my husband secured jobs as foreman on highway and construction gangs, on lumber R. Rds, and such, where there were no examination necessary, as the loss of his eye precluded him getting a job as R. Rd. foreman on the Main Lines. But generally some adversity or misfortune set in, such as trouble with men; with the Road master and even with the employer. Meanwhile we lived so to say from hand to mouth. We got the home paid for at last and one summer's wages enabled us to pay the back taxes; then the street was paved, and we had to raise a mortgage on the home in order to pay our share, which roughly amounted to \$325.00. We took a mortgage up about \$750.00, but of course there were extras, and we got no more than about \$500.00 in all clear, Although the mortgage was for \$750,00; payable each month \$7.50. It seemed easy, a small house rent, but then there were also taxes to pay and no work for some time, My husband decided to change the mortgage Company, getting another and bigger mortgage onto the house (those were the days of easy loans and inflation, all well as speculation) and that mortgage was payable by \$12.50 a month, quite a large sum when you don't have it. But anyhow, so I reasoned, we'd have to rent the house anyway.

The boys grew bigger and I took to raising chickens and later on some rabbits, also the boys raised pigeons; and with all that we had some extra meat, when no money was at hand. In 1923 all the boys contracted scarlet fever, and my husband got erysipelas and we were all strictly quarantined. The year before my husband had gotten double pneumonia and we had been forced to apply to the Public Welfare for some help. Jobs were now getting scarce, yet Bill got some money working as a bldg. laborer. Without that we surely would have starved. The boys got bigger, and in 1927-28; first Conn, then Thomas, graduated from the Gregory Heights School, yet Will remained, never to graduate from that school. The boys made a little money hunting for lost golf balls and also selling same) by picking berries and cucumbers in season. In 1928

Conn went with his father out on a contract and made some money. But then in the late fall he went with another boy to John Day, and suffered a great deal freezing and in need of food. When he came home he was tired of roaming around and got a job in a bowling alley, while Thomas got a job in a golf course, the Alderwood. Golf was in style then, with tournaments and everything, and Thomas earned a good deal. In the spring of 1930 Conn got a job on the R. Rd. taking up a track} the work was hard, but fortunately it was a mild winter. He made about \$100.00 in all, and we paid 5 months for that miserable old house. It was just as bad as throwing good money away I thought because the house was steadily deteriorating. The windows and doors too were in disorder, the windows cracked; the stove broken. We had no chairs to sit on, only boxes. I became very tired of the place, and resolved to get rid of it in some way. Meantime, my husband wasn't working at all. He had founded, together with somebody else, "The Progressive Citizens League". He had a small office downtown and tried to get members who would pay \$100 a mo. or even 50\$ to come in. But no, the depression was coming into being and other people too suffered from no work and no wages. Good homes were sold - furniture was pawned and soon we were in the midst of an all encompassing depression. So naturally my husband found none to join his League, but he found plenty of women, who thought he had some money or pull, and took up with him.

From 1928 to the day I left him, there was an unending chain of one woman after another, giving or lending him her money; money which she had either earned or inherited in form of pension, insurance or such. It mattered not from whence the source; my husband spent it all gladly; sometimes giving us a little, sometimes taking it all himself. And so it went until the fall of 1931.

"I Strike Out For New Places, and Do It Alone!"

"Ready I stand for the Journey, I have said my farewells!"

The summer of 1931 was one of the worst summers of non-earning that the nation ever had; it was also the very worst summer I had experienced in my whole life. Early in the summer the boys acquired a second hand car that their father got very cheaply; \$12.50 was the pay, just one month's rent. Conn liked that car, and for the first time in years he sang a little song "And the wind blew though' his whiskers just the same --. Where he heard it I don't know. But it was this car, which later proved useful to, that started us into trouble and out again, and which furnished the impetus, which made me to hunt for a house with hardly no money on hand at all and to find one at last.

One evening in August Conn and a couple of kids went out in the car, and the purpose of this, which was not known to me, was to "Get" some blankets for his friends' summer cabin. So they used Conn's car. When the police interfered they arrested them and it was only by drastic methods and the little "pull" we had that we got them out of the trouble. They would not tell; but I had no such scruples, I knew the boys who would have benefited, and who cowardly enough ran out of town when the police interfered. They had so much pull so the authorities let the thing go; the blankets were recovered anyhow and they let it pass. But I wanted to get out of that neighborhood, and away from that gang of boys. So I began to hunt for a place to live. My husband had been living with another woman and I that I'd just let the house stand, and go. I hated to leave it, poor as it was, but there was nothing else to do. I had a little money that my mother had sent me back, and although the sum was very small I decided to risk it, and move. It was not easy, but then I had to. At last I found a house far away from our why it would soon be here, I took the opposite

view, claiming it would be long and strenuous work to get rid of the depression. Time proved that I was right and the others were wrong, but I received my dollar and used it for some meat, for everything was cheap those days, when no one had the money to buy the cheap food. With that, I had to feed a family of 4, besides myself, and of course the cats. Everything we bought was reckoned in advance, and the C.W.A. money was only used for gas for the car, and house rent. Some lucky days, there was sawdust to carry, and then we bought baloney, peanut butter and meat for the evenings; but when no sawdust was to be carried, we fell back on the \$2.50, it was, roughly speaking, 50c each for a week. The boys also smoked, as did Bill; Will did not smoke. Our pleasures were few; it consisted most in fixing homemade radio sets, and even I could fix crystal sets; this was the very humble beginning which emanated 3 good radiomen; never studying anything special, but taking to radio-technique as ducks to water.

The winter of 1932 was hard enough; Will suffered from sore throats often, and even my health was punk, although no one knew it. Starving is not quite healthy. The whole winter of 1932 my husband spent in Seattle, where he had gone with a woman a little younger than he. I was 46 then, and he a little older, I guess the woman was about 40. She had money and she supported him that winter, but at last they tired of each other and he went over to my place. The old house at 671 still stood there, untenanted and possessed by no one. School children had broken the windows, the roof had gotten big holes in it, and in short it was headed for razing and nothing else. I felt sorry many times, but no one can not regret what has to be. When my husband came to the house in 5030 S. E. 60th he did not stay long. He soon acquired a new woman and went with her, and was in turn supported.

In the summer of 1932 we went out to pick berries and made a little, though' not much, money; also we got the C.W.A. work steadily. But in the fall of 1932, Conn wanted to go with a friend to Phoenix, Ariz. having heard the climate was excellent. They both ended in a California Hobo Camp; while sometimes I wonder if my life hadn't been more pleasant if I had humbly stayed at home; married a simple decent man. But be she not accused - how was she to know.

My love of love; because I was in love with love, not with men. This dominated me for many years. My marriage could have been happy and successful, the fact that it was not so, remains. It may have been my husband's fault; it may have been the fault of my husband's brother, who loved him to excess; but I am not free of blame either. Not that I was faithless, not that I was undutiful I simply did not give him my full love and I will add: He wasn't worthy of any good woman's love; he was in love with only one person: Himself! Not long ago, he asked me to remarry him; even tried to make love to me. I thought: Is it possible that once I cried because he never treated me like other husbands treated their wives. It is possible that once I wished I could tear my heart out to erase the name love had written upon it! I did hate him once - no longer. I only wish to have nothing to do with him. I quote with a few variations from William Blake, the mad poet:

"Never seek to tell your love,
Love that never told can be;
Love is moving like the wind –
Silently, invisibly!

Never seek to tell your hate –
Hate that never told can be;

MEMORIES OF MY LIFE

By: Emily Andrews Thompson

Edited By: Bjarne Bidstrup

Hate is driving like the wave;
Silently, relentlessly!

Never seek to sing your grief
Grief that always mute will be
Grief is weighing like a stone
Still - and inexorably!"

Passion is life - life itself is Passion.

Third, the love for my children, surpassing all the other loves. I loved my first born son greatly, he was a good child, reasonable, thoughtful; kind to all, unafraid of labor. He was clever, yet not cunning; deep, not shallow and brilliant. In school he progressed well, but had to study for it. He has suffered physically already, going cursed like many deep thinking men, with bodily Infirmitities. My 2nd son, I also loved, he was truculent, pugnacious; yet gentle. He was rather precocious, never had to study so much. He faced life's realities early, taking much responsibility upon himself. He entered the 3 C's; he worked on the W.P.A. thro' the depression, supporting us all, and he enlisted as radio material in U. S. Navy in 1942, mastering Math and other scientific subjects with ease. Conn was a thinker in the abstract' Thomas, in practice, in concrete. The Will, my third and last. I loved him passionately, deeming him my compensation. Before his birth I read the works of Walter Scott:

"The bower of Burd Ellen
Has moss on the floor
That the steps of Lord William
Be silent and sure ----"

I was determined to call him William, long before he was born. He was my son of starvation, of adversity, yes, and of abuse. He should have been my compensation, but alas, he was not. Thomas was the one who thought kindly of me; who for my sake, as well as for his brothers; knowing that I would not wish them to want; worked through the depression in an obscure menial capacity, hardly befitting his capability. Yet, not to put too much blame on me, many good men, and well-educated ones, held menial positions during our depression. But Will had no love, neither for me, nor for menial work.. As soon as he was able to make his own living, he left and married. Ungrateful? Well, only thoughtless. And this was all.

At Last I Am Free of Tom And Free of Bondage!

"For a woman, I was too much of man - And you for a man, was too much woman - !"

It was New Years Eve, '34-'35, that the door slammed after T. T. and Bill. I had done It, I felt, and irrevocably committed myself to a life alone, and only a partnership with my sons. It was but a gloomy New Years Eve, but the boys went out, and I too walked down town.

I went into the Playhouse (shows were cheap then) and sat thru the show until it closed a little after 12. Then I walked home, and as I walked I heard young folks singing the then popular ballad "There's a tavern in our town--".

I thought faintly that upon my grave could also be written: "And tell the world I died for love ---" because love had never been my potion. I had had many lovers, but never any who made me happy.

Now I stood alone; without mate, without love, and last but not least, without money, without means. I had hardly any food in the house, and on Jan. 2 I betook myself to the welfare unit at 611 N. Killingsworth. I found this to be a big place, filled with all kinds of people, some dejected, some turbulent, all rebellious of the treatment they had, The Woodstock Unit had been like a happy family, with smiling and decent welfare workers, treating the applicants fair, and the applicants themselves treating each other fair, patiently waiting their turn, writing their names as they came. Here it was different. The lists were laid out about 2 P.M. and then the people waiting, especially the men, rushed on like raving wolves, to write their names first, even seizing the papers, carrying them into corners and signing their names.

My own life has not been much. I have accomplished but little, I left but small coin to Immortality. My life was truly beset with adversities, grief's and sorrows; yet they now seem only minor as my life is nearing its end, when and how and where I don't know. I could summon life's philosophy up in these lines:

Seek not for constant gladness
You seek in vain
Joy is mated with sadness
As sunshine and rain!

Wish not for a tearless morrow
A thorneless way;
Love is mated with sorrow
As night with day.

Wish not for cloudless skies
unbroken mirth;
Beyond all laughter lies
The sadness of earth.

Love begets sorrow and the sparks of the eternal spirit fly far and wide.

I often wish I could have captured forever my small joys of life: The joy of work well finished and done; the shining happiness of my childhoods mornings, looking eastward; the sun bridging the sea in a golden path. One night in July, my lover coming to meet me in the fragrant dusk. One morning in the sunny Seattle, fresh and fragrant, the wind blowing free, eastward from the Pacific. The joy of seeing my children play happily and later listening while I tell them bedtime stories... But why continue, I will always remember.

Sic Transit, Gloria Mundi, thus all earthly glory passes. My sons grew up to men, married and went away. Two to Venus and one to Mars. What lies before is hidden in mist, behind me lies twilight. Some people can make big tragedies of life, some big successes. I have done neither. I have met adversity and gone ahead,

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despite it. My life has been subservient to 3 loves; my mother, who ruled my life until I, against my own inclination, left her and my native land. Brave woman, she thought it would be the best, and perhaps it was; yet Thomas and I kept the home fires burning. In the early spring of 1933, Thomas went into the C.C.C. Camps, and stayed there for 18 months, contributing \$25.00 to us, and only \$5.00 for his own expenses. It was not so easy for him. Conn came home with exactly nothing in May 1933. Then I set aside pride and went to the welfare center at 55th & Woodward and applied for a weekly allowance. I was happy to receive \$6.00 for 2 weeks steadily and also some meat; pork was then distributed, and sometimes beef, though not much. Conn also had a bit of work in the bowling alley, but else we had starved before I went to the welfare. However, that summer I picked berries too, and Conn got some C.W.A. work for the house rent.

It was a very rainy fall and the early winter of Jan. '34 was extremely cold and severe, as the one of '33 had also been. For a while Conn got a job in the S.E.R.A., and then the welfare was discontinued. However, he lost that job, and then I applied again. T. T., my husband, had a good job as foreman, but gave us nothing. On account of that he lost the job, and then he acquired a certain disease. But nothing loath, he continued to attract women, getting from one of them as much as \$900.00. Now the summer of 1934 was coming on and Thomas was coming home from the C.C.C.'s. He and we all were happy to be together again, but I had decided to go to another place to live. The house was in need of repairs, and I had applied for a loan at the H.O.L.C. However, they did not grant it, because I had no steady occupation or income. So I thought that paying \$12.50 a month for that old house, laying so far out, was no use, and having a little money saved up (God knows how) I looked for a better house. I liked to have one close in but not in the very slums; and at last I found one. It was old and not modern but quite well kept; what attracted Thomas most was the concrete garage under the house. That cinched it for him. Also, the house was cheap, houses were on a last low, in 1934: \$950.00; \$50. down, and \$10. per month. I remember Thomas saying that that house would we pay for, and he was the one who furnished the money. The house itself had been o.k., when homes only were so-so - and people lived a little for work, and not solely for pleasure. There were 2 bedrooms - 2 living rooms, kitchen, pantry and toilet. There was a bathtub, hot water heater; and 2 stationary tubs in the basement, with hot and cold running water faucets. It was frugal, but not squalid. The garden was only an empty expanse; there had been a few fruit trees, but the neighbors had purloined them away. But I had trees, raised in 671 - E. 75 - transplanted to 5031 S.E. 60th, and now I transplanted them again to 3963 N. E. 9th Ave., my dwelling place. T. T. had helped me to move, we used his auto and our old Chevrolet; he and Bill had stipulated that they wanted one bedroom, where they both could sleep, like boarders. They did not for a moment think it queer that I, still the undivorced and unseparated wife, should play the role of a landlady, while Bill took my lawful place. I stood it for a while; then I saw red. Not that I wanted that diseased wreck; but that I did not want to have them in my house, insolent, drunk and disorderly, with lots of money, while I worried about the rent. New Years Eve, 1934, I gave them their luggage, opened the door and said Goodbye.