ALICE EDNA BERRY

The Bushes and the Berrys

LOS ANGELES · MCMXLI

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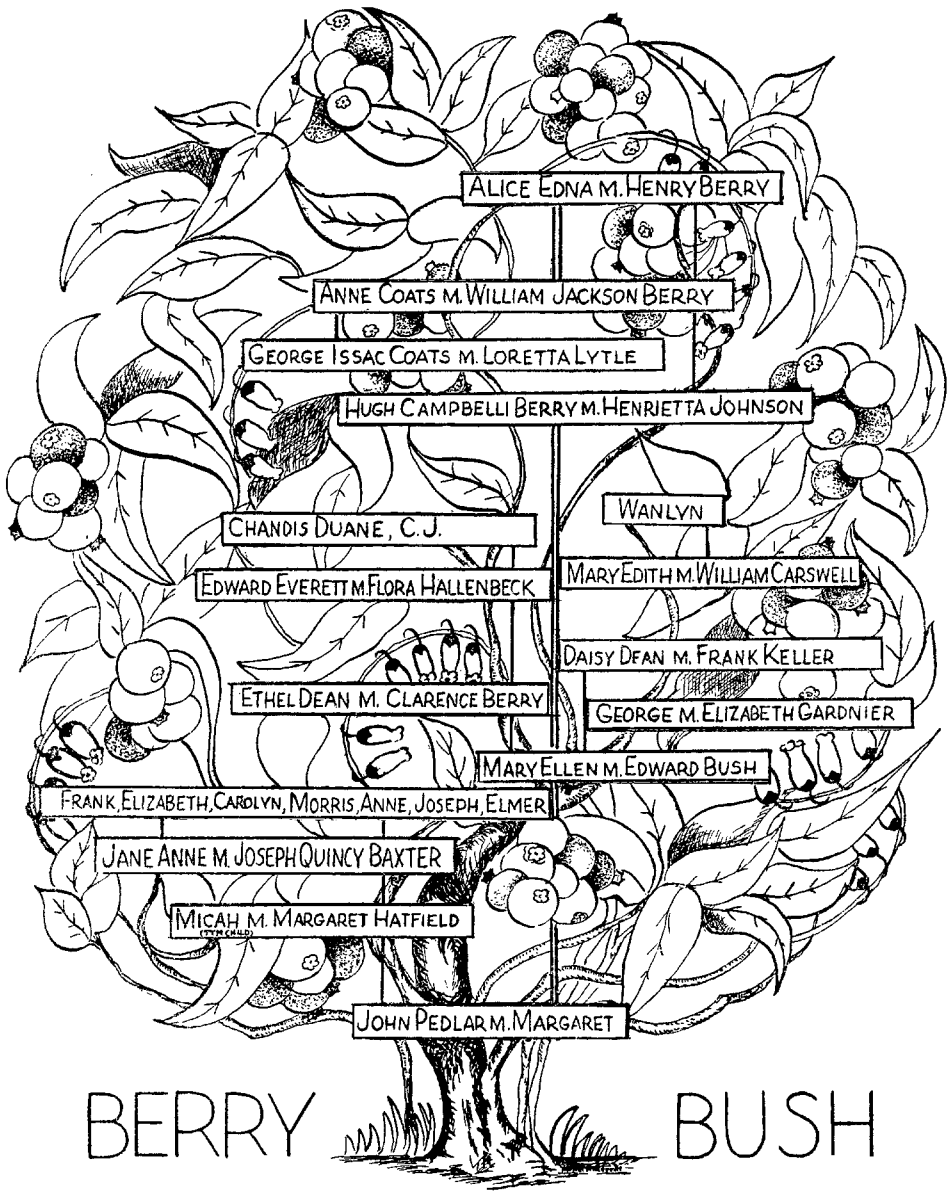
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Chapter One

In 1850 news of the gold strike in California reached the eastern states and eventually the home of John and Margaret Pedlar. Wisconsin was a long way from California in those days of travel by wagon, but even the hardships unavoidable on such a perilous journey could not frighten the sons of these sturdy pioneers. John and Margaret had emigrated from Cornwall, England in 1819, and after trying several locations had settled in Wisconsin and brought up their family of thirteen children.

Now the news of gold broke the family circle when Amos, Jonah, and Micah decided to try their luck in mining. Both Jonah and Micah were married, but left their families behind when they started on the long journey. Micah had married Margaret Hatfield of Platts-

ville, Wisconsin, and they already had two children: Jane Ann, born in 1845 and Mary Ellen, born in 1849.

After a perilous journey the three brothers reached Coon Hollow near El Dorado, California on September 9th, 1850, the very day on which California was admitted to the Union. For two years they roamed from one mining camp to another, and then Jonah and Micah, my grandfather, decided to return to Wisconsin for their families. Amos, in the meantime, continued his search for gold.

Micah was so sure that if his family realized the difficulties of taking the children overland to California, they would oppose his plan, that he spoke no word of the dangers and hardships. On the contrary, he painted glowing pictures of the opportunities to be found in this new and unsettled country. Micah tried in vain to persuade his mother, who was then seventy-seven years of age, to remain in Wisconsin with some of her other children, because he thought that the trip would be very trying to any woman of her age. To all his entreaties she replied that she was stronger than any of them and would do her share of the work on the trail.

So they gathered up a few of their possessions, packed

MICAH PEDLAR

MARGARET PEDLAR

them in a wagon, and turned their faces to the little known west. They were fortunate in having no trouble with the Indians they met. While camping on the banks of the Platte River, they saw a band of over two hundred Sioux, all in war paint, come down from the hills and cross the river. But the Indians did not stop, as they were warring with another tribe. Jane Ann rode an Indian pony all the way across; she had to be warned not to ride ahead of the train, as they had heard that the Indians were stealing white children. Further along on the trip they were frightened by a huge herd of buffaloes; but the animals were looking for water and, after drinking, moved on.

Like all people leaving homes which they do not expect to see again, they found it heart-breaking to leave behind the treasures they loved, and had added this and that to an already heavy load. Many rivers and streams were to be forded, and the heavy wagons made the crossing dangerous. So Micah was forced to lighten his load. Deciding that he had more bacon than they needed, he printed a sign that read, "This is good bacon. Help yourself. My load is too heavy." Each day brought them nearer the end of their traveling and hardships.

The creaking and groaning of the wheels, the lurching of the overloaded wagon, the slow plodding of the patient oxen, all did their share toward this end. Supper was always a welcome meal, for it meant the end of another hard day. After the children were put to bed, Micah and Margaret would talk of California and what awaited them there. After six months and twenty-one days, they reached their destination, Placerville, California.

Now many of the Pedlar families were living in California, although in my girlhood days I thought Grandfather Micah was the only one. (They will surely laugh if any of them ever see what has been written here.) Jonah lived in some of the old mining towns, later settling in Woodland, California. His family descendants are now represented by the Garrutes, the Keelers, and the Cliffords. Frank Pedlar and his descendants live around Gilroy. Amos finally settled in Colma. They all had large families. When one of the cousins tried to count the children in Amos' family, he could remember only nine, but said there were many more. Owing to the hard work and outdoor life their forefathers lived, the Pedlars were a strong and vigorous

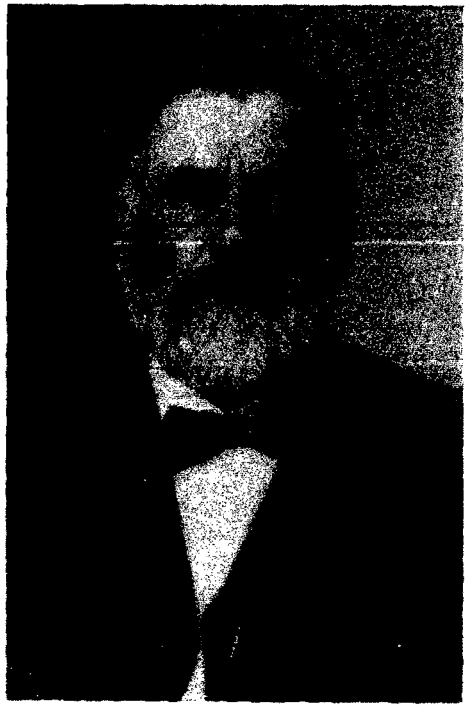
family. Grandmother Hatfield had her second sight at the age of ninety-one. All of them helped to make California history in the different professions; they were doctors, judges, teachers, statesmen, and farmers.

While Micah lived in Placerville he worked in his mine and raised sheep. Later he sold those and moved to Clarksville, then to Colma, again to Towle, all places in or around the gold diggings. In 1861 Micah's wife died, leaving him alone with the two children. She was only thirty-two years old at the time of her death, the cause of which was unknown but was thought to be a scratch she received while in the dense thicket. She now sleeps in the old cemetery at Placerville, where lie the remains of many more such pioneers. Her loss was a hard blow to Micah and was sad indeed for Jane Ann, who at sixteen years of age needed a mother's care. Mary Ellen, being only twelve, was not so aware of her loss.

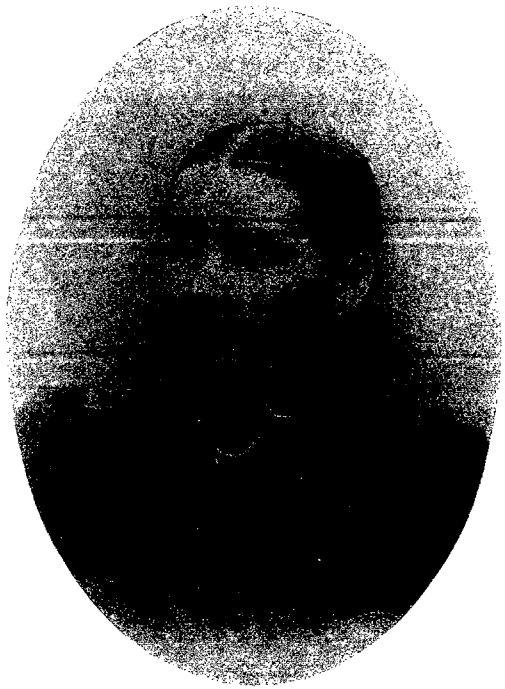
One year after her mother died, Jane Ann married Joseph Quincy Baxter at Clarksville. He came to California by boat around Cape Horn and landed at the port of San Francisco. He left immediately for the mines around Dutch Flat, Gold Run, and Emigrant Gap in Placer County, where the mines were then at their

height. Joseph was the son of Captain William Baxter and Elizabeth Arnald Baxter, early settlers of Quincy, Massachusetts. The name of Quincy runs through several branches of the Baxter family. Joseph died in 1912, at Auburn, California. Jane Ann died August 23, 1914.

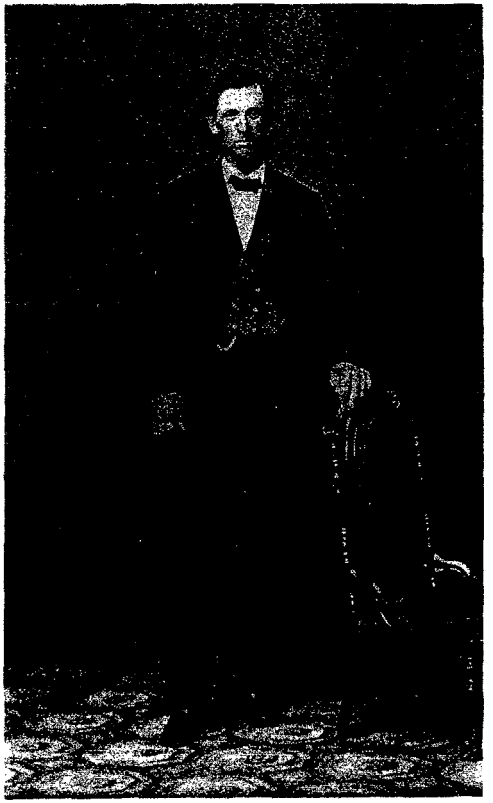
A picture which I have of Mary Ellen at the age of sixteen is one of my most precious treasures. Her hair was cut short, parted in the center, combed straight back over the ears with no comb or pin to hold it in place. She had fine, delicate features, small ears close to the head, a small mouth over an adorable chin, a straight nose, and a pair of rather round blue-gray eyes. She had a small, plump hand—size five—and she wore a number two shoe. Over hoops she wore a very full skirt of figured silk, with no ruffles or puffs, which was fastened at the waist to a tight basque. Worn with this was an Eton jacket which had an inch wide braid all around and came together at the neck with a small white collar. The sleeves were very full with the long drop shoulders widening at the wrist with puffs and a narrow band. A beautiful gold buckle holding the belt was etched with black, as was a heavy band on each wrist. A drop of gold hung from each ear.



JOSEPH QUINCY BAXTER



JANE ANN BAXTER



EDWARD BUSH

MARY ELLEN BUSH

On November 21, 1869, Mary Ellen was married at Towle to Edward Bush, son of George Bush, born in England, and Elizabeth Gardenier Bush, born in Holland. Edward served during the Civil War in the Tiffin regiment from Ohio. The picture I have of Edward, when he was about twenty-five, shows a fine looking man, thin, straight as an Indian, and standing six feet two. He had thick brown hair, a broad forehead, which shaded large steel blue eyes. He had a fine nose and mouth, very strong teeth, and a stubborn chin, unspoiled by whiskers. A more honest face seldom could be found. It fitted the inner man admirably. He wore a white-collared shirt, a black bow tie edged on the ends with white, and a double-breasted vest with small figures, across which a heavy gold chain was looped. The coat had two rows of buttons and reached to the knees; the trousers were a bit loose, narrowing at the bottom. His hands were long and strong with well shaped nails.

Chapter Two

PLACER County, with its many wonders, is situated obliquely between El Dorado and Nevada counties. From Colfax to the highest peaks of the Sierra Nevada mountains were virgin forests that had never felt a woodsman's axe or heard the hum of a saw. Here were immense white, yellow, and sugar pines, spruces, many varieties of oaks and madrones which were forests in themselves. Under the giant trees, some of which were three hundred feet tall, grew sage brush and manzanita; gooseberries, snow plants, and white and purple violets added to the wild scent which is encountered in no other place. Along the streams huge ferns waved from rocks and moss.

The mines were being worked in all parts of the county, with many new discoveries, and the streams

were full of water for sluicing the gold from the quartz. Some of the more noted mines in this vicinity, from which untold wealth was taken, were the Jenny Lind mine, said to have yielded three thousand dollars daily, and the Annie Laurie mine, which had a deposit of blue quartz so rich with gold as to make every one wealthy who was connected with it.

The beautiful Sacramento River and its tributaries, the Big Bear and the Yuba, supplied a large and necessary supply of water for the Ophir, the Last Chance, and the Gold Hill mines.

The contrast between the Indians and the newcomers was great. The filthy Indians rode the hills on their wild mustangs. Little did the beauty and grandeur of the country appeal to them; they were interested only in the birds and deer, the fish in the streams, and the roots which furnished them with their daily food. When they had eaten, they stretched their naked bodies upon a flat rock in the sun and slept the hours away until the pangs of hunger aroused them to seek more food. This was their life and money was of little use to them at that time.

All the Americans, however, were busy. Small farms

EDWARD EVERETT BUSH

already dotted the hills and valleys; here were raised food for the table and grain for the cattle. One could drive through the different counties and see many kinds of beauty and hear many odd tales. Rich fields of grain ripened under the gentle warmth of the sun; trees laden with fruit framed placid lakes; while beneath the soil lay rich deposits of minerals to bring gladness to the heart of man. It was not unusual to see an orchard in full bloom and to see ore being brought from the depths of the same orchard.

One of the stories told was of the first cemetery that was laid out in Santa Cruz. The people living around there were so healthy that no one died, and they had no funerals. Holding a meeting, they decided to have a funeral anyway, by burying a straw man. But the night before the public ceremony, an unknown man was killed. Here was their chance, just what they were waiting for. So "John Brown" was buried in the new cemetery.

Micah had bought one hundred sixty acres of this rich land at Towle, which at that time was wild country, a forest of trees and undergrowth. The soil, however, was a rich, red loam and very fertile. One part

of his land Micah had planted with apple trees, and he raised sheep on another portion of it.

In the meantime Joseph Baxter had given up mining and was working in the lumber camp. He had always liked farming, and so he bought the land adjoining Micah's. He cleared a piece of all the growth and built a house, working early and late. As soon as one piece of land was paid for, he added another. He also had sheep and cattle, and soon he added a meat market. He was a very large man in height and breadth, with thick dark hair, dark brown eyes, and a bushy beard. Jane Ann, on the contrary, was small and plump. She had a large family, and I should say they were all like Joseph. Both the boys and girls were large and their coloring as to hair and eyes was mixed. The children were named Frank, Elizabeth, Carolin, Morris, Annie, Joseph, and Elmer. Jane worked very hard, for besides her large family to care for there were cows to be milked, sewing, cooking, the garden to tend, and other chores.

After a time Micah decided to build a new house to hold his growing family. Edward and Mary Ellen had had a hard time since their marriage in 1869. When they were married Edward was working for Akin and Doan

THE BUSH GIRLS

ETHEL

DAISY, EDNA, EDITH

in the mills at Canyon Creek. After the wedding the engineer on the lumber train let them ride to the mill in the cab of his engine. They lived at Canyon Creek for some time, making their home in the Akin house. Two of their children, Edward Everett (II) and Ethel Dean, were born there.

Edward liked the lumber business, and later bought a mill of his own. It proved a failure, as the men from whom he bought the mill had misrepresented it to him. He lost all of his money in that venture. Then they decided to go to Michigan, but not liking it there, they sold everything they had to get enough money to bring them back to California.

They made their home then with Micah in the house he had first built in the orchard. He soon made a cabin for himself on the other side of the road, where he even cooked his own meals. They lived in this way for some time, and then Micah planned to build a larger house so that they could live together. He did not tear down the cabin, but built in front of it. The new house was painted white and had a "shake" roof. A shake roof is made from evenly cut slabs of wood, not sawed as are shingles.

As the ground was on a slope, four steps led to a narrow porch at the front of the main room. This was a fair sized room, on one side of which were two small bed rooms. On the other side, three steps up, were two doors, one leading to Everett's room, the other to a steep, dark stairway leading to an attic room. This room had only one door and one window. A large warming stove stood in the center of the room, and the beds, chairs, and wash stand were all made by Micah. The room was used by the men who helped Micah with his sheep and cattle. Another room of good size joined the main room toward the back and was used as a dining room and kitchen. I liked that room, and we spent most of our time there. A long table was placed under a row of half windows, with benches on each side. Although there was a large cook stove in this room, Micah always cooked in the old cabin part. Behind the cabin was a wood shed. A few steps from the back door stood an old moss covered tub, which caught the water coming from the spring. This water was noted for its pure and crystal qualities. Water-cress grew around the tub in abundance.

Edward was working for the Towle brothers now

and liking both them and his work very much. As many new settlers were rapidly taking up the land for farms, the Towle brothers were on the look out for more forests in which they could set up a mill. Deciding to go to Oregon, they took Edward with them and remained there for some time.

In the meantime, Mary Ellen had given birth to twin girls. As we were the first twins born there, we caused quite a bit of curiosity and mother said many people came in to see us in our large cradle of applewood. One of the twins was named Mary Edith; the other was called Alice Edna—I am Edna. Edith was a long, thin baby with dark skin, a good child as she slept for three months. I was more plump, with a red skin. When about three weeks old, I had a gathering in my ear that lasted for days. Not knowing what was making me cry and fret night and day, they gave me everything they could think of. After everyone was worn out, the gathering burst and I slept.

Mother now had four children to care for besides her house work and cooking. She had no sewing machine then; so all of our clothes were made by hand. Some of the dresses had fine tucks from yoke to hem and were

a yard long. The cradle had good sturdy rockers so mother could rock it with her foot while sewing, churning, or washing dishes.

Our family was not the only one that was increasing. Joseph Baxter and his family were outgrowing their small house and needed more bedrooms for their seven children. So Joseph built in front of the old house, using it for a kitchen of the new. He built cupboards and shelves, and added a wooden sink.

The new portion had a parlor across the front, two bedrooms at one side and others upstairs. I can remember only the kitchen, as I think most of the settlers did. Having a cook stove there, it was always warm; a long, heavy table was against the wall under the short windows, which had no curtains. At the opposite side was a very large cupboard for cloth. Wooden pegs on the wall held coats and hats. Near the back door stood a short bench on which was a wash basin and a dish of soap; a dangling roller towel hung near.

A board walk led from the back door to the dairy house—a grand place to keep the milk. Around the three walls were shelves, some wider than others, for the different sized pans of milk. Near the door were a large

wooden churn and a long table to hold the paddles, strainers, pitchers, and clean milk pails, which were always turned over. Crocks were full of butter, while rich yellow cream covered the tops of an array of milk pans. A stream of water ran through the dairy house and kept it always cool. Near the house was a patch of ground used for potatoes and other vegetables; the soil being new, we could grow anything.

There was not much visiting between our family and Aunt Jane's, for all worked hard and when night came were ready for bed. But when mother had another baby, a girl named Daisy Dean, the work soon got to be too much for her. Then Aunt Jane sent Elizabeth over to help care for us children and the dishes. My cousin Annie was about the same age as my sister Ethel, and Joe was the age of us twins. We all played together, searching for snow plants, thorny gooseberries, violets, and wild strawberries. I hung around Aunt Jane's a great deal, for she always said I was like her and she liked having me.

Grandfather Micah had a large storehouse for apples; inside were all sizes of bins for the different apples. He had an apple press too and many huge casks to hold the

cider. The storehouse was a heavenly place to play, and we helped sort the apples. After his hard day's work Grandfather would bring in a large pitcher of cider for all of us. Sometimes we had crackers with the cider, or popcorn as side dishes. Gramp was the dearest, nicest little grandpa anyone could have. He was fair and had silky gray hair with a bit of a curl and round blue eyes. He was kind, generous, and good natured. He never smoked or drank liquor and didn't like to hear cussing. I have heard him say he had never been without a dollar and had never refused a meal to any man.

Coming in from play one day we found Gramp and mother whispering together and walking from room to room. We could not guess what was going on, but mother soon told us that Everett had the measles. He was in his room with the door closed. We were told not to go into his room until she gave us permission, but the warning was too late. One by one we came down with them and were put to bed. The treatment for measles was quite different in those days from that of today. We could have no cold water to drink, the room was kept warm, and very little fresh air was allowed. All the food we were given was milk toast

and, for the first time, very weak tea, with plenty of milk, in doll dishes. About the time we were ready to get up, mother took the measles. She was dreadfully ill for weeks. We thought she would surely die, but with Aunt Jane's and Elizabeth's help she recovered.

Everett liked to stay in his room to read or study. Every night the folks played cards, usually cribbage or euchre. Everett always asked them to play with him, but mother would tell him to study his lessons. Father got so tired of telling him "No" every night, that he gave in and said Everett could play. So night after night as soon as supper was finished father would say, "Get the cards." They kept Everett playing until he hated the sight of a card. He would beg off by saying he wanted to learn his lessons, but father would not let him off. Finally mother said, "Oh, let him go. I think he has had enough." Mother was right. He was cured and never wanted to play cards again. Father had a way with him that was better than a switch, and he got results.

In the summer we lived at the mills, but both places were so nice that we were always happy to be going to one or the other. At the mills we occupied a square,

unpainted house, which had a large living room and one bed room for the folks. The kitchen was good sized, with stove, wood box, cupboard, and table. We had our meals there unless company came; then we ate in the front room. We children slept on the upper floor. The stairs were on hinges and folded to the ceiling when not in use.

We played down by the river where the mill stood; we could wade in the water, pick flowers and berries, and prowl in the caves. It was so much fun to play house in the lumber as it was stacked so as to make real rooms. The big rock we used for a play house and stage, when blasted out, was found to be a den for rattlesnakes.

In a pond by the mill they used to float the logs they were going to cut into lumber. We learned to walk on the logs without turning them over and could jump from one to the other without falling into the water. Father had warned us that he was too busy to pull us out. A great many Chinamen worked there and occupied a camp on the other side of the tracks. We liked them, and they often asked us to eat rice with them and gave us many a bag of Chinese candy. We did not

have much work to do. Ethel, being the oldest of the girls, helped the most. When mother had company, Ethel had to mind the babies. She hated that and would pinch them. When they cried, the mothers would take them—just what Ethel wanted.

While we were exploring in the cave one day, we heard a funny noise. Then we saw two big eyes and ran home to tell father. The next day one of the men went to the cave to see if he could find anything. He found and killed a big wild cat.

Once in a while we were allowed to see the logging when it was time to shoot the logs down to the pond. It was wonderful!

One winter father decided to stay at the mills instead of moving to Gramp's. He bought extra amounts of food, candles, bedding, and other necessities. Mother needed to have some work done on the house; so as soon as the men stopped work, father started. When winter set in, we knew there would be no chance to change our minds. It turned out to be one of the worst winters in years; it snowed days upon days. By mid-winter each storm was more severe, and the snow was piled so high that it reached to the upper window sills.

All took turns in shoveling snow away from the doors and making trails to the woodshed and creek. I could see that the folks were worrying, but as we had to make the best of it, we all settled down to find ways to put in the time. All of us except Evie liked to read and play cards. Mother had some muslin for our underwear and we made panties and skirts with wide ruffles of heavy embroidery. After those were made there was just the every day work.

One night we made drinking glasses out of the lower parts of some bottles we had. After the cords were well oiled, they were tied around the bottles and a match was put to each. Each one was let to burn as long as it would; then the bottle was plunged into a tub of cold water and Everett insisted on doing it wrong. Father spoke to him twice, as he had ruined two of the bottles. Evie did it again and father slapped him. As father seldom scolded any of us, Evie's feelings were hurt and he ran upstairs. Mother wanted to go up and ask him to come back, but father said, "No, let him stay." Once again mother asked. Pa just shook his head.

When the bottles were finished and mother went upstairs, Evie had gone; he had jumped out the upper

window, landing in the snow. At first father thought he had gone to the Chinese camp or the lumber yard. He looked all about, and then becoming alarmed, roused the men. Mother cried and said Evie would freeze to death. Now and then someone came in to say that no boy was to be found. Oh, what a night! Mother carried on terribly, and all of us tried to do something. Morning came. The telephone rang. Then Gramp was saying that Evie had just trudged in. He could not have been more than ten years old, but he knew the country well and had tramped ten miles over trestles and through deep ravines. Blessed was the telephone! It was one of those long, cumbersome things, attached to the wall. Gramp said Evie was cold and wet, but otherwise all right, and that he would keep him the rest of the winter.

Another heavy snow fell; the food was low. We tried to hoard our candles. Using them in the day as well as at night had taken more than we had expected. Father said he would go to the Chinese camp to see if he could get some from them and perhaps some rice.

But at last the winter passed and it was time to open the cook house for the loggers. Soon we should hear the axe cutting into the wood and trees falling.

After the long months inside father would be glad to work the saws again.

When summer came we were back at our play. We danced on the pine needles and made chains of them for our necks. We built a playhouse, as we had seen the miners do, making cupboards and tables out of boxes. There we carried food from the cook house for dinner. Such happy days!

The summer drew to a close, and all were busy. While helping mother pack, we sang, "We're going to grandpa's! We're going to grandpa's!" All the things to be left were wrapped and stored. The day arrived; the last lumber train was ready to leave. Mother and all of us children with our belongings were put on one of the flat cars. For the ten miles to Towle the long lumber train would take all day. We loved Canyon Creek, the pines and the mill. When the saws cut through logs, it was music to our ears. But it was nice to be with Gramp again and to see Aunt Jane and our cousins.

I remember our first Christmas tree. Mother took us all to Alta, a small community not many miles away,

where a tree for everybody had been set up in one of the churches. Mother dressed each one of us in turn and tied each of us in a chair until all were dressed. Then we were bundled into the sleigh with hot rocks at our feet. We listened to the children speaking their pieces, and then each received a tarlatan bag filled with candy. The minister gave a talk and then we joined in singing with the rest. The tree, the lights, even the people, gave us something not to be forgotten.

Father had a bit of rheumatism from the constant dampness under foot while he was tending the saws. He thought that he would like to live in a warmer climate. He had heard of Kern, San Joaquin, and Kings counties as being warm and having good farming land. So he left one day by train taking Everett with him. They got off the train in one of the small towns, hired a team, and went scouting around the country, talking to everyone they met. They heard that vineyards thrived, the wheat stands were good, and so on.

Father picked out a farm in Fresno County, a mile and a half from Selma. It probably should not be called a farm, as there was not a thing growing on the land.

Father was going to be warm for sure! He could not have found a place where the sun shone hotter. There was a good-sized ditch, but not a tree.

He wrote mother that he had found a place he liked. He would build a house and then send for all of us. Now there was something to look forward to: we were going to Selma and we could go to school!

While we were waiting for the letter telling us to come, mother made the dresses we were to wear on the train to Selma. Ethel's dress was of blue wool, long waisted with a plaited skirt; the waist had a wide strip of velvet down the front, a standing collar with an inside frill of lace; it buttoned down the back. Her hair was parted on the side and cut just below the collar line; a band of narrow ribbon was tied around her head. She wore a locket and chain and small earrings. We three younger girls had Scotch plaid dresses made similar to Ethel's except that we had white embroidery collars and wide sashes tied in the back. Edith and I had jet chains, Daisy a gold bracelet. Ethel had pierced our ears, and we still wore the thread in our ears.

Finally when father's letter came, we were ready to go. Our train left early in the morning and would

THE BUSH RANCH—SELMA

reach Selma at six o'clock the same day. Mother packed a basket of lunch and we could get milk on the way. When we changed cars at Sacramento with a wait of two hours, we begged mother to have our pictures taken in our new dresses.

Father and Evie were at the station to meet us with the new wagon. It was a long, heavy affair with plenty of heavy iron bands around the bed. Three boards placed across the top of the bed were used as seats. When father built anything it was built to last a lifetime. Two very large work horses were hitched to the wagon. I can remember seeing nothing but an oldish building of two rooms for the station and another small red shack called the section house. We climbed into the wagon, father spoke to the horses, the wagon moved, and we started on a new and different life. Just what would we find there?

The new house stood less than a quarter of a mile from the railroad tracks. It had eight rooms, rather roughly put together. On the lower floor were the parlor and the dining room—about the same size—two small bedrooms, and the kitchen. Above, a hall separated the four bedrooms, two on each side; the end of the hall

was used for all of our clothes. Daisy and I had a room together, while the other three had a room each.

For some time those rooms had no furniture but a bed. The few rather small windows were hung with cheap Nottingham curtains.

The parlor was fully furnished with an organ, a round three-legged table with the usual large plush Bible, a rather stiff, hard seat for two, two rockers, some straight chairs, and a few family pictures. A red carpet with many roses covered the floor, and there were flowers in the wall paper. In the dining room was a large warming stove, a long heavy table with six legs on one side. It must have been built of solid oak, as two people could not move it. Around it were the chairs in which we spent most of our evenings.

The kitchen had a large wood stove, a square table under the window, a wooden sink, a cupboard, and a bare floor that had to be scrubbed. The stairs led up from the kitchen and under these were shelves for pans. At the back door a narrow porch about half the width of the house held a cooling food box made of gunny sacks and kept cool by dripping water. The pump stood near the steps which took you to the grain house

where we kept all of our food supplies. Later a smoke house was built so that we could cure meat for our own use. Before he started on the house, father had built a large barn for hay and the horses.

Everything was most exciting! It was our home, and we intended to do all we could with what little we had to improve it. Father was weeding the land and planning what to have and where the best place was for planting each article. He wanted fruit trees, grape vines, and grain. He thought best to hire a young man to help for a time so he wouldn't be too late with his crop. The ditches had to be cleaned, head gates built, a yard made for the chickens; there were a hundred things to do. School soon would open. We were all looking forward to that. Could we be ready?

By this time we had seen some very hot weather, which affected mother so much that she was quite useless while the heat lasted. It is said that the climate there has gradually grown cooler than it was in 1883, our first year. The winters were very cold with heavy frosts and dense fogs; the summer heat would rise as high as one hundred twenty-three degrees in the shade, and we had no shade at our place.

When we went barefooted, we had to carry a sack to rest our feet on now and then, for we couldn't run fast enough so that our feet would not burn on the sand. The springtimes were beautiful. Almost every one had roses, lilacs, and bridal wreath in their yards. The muscat grapes thrived in the heat. Anything would grow there if you had plenty of water.

Mother wanted our hair cut short, as she could not bother with it. So father cut it short, leaving just a little in the front. I never liked mine that way. Mother had so much to do that she did not have our clothes ready when school opened in the fall; so we did not start until February.

Packing our lunch in a lard pail, we started for school, walking down the railroad track as that led right into the town. When we reached the schoolhouse, the children looked rather startled, partly, I think, because it was George Washington's birthday and a holiday and partly because our clothes were so different from theirs and our skins so fair from living among the trees. There were to be no classes, but songs and pieces. Then all would sing the *Star Spangled Banner*.

We just stood there, not knowing what to do. At

last a girl named Hannah stepped forward and said:

"Come on, you can stay! What are your names?"

We told her, and in no time at all she had our coats in the cloakroom and our lunch spread out on the long table with the others. She told the children all about us as fast as she could find out anything. She said to me, "You know, I thought your eyes were dark instead of blue. I guess you were scared."

The next day we met the teachers and were assigned to our rooms, and given a list of books. Before going home we stopped at the store and bought a speller, an arithmetic, a grammar, a notebook, a slate, a pen and pencils. My, we were happy to go to school and to know so many new children!

Life on the ranch was not easy. We had to pile out of bed at daylight; we made our beds, got breakfast, washed dishes, cleaned the house and helped with the chores. Then we flew into our school dresses and walked to school. Mother wasn't so well as usual and couldn't do hard work, but she made our clothes, mended them and kept order, telling each of us what to do and how. Father worked early and late; he never seemed to tire, for he was happy and liked doing farm work. We found

plenty to do; as soon as school was out we came right home, put on aprons and got busy. There were the meals to get for seven of us and the baking to do. On Saturday we had to scrub, wash, and iron, so that we should have everything ready for school on Monday. After we grew a little older, we had more system to the work; two of us cooked the meals for one week, and two washed up; then we exchanged. The other work mother portioned out to each of us.

Of course we scrapped, had a few fights, cried and made up, and had our legs switched often; but that was growing up. I liked best working with Ethel, for she took the lead, was quick, efficient, and good-natured and not lazy. Everett tried to run us, being the boy and older. At times he made life very maddening for us. Edith just wouldn't take it and would fight to the finish. She did not like to "drudge"—that was always her word for work of any kind—and didn't care who knew it. She was haughty and disdainful; she hated farms and "smelly animals."

Mother would say, "Now, Edith, if you don't mind I shall have to use my switch." That did not move her, for she would rather be switched than drudge. It was

much easier for mother to ask one of us to do her work.

Mother had a sewing machine now, as there was more sewing to do since we were going to school. She made our one best dress very nicely and somewhat different. For school all our dresses were a good deal alike, the Mother Hubbard style. The skirt was gathered on a yoke, and the waist buttoned in the back and had a round collar and long sleeves. The only difference between these dresses was the kind of material and the color.

As there were so many of us, our life was never dull, and we had a lot of fun at school and at home. The folks never objected to our going or having company at home, if we had our lessons and did our work. Father was usually at home at night. He loved to read. If we children got into an argument, he would just look over his paper at us; not a word was said, but we subsided at once. He didn't go to church often, as he thought the preachers did not live up to what they said, but he had read the Bible from cover to cover several times and could give any of the ministers a good argument. He was a dyed-in-the-wool Republican and could really talk politics. He liked poetry and had read

the works of Dickens, Longfellow, and Robert Burns, and several good histories.

It was fun living near the railroad and watching the trains go by. We often ran out and waved to the crew. The engineers got so they would blow the whistle at the quarter mile post and were always looking for us. On some of the very hot days, the express men would roll off a piece of ice to us; then we could make ice cream. Sometimes father would get a donation of books and magazines, which would please him immensely. When he got an evening paper, he would chuckle and say, "Wonder what poor devil will go without his paper tonight?" Later we came to know many of the postal clerks and expressmen and found them to be fine men. Father exchanged letters with some of them; one was Bill Nye of the Sontag-Evens fame.

Once in a while one of us would get a ride to school. That gave us the idea that when there were four, no one would stop and ask us to ride. So we took turns and that worked pretty well, as usually it was the first one out that got the ride.

Some of our teachers we liked very much, others not at all. Professor Leeds was a nice man. He couldn't

be severe; even when he caught us playing tricks, he didn't know what to do about it. Quite different was the teacher who taught arithmetic. He would give us oral numbers to do and reel them off so fast that we couldn't answer, all the time walking up and down the room with his hand behind his back like a fan. He would start with the first in line; not waiting a second, he said, "Next–next," right down the line for about ten of us. Then he would call us brainless, stupid idiots, pointing his finger at first one and then another. Daisy had the nicest teacher in the school; Miss Buckbee was young, good-looking, and a fine teacher. All the kids adored her and her desk was always filled with little offerings from her pupils.

We were letting our hair grow, and also covering our faces with powder and that angered Professor Clough very much. He was a sour looking man with thick lips, dark eyes, red hair, and a red beard. I never liked him. There was a good-looking boy in the seat behind me who also disliked the powder. One day the minute he took his seat I knew he was up to something. So I was on the lookout, expecting to sit on a pin or be tripped in the aisle. Instead he tried to wash my face

with his wet hanky. The first pass he made I grabbed his arm and held on like a vice. The teacher came slowly down the aisle. I came to my feet, still holding Charlie's arm, and before he could say a word, I told him Charlie was trying to wash my face. With a sneer on his face he looked at me and said, "He has my permission." I was so mad that my face was red. I said, "If he dares to touch me, I'll whack him with this rule." The incident passed for the day, but I had an idea that Clough had told Charlie to go ahead. A few days later Charlie tried again and I landed on him with the rule and kicked his legs. When the teacher asked me to come up to the desk, I shook my head. He came down to me and lectured me about putting flour on my face, told me how pasty I looked and that it was a disgrace. I told him I'd rather look pasty than all freckled and homely like his wife. He was plenty mad, of course. I would not go to his desk, but he pulled me along. I fought all the way. I think he meant to spank me in front of the kids, but there was an open window by his desk, and as he turned to step up on the platform, I gave him a shove toward the window. To save himself he let go of me and I ran out and went home.

I told mother all that had happened and said, "I won't go to school any more to that mean old teacher." Just then father walked in and said, "Oh yes, you will. I guess you can get along all right." I cried, but Edith said she would see to the two of them. Of course, when I saw Charlie I would not speak, but the first chance he got he whispered, "How's my sweetheart?" The teacher said nothing more. Now instead of Charlie's ignoring me, I found I could not keep out of his way. In almost all of our fights at school Edith took on all comers. She was thin and very quick, and could run as fast as any one could.

Our place, now called "The Bush Ranch," was coming along very well. Father had good luck with his vegetables, and he had a nice stand of alfalfa. We had a cow and some pigs. Our flock of chickens was increasing all the time; we raised some for the table, some to sell, and some for eggs that we traded for supplies.

Father decided to get a horse and cart so that we could ride to school, get the supplies, and pick up the mail and his paper. He found a bargain in old Topsy. She was a bit "stove," but safe. The cart went with her. One was as bad as the other in looks and age, but the

two saved us a walk of four miles to town and back. The cart had one very wide seat on two springs, the wheels were somewhat dished, and the wood was very old and looked as if it had never been painted. But we were mighty glad to have it; now we did not have to wait until father could spare the work horses to hitch to the big wagon.

After we got the "rig" we started going to Sunday school and joined the Band of Hope. We liked best the camp meetings, where we made so much noise, whispering and giggling, that the preacher threatened to ask us to leave. It's a good thing father wasn't there!

At the church where the Band of Hope met, we chose sides for an entertainment. There was lots of work for all of us; each tried to outdo the others and everything had to be secret. The losing side was to treat all the members. The minister was on the losing side. How disappointed we were when all we got was green apples, store cookies that came in small barrels, and ice cream! No more Band of Hope for us if our minister was a fake!

Now that we were bigger we did not have to ask permission to do everything. In the summer mother let

us go to church at night; that was a treat! Some nights when we came home, we were too tired or too lazy to take Topsy to the barn and just turned her loose. At breakfast father would say, "That horse is loose again." We'd look very much surprised and poor father would have to go after her.

One Saturday morning father looked at Daisy and asked, "Did you turn the horse loose last night?"

When I looked at him, I knew that we were caught. Then he asked me the same question. In a very scared voice I said, "Yes."

"I thought something was going on. You two kids get your hats and go get Topsy. Don't come back without her!"

That ornery nag kept about five yards ahead of us for mile after mile. We were tired, dirty, thirsty, and hungry. When we reached home that night, we couldn't eat any supper, but just fell into bed. Father had hidden behind the woodpile and seen our trick; then he had gone back to bed and waited for morning. That was lesson number one.

How excited we all were when Grandpa Micah came to visit us that winter! Mother and all of us missed

him very much after we moved to Selma, for we did love him. Father made it an occasion to meet him; we waited at the ranch. He wore a long, blue ulster with huge pockets weighted down with our favorite apples—the real yellow ones with pink on one side. His large carpet bag was full of gifts, something for everyone. We made much of his stay, and mother said she was going to keep him all winter. We never asked him for anything, but sometimes he gave us a dime for candy or a dollar. That would buy almost anything, enough five-cent lawn for a dress, or ribbon for a straw hat. He even took us to town for new shoes.

When the school gave entertainments, each room was given credits for the best work. We were always asked to help. Daisy loved to sing and had a very good voice. Ethel made up verses that fitted some of the old airs for Daisy to sing. She would use some of the children or teachers in the verse, and that counted well for credits. We put on charades and spoke original pieces. Later, all had a picnic lunch. We had no weeks of vacation, going right through the term, nine to four each day. No one insisted on children going to school then; if they did not want to go they were put to work.

Chapter Three

I NOTICED that my brother was slicking his hair back, using the mirror more often, and fussing about his appearance. I thought, "There must be a girl in the case. I'll just look and listen!" When Ethel began to talk of this boy and that, I knew we were growing up. Hannah said that we were not bad looking. When we left the schoolhouse, some of the boys tagged at our heels. Getting bolder, they would say: "What's your hurry?" and then walk a piece down the railroad tracks with us.

Edith liked Le Roy, and I had my eye on Lyle when he wasn't looking. He was dark and better looking than Charlie, who liked me a lot better since I used the rule on his head.

On Sundays we could have some of the boys out

at the farm. The girls were asked too, but usually had to take piano lessons or help at home. We talked, played the organ while the boys sang, and played games—charades, spin the plate, London bridge, and post office. Ethel always liked charades, and I thought post office a silly game.

By this time we had a few neighbors: the Wrights, the Watts, the Clines, the Hamlets and the Coopers. The Wrights had two boys, Ed and Fred; the Watts, three children, Della, Sadie, and Marion. The Clines lived on the other side of the pond, but they were all grown. When we walked up to their place, Mrs. Cline would talk to us and offer us cookies or a glass of milk.

One summer the girls thought they would like to work. Edith found a job in the printing office, while Ethel went into a dressmaking shop. I do not know how long their jobs lasted, but I think they kept at work until school started. My brother never cared for the ranch. As he was eager to go to town and work, my father consented and Everett went to work in a dry-goods store. I hated to have him leave, as father would have all the work to do except what little we girls could do. I used to help young Mrs. Cooper with the

children, and later I went to Kingsburg and helped a Mrs. Jolly with her two.

Ethel wanted a pair of hoops. She was growing up too fast to suit me, but the next thing I knew she had a bustle and a pair of hoops. The new dress had many ruffles; the basque had a square neck and puffed sleeves, and buttoned down the back. I did not like the dress, for it made her look much older. Ethel had beautiful, large blue eyes. Her hair was getting darker and quite thick; it was combed straight back into a small, tight knot except for a frizzy bang on top in front.

Edith was considered the beauty of the family and was a favorite with the boys, who she thought were all infants. She had odd-colored eyes which looked different with each mood. She held her head very haughtily and gave a curl to her lovely mouth. She was not the crying kind, but railed at being poor and living on an old farm. She would work and work on her hair, then get mad and yank it down. When mother warned her that she would be late for school, she answered, "What do I care! I never want to see that stupid, old school again or any of those silly kids!"

When Charlie Cooper lost his father and Mrs. Coo-

per was left alone, we used to take turns staying all night with her. In that way we got out of the work at home. She made the best beaten biscuits, on which we put bacon fat! She packed us a nice box of lunch for school. At night, after the dishes were finished, she would get her corncob pipe and draw up her feet in the low rocker. Then the most interesting stories commenced.

Our place was really a farm now. We raised chickens and turkeys. We had a peach orchard and a vineyard with several kinds of grapes. Our sweet potatoes were so big that one would make two meals for our large family. But the farm didn't bring in much ready money and cash was scarce; there would be a dry year when the crops dried before they were half-grown, and father had to ask for credit at the stores for the things we needed. Then when there was a good year, he was thankful to be able to pay our bills. At planting time we helped father all we could; we cut the potatoes for seed, dropped them in the furrows, scattered the grain by hand, fed the stock, and gathered wood. Thank goodness the pump was right at the back door! We raised most of what we ate—grain for our flour, pota-

toes, corn, and tomatoes; we cured our own meat too.

Father gave us all nicknames: he called Everett "the Governor"; Ethel was "Big Eth"; Edith was "Slim", unless he was speaking to both of us; then it was "Dit" and "Tot". Some years later when father made his will, he had to call on mother for our correct names.

Daisy was a fat girl, so large for her age that we called her Jumbo. She loved the boys, was good-natured, and liked to sing. She wore long dresses when she was twelve years old. Most people thought I was the youngest of the family. I guess I was a little different; I didn't care for clothes, parties, or the boys. I was only a fair dancer, and had only one girl chum at a time. I liked to run races and play baseball, but I liked working at home best of all.

We were getting to the age where we felt just a little above our meager pocket-book and wanted nicer things. The old cart was shabby and needed paint; the wheels were more dished than ever; Topsy was old and slow. When we went into town, instead of driving up the main street we left the cart near the blacksmith shop and walked into town. Sometimes if the girls were not through with their work, we left the cart and walked

home. One evening we did this and forgot to tell the girls. Not seeing us, they walked also. Just as soon as they opened the door, they asked us why we did not come for them. The horse and cart were left in town and a storm was coming up. Father came in as we were wrangling, in pretty high voices. "What's the row?" he asked. Mother explained and wanted to send one of the Wright boys for the rig, but Pa said: "No. Daisy and Tot left it; they must bring it home."

Well, we took the lantern and hit the railroad ties. Before we had gone a quarter of a mile, a terrific sandstorm hit us; and then a driving rain beat right in our faces. When we still had a mile to go, we saw five or six hoboes around a big fire of redwood ties. I guess they felt sorry for us, for one of them spoke and said: "Say, isn't this a pretty bad night to be out?" We told them what had happened, and another said: "Tough luck, kids!" We found old Topsy with her head hanging. I guess she was hungry. When we reached home our clothes were pretty well soaked. So much for lesson number two.

Over by the pond was a lovely sand-wash made by the overflow of the ditch. We used to go there to dance.

When some of the girls from Selma were at our place, we took them there for fun. One day four of us were playing there. It was very warm and we decided to take off our clothes down to our panties and panty waists. While we were cutting up antics of all kinds, father appeared on the scene. He said: "You kids get into your clothes and skedaddle for home!" We were scared. We just grabbed a bunch of clothes and started running, scattering pieces all the way. Would Pa pick them up? No. We had to go looking for them the next morning before breakfast. That was lesson number three.

We teased Evie about the girls, but he did not mind. One day mother asked him: "Why don't you ever bring that nice girl Louise out to the ranch any more?" He replied: "I like her all right, but she doesn't wash her neck."

At last Gramp sold his beautiful place and came to live with us. My, but that made us all happy! I think he got eighteen thousand dollars for his place, all in big, shiny gold pieces. He had them all with him in his carpet bag when we met him at the station. That night, to please us children, he poured it all out on the table for us to see. We were terribly excited and asked a

hundred questions, for none of us had ever seen so much gold at one time, or ever expected to again.

Gramp had the room downstairs next to the folks. Some evenings when we had company and were laughing too much, he would come out and tell them to go home as it was pretty late—ten o'clock. That would make father chuckle. The next morning Gramp would say, "Good morning, children!" in the most cheery voice, as though nothing had happened. Then, perhaps before the day was over, he would give us each a dollar, a sort of peace-offering.

After he deposited the money in the bank, he was induced to put it in mortgages; and, in time, he lost it. I am sure he worried awfully about that. After a while he became homesick to see the old place and Aunt Jane's family, and went back for a visit. There he was taken sick, and in the summer of 1895 he passed away at the age of eighty-one.

We loved to go on picnics on the beautiful banks of the Kings River. Many families planned to spend the day there on Sunday, and the whole community made May first a day to be remembered. We all had new dresses, new hats, and colored sashes for the picnic

and carried huge baskets of lunch. There was the May-pole dance, band music, and dancing all day long on an open platform.

Daisy and I thought we should like to work in the fruit. We went berry-picking on the different rivers, bringing home bushels of berries for canning. We asked Mr. Hoffman if we could pick blackberries at his place on shares, and he was glad to have us. So two went while the others stayed at home to do our work. We always tried to be at work by daylight. It was about four miles, and as it was July we had to get up very early.

Then Mr. Brown needed help on his ranch, cutting peaches for drying, and we thought that we could earn big money. We worked there about a week, but with our talking and fooling we made barely a dollar a day. On Friday night we went to a dance in Sanger, twelve miles each way, and got back only in time to change our clothes and go to work. We had promised Mr. Brown that we would surely come to work on Saturday; after we had our lunch, I felt awfully sleepy. I had a box of peaches on my lap that I had just cut for the tray. I dozed for just a second and upset the whole

box on the ground. Everyone laughed except Mr. Brown; he was furious and said that I could quit. Up spoke the others and said if I had to quit they would too. As the fruit was picked, it had to be cared for; so he gave me a lecture and I stayed.

We heard rumors in town that we were lazy and never did anything; just let our poor mother do all the work. The reason for that rumor was that people saw us in town early and sometimes late in the evening. They did not know that we were up at dawn to do the work, so we could go out. Mother told us just once to do a thing, and if we didn't, the next time any of us wanted to go somewhere she would say, for instance, that the others might go, but Daisy did not do her ironing. Her word was final; there was no need to cry.

We used to go on camping-trips in the summer time, cooking our food on a campfire. We were all ready to go to the Yosemite Valley as soon as the peaches were on the trays. When we were almost through and hurrying with the last lot, I ran a sharp knife into the fleshy part of my leg above the knee. The wound bled so badly that I had to be carried home. So I hobbled around on a pair of crutches trying to get father's meals,

while for three weeks the rest of the family enjoyed the trip.

Ethel and Edith went out together, as Edith seemed older than she was. I went mostly with Daisy. Nellie Berry, who was about Daisy's age, used to come out to the ranch quite often, and Daisy sometimes stayed in town with her. One morning Gramp went in to Mrs. Berry's place to bring Daisy home, and there he found Ann Coats, whom he had known in Placerville before she had married William Jackson Berry, Nellie's father. That was the first he knew of her living in Selma.

A funny thing happened one day. Ethel and I had been going out a little with two of the boys that worked at the station in Traver. As one of them was leaving the house, he said: "Come down and see us. You can flag a freight train and they will stop and pick you up." So one day we decided to go. We guessed pretty accurately the time one was due; when the train came along, we ran out and waved our arms like the brakeman. It worked. The train slowed down, then came to a stop, and we climbed aboard the caboose. There was a very nice man in the car, who asked if we often rode with them on the train. We said no, this was our first trip, and

told him about the ranch. He went up ahead. When Ethel and I jumped off at Traver, he was there to tell us goodbye. After he was gone, Jack told us that he was the superintendent. The boys worried for fear something would happen to them, but nothing did. We learned later that Mr. B. had many a good laugh over our excursion.

About 1894 "Coxey's army" came marching down the railroad through the valley towns. About three hundred of them stopped at our place. Father went out to meet them, asking us to remain indoors. He said: "Now, boys, if you will take what you want and not destroy anything, it will be all right." We didn't want them to pull the green melons off the vines. They took all the ripe ones, all the eggs and potatoes they wanted, and what hens they could catch. I heard they wanted to make Coxey a general. I don't see why, for he was certainly no hero to us in '94—just one of two hundred and ninety-nine other tramps.

The Berrys also lived on a farm east of Selma; they had moved there from Mendocino County, where all the children were born except Fred and Nellie. Frank was married to Angie Smart before we knew them.

ANN BERRY

Clarence and Henry used to come out to the ranch quite often; they showed no preference, taking first one, then the other, to the dances.

Then one day a note was thrown off the train; this is what we read: "Mr. Carswell and Mr. White would like to call. Leave an answer at the station if that will be all right." We were excited, for this sounded quite formal and came from two men who were working, not from boys going to school. Mother was consulted, the answer made up, and a date set. Now the next thing was, which two of the four would they pick?

On the day they were to come, we dressed in our second best. As a rule, when company came, all three of us girls entertained them until we felt it was a lost cause and then we slipped out. Edith generally had the pick, and right away we could tell that Mr. Carswell was all for her. But we weren't sure about Mr. White, for he was more bashful. Before long I slipped out to do some work I had left, but Ethel came for me saying: "Tot, you come back. The boys want to know why you left." I didn't like the long afternoon spent sitting around just talking, but I went back. That was as far as things went that day. After that, when they had a day

off, as they do on trains, we would get another note. Mr. Carswell was all Edith's from the start. Edith liked both Clarence and Henry.

As I was her twin she picked at me all the time because I didn't grow up and put on longer dresses and shoes. Two of the boys asked Daisy and me to go to a circus in Fresno. I had never been to a circus, but even then I didn't want to go. Edith made me. For a long time she had been wearing grown-up dresses. Recently she had had a dark pansy-colored dress made in town, with lace in a V-neck and many buttons of the same color indented with cut steel. She squeezed me into it and my tight shoes. My first circus, and I hardly saw a thing, I was so miserable!

The girls were going out so much now that sometimes I had to take one of the boys off their hands. They spent most of their time teasing me, asking me how I'd like to be their steady, and if I had ever been kissed. "What do you think we play post office for?" I answered. I remember telling one of my beaus that I never went out with the same boy more than three weeks, for by that time I was tired of them. In three weeks to the day, he stopped coming and we never

went out again. Later he married a girl chum of mine, and we were always friends. Then it dawned on me that Mr. White had his eye on me, but I told him all of Daisy's good qualities and how much he would like her. Lillian Russell was to play in Fresno at the Barton Opera House in two weeks, and as the boys had asked Edith and me to go, we begged mother to let us have new dresses to wear. Father had had a good crop that year, so mother said yes. Edith took a dark red and I a blue. The dressmaker was so slow that the dresses would not be finished until the very day of the play. We were to meet the boys at the station and take the eleven o'clock train to Fresno.

On the day, I went in town for the finery. Within a quarter of a mile from home the horse stumbled and fell, throwing me out of the cart. As I fell my head hit the shaft, which cut a deep gash through the eyebrow. The horse trotted home without me, and by the time I had walked home my face and clothes were so smeared with blood that the family thought I was half-killed. One of the girls ran in to put mother in a chair, for she fainted easily, and then told her what had happened. I said to Ethel: "Now, I can't go to the theater!"

But she said: "Oh, yes you can. I'll have you fixed up in no time." They bathed my eye with cold water and dressed me in my pretty blue dress. We went into the drug store at Selma and had a patch put over the cut. Everyone asked what had happened.

The boys were horrified when they met us, and surprised to think I came anyway. Mr. White insisted that I see a doctor, who advised a few stitches. There was no freezone or ether for everything then. Edith waited outside on the step. After the stitches were in, we had lunch at the Grand Central Hotel. I rested all the afternoon on the upper porch, but I just could not go to dinner. The play, *La Sigiel*, was wonderful, and Miss Russell the most beautiful person we had ever seen. How she did sing that night, and how thrilled we were! We took the midnight train for home, and the boys arranged to have the Owl stop for us at the ranch. The next day my eye was closed, and some of the crew reported that they had seen me in the yard with my head tied in a sheet.

The next thing we knew, Edith was engaged to William Carswell. He was a fine man, from a prominent family. He lived with his uncle and aunt, the

THE BERRYS
Top row: FRANK, HENRY, FRED
Bottom row: CLARENCE, WILLIAM J.

Golders of Boise, Idaho, who were related to the McCullows. Mr. Golder was quite a writer of histories.

The girls thought it would be nice to have a double wedding with me as the second bride, but I wasn't grown up yet. You know how it is in families with small means! Every time one was married, those that were left had a better chance in many ways.

In the meantime Clarence Berry was calling quite often, and I think Ethel was falling in love. Next Henry came wandering in, for he liked dancing and would join the rest of us. The next time Henry came out, Edith was not at home; so he asked me to go out by the ditch where it was cool. But why me? We found some shade under the willow tree. He told me what he wanted to do. He was working and saving his money—that kind of talk—and at last I said: "I'm sorry, but I think Edith likes Will." He just talked on, though not of Edith.

Then one day when I had to go to Selma and I was wearing my nice blue dress, we happened to meet again. I was going by with just a nod, but he stopped me and said: "Say, kid, you're getting darn good-looking. Funny I'd never noticed it before." I just answered: "Mr.

Fresh," and left him. Sometimes all of us would be invited to the same dance; then we had more fun. At other times those of us who weren't asked helped to get the lucky ones ready or lent them some of our things.

One Sunday I had promised to take a buggy-ride with a young man, but by Sunday I didn't want to go. I asked mother to tell him when he came that I was ill. I would hide upstairs and perhaps he would take one of the other girls. Father heard me and said: "Did you tell this young fellow you would go?" "Yes," I answered; "but I don't think I like him." He told me: "Get your duds and go. Maybe the next time you will know your mind. You let a young man hire a team and then change your mind. That doesn't go!" That was father every time! (As I write this and think back, of those times and of today, here I am on the top of a very barren hill; oil wells in the front yard, oil wells all around me; and yet a garden of flowers; a large, comfortable home, gas to burn, electricity, telephones, automobiles, and airplanes. We think nothing of running into the village, a distance of six miles, for a loaf of bread. But then we planned for weeks when we were going to Fresno and thought it quite a journey.)

Edith's wedding to Mr. Carswell was the first one on the Bush Ranch. It was in September, as Mr. Carswell wanted to take his bride to the Chicago World's Fair on a honeymoon. I felt Edith was marrying not so much for love, as just to get away from the ranch, which she had never liked. Yet one is never master of one's destiny. I know father would have liked to live in a different world from plowing, feeding stock, and other ranch work, but what could he do? So we put all our energies and cash together to make Edith's wedding as pretty as we could. Edith was proud and nice-looking, with fine features like father's.

She did not have a large wardrobe when she left, as Will asked her to wait so that he could get her some real nice Eastern clothes. She decided to be married in a gray dress that she could use for traveling. The dress would be made in town, and we drove to Fresno for some of the buying. The dress had a basque top; the sleeves were wide at the bottom and trimmed with bands of inch-wide velvet ribbon; the skirt was quite full, with velvet ribbon of wider width on it. She had a full-length gray coat and a small hat with a veil. We invited everybody we knew to the wedding. The neigh-

bors brought flowers and helped to decorate the house and cook the wedding supper. The tables were set in the parlor, and everything was in readiness.

None of Will Carswell's folks could come to the wedding, but his friend Mr. White was with him. Mr. Carswell was a born gentleman and a handsome man with thick, wavy hair and lovely brown eyes, and a fine carriage. Edith made a beautiful bride, and Will was very proud of her, for he was very much in love. They took the night train for Chicago, and on their return were to live in Idaho. Edith was the first to leave the group, and we missed her.

After Edith's departure we went out a good deal. We almost always had company on Saturday night if there wasn't a dance near, and company on Sunday too. A large family, the Scotts, had joined our group. Because the boys were jolly, and could play and sing, their place always hummed with noise; they helped to win many a game of football for Selma.

One of my mother's friends asked me to visit her in Sacramento. There were three boys, all older than I. I liked the city and was old enough to go about by myself. My favorite place was the Capitol grounds,

where I could see the statesmen going in or out most of the day. The governor of California at that time was Hiram Johnson's father. He wore a long, white beard and was well liked. I attended night school in Sacramento for a while and met some nice boys and girls. I had to stop before the term was over, as father wanted me to come home.

While I was away, Everett went to Fresno to work in the courthouse and to study law under Judge Church. Ed was a good-looking man and Judge Church was like a father to him. He encouraged him and taught him how to work. The Judge passed away, but when I was talking to his widow in 1934, she spoke most kindly of Ed and said how well she liked him.

In Fresno he met Flora Holenbeck, whose father was in the planing mill business there. The Holenbeck family was quite large and popular. Another daughter, Lillian, married Allen Kidd, a relative of the Newberrys of grocery fame, and died very early, leaving one son named Allen.

Everett and Flora had three sons, Chandos, Duane, and C. J., the latter being named after Clarence J. Berry. I liked to visit them and help with the children, for they

were a lively lot. Chandos could find more things to do! He wanted to climb everything he saw; he would run away to the car barns or the lumber yards. Someone was looking for him all the time.

While we were at school one day, mother heard a knock at the back door. When she answered it, there stood a big negro. He said: "Lady, I'm hungry." Mother told him to take a seat on the step, and she would get him something to eat. As soon as she turned around, he tried to get in. She called loudly for father; luckily, he was just out of sight, near the henhouse. He came on the run with a hoe in his hand. Mother was so frightened that she just dropped into a chair. When the negro saw father with the hoe, he leaped off the porch and headed for the ties. In all the time we had lived there we had been annoyed only two or three times, and hoboes were going and coming all the time.

Mother thought she would go and see her sister, Jane, who had been urging her to pay them a visit for some time. While she was getting her things ready, the idea came to her to take me along. She gave the girls all sorts of instructions, though I am sure Ethel knew more about the house by now than mother did. Ethel and

THE WILLIAM BERRY HOME—SELMA

THE BUSH HOME—SELMA

Daisy took mother and me to the train. On their way home a man on horseback followed them. Ethel thought the rider was acting queerly, and told Daisy to use the whip. Just as they came out of one hollow in the road, the fellow called to them to stop. Daisy began lashing Topsy. The man was close enough to try to grab the reins, but was evidently so drunk that he missed. When they came to the turn in the road, they shot across the tracks and into the yard, calling for father. He came out with a rifle in his hands, but horse and rider were gone. The farmers in the neighborhood tried to find out who he was, but never succeeded.

Mother and I had a grand time at Aunt Jane's. It was nice to visit with the cousins again. Frank and Carolyn had married and had homes elsewhere. I had a ride on the lumber train again to Canyon Creek, and when we rode over those same old trestles and around the curves, I shuddered to think that we used to run all over the flat-cars while they were in motion.

Now that only three of us children were left at home, we each had a room and one to spare. We changed things around and fixed them up as best we could without spending anything.

Some years before, Ed had built a little house for the pigeons under the eaves in front of the barn. But some had been lost and some killed, until at last only two were left. One morning at breakfast father said, "I haven't heard the pigeons this morning." As soon as we had finished, we went out to see if our pets were all right. When we reached the barn, we saw a huge rattler winding down the pole with one of the pigeons inside him. The snake had swallowed the pigeon whole, and we could see it going down the snake's gullet as plainly as though we had an X-ray. We killed Mr. Snake and tried to bring the bird back to life, but the effort proved vain.

Chapter Four

CLARENCE BERRY came out to the ranch one afternoon and got to talking about ranches, how little one could make, and how hard poverty was on his folks. He had heard that gold was plentiful in Alaska. If he could only get there! He talked Alaska at home, on the streets, and with anyone who would listen to him. He must have gotten his father's consent at last, because the next time we saw him he had made up his mind to go if he could find the money.

His father helped him by selling a forty he had, and Clarence borrowed money from his friends or anyone he thought had it, promising to pay it back with good interest. In a few weeks Clarence had what he thought was enough to take him in to the gold fields.

I think he had an understanding with Ethel that they

would be married on his return, though Ethel said nothing to us. Clarence went first to San Francisco and took a boat from there to Seattle, Washington. He was joined there by others who were getting ready to go; they wanted to be ready by the time the next boat left for Skagway by the inland route. A good many left with him; but not all reached Alaska. The only ones I can name are Mr. Keller, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Edgar, and Mr. Clemons. After they left the steamer, they would have to saw their own lumber and make their own boats to carry them and their supplies. I can't tell you of that trip; but it would make a book all its own, a book which I should like to have.

Clarence and his party pushed ahead until they finally reached Forty Mile. They pitched camp there and spent most of their time prospecting, when they weren't trying to earn some food. Clarence was gone about eighteen months on this trip, and we could get news from him about every six months.

He decided there was something to stay in Alaska for; and later, when he returned to Selma, his purpose was clear to all. It was lonely so far from home, and he had come back to get Ethel. On March 10, 1896, they

were married at the ranch house, where the two families were gathered. Ethel, like Edith, had chosen gray, a very light shade, which she could wear for traveling after the ceremony. Ethel's wedding was much larger than Edith's. The tables for the supper filled the parlor. There were no tears at that wedding! It was fun for all. Not a person left until the bride and groom had departed for the train which would take them to San Francisco.

This time Fred Berry, Clarence's youngest brother, went with them. Trouble stalked them just as they were about to board their boat for Skagway, as Clarence came down with the mumps and they almost missed the boat. From Skagway they traveled to Dyea, then to Sheep Camp over the Chilkoot Pass; then, crossing the lakes, they reached the Yukon River, which they intended to follow into Forty Mile.

As written, this sounds like a pleasant honeymoon trip; but after the bride reached Seattle, the gray dress was folded away. This is what her trousseau had in it: long heavy underwear, woolen stockings, rubber boots, heavy shoes, and a flannel dress. Quite different from crepe de chine and satin! The trip was hard for a man,

but it was worse for a young girl. Every inch of the trip, which took months, was beset with perils. They walked miles and miles over frozen lakes; they had to do all their own work; and the cold was bitter all about them. They had very little money, and when they reached Chilkoot Pass, Clarence had only fifty cents, which he spent for a cap he thought Ethel needed to wear over the frozen lakes. Then he went out in search of more money, as he wanted an Indian to take some of the provisions over the pass for him. All were well and happy by the time they reached their destination. Six months later, we had news from them. They were safe, and Ethel thought it a wonderful adventure. The ice had melted and the rivers were beginning to thaw. They would camp there at Forty Mile for some time; the boys would work, and when the weather was milder they would do some prospecting.

On their trip they had only a tent to sleep under, even on the ice. They carried their own food and cooked it. They would haul or carry their food for about five miles, cache it, and retravel the five miles for another load. This slow, hard work had to be done over and over. When they reached the lakes, a sail was

put on the sled so that the wind could help them along.

One morning, news was brought into Forty Mile by a miner that a strike had been made above Dawson. The boys lost no time in getting ready. They broke camp and took Ethel to the Indian graveyard, which was near the Yukon. She was to flag the first boat coming up the river for Dawson. All that the boys took with them was their bedding and short rations of food. They wanted their boat light so that they could make fast time poling up the river. They were hardened to cold and hard work by now. They hoped to reach the mines and get their claims staked before the big rush started. They reached the Klondike and went on foot nineteen miles up the creeks to Eldorado Creek. Lamb staked No. 7; Clarence, No. 5; Joseph, No. 4; Keller, No. 6; Phiscator, No. 2; and Mitchell, No. 8. All of these claims proved to be very rich.

When the boats were running, we would get mail from Ethel quite often. She could write the most interesting letters, just pages and pages. Now she wrote of "our" claim and of the gold they expected to take out. Father just wouldn't believe a word of it; when he saw the gold, he said, he would believe it. He would get

quite provoked if he heard mother repeating anything from the letters, saying that he had seen plenty of mines and that there wasn't that much gold in all of California. Ethel wrote us about all the funny things that happened. She loved to talk to the Indians; they told her she was the first white woman in those parts. They came to see her and greatly admired her clothes, but the one thing they liked most was a small mirror. She traded some of her trinkets for gloves and moccasins.

Soon after Ethel left, we lost the ranch house by fire. We never knew the cause, but father thought some tramp might have been there or that a candle had been left burning. I was staying in Fresno with my brother when mother sent word to us, and I left for home at once. The folks had gone over to see the Cook family, who lived west of Selma, and whom we had known at Towle. Funny things happen at a fire. When the neighbors saw the blaze, they rushed over to help. One man saved an old cooler made of gunnysacks, and not worth a dime. Another tried to dig out a grapevine that grew close to the house. Not one of them saved a piece of furniture or any of our clothes. Someone did take the stock out of the barn, but the barn

didn't burn. We lost everything we had in the house—the family Bible, pictures, valuable specimens and the thing father prized the most, a newspaper printed on the day of the death of George Washington. Margins of black ran around the edge of the print, which had letterings in such odd type.

We took a house in town for a while, out near the Methodist church. This time father built a seven-room cottage. We liked living in town, but father insisted on staying at the ranch and we had to take his food to him every day, as he never could cook.

Henry was then working at the courthouse in Fresno. He came down to see us one day, and the next we heard of him he was ill with the mumps. Edith, who was home on a visit, was the first to take them; and then Daisy. I hadn't taken them yet and didn't think I was going to. There was to be a dance in Traver, and the three of us and Nellie Berry and Henry were going. While we were waiting for the train, my jaws felt queer, but I didn't say a word. There was a large crowd there, dancing and having a good time. About eleven o'clock I felt pretty bad and decided that I had better tell Henry. He said he would take me to the

hotel, but for me not to say anything. As we left he waved to Nellie and said: "We'll be back in a minute." But she followed us out and the three of us went to the hotel. The dance lasted all night, and at six in the morning we took the train for home. A woman who got on the train with a flock of kids told one of the children to ask the little girl what was wrong with her. I told the kid I had the mumps. The woman gathered up her brood and fled into the other car, spreading the news all through the train. If we hadn't been coming into Selma just then, I should probably have been thrown off the train. Now, wasn't that an awful thing to do? I suppose I gave them to some of the boys I danced with. I just didn't know any better.

When we got to our new home on the Bush ranch, everything was very elegant. Only Daisy and I were left to enjoy all the new things. Had I made a guess, I should have said that Daisy would have married first. Edith was now the mother of a little girl, whom they named Wanlyn. She was very cute and just a beauty, with golden curls, big blue eyes with long, dark lashes, and the fairest of skins. The Carswells had lived in Glens Ferry before the baby was born and asked me

to come up and stay with them a while, as Will's work kept him from home two days a week and Edith did not like staying by herself. They sent me a ticket and said to be sure to take a Pullman. I told mother I was too excited to sleep on the train; and, besides, I wanted to see everything. How furious Edith was when she saw me get off the day coach! It was my first big trip and I was a regular greenhorn. I talked to everybody all the way and was asked plenty of questions; that trip was more fun than I had ever had before. The conductor was a fine man. He would stop by my seat and say: "This is a very nice place to eat, and we shall be there in twenty minutes." He sent the newsboy in with fruit. In fact, I was treated wonderfully by everyone. The beautiful scenery and the many waterfalls along the way were very exciting to me. We went to Boise for a while; and then, after the baby was born, I stayed until Edith was strong again and then I left for home.

We did miss Ethel, for she took the lead in the house and was always a good worker; she wanted things neat and clean. With the housework to be done by the two of us, Daisy and I could not help father much. Ranching is hard work, and he was up at dawn and out

late at night. When he was in the house, he seldom talked much, but read a great deal.

Daisy and I went to church, to dances, to town for staples and to see the trains come in; and to the post office, where we met most of Selma. We had good health and were happy.

Mother thought of Ethel very often and wondered what she was doing. Whenever I was in town, our friends asked if there was any news from Alaska, and the editor of the Selma *Irrigator* asked if he could publish some parts of her letters. They were very interesting because she wrote of the country, the Indians, whom they had seen on the creek, the kinds of food to be had, and the mine.

Then, after eighteen months in the north, Ethel and C. J. came home, bringing two friends with them, Frank Keller and Frank Phiscator, miners on the same creek. Clarence intended to stay at home until spring and then return to his claims alone. We all had a good time that winter. Mr. Keller paid a great deal of attention to Daisy. I went out some with Mr. Phiscator, but he seemed rather old for me. It was fun having so many around the house again.

Daisy's romance with Frank Keller had fleet wings; they were together almost every day, and spent half the night at dances, shows, or riding in the country. They made many trips to Fresno, and were in town at Nellie Berry's house a great deal. In the fall of 1898 they were married in the new house at the ranch.

Chapter Five

Soon spring was very near, and Clarence was making ready to go to Alaska again. Ethel did hate to be left at home; yet she knew what a hard trip it would be. If it was anything like the first one—well, once in a lifetime was enough. Clarence bade his family and friends goodbye and left in good time, as he had many things to buy for the journey as well as for the claim before the boat sailed. Then, just a week before the boat was to sail, he sent a telegram to Ethel telling her to come along, as it was too lonesome to go alone. At the end of the telegram he added: "Bring Tot." I jumped up and down, saying: "May I? May I go, mother?" and just as calm as could be she answered "We shall see," as though I had asked to go to the barn. But Ethel knew she was going. As soon as father came

in, he said that he had no objections. That was one thing about our parents, they scarcely ever said no, but took it for granted that we had our lives to live and were always ready with their help.

I was sent to town to buy blue flannel to make us each two suits to wear after leaving Seattle, just a sort of middy blouse and skirt, rather short, for ease in walking. I was so excited that as soon as I was in the store, I had to tell the clerk before I could ask for the flannel. I said: "I'm going to Alaska, and I will see the ocean and sail on a boat!" "Oh," he said, "I suppose you will help to sail the boat." Not knowing any better, I replied: "Maybe the captain will let me help." After getting all my things together, I hurried out and put them in the cart standing nearby; some one told me that was the Nelsons' cart. I took the bundles out and put them into my cart and picked up the reins ready to leave. Somebody else called: "Hey! you'd better untie the horse first!" No, I wasn't one bit excited! We worked all day and part of the night before we decided that we could not finish in time and would have to get a woman from town to help, as it would be time to start in twenty-four hours.

It was a wonderful trip—two whole days and nights on the train, and in the Pullman this time! Some of the places put me in mind of Towle. We saw snow-capped Mt. Hood and Mt. Shasta, and wonderful trees and ferns. I told Ethel it was a shame to go to sleep.

With only a day and a half to outfit ourselves, we went right to work, C. J. keeping right at our heels to see that we bought the proper things—overshoes, gum boots, heavy socks, parkas, and flannels. We could take only the things that were really needed; we could not add an extra pound of anything. Each of us had a heavy canvas bag in which to carry our belongings, as these bags would carry well on a sleigh. At the time, we thought C. J. was rather hard on us; but before we reached Dawson I wished that we didn't have any sacks, as many times we were obliged to get into the dog-harness to help pull the sled.

There were ten of us in the party, including Clarence, Ethel, William Berry (C. J.'s father), Charley Dearing and myself. We traveled together, ate together, and pitched camp together. The other five had their own tents, sleds, and supplies. Charley was on the train with us, while Pa Berry had gone ahead with Clarence.

Seattle was full of people going to the mines. Some had just enough money to get to Seattle and were begging someone to take them, or pleading for a loan to buy a ticket. The boat was already crowded and no more were allowed on it.

How beautiful the ocean looked! I could not wait to explore every inch of the boat, as it was the first time in my life that I had seen one. Our course was called the inland route, as we could see land most of the way, the water usually being as still as a mill-pond. The only place it was likely to be rough was in Queen Charlotte Sound.

I enjoyed every minute of the day, for there were many people to talk to, and there was much to hear. Many on the boat told me it was their first trip also. I spent hours asking questions of the crew.

Arriving at Skagway, we had to take a smaller boat to Dyea, then to Sheep Camp, where we cached our bags and supplies. This was the gold rush of 1898. At every port were thousands of men and only a few women. All the men looked alike; each wore a beard or fuzz on his face to keep him warm, a heavy flannel shirt, parka, and boots. In one line the men were loaded

with goods, while in the other they were returning for more.

Sheep Camp was just at the foot of Chilkoot Pass, where everyone was waiting to cross. The weather was still very cold, snow was everywhere, and the lakes we had to cross were still frozen over. We were impatient to be moving, but the Indians had warned us all that the Pass was too dangerous to risk; at any time there might be a snow slide.

I was delighted when we pitched camp on the main street, for I had been afraid C. J. would pick a place 'way back and I should miss seeing things. Everything was new to me and most exciting. We had one tent for cooking and one for sleeping. Mind this—all of our provisions and equipment, tin cups, tin plates, spoons, a sheet-iron stove and a handful of cooking pans, would have to be pulled miles and miles over frozen trails. Every morning C. J. would talk to the Indian as to when we could cross, only to have him say: "Not yet, big snow come fast."

Some of our cousins were going in, and we met, at Sheep Camp, Annie Baxter, who had married John Rickenback, and her brother Morris. Some other people

from around Auburn and Towle made up their party; so while we waited we visited back and forth. I liked Main Street as we were almost opposite a dance hall run by two women, and I'll say that they could take care of themselves. They could dance, sing, swear, play roulette, shake dice and play poker; in fact, they could do almost anything, and as I had never seen anybody like that before, I kept my eyes over on their dance hall every minute. Of course, C. J. wouldn't let me go inside the place.

It was hard work cooking for so many with the same kind of food every day and so few utensils. Ethel and I did the cooking for our crowd. We had to set up everything twice for each meal, as we didn't have enough dishes. We had brought one sack of potatoes; and when these were used, we should not eat potatoes again until we returned to the States. The cooking smelt so good to strangers passing the tent that they would poke their heads in to ask if it was a boarding-house.

The tent where we dressed had a double flap on the entrance, pinned with six-inch safety pins. Even with that one of us had to stand guard while the other bathed and put on clean clothes. Someone would work at the

door trying to get his head in, just to see who lived there. We would call out: "You can't come in! This is private." Then he would ask: "What the hell is that?" One day when a man was talking back to us at the door and annoying us, Clarence stepped up and landed a good blow on the fellow's chin, saying: "Now I guess you know you are not wanted here."

One afternoon I was missing, and when Clarence asked where I had gone, Ethel said: "I guess she went to see Annie." But Clarence said: "No, I met Morris and he hadn't seen her." All this time I was on one of the side-streets watching a shell game, and had my nose as close as I could get it trying to follow that pea. When C. J. found me he said: "Tot, you go home and wait for me." You bet he could scare me; so I ran all the way home.

By this time many boats had arrived and there were hordes of men in camp and quite a few women. One day our cousins came over to say that they were packing and were going to start over the Chilkoot Pass. But C. J. talked with an Indian who said: "Not yet; sun too hot. Big rush of snow come pretty quick." So Clarence made them promise that they would stay; but they were very

much disappointed, as others were going to chance it.

That very morning a slide came and buried sixty people, almost all of whom perished. Everybody rushed to the slide to help dig out those who were buried, and they were able to save some of them. A man and his wife were buried in the slide; she was taken out alive, and directed them to where her husband was buried. They had just brought him to the surface when someone yelled that another slide was coming, and the workers all had to run for their lives. The rescued man was buried again, but he wasn't found after the second slide. Two men were sleeping in a tent at the time of the first slide; the tent was cut in two and one of the men killed; the other was left asleep in his bed. All the bodies were taken to a crude morgue that was set up. All were frozen and looked as natural as in life. We helped to make coffins of plain wood, lined with black cloth; in each coffin was placed a bottle, containing the name and what little was known of the person. Had Annie and her friends gone that morning as they had intended, they would have perished. The next day Ethel and I rode to the graveyard with five of the dead men. I am glad to say that none of our friends was killed.

Now that the danger of snow-slides was over, the camp was a different place. Sleds were being packed and tent-stakes pulled. Last little talks between friends, and then, as the sled moved, the broad smile and the wave of the hand, and: "See you in Dawson!" They were off to the Klondyke!

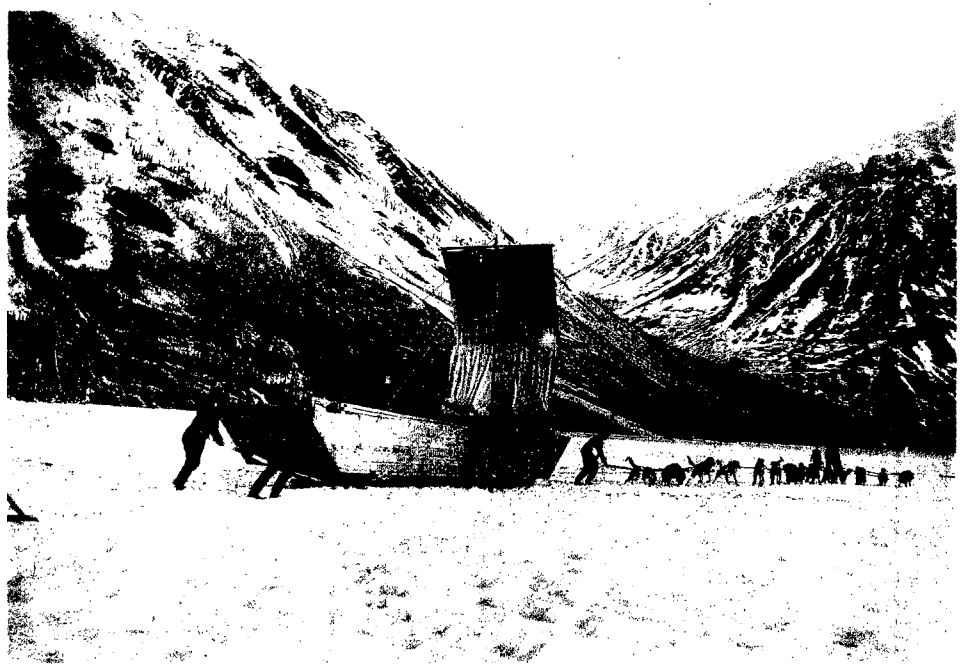
I wish I had words to describe how the sun looked, coming up over the snow mountains, and to make you see the whiteness of these vast spaces and of the glaciers in the distance! Crossing the Chilkoot was very hard on the men, as it was a very steep mountain. It took days of hard work to pack their food and goods over to the lakes.

I had never seen so many men in all my life and may never again. It was a sight to see long lines of men, their shoulders stooped under their heavy loads, slowly moving up the mountain, while another line close to their side, not so stooped and moving at a faster pace, came down for another load.

We had eight men to work in our party, and Clarence hired Indians to help whenever he could get them to work. I often wonder why none of the many men at Sheep Camp seemed to take any notice of us; plenty

of them were young, and there was only a handful of women. Perhaps the fact that we had eight men explained their indifference, or perhaps it was that certain look Clarence could give; or perhaps a man can have only one kind of fever at a time, and they surely all had the gold fever. Everyone's thoughts were centered on one thing, to go as far as we could each day and to know that we were one day nearer our goal.

If we traveled that trail again and again, it could never be the same as the trail of '98. A double rope, or cable, reached from the foot of the Chilkoot to the very top, by means of which a person could hold on in going up or coming down. Ethel and I did not leave Sheep Camp until all our supplies were on the other side; then it took us several hours to reach the top, where we were supposed to rest before starting down. But not I! I picked up a small piece of board and, using it as a sled, I tucked my feet up, held my skirts between my knees, and with one big "whoopee" I was on my way. The snow was worn slick and hard with so much travel, and I was soon at the bottom. We hoped that the going would be less hard as soon as we reached the lakes, and that night we camped at Lake Bennett.



STEVENSON PARTY MOVING BOAT DOWN WINDY ARM
"IN THIS WAY WE TRAVELED THE LAKES IN 1898"

Clarence had spent much of his time scouting around the country looking for dogs to be used on the sleds. The main thing was to have them large and strong. He picked up some especially good ones. The front sled had a leader and eight dogs in double harness. Clarence manned this sled, which carried the provisions, dried fish for the dogs, the chuck box, and so forth. On the second sled were the tent, the bedding, and bags and coats. If there was a stiff breeze blowing, we used the sail and could ride on the sled ourselves; but we could not add our weight if the dogs were pulling.

A great many lakes were grouped together, and we wove about, taking the one that looked safest for travel. There was Lake Atlin, Lake Tagish, and Lake Marsh, with small streams that carried the same names. We were up at dawn, cooked our breakfast, and were on our way, trudging mile after mile and resting only when it became too dark to travel. It was bitterly cold. The lakes were frozen to a depth of six or eight feet, and snow was everywhere. Even with all of our running and our heavy stockings, our feet would get so cold at times that we could go no farther. All the dogs wore shoes made of several thicknesses of burlap tied around

the ankle, but it would be only a short time until the sharp ice cut through the shoe to the foot. Then the dog would whine, and C. J. would say: "All right, old boy; I'll have you fixed up in no time." Then we would stop and put new shoes on any of them that needed it.

Wherever we pitched camp, each fellow had his share of the work; while one brought the tent, another took up the chuck box. Supper was to be cooked, boughs were to be cut for the beds, and the dogs were to be fed and bedded. If the lakes were too wide, we had no boughs for our beds. We traveled this way for several days, expecting to reach open water on the Yukon, where we could sail our boat.

After one of our longest and most tiring days, when we were dead tired from running and walking for miles, of course an accident would happen. We had pitched camp on the ice, our stove was set up, and supper was on the fire. Ethel had made corn bread and put it in the oven. I had fried the bacon and made a big pan of gravy. The boys had finished their work and were waiting for food, so that they could turn in for the night. Without warning the stove pitched over on its side, upsetting corn bread, gravy, and everything else in the snow. The

stove was so thin that the heat had melted the ice from under it, causing it to tip. There was nothing we could do but cook another dinner. I thought Charlie had a grand disposition, but that night he just went to pieces; he swore and refused to do his part. He said he wouldn't cook another meal if he never ate again, then left, and went to bed. His action was such a complete surprise to us that we looked at each other and couldn't speak. Then it struck us as funny, and we all began to laugh, telling each other that we didn't know he was like that. But Pa Berry made excuses for him, saying that the day had been long, and that he would be all right in the morning, and asking us not to give his bad temper any more thought. Poie (as we called Pa Berry) then offered to do Charlie's share. Poie was a dear, with the sweetest nature of anyone I ever knew. If ever you are in doubt about a friend, take him on a camping trip and you will never again have to wonder what your friend is like, for in three weeks you will know more about him than you learn in years.

Frank and Henry Berry were at the mines, as they had gone in the year before. I wish I could write about their trip, as they were such an odd pair. Both were

lazy, but Frank was droll and full of wit. Henry could always get out of work in some manner. The last news we had heard of them was from a man who had met them on the trail. They had tied a few tins to their coat buttons by strings, and were struggling with a great big cheese. They had sold or discarded one thing after another to lighten their load, but they hung onto the cheese. It was to be their fortune. They knew nobody would have cheese, and they were planning to sell it at a dollar a pound.

As we neared the Yukon, the weather turned warmer and the ice got softer. We noticed little trees set up, and when we came nearer we saw a sign reading: "Thin ice; follow trees." Several times, while on Lake La Barge, C. J. scouted ahead of us to test the ice and look for danger. In one place a little island or rock was sticking up through the ice, and the question was whether we should go on this or the other side of the rock. We hugged the shore more closely each day. As there was constant danger of the ice breaking, we carried long poles; in case we should find thin ice the poles would prevent us from going through.

The boys were mushing the dogs; as they had been

going fast, Ethel and I were quite a distance back. When C. J. halted the sleds to wait for us, he noticed that the runner was in water. Oh, boy! They used the whip on the dogs and worked like mad to keep the sleds moving. When Ethel felt the ice waving, she stopped, which was the worst thing she could do. Clarence looked back to see if we had noticed what was wrong with the sleds, and then Ethel called out: "Oh, Patty!" He couldn't leave the dogs and the sleds to come to her aid, and so he yelled: "For God's sake, Ethel, RUN!" When I heard that, I grabbed Ethel by the hand, and we ran! It was like being on the ocean, but the ice did not open. We thanked our stars when we got through with our outfits, but C. J. had been frightened for all of us. Had he left the sleds for a minute, they would all have been lost as, when the ice is in that condition and a dead weight rests on it, the ice gently opens, everything goes through, and the gap closes. That very afternoon a man with his dogs and his loaded sled went through in another place, but we did not hear of his misfortune until the next day. The ice was breaking up and beginning to move. We fought the mud and cakes of ice, sometimes in it to our waists. Then we had to leave the

lake and trudge around and through melted snow and wet moss. Swiftwater Bill, a Klondyke character, was just ahead of us. His lady, dressed in fine furs, had to be carried, but we did not wait to be helped and made our way as best we could.

We were at last on the Yukon River, with great ice cakes rushing by. Ever so often we could hear a resounding crash as the huge cakes came together, piled in tall pyramids, and then went floating away.

For the first time on our journey we were going to sleep in a roadhouse. We should not have to cut boughs for our beds, nor should we have to cook supper! What fun and what a relief! Now I should be able to see the people who lived in Alaska and the ones who were hired for the entertainment of the *chuchacos*.

When we pulled in we found plenty of travellers ahead of us. Dogs and sleds cluttered the outside. The place was alive with people, and we could hear tinpan music and many voices inside. I was terribly excited as it all looked so gay, but C. J. rushed us across the floor to the stairs and right up to our rooms. We didn't see a thing! It was maddening, and for the first time since leaving home, I wanted to cry.

Our rooms were very small, with the barest of furniture: the usual pitcher and bowl on a stand, a bed, and a chair. The partitions were so thin that we had to speak in whispers so as not to be heard in the next room. That suited me, as I could hear more if everybody kept still. C. J. told me to stay in my room and not to talk to anyone. I pleaded with him to let me go down and see everything, but he said I should have to wait until he looked the place over, as there were a lot of tough hombres on the trail. I consoled myself with the thought that he would have to take us down to eat, as we had no food in the rooms. I could hear the glasses clinking on the bar, the roulette whizzing, and the poker chips rolling on the smooth tables, and I thought: "Will C. J. ever come and take us out of here?"

As soon as he did come I said: "Oh, I'm so hungry, C. J. Can't we go downstairs now and eat?"

"No," he said; "the crowd down there is too rough and the men are all drinking. I have had them send our dinner up here."

So they brought beans and bacon upstairs to us, and we ate on a ricketty little table. After an hour or so we went to bed.

The next day I was told that we were not going to bunk at those awful places any more. That was a disappointment, as I was all set for the fun. We were not the only travellers who did not take their meals and lodgings at the roadhouses. On each day's march we found from one to five of them along the way.

By this time the Yukon was quite safe; so we loaded our boats and sailed all day. We did not have to work and could enjoy the scenery. Every turn and curve on the beautiful Yukon was a delight. We sang the old songs—"On the Banks of the Wabash" and the songs of '98. Our little stove was set on slats that reached across the boat, so we could cook our meals without losing any time by stopping. Poie liked to cook, but his cooking consisted of making coffee (which Ethel and I did not drink) and opening a few cans. As we emptied the little milk cans, we threw them in the river; whichever channel they took before sinking, we took it, as it would be the deepest and safest from rocks. At each bend in the river, we noted more trees; things looked greener, and the days were somewhat warmer; however, we were still wearing the blue flannels.

We had time now to talk. We knew very little of

the Berry family, and as I liked family history I asked Poie many questions, and led him to relate the story of his trip from Missouri to California. He told me that his father, a teacher, was one of thirteen children. As he liked to write letters, he kept in touch with his family wherever they were. I read a letter that he wrote from Acton, Hood County, Texas, in 1877. I couldn't hear enough, and each day I had him tell me more. He told me how he met Ann Coats, and all about the Coats family. Some of the Coats boys made history in Mendocino County by a feud with the Frosts.

Then Ethel told us of some odd experiences of her first trip. C. J. said that, no matter what had come up on the trail, Ethel was equal to it. She was never cross or complaining, and there were many hardships to overcome; they were young, with no experience, very little money, and in a country strange to them. But they had grit and courage.

When we reached the White Horse Rapids, Clarence insisted on all of us leaving the boat and walking on the bank to the end of the rapids. Taking the boats through was considered very dangerous, but almost everybody going in had to do it. I begged C. J. to let me ride with

our boat or to let me go with some Indians who intended to shoot the rapids in a small boat. But he would not listen to either request, saying: "I promised your folks to bring you back, and I'll try to keep my word."

At this point the Yukon was very narrow and was walled in by high rock banks on both sides. The water raced through this narrow channel at an alarming rate, hence the term "shooting the rapids." During the very short time it took to shoot the rapids, you didn't dare take your eyes off the course and you had to be sure of every move. We stood at the highest peak above the gorge to watch the boats come through. Such a thrilling sight it was as the water went by with a roar.

A Mr. Leeds was travelling alone in a small and rather light boat. He took the chance with the rapids, but did not make it. He lost his boat and entire outfit, but he himself was washed up on a rocky sandbar. That was a plight to be in. Now how was he to get to the diggings? There was no place to buy more supplies. Everybody was travelling light, carrying only the necessary things, but they all helped him out. One gave him a spoon, another a cup, and so on, and he managed to beg his way all along the route. As the Indians were there to help the

timid through the rapids, he made a bargain with them for a small boat, and that made him happy again. Just as he arrived in sight of Dawson—at the very last turn of the river, in fact—his boat was capsized by the swift current of the Klondyke River where it empties into the Yukon. This time he made a small island, minus everything but his shirt. But he must have carried a "horseshoe" with him, for he made one of the richest strikes of the year in a claim on Gold Hill, just above the forks. The ore from Gold Hill assayed much higher than that on El Dorado.

The Northwest Mounted Police had their barracks in several places along the river, and we stopped in to say "Howdy" to some, but we did not need their services.

Late one afternoon I noticed that Ethel was very quiet and that C. J. appeared to be worried, as she looked so white. He asked her if she felt all right. She said she had a pain in her side, had had most of the day, and now in the late afternoon it was getting unbearable. She finally told C. J. that he would have to go ashore and make camp for the night. Before we could find a suitable place to make camp, she was much worse and big tears were in her eyes. Before taking her ashore, we opened

the medicine kit and gave her a tablet to ease the pain. As soon as we landed, she was put to bed. C. J. wanted to go down the river in search of a doctor, but she asked him not to go. She just moaned and asked for water. Here we were on the banks of the Yukon, not knowing how far we were from the Canadian post or a doctor! We heated a pan of water and put hot towels on her side. Later we learned that we should have used cold towels. She took one morphine pill after another, until the case was empty, without getting any relief. They didn't even put her to sleep.

The next morning she said: "I am no better, but I just can't stay here. Put me on the boat, and let's go on." It was another day and night before we reached the Post, and even then she wouldn't stop; she just said: "Go on. I'll be all right." She was a mighty sick girl, but her grit and fortitude carried her through. It reminded me of the days on the ranch. When Ethel was sick, she would act in the same way. She would say: "I'm so sick!" and then go to bed; but she didn't want anybody to do a thing for her or even talk to her. After a while she would get up and pitch into her work where

she had left off. I have known her to go to a dance the same evening.

I could write about this river and that mountain, and of the distances and heights of glaciers. But as these descriptions have been given by others in many different ways and everyone views things from a different angle, and as this is not a history of the country but rather of two families whose paths have crossed and recrossed in the course of a century, I feel that my readers will not care if I do not indulge in this feature.

The Yukon thrilled me more and more. How warm the days were growing! We began to burn from the sun's rays on the water. The mosquitoes were coming out of their winter homes in the moss. They were large and thin and very transparent after being without food for so long. Every time they lit they drew blood; so we had to put netting over our heads for protection.

So many small rivers branched into the Yukon that it was a puzzle at times to know which fork to take. Sometimes we had to test the depth, in fear of sandbars, and one day we hit one; but as there was very little current at this spot, we managed to shove our boat free

without any damage. Each bend in the river offered a mystery as to what would confront us.

Quite a number of Indians in canoes came up the river and we waved them friendly greetings, which they returned. As it was early in the season very few Indians, animals, or anything else were out yet.

As we neared our destination, Poie became impatient; he didn't want to stop for meals or anything. He was the first one up in the morning and called us to get up as it was time to go. In about ten minutes he would be pulling the tent pegs, and we would have to get out or have the tent fall on us. We would land in the boat about half dressed and say to him: "Wait a minute. Let's eat breakfast before we start." But he would reply: "I have breakfast almost ready, and we might as well be sailing." Things went on like that every day.

Henry and Frank Berry were camped at El Dorado Creek all this time, though Frank made a good many trips to Dawson, walking the nineteen miles both ways. George Byrne and Henry had staked a claim on Bonanza Creek, each taking half, and Henry spent a good deal of his time with George.

Louse Hill is close to Dawson on one side, the Klon-

SUNSET ON DAWSON

AS SEEN FROM THE CAMPS OF WEST DAWSON, YUKON RIVER

dyke River coming down on the other side of it. To reach the creeks we had to cross it. The climb was short but much steeper than the Chilkoot Pass. We knew that, when we reached Dawson, the whole town would turn out to meet the boat, as that was the custom, whether they were expecting anyone or not. Ethel asked Clarence to pull into shore, as we wanted to take the nets off and doll ourselves up before we met our friends. Poie did not want to stop and told us that we looked all right and that we could make our change in a room at the hotel. But Clarence did as Ethel wanted.

We had brought our two dresses all the way from home for just this very purpose and nothing could have stopped us from putting them on. We were glad to take off the much-used and much-worn flannels. Our dresses were of flowered lawn, very high waisted, with narrow velvet ribbon at the bottom of the short sleeves and where the skirt joined the waist. We wore black cotton stockings with high shoes. My dress was quite a bit shorter than Ethel's, and I thought it very pretty. We hung a small mirror on a tree to aid us in combing our hair. (No bobbed hair in those days.) Ethel did hers in a knot at the back, while I braided mine with a bow at

the neck. The dresses may have had a few wrinkles from their long journey, but they looked mighty good to us. We got back into the boat and in a short time were landing in Dawson. One part of our great adventure was at an end. We had reached our goal, after many trying but happy experiences.

Chapter Six

GEORGE BYRNE, Henry and Frank Berry were on the banks to meet us; they had been in Dawson several days, as they had met some people who had seen us on the trail and knew where we were at the time.

The hotel was filled with people, milling around, talking, setting up the drinks, and telling the news of the creeks, and so we soon went up to our rooms. It wasn't long until some of the folks drifted up to us, for they were anxious to get the latest news from home; soon there was a regular hubbub of questions. We spent most of the night talking.

Nigger Jim, some Indians, and their families were rounding up everybody for a big pow-wow. We did not start for the mines the next day as was intended, for

Clarence couldn't leave. The town was filling with people very rapidly, and prices on food began skyrocketing.

The morning we were to leave, we again got out the old reliable flannel dresses and put them on; we also wore our gum boots, as the moss was wet and thick all the way to El Dorado. A nineteen-mile hike was ahead of us; so we all took it easy over the hill, on a trail so narrow that we had to go in single file. When we were on the level again, I began skipping about and jumping from rock to rock. I was full of pep and glad to be on my feet again after the long time spent in the boat.

"Don't do that, Tot," C. J. called to me. "You will need all your strength to make this trip. You don't know what's ahead of you."

I answered right back: "Oh, C. J., what's nineteen miles? I could walk thirty."

I found out later that, as usual, he was right. Of course, after an hour or so I expected to come in sight of the cabin. We walked and walked. As the sun advanced, we slowed down and took frequent rests. Every step we took we sank almost to our knees in the mucky moss. Our skirts were weighted down now with mud.

I wanted Ethel to ask Clarence to cut them off above the boot-tops, but she shook her head. I asked one of the other boys to cut mine and found walking much easier. After another five miles Ethel had a half yard cut from hers. What a trip! We were nowhere near home. George Byrne, Emile Stauf, and Frank had joined us. We were all very tired when, late in the evening, we reached the Forks, with still another mile and a half to go. I thought I could never make it, but I would rather have dropped than admit it. The Forks was just a small trading post set up to catch the trade where Bonanza Creek ran into El Dorado Creek. An eating house, a saloon, and a few homes had been built there. After a rest on the rocks with the cabin in sight, we trudged on wearily.

We reached the cabin at supper time, but no supper was waiting for us. I just dropped on the steps at the door and in two minutes I was asleep. One of the boys gathered me up, saying: "Poor little devil! For a *chu-chaco* she stood the trip well." I did not awaken until late afternoon of the next day, and when I tried to get out of bed, I couldn't use my legs. C. J. thought it best for me to get up and move around, all the time telling

me what to do and laughing at me when I groaned. It was another two days before I could walk without pain, but if Ethel felt bad I never knew it. C. J. had the biggest heart and the nicest ways. While I was so stiff, he concerned himself very much about me and would cheer me up by saying: "Well, kid, it was a pretty tough trip; I have never seen the trail any worse. Now that you're here, take it easy." One would think that after all those days of travel and the active life we led on the Bush Ranch, the walk from Dawson couldn't have worn me out so completely. I was glad to be at El Dorado after sixty odd days on the way!

The first thing I asked to see was the mine. The boys laughed and told me that I didn't have to go far, as the house was resting on it. I thought to myself: "Have I come all this distance just to see this little mine?" One of them showed me how to pan gold, but it just rolled out of the pan with the water.

C. J. said: "You can have all you pan."

"May I dig any place I want to?" I asked.

"Sure."

I took my pan over near the bank, poked around a bit with the shovel, looking for a prospect, and then

started digging. All of a sudden the fine gold, looking much like gravel, came rushing down as sugar would pour from a sack if you punched a hole in it. I had sense enough to know that was not the way it was done, and I called: "Someone come here and look, or did you just salt this for me?"

You should have seen the expressions on their faces when they saw the results. One said: "I'll be jiggered." Another said: "Ye Gods! the luck of a tenderfoot!" Then Clarence spoke up. "Go ahead, take your pan. That's what I said you could do."

It seemed I had opened up a pocket of pure gold and there was also a good-sized nugget there. I can tell you I was excited. I kept thinking all evening and wondering how I could make some money. After supper I asked Ethel if she did not want to hire me as a cook. They all laughed, but Ethel said: "I'll hire you if you'll do the job for $50 a month." That was a fabulous sum of money to me as I had never had over a dollar to spend at a time, so I said: "I want to be paid in gold dust." Clarence agreed, and I salted away every penny of it. Henry got a big chuckle when he tried to borrow some of it, but he never got it.

As the days lengthened, I loved the late evenings. We took walks over the hills and up the creeks. I liked working around the house and enjoyed the cooking, as we had no books to read. Almost every day someone stopped by, and if they came at meal-time, they were always welcome. As it was daylight almost all night, we thought nothing of getting a hot supper at two or three o'clock in the morning, with hot biscuits and all the trimmings.

We searched for blueberries, as the boys liked them for pies. The bears liked them too, and could clean up a big bush in two minutes. One afternoon when Henry and I had filled our pail and were walking down the trail, right in front of us we saw a big black bear coming up the same path, and not a tree anywhere to climb! So we just stepped aside on the path and stood still, and the bear lumbered up the hill and away.

The streams were full of big salmon, and for meat the men killed young moose and deer. In our cooking we had to use desiccated eggs and canned milk, mostly dry milk. Anything green was very expensive and very scarce. I didn't have to say that I could make a good cake because I heard the men say it often enough. What they

liked best were my raised bread and doughnuts. I often made sixteen loaves at a batch and a dishpan of doughnuts. We took the doughnuts down to the "cut" to pass around to the miners. Other times, after baking we left a fresh loaf of bread at their cabins. Home cooking was a treat to them after a long spell of baching. When the miners cooked for themselves it was usually sourdough bread, bacon, and beans.

When our cousins arrived in camp, Clarence gave John a job. Annie had a little cabin not far from ours, and later she cooked for some of the men. Many men who came from the San Joaquin valley in California looked Clarence up and asked for work. They would work for a short time and then drift on to other claims.

After a while Henry gathered up his things and moved back to his claim on Bonanza Creek. While we were on the creeks, Ethel had another bad spell, just like the one she had had on the river. Clarence sent for a doctor in Dawson, but when he came he couldn't tell what the trouble was. He left some medicine to ease the pain and promised to send another doctor as soon as he reached Dawson. It cost a small fortune just to get them to come up to the creeks, and still she had

no relief. Then C. J. heard of another doctor, one more of the old school, and sent for him. He seemed to know a little more about the case and said she had appendicitis, but there was nothing that he could do except to advise sending her to the hospital. As Ethel refused to go to the hospital, the doctor said he liked it well enough at our place and would stay a while. He was nice to talk to, being a kindly old man with long, white whiskers and a corn-cob pipe in which he smoked hops. As long as he couldn't help Ethel any, I didn't want one more to cook for, and the men ate so much there was never anything left.

After he went, we were advised to try a Doctor Bourg. He proved to be pretty good when Ethel was at her worst. She had a high fever and was very restless, talking to herself a great deal. Doctor Bourg didn't like the little room she was in and told C. J. to move her to another cabin with more air. After C. J. had taken her to the other cabin, he decided to get a girl, Jane, to help with the cooking, so that I could be with Ethel more. I was a much better cook than I was a nurse, but I did whatever the doctor told me.

Clarence was so worried and felt so helpless that he

would sit in front of the cabin all day, pestering the doctor to do something. Ethel was out of her head most of the time and calling for C. J. He kept answering: "Yes, honey, I'm right here." One day she called to him and said: "Go to the spring and get me some strawberries." He told her he would, but although he searched the town over and sent word elsewhere there were none to be had. When we gave her some blueberries on a cold spoon, she thought they were strawberries and that C. J. had just picked them.

In the meantime Henry was coming over rather often from his claim, and Charlie was hanging around a great deal. George, too, had to come over to see Clarence about this and that. One day C. J. said: "A cook around a place makes quite a difference. I see the boys are spending more time here." I thought he meant they liked the new cook's food better than their own; but when he got to kidding the boys, I knew that Jane was the attraction.

I could see that she liked Henry the best of them all. One day, when she found an excuse to ask him to the kitchen, I wandered into the cache so that they could talk in the kitchen.

But Henry called out: "Come on in and talk! You can work when I'm gone."

"I have to work for my money," I replied.

"I'll help you later," he coaxed.

"No, thanks," I answered, as I knew Jane would sulk if I let him help.

"We'll both help," said Jane; but Henry put her off by saying that Ethel might call.

When Frank Berry came up to see how Ethel was doing, he found her somewhat improved. Her fever was lessening, and she was more rational, but she was so thin that it looked as if one could pick her up with one hand.

Frank saw what was going on in the kitchen right away; so he took me to one side and said: "The little girl has an awful case on old Hank. Let's make them both jealous."

"Why both?" I replied.

"I don't like Jane," he said, "so let's you and me whisper together and look at each other mushy-like. I'll call you 'honey' whenever they are around and you call Hank 'Cooter' this and 'Cooter' that."

That sounded like a lot of fun. Frank was a fine-look-

ing man and knew plenty about playing the game of love, even if I did not. All the girls liked him too well, and while it was fine for him, it was tough on the girls, as he had a wife in the States. Henry was more of a man's man, not so tall or so good-looking as Frank, but kind, jolly, and full of all kinds of tricks, and not so keen for the fair sex. He could stir up C. J. any time that he wished. They were always at odds with each other and yet the best of friends.

So the game was on between Frank and me, and Frank was in his element. He said that he meant to stay with us as long as the fun lasted. When Frank would say: "How's my sweetie today?" I usually turned red and had no comeback. Then he would nudge me to call Henry and ask him to do something for me. So I would call: "Cooter, will you go to the spring for some fresh water?"

Then Frank would say: "Don't go a step unless Tot goes with you. She has been inside all day."

Jane would give him a mean look and say: "I haven't been out either."

Then Frank said: "You can go with me when they get back."

Afterwards I was in the kitchen and Frank strolled out and we both had a good laugh. "She's as mad as hops," he said.

In about five minutes Henry came in and asked if he could set the table. I guess it was just dawning on Henry that he was being paired off with Jane.

One day he took me by surprise when he said: "You are cute, Tot, and getting better-looking all the time."

I frowned at him and replied: "Since when? I was just the short-waisted kid when Edith was around. You'd better tell Jane some of those pretty things; she'd like to hear them."

He got huffed and left for home, saying he wouldn't be back for three weeks. Frank just howled for joy, while Jane almost cried.

I asked Frank: "Why did you do that?"

"Let him go," he said; "he'll be back." Henry was back in three days.

One day when C. J. came into the house, he found Henry using the broom on the kitchen floor while I poured the suds. He had been helping quite a lot. Clarence said to me: "What are you doing to Hank? I've

never seen anyone tell *him* to do anything and have him do it."

I just smiled and thought of Frank and our joke. I was the dumb one; everyone else suspected something was happening, but I saw nothing.

On Henry's next trip, I was cleaning the cache. He was there quite a while but wouldn't ask for me. Finally Ethel said: "Tot's working in the storeroom." He came in and said: "I can help." We were quite near to each other and he pulled me to him and gave me a bear-hug. He said nothing, and neither did I.

Another time Jane took hold of his hand to detain him, all the time pouting, but he pulled away from her. I asked him why he was so mean to her, and he looked at me rather hard as he replied: "Do you like the fellow that came in with you?"

I said: "No, he has a bad disposition," and told him the way Charlie had acted the night the stove fell into the snow.

The weather was warm and nice now. The sun only slept a short time, and everything grew very fast, and the wildflowers were all in bloom. Many people were

traveling on foot, going and coming to the creeks. Many men were packing to go prospecting, and some were going farther down the Yukon. Our men were working hard to get out all the gold they could before the water was gone. How we did wish that Ethel could be up and about so that we could do things! Besides, her illness was keeping Clarence worried, as he had been up with her again at night.

When I could get away from the house, I went over to visit with Annie. She was too busy cooking to come over to our place, and she was always glad to have me come.

Clarence teased Henry about being away from his claim so much and asked him who was working for him. Henry just laughed and said: "You folks won't be here much longer, and the winters are lonesome."

In the Selma days Henry and I had a sort of feud, and sometimes we had not been on speaking terms. After a time Jane did most of the nursing for Ethel, and I was back in the kitchen. Whenever Henry did anything special for me, he asked: "Now do you like me a little?"

"I like your work," I told him, "and I think you have changed a great deal since you came to Alaska."

Meanwhile we had letters from Selma with news that took our thoughts back to the family at home. Most important was the word that Grandfather had been obliged to take over the Stroud House on one of the loans made for him by the bank. When the house was built, it was the finest and largest place in the valley south of Fresno. All the rooms were large, and the wide porch across the front was shaded by umbrella trees. When Grandfather went back there, he could hardly believe that such a nice place could be so badly neglected. The yard, he wrote, was overgrown with weeds, and a fire had burned some of the fruit trees at the side of the house. The building was in a horrible state. Some of the windows were broken, and plaster had fallen here and there; it was dirty, the faucets leaked, and the bannisters were badly in need of repair.

As Grandfather needed help in putting the house in condition, Frank Keller had helped him. Daisy and Frank had returned from Kansas and purchased the Selma Water Works. He was handy with tools and worked with Grandfather until the repairs on the house were finished and it was furnished again. Then the family rented the farm and moved into the big house.

News came so seldom from home and we had so few chances to send mail to the States that we welcomed every chance to send letters to the family. Now a friend of C. J., Harry Smith, was leaving for the States; he took letters to both our families and one of introduction for himself. He intended to make only a short stay, but the days lengthened into weeks and the weeks into months, and still he tarried in Selma.

My, it was fun living on the creeks! I never thought life could be so grand. Charlie and George came over quite often to see me or to play cards. They were all good players at any kind of cards, but poker was their favorite game. They played well into the night, with Ethel and me keeping right at their side. I loved to watch the game. They fought and argued among themselves, but if anyone left in a huff, the game went right on. Clarence was the best player, steadier and shrewder than the others. He fought for his rights, but did not get angry. He was always lucky, and with his good playing he usually won. If anyone got hungry, Ethel and I and the boys who were not playing went to the kitchen and in no time had a nice meal on the table. We talked long

after the food was eaten, and by then the sun was hot.

C. J. couldn't figure Henry out. He would shake his head and ponder when he saw him coming up the creeks and would say to Ethel: "I wonder what the hurry is? Here comes Hank." When Henry arrived he would say to him: "What's wrong with your claim? Aren't you working any more?"

Henry would reply: "I had too good a week last week. I don't need any 'dust' for a while." (Of course, there wasn't a word of truth in those words.)

One night Henry asked me to go up on the highest hill to pick wildflowers and see the sunset. As daylight lasted long into the night, we had no need to hurry. We roamed the hills for flowers, and when we grew tired, we seated ourselves on the highest point, facing the west, and waited to see the sun disappear.

We had a nice talk. First he told me all about what he had been doing all winter; then we talked of George and of the Berrys and the Bushes. After that he felt he could ask me things, such as what I had been doing, where I had been, and with whom. After a long silence he confided to me that he got very lonesome during the

long, dark winter. This led into rather deep water.

"Why don't you ask Jane to marry you and stay inside?" I enquired.

"No," he said. "I could never love Jane."

"Why?" I asked. "She is a nice girl and I know she likes you."

"I'll tell you why someday," was his answer.

"Well, it will soon be time for me to go home, so you had better say it now," I told him.

"No," he said, "I can't tell you now." Then changing the subject he asked: "Why do you think I am changed?"

"Well," I said, "I didn't know you would help in the kitchen or were so handy with the sick."

He replied: "Don't you remember that I worked in the hospital in Fresno for a long time, doing any kind of work, and I helped take care of some of the patients?"

I did remember a story often told on Henry. He was told by the doctor to give a patient a sleeping tablet if he needed it, and in Henry's report he stated that he had *wakened* the man and given him the tablet.

Henry went on: "You know, I have never paid much

attention to the girls, and I have never asked anyone to marry me."

I laughed a bit at that and said: "Well, you are just a kid yet."

"Tell me what boys you have gone with. Do you like them?" he asked.

"Of course I do," I answered.

"Have you ever been in love?" was his next question.

I told him of the proposals I had had, and said that at the time I didn't think any of the boys were very much in love, or knew much about it. To me it just sounded silly, because I didn't want to marry anyone.

He said no more. The sun set in a blaze of red gold; the hills turned to lavender, then blue, and we started home very happy and carefree, exclaiming over the beauty and wonders of Alaska.

As we neared home, Henry said in a very light manner: "When you go home, don't forget whom you were with when you viewed an Alaskan sunset."

Now, if that was making love to a girl he wanted for a wife, I'll say he was pretty mild or very cautious. It sounded like small-talk to me. In fact, I wasn't at all

aware at the time that he was trying to find out if I liked him.

Another friend of C. J. came to the house about once a week. He also seemed to like kitchen work, which prompted C. J. to remark: "I was going to get someone to help you, Tot, but you don't seem to need more help."

Soon after this, Ethel said the doctor was not doing her any good; she wanted Clarence to send him home; she didn't intend to take any more baby medicine. After C. J. went to the "cut," she called me and said: "Tot, give me my clothes. I'm getting up."

"Oh, Ethel," I begged, "don't do it. Let's call Clarence."

But she said "No" in that meaning way of hers, so I dressed her and helped her to a chair. Each day after that she tried to stand a while and then to take a few steps; she never went back to her bed in the day-time. She improved so rapidly that soon we got rid of the doctor and Jane, and things went back to normal again. We were more than glad to have the house to the family of three.

We had begun to sluice the gold from the gravel. Every other day, in the early evening, after the gold

WASHING GOLD ON EL DORADO CREEK
HENRY BERRY, CLARENCE BERRY, FRED OTIS,
ETHEL AND TOT BERRY

had settled in the flume and the riffles were taken out, we helped shovel the gold into buckets. Then we gave it the "coal of fire," as we called it. This process was to separate the black sand from the gold. Sometimes we used a small blower, and quicksilver, or just blew it out; after that it was ready for the bags.

Ethel sometimes searched for odd-shaped nuggets, which she kept for herself. After the gold was sacked and weighed, it was put under the floor in the bedroom. The guns were kept oiled and handy, and some of our men were always close to the house, as the sacks were piling up fast. The whole country knew the miners were "washing," and there was great speculation as to just how rich the claims were and which one led. In that district the laws were very strict, and everybody knew the reputation of the Northwest Mounted Police.

To steal even a slab of bacon was a hanging offense; the thief knew the laws, and if caught he was hung, without waiting for a useless trial. Where laws are strict there is less crime.

Henry had dinner with us one night and stayed on after the folks had gone to bed. He asked: "Do you like me now?"

"Why do you ask that?" I replied.

"Now answer me," he said.

I said: "Sure."

"Oh," he said, "is that all?"

He acted so queer that I came back with the same questions he had put to me. I was anxious to see what he was thinking, as there seemed to be something amiss with him. "Do you like me much?" I asked.

"If you weren't so dense, you wouldn't ask me," was the reply.

"Well, say what you are trying to hint, and I will answer you," I said.

He took a long breath like a man about to dive—perhaps he felt as though he was taking one—before his next words:

"Why don't you marry me and stay in this winter?"

"Well," I said, "is that all there is to it? Shouldn't you lead up to that kind of talk with a few extra words?"

You would have thought he was just a boy with his first sweetheart, but he managed to blurt out: "Will you?"

Then I said to him: "Well, say the rest of it; no one can hear you but me."

"Oh, Tot, don't you know that I love you?"

"Oh!" I said, "so that is what has been ailing you all these weeks, is it?"

"Well, will you?" was all he could say.

"I don't know. I'll think it over," I replied. "Maybe I don't feel the way you do, or I may not know what love is like."

"Say 'yes' or 'no', right now," he insisted.

"Can't you wait a day or two to give me time to think?" I asked him.

"No, I must know right now; I won't go home till you tell me."

"I'm not sure," I told him, "and maybe you're not either. Then, too, there is Jane."

He got up and, standing still quite a while, he said: "All right. That settles it, I guess."

"I'll compromise with you," I said. "I'll be engaged to you if you will promise not to say a word to anyone until I give you leave."

"I don't like that idea," he said. "But I'll agree to it for a short time, if I must."

"Well, there isn't anyone else I care much about," I admitted. "Perhaps I'm not even in love!"

"Oh, yes, you are," he said. "You just have to be. If you marry me, you will never be sorry. You are the only girl I have ever loved."

We kept our secret until almost time for me to leave. Henry couldn't see why I had to go at all.

"Let's tell C. J. and Ethel," he suggested. "They can keep a secret, and then you find out if they will let you stay."

That we did, but C. J. wouldn't hear of it. I must go home, he said, and then if we wanted to be married, the wedding could be in the States.

After much discussion it was settled that no one else was to be told; I was to go home while Henry mined the claims, and then in the spring, when he came from Alaska, we could tell the folks and I would marry him whenever he liked.

Fred Berry, the youngest of the Berry brothers, was not at El Dorado this year. He had left the previous year to marry his schoolday sweetheart, Pearl Albough of Sanger, California. Now all of the Berry children were married with the exception of Henry, and all of the Bushes except me. For that, if for no other reason,

EL DORADO—THE BERRY CLAIM

it was quite fitting for these last two, Henry and me, to marry and finish off the two families.

Clarence had to enlarge his crew as the time for departure drew near. We had many visitors coming to see us. The men played cards every night; if there were plenty of good players, the stakes were high and the game went on through several days. Ethel and I cooked for everyone, not minding it a bit. If they became too noisy or laughed a good deal, we left the cooking and joined them.

None of us went to Dawson, excepting Frank now and then. We saw very little of the people living on the creeks, but if some of those living above us were going to town, they dropped in for a chat. When just Poie and the three boys were playing poker, it was loads of fun; they called each other some choice names and swore like sailors. To hear them going on made me wonder if any of them would speak on the morrow. Usually Henry was the lone dog with the pack "agin" him, but he could hold his own by "ribbing" them.

Every day I could see improvement in Henry. No one had to fight with him now to do the things he

should. He was kind and willing, and had a deep affection for Ethel. Though the Berry boys looked alike, they were all different, and each was likable in his own way. C. J., the head of the family, like the chief of a tribe, was the money-maker. Frank was very odd. He was proud, vain, and self-centered; on top of the world one day and as low as the ocean the next. In the first mood he was talkative and witty; in the other he was glum and had no friends. He liked himself first, then jewelry, then dogs. He liked the ladies, and they liked him. I could think the world of Frank and be angry at the same time. Fred was loving and sympathetic, but very sensitive. He was not so changeable; if he liked you, he was always your friend, and he was a good husband.

The girls were not a bit like each other. Nellie looked and acted like C. J. Their friends said she should have been the fifth boy of the family. When Harry Smith reached Selma, he rented a team from the stables and took trips all about the country; rumor said that he was looking for a ranch and would not return to Alaska. Many times he took Nellie with him. At the time, she was working for Mr. Neece at the telegraph board in the

express office, and we were all very much surprised when she announced her engagement to Harry. She was so young that the boys did not want her to marry; and, besides, Harry was quite a bit older than she. But despite the opinions of their friends they were married in the spring of 1897 and left for Alaska. Harry was a good man and was well liked in the north. Nellie was a good sport; she liked everybody and his dog, and was too generous for her own good. Family roots were very deep in Nellie from father to the *n*th cousin; no one could say a mean word about any of her kin without having to answer to her.

Cora was quite different. She looked like her mother. Her ways I couldn't make out; to me she wasn't like any of the family. She too was very young when she fell in love and married Robert Skelton, whose family came from Illinois and were now living in Selma. They were a large family and an asset to the community. Robert built a house close to his folks and took his bride there. At that time he was a clerk in a general store: later he moved to Sonora, California, where he was in the grocery business for himself. Cora was always a hard worker, a good housekeeper, a splendid wife, and

a devoted mother; she adored her only daughter, and was an ardent churchwoman.

I liked Henry better and better as the days passed, and I knew it would be hard for me to leave him. He asked me over and over if I liked him, and if I was sure. Now he asked me if I would change my mind as soon as I left, to which I answered:

"No. I think I am somewhat like you. It takes me a long time to make up my mind, but when I do, I seldom change it."

After he felt more sure of me, he talked quite freely, saying he had known how he felt toward me for a long time, almost from the day I had fallen asleep on the step after my long hike. He didn't think I cared for him and was afraid that if he asked me to marry him, I would say no; and then, again, he thought I cared for somebody else. I assured him that I liked him very much and had never cared for anybody else up to this time.

The creeks were swarming with people during these last warm days. Everybody wanted to have one more look and a few farewell talks, as the camp would soon be deserted and the long winter nights would set in.

The Indians were very friendly, even though some

were badly treated by the whites, who tricked them and stole from them. But if they were treated with respect, they were friendly. We enjoyed going to their tepees, but found the women hard to understand. Their food was mostly fish, roots, berries, and the game they killed. When the rivers and lakes were frozen, their stores were filled with the same articles, only in the dried or smoked form. Some of the white men of the early days lived among the Indians, took their maidens for wives, and had families of their own. Bishop Bompas described the Indians in the Hudson Bay District as good guides, faithful with their work, and friendly.

While Clarence was washing the gold at the "dumps," he was often angry at strangers, travelling along the creeks, who stopped and hung over the sluice boxes while they asked questions. They wanted to know how many dollars he had in the bucket; if the gold under the riffles was weighed, and how many dollars it would make. C. J. scarcely answered them; he only grunted. Then another would say: "Make a guess, Berry, as to how much is in the dump you haven't washed." Then C. J. would just pick up the bucket and start for the house, saying: "We're knocking off for the night."

Later, he often went back and finished his work.

Several titled guests were on the creek, some sightseeing, some writing history and making maps. George told us they were not writing so much as looking over the claims with the idea of buying. George Byrne brought two Englishmen up to see the claim; they were to have lunch and spend the day. I had read about the good manners of the English and was worried as to what they would think of ours. We had some trouble at first understanding their speech, as it was very broad. When we were all seated at the table, instead of passing their plates, they just reached for the caribou steaks, raked out a piece with their own forks, and then set down the platter. Vegetables were now in the market, and we were having fresh lettuce, the first they had seen since leaving home. They did not even pick up the large lettuce bowl, but reached across the table, lifting their own helping to their plates. When eating they rested their knives on the tablecloth. George noted my dismay and winked at me, then nudged my knee for silence.

One man Clarence brought in to dinner was a fresh one; he thought he was very clever. When he asked for the butter, he said in a very snappy way: "Please

pass the Sandow." For the cream he said: "I use cow in my coffee." Everything he said was intended to be funny to the sourdoughs. He was a good talker, however, and told us of the places he had been and about the people; with all his flip ways, he could hold our interest to the last word.

At last the gold was washed and sacked. There was hustle and bustle everywhere, for the river boat would be in any day. As Henry was to stay in the house through the winter, there wasn't anything to put away. We brought nothing with us worth taking out and so had nothing to pack. Annie and most of the men in her group were staying.

Even before we were ready to leave, the train of miners with their gold began to move. There were Antoine Standard, Frank Phiscator, Emile Stauff, and others. I believe that Charlie Lamb had the largest amount of gold going out. A number of men with shotguns, as well as some of the Mounties, guarded the train. The N. C. Company had hired this protection, as they were to ship the gold after it reached Dawson. But one person in the train was not going to ship her gold! And that was I. The money I had earned and the

gold I had panned made a nice little nest-egg and was to be used for my own wedding.

The boat did not leave for three days after we reached Dawson. The gamblers were busy trying to fleece everyone they could before the boat left. The saloons were wide open, the bars crowded, and the dance halls stayed open all night. Some of the men who had worked all summer with a "rocker" did not have a single dime when it came time to go; they had been victims of the gambling tables. The miners were not safe even when they were on the boat, as plenty of sharks were aboard—they weren't all in the sea.

Leaving Dawson we should again take a boat on the Yukon, and the scenery would all be new, as the Yukon is one of the largest rivers in the world. It would widen and open up a more fertile country, where we should see more vegetation and some of the Indian camps. George finally decided to go with us as far as Unalaska and take a boat back the next day. He hated to see us go, as, like many others, he loved C. J. and Ethel very dearly. Henry had always been disturbed when George visited at the house and didn't like to see George go even a little way with us.

Henry slipped away in Dawson and bought me a ring, which I agreed to wear on the boat, but not at home. It was a little marquisite set with very small pearls, and I thought it was beautiful. He had to pay ninety dollars for it, although on the outside it could have been bought for fifteen. I knew that he must have borrowed the money to pay for it, as he never seemed to have a dollar. I asked him if he would be a good boy and go right back to the claim, but he was quite certain that he would get gloriously drunk and go home in the morning. He was a sad and forlorn-looking boy when the farewells were said and the boat pulled out.

Hundreds of people milled about on the dock, both those who were leaving and those who were not. I can truthfully say that I saw tears in the eyes of many of those hard miners. The deck was piled high with bags and bundles that would take more than a day to store below.

The steamer's whistle blew; the boat began to leave the shore! Soon we were around the first bend, sailing again on the mighty Yukon!

Chapter Seven

OUR BOAT leaving Dawson was one of the Alaska Commercial Steamers plying between Dawson and St. Michael; some that were larger made the full trip from Juneau and other points. We hated to leave and yet we did not want to stay through the long, cold winter with little sun, with darkness for most of the twenty-four hours, and with no fresh vegetables, milk, or eggs.

Our boat was one of the last ones on the river unless the weather should turn milder; then another would try to make the round trip. The boat was crowded; many had no cabins at all and would have to sleep on the deck. Everybody was milling about, meeting new people, and talking to old friends. It took three hours to reach Forty Mile, where the boat stopped for wood

and a few more passengers. At this point the Coal River on one side and the Forty Mile River on the other helped to widen the Yukon. This is the oldest camp on the Yukon River; the shore boasted quite a number of spectators while the banks of the river were lined with canoes. Our passengers were allowed to go ashore while the boat was being wooded.

Just a short distance away, on Forty Mile River is Fort Cudahy, with a post office, stores, and warehouses for the large companies. Soon after we left there, we found ourselves hedged in by cliffs, as the river is narrow and very crooked. When night came and we could no longer enjoy the scenery, we went in to look over our quarters and get settled for the night.

The next morning we reached Eagle City, where Uncle Sam had about three hundred soldiers stationed. When they took over the care of our trip, we felt different; more as if we were home again. It was good to see the blue uniforms as the men patrolled the banks. The soldiers were very young, and eager and happy to see new faces. We waved and called to them just as if they were old friends from home. When the boat left, their faces took on again a look of wistful longing for

home. They disliked living at Circle because of the long, dark winters and the bitter cold.

On the way to our next stop, Circle City, we noticed many small rivers joining with the Yukon. There were the Seven Mile and the Charley on one side, and the Kundid on the other. Circle was built on a big bend of the river and derived its name from its location. As this was the largest camp on the Yukon River except Dawson, all the passengers left the boat and soon filled the stores, the women buying knick-knacks and the men tobacco and food. Because of the Klondyke gold strike many of the mud-roofed cabins were filling again, after standing empty for many years.

That night, as we sailed along, George came to me and said: "Tot, come outside. The night is beautiful, and I don't want to spend it inside playing cards. I can do enough of that all the long, lonesome winter." So we walked the deck, leaned on the railing, and talked. He took my hand, held it for some time saying nothing. Then at last he lifted it, looked closely at the ring and said: "So it's Henry, is it? Have you noticed I haven't been over to El Dorado so much lately? Well, Henry told me how he felt, and I was waiting. Hank is a fine

fellow, and we are like brothers. So I am telling you good-bye for him tonight." He put his arms around me, kissed me twice, and went inside.

All of the next day we slowly felt our way over the Yukon Flats. For about a hundred miles the land was low and swampy where the Yukon spreads in all directions between treacherous and shifting sand bars. Every boat needed a good pilot who knew the flats. Later on, the channel would be still more dangerous, and to be stuck on the sand bars would mean to leave the steamer to its fate, as there was no one to help a boat in distress. Being stranded for the winter in such a bleak, cold, windy place was awful to think of. With no way to lift the boat, the ice would crush it later.

At Fort Yukon, just on the Arctic Circle at the point where the large Porcupine River joins the Yukon, is the Episcopal Mission. Here Bishop and Mrs. Bumpus had lived and taught the natives for twenty years. They had trained many of the Eskimo girls to be children's nurses.

The Hudson Bay Company established this port many years ago, bringing supplies in and shipping furs out by the Mackenzie River and the Canadian Lakes. We did not care to visit the Eskimo huts as some did,

because these were badly ventilated and usually smelled of melted fat, drying pelts, or raw meat. The huts were small and held only one bed, a table, and a small stove around which older and younger Eskimos huddled.

Because of much water, poplar trees grew everywhere. Many rivers and streams joined the Yukon; first the Birch, the Chandalar, the Dall, and the Ray. Then we passed the settlements of Beaver, Stevens, and Rampart, which is at the head of Big Minook Creek, where we rested again. There was little to interest anyone here, as the camp was just a row of small cabins on the south bank of the Yukon. The Little Minook, Alder and Hunter Creeks were gold-bearing in a moderate degree.

The weather continued mild; the river now was deep and smooth. As we moved along, I liked to sit in my chair by the rail, watching the scenery and wondering what wonders the next turn of the river would bring. I felt very small compared to the beauty about me; I knew that it could never be painted in the way it looked to me. I don't know which I admired more, the setting sun or the early dawn in the east when every tree and cliff made a picture on the surface of the water.

We passed Tanana, Fort Gibson, Ruby, Anvik, and Holy Cross. As we reached Andreafski I noticed that the boat creaked like a rusty hinge and pitched or rolled a little. It worried me, because all the stories I had read spoke of a sea voyage as wonderful, sailing on a sea as smooth as glass. But we were now in the Behring Sea, and a wind was blowing. The sea was choppy and I felt a little queer; I wondered if it was fright, and I could see that I wasn't going to like it. Then I smelled food. For the first time in my life I wasn't hungry at meal-time.

As I stood at one end of the boat it looked as though it were climbing steps, and seams in the boat opened and closed as the steamer dipped. At last I asked a sailor to explain this mystery to me and he answered: "They build them that way."

Just then Al came by, spoke to me. "You look awful white, Tot," he said; "don't you feel good? You had better take a walk around the deck with me." My head went up and I said: "No, thanks; I'll go wash my face for dinner." As soon as I reached my room, I went to bed. As I felt comfortable on my back, I did not go on deck again, and I felt all right the next morning. When I awakened, the boat was still; we had reached

St. Michael while I slept. Here we waited for the steamer *Bertha* to take us to San Francisco. Clarence had engaged cabins for Poie, Frank, Ethel, himself and me. On board also were George, Frank Phiscator, Mrs. Wells, and other people whom we knew.

Although St. Michael was not a large place, many boats were lying under the lee of the island. The place was quite devoid of trees, but had the same wet, heavy moss that we had at the mines. A range of mountains in the distance looked icy and cold. When the sun shone on them, they put on a white dress with blue ruffles, and then as the sun set the ruffles turned to pink.

A cold wind usually sweeps across island and bay. Many Eskimo women and their children dressed in warm parkas were to be seen everywhere. Usually an Eskimo has a fish-pole over his shoulder and a husky at his heels. The parkas are made alike for women and children; they are cut well below the knees, rounding in the front like an apron; the sleeve is long and straight to the wrist and the collar is a hood that can be pulled over the head. When the Eskimos want them more dressy, they sew on animal tails or colored beadwork. On their feet they wore muckluks.

The company docks were in three settlements, each keeping to its own territory for some reason I don't know. They had a comfortable hotel, stores and other buildings; the sidewalks that connected the different stations were very good for the kind.

Boats were arriving each day with passengers intending to take other boats for different points: Nome, Sitka, or Seward. The place was full of dogs of every kind; how the Eskimos fed them and the horde of people I don't know! All the eating places were overrun; food was high and getting scarce.

We did not like the place any too well and before the *Bertha* arrived we suffered many kinds of fear. How awful it would be to find ourselves frozen in there for the winter! Had there been more and later boats, these would not have taken us, because all their cabins had been booked months ahead. We pictured ourselves as modern Robinson Crusoes, marooned where friends and relatives would not hear of our plight for months. But wait! Before that voyage was over, we wished that we had missed the boat!

The *Bertha* was an old boat, but was considered sea-

worthy. For some years she had been used as a freighter between different points, but because of the heavy travel to Dawson, Nome, and the many small towns that had sprung up, she had been pressed into service again as a passenger boat. She was a sorry-looking tub when she sailed in. Besides the passengers, she was loaded down with cases of whiskey, coops of chickens, bales of goods, pigs, flour, and all kinds of food stuffs.

Here George said "Good-bye," and from the way he looked you would have thought it was forever. George was like that—kind, big-hearted, and loving. At last we were all aboard and were assigned to cabins. Ethel and Clarence had a berth near the center on one side of the boat; Frank was near the end on the same side; then came the small lounge; Al Whistle was next; I was just opposite Ethel's cabin on the other side of the boat. Mrs. L. shared my room: a tall, thin woman, none too young or handsome. Poie was near the front of the boat.

Much card-playing went on day and night, and for high stakes, even to the point of the wagering of claims. The women didn't play much at that time or use their

hands to knit or sew, but gathered in small groups. I found their talk very interesting. They told of the home folks, why they were in Alaska, and what was taking them home. Their experiences were many, some amusing and some tragic. We passed many small rivers, lakes, and islands, but they left no picture on my mind. When we did not talk, we relaxed in the sun, dreaming of love, home, and the future. Though the wind blew, up to this time the passage was not rough, and all were able to go to table and be outside. I don't remember one thing about the food we ate, how it was served, or who served it. I know that we did not dress for dinner, as we had on the only dresses we owned, and there was no place to buy others until we reached San Francisco.

We made a stop at Unalaska, one of the Aleutian islands. We all crowded off the boat, glad of the chance to be on land even for a little while. How beautiful the towering cliffs looked! We admired the valley, the waterfalls, and the hills of all colors, rare indeed from the winter's snow. How calm the water was! At Dutch Harbor, odd red buildings abode in the shadow of the mountain. We bought fresh fruit, looked at the white

reindeer, admired the Greek church, and were delighted with everything.

Just before we were starting back to our boat, I discovered that I did not have my ring. I had taken it off before washing my hands, as I did not want to get soap on it, and left it on the washstand. I hurried back as fast as I could, asked everybody, looked everywhere, but no ring. How bad I felt! I cried a good deal, as I had never had a ring set with pearls before. My first letter to Henry told of my loss, and when he answered, he said: "Tot, don't you worry over that cheap ring. I'll buy you a diamond ring when I come home, if I have to sell my shirt." He was always too ready to do that, I learned later.

We left the village behind us; the island and the hills faded, and the Pacific claimed us. Water, and more water! We should see no more land now for days, and so we fussed around our cabins, visited with different ones on the boat, and tried to find some books to read. I don't know whether it was two days or more before the wind began to blow. The water looked choppy, and the size of the waves increased as the afternoon

wore on. The sailors scanned the sky, as the Captain gave orders. The more the wind blew the more fun it was, we thought. Coats flopped, the ladies' skirts billowed out, and the wind tore at their hair. Then the decks were cleared, and night set in.

You know how peculiar sailors are; if you ask them how the weather is, they never admit that it looks bad. When I saw a sailor putting extra knots in a rope, fastening doors, and working on canvas I asked if a storm was coming. Leaning real close to me, in a low voice he said: "Take it from me, kid, she's going to blow." "Oh, joy!" I said. He looked at me in a funny way and went back to tying his rope.

Clouds seemed to roll up right out of the sea; whitecaps danced on the green water, and the wind blew a gale all right. It was September, and this was one of those equinoctial storms that they have on the Alaskan coast. C. J. was very ill, and Ethel was busy looking after his comfort. She had never been sea-sick, but even she did not like the way the boat was rocking. Almost everyone on board was ill, and some very sick.

The waves were desperately high. When the boat dipped it was like being in a well; sometimes you would

EDWARD EVERETT BUSH
AT 18 YEARS OF AGE

think it would never right itself. Waves broke over the deck, and the floor was swept clean of chairs. Everything movable was inside.

I was preparing to leave my room to see how Clarence felt, but my roommate begged me not to go, as she was afraid and did not want to be alone. I told her to remember there were others on the boat, and that some were much more sea-sick than she was.

I did not know the danger, for this was only my second ocean trip and the first one had been inland and very mild. The first cabin I stopped at was Ethel and C. J.'s. He was very sick and was praying, telling the dear Lord if he would land him safely, never again would he go to sea. I am afraid he did not keep his word, for he was in and out of Alaska a dozen times after that.

Next I went to see Frank. My, but he was sick! Quite different from Clarence, he was swearing about everything—the ocean, the boat, and himself for being here. All he wanted was some canned tomatoes; so I opened a can and gave him some. Next was the social hall, where I found quite a number lying on the cushioned seats. They had been afraid to stay in their

rooms, as no one had answered their bells. Al was there, and Mrs. G. and her daughter. Al had been seen walking the deck and dancing with the daughter a great deal, and Frank had told me that she had quite a "case" on him. There was nothing I could do but give them some water. Mrs. G. asked me to go to see a woman at the end of the boat if I could; she thought she was going to die, for she hadn't been eating a thing.

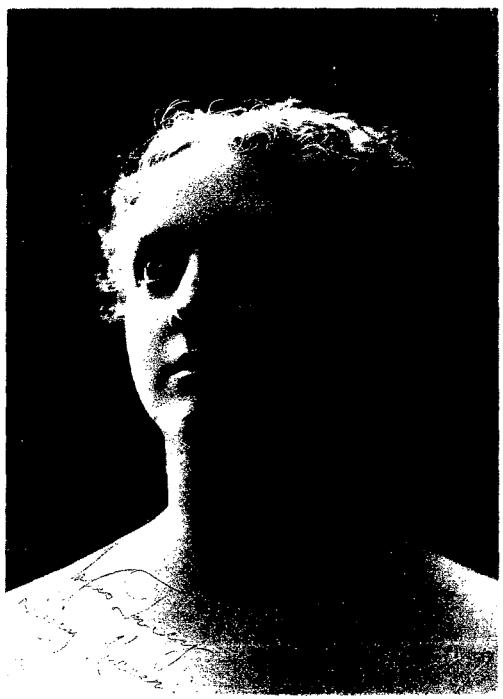
I was helpless there as she was almost too weak to speak; she needed a doctor badly. I held some water to her lips, but the boat was pitching and rolling so badly I couldn't keep my feet. As I left her, I wondered if I should ever make my room. A tremendous wave had just washed the deck, and I had started at the wrong pitch of the boat. I went sliding down that wet, slippery deck, reaching out madly trying to grab something to hold to. At last I touched a guy wire that was holding the lifeboat, and I clung to that until I caught my breath. When the boat raised its head, I crawled to my room.

Everything was floating that wasn't attached. On the floor there was a foot or more of water that kept

ETHEL BUSH BERRY

EDITH BUSH CARSWELL

EDNA BUSH BERRY



DAISY BUSH KELLER

splashing with every motion of the boat. As soon as I stepped in, my roommate began to cry and ask for things. She wanted me to fetch the captain; she was going to tell him that no one answered the bell, nor could she get anyone to do a thing. I said: "Now, there is no use of your raving. There isn't a person out any place! They are all trying to keep from being washed overboard."

Then I heard a faint tap-tap on the wall of my cabin, where Ethel signalled as we had been doing before the storm. The woman spoke up and said: "Your sister has been rapping on the wall for a long while."

I said: "Why didn't you answer her?" She said: "Well, your sister isn't interested in my welfare." So when she began to moan again, I told her: "If you don't stop that noise I will put my pillow over your head." I was very tired, wet, and cold by that time and wanted to go to bed. The gale had increased. There were no lights on the ship; I was hungry, and no food was to be had. The bed was damp, but I crawled in and slept.

When morning broke, the worst of the storm was over, but the *Bertha* was a sorry-looking sight. The

decks were sloppy; the engines had been stopped the night before when the storm was at its worst; we had lost most of our lifeboats; the kitchen was full of water; everything had washed off the stove, the tables and the sink, and there was no fire in the stove. What a mess!

As soon as I went round to see Ethel and C. J. they both began to scold me; they asked where had I been last night while they were tapping on the wall, and said they nearly died of fright. I tried to tell them all that had happened, but C. J. moaned and said: "My God, Tot, we thought you had been washed overboard. What a fool you were to leave your stateroom!" I wished he could have seen it the night just past.

Someone had told Poie a sure way to keep from getting sea-sick: wear a strong, leather belt and pull it one notch tighter each day, that would do the trick. Poie did as he was told and had got the belt so tight that he could not loosen it. He was suffering from the effect, and someone had a time cutting it away. So when Ethel asked me if I had seen Poie, I told her about the belt, and assured her that he was all right now.

But even that couldn't get a smile out of either of them. The people in our party and many others on the

boat were so ill those two bad days that they just couldn't realize how bad things were. As they were not hungry, they did not know there was no food to be had.

I remember asking if I couldn't have a bite of something. After waiting for what seemed hours, a funny, sloppy waiter appeared, bringing me a cup of tea, a boiled potato, and some crackers; he had the knife, fork, spoon and three lumps of sugar in one of his large pockets. But I didn't care how the food was served; it looked grand to me.

No lives were lost on our boat, though the lady that I visited was still very ill. I was afraid she couldn't live, but she did.

A young couple that Clarence knew, had taken a boat to Sitka; that ship went down with no lives saved. We heard that the storm there was even worse than the one we had seen.

The captain said it was as close a call to a sea disaster as he had ever experienced. Not another mean thought did any of us have after that for the *Bertha*. As the sick ones got on their feet again, they complained of the poor service, the poor food, or the lack of food, and no doctors to answer their calls; but when they realized

how very lucky they were to be alive, there was no more complaining.

I have written this story entirely from memory and I may have made mistakes in telling about things that happened to us or to other passengers on the boat; but the story is true as I remember it.

So, on one September day in 1898, we landed in San Francisco, California. I laugh when I think how we must have looked! When we bought our dresses the year before, we had no thought as to style. We considered only how the goods would wear, and the warmth. Ethel had a tan suit with a short jacket, a plain skirt, and a white shirtwaist; mine was a blue serge, all in one piece, buttoned down the back, with long sleeves and no belt. It was very tight, as I had grown and taken on weight. Quite a few friends and some of the family came to meet us and went with us to the Palace Hotel on Market Street. The first thing to be done was to get new clothes. Clarence gave us some money and Ethel and I started for the stores. But we did not get far, for the whole town, just mobs of people, were down stairs. So we returned to our rooms and the doors had to be kept locked.

Clarence quickly solved our problem by telephoning to the store to have a clerk sent up to us. When the girl had taken our sizes for all the things we needed, the goods were to be sent to Miss Bush; nothing was to be sent under the name of Berry.

What a time we had! We could not have a meal in the dining room; every meal was served in our rooms, and then there were people right at the waiter's heels. When we did go out, we took the service elevator to the second floor, then crossed the bridge to the Grand Hotel, and had a cab meet us in the back. Once in the store we were hardly ever recognized.

As Clarence could not go home until his money came from the mint, he sent word for his family to come to San Francisco. So Fred Berry and his wife came, Frank Keller and Daisy, Edith, Mother and Nellie Smith. We took almost one whole floor of the Palace.

Next came the reporters for pictures and stories about the mines. The next day we read in all the papers, in large headlines:

BERRY BROTHERS MAKE RICH GOLD STRIKE IN THE KLONDYKE.

POOR FARM BOY BRINGS THOUSANDS FROM RICH GOLD MINE.

You can well imagine how that helped our chances of going out at all!

While we were waiting, we took in the sights all about the city, and then went to Santa Cruz until the excitement died down some. When we came back to the city we saw the good shows, had our pictures taken at Taber's, and bought some new luggage and gifts for the ones who were left at home. Poie and the boys were doing the same, busy with the tailors, and getting new shirts and shoes. We found it much easier to get through the streets now. Oh, what fun I was having! I knew that when the time came to leave for home, I should hate to go.

At last the gold from the mint was taken care of, the boys' suits were finished, and so Clarence was ready to leave. This time we had something to pack before we took the night train for Selma.

Clarence and Ethel planned to live with us, as there was plenty of room for all. With eight of us at home, it seemed like our farm days again. I helped father in the post office and liked the work very much. Father and I took the mail to the trains, where we met some of the crew, who shook father's hand, and congratu-

lated him on our good fortune and safe return. As each of the former crews came through, it was the same thing over again. They teased father, saying: "I guess we won't see you around here much longer; you will be giving up your work now." Father answered: "They will have to fire me if I do."

It was nice to see the townspeople again when they called to get their mail, to pass the time of day, and to listen to bits of news. A new calf on the Johnson farm last night; the Browns have a baby and it's another boy; how much pigs were selling for, and so on. Father always had time to listen, and join in with a few of his own.

I wrote to Henry every time one of the boats left. It seemed to me that his letters were very few, and I wouldn't ask any of the folks if they had heard from him. What few I did receive were just darling! After some wait, one came that was all written in red ink, and said: "I guess you can see how mad I am! The boat is in, and Charlie, Annie, and George all had letters from you, but not one for me! I did enjoy hearing the news, even if it was second-hand." That surely made me feel bad, but in a few days I had heard again he had

gotten two long letters from me and felt like a million.

Daisy, Frank, Bruce, and I went to Bartlett Springs in Lake County, California, for a month. We rented a cottage on the hill, kept house, and did our own cooking. Frank had a shot-gun and a rifle, and so he went out every morning to keep us supplied with game of some kind. Late in the evening all of us fished in the streams.

After breakfast we took long walks over the country. We danced, and played in the swimming pool, and drank gallons of the spring water. It was one of the happiest camping-trips I had ever taken. I wrote Henry to see if he would not join us there for another month when he came from Alaska instead of having me meet him in the city, but he just wrote: "No thank you!" in rather large letters. He was right; it wouldn't have worked, for an odd person would have spoiled the good time we had.

Ethel, Clarence, Nellie, and Poie decided to meet Frank and Henry in San Francisco, and I thought I might as well join them. So we broke camp and left for home. You can imagine what a thrill it was to us to go here and there by train, riding in the Pullman and hav-

THE BUSH AND BERRY FAMILIES

Top row: C. J., ETHEL, HARRY, NELLIE, ANGIE, FRANK, EDNA, HENRY

Second row: CORA, ROB, PEARL, FRED, PEARL, BLANCHE, MOIE, POIE

Bottom row: ALTA, OTHMAR, MELBA, HAZEL

ing money in our pockets. Before this we had been scarcely anywhere, and had never owned a pocketbook, or stayed in the nicest kind of hotels, or been waited upon.

The boat in which the boys came from Alaska was crowded, but it docked at Seattle, where most of the passengers took the train. When they got off the train in San Francisco, we were all there to meet them, but they didn't have any of the excitement that we had when we came home. As nobody knew that Henry and I were engaged, I didn't pay much attention to him, and he was busy kissing Nellie, not me.

Ethel was the one who arranged things for us so that we could be alone. She was good at it, too. She sent Henry to do an errand for her at some outlandish place where I could meet him alone. Then we went to Golden Gate Park to talk about our plans. We stayed there all day and came home by different routes, as if we had not seen each other. When Henry's family asked him where he had been all day, he told them that he had been doing errands for Ethel. As soon as the boys had taken their gold to the bank and Henry had done his errands, we were all ready to leave San Francisco.

Several of the Berrys had gone to a resort at Capitola

for the summer. As Moie wanted to see her boy as soon as possible, she asked us all to come down there for a few days. The two families always had a lot of fun when they were together and all summer they had gone to Moie's in relays. We all talked at the same time each one trying to tell what he knew ahead of the others. It was cool and pleasant at Capitola, while it would be very hot in the San Joaquin Valley. Henry's family wanted him to stay with them but he said: "No, I want to see a lot of people at home. I can stop with the Bushes for a while." Mother and the Kellers left first for Selma, and a few days later C. J., Ethel, Henry, and I left. We had a large family in the Stroud House now, and we did have a good time.

As summer was drawing to a close, the Berrys returned from the seashore, and Nellie came to Selma to visit her parents. She brought with her a couple of girls whom she had known in Alaska. She wanted Henry to come home so that he could help entertain the girls, but he made one excuse after another, and didn't go home.

Frank Keller got the "deer fever" and wanted to go hunting. He asked Henry and me if we would join him

if Daisy would go. He asked everybody in town what was the best place to go for deer, and, finally, as Daisy was willing to go, we decided on a camping-trip to the north fork of the King's River.

Bright and early one morning we set out in our wagon, driving south for some time; at the fork of the road we took the one going to Visalia. At Mineral King we left our team, as we wanted horses to ride that knew the trails in the country around there, so that they could bring us back if we were lost. Our camping things we packed on mules.

We divided the work so that nobody had to do too much. The streams were full of speckled trout, silver fin, and other kinds of fish for eating. Quail and pheasants were so plentiful that Frank took his gun and went over the hills after food. Henry liked to fish best, as there wasn't so much climbing to do. Daisy didn't like work, but Frank always did enough for two. I liked to cook and fix up the camp. It wasn't work to me; I thought it was fun.

When we stopped for the night, Henry would grab up his fishing-pole and say: "I'll go right down to the river and catch some fish for supper; it's just right for

biting." That would leave Frank to set up the tents and get the wood and water. I carried a little bottle of yeast on my saddle all the way, and so we had light bread all of the time to eat with our game. It would bake beautifully in the Dutch oven, and so would the quail. Those were the happy days!

We met a huge, black bear one late afternoon, and the horses were frightened almost to a stampede. But the bear didn't even turn his head, just walked on out of sight. While we were camping one night in a beautiful meadow a large piece of the mountain slid into the river some distance above us. By the roar it made we thought the slide was right at our feet. Did it scare us! We thought it was the end of the world.

We liked this place so well that we made quite a stay. The water was right there and plenty of feed for the horses; so Daisy got out her embroidery and I my book. It was wonderful to be so lazy, while Frank went hunting and Henry fished near the camp in case a bear should visit us.

It was too good to last, and soon we were moving again. Late one afternoon Daisy had a stomach-ache and held up the whole party while Frank raced here

and there trying to find some water for her. As camp was only two hours away, Henry was really angry. He thought she was just sore because he had whipped up his mount and passed her instead of letting her take the lead as she had every day. Every little way along the trail she would feel sorry for her horse and let him rest, and so of course it took much longer to reach camp. Frank Keller loved to camp, hunt, and fish, and as soon as we reached the place where our camp was to be he knew exactly what to do and went right to work. Henry was no worker, but he was jolly and good-natured, and talked and laughed constantly. We all had a good time, seeing new country and getting well acquainted.

Al Whistle, Frank Phiscator and Nellie's friends were still in Selma when we got home. Henry came to the post office often, and if I was not too busy we would go some place together or back to the house to talk about our plans. No one was told about our being engaged, but when we could get Ethel by herself we talked to her.

You know how country towns are; if you go with a young man two or three times after you are sixteen,

everyone begins to plan your wedding with him. So I switched about, going sometimes with Al, and then with Mr. Phiscator, Bruce, Mr. Henry, Oscar, and so on. When you have sisters they can pick out without being asked all the faults a boy may have, and tell you what they are. I was going with a young man that clerked in the dry-goods store. I brought him home to dinner, and when he tried to eat green peas with his knife, father passed him a spoon and said: "Here, young fellow, I guess you can do better with this."

Then there was Dick, tall, good-looking, loads of fun and a divine dancer. I loved dancing quadrilles with him, for he could whirl me around six times while the other couples whirled twice. We could schottische around the ballroom faster than any other couple on the floor. He was keen to marry, but I just liked his dancing. Mother did not like him, and thought he was fresh, but he wasn't in the way she meant. I got stubborn and made everybody think I liked Dick a great deal more than I did. I told him not to care what mother thought about him, but she scolded and fussed until I picked another boy to dance with.

Henry and I decided to give a barbecue on King's

River. We planned to invite all of both families and our friends, and then after everybody was there, as a surprise, to have the wedding. We wanted to go into Alaska over the ice before the rivers thawed.

In the meantime I was getting my clothes for the wedding, while Henry began to collect the things we should need for the trip. Everything was done secretly, with just Ethel and Clarence to help.

When I went to Fresno to shop and to have my clothes made, I found out that $750.00 does not go very far for a wedding. I decided on a piece of embroidered Swiss for my dress, pure white. It cost sixty cents a yard—that was very expensive for us. Then I chose a piece of blue broadcloth for a dress to wear on the train. Mrs. Albertson was to make them. As the stores did not carry ready-to-wear underclothes as they do now, Mrs. Albertson said she would make them too.

The barbecue was set for the eighth of October, 1899. We thought it would be nice to be married in the forenoon and then have our lunch. As the wedding was not to be held in a church, we decided to have a judge do the work. After we had assembled at King's River,

we found that we were in another county. So one of the boys hitched up the team and sent to Visalia for a new license and Judge Lilly.

After everyone knew about the wedding, Henry changed into his black suit and bow tie behind a large oak tree. Will and Alma Neff, Frank and Daisy Keller, Pearl, (Frank's daughter) and Wanlyn stood with us as witnesses. We had our lunch and remained on the river grounds the rest of the day.

We stayed for some time in San Francisco and then went north to visit Clarence, Ethel and my brother Ed. Later we joined the family in Santa Cruz. To please Poie and Moie we lived with them until it was time to leave for Alaska, which was in March. We had a few lovely months in Selma with both families and our friends. When it was time to leave, we took the train to San Francisco and transferred to the train for Seattle.

This time we were going to have a horse hitched to the sled instead of huskies, as the horse could pull a heavier load, and not take as much food. John Boyd, Henry's cousin, was to go with us; I did not approve of employing too many relatives, as they always impose on one. So we made a bargain with him: we would take

him in for the help he could give, but on reaching there he was to stay in Dawson and shift for himself; he could not stay in El Dorado.

Right after we were married Henry wanted to go to Australia. He had always liked water and boats, but I didn't think I would make a good sailor. I agreed to go, but when we made inquiries about the trip, we were told that some sort of fever had broken out over there, and was getting worse. That changed our plans.

After reaching Seattle, we bought our food supply and what warm clothes we should need. Then the boat was in and unloaded, and we were soon aboard and headed for the north. The ocean was so smooth that everybody could be on deck all day. As soon as we three left the boat, we loaded our things on the sleigh, hitched up Bill, an old horse we bought cheap for the trip in, Henry shook the reins, and we were off. This was the same trip we had taken in '98, but with a vast difference. The trip was more fun with Henry than with Clarence, for we both joined in everything. Compared with '98, travel over the trail was small. Now roadhouses or log cabins where one could sleep or eat were spaced about a day's travel apart.

If we decided to push on and try to make a little more mileage or the first house we came to was full, we could always find a place somewhere. Several times there was such a big crowd that I had to sleep in one of the bunks nailed to the wall in tiers of three. When those roadhouses were built, they didn't figure on any women; but it made little difference, as we removed only our boots at night. All the men were very respectful and did not notice a woman unless she was in trouble. I had found it impossible to get a pot of decent tea or cup of good coffee and so I carried a small tea caddy with a tin of green tea and at mealtime I went to the kitchen and made my own tea.

On the road we met a couple, the Jefferies, that seemed to be in as much of a hurry to reach Dawson as we were. They were English people travelling with one horse and sled as we did. Before we had gone far, it became a race to see who could go the faster; then a bet was made as to who would reach Dawson first.

Now that our trip was fast instead of easy-going, Henry was right in his element. He came to life, and was now up early working like any man. Friendship ceased for the five of us. They were playing the same

game we were, asking at each place if we had gone through, or if they found us at the roadhouse, trying to make the next place, and get a start ahead of us.

One night we stopped and told the camp-keeper to say that we had put up for the night. We left a call for four in the morning, and slipped out and were on our way. Another night, late, we stopped at a place, only to find it filled. We looked so tired that the man's wife said: "Mr. Berry, you can put your daughter in our room." With a twinkle in his eye, Henry answered: "If you don't mind, I'll sleep with my daughter." When I told the woman that I was Mrs. Berry, she said: "For land's sake; you're only a little girl!" Then she saw my wedding-ring, and gave in.

Old Bill was travelling pretty fast one day on the slippery ice where the snow had packed very hard around a bend, but not quite as fast as the sleigh, which ran against his hind legs. I was all bundled up, riding in the sled. When it turned over, I was so deep in the snow that I couldn't help myself. Henry called to John to run after Bill, and then, instead of helping me, he ran after the jug of whiskey that had been thrown out—everybody carried one in case we were stalled over night.

All of his friends teased Henry about saving the whiskey, and said what a fine bridegroom he was. He tried to make the excuse that the cork was out of the bottle, but it wasn't. I tried to be angry at him, but I made a poor job of that. No harm was done and so we were soon on our way again.

Henry surely surprised me with the energy he put into the race. None of us knew who was ahead, as we hadn't seen the Jefferies for days and days. We reached Dawson about noon, but when we went to the hotel agreed upon no Jeff was on the steps to meet us and no one had seen him. While John and I went to our rooms to clean up a bit, Henry stayed on the porch. When Mr. and Mrs. Jefferies came in, they were very angry. Mrs. Jefferies just gave me a nod and then went upstairs, but Mr. Jefferies swore a great deal and shouted that someone had lied to him. But he had to stay in the hotel and treat everybody. Henry was delighted with the whole performance, although Jeff never paid his bet. Jeff was a good gambler and after he picked up a lot of "dust" Henry loved to ask him when he would pay his debt. Later we heard that he got into trouble and had to leave the country.

A THOUSAND TONS OF PROVISIONS PILED ON CHILCOOT PASS

Some of our neighbors on the creek were in town and wanted us to stay in Dawson a few days. But Henry was eager to get back to the mines. So, leaving John Boyd in town, we left for the creeks the next day.

Things at the mine were just about the same as the year before. With Ethel and Clarence outside, Henry and I could use their house and tend the mine. Annie was very glad to have us back, as she thought so much of Henry. She and John, Charlie, Morris, and George, all came to the house to play cards and so on. This year we had better food. Nice moose-meat hung in the drift; we thawed out only a little at a time as we wanted it for the table. We had a cow and a calf now, too. How grand it was to have our own milk for the table and for cooking! Henry was very fond of hot bread, biscuits and "mucum"—in fact, he thought everything I cooked was grand—and I was more in love with him every day.

The boys made a pet of the cute little red calf, whom Henry had named "Sandy," and were always holding him in their arms and talking baby-talk to him. Sandy followed Frank all over the claim, but no matter where he was, he came running when Henry called him. One day, when all the doors were open, the dogs chased

Sandy home. He came in the front door like a flash and ran right through the living-room and on into the bedroom. He ran so fast that he didn't stop until he came against the wall of the bedroom. We laughed for an hour over his running through the house with his tail in air and bawling for Henry to help.

All the Berry boys and their children were very fond of animals, dogs especially. When Frank's daughter moved into a new neighborhood, one of her neighbors remarked to her husband: "There are some nice people next door. The young lady talks to her 'baby' so sweet, but it's funny I haven't seen the buggy out in the sun once." One day in a friendly mood the neighbor asked Pearl: "How is the baby today?" Pearl answered: "Why, we have no baby. I guess you heard me talking to my bird."

Henry was full of fun and loved a practical joke, specially if it was at the expense of one of the family. The boats were arriving often that summer with plenty of provisions and new goods. One day Frank Berry came home from Dawson with a new green hat for which he had paid sixteen dollars, although in the States

he could have bought it for five dollars at the most. Well, while Frank was in the kitchen, Henry rubbed a piece of limburger cheese under the inside band of the new hat. Whether or not the odor was already sifting into the room I don't know, for Frank was always sniffing at things. This time he said: "This room is stuffy! you had better hang out your bedding. Some of those old robes smell awful."

Henry said: "Yes, I said the same thing to Tot last night. We will hang them out about three o'clock." Henry didn't leave the room until the middle of the afternoon, when Frank said: "I guess I will walk to the Forks and talk to some of my friends." He wanted them to see the new hat.

Frank picked up his hat, admired it a while, put it on his head, pulled at it, sniffed, took it off, sniffed some more, and then exclaimed: "My God! Even my hat smells from being on the bed!" After the hat had been on his head a while he began to get suspicious. He lifted the hat to his nose. Boy! Was he mad! The air was blue with cusswords, and Henry edged near the door. I think he meant to run, but Frank just sailed his new hat

right out into Eldorado Creek. Grabbing up an old cap, he left the house, shouting back at Henry: "You'll see ME again."

Henry tried to get him to come back, offering to pay for the hat and buy a new one for him, but he did not stop. Henry laughed for days, but we didn't see Frank for weeks.

Henry had had so much fun with Frank that he thought he would play a joke on Annie. He decided that her sleeping-tent would be a good place to work. As they needed all the space in their small house for tables and chairs for the boarders, they slept outside. While Annie was serving dinner, Henry slipped in to the tent by the back way. Pinned to the ceiling of the tent right over the bed was a dark-gray shawl. Henry put a thin slice of the cheese inside the shawl and a little near the pillows. He never could wait for his jokes to hatch. The next morning he went to find out if she had noticed anything, but she was busy making pies and did not talk much.

Between the two cabins ran a little ravine that we crossed going back and forth. Sometimes there would be a little seepage of water in this ravine; so Henry

went out there to wait for Annie. He called out to ask her if she ever noticed any kind of an odor from the water. She answered: "Yes. Just last night I told John that I smelled something queer."

Henry came right in to report what she had said. The next day all her bedding was on the line except the shawl. Then out came the rugs. She scrubbed the floors and cleaned everywhere.

I said to Henry: "For land sake, go down to the cut or you will give the show away," but he just wouldn't leave. He would call out to me in the kitchen: "Have you seen the shawl come out yet?"

Then Annie came over to our place and told Henry how she had washed and scrubbed (as though he didn't know all about it), and yet could not get rid of the smell. At last she said: "Henry, I think you and John will have to drain the ravine." Before John did anything there, he asked her to wash the shawl. There she found the cheese. But she and John were so good-natured that they couldn't get mad at Henry. She laughed over it and took it as a good joke. She told Henry: "If it hadn't been for your joke, I never should have had time to do all that cleaning, and things needed it."

We had them in to play cards, and have a late supper; the two of them talked of nothing else. It did me good to hear them laugh. Annie wanted very much to go to a big dance in Dawson, but she hadn't had time to get any new clothes. Henry told her that he would have a dress made for her by a good dressmaker so that she could go. John and Henry said she had never looked so pretty as the night of the dance, when she wore the new dress, with her light hair piled on top of her head. To this day she is still talking about the low neck it had. The night of the dance she kept saying: "Oh, I can't wear this! Just look at the neck, so low!" Compared to a modern formal it would be like the bathing suits of the '90's to the ones of today. In a letter from Annie in 1939 she spoke of seeing some friends of the Klondyke days. While they were talking of old times, the dress was mentioned again, and Annie still declared it was the prettiest dress she ever had.

In the spring, when the gold was being washed, I used to search for the small, odd-shaped nuggets for keepsakes to take home. I had two little sacks of them, but toward the end of the cleanup I poured them all back with the other gold, as I thought they belonged

to Clarence. When I told Annie about it, she said:

"Oh, Tot, how could you! They were so pretty." The very next day Henry went over to Gold Hill and bought me a beautiful, large nugget.

All that summer we had no expenses, and so every sack of dust coming from Henry's claim was saved to put into some kind of business as soon as we decided where we wanted to live.

Frank's wife and daughter came in to see the mines and were going to be with us on the boat going out. We had decided to go by way of Seattle instead of San Francisco. After the bad storm of the fall before, Frank didn't care for that trip again, and I am sure I did not. As the water was getting low, there wasn't much more we could do, and the last boat would be in soon. There was going to be a big crowd on the boat, for when we got into Dawson it seemed as if everybody and his dog was there. The hotels and bars were crowded with people from the creeks. They, too, had quit sluicing for the summer and wanted a little fun.

We had a very good time on the boats, as the ocean was very smooth. The boat leaving Dawson took us only to Skagway, where we transferred to the ocean

steamer. Mrs. Gandolfo and her two daughters had been in Dawson for some time. I liked her very much, and nicer girls would be hard to find. We were always friends. She had lived for years in Cripple Creek, Colorado, and had been in many of the new mining districts. Now they were going to make their home in Seattle. Later on, George Byrne married her daughter Grace. They had much in common and he could not have selected a nicer girl.

Plenty of people met the boat in Seattle, but not so many friends of ours as there had been the year before at San Francisco. We took the train from Seattle, and Clarence with some of the family was in the city to meet us. We turned over to C. J. the receipts for his gold, but what little Henry had was going to the mint with Henry. It was a pretty small amount but would give us a start, and it was much more than he could have earned in California in years.

From the time we left Alaska we lived on the reputation of "the Berry boys who made millions in the Klondyke." That was all right for us, as we had to borrow from the banks many times. In those days a man could go to the bank and tell them he needed a

huge sum. He put his name on a paper, and the money was handed over with very few questions asked; but of course, the rate of interest was high. Our credit was always good, and our debts were always paid.

Henry thought it would be best to stay with his family for a while as he could easily go and come from there while he was looking for an opening. We went to Selma, furnished two rooms for our use in his father's house and remained there for some time.

Frank Keller was getting tired of Selma; he talked of selling the water works and going elsewhere. After looking around for some time, he found just what suited him in the Carpinteria valley. This place was close to the beach and had wonderful soil for raising almost anything one wanted. He bought a few acres; built a lovely house, spread out on the floor with a wide screen porch around the four sides. Next a barn was built, and then Frank dug into the soil with the greatest of pleasure. He was just where he had longed to be for years. He planted fruit trees, berry vines, grapes, and then all kinds of vegetables. The loveliest corn and water-melons grew on his place; everybody praised them.

After the Kellers were well settled in their new home, they wanted some of us to pay them a visit. Clarence and Ethel were the first to go; then Edith and Wanlyn made quite a stay. Frank was always glad to have any of Daisy's family stay with them. To each he told of the valley's wonders, of the beach, of the climate, and so on; always he wanted them to settle there.

Clarence told Frank that he would not be contented there and would never go into farming again. He wanted a business in a city and thought San Francisco would be a good place for him to start, as the climate there suited him.

Henry and I went to Los Angeles and took rooms at the Hollenbeck Hotel while we looked things over. But we were undecided what to do, and as nothing developed we paid the Kellers a visit. The farm was all Frank had said, and the days were delightful, with a peaceful ocean to swim in. We planned to stay only two weeks, but we made a long visit. All the time they were trying to get us to make our home there. Henry knew there was nothing for him to do in that small town. We did not have enough money to buy a large farm and there was no money in a small one. So Henry

THE HENRY BERRY HOME, LOS ANGELES

left me there and went to Los Angeles to rent a house for us, so that he could take more time to look about.

Late one night Henry called to say that he had found a nice place and wanted me to meet him and give my approval before he signed the lease; he had also an option to buy within the year. It was the G. Aubry Davidson place at 1310 Ingraham Street; as it was furnished and ready for occupancy, we moved in.

For early Los Angeles it was a nice street and a lovely place; to me it was elegant, so much better than I expected to be living in so soon. It had a deep lot with a large back yard, four rooms on the first floor and four nice bedrooms upstairs. I always liked it. One could reach the center of town in fifteen minutes by street car. This was in May of 1901.

From the day I moved into this house I felt I was going to like Los Angeles and that a new and different life would be ours. And so I leave you until later, when you may find us in the Berry Patch.

100 COPIES
of "The Bushes and the Berrys" were
privately printed by the
Ward Ritchie Press, and completed
in June, 1941