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MEMORIES

by

Philip Winser

FOREWARD

This is to be in no sense a diary but just recollections in some sort of chronological order, sketching events and people as they come back to me, familiar enough to me two, but seeing we have not entirely lived the ordinary and conventional lives of most, possibly to be of interest in later years to the merwer lives which will follow ours. They are just in pencil and in such form that they can be altered, added to or deducted, with the hope that should the dear one, most concerned, care to, she may edit and perhaps add to them and so fit them to pass on to such of ours who would care to know more details of the lives of their forebear's than would be obtained in the every day course of events and if they find anything of help or encouragement in the recital of some of these experiences, we shall be glad indeed.

Mostly however, it is to be the story if little events in the joint lives of the two of us and should carry with it the thread of love and my appreciation of the qualities of tenderness and fortitude which have been vouch safed me and so blessed my life from youth upward, through all the happy married life, to now.

Boyhood

Memories so back that far and begin I think quite early, with recollections of little delinquences, such as the too close investigation of the nature of axle grease in the waggon shed and a similar desire to sample the perfume of the many stately modona lilies, which were always a feature in season, of our front garden.

Both left tell tale, evidences which were more convincing than the denials presented to the assembly of parents, brothers and sisters at the breakfast table.

Let me try to tell what that vision of the breakfast table brings back to me, it means much as a back ground and holds one of the subtle influences which affect ones after life and would I could convey the flowers, so that our future readers might catch a glimps of it.

I say future because the one who scans this first will savour it to the full, having shared it with me many times, but she cannot look back so far. For I was the first to be born at that magic place " Merrington" magic to many, praise be.

Merrington is a stately home in England and in lovely Kent in that portion of rolling weeded hills called the Weald, where primroses grow air profusion in springtime and blue bells make patches of blue sheen in the shaughs, when the cuchse flits from greed hedge to bosky ghyll, gurgling and calling its unique notes, and the nightingales can be heard in plenty, in the day time too if you are a country bred boy and knew how to pick out it's exquisite notes from the hosts of rivals. The boy was born (an you wish to know) on October 29th, 1863: the year when Lincoln proclaimed the freedom of the negro.

Father had returned from South Africa, where he had gone with the two younger uncles, Franklin and Julian, to see what were the apportunities for settling there.

He had left Mother in Tenterdin with the three first children, Harold, Lilian and Sidney but returned after an extended stay, finding the climate would probably be too severe for Mother. Tenterden is an ancient and Picturesque county town and the habitat of Winsers for same generations. Three miles out in the heart of the Weald is Rdvenden, a small country village: A mile further on between the dips of the hill below the old Norman church and "Cherry garden hill" is Merrington, at that time further from the nearest railroad than any place in England and which generally sent its occupants to the station by our own "trap" or else by carriers van.

I have called it a stably home and so it seems to me, a brick built, slate roofed, Georyian house it is, ample in size for a large family, plus frequent visitors, ivy covered are the north, mistaria jessamine and Glaire de Dijon rose in front, with more ivy and two large lauras tinus bushes and passion vine on the south, facing the tennis and croquet/ lawn. The back looked out over the yard where we boys kept our ferrets and the fifty gallon cask of "parapine" was housed there for safety, and beyond, a walled vegetable garden, with many fruit and currant bushes trained on them, including the comparatively rare fig and a grape vine, which preduced rather scanty and small fruit, but yielded of its best to my enquiring eye and my reputation for fondness of the grape was well deserved.

Sid and I matched toe holds in the 10 feet wall and with the help of two or three spikes also used generally to take short cuts over it to get to the large outside garden.

Auterhyrmims grew along the top gaining a precarious living from the morter, but blooming gayly through a long season, just the same.

Father hired the place on his return, as he wished to farm, with it were two or three hundred acres of misced agricultural land.

So of course we were all brought up in on atmosphere of horses, cows, sheep, pigs and poultry and there were ten of us eventually the last, coming in this order, Kate, Nellie, Margaret, Ruth, Rose and Mabel.

Father was a well built man of medium height wearing a blonde beard always as far back as I can envisage him. He could pick up two of the old "hald hundred weights" (56 lbs.) and hold them straight above his head, something I was never able to accomplish. A just and kindly man, industrious and fond of his family and well liked by those who knew him; I lived much with him after the school days and next to Mother, through that ten years or so in the old home, learned more of him and his ways than any of the others and have always carried since a heritage from hom which has helped constantly, since our separation and has deserved more gratitude than I can express. We argued terribly, as Wairsers will, over incousequent things during our constant drives together and he loved to linger, sitting in the dogcart in the road overlooking the Rolvenden cricket field, when we exchanged the infrequet comment of cricket onlookers, as the white flanneled figures decided the village rivalries and the unhurried game passed absorbingly before us. There was an unspoken but firm opposition to my taking a closer part than this, our national sport, after leaving school; his word, an older schoolmate and a brilliant player with county form, gradually becomming tainted by the temptations of the country pub. He furnished an object lesson, not to me, but to fathers more experienced eye, and so subtly was the home influence brought to hear that almost without knowing it and certainly without feeling any deprivation of personal liberty, the nett result was, that the inside of those picturesque country towns, was about an unfamiliar as that of the splendid old stone Episcopal churches which were distributed, not quite so numerously, over that peaceful countryside; a place of such old world chain that just to recall its features, brings as catch in our throat.

We were dissenters in general and Unitarians in particular and one of the almost invariable rules, was the Sunday morning arive to Tenterden with a carriege full, to put up the horse at the White Lion Inn and walk the half mile to the old meeting house. In doing so, one passed the fine old stone church, unfortunately hidden from the street by a row of shops, but standing nobly in view from a distance, as it sits on high ground and doubtless has been a notable landmark since the day when it was built and round it, also grew up that popular legend, that it was the cause of the goodwin sands in the English channel.

Tradition had it that the ecclesiastic having the work done, became so engrossed that he neglected certain sea walls for which he was responsible

also, and the sea broke in and inundated same low reclaimed land which ever after have been the menace to vessels and the dreaded Goodwin sands.

Certain competent authorities have exploded the theory I believe, nevertheless the church is very old, the sands are there and that coast is subject to inroads in places: until you come to the high white chalk cliffs. There is a particularly fine old Elizabethan example of black and white timber work in a house and shop nearly opposite and the Woolpack Inn close by the church smacks of Dickens, but dates much further back. Alltogether Tenterden is a worth while place for any one to visit. We did not realize its virtues so much at the time but I have often wished they had not taken away certain bottle paned sashes from one of the slop windows we used to pass on our walk to the chapel. We have digressed to expand and jaze upon the church, quite the wrong kind of thing for chapel people to do.

However, when we get there we can offer attractions also; not outside, for the "Old Meeting House" is plain to a fault, but it too, has its traditions which carry back to the earliest break with Episcopalianism when Daniel Defoe so strenuiously assisted to widen the breach, a fact much abscured by Robinson Cruese. You will be struck by the statement on a marble slab which says that it is sacred to the memory of Lawrence Holden, who for upwards of seventy years was paster of this chruch", and an the other side of the pulpit another stating one Edward Talbot, (Harrys fathers I think) had filled the frost only a paltry - forty odd years; great old strikers these, both in years and for their principles. Then there are some lovely old Clippendale chairs and a table in the communian enclusure; report from home, said they might have to be sold recently, but we trust it did not come to that and we also bear the tiny congregation is growing greater again.

This is a digression from boyhead to youths, so our returns, as boys should, to Mother, and there pause for how can ours convey to those who knew her not, any idea of what she was to her children.

The best beloved niece, early became as a daughter; there seemed a mutual attraction and her growing fellowship with me tightened the natural hand of relationship. For her she needs no word painting, but for those whose loss it is, to have never known her, here is the little tribute laid before them.

- An old daguerrectype in its closed case stands out plainly to me now, it was the earliest picture we knew and showed her as the young wife, in the black early Victorian dress, with long gold watch chain round her neck, the chains afterwards to be cut up and fashioned for the first three matches of the oldest children.

The delicately tinted face must have been very likes, for it bore out a remakk made by the family doctor, on our visit to him during our third trip to England "Do you know, Mr. ~~Weriser~~ Winser, your mother was one of the most beautiful women I ever knew".

Good old Dr. Joyce, over eighty but spry and active and still doing work at his profession; my last previous contact with him must have been over forty years before this conversation, for he sewed up a cut on my eyebrow, achieved on the playing field of Cranbrook school and the scar still lingers.

For all the cares she had in the raising of that large family, her brow remained serene and fair and we loved to have her sing and play to us and when I think back at the number of times she did this; playing for our dances, hymns Sunday evenings, and the old familiar sweet ballads we were brought up on, I marvel in failing to recall a single evasion of our unthinking requests. We took it all for granted in those days but in the light of later years of parenthood one realizes the spoutaneous abnegation, which seemed never to consider self, for the demands of the ever present and numerous brood must have been

unceasing. How did she ever find time to produce that array of leather work aderned cabinets, frames, the tinted sketches, the needlework, the efficient ordering of such a houshold, correspondence, visitors to arrange and care for, and yet cook fish and make soup, in that inimitable way.

See the dairy cared for, the pig products deptly worked up to the best advantage and all the numerous duties involved in the smooth running of a busy farm house and large family.

And yet my memory shows pictures of her reading serevely in an easy chair, Thackeray and Dickens probably, with Teumpon and Longfellow in poetry; gardening in good weather and achieving great things with candytuft, fergetmenet, wallflowers, "Tritonia Uvaria Grandiflera" against a notable central Pampas grass, banked round with old decaying roots of trees for support and nourishment.

And withal unhurried and with the smile ever ready to come on that clear cut, smooth and beautiful face. Truly a mother to be proud of and our ever holding the love of and for her family.

When the first rift came in our happy circle and little Ruth left it, I recall quite plainly now; even my unthinking youthful mind could sense it, a bitter regret that perhaps she may have shown a shade less love to the passed me, when tried by the exhuberance of that robust little soul in [illegible] normal days.

"In Memoriam" was often in her hand at this time but I can testify she loved us all alike.

She was a Beaufoy and we always had the idea that they were of French Huguenot extraction until recently when word comes from overseas that ours is not the Huguenot branch of the family but can be definitely traced back to 1066 and William the Conqueror, the ancester being one of his chaplains, William de Beaupou from Normandy, he was Bishop of Thetford in 1085 and there followed Richard de Beaupou Srchdeacon of Norwich 1107 and Alan de Beaupou 1160 and I dare say there is a great deal more of such lineage in a book recently written by a Mr. Gwendolyn Beaufoy "leaves from a Beech Tree, a history of the Beaufoy Family".

Harold, the eldest of us, came comparatively little into my life, we boys followed in one another's foot steps as regards schools and by the time events began to leave their mark on very mind, he was off first to a dame school in Tenterden, "Miss Johnsons" then to Maidstone at "Miss Bryants", finally for the usual term of years at "Queen Elizabeths Grammer School" in Cranbrook, about seven miles from home. The meant only the holidays at home, so the big brother jamed little in the nursery stage and we met mostly at meals.

Family legend has it that I was a very special protege of his when at the toddling age and one likes to think of that, but memory will not reach back so far.

I do remember though, his careful working over, old English black lettering and coloured illuminating capitals he was always fond with pen and pencil and wrote the best hand of any of us, which becouse of some practice in engrossing during his legal training became less deteriorated by use; no typwriters in those days. After his removal some 300 miles to Manchester to become artided to Uncle William Henry Talbot, we saw even less of him and the fames of cricket, tennis, and walks with a gun were rare.

We know though that he pledded faithfully ancoard at his profession and all that he absorbed of country life was cherished in his heart, so that he always retained an abiding love for its sights and sounds and gave it expression in late after life in many beautiful lines and sentiments.

Two instances will testify to the solid worth of his work.

After the years in training at the legal end of municipal management under the experienced eye of his uncle, then deputy Town Clerk of Manchester, the neighboring city of Oldham, advertised for an assistant Town Clerk; these are permanent and responsible offices and much sought after. He was one of sixty odd applicants and secured the possition.

This enabled him to marry his sweet natured fiance and I have memories of her too, which must find a later place.

Arnold, their first born came and then an opening appeared, in the South this time, a Town Clerkship with greater responsibility, at historic Kingston on Thames the site and place of keeping for the Laxon "Kings Stone" on which rough Heron seat many of them were Crowned Inside a railing and just opposite the Town Hall it still stands and be could look out upon it from his offices for almost the rest of his life.

For his merit won again, against a field of over seventy competitors. I can visualise perfectly today, the arrival of the boy from the village post office, with the telegram and its laconic "Stood dinner" We knew well what it meant: the chosen six culled from the mass of applicants with their printed qualifications and testimonials, had been notified to appear before the city council and they had agreed with one another before their examination that the successful one should stand a dinner for all. I met the boy at the gate and Mother was awaiting me outside the house to open the message.

Civic and family duties kept him doubly tied to Kingston but on the rare comings home, how be revelled in all our country life could give him. I saw them settling in to the new home, with the one little new face, as I stoped there before going out to distant California and the next time that face appeared as a smiling sailor and with it the cheery "Hills Auntie" which promptly stole her heart, as is the little way of sailor boys.

Next in age comes Lilian, she too took me in hand as a small boy and was near enough to me so that the mild escapades of well brought up children, were sometimes shared and I remember some of them: funny, the sins are best recalled! It was Kit though with when the fire lighting was done in "Thunder wood" until the tell tale smoke rising above the bafy screen, put a stop to our aboriginal cooking, young birds, I think Lovely names some of the old places had, generally with an origin to their quaintress, "Larkins", "Upper Hungardoven", "Headcorn". We called the heaviest grains of wheat by that name and the place was in a fat valley, which would have been overlooked by "Boars Isle" if Biddenden had not intervened.

A railroad has been run through these since but we drove then on those hard macodam roads, where in winter the old men of the neighborhood eked out their scanty earnings by sitting on the piles of stone (metal we called it) breaking it with sledge and hand hammer.

Thank goodness that funny little new railroad is in keeping with its environment; if such things must be, to run at the pace of modern requirements let them gallop through the Kentish Weald and "the marsh" as does the Rather Valley R. R. One meanders like that same river Rather through its "Levels"; how can I fail to be discursive as the old scenes, revisited, "flash upon the inward eye".

Lilian came before we two boys, so was always the older sister and to that extent not quite of the ruck of small girls which came tumbling after me, in more senses than one as I recall the wild hare and hounds chase over those brooks and through those shaughs and ghylls.

We both went to Miss Johnsons school, I being started at an early age propably to get me out of the way, during the coming of another, and it was assuaging to the bitter pangs of home sickness to have a sister near, part of the time.

When parents provide such a home and surroundings as we were privileged to have they little realize how true that expression, bitter pangs, can be, so bitter that their poignancy remains today, for we took little pleasure in our school days such as the children out here seem to find.

As I remember, we made no outward outcry but sad tear's wet the pillows for many nights and the days passed only as stepping stones toward the next home going.

Of course we must have injoyed games and made friends but the thing which left the indelible mark is that home-sickness; and the difference which was between the joys of home and the austerities of schools, accounts for that. However discipline may develop useful traits, lets hope it has done so.

Sidney shared my early years a good deal, we were close together in age and as the older and cleverer I always had his example before me of what aught to be and never remember any letting down on his part, of my idol. We hunted birds nests and fished together and later on but before we arrived at the dignity of a gun license, we made our nets, looked after the ferrets and rabbited together, besides collecting butterflies and moths.

Don't remember that he was keen on gardening but of course did his bit in the picking and shelling of peas and "Windsor beans", a rite which demanded vast quantities, was a household chore to be done those summer days and usually took place in our roomy garden summer house.

We got a pretty good working knowledge of the way of all the local birds and the great prize was the moorhens nest with its full quota of about seven mottled brown eggs. They were nearly always at the base of willow chumps out in the ponds caused by ancient excavations for marl, which seemed to have been a popular form of fertilizer by the farmers of an ealier era.

We always came home from Cranbrook school week ends, walking the seven miles in the half day holiday after dinner and passing through a noble Park,

Hemstead the residence of the Gathorne Hardys. The head of the house was later created, Lord Cranbrook and well I remember the fete given him by the townspeople on that occasion, the big feed was spread in a large marquee and we school boys were allowed to file through and gaze upon the viands, the cool lettuce and cucumber, dressing the delectable looking cold boiled salman.

Salmon in our part of the country was something and our school boy appetites, usually appeared by quantities of thick bread and butter only, hankered woundily at the sight of it and thats another carnal vision which I can easily call up.

Well, we always had that walk home, rain or shine and well worth while it was both for what it has meant since and for the ever welcome home coming.

Speaking of moorhens eggs, we had a next spotted the previous week with an egg or two; this had to be investigated right away, for there was the ever present menace of the labourers boys equally keen eyes, all through the week.

The podd was in a shaugh near the bone mill and on our way home.

Sure enough there it was, and holding a goodly lot of eggs which we knew had not been sat on. (I use the old term rather than incubated and these lapses will probably follow through my rambling, also the local spelling when I think back. Methods of approach were always difficult, the birds being wary through sad experience.

We adopted the usual procedure and laid poles from clump to clump with Sid elected to walk gingerly out on them.

Taking off ones gear and wading was about out of the question with Kentish clay and muddy bottoms to consider. Of course the poles broke half way out but Sid got the eggs and my job was to scout ahead and signal the way clear to our room where these trousers were hung behind a bureau for another week, when they were brushed and strange to relate, no discovery made.

We used to blow our eggs and make collections of the best and the insides went into custards of our own making, we generally had the eating of them too, though our bowls of baked roach were more appreciated, when cooked a nice brown with eggs and bread crumbs on top. We could both net and the boy of sparrows won by stealthy prowling round stacks and ivied walls, with our pole and sparrow net, went into savoury little pies, We were suffered in the kitchen and to use the oven on these occasions, as we could be useful at moveing and marking out tennis courts and other chores. The nice collection of butterflies and moths came in handy; there was always a prize given for the best, at the annual "speech day" and the various prize winners used to sit in a row down the length of the Town Hall, with parents and relatives filling the floor and the ruck of boys up in the gallery behind to cheer.

It was a point of honour with the three of us never to fail in having a seat in the prize row and we never did, but it was a close call for me once, when I nosed out by winning with our point entornological collection, and have the "butterfly book" still, bound in its blue leather with its Queen Elizabeth coat of arms stamped on it.

I had another similar close call on the point of honour business which was, that no Winser should be caned, a fairly common punishment. It happened that I was due to receive my first on a Saturday afternoon and Sid went to the master executioner and wangled an exchange of penalty, 500 lines I think to be done by next Monday "not Crabbed Age and Youth," that being the favourite choice, selected for their brevity from the school poetry book, when "lines" were ordered for delinquents.

Needless to say Harold and Sid always upheld the family honour and had good store of those prize volumns, while their places at the head of classes were generally challenged by a select few only.

Our Manchester cousins Ted and Huge of about our ages, came south for the long summer holidays and stayed with us and at Ratsberry, the old family home in Tenterden.

We had grand games of cricket in "Doctors field" roping in the spryest of the local boys on occasion. And so our boyhoods passed together until college and the north claimed my more brainy brothers. They were better fitted for the professions, while my lot has been cast in occupations where my hands best served me.

The younger girls were taught at home, first by a nursery governess, Miss Beeching, when came to us as a young brown eyed woman but sufficiently sedate and mature to our young eyes. She stayed on, always holding our respect and affection and probably feeling as desperately home sick as any, before settling in as one of the family; she too came from a farm house. Then she married and was followed by Miss Smith, older and very scholarly but well liked and was later joined by her pretty sister who was imported to teach domestic science. We had new and savoury things on the table these days but not for any great time.

The characteristic traits began to develop, Kate was the practical housewife and soon had the dairy and such things in her care until called away to Uncle Franklins, there to care for his household and rear the motherless little Eric baby and a splendid job she made of both. Nellie was not robust but carried on with the dairy and poultry just the same, she has been the home one and can still turn off "sumptious" meals for hungry crowds over an open grate and an oil stove; with lovely needlework on the side.

Margaret, as the blonde replica of mother and the gifted artist and schlptress, deserves a lot said about her, a phase coming in leter years while this touches boyhood memories, which carries mostly a general picture of gay and happy little girls, going through the well ordered routine of a well ordered household, some piano practice, some little chores such as the daily turn of each, at the big new knife polishing machine, father brought from London; a duty hotly contested for during its novelty, but, also one to be avoided later on. We were a mixed family as to hair and complexion, ranging from Harolds dark brown, Sids and my tow head of boyhood, turning darker, with grey coming in mine, which began to show definitely at twenty.

Lilian was a blonde, Kit dark, but not black, Nellie brown, Margaret and Mabel light gold, Ruth dark brown and Rose a wonderful red gold. None of them could achieve much in the way of curl but with complexions built with country air, good food, lots of exercise, the moist English climate and minds as clear as their skins, they were good to look upon even with brotherly eyes, and grew up in ignorance of those cosmetical horrors with which youth (and age) seek to improve in natures methods in these latter days.

We had a wonderful rhubarel bed, have not seen its like since; sterns nearly as thick as your wrist, leaves like elephants ears and dense and high enough to make it a favourite hiding place for the games of hide and seek.

The summer house was "home" and that in itself was a notable place, thatched heavily, roof and sides with beather, open on one side and lived and floored with thin matched lumber; seats ran round three sides and a table or two and a stray chair of sorts; the whole large and informal enough to make it ideal as a gathering place for pea shellings, gardening chores, a quiet read or for wild tearings in and out, during games.

There stood outside a double trunked conifera, of the Juniper order I fancy, but tall enough to make good climbing and the rare golden crested wren, made its compact little nest there. Under its branches we could look out on the large lawn, it had a general slope down its length where croquet reigned supreme in the earily days, but as we grew older father had it changed, so that the upper half was converted into a full sized level tennis court and returfed;

sloping bank on the summer house end and high wire netting against the shrubbery, made a good place. It meant moving a deal of that stiff clay soil and we most of us lent the men a hand; father remarked once "it's cheaper than paying doctors bills."

Crazy little Cap, the brown spaniel, with a mania for fetching and carrying things would lie in wait in that shubbery hoping for the arrival of a wild tennis ball over the wire netting, we never lost them with him there for even if they lodged in the holly trees, there was no mistaking its hiding place with him on his hind legs pointing it out and making anxious noises.

The dogs enter largely into the early times, mostly though in the period of carrying a gun and the tending of sheep; only old Nell the curly black retriever reached back to this time of the scampering feet of the bevy of little girls; old Nell with her gentle ways, privileged always to come into the dining room and lie before the open fire, her maternal instincts were so that when thwarted by the untimely removal of one of the numberous batches of puppies, she adopted and nursed a little lot of kittens.

Mabel, the last baby and so the particular pet of the family, was the special friend of animals though we were all more or less foolish about them.

She has been seen walking about the farm yard, trailed by a procession consisting of pet lamb, dog, kittens and piglets.

She won renown on one occasion by falling, into the cement water tank while washing out the feeding bottle of her "sock" lamb. She came up and set the bottle carefully on the curb before calling for help and when pulled out and asked more detail, remarked, she fell in and "turned over like a wheel".

I saw Nellie do that same thing, the whole way down our staircase, it was the neatest bit of end over end work, most surprising to herself and the onlooker, its start, folded up roll and unhuft arrival at the bottom. In those days the approved method of descent was to straddle the lovely long round banister and come a flying; there was one knack necessary to acquire though, the bottom ended in a spiral which had to be vaulted if you would not come a cropper; then there was a sharp steep turn near the top, which was too hair raising to take at full speed, so we generally got on below it. As to taking stairs and hair raising. I have a distinct vision of towing Nellie, in an exuberant moment, at the end of a walking stick which she refused to let go.

Through the hall we went at top pace and out of the front door, I can see the look of horror on her face now, as she took those five or six steps through the air in one stride, but she landed all right and I have since repented.

We did not often get skating ice in our warmer south and none of us became expert, but there was often good fun to be had on slides, and shallower water had little risk, when ice was all too thin.

There were several events in the farm year which held special thrill, and was pig killing day. The villege butcher used to come down and there would be the busy prelinimaries in the scullery, the house boy with his gaggets heating the big fixed copper to the scalding point, the getting out of the killing and cutting up bench and then the exciting moment when the big fat pig, tied feet and mouth, was wheeled up in a barrow and the coup de grace given; even the small girls were not immune from its fascination, which was hardly to be wondered at, as pig killing from baby hood had been one of the nursery games and squeals of the victim resounded, our mouths were not tied. Then there was the immersion of the big black carcass in the boiling water and the quick transition of the black to clearest white under the scrapers. Every detail of the disemboweling, the suspension by the wooden "gamble" through the tendens above the feet, was watched with keen interest and an observation which stood me well in my first year in the new country when I was selected to cut up and fairly distribute some fifteen hogs of all sizes; some of the pork going to families who seemed to think the pig was an animal producing all hams and lein cuts.

After that my experience as a butcher, ranged over beef, sheep, wild pig and deer besides feathered and small game and poultry, but that is another story.

The coming of the "steamer" as we called the threshing machine, especially when I was big enough to be allowed on the stacks, was a great event; the grain was usually stacked as sheaves on special metal stands of large size, the posts were about 30 inches high with antirat climbing tops, like big iron saucers, inverted on them. However, occasional ladders leaned against the ricks or something gave access, for they nearly always harboured store of rats and mice, which no doubt detained water enough from the dems on the thatch. The early part of the job was just the routine, the hum of the machinery, the deft cutting of the straw band with a curved blade, by the man who fed a continuous stream of heavily breaded straw to the drum.

Each sheaf was tossed to him by the fork of the stack man, caught, cut and sprayed out almost in one motion.

On the ground was the griney engine man, feeding his glowing fire from the pile of coal placed ready the day before, oiling parts and answering questions of engineering youth as to the function of those mysterious whirling steel balls above the steam valve.

Then the sack man with his two sponts, delivering at either aperture that shining stream of golden grain, he would hook on one of those heavy four bushel English sacks, with the farmers name stencilled on it and legend had it that same hardy owner had been known to climb on to a neigbours waggon returning empty from the mill and retrieve errant sacks remarking, "a mans sacks are his own wherever he finds them.

To return to the sack man, he had time to properly tie each as filled, using the "netter" of coping twice which was an hornest cord, adequately strong to stand the pull of arms fit to heave about those 250 pound filled sacks.

Out here in California we use a two bushel sack, sewen with quick dexterity and dumped off the travelling machine in piles of five, to be later gathered up at any old time within a week or two by mule team and waggon.

California sun can be counted on for summer months, so that there is no danger of rain damage but its effect on long exposed sacks has to be reckoned with or the boys will deteriorate and burst with the handling.

Even nowadays methods have changed and the big combined harvesters, mowing their ten foot swathe round and round those great level wheat plains are not not so universally hauled by their teams of twenty odd horses and mules driven by one man with an umbrella overhead, lines and a long lashed whip. Instead, as on the road, some form of motor displaces them, but the cutting and threshing is done as they go, just the same. The straw in this dry climate is brittled up to chaff and scattered, whereas in the old country, it is a thing to be cared for, the largest and best stalks reserved for the thatchers use, other to be chopped with sweet clover hay by the horse drawn "run round", mixed with oats and fed by the "sieve" ful to our big heavy farm horses.

The remnant went for clean bedding for those same horses and then out of the stable door into the cow yard and in due course to the mixon and then in orderly and healthful routine to its appointed function of fertilising another crop.

Maybe its function was not so healthful for it's little the wheat fields get in our part of the country; the onmiverous hop gardens cried out for and received the lions share and the ordained end of the hop may not have been so beneficial, unless one holds by the dictum of the man who said that "some beer may be better than other but there was no bad beer".

Now back to the "steamer" and old Johnny Hock with his wooden rake and call basket of woven split hazel and willow, striving in his footy way to keep the mass of fan-driven chaff from accumulating in too unmanageable proportions; his job was to transfer it to a "false laded" waggon which conveyed it to the chaff mixing room, and a dusty job it was.

Funny old sould was Johnny, he brought himself into the local limelight by trying to hang himself in our grain room but was found and cut down in time, popular opinion had it that he was mildly insane but I never found anything about him to bear it out, unless it was a penchant for changing into different clothes and shoes at odd intervals, he kept them around the outbuildings and had some sort of waather system about it apparently.

In later years, when more doddering, he and another old crony were sent to carry out "bresh gaggits" from a steep hillside wood, so that the waggons could get to them.

Pay day and on my rounds, I happened to turn the corner unexpectedly where they had fixed a comfortable seat of springy "bresh" on the sunny side of a pile and were enjoying a sociable smoke.

"We can't deny it this time", was his remark. The poor old fools got little enough of such "hours of ease" in their workaday lives.

Mother Hook was another character, and many the family chuckle passed over her sayings, whe was of the order of the inimitable Mrs. Green, over whom we laughed till we cried when Mr. Pereyini read the book out to us in a matchless way on our third home coming.

Mother Hook used to come and chore at times and one of her messages sent to mother, ran like this, "Teller I've swep the ceilings and tell er I've done the floors and tell er and teller - I be so dry".

Now the stack has shrunken and the boys time arrives; old Nell is carried up a ladder and knows what is expected of her, she follows circling fork as it picks up sheaf after sheaf and when a rat jumps forth the boys stick or the dog generally accounts for it, incidentally whe gorges in the little blind and naked rats or mice left squirming in their cosy nests of chipped up straw and if at times a mouse seeks safety over the edge, then the cocks and hens, scrabbling underneath for scattered grain, chase pull well after it and mob it to death. Christmas of course was a great event, one or the other of the unattached uncles, used to come from the north, bearing gifts.

Sid and I had scouted the woods and knew where to find an oak with the small leafed clinging ivy going away up and may be half around its trunk; some cuts below and carefully peeling it off, and here was a grand festoon to sling along the length of ceiling of our big dinning room.

Holly was plentiful with us, large trees of it, so quantities of the nicest berried branches were brought in and formed the back bone of the decoration. Then there would be visits to the hop cast where fragrant piles of apples were stored on straw all the winter and the best of the red and russet Ribstone Pippins and juciest looking pears were selected. Sometimes there were those little known, sub acid medlars stored and just reaching that stage of apparent rottenness to make them fit to eat and they are of the best when it comes to flavour and should be better known and more largely grown.

As a little fellow my interest began early to centre round agun.

We had a rack in the kitchen over the big "kitchener" or stove, there hung a heavy double barreled and rifled elephant gun, a relic of fathers colonial days. Then his double muzzle loading shot gun and a single, afterward to be followed by breechloading weapons. A thorough respect was early instilled in our young minds as to their dangerous possibilities.

Christmas festivities meant game aplenty for the household and presents for absent relatives, so the days ahead of it were generally marked by extra tramps afield and when that boy was given a vet fronted game bag and allowed to tag behind and carry some of the spoil, he would'nt have changed jobs with the Prince of Wales.

We worked for our birds those days, no driven partridges for us or battues of pheasants; we walked the game up in the stubbles, mangels or clover and the thunder of a rising cock pheasant from the "springs" (our one years frowth of new cut woodland) was the most exciting music to be heard, especially

when followed by a sucessful shot and after some cunning work of finding and retrieving by old Nell; the stowing away of the long tailed, glowing feathered bird was something to be lived for indeed.

Nell and I followed meticulously to the rear and the front of the gun was a place ever to be avoided.

Uncle Edgar would drive over in these occasions, he was the batchelor uncle and lived with our handsome old grandmother at Ratsberry, three of four miles away. He drove a gib fat horse in a dog cart carrying Joe, the good looking spaniel who always made a nuisance of himself by his uncontrollable rangings, putting up game out of shot.

The pounding of Tom's heavy trot on the macadam is a sound I can easily recall for I was always out listening for it and uncle was generally late and we couldnt start without him and his pin fire double. We sometimes had a picnic lunch sent out to some designated point and the sandwiches and "Dutch" cheese on those occasions tasted extra good.

After those long, all day, trampings, climbing over stiles, pushing through covers and rough going generally there were weary small boy legs by evening, but a lot of mothers hot thick mourishing soup and the elasticity of youth bucked one up for the evening.

Sid and I kept a little record book neatly ruled in columns for hares, rabbits, partridges, pheasants and sundry, the latter comprised, moorhen, landrail the rare woodcock, wood pigion, and perhaps a plover and snipe or wild duck.

There were scraps of incident, verse and water colorered illustrations of outstanding events. One was a stiffly executed scene of a winged, pheasant running from Nell who was temporarily brought up all standing, by the tail, which she had siezed, coming out by the roots.

One verse commemorated the sudden demise of a favourite ferret, done to death by a stray shot from fathers gun.

"Poor old pug, no wonder she's dead, for a single shot has entered her head"

I kept that book for a long time and continued to record the tally in more adult years but it has long ago dropped out of sight.

Our fishing was a rather mild affair in ponds; roach, perch and carp; both the former were small and plentiful in some places, but the last seemed to take the form of large golden things who lay when in sight at all, under difficult over hanging hanethorn trees.

Hooks and bait seemed to have no appeal or the fish were inaccesible, but mother was fond of carp and we used sometimes to get good ones by shooting them in the head at close range. Tench of good size loomed shadow like out in the pond middles, too far off for our lines. We got them rarely by means of cork floated "flues" of seines, pulling them out to the centres and then we sat on the bank and waited for bobbing floats to signal the hauling in.

The clap of woodpigons wings intering or leaving the overhanging oaks and then coo while there, would be one of the sounds ones carries ever since and is enough to reconstruct the whole scene.

We never had much success at eel spearing or beating up the marsh ditches towards a large bag net, but the eels were there for some to catch. Birds nesting was one of boyhoods predilictions, the spring holidays being about the only available time and Sid and I made the most of it.

He was a good climber, at that stage small and light and wiry, shooting up to over six feet and the tallest of the three of us, in later years. So I was the one who clasped the tree trunk while he climbed on my shoulders and gave the final spring to reach that high lower branch and one recalls the grind on my skinny collar bone to this day, having still the useful knobs which continue to keep things from slipping off the shoulders.

There was seldom, the loose sticked and covered magpies nest on so high or limber an oak branch that he could not reach it and call down to me,

"deserted" "eady" or "two or three" as the case might be.

For one glance at the inside of any kind of nest told us the difference between the first two stages, "ready" meaning, ready for eggs.

There was a wide range of colouring and number of eggs from each kind of bird; the modest little hedge sparrow, cheeping about the "quickset" and occasionally breaking out into a few plaintive notes, laid the prettiest and the blue green of "sparrow eggs blue" is a difficult colour to be discribed and has nothing in common with the white and grey brown speckled, untidely nested egg of the house sparrow, whose "manners are familiar" as President Wilson said of the man who slapped him on the back, for he didnt know his face, and did'nt know his name".

We too had no good bird book so what lore we acquired was from deservation only, but I think there is no relationship between the two sparrows except in name only.

The starlings had the same quality of clear delicate "self Colour" but lighter, we could find their eggs under the low dusty angles where the rafters came down to the ceilings of out buildings and we generally had to grovel and squirm to get at them. He ia a beautiful bird when the sunshine glints at just the right angle, on his glossy coat and I miss him out here.

Harold came home one day from one of his rare outings with a gun and told how he had killed two birds with one shot, "Phew w w" whistled a starling on the roof ridge above. The "English sparrow" is plentiful enough out here now, yet I remember the event it was and how it pleased me when after some years I saw my first, on the streets of Hanferd Kings county.

The "dish washer" or water wag tail had a funny ink marked egg and the prize find was the bottle tits nest with its tight neatly felted house of lichens, moss and soft green stuff, with a hole in the side, only big enough for two fingers to feel its quota of a dozen or so of delicate tinny pinky eggs. The smallest though are the two laid by our humming birds out here, I claim the unique experience of having stroked the head and back of one of those jewelled streaks and it was well and able bodied.

A pair had nested in a plum tree in the garden at Bakersfield and we would go and peep at the pointed beak and little tail sticking up out of the open nest which looked hardly big enough even for it. So one day after the two young ones were large enough to fly about I found one sitting on its edge and it allowed me to come up and stroke it.

We learned the difference between the thrush and blackbirds next before eggs were laid, though they looked alike except one lined its inside, clay daub with fibire and hair and the other left it bare, then one generally built lower than the other.

Some birds had the most casual apologies while others were the easiest and cunningest works of art; worthy of the closest study to see how it was done, but it was not in the nature of any but the most exceptional boy to devote the time and skill necessary for that and we were'nt such. We propably both retain visions which can be recalled at will, of the interiors of those leeafy woods in their bush spring greenery and the way the milk maids and anemoues grouped themselves in the open glades and the scent of the blue bell stalks, crushed under foot.

Ferreting was a winters job during holidays too and it carried one through the older phases when the gun became its adjunet instead of the net. We had a lot of rabbits on the farms and it was necessary to keep them down to reasonable numbers, besides which father believed in having us well occupied and we certainly got both pleasure and profit out of the game.

Here again Sid and I joined forces; mother would put us up a packet lunch of a chunk of bread and Dutch cheese and bit of cake and an apple. We would go out to the ferret hutch in the back yard and box up two ferrets; the box we made ourselves, was light, had a bit of five wire netting in front, sloping

hinged lid and wide shoulder strap and some straw for bedding.

A graft (long narrow bladed draining spade) bag of our hand made nets and a long line of coping twine completed the kit.

We took various sections of the woods and farms in rotation, so as to give previously worked warrens, time to restock after earlier forays. Nell, of course came along, she saved us a lot of time for all we had to do, arriving at a small set of holes, was to tell her to "smell' em out" and if she had failed to scratch at the dirt, we passed on, not at home. With favourable signs or a known inhabited warren, the box xxxxxxxxxxxx would be just on one side and all holes connecting carefully netted. I say connecting, for we knew; having become from small boyhood up, quite uncannily familiar with the underground ramifications of those burrowes.

On each side of those hedge and ditch banks, we examined, so that no hole but had its snare.

Then Nell was given her post and one ferret turned in. Soon there would be a subterranean rumbling and silent grins exchanged, then sometimes a rabbit would creep quietly out or would shoot out, as from a connon.

The result was generally the same, there was no excitement, just a quiet going about the job, the nearest watcher was on to the tangled up ball like a flash, for the nets would not hold their prey too long, it would be taken off and spread carefully over the same hole at once, lest another followed, and then, holding the hind legs, a quick swing and the back of the head rapped ones toe and all was over. Then a slit of one leg behind a rear tendon and the insertion of the other and the victim was hung on a shady hedge stake to be collected on the way home. Sometimes a large warren would yield three or four, with some escapes, but "lay ups" were the things which slowed down the deadly work.

Seldom a day passed without its two or three and the manner of them was this. Normally the ferret followed the rabbit out and stood blinking at the entrance of the hole, until caught up.

But sometimes it would corner and slay its prey and stop right there with nothing to be done but dig it out.

Here came the use for the second ferret and line, it was generally bigger and a little strap was tightly bucked on, tightly because their heads are small and pointed and you can pull fit to break a line at times, when if the damp earth allows the leather to stretch, and the straps comes off, you have the double tragedy of two ferrets in for the day maybe, for they are quite content to stay there. However the line ferret goes in at the point where preliminary rumblings, Cistened for with ear to the ground, showed most stratigic for digging purposes.

When the line stopped paying out, measurements and probings were taken for distance and direction, before the graft came into play. Our clay soils were no joke and holes sometimes went far and deep.

However there generally came a time when the ferrets could be salvaged, the line one pulled out and the others to follow, for no one cared to run his hand and arm in with them, they had no spark of affection for a human no matter if one fed them every day and had a nastly little way of sinking those pointed teeth in your skin, we often used gloves with them. Sometimes if the distance showed too difficult digging a long split ended and stiff briar could be used to pull out the rabbit dead or alive, but usually the arm did it and I have known the memorable time when one after another the reclining figure handed up five to the executioner who stood doing the Madame Defarge act and blissfully connected, with an anxious and excited "xxxxx auy more"? after each.

Days when town cousins came with us, held more of fun and less quiet deadly efficiency; the latter continued however, when the need for heavier

bags sent the house boy to carry the ferret box for us and help generally. The toad under a barrow had nothing on him, for quiet and discipline was enforced but really I suppose those were red letter days, with the change from the routine of the wood lodge and the orders issued by the maids. However we boys were really on good terms with the farm lads, owning to close acquaintance and some games together but there is no doubt we were pesky little snobs at heart.

With snow on the ground or frosty days, it was a cold job and digging was sometimes welcome; father might drop along in the dog cart, stop and ask what luck, or if we were in the throes of a bad lay up, ask if Eaton or George Weeks should not be sent to help out, then he would pass on, carrying instructions just where to pick up certain rabbits and ease our load on the homeward collection.

It was a grimy pair that tramped in as the early winter dusk settled down. One detail was omitted, lay ups could be averted by the use of special tiny leather muzzles buckled on the ferrets heads, we seldom made use of them though, for we found the blood thirsty little animals soon tired of working under those conditions and generally refused to go in after the novelty wore off or went to sleep back in the hole and we had the work of digging it out without the thrill of a kill.

The work shop was a favourite haunt through all the Merrington days, father was handy with tools and kept a good lot of them up in a loft above the stables.

We boys were allowed up there from quite early days and I developed a liking for handicrafts and seldom missed a chance of watching carpentering, bricklaying and plumbing when it was going on about the place.

Later I added a lot of attractive American made tools, whose virtue and ingenuity I recognised from catalogues and they displaced same of the old timers; speaking of which father told me once of an object lesson learned from a Yankee salesman in London.

The native pitchfork was a heavy cumbersome affair with iron tines of a thickness which many a time, almost wore out my undeveloped muscles in the hay field.

Then came the day when father returned from one of the trips to the hop factor in the Borough and brought back a splendid series of hay forks. They looked incredibly light and slim to our English eyes, like the hickory built buggy wheel beside our solid ash ones.

The old set went straight to owl beams among the rafters of the east and remained there always except in dire emergency; nobody loved them. He said he had much doubted their strength but changed his mind then the man shoved the sharp curved points under a chest and tramped the high angled handle to the floor and it flew back to its original position when he took his weight off. We had them from the field length, to the half pitcher and the long full pitchers for putting the top hay on to those young moving hay stakes, we called loads.

They never went back on us and I treasured my own particular loading fork for years; we worked hard and long hours in the hay and harvest fields and I passed through the stages from loading hay on the waggons to stacker.

But to return to the work shop, (I often did that) there was much useful repair work to be done after picking up a working knowledge of the tools. Then one day unexpectedly father told me he had brought a turning lathe at a village sale in Bevenden. He must have sensed my hankering for one, though I don't remember giving expression to the wish.

We tore out the end of the shop and extending the floor further out over the stable, ran up a new partition and onit I did my first bit of lath and plaster work.

This gave room to instal the big lathe and not interfere with the old work bench and in it came. It was an archaic bit of the wheelwrights craft, fit for

a museum piece, with its solid black oak fly wheel some six inches thick and 30" diameter. The bed was long enough and probably designed to turn those seven foot bed posts of yore and the head stocks were held in position by massive wedges driven under the rails.

The hand wrought iron crank and foot pedal plank, driving the mandril with a strap. Completed the motive power and made it a one man machine.

I bought a book on wood turning, learned how to put a keen edge on those long handled, curve pointed gouges and tought myself by practice the little I know of the art.

But one could'nt have had more enjoyment out of a high priced, up to date affair and I should probably have neglected the farm duties more. The thump of the foot pedal could be heard from the house so though the world was well lost for the time being, they generally knew where I could be found.

Expecially this was the case when after pondering some design during the walks and drives for something to be made and sent to Dover, the work began to take form and to tear oneself away from it became difficult.

"What of the wood? The oak was grown in England" mostly on the farm and I liked to work in oak, also one thinks with regret of certain stocks left behind.

A big old holly tree had to be taken down and I had the trunk carted to the village carpenters shop, there to be pit sawed into plank.

Holly is a fine, close grained, even, white wood; it was a wrench to leave that lot of well seasoned hard stuff, for its not often boards of from one to two inches think and well over a foot wide in holly can be found.

Oak though was plentiful and good and we still have specimens of my happy output, ranging from a thimble case in the form of an acorn in holly small, turned box in apple, another in ivy wood, then coming up the scale in sise, desk, dressing box and hanging shelf with drawers under, in oak, culminating in a small carved oak chest, the oak leaf and acorn design on the panels being drawn by our artist Margaret.

Most of this was constructed, winter evenings when the North room was converted for the nonce from office to work shop; He cold and lack of light making the other undersirable for night work. Speaking of the happy output, I loved the old shop, with its farm sounds and smells close by and I loved that kind of work but notice in the above list of articles; they were made, "All for the love of a lady" which is fitting, it being "the ruling passion" and the reason for telling so much in these pages.

We must now go back and finish the girlhood sketch. As I said Mabel was the youngest and somm ade muck of. Queen Mab ruled her kingdom serevely while it lasted, whe was a firm believer in the saying that youth must be served and saw to it that it was.

"What I want I must have" was one of her oft quoted sayings and being a normally and reasonable minded child, she generally had!

Fair haired little May Ginner came on a visit from the sea side town of Hastings. Mab of course wished to show her country sights and proteges and escorted her to the pig pens during feeding time.

This was overheard, May "O, what dirty things, they put their feet in their food", Mab in her superior wisdom, "Thats why they call them pigs"!

Dear little May, a fairy like little girl, who had rides on my shoulder at this stage, came with her brother Willie to the small school, run by the girls later on and recalls even yet in a recent letter how grand she felt at being allowed to accompany me, on my early morning rounds of "lookering" the sheep and having to be helped over awkward hedges.

She keeps in touch still with the sisters at Ratsberry and makes much of the "enemy aliens" when they revisit the old scenes and had to have pass ports and photos scamed by the local police!

School days were not so pleasing, so do not carry so well in my mind, we stuck steadily to the tasks and acquired some French and Latin and in my case, working arithmetic only, not to be dignified by the name of mathematics. We played games, nearly all in the open air, in all weathers, and had on poorly equipped gymnasium where we did a lot of useful exercise when the rain or snow drove us under cover.

This was much to the good, but we were poorly fed, considering what our parents paid, practically but one decent meal a day, the balance thick bread and butter and thin tea.

Compared with our plentious farmhouse diet the change was immense and it is small wonder we worked on through the week with the thought of what the end would bring, and at that we were fortunate for the weekly scholar was the exception and most of the hundred or so of other pupils stayed the full terms; unlucky wights!

As we invariably walked home, and how easy those seven after noon miles were, so we were as regularly brought to school by father and the dog cart; and to get there in time for early class on winter mornings meant dark and early risings (and I appreciate now) real effort in his part, but I never heard any reluctant word pass his lips.

We were a snobbish little bunch, for class held great sway, but strict discipline and a school boy code of honour had some good points and some of the game was played fairly well, some of the time.

We did not shine much in athletics and never attained rank in the picked teams which played other similar schools from a distance but we did get a lot of enjoyment out of the practice work and lesser elever matches, in which nearly all joined.

Some of the masters strove with us in them and so always seemed the better able to win the grudging and difficult regard of the boys.

Somewhat in the ratio of low grade in sports as compared with others of our age, we three stacked up better when it came to diligence and class position.

I am thankful now for a sort of family esprit which kept us clear of a lot of stuff which passed by almost unknown to us, those week end trips helped a lot; one could hardly roam those healthful pields and woods all these formative years and have a home such as ours without a sort of unknown protective mantle being thrown around and messier things had little attraction; it was so subtle and natural, we actually escaped priggishness, I believe, in appraising those times in the light of later experience. And so the school days passed; some form of sickness laid me on my back and I was taken away to be nursed and convalexe.

Father was needing help and as I had long been dubbed "farmer Phil" so it was at the early age of fifteen, I laid lessons aside and began to enter the realm I shall try to sketch.

Youth

Also a glamorous time, made so largely by the near entry of that figure which soon represented the best in life for me and has ever remained so. We were first cousins but though forty mile distant I over was her home and birth place, our paths had not crossed in my memory. Then one day I entered the dinning room and near the fire place stood the small trine girl with the face that won instant attention. It did not take long of company and conversation to gain the knowledge of the fine mind and character behind that face and so begin the close friendship which continued through all the years of that old home time.

We corresponded voluminously and read much of the same literature; our mutual and unconcealed liking was outwardly unapposed, probably rather approved of, in those earlier times, for normal folks love young affection.

Later years when the continued self evident and deeper attachment became divious, we were no doubt seriously discussed by our elders. Our relationship

and the physical handicap, made the situation seem unwise, no doubt.

But how can the experience and wisdom of the elder, even when tempered by the greatest affection, be always infallible.

It was not given to those dear ones who wished for the best for us, to look forward into the future and see the many many years of comfort and companionship which they would have kept from us, in all their kindness.

The thread of gold has run onward through the rest of this tangled skein, ever present and gilding our joined lives and there it shall remain.

Because of it we have rejoiced together and through it we have been enabled to endure and hold fast to much that would not have been possible to us singly.

She has always held a happy optimism which refused to be daunted by apparent misfortune and a way of imparting some of it to others which brought her many friends.

The other day I received a letter from the cousin Harry Talbot of whom more later, he quotes his Aunt Maria Talbot as saying he looked at life through rose colored glasses and his reply to her was that his were clear glasses, a useful attribute which has no doubt kept his mind young.

At this stage of the story one should testify to the pleasent visits made to the Talbot home in Manchester about mid winter, the brothers were there and the two cousins of our age and Aunt always saw to it that other young life came arbund and the atmosphere was always bright in the home even if murky and soot specked outside.

As a working philoscphy my uncle William Henry enunciated one which I never heard elsewhere and it has always stuck in my mind, he said he did what he liked, because well worth trying to attain.

I never had much sympathy for the ascetic as such and cannot see how munching a dry crust once or twice a day and drinking water, only, helps much to develop a higher spiritual life. The body can get along on it probably, after it well broken in, but I doubt if the outward manifestations of a contented mind would shine so continuously as when proceeding from an ampler diet of well served meals.

The thought of what kinds of world we should live in is rather appalling, if the mass ofhumanity should decide the thing to do was to recline on spiked couches.

Fortunately the situation would soon be saved by some bright mind seizing the chance of cornering the mail market.

Then friend Ltilytes, finding no spare labour or pillors around would have to build his own and by the time he had done some honest bricklaying up fifty feet or so, perchance a change of heart would come to him and he would go home and mind the baby a bit, while his wife cooked up an extra curried lot of rice.

After which encouragement, he would want to go out in the garden and sow some of that kind of radish seed, such as the Egyptian higher ups raised for their slaves and which I understand formed the backbone of the diet which stacked up the Pyramids; rather a good test for the development of muscle and spitituality.

They would be useful too if our friend had another think coming and decided to carry on with his pillar and reside on top: his wife could chuck some up to him once a day, joking apart, one can credit thrift and friegality with its useful work, have we not used lard to our bread when butter was lacking, but alas that was not choice but neccessity. And when it came to margarines was it not stern duty that called it to our table and not choice, as attested by the absence of butter substitutes these many years. Even frugabity does not get much of a look in with butter at present around 25ø a lb. And so we fall back on temperance to be the guiding motive and we have lots of faith in its efficacy but even here the final decision for its definition seems to be up to the adult individual.

There is a big enough job waiting for us however in supplying our quota toward making this our present world a brighter and happier place, it can demand so much consecrated effort and sinking of self that there is scope enough in it

to make even our pillar (not pillow) and nail mattress man enrious. One useful thought in that connection however is that it is mostly deeds and not words which best count, and so avaimt prdix platitudinous preachings and on with the story or to run in some of my scanty Satin, ignis via, which being interpreted means, fire away.

Father had taken on more land than Merrington, which included also about 80 acres of the fat bottom land, an arm of Romney marsh, and draining into the river Rother. This large extent of low level country had beeen largely reclaimed from sea inroads in centuries of use and had characteristics all its own, the sparse population were reported to hold that the world was divided into Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Romney Marsh. It was nearly all the finest ofpasture land, some of the best there is, and divided into fields by large ditches and canals each flanked by high banks. These acted as drains and by means of adequate trap slince gates slowly cleared the fields of the winter water which often flooded them in rainy times. The black silt soil was unbeliebably rich and would pasture and fatten about twice the sheep and cattleallotted the upland meadows: the grass was kept fed down to a short tuff of almost lawn texture and except for the pest of rushes and thistles, had splendid possibilities, for about three fifths of the year.

The Romans knew it for on one of the slightly raised portians we had the high embanked circle or castrum called "Casars camp"; I often wanted to dig in it but it was off our land, the archaologists had often looked it over and it was no job for a lone lad to tackle. As a favourite landing spot from the contenent by Romans et al, our part of the Kentish coast was the nearest and because of the wide inlets one of the easiest so we were well sprinkled with historical points of interest.

The old time smugglers of outgoing Kentish fleeces to France and incoming lace , wines, and spitits free of duty, were long having a merry time of it over those levels and along the slow running water ways.

The Wittersham farm of about a hundred acres was some five miles away on the high ground of the old "Isle of Oxney", it was in later years gradually transformed into pasture so that one man most of the year could keep the work up and look after the sheep and one trip a week was about all the attention it needed.

Then there was Springhill, held by us on lease and semi family property; Uncle SamBeaufay mothers brother and whose large family my Mary Blanche headed, was the recipient of half the rent we paid, whe and I sometimes compared notes on the different points of view the elders held over vexed questions/and repairs.

There we had a good proportion of the hundred odd acres in hops and that entailed a resident working foreman and about three men regularly emplby there.

Tom Lawrence was the foreman, a mightly man of Viking stock, one able to do any farm of farm work and do it better then the others, he was always to be trusted and counted upon.

He took on the farm some years after we had given it up, probably using the scanty savings he had accumulated during a life of toil and finding them quite inadequate.

I knew how shocked I was to note the devastating effect on his fine frame and face, of this combined care and effort in trying to make a success. This was an once of our home trips from California. Lord Cranbrooks estate joined some woodland of Springhill and a few of the pheasants he raised used to stroll across the boundary. So we could generally count on a brace or two of that game of if we had time in season, might walk up a covery of partridges, so old Nell and the guns generally went in the dog cart when on inspection trips. Windmill and Halden Lane farms were added soon after my return from school.

Father had bought two or three freehold meadows near the house but as was the custom in most farming land of England it was nearly all hired and

the true yeoman farmer owning his own place was rare.

The Weals was a notable hop country, they seemed peculiar to about three countries only and we had about sixty acres of them.

An expensive and risky crop they were, demanding the best of care and letting you down badly in years of blight or low prices; with selling prices for the dried product fluctuating from fifty shillings to ten pounds a hundred weight of 112 lbs. there was a speculative element in raising them which I did not enjoy, probably because I never remember being able to extract a satisfactory balance on the profit side of a years working, adequate to the capital and effort, which went to raising a crop. Father with his early commercial training was well used to keeping accounts and saw to it that elaborate ones were kept.

If you wish to listen to eloquent remarks, get my spouse to talking about the north room" our office, and what went on there, when I had been better employed of an evening in the dining room where the books were and the piano stood.

I agree, for the nett result of most of that ledger work was dust and ashes, although there was detail in workmans accounting which had to be seen to. Ours was mixed farming, grain, grass, roots and hops and it meant trying up a lot of money.

For quite a while this part had no place for me money was the least of my troubles; I was sufficiently supplied with all things needful and the table was always bountifully loaded. Until I was twenty one, the full pocket money allowed me was one shilling per week, twenty five cents; ponder that, ye modern youth, whirling about the country in a glittering gasoline contraption. There was somewhat of revenue on the side however: early in the game I invested in some poultry and the waggovers wife at Halden Lane went halves on the profits.

That is she did the work of looking after them while I saw to it that feed was provided and equipment made, range was free for us of dourse. I believe we prospered at it in our tiny financial way, better than the farming did, for at every settling up time there seemed to be a modicum to divide.

After twenty one, the stipend went to the staggering raise of three pounds a month and I took on some collections of "Queens taxes" in two parishes, which added several more pounds a year and the savings bank account fattened appreciably.

I provided for personal expenses and bought all my clothes and year after coming of age and can truly say that during all this home period I never had any feeling of the lack of personal funds; opportunityies and desire for spending in that quiet country home were so little and there always seemed plenty to go to when needed. The family finance was quite another matter as time brought the management into my hands but it always seemed a vicarious, affair which as I look back, made no worrying impression. Here again, the sympathetic and same attitude of my invariable confidente, toward the last must have had much to do for such immunity. However we go ahead too fast.

One of the first tasks was to share in the morning and evening milking and acquire a working knowledge of cowes and their ways.

The occasional kicking one, must be handled with due regard to the safety of the milk and with due regard to the safety of the milk and ones own shins; no three legged milking stool to sit on there, its use was confined to flagellations when tempers broke; on the whole though they were fairly week and one picked up some lore which was useful in western corrals.

The sheep came next and as we had about 300 ewes on an average, that meant some 700 or 800 head but not all on the one place. After working with the shepherd for a couple of seasons, I practically took over the lookering and lambing on the home farms and after acquiring Watch, as a young sheep dog, found a lot of pleasure in the yearly round, in connection with handling a nice flock of Ronney Marsh breed sheep.

The house boy was such an institution, he demands space. There was a family by the name of Quest who worked for us many years, and that family was so large it supplied us with a succession of boys of the required age for about as long as I remember, the Willie and Arry Guests of certain eras became

the waggoners mates and so on to the final stage of farm worker.

Mrs. Guest must have been a busom girl, she was large and healthy and needed to be, with that brood. Guest was average in every,way quite the type of "laborer" as the race was called and suitable it was, for that's about all there was in life for them. A sound lot, slow of speech, wit and movement, doing their daily task, unquestioningly and uncomplainingly, day in and out from year to year, from seven till five, filling in the summer evenings by telling the neat gardens so as to eke out that scanty wage: so scanty it makes me mentally griad when one thinks of it.

Fifteen shilling a week, or less than four dollars! ponder it! could some of you keep your smoking going on it? With a solid brick cottage and a largish garden to pay for at fifty cents rent weekly. But they were honest to the core and kept well to the appointed hours, the salt of the earth in their line, and small wonder they have always been the back bone of England and brought honour to the old flag, when they marched to fight under it abbard. "Poor beggers, its at overhead." I lived among them a good time and except for an occasional "wiring" of a wild rabbit and lefting mushrooms from those dewy early mornings meadows before the "looker" was out of his bed; its little of under handedness that went on.

To my gardening mind, the temptation to help themselves from the plentiful mixous of fat farm yard manure, must have been very great, especially when one considers how intensively those cottage plots were cropped and over what great stretches of time.

They had their pride of competition too, at the local shows and I hold any man to be justified in swiping fertiliser in order to best his neighbours in size of cabbage, whether it be rose or vegetable.

A blighting year among the potatoes must have been a tragedy and it was of course a topic of conversation but I never heard andue moaning or bitterness of complaint at that or any other of the plentiful hardships.

Work was the ordained state of life and I once heard an elderly man telling with pride how he had not taken a day off, even to get married. They had neither time or money to travel so twenty miles was about the extremity of their orbit; charabanes were not changing the hard tan macadam into black biturnen in those days, and one could seek the dainty veined wood sorrel at the foot of flowered hedge rows, in great peace and quiet and find them too if you knew where to look in certain spots among the grass; they went with the dew on them, packed in the greenest softest moss, to Dover and did you ever note how beautiful the mosses are if carefully examined.

So when Wilbe Guest was promoted there would be an Arry to reign in the wood lodge and black shoes, pick poultry and games, skin rabbits, weed the garden, bring in "chucks" and fuel, go "up street" for the groceries and generally be at the beck and call of the maids, all for about a dollar a week and the hand-out lunch he ate in his kingdom, at noon.

Many were the yarns that went about the family as to his doings, sayings and short commings. Mother reported hearing a long conversation going on in the garden under her window between Willie and the butcher boy with the chick of the box conspicuously absent and when asked what he was doing, the reply was "I didn't only say ullo Tom."

It was probably that some Willie, one stage up the scale, who was upbraided for failing to bring home certain axe clippings, a pile of which he passed with an empty horse and cart. "I got somethin else to do besides goapin arter chucks was his defence.

A harried life it must have been at times, but it took a lot to worry their phlegmatic mentality. Isaac Eaton was another type, quicker and more active in mind and body; he was useful at any of the routine jobs as they came along, but soon, became the one for the garden and anything reguiring some extra

brain as well as muscle.

A mutual liking and joining in the same company of volunteers made a bond between us which it is pleasant to recall and it has been one of the many many happy rememberances to look him up in his cottage home at Tenterden and talk over old times together.

The volunteers were a properly organised military establishment, a citizen army for emergency defense purposes only; they were later called the Territorials (after my time) but no doubt had the same motto "Defense not Offense".

They were grouped with the regular regiments of the line and used to like to to feel they shared in some of the traditions and privileges earned in the past by gallant deeds of the regulars. For instance, our East Kent regiment, "the Buffs", were suppose among us to be the only ones who could demand the honour of marching through London City with fixed bayonets.

Eoaton and I joined F, company, numbering 60 or 70 and drawn from the three villages of Benenden, Rolvenden and Newenden,

How the old Laxon "den" persisted in our parts. We were drilled on the smooth turf of the playing fields, those long summer evenings and in a large school room, winters, by a popular regular army man, Sergeant Instructor Sweet. Then there was rifle practice in the range at Benenden and it was there I saw the flint of a bullet in flight, rather a rare thing onee would imagine.

We used the old simple shot Martini Henry rifle and spotted in the markers protected butts, to one side, but near the metal hite washed targets. As each spot of the bullet landed, we would push a coloured dise mounted on a pale above the top of our hut and signal the value of each shot. After a certain number, the "wash out" shout in Sweets great "Indian army trained voice would come from the five or six hundred yard firing point and then we could run out and pass the white wash brush over the marks.

It was a sunny day and the angle must have been just right for I caught the thing flash of the bright bullet, but that once only and of course momentarily.

There was a good object lesson on the difference between the speed of sight and sound; at the firing point at 5 or 600 yards one could shoot and have the man with the spotting telescope tell you where your bullet landed before the plop came back to your ear, or even see the markers disc come up, if he was smart at the job, and the recording man say "inner high right."

The company competitions or the expeditions to battalion tests were exciting events and I know it was no martial ordour which lured me to don a uniform, but the prospect of the use of a rifle.

We like to do the things we fancy ourselves at and I thought myself rather good at firearms. As a matter of fact I never achieved Wimbledon farm, and the gold braided crossed rifle of the "best shot of the company" was only won one year, and that never got as far as my uniform sleeve, the tailor didn't have one in stock when applied for, Seems to me there ought to be a cup or so around, probably it is at Ratsberry and the next time we go, must dig it out; had forgotten its existence but I believe it has Corporal Winser on it, may be only Lance Corporal.

Commissions were to be wangled somehow, no doubt; but not in my young life, more money and social distinction than I could run to were required and besides the private could fire as many rounds as his Captain as soon as he attained his marksmans badge, which was easy. I think the best score I made was unafficial when five bullets from cartridges brought home went into an eight inch target at 200 yards in our then dry, embanked fish pond.

We seldom were allowed to keep the rifles away from the armoury, and it was difficult to think of a safe place to fire those long range affairs in our closely settled countryside, but the temptation was great and a black disk on a board was set up and 200 paces stepped off.

I remember knocking in the approved position and firing those five shots that quiet evening, listening between each report in some trepidation, lest a distant shriek a mile or so away should announce that a ricochetting bullet had interrupted

the potato planting in some distant garden.

Nothing happening I walked to the target and found my five holes and strange to say, there were no enquiries; shots were fairly commonm when the evening rabbit was stalked and perhaps the difference in the report was not so obvious, except to the trained ear and guilty conscience.

Besides going "arrflin" together Eaton and I worked with each other a lot; with added experience and authority as the "young master" one could arrange matters a bit and the sheep often demanded the help of two so we were with them on many occasions, dressing "foot rot". He was to be counted on for unusual situation; once a message came from the marsh looker, Longley that a certain heifer was "acting queerlike", that apparently taking the farm of erratic and hostile charges.

I sent Alfred Bryant, one of the trustiests and the leader of our saythe mowing team, with Easton and ahorse and cart, and orders something to the effect, it had better be brought home and as I handed Eaton my shot gun and two cartridges the inference naturally was, dead or alive. Guns weren't generally in use by any means, in fact, everybody carrying one had to pay a yearly license of ten shillings and three pounds to shoot game. Anyhow the animal arrived as beef and on asking what happened he said," it came at me so I shot her", further enquiry as to detail seemed to show the dead was done at about ten yards and one cartridge was done at about ten yards and one cartridge was returned with the gun.

With my knowlege of pattern and genetration of bird shot at that range I marvelled greatly; it is easy to kill a horse close up and I had done so two or three times with the same gun, but a thick skulled charging crittur at ten yards was something else again.

And the mystery deepened further as to how two men would go about loading a hefty beast, of the quality such as the marsh pastures produced, without block and tackle.

The explanation sounded simple, "she dropped on top of the ditch bank we were walking on and we backed the cart under and rolled her in". The whole neat business was so out of the bucolic line. I often wondered and wished I could have seen it done, but the bacon came home, and it was Eaton, the "rifler", who did the shooting of course. He is now filling the rode of"a rollin the squires lawn" and on my visits, whenone shared with his wife and him the frugal cottage fare and talked about "me see in wot I've seen" in far off California, methinks one could detect a hankering for some of the adventuring; the nearest approach to which in his quiet seeming life being the sufficient one of the sound of these fateful guns, rolling across the channel and over the quiet marshes to Tenterden town, those long anxions years and the vicarious experience of the son, who has seen more than enough for both and was to come back wrecked in body from the grisby sights among which so many of those quietly reared country lads of ours, manfully played their part. The sheep soon tack a lot of my time in the early spring, Watch and I spent about all of very long days among them.

Watch was an acquisition; I bought her of old Fuller, our Wittersham farmm an, when she was quite young and untrained.

She was not a full blooded collie by any means but had a lot of that splendid breed's grace intelligence and affection.

We took to each other on the trip home and except for the shooting, in which she took no interest, we spent most of the days together.

All I had to say was, "stay home Watch" if not wanting her and there was no need for that even when the gun appeared.

Just the reverse was it for Nell when the ferret box or gun came in sight.

She was easy to teach and soon on all the, before breakfast rounds of the home pastures. Cockering, she was close at my heels and at the opening of the gate and a swing of the arm, whe would be off, circle the field and bring the whole flock there, on the run to my corner and hold them for inspection until they were allowed to trail by, for count.

If any had to be moved to another pasture or the pound, for sorting or any operation calling for close selection, I could walk ahead and open gates while she brought them carefully along. "Pounding" the sheep (meaning impound) was a job where a dog was almost indespensable, they were very reluctant to be shut in close quarters and manhandled, but were deathly afraid of our gentle Watch, who would not hurt a hair or wool of them unless it might happen when a crazy breakaway had to be turned in full flight and onw would hear the snap of her jaw and I have seen a drop or two of blood come from a nicked lip on rare occasion.

A good dog was equal to half a dozen men at many jobs and I used best to enjoy her aid in moving the tottering long legged new born lambs and their dams, out of the lambing field into the reserved fresh pasture so necessary to increase the milk flow. It was a slow and aggravating job, owning to the mothers anxiety and the lambs incapacity and a dog wronglyhused made things much worse for that was the only time when a sheep will fight (except the rams with one another) and the one the judge was informed, showed savage inclinations. The man was caught red handed sheep stealing and his defense was that "I'll kill any sheep that tries to bite me."

Anyhow, the trick was to keep the dog about ten years back, which was just far enough to cause the mother in some unknown way to urge the lamb to hasten to follow her at speed and we all moved along with expedition. Watch had been taught to drop at the raising of a hand but she soon got the idea and would follow almost crawling, at the required pace to keep her distance.

Some hold the lambing field is no place for a dog, but she followed so closely and was with one so constantly the erves soon took no notice and suffered her quite near.

My sceptre for a couple of months was the shepherds crook and during the bad weather of which we had our share, with snow, rain and sleet, my constant companion was a bottle of hot rich milk, laced with a little brandy and capped with a rubber nipple.

A thermos bottle would have been a boon but in those days the method was to refill from the stove, wrap in flannel and carry it near the skin. The effect on a half dead, limp, white, desorted lambkin was magical, when the cold tight jawes could be pried apart and some few drops started down its throat.

In no time there would be vigorous suction and soon a tottering on wobbly legs, when if followed by a waggling tail, signalled all was well for the time being.

All was not well however for any length, if the mother was dead, but another could sometimes be provided, who had lost her own lamb. Of course she would have none of the stranger and the custom was to skin the dead little one and place the the pelt on the orphan and confine the pair in a square of straw thatched wattles. The skin soon became a nuisance and I liked better to hold the foster mother at feeding intervals and it was usually not long before they were as fond as any.

Shearing, dripping marking and marketing all had their times and on our wet Kent clays, in winter, even the tile drained meadows gave trouble with a decay of the horn of the hoof.

Paring and the application of a solution of bluestones seemed efficaious if done well and attended to ~~seemed~~ needed; a nasty job.

The dreaded sheep rot or fluke in the liver came at rare intervals and we seemed pretty helpless against it and lost percentages.

The sudden death of a stray "struck" sheep would happen, with no remedy, but only to boil the victim up for pig feed and save the skin. Occasionally a sheep would be "mislaid" something I expect peculiar to our big heavy fleeced Romney Marsh breed, a perfectly healthy one might be down in a slight depression, get too far over on its back and be there with legs in the air and kick till it died, which was not so long either. Then the dreaded fly in early summer before shearing when damp muggy weather would belliable to make the fleece a host for flies to lay-

eggs in, so that later if not attended to the poor creature would steal away and perish miserably, eaten alive.

A bottle of sheep dip and pair of shears were my constant companions those mornings and a sigh of relief when shearing time ended the risk, Of course, I learned to shear, a tricky art, but as with most operations such as thatching , playhing, mouving sawing hoeing and even burning charcoal; one learned them so as to know how but never arrived at real expertness such as that attained by men who specialized from father to son, as witness some of the specimens of the thatchers art which still can be found there. However, one gathered useful knowledge mostby watching carefully, then trying ones hand at it and then all the practice you could obtain.

The item of charcoal burning came in handy at Kaweah, the first year I was there. The colony blacksmith needed charcoal and no one seemed to know how to make it, so I volunteered to try my hand, had several cords of wood cut andI set it up as ours used to be done and earthed it in. The charical burner always slept by his hearth, (to watchfor remedy flares) day and night: I commandered a companion, Cartwright, and we did the same, turning out a quite satisfactory "pit" ready for use by the fourth day. We had to have a large supply in Kent, as it and Welsh coal, because of their smokeless character, was used for hop drying, with a small lot of stick sulphur at the end of each new charge of green hops for bleaching purposes. The plentiful sprinkling of "casts" over the counties of Kent and Lussix indicated the prevalance of the crop and in certain localities nearly every farm had its one or two, with their comical revolving comes pointing away from the wind; probably most new comers, wondered for what purpose they were used.

The charcoal was made from the old and broken hop holes cut into about three foot lengths and those poles were devised from the numerous woods and shaughs which were cut over, close to the stump each ten years and every bit of the output worked up into useful material.

The heavier stuff made "use" pieces to be split and worought into hurdles for folding sheep and fencing, next, the bulk into poles of from 8 to 12 feet, then bean oikes abd thatching strips, and the brush into birch brooms, pea sticks, house and "bresh gaggits". Also the waste and thorny stuff was put in hedges of slashed down growth which gave renewed protection each cutting and made a semi live fence which kept stock out of the young growth.

It was a job for the winter and the cutters knew their stuff and worked it to the advantage using their rather clumsy type of axe, skilfully also a handbill or sort of machets with curved tip, indespensable to the woodsman there, but of no value in the woods out West as I find by the little rise made of one briyght out. The difference being, that brush hire is a waste product, not worth any of the higher priced labour and to be burned out of the way, pronto. Poles bring one to hops, which played quite a large part in the years operations.

They were planted in hills, in lines about six feet apart each way, some 1200 to the acre and a hop garden was good for about twelve years and came into full bearing the second year.

In my day each hill had its two to four poles but stringing became the vogue later and cut down on the poles needed.

They were sharpened and dipped in hot creosote and were good for several years, certain woods such as Ash, Spanish, Chestnut and larch being the best; most of these being plantation grown, the common sorts, irregular native growths.

Labour was cheaf and the ground was usually hand dry with "spuds" in the spring; next the hills were lightly dressed or pruned and the new setting of poles put in, punching ahole with a heavy bar or "hop pitcher". As the hop "bines" started to grow, women were assigned acreages and kept them trained to the poles, trying as needed with rushes, this was done as piece work and the cottage women used to trundle their babies and children out during fine days and of hop picking in September was about all the field work our women undertook.

There would be "hop washing " or spraying by machine against aphis attacks, sulphuring by horse drawn fans which drove the "flowers of sulphur" all over the graceful sprays to combat moulds and persistent cultivation down those "green alleys" Philpott describes so well.

At last the bitter hop developed and the anxious farmer who had sunk so much in work and money, would scan the sky for signs of winds and perhaps put up long rones of artificial protection on the exposed sides, damage to colour meant mush in price. Great were the preparations for the picking, folding bins, of sacking on frames were taken out and overhauled, costs cleaned up and "hoppers houses" prepared and whitewashed. The local village labour was not suffieient, though about every man woman and child was enlisted, only an occassional sick one being left in the deserted villages, all day. Nearly all the hop growing farmers turned to London for extra help and special hoppers trains were run, bringing hordes of the slum dwellers who that way, got a months outing in the country and earned some money to boot, the wderewithal to buy boots, anyhow.

A scandalous lot, to our guiet mannered country people, who christened them "foreigners" and treated them as such; they put the pubs and streets in an uproar for your native, though fond of his beer, took his generally respectably and couldnt afford much, while these roysterers, raised Cain: tried to poach a bit but didn't know how very well, picked the blackberries and gathered mushrooms, on Sundays overrunning the peaceful countryside.

Wee by to the night if he was thought to crowd the light things or top them a shade too high. The measurer was the autocrat of the hop garden but no human being can stand against that battery of public opinion and there are generally five or six pairs of eyes, with nothing to do at the moment but watch his every motion and vitally interested in the number to be found in that bin or half bin.

He can sternty criticize the "rough picking" and order more leaves taken out before measuring, but if the hops are not "Hovered" to their lightest limit or there is the smallest shaking down the garden will know of it and his reputation is shattered.

I know for was I not measureman for years. The exciting time was the "catch" Saturday nights or the moving to fresh fields meant clearing out each bin cleav, and then the rule was that fractions above or below the half bushel line, counted one or none for the picker; let him beware, who tried to fake a result, but measure truly and well for the matter was vital and of great import. The bushels were transferred to "green bags" holding ten, gathered up twice a day in carts and taken in for the noon and evening "oastings", there to be dried on a slatted floor covered with a horsehair cloth, by the two experienced driers; men who stayed night and day in the oast, relieved each other for sleep, saw to the unloading of the green bags, spread them, tended the fires, drew the charge when done to the exact point, scattered the fraquantm mass over the cooling room and then they pressed by machine into the hard cylindrical bales known as "pocket" weighing nearly 200 lbs.

Out in the gardens, the pole puller had another standing, with poles down ready in proper rotation and as soon as measured our, carried the bin over and and set it down, the users trooping along and falling to on the new pile immediately, after a shrewed glance round to appraise the quality, from the point of view of rapid picking.

In good weather it was a merry scene with little children picking in inverted open umbrellas; repartee and badinage passing from bin to bin and courtships between youth and maid, evidence by throwing of clods at one another,

Much rain stopped work but shower and drizzle was endured, until the cry, "no more hops to be picked tonight" and all gathered up their children and baskets and trundled the little go carts home. What suppers mother used to have waiting for us and what appetites the long days in the open and the bitter of the hops gave us.

It seems a pity that so much good land and fine effort should be devoted to producing something with such an unworthy use. Dissension from those who like their ale! The round of the year was completed by cutting a sample from each pocket, sending them to the hop factor in London, who sold to the brewers on commission. The pockets followed, high waggon loads of them, by road and rail, and with the stripping of the bines from the poles and stacking these in piles like rowes of wigwans, for the winter, the routine was ended for the year.

Of course this was long before the days of motors and gasoline so the slow heavy cart horse was the tractive power.

We generally had eight or ten besides the Peggys and Pollie for riding and driving.

Nearly always they worked in tandem of two or four and the waggoner or his mate walked alongside, steering them with whip or voice. There was practically no guiding with reins as the pairs abreast or fours and sixes are driven here only we call them lines, or did, until the motor displaced the horse. I realized this the other day when one little grand child said to the younger, Look, Greggy theres a horse!!

It reminded me of the modern version of Lady Godiva, when the bystander calling attention to the passing of her, draped in her long tresses only, exclaimed Gee, Cholly, look, there goes a horse!!

Punch, Captain, Colonel, Darling, Star Smiler, Diamond, Prince and Ned, how the old names come back and what a steady bidable lot they were. They got their heavy ration of oats and cracked beams every Saturday and meadow or clover hay of the best passed through the chaff cutter and was fed by the sieve full in the manger, while a little loose hay was put in the rack above.

e Ploughing was done with teams of four in line and the plough was a massive beamed affair mostly of wood; so heavy that it was considered a feat for a strong man to carry one on his shoulder; those clay furrows turned like stiff putty in winter but frosts shattered them and it was generally possible for harrous to work a "season" Winters and summers pass by, more experience gained brings added responsibilities.

There have been months of trials and suffering with desperate anxiety at the Dover home; rare and short trips for me with the wave of the hand from the window pane as one came up High Street and talks by the side of the long used water bed, gave some glimpse of the fortitude and optimism which carried her past the point when her "But Iam not going to die, Doctor" proved his warning wrong.

Letters exchanged kept the golden thread shining and at last one warm day, the carriers covered van was chartered and Smiler and I hied the twelve miles to Staplehurst, where the three wheeled reaching carriage was transferred from train to van and we drove back to Merrington. Clearly it all returns to me now. Carve many days then when long hours could be spent under trees in the garden, or the fields visited, even the steps on both sides of the Maytham Hall park fence opposite the house were scaled by that long machine, and books and sketching materials taken, but quiet talks chiefly were our employ.

Corwalescence gained slowly and the next stage was crutches and more weeks of our health giving country air.

Then came a walking stick only, and many were the rambles, even extending to the climbing to those ledges in the sweet smelling hay stacks, we called cants and to some trees.

I wonder how many years the old apple tree in Thrifts orchard held in its thick branch the little paper, tucked away in its square cut aperture, neatly covered with a well fitted bark lid and hiding both our writings, maybee it's there yet.

There were many drives too and visits and evening parties, when during the late returnings through the leafy lanes, the liquid notes of the nightingale could be heard oat its best. Visits again to Dorver under happier auspices but always all too short.

I had several Christmas visits to Manchester where both Harold and Sid had lodgings, but most of the time was spent at Aunt and Uncle Talbots and my country outlook was widened by city doings, dances and parties.

One time Sid invited me to go with him as Chainman on a bit of surveying in Yorkshire, and we put up at a village called Tkellmanthorpe for a few days; all new and interesting to me.

Sid was then articled to Bateman and Hill, leading water engineers, who had been retained to plan and carry out the great work of beinging the water of Thirlmere in Cumberland to Manchester, 90 miles away and he saw the thing through to completion.

It was in the north too I first met Harold's sweet faced fiancee and we skated together. Also most meagrely, to see Sidneys wife of the future, who was to stay with him so short a time, but always in his memory.

And many other friends and relatives, among them a second cousin, Harry Talbot, who afterwards went to the United States and was in a way instrumental in my following his lead, but I going very much further West, as all young men were advised to do by Horace Greeley.

Fathers health was gradually weakening, he picked up malaria or ague as we called it, probably from the flooded marsh land, though it did not seem very prevalent, in our day. At intervals he as heavily hit and I have heard the windows of the solidly, brick built house rattle violently in their frames from his shaking. At other times he would be better and generally would get about pretty well.

But he seemed less and less able to face the problems which came with a steadily losing business. It was not peculiar to our case, about 90 percent of the surrounding farmers seemed to be going bankrupt or more an the ragged edge.

We all paid starvation wages to the laborers and the landlords were forever declaring they could not meet the heavy estate upkeep and continue to allow the rent refunds which the farmers demanded and sometimes got.

As a matter of fact, they must have cleared something pretty solid nett while the tenants capital gradually dwindled away and the least said the better as to the workmens condition. Of course taxes always were heavy, what with income tax, land tax, house duty, all of which I had a hand in collecting, so knew; then title poor rates, scots and licenses all made up a pretty heavy total.

It was not all carried by the tenant and of course we all claimed exemption from income tax when the time arrived and there was none, but the landlord generally had to pay his "schedule A" Mother and I stood together on policies and gradually arrived to the point where there seemed no sense in continuing a losing game.

Father never got that far I fancy, he hung to the theory I had been trained as a farmer and he had sunk a lot of money in permanent improvements and high farming and that I should reap where he had sown.

When we considered what had been done in building the bone mill, installing heavy machinery and the constant buying of tons and tons of bones wood ashes and sulphuric acid to go to the making of superphosphates, we admitted the first part of his contention but the prospect for the reaping didn't seem very bright and we were desperately afraid of being unable to pray our debts.

The process seemed to be, first a warming of over draft at the bank, which was fairly common for hop growing farmers got their main returns abour once a year. Then the relatives would relieve the situation with a loan and willingly for had not father in early days helped out some of them.

But the amounts piled up and at last he threw up his hands and left things in ours.

For some time, I had been writing the checks and had a working grip on the finances, so sent out a sort of circular communication to the creditorrelatives setting forth our estimated debts and assets and asking advice and suggestions. It showed solvency, but there were items of uncertainty. We received various replies, from advice to take bankruptcy and clean the slate, to more cheerful ones of, go ahead and do the best you can.

It was hardly to be wondered at that there was passinism, Uncle Edgar was going through the same mill but worse.

We decided to carry on, but it would be a two years process at best, to wind things up, realize everything and pay off and such a pregramine was outlined.

Springhill lease was to terminate the following fall so notice was given to quit and our old friend Tom Morfee decided to take it and did so in due course. At the Michaelmas sale time, when farms changed hands accasionally, we held one and put in all the surplus stock implements so which could be spared and held a fairly successful auction at Springhill and then the valuers made their usual estimate of the worth of all the hays, straws, hop poles, manures, uncut woods and such things as the incoming tenant pays for, as is customary, in cash when the award is agreed upon.

That loosened up things a bit and the final year was to be devoted to doing the best possible to the home farms to prepare for the clean up of the following autumn.

Before recalling this last tern at the old home, one must revert to other subjects which influenced events. For instance, the record would be lacking in not sketching old Major Guitard.

It came about in this wise; Mother was striving to help in making increased income, we had a large house, with plenty of rooms, some staff and all that a farm means in providing good meat, game, vegetables fruit and dairy products. So as the girls were well grown and could help, she decided to see what could be done by taking one or two boarders.

The girls enterprise of a school at the old Elizabethan house at Windmill farm had probably not made much as an addition to income. We had some transients and then came the permanency which lasted till we had to give up Merrington.

We had invited, the sone and two Indian officer brothers of our Halden Lane landlord, for a day with me among the partridges and had made ax a very good bay between us.

As it happened said landlord being a London lawyer had for client an elderly man who about lived for the sport he could find in dog and gun. He was well over seventy but robust and had served forty years in the German Army; his father being Dutch, mother French, but brought up and educated in England; quite a mixture. Mr. Tweedie told him of us, when he needed a move and father went to London to interview him; he was quite well to do and voluntarily increased our proposed terms.

So he and his by Russian painter Czar, moved in any many were the shooling times we shared together. He was with us several years, generally going to London and some European place during summers. A room was set aside for him but he took all his meals with us and appreciated a good table; he had a few idissincrasies of diet, excharving sugars and furnishing his own special brand of wine, but on the whole he made little inconvenience and if he had his "robbers whist" most evenings and newspapers, asked little else.

There were generally plenty of us who could take a turn at the card table and he seemed to approve of the family very well.

He had been raised in a hard boiled autocratic military school but had mellowed with age and comfortable living; however a preacher was still his bete noir and he suspected most of our farm hands of such tendencies.

We built a regular stockade of a pennel for Czar and as he soon set up a pony and trap, Eaton was requisitioned as body-guard and handy man and stayed with him till he died, around ninety. As time went on I was less able to take walks out with him and and finally laid the gun aside altogether; partridge season came at the busy hop picking and the two didn't mix well.

But he was quite content to wander slowly about the fields, with Czar to point a rabbit in a hedgerow and then be sent on the other side to push it out for him to shoot on his.

He was getting beyond this when we left Merrington so took a house with a good garden in the village continued his fat pony and I gather led Eaton, and the housekeeper and maid a dogs life latterly, with his suspicions of dishonesty, quite unfounded.

He was the last of a family of thirteen he told us and out-lived even their descendants, wo the line ended with him.

Father and he continued good friends and the farmer would walkover from Ratsberry and chat occasionally. After our fourteen first years in California he was still at the Firs and visited him there and he praised a very large but very "wodly" ap le, we had brought as a late specimen from the Kaweah orchard.

He died soon after our return, leaving Eaton and the maids, quite a small legacy apiece, considering what they had put up with.

We received £ 200 I think, with quite a good estate was the owner of a large London hotel, where he was in the habit of staying, we never knew the inwardness of it, but could not help feeling Eaton should have been better treated.

He made much of Christmas, probably the German custom of it, and used to make a special trip to London for presents for us all.

There was always something good for each, with gloves and scent for the girls thrown in, and generally an extra special for some favoured one. I once was given a very fine wolf skin robe which covered my bed for years and came out here with me.

He had a specially made double shot gun which he said was to come to me; the one that arrived however, was his ancient grin fire with extra rifled barrels for deer.

The ammunition needed was so out of date I never could use it, nor heard what became of the other one!

Farming affairs progressed moderately well that last season and my personal plans began to formulate. About this time Edward Bellamys novel "Looking Backward" was being talked of a lot and I read it. The word Socialism was not mentioned, but it sketched an idealized society on that order with a mediocre love story on which to string the ideas. I had been pondering the anomalies of society and how it was that the hardest workers of them seemed generally to get the worst of it and could'nt solve the riddle.

The answer seemed to come to me in this book and I made up my mind if ever there should be a community who would try to work things out on those lines, I would endeavour to join them. The opportunity and the place both seemed to come at once; there seemed no opening for me in England, for farming there without adequate

capital was out of the question, or with for that matter. One of the Uncles would have made a place I fancy but a clerkship to start on was not appealing. Then Harry Talbot from Boston sent literature requested, as to a Bellamy club and movement and I stumbled on my Utopia.

It was "Bellamys dream realized" in the mountains of the Sierra Nevada in Tulare County California, with an outline of a cooperative Colony starting there, the secretarys name and address and the right kind of colonist, in demand.

It fitted exactly and you can imagine its appeals, especially as there had been tentative thoughts and enquiries about other lands in the past.

Of course I had been steadily bucked up through all the ups and downs of our endeavours and the talks and constant letters passing had never allowed room for any creeping in of despondency.

Looking back it all seemed so natural, but in after life with the same spirit steadily shining, one realizes the splendid privilege of association which was mine, then and after.

Now things were taking shape and the letters discussed all the phases as they developed. Writing to Mr. Martin (an Englishman we find later) the secretary, giving an outline of my training and capacity, the reply came in due course that I would be acceptable; they required $100 in cash or suitable material and the balance of $400 could be worked out if one were called to the colony.

It appeared there were groups scattered in some of the larger cities of the United States and payments from them on Membership account provided present funds for the workers on the spot.

I had saved enough to take me out and leave a bit over and promptly remitted the initial $100. This is getting on too fast however.

Came the last hop picking and then preparations for the sale and arrangements for migrating.

Mother prospected for a suitable place, preferably sea side, where the family could go, equip a home from the plentiful accumulations of twenty five years and do something to help out with boarders. She found it near Christ church and after the sale a great Pickford van conveyed what was kept to the new home by the sea.

The auction was a two day affair, the first selling stock, implements and the second dealing with the mass inside and about the house.

Lilian was teaching, Kate running Uncle Franklins menage and the rest folded their tents and silently stole away; a sorrowful experience for all.

Our good friends, Mrs. and Tom Morfee, were prospering and had the kindest feelings for we two.

So as I must stay on to attend to many things in winding up accounts, arranging the taking of inventories and valuations for the incoming tenants, they saw to it that Blanche should be invited to their home and I should spend what s are time there was, with her

So during those days, anxieties for present and future were blotted out and precious hours were passed. Arrangements for leaving the old country for the new skemed possible for early spring and I moved from home to home, as business concerns and farewell visits could be fitted in.

The financial end developed well, as fast as amounts were re-

alized, debts with interest to date were checked out.

One of the first was a moderate loan returned to the Major and he seemed immensely pleased, I rather think he had said good bye to it, Gradually all were settled except for one or two long delayed amounts which Sid finally distributed as they were realized.

It was most comforting to have a balance for the folks and I was particularly gratified that two large items, both freehold properties, on the saleable valve of which I had been hazy came, when added together within a few pounds of the original estimates sent out two years before, The hops had not done much for us again, but sheep, cattle and horses all fetched good prices. The ledger and account ~~xxx~~ books travelled about with me nearly to the last, until Sids broad shoulders took things on as they have been carrying other folks affairs aplenty ever since.

In writing of these early time it is rather curious to find my spelling reverting to that of the place of my birth. So cheque appears as naturally as one now writes check waggon and plough take form instead of the present more abbreviated words which come from the pen just as easily when I write of this countrys doings. With money and valves there was the early tendency to translate dollars and ants into English terms in appraising costs; that has gone long ago and one does the reverse and appreciates the simpler decimal form when accounting.

On our home visits we are rallied good humouredly because of our "Yankee accent", we find differences of tone and inflection not noticed before and return here to be spotted as ex Britishers by some and asked by others what State we hail from. It is all kindly done and we have the fondest memories for both on which ever side of the ocean we may stay.

So the days of my boyhood and youth in England drew swiftly on, I made and stokked a tool box and took apart the frame of a folding hammock which I had made and slept on for years and it went with me to Kaweah and was used in my tent: the customs people at Boston puzzled over it a bit when they were told it was a hammack, but finally accepted it as a fact supposing I ought to know; the frame was made of Ash, cross bars oak, leather connections and our stout coping twine went into the netting. We have it still but the wood rats finally attended to the string.

No gun was taken for the question of ammunition out here arose and I had no use for revolvers although father had one which one could have kept. During my sqourn in California there has been no necessity to carry them although Bakersfield had its reputation in the early years and hold ups were frequent.

I'll admit to stowing the days takings away in an discure corner of the waggon when returning on dark winter evenings on the, then lonely oil fields road, but never had trouble.

Was pretty ignorant of the type and style of clothes needed so took what I had mostly.

The daily garb for many years turned out to be blue demin overalls and shirt jumper so any tweed and corduroy knickerbockers suits had an amazing life time, being made of the sound English stuff which lasts and was little used anyway.

The final stage of them was to be small suits for the small boy and the renmants went into caps for me, all from the busy needle of the housewife. On those occasional days when we drove the thirty miles to our country seat,, Visalia, I was a marked man, very much remarked upon by sundry small boys; golf did not claim its appropriate plus fours for many a year after and it was the rare westerner who had ever seen such a garb.

Neverthless two pretty hefty boxes and sundries went north after farewell visits about Kent.

Allittle stay at Kingston on Thames where Harold, Emmie and the first little one, Arnold, were settling in as he took up the duties of his newly obtained position.

There was also a visit made at Regworth where Kate had brought her charge far enough along to be able to show me about the garden and inform me in the boyish but precise manner that "this rose is a William Allen Richardson".

Good old Eric, he has his own boys now and probably better roses, not for from the same spot.

Passage was booked on the Cunarder Cephalonia, Liverpool to Boston, and those last precious days in the north were shared by my dear one, who of course watched the vessel steam out of sight that early day of February 1891.

We had an average run, not so rough as was prophesied for the time of the year, with only slight grahms for me after leaving the Irish coast, when one orange seemed strangely to become two or three.

However, that experience was to be the worst of its kind in six later crossings of the Atlantic and wasn't bad. Queenstown harbour of course was an interesting sight to one who had but left the shores of England once and that only for a days run to France. That was a notable occasion, when Blanche, Jessie, Sid and I took advantage of an excursion rate and adventured across the Channel, there on French soil to guaff new drinks called Groselle and order with it "plus de sirope".

The sea was kind to me as after, but methinks there seemed a pale and greenish cast which sicklied o'er my brothers face as we returned. The usual entertainments and concercts "were had" and I spent a good deal of time in the doctors cabin writing and reading; very kind he was and one was specially favoured in having that introduction.

Boston at last and the long gamg plank led down to the dock on which I soon picked out Harry Talbot. It was no simple matter of walking down however, for questions were in order and I had hardly spened my mouth before I put my foot in it.

Where was I going to? Kawah, Tulare County California. What to do? Ah! there was the rub; a cooperative colony was something out of the ken of an immigration officer; explanations and flounderings called for more interrgation until in my ignorance I demanded to know the reason why and probably disapproval was write large at being held up, when the others were fast passing down.

2 "Well, if you don't like it, we can send you back" had a cooling effect and we finally arrived at some sort of mutual understanding.

Harry, after the first greetings, enquired why all the palaver he had watched from below.

Don't suppose I said, "search me", but words to that effect and followed a recital of what had passed.

Oh the contract labour law was the trouble, there had been a clerical returned recently when coming to a promised cure of souls and they evidently thought I was coming to a job for which arrangements had been previously made. I remembered how bemused he had been when one tried to explain our system of time checks, probably he let me go rather than attempt to fathorn it. Harry was kindness itself, invited me to stay and be taken about to see the sights and introduced me to the circle at his boarding house, which seemed reminiscent of the Autocrat of the Breakfast table, so near to its authors locality.

We had most interesting times, "the Nahonalist" movement was in full swing and attendance at a meeting at one of their Clubs, led to an interview with Edward Bellamy himself.

He was quite interested in my adventure but shook his head at such an experiment being made a success except on a National scale but of course this weakend my faith no whit.

A very likeable and amiable person, who died in middle age. Also met two members of the colony New York group who invited me to supper, where we discussed what little we knew of colony matters and Mrs. Haldreth gave me "graham gems" for my transcontenental lunch basket. I have a lot about the early Nationalist thought and in view of the immense interest now taken in the Russian experiment with its extremes of self denying effort and bigoted intolerance one feels like quoting, because of the fine calibre of those early enthusiasts and the sanity and moderation of their sentiments. They apparently didn't get very far in their efforts to change our special system but the ideas still seem very sound to me and I crave your indulgence as one trees to show how these men and women of forty years ago spoke and felt.

Here were some of the New England adherents. The Revd. Edward Everatt Hale, the eminent Unitarian divine (Harry was a bit of a protege of his) Colonel Thomas Wentworth Hyjimson, a well known writer, I met him at the Nationalist Club. Miss Frances Willard leader of the Womans Temperance Union; Mary A Livermore, the temperance lecturer and advocate of woman rights; Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, president of the Womans Education and Industrial Union; Rabbi Solomon Tchindler leader of Jewish thought and many others.

Quoting, "The Nationalist Club has an odd origin. It was started by a book. This book Looking Backward is a novel written by Edward Bellamy of Chicopee Falls, Mass. Its here is a young Bostonian who goes into a messneric sleep in 1886 and wakes in the year 2000. He finds Boston a bigger better and braimier city than ever. But the social conditions are entirely changed. But the social conditions are entirely changed. The government has become the employer of all the provider of everything.

Service is required of all between the ages of 21 and 45. After that the income of each continues, but each may pass his time as he chooses.

Machinery has become so efficient that the hours of those who labour are but brief, briefest for those who decide to do the most disagreable tasks. There is no money and no wages. In

place of this persons receive a non transferable certificate entitleing them to an equal share in the annual product of the country. This made up in book form representing dollars and cents and when the holder makes a purchase the amount is punched out.

The book is full of detail and the condition of things it portrays was brought about by the gradual absorption by the government of all monopolies and trusts. Beginning with a hatred of them the people were gradually led to see that these gigantic combinations really afforded the cheapest way of producing everything and they finally merged the whole lot"

They call themselves Nationalists and advocate the Nationalization of allindustries. But where the socialist would give to each the full preduct of his labour individually, nationalist believes each is entitled to an equal share in the point production of all. Here is what Schmidler says of it.

"Why do I believe in Nationalism? I believe in it because in the first place by it the nation quarantees, to every person a good livelihood, receiving an exchange from the person his best work. Most assuredly I believe the idea is a practical one. If the notion can take care of the transit and delivery of my mail why cannot it carry my packages? (no U S parcel post those days) If it can carry the packages, why cannot it carry the persons of those who own the packages? If furthermore, the nation can defend the safety of its subjects by means of its armies and navy, why may it not defend them against hunger and thirst. I see no reason, in the same line of ligical sequence, why the government schould not supply its children with lunch since it already supplies them with books.

Why should it not control the horse cars and other large interests as it directs the sewage of the city. This is a period of transition. Large corperations are continually buying up smaller ones and the process will continue until the largest are all merged in the government.

Nationalism is not, strictly speaking an out growth of Socialism; it is a vast improvement on it.

Nationalism does not propose to revolutionize the world by force. It does not expect to bring out fruite earlier than the proper moment for such fruition.

It removes once and for all, a great load from the minds of the people, it destroys the fear now existing in their hearts, that tomorrow they may be deprived of their means of earning a livelihood.

Arthur Hildreth, as to the ethics of the proposed division among all of the product of all.

"Nationalists believe, and that is the very heart of their cree, that every man and woman, strong and weak, sick and well should have an equal share in the products of undustry. Do you think that if a man is born with certain persoual advantages he aught on that account to have more of this worlds goods than he needs, while his infortunate brother perhaps morally a better man, should have less than his needs and be tormented by fear of want. By conducting business on a national scale and saving the labour now wasted in contention, it is believed that with shorter hours, wealth could be produced, ample for the comfort and even for the lusury of all. Why then grab more than our share? We do not do so at the dinner table.

Perfect human nature is not necessary to run the Post Office, nor would it be to carry on other business operations. As to the equal division of the products that is a matter of policy which would be readily agreed to as soon as it was evident there would be enough for all. The business strife of our present life is doubtless a pleasure, at least to those who win and there may be many who can imagine nothing more delightful. But to prefer the mere excitement of overcoming one another to the development of the loftiest attributes of human nature is to prefer a never ending game of poker to an object of rational pursuit. Colonel Wigginson said, "It is my hope that the great ends sought for by the scheme of nationalization may be attained, even though the process be of an extremely slow nature. I cannot prophesy as to the time. I can only judge by experience. The government seems to have done extremely well with whatever it has assumed the management of. I have always been in favour of cooperation as against competition and I believe the essence of Nationalism is for the very best interest of the people"

Edward Bellanny himself, "The progressive nationalization of industry, the assumption of entire governmental or national control over particular groups of industries, using the word in its largest sense, preferably those which already, under corporote or syndicates management, have become the most thoroughly centralized and systimatized, as, for example the telegraph, telephone, railroad and express services. The various municipal services of lighting, water,heat should as soon as possible, become branches of public administration. It is scarcely necessary to say that strictly non political basis of administration would be an essential condition of any programme favoured by nationalism".

And so on, much more on the same lives could be quoted but enough has been said to show the moderation, and I believe, the good sense of that group of thinkers. Looking backward over forty years of actual history and progress it seems a far cry to the Utopia of their dreams and the civilisations of the world seem still persuaded they can continue the greatest measure of contentment and prosperity for themselves under a system of individual effort, tempered by some centralized check on abuses. They still beliege it is essential to carry the burden of masteful man power in greater armies and navies than ever. And the world war failed to prove that armed preparedness as a preventive of destructive clashes, not are they convinced that the same splendid effort of self sacrifice, organisation and efficiency could not better be applied in seeing to it that people were clothed fed and sheltered by joint effort.

Even Russ the hectic Russian attempt, handicapped as it is by ignorance of its masses and sudden emergence from almost barbaric conditions for its millions, carries little conviction as to the superiority of their social methods. The Loviet would have little need for propaganda abroad if they could demonstrate a higher average of happiness for the race and here's hoping they will have to go about it differently and change their outlook on things which need tolerance instead of bigoyty.

However affairs can be seen to have progressed; theoretically

at least, nations by almost common consent have outlawed war, which should eventually release vast man power to be as efficiently organised in a more helpful direction, an they will do it that way.

For good or ill, adults of both sexes can record their ~~xx~~ wishes legislatively and in many other ways, also, an they will governemental operation or control creeps slowly on and a fuller sense of responsibility for the welfare of ones fellow citizen is taking practical form in many ways. Increased educational facilities, national insurance laws old age pensions and many other things are heartening signs. Even from the average politicians view they are now as Roosevelt once said, "stealing the Socialists thunder" and finding some of it rather useful and good sense. So after one of my usual digressions, we return to Harrys boarding place, where was first introduced to me Boston brown bread and baked beans.

We made an expedition to Concord, Lexington and Walden Pond, so I obsorbed some first hand insight of the lay of the land which saw these historic events for which they are famous.

We took a look at the Minite Man of course and later made a call on it's sculptress Miss Whitney, both maker and statue pleased me exceedingly. Having been brought up on Miss Alcott, Longfellow Emerson Thoreau, et al, it was good to have a look at some of their homes and there was a special interest too in New Englands attempt at community life at Brook Farm, with mine to come.

So one took great joy in being privilezed to ramble among their old haunts. Harry was quite in the spirit of such things, knew some personalities and saw to it that the most was made of my chances, so that I even began to know how to get about Boston Common unattended.

He evidently retains a good share of the enthusiasms and optimism of youth, for though he is quite a bit my senior and we had not corresponded for many years, yet only recently, here comes an effort from this pen - a brand new constitution and scheme of government, no less, to be adopted in the form of a constitutional admendment!!

This break in the journey was all to the good and did much to soften the sting of homesickness which was inevitable, seeing all that one had left behind.

My money had been changed and a good share of it handed to the railroad; one feature of the office where that business was done, sticks still, A sign on the wall read.

"The Lord helps those who help themselves, but the Lord help those caught helping themselves here", Altogether, the impression gained of this first glimpse of the country which was to be ours; is that it was a friendly likeable place of nice people and for this good send off, Harry Talbot is to be remembered and thanked.

And so one afternoon the clanging bell of the Chicago train led us noisily out of Boston which passed out of sight for many years.

I can still recall that new and strident sound, if I try. Thenlater came the continuous clickety clack of the sheels on the nail spiked rails to ties we sped over, so different from the solidly wedged chairs bolted to English sleepers.

After days of it one could appreciate the point of view of the Englishman who said he couldn't wonder at Columbus discorering America, he didn't see how he could have missed it.

My recollection of Chicago that February time, is of a cold and of course windy place, where two chance travelling acquaintances and I scouted for a restaraunt meal andhad quite a time finding one because we had vowed not to patronize any with a rough-neck barker touting outside.

I travelled touist sleeper and fell easily into its ways, gleaming odds and ends of information from fellow occupants and liking the system.

One urged me to change my destination and get off to join one of the Oklahoma land rushes imminent; another thought a snug corner cigar stand would be just the thing!! and me a non smoker. Appalling suggestions, which were received without much conment.

With the fixed ideas of destination and what one expected to find there, it was to laugh, but no doubt the atmosphere of the West, with its tendency to not care what you do, must have gradually begun to get under the skin.

One young chap chummed to the extent of taking me, on a train, stop, to show some caged wild cats and bristled pugnaciously when comments were beard derogatory to the Englishman in his "high master pants."

Then too was the incident of the ball player ina compartment near my "upper", he was going West evidently on some game engagement and had a girl companion who left the train to take an eastern bound one and I feared the relationship was but temporary, although I had not talked with them.

With my carefully protected country bringing up and carrying always a special mantle of protection, these things were so foreign to ones, experience they made little impression, passing like the unfamiliar scenery which rushed by. I don't think the attitude of the Pharisee played much part but there was an abiding gratitude for all the good influences it had been my privilege to receive; some have lots more luck than others in these things and Elbert Hubbard must have known when he said "Never pity the country boy" Early one morning after an evening look at Reno, spread on the plains and the snowy Sierras ahead, I gazed out of my berth window to see palms in Sacramento gardens and knew culmination had come to visious of many years before, when Los Angeles California seemed the acme of attainment; it was not to be Los Angeles by an even longer period but we were eventually to reach our Mecca.

Rather strange the lure should be so long in winning through to her perfect work, but finally succeeded. There was a tropical appearance to that first impression which was not borne out in the long daylight journey, during which we traveled the level length of the San Joaquin valley.

On the right, some forty miles to the west, our horizon was bounded by the smoother mountains of the coast range, while on the left and averaging a bit nearer, the rugged snow capped Sierra Nevadas walled us in a nd followed at varying elevations all that day. They were the first honest to goodness mountains for me, we had come Union Pacific and those we passed were not so spectacular except in local heights and the distant views of desert mesas and buttes.

When we had climbed to the top of what we were told was the continental divide, visious of the far farmed Rockey mountains came to me and I was vastly disappointed when the train let us out on a rolling plain to admire the view and we found none..

Had we travelled via Denver and the Royal Corges things would have been different: probably that line was not built forty years ago.

So we clanked and rattled alongthe day through, my first in California, my eyes out of the window all the time they were not, as now, tracing words on paper for the other eyes, which have been reading them off and on ever since.

For descriptive letters passed back again over the wonderful route which was leading to the unknown.

At dusk of that spring day, we rolled into Goshen, the land of Alkahi plain and the only reason for whose existence would seem to be that it was a junction, for passings through it over a series of years have failed to show much alteration, while numbers of thriving towns have sprung up from the plains under my eyes in much less time.

A local branch line ran to Visalia, the county seat of Tulare county some seven miles away. We were told there would be two hours to wait and I thought of our Saturday afternoons, Cranbrook to Rolvenden and reckoned one could walk it in the time; however darkness and my baggage decided that and I rode into the place of my naturalization and took a room at the Palace Hotel.

The next time that happened again was only a year or so ago and then there was to be six of us, in three generations.

Many times Visalia was to see some of us, but that bostelry, though not so imposing as its name, was nevertheless beyond our financial reach, the hay in a livery stable or feed yard with mosquitoes to boot, (excuse me, we slapped them, not kicked them) served for sleeping quarters, during most of the early years.

When I took my walks abroad next morning, curiosity at my garb became apparent. But one lived it down and there were no overt acts. One Chinaman was seen being hustled into an alley as the custom seems to have been; they too lived it down and most honourably and industrioustly but they were not loved at that time and placeThe streets of the day were deep in mud even in the middle of town; winter rains had been plentiful apparently.

I hied me to J J Martins residence near the outskirts. Found him genial and partial to joking some good natured fun at the insular mannerioms and ways of speech of the tenderfoot, he had been through the mill, knew what to do and what to avoid and plied me with good advice and information. Mrs. Martin; the two children of school age Albie and Daisy and two colony ladies, as secretarial assistants, made up the household, they were nice and very kind to me.

I learned many details about the colony and found the bi-weekly stage, carrying mail, passengers and supplies left next morning and as there was no point in hanging around, it was planned to take it. J J was engaged as usual in trying to sketch income from outside members to meet demands or workers at the colony for food, clothing tools forage and "giant powder" for rock blasting, a subject to be amplified later on.

For I was in a hurry to get on, so will not tarry much in Visalia, letters might be waiting at Kaweah and only those

who have starved for them, as I had, can appreciate what that meant.

So next morning at the appointed time and place we loaded in such of my effects ad had come with me leaving checks with Mr. Martin for the rest. Frank Bishop was stage driver and the stage was a two horse covered spring wagon of tough build. Everything was tough, of necessity; the horses. the harness, the roads we traversed and even Frank, looking very much so to me, though one soon found it was only skin deep and there were classic allusioms to crop out unexpectedly, reminis cent of colledge days in the East. We had thirty miles of rough going ahead one pound and he had no difficulty in making it interesting; Albert a man of few words, he had a shrewd with I asked what they had to eat in the colony and received a laconic, "Strawberries generally" Not so bad, thinks I! Later my ignorance was enlightened when they turned out to be the vernaculzr for the standard pink and whites bean of the country, a balesome food but nae saw tasty as the kind of which it was once said "No doubt God could have made a better berry but there is no doubt He never did".

An ecclesiastic I believe and they know their berries as they do their roses.

Twenty of those straight level miles we drove, by ~~xxkkxxx~~ valley oaks and the irrigating canals, making new features for me; barb wire fences and large rough salt grass pastures drawing comment and comparison with the neat, small, close cropped ones of yore. And, ah, the Kentish hedgeroues flowering there, with long fresh strips of lush green edging the hard smooth old roads; no other place can match just that, I understand, but the craving for them grew only very slowly, they were crowded out by so many new sights, sounds, smells and sentiments. Came ten miles of foothills, with roads skirting nastly looking edges and sharp turns. Very mild they turned out to be as use and much worse ones, altered first impressions. As we skin the necely graded concrete surfaces of today over that very road, at incredible speeds, compared with our jog trot the wonder of it all comes very much home.

Rough hillsides, dotted with hardy brush and Jack oaks, many wild flowers and grass of annual growth, green at that time of the year, giving scanty feed to a meagre lot of range cattle but for nine months furnishing dry feed and the reason for the term golden California, a place much more of yellows tans and brown over its great area than most imagine.

A few scattering "board and batten" ranch houses and then the hanilet of Three Rivers, with its store and blacksmith shop.

Henry Alles greeted us from his fence and told how he was just setting out an apples orchard. I often looked at it in passing but never was impressed by results; actually there are still a few gnarled stumps and skeletons remaining to this day. We had been skirting bits of the Kaweah river and getting nice views of foamy swift waters in spate.

So when Bishop remarked at about half way through the hills that "Danger rock" was all right, one had it pointed out.

Just the top of an ordinary boulder showing in a reach of comparatively smooth water. This it appeared was a sign that the melting snows feeding our river had not raised it unduly so the

ford to be crossed higher up would be safe. We crossed the South Fork on a bridge which had replaced one the colony traction anyone had dropped through one time. Arrived at the crossing of the main river we didn't ford but used a big flat bottomed affair largh enough to carry a four horse wagon, with team unhitched, and drove the stage on to it. A heavy cable stretched over the water, well anchored at each end, a block and tackele connected fore and aft, and by heaving the prow up stream the force of the current drove the ferry over and the crossing was made as nearly as you please and vice versa for recrossing.

This was of colony construction and about a mile from the tent site of the community up the North Fork Road. A few shots sere heard as we neared it and I was told that was "the boys shooting some rocks out of the way" a game in which I later played my part.

And so with the gloaming coming down, swiftly to the unaccustomed eyes which had seen only the long extended twilight of the far distant land, I came to the new one and entered the fresh scenes, met the people and began the life to be described as best I can, in the rambling and discursive manner, with which you are now familiar. This would be February 23rd 1891 if one mistakes not.

Kaweah and Young Manhood

This was the manner and way of the scene which should house us around for the next ten years or so.

A place of great spring beauty and always of charm to those who enjoy such a setting of mountain and river.

They called it a canyon in the general way that any kind of large ravine was so named, but there are plenty higher up that more nearly fit most peoples understanding of the term. The long rough flattish river bottom followed its course and made a valley varying from half a mile to a few rods wide and flanked by round topped rolling and brushy hills with occasional views between of the granite peaks and sometime snows of the Kaweah range of 12000 elevation or so.

The 160 acre homestead we later acquired was a bit further up the canyon and was about 1000 feet above sea level. The feature of the place and the one which gave it scenic attractions, was the small tributory called the north fork of the Kaweah. Legend says it is Indian for "Here we rest", others claim it means "Crows nest" Anyway it's a nice stream of good clear mountain water, running pitifully low in summer, (as is the way of western rivers) when most neaded for irrigation, which is part of another story again.

It ran through a wide belt of alders and willows, sycamore and cottonwood, interspersed with bare rocky and sandy stretches, the result of many spring rampages, which spread the flood out over flat places and tumbled things out of the way in the narrower reaches so we could hear the big boulders rumbling and bumping together on still nights in spate times.

Then would fording become a problem and generally to be waited on, especially when during on extra high time later it tore out a cable anchor and took the flat boat down with it tobe cast on a sand bar and broken up. It was never renewed, for more civilization and a county.bridge came to us in due course.

It was a cold stream in winter and spring when the snows

fed it and had its way of rising anf falling nights and mornings as the sun melted more or less and the water arrived some hours later, after its long course down the hills. But in summer it was smaller in quantity, milder of manner and warm, so that swimming and diving in its best pools became common sport and I ~~xx~~ achieved a measure of use in that line, which had been neglected in boyhood because our clay bottomed ponds offered small charms to even wading boys. As a cource for gravity water to irrigate the scattered acreages of orchard so it was invaluable and water rights between those who went to the work of building ditches and flumes became the cause of rifts which more than any other thing broke up good neighbourly feeling. As a source of fish supply it was not much; trout lived in the cold higher reaches but they could not abide the low waters and warmthe of summers, so suckers and steel heads with their bones and poor quality constituted the fish stock and were not must sought after or approved. The hills shut us in on all sides; down the canyon the Three Rivers Peaks apparently closed the entrance and the sides were flanked by chamiso, chapparel and oak dotted hills, with mansanita and buckeye fairly plentiful.

The former carried pretty pink and white clusters of heathery bell like bloom in spring, having a loney fragrance and they changed to the small green fruit the origin for its Spanish name. little apple.

Its charm also was in the rich chocolate color of the bark and the crratic crookedness of the branches which went to make it a very five large bush in our part, finer than any place I know of, but getting gradually smaller as it climbed higher, until it became a tangled mat, flattened to the rocks by the snows of the high Sierras. The buckeye showed very early patches of the lightest green in spring, turning bright brown in summer and carrying those glazed horse chestnut like nuts with their rough covers which dropped off like those of their English relation, but I never saw it as a tree; large bushes it made, from which we cut rather crooked fence posts, which had the useful quality of not decaying readily when set in the ground. Then there was an evergreen "live oak" with a holly like leaf but carried acorns and made a fine looking tree; I think it belinged to the ilex and not the quercus family. Oaks alders and willows, many old friends and some new ones to get acquainted with.

A great wealth of wild flowers not running much to scent, but their season was short and the hot suns soon turned everything into that dry feed which was too scanty to care for many cattle and became a fire menace for long months. I missed the song birds; the thrush like meadow lark with its bright yellow and black splashed throat, gave us of his best, especially from the fences in the wide spread plains of the "Valley", meaning the San Joaquin, an empire in itself, far, far outshipping our home fifth continent in size but not in fatness nor verdure.

The meadow larks best though was a few clear, sweet, aft repeated notes, which competed poorly in my songbird stored memory. Once while taking a quiet Sunday ramble in the river bottom tangle of sycamore alder and cottonwood. I caught some liguid notes which froze me to attention; it was the nightingale over again at the best portion of its repertoire; anyone knowing that song knows the part one means and for those who have heard

it, well, they have something yet to come in bird music which is unexcalled.

I wondered if such a one could be here but it was a mockingbird, though goodness knows where it had ever heard its musical mentor.

I never caught its notes so good again, though always enjoy hearing them, especially in the night here in Los Angeles; they seem more numerous about these gardens where people abound, also dogs and cats which can be scolded and driven off the streets with hairs tweaked out, during nesting time. The road rumer struck me first as a quaint small hen pheasant, but that never flicked its tail in such a perkey way; they say it is good eating as far as it goes and that it kills rattlesnakes, they can certainly run. One is rather sceptical about rattlesnake traditions, since the one most time honoured and generally accepted was exploded, about it's inability to cross a horsehair rope. I know it's eatable, through having cooked and tried it and have seen with my own eyes the baleful charm it can wield over the unlucky ground squirrel. The latter have little sympathy being eaters of things we want ourselves, but the one I noticed jumping and chattering and apparently unable to run away, was allowed to go, when I arrived upon them broke the charm and reversed the situation, when I noticed the flat triangular head at one end and the loose jointed horny bunch of rattles completing the other.

That one died as did the two or three a year, one ran across, including one I found close to my new wifes folding chair, while whe was sketching near the Giant Forest.

Buzzards fairly common, big ugly dark birds, turkey buzzard being an appropriate name the funniest sight is to see a line of them, each on separate post tops summing themselves, with either one or both wings widespread and motionless for long periods, they are good gliding fliers though and act as scavengers. The condor is very rare now and I never saw one but the Golden Eagle could sometimes be found. Crones and jackdaws and several kinds of hawks but no rocks. For game birds, two kinds of quail, the smaller valley variety with knobbed black topnot and mountain quail, more like the French partridge we used to despise because of its running habits; it's flume is along slim affair of two or three inches; their habitat was higher up the mountains but there was a flock near our homestead and we could hear it call morning and evening, at times, both kinds had the covey habit of the partridge. Our little clearing generally sown to grain for horse feed, was a favoutire haunt for horse feed, was a favourite haunt for the plump little fellows and they came close about the house after we moved there. Blanche declared the enclosure sanctuary for them. They were not easy to shoot on those brushy hillsides, ran much more than flew and it was customary to pot them on the ground or in the air if you were skipful enough and be thankful to bay sufficient for a meal or two. Tradition had it that one was unable to eat quail every day for two weeks, I rather doubt that, for they are very nice but never gave it the required test.

As to animals, mountain lion or puma and bear, black and brown were the predatory ones, for the grizzly which used to

to roam here is practically extinct, as is the grey or timber wolf; his inferior relation the coyote still sneaks about, sufficiently plentiful to carry a bounty of five dollars on his head, while his voice could be heard of an evening, really only one baying the moon "though you would declare it was half a dozen.

None of the above were numerous nor bothered much and all were scared of man.

Foxes, racconns and skunks carried out their rodes, climbing trees seemed to be possible for the first but skunks preferred the ground and had no fear. We had two sizes, the one, larger blacker and more brushy of tail, the other very ferret like except for it's black and white spotted coat; both sufficiently odorous when roused.

Deer could be found by the diligent huntsman and sometimes strayed most unexpectedly close in our old cattle man neighbour told me he had found three one day under the live oak in whose shade we after built our homestead house, he got two of them. The bucks could be killed in season with a limit of two per hunter. In our early tame small regard was paid I fear to season, sex or number if meat was badly needed; later coming the days of hard boiled rangers, game wardens and heavy fines.

Hunting was largely a matter of strong inclination making time expended of small account and my indulgence in it became more and more the pot boiling aspect and less for the sport and gradually faded. So much for the physical aspect of our Kaweah and the naturalists interest in it.

Much of the conditions can be duplicated up and down the length of the Sierra, but this is a personal narrative and our experience happened to take in two inique features, the transitory colony experiment and that splendid body of the "oldest living things "known as the Giant Forest; to our colonist's memory there is only one Kaweah and we count it a worth while privilege to have there been able to play our little part.

As you will see, the history of the two are interwoven and the way of it is set down as clearly as only part time residence will allow; errors will doubtless creep into some of the statements especially in the matter of the earlier events gleamed from hearsay and not personal knowledge but in the main I believe them correct except in minor detail.

It seems that the colony grew out of the gathering together of a group of people in San Francisco having socialistic leanings about 1884, then Looking Backward and the Nationalist movement appeared and chrystalized their ideas and gave them the wish to work out a practical start on the lines indicated by that book.

The thing weeded seemed to be natural resources to build upon, but they were not strong financially and they got no further at first than meeting and talking , until one or two of the group returned from a surveying trip in the High Sierras of Tulare county and reported a large body of the finest timber in the world lying in mountains difficult of access, at about 6000 feet elevation. This was shortly to be thrown open for public entry by the government under a timber claims act, which allowed resident ditizens, a forty acre filing to supplement the agricultural 160 acre homestead; this was done in 1885.

The entry fee was fairly nominal and it seemed feasible to pay this and make fillings on as much contiguous acreage as they could and so obtain a worth while property which should be developed by their work.

So they got busy and engaged the attention of others of the same ilk, in different parts of the country. Details of how this was accomplished never came to me, but other groups were formed, same money raised and the upshot was that some forty entrants gathered at the U. S. Land Office in Visalia on the day set for entry filings to be made.

Of course the positions of the proposed filings had been selected before hand and the problem to be worked out after title seemed secure, was how to make the claims accessible.

In those days there had been no Sequoia National Park thought of, but those Giganteas had been standing on their plateau a trifle of 3000 years or more, watching from there far off throne while man's civilization unfolded and developed. They are inique to a very small part of the Sierras, the Sempervirens variety taking the last stand of its kind on the Coast range in far greater numbers. And the one spot on which our people placed their finger was the part which held by long odds the largest group of the scanty remnant left to this world, though gedogists prove it to have been a widely scattered race in prehistoric ages. Here is an extract from a United States bulletin. "The oldest living things in the world are the Sequoia trees in the General Grant and Sequoia National Parks California. It is estimated that some of these were growing 4000 years ago. Fifteen centuries would seem to be quite a respectable spell of existence but at this age these extraordinary trees were in the bloom of youth and at 2000 years they are in their prime.

It is not only in respect of longevity that the Sequoias are remarkable. They are the tallest trees known and in the two parks there are no fewer than 12000 larger than ten feet in diameter.

Many of these forest giants bear the names of uninent Americans. The General Sherman is 286 feet high and 36 feet in diameter, the Abraham Lincoln 270 feet high and 35 feet in diameter, the General Grant 264 feet high and 35 George Washington 255 and 29 and the tallest is William McKinley 291 and 28 feet. Though so limited in range, they however are not of the nature grieved for by an attendant at the Kensington Natural History Museum in London. Lindley and I had gone in there, during our first trip home and found a familiar exhibit in a 10 foot section of Big tree. Seeing us interested the man in charge strolled over and opened the conversation by a lament at the passing of certain objects from the world, instancing the buffalo and our hefty object lesson.

He was quite a surpressed man to hear at first hand that the trees could still be found in their thousands as healthy as one could wish and with any number of thrifty descendants, of all ages, from seedlings up, growing happily among them.

They seem to thrive abroad, imported specemens are dotted about England, generally called Wellingtomas, having been brought our soon after discovery in his day.

I was surprised, shortly before leaving there, to have a botamist friend, ask me if I would not like to see one before going to their native home and he pointed to a well started tree of about three feet in diameter. This was in Tenterden and forty years has added a little size. The fact remains though that the oldest living thing is quite limited in its range and the Kaweah colonists had amazing luck or effrontery to wish to begin on the nicest slice of that arboreal diamond.

Of course all the filings were not directed toward Big Tree per se; pine cedar and fir grow all among them, splendid in size and quality, such as John Muir, who should know, describes as quite the cream of the conifera world, not excepting the Himalay air deodar and the northern forests of Sweden, Norway and Russia. And to our folks timber was lumber and they wanted some at lower levels than the redwoods ranged and could use smaller stuff to better advantage.

So the filings were to be made to include some to the lower timber line as well as our unique giants. It afterwards transpired a large lumber camp any was preparing to work the usual stunt of getting control of choice sections of government timber lands by inducing "dummies" to make filings for a consideration and afterward turn perfected title/to the company.

This plan was contrary to the spirit of the land lawes which were planned theoreticalley to help the actual settler. The scheme had been worked successfully on a very large scale However and authorities were getting tired of the practice and peeved withal.

We heard later the dummies were arranged for all right but by some oversight or over comfidence they mixed the opening date and the colonists were the first to apply in person.

So large a number of entrants, an bloc, however gave rise to suspicion with officials,,that this might be yet another case of organised fraud and apparently the wire was used to Washington with the result that our applicants were told that the bona fides of theri applications must be investigated, their names were filed, deposits refused, but they were informed the claims would be allotted as applied for if after due enquiry into the merits of the case, all was found to be satisfactory.

Knowing their won good intentions, to make accesible and develop the resources which had so long remained sterile and having implicit trust that Uncle Sam would keep the faith, ours would be entrants went jubilantly back to San Francisco, reported results to the comrades and intensive efforts began to try and organise and raise funds so that they could demonstrate their good intentions by theri works.

So in August 1886 the Kaweah Cooperative Association was formed; it was a voluntary association not under statutory form, XXXX

temporary camp but it was the headquarters of the resident colonists and a Post Office for some time.

Several members and workers on the spot sought out locations in this wide spread region of rugged valley and mountain, which were available for entry as homesteads, each citizen who had not already taken up one was entitled to 160 acres or a quarter section. Nearly all of the country which was capable of being traveled over, was fit for nothing but sparse range purposes, dry most of the year, with a quality of absolute dryness, which went deep, so that nothing but the most drought resisting forms of vegetation could survive; the grases, flowering plants and had an annual habit, coming and going with the seasonal rams, while such growths so oaks and things with a rapid root system survived only by virtue of its power to get deeply underground as quickly as might be. Regulations called for actual residence for five years of certain periods each six months and one had to show improvements when making proof at the end of the five to seven years from date of filing on the claim.

Si it came about that some of the colonists squatted on a few places where water could be had and some small patches were fenced and tilled.

Cattlemen had early ranged this country so locations untaken were not desirable and the occupant could not hope to win a living from his 160 acres; mostly topped at varying angles and complicated by difficulty of access and lack of water.

However there were several taken and dubbed "colony" land by optimistic comrades.

Early in the game, my prediliction as a land holder, ran not to such, but to a few acres which would be irrigable.

In March 1888 the organisation was changed to a joint stock company calling itself "Kaweah Cooperative Colony Company " and with the change a withdrawal of a small section of the members.

Some of these left the canyon entirely, others strove to carry on with their homestead developments. Our by laws ran about as follows:

Membership cost $500, $100 in cash and $400 in goods or work on the ground. Man and wife each voted on the one share. All lands buildings, stock, crops machinery , except private dwellings and personal effects were public property. There were five drustees, elected by the whole membership, who acted as the executive, subject to the action of the resident members in general meeting, held once a month. The trustees appointed department officers and directed affairs generally. Members with drawing were untitled to return of all payments on membership but repayment was not to be given priority over other liabilities; whose payment was necessary to the perpetuity of the colony. The initiative and referendrum and recall could be used as required. Credits were issued representing thirty cents for each hour worked by both men and women, redeemable in all goods kept at the colony store also in payment of membership up to $400. Eight hours was considered a days work. Then there was an arrangement by which each resident could select a home site of 100 x 100 feet on which to build, keep and improve for

private use, crediting the colony for the time and materials used on it.

It was tacitly agreed that members wishing to leave and work outside for indefinite periods, could do so, retaining for their own use the earnings so made.

With the irrigular and uncertain income, this last rather loose arrangement worked out very well; men with families and residents generall, needed many things due colony was not in a position to supply and they went out and earned the cash with which to buy them.

It was necessary to build at least twenty miles of mountain road to reach the fringe of the nearest timber, which was so needed, to supply building material and a saleable product to market.

So all efforts were bent to the pushing of this as rapidly as funds would allow, rather to the exclusion of many needed activities in the way of raising food crops planting orchards.

However a school and kindergartens were established, also a band, library and weekly paper, "The Kaweah Common Wealth printed and published on the ground; while the social side of life was cultivated with considerable success. Thanks to the clemency of the climate, tents of various shapes and sizes supplies for the most part for habitations and some hay for the teams and vegetables and fruit, was raised. Early in 1890 the road was carried to the pines and a small saw mill set up, powered partly by creek water and by steam from the traction engine which had made its perilous trip over that new and unsettled road bed, dirt only and unmetaled.

They were still about eight miles from the redwoods with the deep gorge of the Marble Fork to cross, but that summer there was enough lumber cut to floor tents, put up necessary barns and build a meeting hall and store, on the new townsite. The printing office and presses were still housed under canvas. In the autumn of that year the move was made fromAdvance down to the 240 acres called Kaweah, which had just been acquired, but unfortunately this property was speedily mortgaged to buy machinery for planing mill and sash and door work.

A small crew was left at Colony Mill in the edge of the pines, at about 5000 elevation, to winter there with the snows and carry on with road and improvement work in preparation for the coming summer's logging.

So this was the situation when late in February 1891. I arrived on the scene and was assigned a small tent under the shade of a live oak near the hall and set of my hammock frame, which was padded and covered with the thick cotton batting quilts alloted me and over which I spread the big wolf skin robe, given me by the old Major. The unpacking of my valise and later arrival of boxes by the stage made up the equipment of the new house and it seemed sufficiently satisfactory.

Single man were billeted about among the families who drew supplies from the store and we paid them for our board by writing chekcs against time worked. A fairly simple set of accounts were kept against each member by the colony.

During the short interval while I stayed at Kawah my meals were taken at Mrs. Bishops tent, she had one little boy and was s slight dark young woman of taste and refinement and

and cousin/Edwin Abbey an artist who became quite eminent in his profession; she had three or four of us to cater for, including soon after, Mr. Cassidy, who follows along in these pages and will be sketched anon. Although it was called a townsite, there was no abberupt at regularity and tents were pitched as fancy pleased the occupants who scattered themselves at such parts of the 240 acres as roads. water and accessibility made sites desirable; roughly the place was bisected through its length up and down the canyon by the North Fork with its wide belt of sand bars, boulders and moisture loving umbrageous growth.

The road came in and followed the left side going up the river, fording again outside the colony ground and stayed the right side for the rest of its tortuous way.

We clustered a little where my tent stood, the hall, store and printing shop makingssomewhat of a center; the barn, sheds and blacksmith shop nearer the river and tent houses dotted it wide intervals among the trees and folds of the bills, with the dirt road linking them up. Our work manager Horace T. Taylor or H. T. for short had taken up an eighty acre homestead adjoining Kaweah on the south, lived on it and was fast achieving permanent housing, he and his Herman wife being of the kind who would make a living on a desert island.

Then by crossing the arm of the river called the clough and the North Fork proper, both by ford, one continued on another short road to Redstone Park which was a sort of center for another group of congenial colonists who took advantage of more open and comparatively level terrain with gardening possibilities, to set up their apartments under big oaks, round, a sort of natural plaza. You may be sure I was early a field scouting the hill sides for a homesite and soon selected one up the road about quarter of amile from the hall, which was later to be our California Merrington.

The first job to which I was assigned was to go with men and teams to the river bottoms and cut up dry logs to be hauled out for firewood and my first purchase at the store was an American ax, and a very efficient tool it is&one that was to be often in my hands.

2 A check book was supplied and then came a period when there was no need for money in ones purse. This was fortunate for the time was fast arriving when I had none anyhow.

A few days of choring about the place getting acquanted with the lay of the land and the very interesting lot of people and the next thing was a move up the camfon a road repair expedition was organized, about a dozen of us with tools and camp equipment, set out one Monday morning with teams and wagon and drove two or three miles to water. Camp was made and we worked each way from it, clearing out slides, filling ruts and generally putting the surface in shape after the damage done by winter rains to a new road through such hilly country.

And at this one became thoroughly initiated into the use of pick, shovel, ax and crowbar and enjoyed the work. I was soft after my long spell of absence from physical labour but soon toughened to it and the appetite developed made our fare of flap jacks, bacon, beans and coffee go very well. We put in good long days and the stremuous, one found, there was none of the

deliberateness of the Kentish laborer here; hard work and hard swearing was the rule, but most of the latter was so new; picturesque and goodhumoured withal, that it soon ceased to grate. Evenings were short and they used to josh me and say if I wasn't eating sleeping or working, I could be found writing on my knee with a pencil; home letters either way are a wonderful solace for homesickness and I had splendid correspondence at the other end, while there was no lack of things to describe at mine.

The plan was to work the road as we went, moving camp as needed from which we went both ways, a mile or two mornings and evenings and so on up until we joined the Colony Mill gang working down to us. The general meeting once a month when we all tramped down to attend it, made our only break in the routine and having settled to it one should now digress and tell something about the characters who were in some cases to be closely associated for many years. Let us begin with Martin T Casidy; Not that he was so prominent a figure in colony life but that he attached homself to our goings and doings almost to the end of his long life. He was an Irishman, taught school over there as a young man and came early to New York, there he married happily and the death of his wife soon after seems to have been so severe a blow that perhaps it accounts for a few erratic traits we found in his make up. He was particularly warm hearted and altruistic and was interested in anything which would help the under dog. After a lovely time in New York he came west to join some community which had as one of the leading spirits Dr. Tanner, of fasting fame.

This broke up and he was attracted by our Colony programme. So about a month after my arrival, he walked the thirty miles from Visalia, appeared on the ground and joining Mrs. Bishop boarding family, was first found there by me on a flying trip from road work.

He must have then been about fifty, a rugged powerful man, with a massive head and wak chin, fortunately hidden by a greying beard.

It is hard to say how we came to be mutually attracted for one of his pet antifather, throughout his lips was England and all her works; perhaps he was taken by finding such a rara avis as an Englishman in our enviroument. Anyhow we had a lot in common and he took a keen interest in my past life and present sympathies, so we go along very well. He joined us on the road and at everything he did in the manual labor line, made up for lack of skill in handling tools, by great industry.

He was an onniverous reader, of generally worth while books, and his memory was such that he made a dangerous opponent in the heated arguments which surely developed when "two or three were gathered together."

I think on the whole, he must have found a good measure of happiness in the long latter years, his ruling passion and pleasure was for reading and most of his time was passed with a book held close to his eyes, for he was very glad short sighted. During the remaining thirty five years or so nearly all of it was spent "batching" in some sort of 10x12 cabin on one or other of our domains, stretching a pittance, which came to him from

savings, earnings and latterly the countrys allowance, so as to cover his frogal wants and in the warm heartedness of his nature to occasionally come to us with his few dollars of surplus to be remitted to some object which had attracted his special sympathy.

He was tremendously independent and could assume the manners of a bear, so that when kind hearted women friends, appalled by the state of his short sighted menage approached, bearing gifts, they would be hounded forth with contumely. His personal affection for us and ours, allowed us to proffer and he to gracrfully accept many friendly offices and he engaged the occasional meal and conversation at our board, astonishing the casual visitor with flashes of unexpected mathematics or historical erudition, until the crimes of England or come political or controversial matter would start the aparks a flying. He was the devoted grandfather to our two little ones and would croon old songs to them in a high desperately out of tune manner, which charmed their baby souls. He had an Irishmans sense of humour and would roar at what seemed to us rather pointless jokes, but when I introduced Lewis Carrol to his notice he would have none of it, the Walrus and the Carpenter, the Jabberwork and Ye shall have buns, my sons, if you'll behave was as so much childish drivel to him.

A temperamental Irish angel was Martin T Cassidy. The Redstone Park group next claims our attention, they were such a loveable lot, manifesting so fine a family affection that to watch it made a good beginning to the esteem which I soon began to feel for the people of my adopted country, a feeling soon to be shared by my helpmate.

John H. Redstone or Uncle John, as he was commonly called, was the patriarch, though not a very old one at this time; he had travelled in Europe in his youth and the youthful enthusiasms for freedom of thought led him to seek out and talk with Garibaldi and Mazzini. His profession was that of patent attorney, which he practiced in San Francisco and he was one of the earliest of the Kaweah promoters.

The family early moved to Adfance and one doughter, Louise, married George Ames there and they returned north and are still living in Oakland.

The other daughter Dove and Kate threw themselves actively into the colony work, teaching and doing the many things, young wholesome womanhood found to do amid such novel surroundings.

The two sisters married two Hopping brothers Ralph and Burt and ever since the families have remained somewhat in touch and always in our affectionate regard. Mr. Redstone, or Aunt Sally, was a general favourite; her mother was the care of husband , children and grandchildren; fierce discussions and comflecting opinions could siverl about her head, and they didn but she bothered about none of these, going consistently on,"doing the next thynge".

I never saw her with a book or paper, nor ever heard any criticism of her neighbours; with her shrewd appraisal of valves one is sure she penetrated to the forbles of us all, but she always dealt kindly with them; even Mr. Cassidy furious rejection of homely offerings, never brought anything but sorrowful comment and regret.

The two surely reached their haven of peace at Kaweah, she found unlimited scope for her domestic activities, while the cares and sorrows of the outer courts, sloughed off fro mUncle John. Satisfies with everything, he entered into his kindly pottering life cheerfully and happily.

The garden was his and the fullness there of and he saw to it that the fullness thereof extended to the wood box for stoves and fireplace.

This fine old pair celebrated the golden anniversary of their wedding in later days when Redstone Park still carried on its social traditions, long after the organisation of the colony disbanded. They also kept the same cheerful spirit, happy in childrens children and the care given them by their loved ones.

They passed happily, I'am sure, not so far apart in point of time and none in mutual affection.

Al was the youngest and an only son, never anything but Al to everyone knowing him, the exception being "Allie" by the one to whom he was the apple of her eye. Blessed with a great find of humour, cheerful disposition and strong active bodym he was our best athlete and everyones friend and favourite, givingus more laughs at our entertainments than all the rest put together.

At the time his family moved from San Francisco, he was a youth, but drove the 250 miles with his horse Dick and light buckboard.

This last useful pair took me to meet my bridey brought us to our Kaweah home and were borrowed on occasion for other trips until the advent of faithful Daisy. It was another Daisy, Al married in later years, the dark eyed daughter of our JJ Martin. He, as the grandfather, has long found a peaceful refuge with the two after perhaps the most consistently long attempt to bring the phantom of theoretical cooperation into practical operation. After Kaweah he sought it in Australia and I think South Africa, where his son Albie still lives.

Since writing this I find JJ has started to write a history of Kaweah colony, he is much better qualified and will I am sure do justice to his task.

Entered two of the Hopping boys, a few weeks after me and about my age. They were the sons of George Hopping, the moving spirit of the New York Kaweah group.

He had a good position as accountant for a prominent firm of wholesale druggists and did not feel justified it throwing it up for the uncertainties of our endeavour at this time.

However his heart was with as andhe sent four sons and one daughter in advance, by instalments. Later by paying off Kaweahs mortgage he acquired title to that 240 acres and trees insured greater permanency for the Redstone Hopping section of Redstone Park and a choice of home sites for himself, Mr. Hoppping and two maiden sisters when they finally came West. That choice eventually fell on our abandoned Merrington which they improved and enlarged to suit. Mrs. Hopping had French Louisianian blood, as had Mrs. Martin and both carried a simular darkness of eye, good looks and vivacity of disposition.

Ralph the oldest son, was almost as dark as a Spaniard, while Burt was blonde, very good profile and had an amiable disposition. They gravitated naturally to Redstone Park and were promptly assimilated.

It took a little over the year for Ralph and Kate to go in double harness so we proceeded them in the bonds of matrimony.

Therefore it came about that I was accosted one day as follows. While youre going to Visalie tomorrow axxfxixxxxx Rxxx, xxxxx xxxxxxxx aren't you? Yes, why? They tell me the Court House clerks josh a fellow applying for a marriage license and you know the ropes, could'nt you get our's? So the date was taken and I appeared at the proper office, clad in the raiment used only for state occasions and so was a not to be forgotten figure thereby. The same clerk was officiating as at my own application a month or so before; he turned an amused and recognising eye upon me and "what can I do for you today", said he.

No doubt he thought he had struck a fast worker when I said "Oh, just give me another marriage license. Deaths, births and marriages were simply administered affairs in colony life.

We had no resident doctor, nor ever seemed much to need one's serviced.

The most experienced matron officiated at births, and an outside clergyman was called in for a local wedding.

Funerals were no sombre affairs; half a dozen stalwarts gathered to dig the grave in the flat set aside, two carpenters took the best redwood lumber we had and built a coffin which was lined with white pleated material by sympathetic womens hands and a little procession followed the body to the graves where hymns were sung and Uncle John pronounced a valedietory in some well chosen remarks.

I assisted as coffin builder and follower several times but never remember a professional undertaker being called in; no one more mourning and it was all simply and nicely done.

If my coutworn body could be laid away in some such manner it would seem as fitting as one could wish..

Others of those who found the "Park" a congemial abiding place were theWEstervelts, they also came from the New York group and the husband was a city man; he fitted in very well though was youngand vigorous and made an active member; once when the colony accounting was under fire, he and I were selected as an investigating committee, to report on Mr. Martins stewardship of the finances; we spent a week at Visalia that autumn, made pleasant largely by a change and Mr. Martins good cooking and learned a lot about past and present money stringencies; things seemed to be run about as well as could be expected and we reported accordingly.

Then we had a rather exciting trip to Bakersfield, which was interesting in the light of our twenty years of residence there fifteen years or so after, but details must wait.

Then the Sullys, good people but only temporary residents and for us, just ships that pass in the night.

One more however, just as temporary, but whose influence was indeed for reaching gentle natured Mr. Calhoun, in the homely custom of time and place to all of us, Aunt Jane.

Her husband was a sea captain absent most of the time. This and a hip injury which limited her activities somewhat made a quiet stopping place desirable and Kaweah came to be chosen, in what may I never heard, whe was not a member.

There she came however and had her own little tent and house keeping arrangements and perhaps the slight disability was to help form the attraction which developed between Blanche and her. For by precept and example she brought Christian Science to my dear and so pointed the way for her to the living faith which has enabled her to surmount such tests of pain and suffering as has fallen to few to endure, to carry brightly a physical handicap, so that she hardly allowed it to became a handicap, to help make her what she is to the loving circle of friends and what I cannot just into words but know better than anyone else, the brave and cheerful wife she has ever been, and is.

Aunt Jane was a friend to each of the little circle in which she moved but did not stay with us long, a short sharp illness took her away and I recall now the early wonder of the telephone, when after 25 miles, one black and rainy night on the back of a tough and wiry broncho, I reached a long distance phone and could detect the answering catch in the voice from far away Seattle where a sistec received the news. We made it back that night and then there was another of our Kaweah funerals with Uncle Johns words more than ever from the heart and comforting.

So we pass on to note some few more of the many; we were certainly a motley lot, assorted cranks of many creeds and none, erratic ranges from uncocked food believers to spiritualists Swedenlogians, (Mr. Cassidy claimed that faith) atheists, of course, a sprinkling of the orthodix, meeting Sundays at the hall for a service. Naturally the political and social economey field was well represented. Banes and his wife who posed as philosophical anarchists, holding man should be a law into himself and so make laws unnecessary.

But there was no pose about Banes really and as the pair were a nice decent sort, their no law theory seemed to work out quitewell with the children and there were at least no spankings, or scoldings.

The other extreme perhaps might have been with the Gulick family, a horde of them; how such ever came under such a banner as Kaweah's, the Lord only knows. To all outward seeming the average man, with a capital A, probably O Henry could have unravelled the secret but I never did, and this applies to many more of our lot; how, for instance, came Horace T Taylor to enroll in an altruistic community? here is the man as I found him.

Hard headed he was, and practical to an extent which would have made a financial success even if Kaweah Cooperative Colony had there been 60 or 70 percent more like him. He was the greatest hand to extract the limit of work from a gang and make them like it, one reason being perhaps his ability and willingness to do a little more himself.

He had a gund of rough jests and stories which he kept in reserve for such times as when the work palled most. A little Napoleon of a man but there was no softness or pudjiness about him, and he never seemed to tire.

I remember once receiving from him, what at the time seemed praise indeed, when he said I was his best shovel man.

Had it not been for him the colony road would never have reached the pines, I'am convinced, for I heard stories of his

bolstering up of waning enthusiasms and how, returning from forward scramblings through the brush on preliminary surveys he would anonounce the goal "just around the corner, boys" Without his driving force and practical foresight the little bunch of us later on would never have accomplished the one essential work which has transformed the best part of the right side of the North Fork from dry cattle range into forty years of orchard productivity and an assured future. The digging of this irrigating ditch, withits flumes and rock blastings and retaining walls is a last ing monument to him and also entitles him to the descriptiom the French crowd gave to Lindbergh on his monentous arrival in Paris, "un homme formidable" But he was essentially an individualist, working for his own hand ultimately, but quite aware that local prosperity meant his prosperity.

His politics took practical form too, with services done for would be supervisors and office seekers, to be later translated into local benefits of better roads, new bridges and altogether a use ful community man. He later left our mountains where a living had to be wrested from nature by hard knocks and moved to the fat valley and citrus culture with an eventual bank director-ship I understand; and so passed H. T. He and his wife always good friends to us. As a sort of anticlimax,, here comes funny old Granny Carpenter who with her elderly and ordinary husband hd a cabin of sorts and a nice garden across the river on the road to Redstone Park. She was fat and jolly, with weird and occult theories which included interviews with her "black man", this appears to have been some kind of "lubber fiend", what's his name? Strange what lapses memory has, when after the school boy feat of glibby reciting L'Allegre and Il Penseroso , one should forget that. "On looking this up later i find Milton gives no name to this friendly rite, except the "drudging Goblin" Anyhow the cream bowl appears to have been duly set and she saw him at it, in the night, "but in the morning there was no sign of it having been touched"!! How strange, we murmur, but only the wife I think detected the tongue in my cheek.

She was a good hearted sould though and we acquired lots of lore from her varied experiences. A wonderful housewife - one could literally have eaten spotless little floor. How did Cartwight come to be here I wonder, a tough young English sailor, my bunk house mate during our summer at Atwell mill; we hadn't much in common, but got along very well as we worked together the first part of the time in the woods; he remarked once that he wondered which of my things he should bid in at the sale of my effects, when he saw a big limb burtling through the air, headed straight for me. They are called "sailors" and come from other trees and fly back and hit you when a falling one plunges among standing timber. In this case it didn't but you have to look out. He paired with buxom Mate Thildebrand and joined the Haskell crowd at Arcady when affairs were going on the rocks and then to San Francisco and oblivion for us.
Old Mrs Sandberg and his daughter Marie, he had been with Mr. Cassidy in the Dr. Tanner episode; I made his doffin and Marie soon left, after to marry a Count, and if any of my readers chance to stop at Sandbergs on the ridge route to Los Angeles, that will be her brother, a fact ascertained over thirty years later, with Marie lost to sight.

The Purdys; Mr. was our saw mill man, tall and thin and an old pioneer and civil war veteran; he had long been entitled to a pension but refused to draw it, until stranded by the colony failure, they found it most necessary and useful and settled on a little land in the canyon.

The following newspaper excerp would apply to such as they.

Sequoia National Park promises to be a favourite resort for camping parties, being one of the most accessible of our national play grounds and camp life within its borders attended with many conveninces not found elsewhere - - - - -

One section of the beautiful road to the park never fails to excite comment and curiosity, the stretch through the Kaweah canyon beyond Three Rivers concerning whose people, most interesting history is related.

Cultivated ranches border the road, vine covered and flower surrounded homes are tucked away in chady rocks and in the groups that gather on the verandas and Cowns one sees people we are want to associate with refined and cultivated civilization and the eternal wonder is always "How came they here? and the way of their coming is a most interesting story.

Over forty years ago a company of educated men and women, who believed in cooperative labour, came from England, Australia and other far seperated corners of the earth to settle in the Kaweah canyon and put in operation their ideal of community existence. They entered claims to the wonderful timber lands of the region and began the road that has since become the easily travelled thorough fare that leads to Sequoia National Park. The first step of their progress from the original settlement was called "Advance" and no trace of the lumber mill that marked its site now remains, having long ago been dismounted and carried further up the mountain. Their last stand before disaster overtook them in the loss of their claims, was made at site of the ranger cabin now known as Colony Mill, although here as at Advance, nothing remains save the name which was given because the colony mill built here, was theri largest undertaking. Tradition states that these people were unfairly deprived of their rights to the lands they labored to possess, but be that as it may, their descendants and some of the original colonists live in the homes along the canyon road, that by their character speak clearly of the culture refinement and intelligence that has gone into their making and appeals to the most casual traveler along the route."

Mrs. Purdy was essentially a reformer and in all lines a leader; New Thought, dress reform, womans rights, prohibition, all was as the breath of her life but she was no Mrs. Jellaby and the denizens of Bonrobodagha were not her beneficiaries; her children and efficiently run household testified to that, the couple lived to a fine old age in the canyon, Mr. Purdy going the first, while Mrs. stayed on to well over ninety, white haired and fragile looking as always but active and mentally keen as ever. Sweet Albie, the eldest daughtor was the colony pianist and worked at the printing office, getting out the Commonwealth. she early attracted my attention by her refinement and made once like face and easily won my regard by favourable comment on some copy I sent in, descriptive of a first trip on

foot to Atwell Mill. George Clark, our English harness maker and best violinist, soon annexed her and they were married on the first Christmas day after my coming, they had just one daughter Zella, who has more than inherited for parents musical talent and which has taken her far.

Emma developed as a school teacher, married later and died at middle age leaving no children.

Will, the youngest, was a tall slim boy he too had the family refinement, with progressive and strongly socialistic leanings and shuttled between scholastic work, at which he excelled and made good, and an affection for the enviroment of Kaweah and its farming; an uphill game, for which he was not so well qualified physically.

He had the great good fortune or good judgement to secure his splendid Ida for a life companion, may they long continue together. One of the strange and outstanding figures was our legal adviser, Burnett G Haskell, a San Francisco attorney and one of the earliest and most enthusiatic of the comrades. A little sallow brilliant man who never attracted me, though he had devoted adherents, who knew him better. When at Kaweah he spent most of his time at a place called Arcady, evidently an all too high falutin name of their own choice and a homesteaded 80 or 160 acres of dry hillside near the river and above Kaweah, a rough wooden cabin and some tents made up their Arcadia. My first interview was at Mrs. Bishops table and he engaged me right away on the merits of the Baconian theory of the authorship of Shakespeare. I was no match for his versatile wit but should dearly have liked to sit by and listen, with the lady in chrge of our poets home at Stratford, as my substitute.

She must have been baited by visiting Americans on this subject for she tore into the controversy with great gusto and ability on my visit there left the opposition in as many tatters as my opponent did me judging by the relative number of signers to the visitors book at Stratfords historical church a far layer proportion of travellers to the shrine hail from over seas.

Doubtless Haskell had done a great deal in the early days of organisation and propaganda but he was not cut out for the grind of dealing with granite studded mountain sides; controversies arose which were meat and drink to him and so a little clique drifted off to Arcady and his influence came to seem detrimental to the interests of Kaweah to many of us and the Haskell crowd a reproach. He returned with wife and boy to San Francisco and reappeared later, once only, a shabby figure, to sell his claim for a few hundred dollars to our neighbouring cattle rancher, Sam Halstead, and Arcady returned to its primeval state and the site of the upper stretch of our new ditch.

Mr. Moody, the store and book keeper, was a middle aged Englishman, who seems to have carried on with his duties efficiently. Blanche and I called on his wife in mid England on a trip to the north and I think it would have been better for her peace of mind if his assistant Kate Bowen had not been so attractive.

Edward Eldrige was another "blooming Englishman, we met first on the road when the colony mill gang joined ours as our work came together. Mutual exchange of past history soon revealed another instance of the smallness of the world when we found he had been apprenticed at the store of a relative in

Staplehurst, Kent and in point of time sandwiched between my father and Blanche's brother John in the same position. Afterwards he was won't to approach our Merrington singing out the names of a string of those South Eastern railway stations, a la English porter. He was a queer mixture, stayed in the locality quite a while, dabbled in esoteric thought and eventually wrote a strange novel, expounding some rather wild theories of his own.

Mr. Cassidy and Abbie strove to whip it into some kind of literary shape and he finally had it published and started out to personally push its sale but we never heard with what success and gathered he met an untimely fate in Mexico. Mr. and Mrs. Herschede, our printer and commonwealth editor, quiet industrious German folk, he was also postmaster and even for postage no money passed, offices of our size were had by the stamps concelled, so we received back what we used and colonists got theirs without money and without price, which was priceless for me, when I was without money.

He remains to me as the seller, when he left the canyon, of a heavy live oak rocking chair, still a treasured possession both for memories sake and its intrinsic merit; it was wrought with ax and draw knife only out of a three felled in the making of the road and the proportions are ample and design and workmanship good.

Many more there were, some unusual, others very ordinary but all interestingly human but lacking the quicks which would make their sketching readable for those who did not know them. And so we pick up the thread where dropped and introduce you to one of the features of our community the monthly general meeting.

It was quite an event for me, did it not mean letters; they were sent to camp on occasions when a supply team came up but intervals were long. Then the walk back down hill over the smoothed scenes of our upward toil, with the mad scramble through the brush and over the hill between Watsons Spring and Ha Ha falls, which developed into a race between Cartwright and me over the cut off against two of the others round the two mile bend. The smooth going had it, in spite of longer distance. My little tent waited for me and genial greetings at the Bishop family table and around our Kaweah. Fierce were the discussions which went on usually, though tempered by Roberts Rules of Order and a qualified man in the chair. We debated all things pertaining to the welfare of our cause and heard reports from executives and the sessions generally lasted a full day. Then was the occasion for the orator and I who had no gift that way at all, when hearing that the eyes of the world were upon us, would reflect upon the Asop fable of the fly on the bulls horn, and marvel.

We acquired a little knowledge of the rules of debate and procedure so that even I with collosal ignorance in such matters could later occupy the chairmans place on occasion, rules long since forgotton.

Another sound comes always to mind when one recalls those meetings; the clink of our old blacksmith hammer on the anvil nearby. Dudley was a rough old customer with a huge contempt for our doings in meeting assembled and always worked while we talked.

He had me for helper once in a while and I remember his scorn for a certain English hammer of mine. What do you do with that thing? Pointing to a badly designed claw; Pull nails !! Huh, I had a hammer once which would drive an eight peving nail through an inch board, catch the point and pull it through head and all" Poor old Dudley, a rough diamond; we went to see him last, dying in the county hospital in Visalia. About the time we had finished the road repairs and were making preparations for the summer saw mill work, the blow fell which spelled the doom of Kaweah colony. We had no means to keep a representative at Washington to hasten action on our filings but certain commissioners had been out and reported favourably land office officials and the county supervisors had turned in reports and testified to what we were doing to perfect our claims, and time went on but no land titles came to us. There was a tradition among our people that certains sinister influences were at work in the form of the large lumber company who had been forestalled in obtaining the lands we desired. I never saw any direct evidence, but it might well have been and we all believed it.

The Commonwealth had a limited circulation outside our members and we printed a good deal as to the hopes and plans and what would be done in producing, lumber, doors sashes and mill work generally and probably talked too much. Then there was a perfectly genuine agitation going on in the East, headed by enivent naturalists like John Muir to save this, the finest body of Sequoia Gigantea from possible wandalism and preserve it for the people for all time. Our little mile was in the extreme fringe of ordinary timber and seven miles from by trees and our people had saved fortions from destructive fires and recognised the great value of the finest forest as a scenic attraction and vacant to conserve its best features.

It was rather the irony of fate that we who fundamentally were believers in public ownership, should be the direct victims of the application of the principle in a local way. Anyway it happened, and came to us as a bolt from the blue, for we had no one on the spot to watch matters.

Congress passed a bill setting aside certain areas as a National Park in perpetruity; it probably read township and sections so and so and meant nothing to the average legislator, but when it was found that last minute additions to the areas, included the lands on which we thought we had prior claims, we believed we recognised the fine hand of the lumber company and its lobby in Washington. The deed was done though and whether we were correct in our surnuse, made no difference.

The thing was the outcome of a perfectly sound policy and we should applaud, but it did hit us vitally. Having no title there was nothing to be done but gracefully vacate and evacuate the foothold achieved by those years of labor.

But that was not all and Uncle Sam certainly rubbed it in. On top of the news of the forming of the Park came a federal action against the trustees for cutting lumber on public domain and they were cited to appear at a U S federal court in Los Angeles.

That was where I got it personnally in the neck, one had no actual need for money in the colony but of course I treasured my remnant for future emergencies and our William Christie,

treasure and one of said trustees, descended upon me for a colony loan, to help pay travelling expenses to Los Angeles for the five and procure legal defence.

Of course I never saw it again and that is how one came to my lowest limit, as the proud possessor of ten cents only. They went south and were fortunate in getting the services of a reputable lawyer who succeeded in having the case placed well ahead on the docket and it was two or three years before the ghost was raised again.

In taking stock of our position we found we now had no magnificient natural resources, a mortgaged 240 acres, a badly discourged membership who had strained their limited means to the breaking point and a lot of equipment in tools, teams wagons and machinery. Of course there was among us a big book debt for labor due to members, but very little outside obligation. The road was a possible asset, it was built entirely on public domain but formed the only means of access to the national park, with seven or eight miles additional yet to go through the deep gorge of the Marble Fork and up again to the Giant Forest plateau.

JJ Martin made proper representations and a senatorial committee came junketing out west and sat at Fresno to tak evidence and were supplied with full data as to names of members, their credits for labor, costs of materials to amounting I think to about a quarter of a million dollars. They turned in a favourable report and recommendation we be paid and each captain of patrolling cavalry for several years, made strongly worded recommendations to the same effect on their reports. A lot of scattered discouraged citizens have poor chances of pushing an appropriation throughtb the point of payment, however just their claim.

The Spanish American war came and with it no time or inclination to attend to such matters, so the resolution for payment was tabled and with no powerful influence to dig the matter up again, the net result is that the Kaweah colonists put in about four years building the first twenty miles of the road to the Sequoia National Park at their own costs and have never received a nickel from the government who finally completed the job. Worse, we were legally and expensively harassed for the pitiful crime of cutting lumber; not for sale, but to floor tents and erect a few board and batten buildings and as will be seen later persecuted in an entirely uncalled for manner by a troop commander, when trying to carry on a legitimate work on privately owned property; of which more anon.

Socialists were in evil odour in those days and it is little wonder, we felt we were badly discriminated against.

Our management and members certainly faced their misfortune with fortitude and energy.

There was a tract of timber on another road which followed the main Kaweah and then up the East Fork. It was patented land and had been heavily cut over but the saw mill and buildings were still intact. So Atwell Mill was leased on a stumpage basis and a gang sent there to renovate buildings and machinery and most of our equipment diverted in this direction. It was at about 6000 feet elevation and the road of over twenty miles was frightful as to grades and surface. However if we were to keep

our organisation going, something had to be done and difficulties faced.

At that time we were sahquine that we should be treated fairly and compensation would be made for our abandoned road; everyone realized that our timber claims were in the discard. Dissentions had scattered the membership somewhat but individual claims for money, labor and materials contributed were on file and would be honoured to all when funds were available. So one fine morning Cartwright and I started out on foot, with Jack Bloomfield driving a span of work oxen, on horse back.

This was all new country to me and I enjoyed it. We stopped that night at Kain's Flat, a small mountain ranch which with the nearby Oak Grove was to be a sinter and then summer residence for us at the head of a power flume on whichh I worked, some years later.

Next morning we tramped on and finally entered the pines, smelled the scent of them in the pure clear rarefied air and heard the deep drumming of the grouse back in the woods, a spring sound. Everything was humming with industry at the mill site, the cook house was in operation and we were glad ofit, for one can certainly raise a worth while hunger up there.

Three of us shared a cabin of which there were several scattered about the hillside and later a roomy bunk house was built but we alway, kept our lodging, with its wooden bunks, padded with fragrant pine needles.

And so began a wonderful summer of hard work, grand surroundings and the plainest of fare. The firs, pines and redwoods shut us in somewhat but there were clearings from which one could see out to the bare granite peaks above timber line, showing unmelted patches of snow. The sky was brightest blue, the sun shone all day but it was cold mornings and evenings and a stove or fireplace was very acceptable.

I soon learned how to file the long cross cut saws and was early installed as camp saw filer. Mr. Purdy too showed me how the inserted teeth of the big circulars were dressed and the ways of the log carriage which sliced off the rough outside slabs and then the one, two, or four inch plank as the log was ratchetted up by the riding carriage man at Mr. Purdys signal.

The two circulars, one above the other, could peel off widths up to about five feet if the squared log would run to it and our lengths ranged from ten to eighteen feet according to the way the woodsmen cut up the trees to the best advantage. The edger, slab cutter and shingle mill were run by steam (sawdust and slab fuel) and a Pelton water wheel run by water under heavy head and brought in by a tapering steel pipe.

Cartwright and I entered into our timber falling novetiate with lesser trees and the saw filing was kept as an odd time job. We operated in a section of the woods where the bull teams could work with their driver, heavy chains and "swamper, who with ax and shovel cleared the way and the logs were dragged, down hill if possible to chutes lined with long peeled trunks which led to the log yard where they were rolled by gravity to the saw carriage.

Our job was to fell the trees, cut them into suitable lenghhs and the operations were, to select the falling ground to avoid breakage, chop in the "under cut" with alternate ax blowes,

saw in the back, driving wedges as soon as possible and when nearly cut through to ground these in with lusty blowes of the maul until the tree toppled over.

Then there was "limbing up, "measuring off" and "Sawing up". One soon learned the long rowing stroke whereby one man could make about as good time with a six foot saw or longer, with one man on it, as two and we would each take our cut to do; after one acquired the knack of keeping the blade rigid he preferred not to have a man on the other end, which was useful, seeing the irregular hill sides we worked on.

After a spell of this Cartwright was put on in the mile and Jim Miller teamed up with me; big Jim with his brawny breadth of shoulder and good natureal laugh; he bore with me nobly, for my skinny six feet was no match for these husky eesterners, but I suppose my outdoor life sprinkled with plenty of physical exercise helped, and gave the same sort of toughness which kept Alfred Bryant of the same build, always the head of our scythe moving team at Merrington and Jim was ever to be counted on for the heavy lifts. Together we tackled the big stuff, for there was still a nice lot of redwoods standing, not too large to handle. The process was the same except that the ground had to be very carefully choosen and sometimes cushioned with great piles of brush for redwood is very brash and weights enormous and they would break and splinter badly if not put on even ground. One could throw them with great accuracy for they almost invariably grew plumb.

We used to set a stake on the chosen spot and nearly always drove it with the falling tree, a simple arrangement called a gun, being all that was required. This was a thin strip 10 feet or so and straight and a base nailed at exact right angle and braced with the same thin stuff; at the last stages of the undercut, this was fitted to the back of the wedgeshaped cavity and a sight taken on our peg, if it pointed true all was well and if not a bit more chopping would bring it right.

For this task we used long straight handled doublt bitted axes and worked on spring boards which were iron shod slabs about a foot wide notched into that curious fibrous bark, sometimes nearly a foot thick.

The idea of the spring board was to carry the chopper above the great place of the lower trunk, a wasteful method but trees were'nt so precious then.

They were set on one side and at an angle to one another so as to give each axman a fair blow to half of the undercut and one setting was sufficient. Anyone used to chopping off a springboard will not willingly change to the ground.

It took us about till noon to put an under cut of sufficient depth into one of the big fellows and it was a grand feeling to swing those axes, hear the spit, spat and see the great chips flake out.

Lacrilegious perhaps to fell those splendid trees but seeing they had to be put to the use of man, I know of no more exhilerating form of hard labor when one had such climate and surroundings as necessarily went with redwood groves.

After lunch the long narrow ribbon of steel, ten feet at times, began to bit rapidly into the Great bulk. It was laid

with the handles turned up at right angles to the flat of the falling saw.

Than came the big broad wedges, which we pounded in tightly as we progressed until the inevitable happened and the earth shook and the dust filled the air and great branches two feet and more through, snapped like carrots.

Those great but cuts eights name and ten feet in diameter and heaving with sap were quite a problem for our comparatively light equipment; special skid ways more built and the donkey engine and steel cables rigged to dual until our victoms. In the mean time it had to be transformed into logs and the first thing was to cross cut it up into lengths. We build temporary scaffolds on which to stand, high enough to start the saw, generally a two man affair as the area passed over by the teeth made too much of a drag for one. Then as the saw sank lower the scaffold was removed and we compared notes through the saw kerf. Here came the test for the saw filer; the teeth were a series of pairs of needle pointed cutters set to line an eighths or so apart, with a double edged drag to th altemating between the cutters, these had a very narrow curved flame like action, so that if properly filed and swedged the cross gained wood rolled up in the deep saw notches and came out as long thin fragile showings rather than sawdust, some of them unrolling to five or six inches. Having made our cuts, the logs were still much too unnvieldy and took on 1½ inch anger, some four feet long and that was bored to the heart of each. Black powder was poured in and an uncapped fuse set and tramed in with sawdust or anger borings and fuse lighted. We took cover, there was a dull roar and they two halves rolled neatly apart.

The process was repeated on the halves, so they were quartered and the donkey engine men drove in their grapple looks and if the cable didnt break, they went in and Mr. Purdy converted the ungainly things into the bright salmon pink boards with the four inch edging of white sap wood, which is no poor in quality so generally ripped off. Coast redwood is much more plentful and has a way of sprouting from the stumps which gigantea has not, it runs smaller, is a bit tougher and plays a special part in California lumber export. Apart from its salmon color which darkens with exposure to air it has the fine qualities of great size of clearness from knots and withstands exposure to weather and earth very well; cedar being its nearest rival in that respect; neither are very strong or tough but the trees are extraordinarily immense from insect attack or disease.

John Muir who knew and loved them so well, says man, fire and lightening are their only enemies and the greatest of these is man.

Now we come to the episode of the United States cavalry, I remember it very well and shall try to tell just what occurred and tell it fairly.

Atwell mill though patented, land, was inside the boundaries of the new National Park.

Every summer a troop or two of cavalry would be sent from the Presidio of San Francisco to patrol the place against permit only.

This year we seem to have had a troop commander with little judgement. His instructions were to stop all timber

cutting in the Park and he interpreted that to mean us.

A small detachment was sent up our road and made camp two or three miles further on; soldiers would be sent out on foot to run down predatory sheep men and a cavalry man on foot in such unknown mountaines with the light air of those elevations, certainly had a tough time. I remember coming in from work one evening and seeing two of them stagger into camp at the last limit of endurance, have never seen such all in, men before or since. Of course we fed and rested them and others also came around and the boys at the bunk house knowing we might be interfered with, would fill them up with wild stories of what a terrible lot we were and our local reputation as reds and a bunch of "arnichists" helped the effect. So one morning as Jim and I were putting in an undercut, who should ride up but a lientenant and three or four troopers.

He halted and said "You will stop cutting this timber" We said nothing and kept chopping; then he got off his horse came up to me and reported the order laying his land on one, with the same result, so he remounted, hesitated a bit and said, "well, I'll go and get men enough so you will stop" and rode off.

Of course camp was all agog, a messenger was sent to Kaweah and Visalia and next morning most of the gang deserted the mill for the woods, and we stationed ourselves near the road, cutting small stuff. Pretty soon our lieutenant and about the cutting to cease, the only result being the crash of a nearby tree or two; no reply being made at any time. He must have been an amiable man, reluctant to push things to extremes, a hot headed one could have made trouble. Ours was straight bluff and the reputed Winchesters hidden in the brush were sheer figments of imagination. Anyhow after sitting uneasily on their horses they trotted off to the base camp below, doubt less reported and one supposes the captain, received a reply to a wire of enquiry, couched about like this, "Of course those people can cut all they want from patented land even if it is surrounded by Park."

We heard no more, but the incident rubbed us on the raw and demoralised our working forces. I think it was Ralph who was sent below with the news; one doesn't blame him for wangling the mission, seeing Kate was at Kaweah. The new national park had already begun to attract a rare visitor or two, who necessairly came in our way.

I wonder if Governor Pinchot remembers his trip to the Giant Forest from Kaweah as a young forestory student. Al took him in and was certainly the qualified one for the job. But the saws continued to hum and we piled large stacks of lumber about the yard to dry. And the four and six horse teams came and went bringing up baled hay for the work cattle and provisions and many needed things for camp and mill, and lumber was hauled back, also letters came for me.

Mile long river hill was the gauge for up load, small enough, cruel on the horses and wagons, with the granite boulders becoming more and more prominent. With the perfectly graded and concrete paved roads of today even in the mountains, the present generation cannot realize how incredibly had those old mountain roads could be.

I was going down with Frank Bishop and a six horse load of lumber once near Oak Grove and the wheels pounded on the rocks below and the high seat swayed like the masts of a ship above. The driver had his heavy foot brake and lines to brace him but when the seat springs threw me up and then swayed away I landed down the rodk walled outer side of the road.

It was quite a tumble but no harm done and we went on our way and when the darkness came rapidly, I walked ahead with a lantern to show Bishop how those tortuous winding should be taken; when on an uphill pull the corner sometimes could not be negotiated unless the swing horse was put over the central chain; they were tough and active and would learn to jump over and back like a cat. We forded the river, bumping over the rocks in the dark and Bishop tooled us safely in and I sought the little tent, admiring his nonchalant skill. It was on this same road I was handed my first six lines, which with whip, with lash long enough to reach the leader and powerful foot brake, seemed quite a mans sized job to handle.

Gone are the days when the number of lines used for six and ten or twelve and even twenty would be handled with one long ribbon; the "jerk line, running to the lad mules bit and operated by the driver from his saddle on ones of the powerful wheelers, his voice emphasizing the signal.

Those long strings were chiefly for valley work but I have seen eight and the jerk line used on the Atwell Mill road, in flume buildings days. Time flowed on, letters passed to and fro and for Blanche, changes were maturing; she and her sister Jessie were keeping house for their brothers, but they began to scatter, the sea, Australia and Tasmania claimed them and then Jessies engagement to Harry Back.

At last it began to seem that our nebulous hopings might be translated into action and more plans went across the sea.

With my cautius up bringing any prosfect of marriage on such chances as were mine seemed unthinkable. I was under no delusion as to colony prospects, though we still hoped for the best.

But when Weybright, a sane, experienced man father of a large family, countered a remark of mine that I had nothing to bring a wife to out here, with "You have your hands, havent you" the point of view began to change.

The Merrington home site had been selected and even a curved road to encircle the future house was built in spare time in pre Atwill mill days but plans were vague.

Now however with home building material all about, one must draw plans and pile out selected material against the time when a wagon could be spared to take mine down.

The state of our roads, horses and equipment made this increasingly difficult and although I was more than entitled to what was needed, finances made sales more urgent.

So I brusied myself in spare time with making a table and three chairs of a pattern which could be taken apart and only a day or two ago, did we move that table from forty years continuous service in our home, while the chairs still remain in use there.

Even the table which is apparently sound as ever is to go up the road and continue, I hope, as an heirloom with the children.

Very late in the season before the mill shut down my lumber preceded me, and I followed, closing the chapter of Atwell Mill and lumbering experience.

The first thing at Kaweah was a general meeting and from it Westervelt and I were sent to report on JJ Martins looks; the outstanding feature of the yourney to Visalia was the profusion of five ripe grapes in the vineyards by the road, to our fruit and vegetable starved patatos, most acceptable. Then on my return Weybright said, "I suppose what you would like best to do would be to built your house." Indeed I would and went at it. I stayed at Redstone Park for quite a spell at this time for one remembers walking over the suspension foot bridge, and through a colony tomato patch where pockets were filled, to be eaten like apples. Our menu was even more restricted those days, flour being almost the only staple brought in. Those poor women, how they tried to ring the changes available in sweet potatoes, bread, toasted, fried or straight and a flour gravy made with limited colony milk; we were used to being with our sugar or coffee from mill experience.

One consignment of flour had coal ore spilt on the sacks coming up in the wagon, and its penetrating quality and taste had to be endured while that batch lasted, it was too precisous to be discarded.

However those were trifles which could not dim the joys of real home building, those lovely early winter days. Merrington was to be 16x24, sitting in a little grove of oaks on ground sloping down to the road and far enough back to accomodate fruit trees grape vines, berries and vegetables in front. A ditch taking off from a side gully gave us our first water, the absolute sine qua now, for growing things; it was very inadequate but the Taylor ditch later put through, gave us water under pressure as it passed along the hillside above us, on its way to his homestead.

Dimensions given were divided into a front or sitting room 12x16 and the remainder, a 10x12 bedroom and 6x12 kitchen, we also had an attic room in the rather steep shingled roof an this was reached by an outside stair way.

Then there was a lean to shed at the back for wood and storage and later on we added a small other lean to room at one side. I utilised the outcropping native granite on which to rest 4x4 redwood foundations, the front was about three feet up so we had steps to the door in the middle and the back ran to ground level.

Construction was just the rough sawn board, nailed up and down and a half by three botten nailed over the crack in usual early California style, where sawn lumber could be had but little mill work afforded.

We did have a planed tongue and grooved floor though, which was quite a comfort for sweeping and freedom from gaps. I scraped uf some glass somehow and made casement windows and we had glass panels in the front door.

There was no attempt at painting but the woods gradually weathered to a soft brown and interior decoration was satisfied with our pictures and paper put on later.

A little money from home enabled me to take advantage of a

very good buy of stove, cooking utensils and sundries from an outgoing colonist and I put together and set up the things made at the mill, besides other convenient items.

In felling a redwood that summer it had hit a large cedar and up rooted it and I followed a cut of it to the mill and got Mr. Purdy to saw it into convenient boards, which went through the planer. Cedar wood is fragant, easy to work and a nice color and I used this from the "tree which never was chopped", for shelves and inside fittings.

So this was the little home left as nearly ready as one could manage that February day, to drive Ahs Dick and the buck board the forty miles to Tulare to meet the overland train and my bride.

Letters had passed constantly and we were both aware of conditions at either end, though I doubt if the folks at home realized what she was coming to, or there might have been more opposition. They seemed to recognise the inevitable however and and were very good and she started north with much excess baggage, on the great adventure.

One incident should be recorded, the brother who accompanied her to Liverpool, saw her counting her money and whe wondered it it would reach through, He said, Let me count it and returned it, remarking she must have been mistaken in her total and estimate. Later on she discovered an extra five pound xxxxx note. Bank clerks just starting out, don't have superfluities of this sort but apparently this one made it somehow. He sailed on the old Umbria and had a rough passage. At New York she found good friends in the Hoppings, who met her and took her to their home for a day or two and then saw her off on the train journey which was to take her through the South instead of the central part of the States as in my case in order to avoid the winter snows.

I stopped at the Martins and we were invited to stay over on the return, also procured the necessary marriage license. At Tulare was a colonist who was doing a good business as land surveyor and it was arranged we should be married about noon at their house and their bien a visiting Episcopal minister was notified; also a room arranged for at a very tumble down looking hotel. "The greeting fair that passed there betwixt my love and me", took place on the platform of the Tulare station about 10 in the xxxxxxx morning of February 17th and it was a bright and sunny spring day. The baggage was taken over to the near by hotel where we compared financial notes and found our combined resources would only run to the lone five dollar gold piece as a fee for the minister and some sundry silver coins. Thirteen hundred pounds of baggage had played havox with my dears end of it and mine had been slim for long enough.

I don't think we were dismayed however, had we not a little home tucked away in those distant mountains, a lot of good friends and "our hands". We adjourned to the Barbours home and there the grey haired minister tied the knot which was for us just another step in the companionship which had existed so long before.

The next morning we set out for Visalia and were warmly welcomed by the Martins, and in the dim gloaming of that evening my new wife assayed to come to me along an upstair passage,

not seeing the stairway between; from top to bottom she went, but landed with bruises only, fortunately. Then next day we took the same long road I had passed a year before, and "what would my siter say" was the comment as we passed along some of the unguarded road edges. Knowing that acquaintance had better be made gradually, I had frowned on offers to make our house coming a gala affair, so we stole quietly through the scattered community and turning a corner had the first peep at the future home.

Inside, a neat little meal had been set ready but we were left to ourselves except that good old Dick had to be returned to the Park and congratulations received. The heavy baggage was to follow later and we improvesed pending its arrival, which happened when I went down with a light wagon and span of mules and brought the big boxes up, fairly intact.

Then we were in clover, for Blanche had been housekeeping and brought along many home treasures including the big and little oak chests, the latter still carries the scar of a small corner broken off its lid in transit. Then a lot of pushette, for portieres and pictures for the decoration of our bare walls and cooking conveniences and a helpful addition to the lard on our bread, (the butter substitute of that day) in the shape of bloater and anchovy paste and raspberry jam.

We had a gay time unpacking and putting up our things and friends dropped in and we crossed the river to Redstone Park and she was taken to their hearts and has remained there ever since. But it was not to last, in a few days, word came there was work to be done on the country road and real maney earned, so I joined the colony contingent and was away at varying distances.coming home week ends while the work lasted. We all agreed to split the $2 a day earned, half for ourselves and half to help towards the colony's depleted excheqner. And this was the first American money I had received.

Pretty tough for her to come alone to this out of the way spot, knowing none but the one who had perforce to be absent. But men must work and the womens brave spirit would not allow them to weep and friends were good and kind and she had the mountains to see from our front door, through the trees and across the green shrouded river and the spell of it all came upon her and helped.

And so we began our little daily round, Blanche soon got to teaching the remnant of colony school and I to any jobs assigned me by our still energetic Weybright; Taylor had retired to the surer haven of his close by ranch and cattle and Weybright took his place as directing manager of the work.

Things were getting pretty bad, with flitting members and dissentious.

Once we had sent some of our men and teams to Bakersfield 100 miles south and Westervelt was one of them, they were working on the many irrigating canals to be fed from the Kern river and it seemed a good chance to earn some outside money. We had word after a while through Westervelt that one or two of the teamsters planned to seize their horses and equipment, the claim being based on the fact that they had turned them in, in lien of cash on membership account.

This was the first of several such demands, hardly to be wondered at under the circumstances, when men had perhaps put in their all and given time to boot. However in justice to the rest, it couldn't be allowed and I went there by train (the first of many later trips mostly overland by wagon) and remember walking the mile or so of unbuilt-over country between Kern and Bakersfield, later to become one continuous town and called East and West Bakersfield and one municipality. We had to try the case in the local court and won it and got the teams home, despite threats of ambuscade which were well in keeping with the reputation of that early day and place.

My personal share of the spoil was some witness fees and mileage but even the payment of that was postponed lack of immediate funds in the local treasury.

My recollections of Bakersfield faded for a dozen years or so until we took up the trail again and found the years and a lively oil boom had worked great changes and improvement, changes one is glad to note which have been continuously going on, and certainly improvements.

Back in Kaweah we hung our little tin can on the oak by the road to be filled daily with colony milk, a few chickens were acquired and gave us eggs. The small garden took shape and fruit trees and vines went in to be nursed along with scanty water. Sometimes something would be traded for pigs and an occasional killing would give us pork and also rifle brought venison, which was shared.

But we had our troubles, culminating one evening when Belle Weybright came to say that Haskell had come up from Visalia with the early colonist who had turned in the printing outfit and intended to sieze it next day. By this time I had been elected chairman of the Board of Trustees; capital T mind you! The plan developed for two or three to smuggle the lot to the sanctuary of the park; the slough and the river had to be crossed. Als Dick and rig was our only available means of transportation so we spent a busy night dismanthing the engine, presses and equipment and got it safely over and housed, Belle helping gaily all the time.

Blanche at her school in the hall opposite next morning, reported the descent from Arcady of Haskell and his myrmidous with revolvers in evidence but the legal mind held away and they disappeared, later going Visalia ward and we went about our jobs awaiting developments.

They came in the form of a fast two horse livery rig carrying deputy sheriff Fred Hall who was known to some of us, as were several other valley blades, through attendance at colony dances.

He carried warrants for grand larceny for Uncle John, Burt Hopping and me, there being no secrecy as to the abductors and receivers of the stolen goods. Uncle John and I made our hasty preparations and we started on the quickest of trips to Visalia, short of motor methods. About three miles out we passed Burt coming up with a team, greeted him but did not disclose his identity to Hall who drove serenely by his third victim. On the outskirts of Visalia he considerately as he supposed, suggested we get out and walk in, "people don't like being seen with me, you know," and we acquiexed, rather reluctantly for with

little in our pockets the prospect of a restaurount meal at county expense was not bad. That afternoon there was a perfunctory interview with the judge who issued the warrant, "he was sorry, and would never have done it, had he known all the facts," but we would have to appear again on a set day and turned in loose to feed and get ourselves the thirty miles home as best we might.

On the appointed day there was another trip, a slight questioning of witnesses and prompt dismmssal of the case and so ended my first and last appearance in the leading role at a criminal court, with not even the salve of day pay and mileage, as a witness.

Seeing the sort of thing which would continue to happen and anxious to wind up decently and in order we induced ourLos Angeles legal friend, who had acted so well for us in the federal tiiber cutting case and who would probably be called upon later to defend our trustees, to attach all our moveable property to satisfy his unpaid bills.

Of course Haskell and Co fought it and Blanche and I had a Visalia vacation. Testifying I think it was then, in answer to a question, I said from the witness chair, "about a fortnight" Mr. Martin comes quickly to the rescue, "he means two weeks, your Honour."

Our man won his case and we arranged to deliver a lot of heavy machinery to Visalia.

The river was in flood and no bridge or ferry and I went to the ford to watch Burt cross it with a four horse team. Ralph came along on horse back and we had an exciting time. Part way across the wagon struck a boulder and the horses which were immorsed so they could get no good pull, began to cramp in the snow water; first one went down, with Burt along the wagon tongue to cut it loose, its head would go under and then come up with a great snort for breath Ralph had gone on the wagon to see it over and both boys were soon in, cutting loose and unhooking the struggling team. They got them free but Burt was washed down to the shoal below and I rode in on Ralphs horse. and we went out, then a hand to Ralph and it was all over, but the wagon still stranded in the ford.

We had another try next day with six, but during the hitching up process delayed by flood water, my mount buckled up with cramp, others followed and we abandoned it again, until a falling river allowed the wagon to pass. It looks an innocent stream as we cross it on a bridge now, but it could rampage in season as Californian rivers will. Colony life was about over but there were a few outside debts which we wished paid so there should be no reproach on Kaweahs name.

Mr. Cassidy and three of four others went to Lemon Cove and worked on an irrigating canal and Eestervelt and I took a job of plowing and seeding a neighbours ranch to settle a black smith bill, Mr. Martin had kept things fairly closely paid up so our financial reputation was left clean. Then it was over and it was up to our hands to attend to the rest.

With our little home as a base we got along very nicely, for the neighbours were kindly and if cash payments for work were scarce there was generally barter of sorts to be arranged; the

term "cash money" became obvious under such conditions Blanche and I could go to Bartons apple ranch and peel and dry apples "on shares", or I could make culls up into cider or vinegar stock, at their water wheel driven press and crusher and take fruit which Blanche canned in Mason jars for winter consumption so we generally managed to have a supply of one or two hundred quarts of canned peaches, apricots, plums and berries.

Then I found cash work at Strauns ranch, clearing a big sand bar of trees and stumps and Blanche came noons bringing lunch and by the light of her countenance rest and recuperation.

We early demonstrated the truth of the saying that two can live cheaper than one, with the reservation that they be the right kind of two.

The social side of our condition made few changes. Still the neighbours flocked to dances which kept up to the small hours, they came miles from scattered mountain ranches, the children were tucked into improvised bunks as they each succumbed to Morphens, while the mothers and husbands kept it going, the square dances were "called" by a floor manager with quaint disregard to the French names of some of the movements, "dosedo" being treated much as, "swing your partners" and with similar vigour.

The community picnic was never a strictly colony affair and was improvised in suitable weather at some favourite spot which could never be far from river and bathing.

The ranchers and their wives drove in, bringing the big ice cream freezers, to be filled with plentiful milk and crean sugar and vanilla flavoring; while elaborate layer cakes, baked beans and sandwiches made a solid meal, contributed to by all.

Then the men took snow, the result of a trip to snow line and transported by pack saddle for the occasion, mixed coarse cattle salt with it and packed it round the containers, then the custard prepared by the women was poured in and the crank was manned; woe to the unlicky might shoulc salty water reach the cold contents.

Never have I seen children consume such quantities there always seemed to be plenty and it was good food, wholesome and adopted to our temperatures.

There would be swimming and diving and generally a horse shoe pitching contest or two going on and sometimes a primitive ball game.

Then dishes would be washed and packed, spans hitched to spring wagon and home in time for a late milking, Winter evening entertainments at the hall were organized with no lack of variety in talent and much good fun. Later we became more sophisticated and organised a "Literary society" with meetings at Three Rivers school house. A happening came near occurring at one of these gatherings, typical of the times and country.

It's a wild story and I will try and recall some of its incidents. The Southern Pacific railroad organisation, was at this time a much disliked company, some killing by hired gun fighters in ousting settlers from a disputed land called Mussels slough, high non competitive freight charges and a political power which was more than suspect in the halls of legislation, made the name S. P. Anathema in the minds of the common people.

They have lived it all down very nicely now and probably have a hard time making ends meet, what with Santa Fe the Railroad commission and the motor truck.

So when three certain men Yclept Lontag and Evans held up a train on the plains of Tulare County and got away with a goodly sway, but no lives lost, they received little condemnation and indeed in certain quarters in our neighbourhood where they were personally known, commendation might have been the taier word. Evans was a respected man with wife and family in Visalia and I never heard what started him out. With a posse on their heels, he and Lontag took to the hills a bit north of us and report had it, found aid and succor there. So much so, that though routed from hole to hole they eluded persuit for weeks. The enemy was crafty however and a supposed friend was planted in the Evans home who one day sent the sheriffs office something like the cryptic message in Westward Ho, "Mister Carey, be you wary at deer park end tonight, if Irish fox come out of rocks, gryp and hold him tight".

Poor Evans was weary of being a hunted man in wild mountains and was coming out to visit his family as theyguessed he finally would and planned accordingly.

So when two heavily armed men came down a foothill trail in the glooming they were greeted by shots from an old log cabin near by; bot were wounded and they dropped behind a manure pile and the rifle fighting was on. One of the posse was badly hit at the corner of the cabin but the light failed and perhaps the attackers courage, to rush them; but both were further, wounded and Evans slipped away in the dark.

Sontag was taken when firing ceased and brought to Visalia and next day word came from a distant cabin, Evans was there, one eye gone and a smashed arm.

[illegible]

So they went up and brought him in and patched him up, but they eye was a total loss and the arm had to be amputated near the wrist. Then came trial and San Quentin and oblivion as one supposed. On second thought my story begins wrongly; there were two brothers Sontag, suspect in the train robbery and the trail of blood begins at Chris Evans house. George Sontag was first invited to come over to the sheriffs office and arrived unsuspectingly, they three being back in Visalia with the idea all was well; in fact some held they were innocent of the charge.

He was taken and two deputies drove out to Evans house, one stepped to the door and asked his daughter if Evans was in, not getting a satisfactory reply he is reported to have made an insulting remark when Chris jumped forward and shot him. The other fled, wounded I think and Evans and John Sontog took to the mountains and then followed the hunt. We never heard that any loot, which was large, was ever found but it was a long time ago, memory may twist detail and this is based on newspaper accounts and local conversation.

The next chapter is when a friendly waiter took a special meal in to the prison but under the cloth were revolvers; the thing was trimed right when there were few warders; the waiter joined forces and three armed men walked out of the gaol leaving

kumnkeys locked in behind; a rig was commandeered and it was to the hills again.

Chris had one good eye and could still shoot over his amputated stump so alarums and excursions continued. One bloody battle occurred during this or perhaps the earlier episode, at a spot they called Stone Corral.

Indian trailers had been hired and I remember seeing them when in Visalia once, as a posse was making up; The hunters don't seem to have been as well informed or cautious as the occasion demanded and walked up to a mountain cabin only to have the door thrown open and bullets to fly; there was taking to cover and the upshot was two killed, some wounds and a clean getaway.

There were more skirmishes and stories of warm camp fires just hastily deserted as pursuit was hotly pressed but the new alby seemed not the same tough stock and Evans was weakened by exposure and privation and decided to give up.

Out Literary was nearly his best when on a down trip to be taken to town he was tucked away at one of the nearly ranches for the day and started out in the evening with Jason Barton.

Seeing the tied rigs and lights in the school house he asked what was on and wanted to come in and gain us but was dissuaded and so the notorious bandit passed too in the night and we never saw him. Evans finally became a decile trusty, but the tragedy was not over for the Sontags, there was another desperate jail break, with the excaped cornered and badly shot up, some deaths, I believe and no excapes and the end of the brothers is unknown to me.

A curious combination, our peaceful life in the hills and the bloodshed going on so near. The same kind of thing happened in Bakersfield later but before our life there, with bandit fights and loss of life among families we were later to know. They were not so wild or the stories so desperate as really occurred earlier in the middle states, but bad enough and much calming water of civilaztion had run under the bridges of the modern frontier of our day.

At the Literary there were debates, music, recitations and discussions and we got to know a wider circle including some South Forkers.

With our modest scale of living and constant work at something, affairs became easier.

We were very welcome residents on the little plot of land but owned no title to it.

The Redstone Park friends were now owners and began in a small way to take city friends and acquaintances as boarders and guide some of them into the splendid domain above us. They were well adapted for this and began to work up quite a connection, took a portner and Broder and Hopping began to appear on Park folders as official guides and caterers.

Ralph throughout, steadily kept up his beetle collecting and correspondence with world ridge entomologists which knowledge stood him in good stead in later life and made us quites, in the exchange of the flags we lived under for after the war the Canadian government selected him as the one man qualified by practical forestry and technical entomological knowledge to deal with insect devastation in the forests of the Northwest over a large district. Then there was the land to till and teaming to

do. Blanche and I stayed at the Park while I helped them build a large barn and could readily have worked to a share in their business had we wished. But we were inclined to go on our own and after a while there was a prospect of a little one to think about.

The following spring I went ahead to Tulare, found work at a new fruit packing plant and arranged residence with our friends the Barbours; he was absent in his business a good deal andI could milk their cow and do useful things about the place and they had plenty of room. Blanche met me in Visalia and our summer in Tulare began.

It was a prosaic affair of steady occupation at the packing house where I learned much of the detail of large scale fruit drying and processing. Finding me handy with tools and becoming rather a protege of Mr. Buxton the manager, I was given the more interesting jobs af laying tracks and building trolleys for the system of hand railroads for running the stocks of trays of dried fruit from sulphuring houses and about the drying yard, also prune dipping gadgets in season and then the raisin grading implements. The wages of the day were on a low scale and I received no higher than the rest but the work was more varied and Mr. Buxton saw to it I had no lost time during shut downs, when one went to his garden and most of the pay was velvet for us with Blanches economical housekeeping and no rent to pay. Fruit too was amazingly cheap, apricots delivered at $12 per ton, the finest of great peaches $5 per ton and lovely Muscat grapes thrown on flat cars with scoop shovels at $4.50 for winerary consumption. We would trundle out to a nearby winyard with a little wagon and wash tub on a Sunday and bring in a tempting variety of wine and table grapes for a soup. The Jersey gave more than enough for all hands and we essayed a home made cheese with poor success and we met some nibee people.

Like so many of the mountain folk we had gradually acquired a rather unjustified contempt for the dwellers of the valley, the nearest denizens were dubbed "swampers" while along the foothill thermal belt, the new coming citrus industry earned the dwellers the name of "lemon gloummers. They recaprocated by chrisewing us "poison oakers", a malicious shrub with baleful effect on some who did not much more than look upon it, while I fortunately seemed immune and could grub and handle it with impunity.

The days were somewhat longer and hotter than in the hills but not much and we found people the same at either place and a friendly lot. We had come out to be near a doctor and found a nice one, a home path.

Mr. Buxton took a human interest and I easily arranged absence; the evening before the event Blanche walked to town with me,continuing the active habit which was her wont, whe had kept house energetically even in the valley heat.

The good neighbour who came from our canyon to be with us, had been one of the original Swiss red cross nurses, a beautiful character. And in due time our little Gurth arrived. All went well with mother and babe and after a while Anna returned to the mountains and we soon formd it would be better all round to have our own quarters found them at the house of another doctor who was later to cross our lives again under more difficult circumstances.

We had picked our little ones old Laxon name before his coming but had "it been a girl I can think of nothing better than another Mary Blanche.

The fruit season finished at last and we looked forward to returning to the little home in the hills.

There we kept our little one with us only nine months. As my father wrote us, time deals kindly with these griefs, a saying diffient of comprehension at the time but still true. We had a short visit from Blanche's brother Spencer, on his return to Tasmania after a trip to England; there was a pleasant time together and Ralph took hin up the colony raad as far as the pines and they treed two bear bubs at Watsons springs.

He proceeded on his way content, we think, perhaps a little surprised to happen on the arranging for the purchase of so small a thing as a Community ice cream freezer, which truly, after the more ambitious but abortive attempt I had come out to help futher, was rather a drop.

Taylor and his wife, were our nearest neighbours and good ones, for the colony center of activity was now abandonded. He appeared one day and spoke thus. "Lets take a ditch out of the North Fork above Arcady down to my place and it will give you all the water you want above this house".

"Sam will give $100 towards flume lumber and hire a man to help on the job".

Sam was the land owning old cattle man whose ranch abutted Kaweah on the north and whose old race track piece of land of about twenty acres was the largest fairly level and partly cleared land in the canyon, but dry. He was a taciturn man who lived on "boughten" bacon, potatoes, coffee and flapjacks, the customary batch diet, although he had plenty of hogs, a fenced garden and orchard plot and cattle galore, but this type don't milk cows much, nor potter with a garden; The Lord only knows what he did do, for I doubt if he could read well enoughto get much even from a newspaper.

Report had it that when a valley sister came up to visit and on leaving said, " Now Sam, I've put up plenty of fruit for you all the winter", all the thanks she got was "Yes, and used up all the sugar in the house".

Now Taylor was wily and knew if we once got well started on such a project, we would'nt take our hands from the plow and $100 "cash money" loaned large in those days and although we owned no rod of ground for our own, yet it would be good to see so mucn brought to use and even unpaid work was welcome at such times. So it was talked over and it was for me away to work and probably the woman to weep some days and I had the easy end of it as usual.

Taylor and I ran the survey from entrance at a selected river point to his ranch boundary and got an idea what obstructions had to be crossed in ravines, cuts, rock piles and cliffs.

It would be about three miles long and would chiefly benefit Halstead in point of improveable land though Redstone Park had a long stretch over rougher country.

Then the Park boys were approached, saw the advantages to all and agreed to chip in, work on it with men and team and haul the redwood lumber from the valley, Atwell Mill not running at this time.

All that winter we strove with teams plows and the V tool that leveled the grade like a road the width of ditch and bank and then a narrower one to throw out all the dirt if would, to be completed with shovels.

This was over ground on which teams could work and those active mountain horses could get about on most; twitching and twisting great bush out of the rain sodden ground from the right of way. As the line was staked every twenty feet or oftener, with the requisite fall of one inch to the 100 feet the rock crew could procede and with crowbar, pick and shovel deal with the looser stuff and on the solid ledges, sledges, drills and giant powder, did the loosening. With a congenial lot of men, working together for a good end it was halisome work and one slept well at night.

Across the gulleys, over bare river granite, too hard to ditch and on cliffy places too steep, went the redwood flume; this was my job later with an assistant and we built a lot of flume, being in a jurry for water, but most of it has been wisely converted to ditch since, as time went on and I can see now, how concrete could solve many proglems permanently, too slow and expensive then.

But the old ditch has done nobly, thanks to intelligent care, so that the longer it is well used the better it will be and it has been by for the most practical and helpful bit of community effort the canyon has seen. Of course with Taylors driving force behind, it could not fail to get through; for some of us worked almost unknowingly back from the mew order of our dreams to a return to the old we had left.

Ours was an easy and almost imperceptible transition from a system where rent interest and profit was taboo and the capitalist anathema, back to the competition of the past and the present.

But what would you? when in Rome, do as Rome dees, the devil take the hindmost and root hog or die, are sayings which have their applications.

I am too far along the trail now to be dogmatic on methods and must leave it to the young Russian communist to say theirs is the only way of salvation for this earth. With their one sixth of the land surface and teening millions of population, the great experiment can be worked on a sufficiently large scale to make a fair test. So I say, more power to their elbows and may they have a square deal and find a willingness in our side to meet them more than half way on offers such as general disarmament. The greatest good for the greatest number should be the ultimate goal for any system of the one that demonstrates results more quickly and efficiently will not need other propaganda to obtain enthusiastic support.

Our Russian friends seem to be trying hard for this and should go far if they will bear in mind also, that life is more than breed. For ourselves we are filled with gratitude and content for what has come to us in this pleasant land where sunshine abounds and such rewards as we have, come after years of effort and perseverance; we would not change.

We worked all the winter and spring and just got water through in a hasty and unfinished way which caused endless trouble in breaks and supply, until later it was almost made over,

but we piped our pressure water to the house, a great convenience after bringing it in buckets from the spring in the gulley.

But we did not stay long to use it then, for a wage less time made it necessary to get money, so we acquired a tent and made ready to take a job in a lemon orchard at Lemon Cove about twelve miles down.

Previous to this however and as soon as the coming of irrigation water, made orchard thoughts possible, the urge for owning some land became strong; we always wanted to become independent of working for others for wages and thought growing apples about as likely a way as any, for there were two or three rather good lots in the canyon. Mr. Purdy had just bought allittle land from Halstead and we followed suit, beginning with about four acres, adjoining his. Of course we had to pay more than dry land prices now it was irrigable, but at that, the price he asked was very anoderate so we agreed to it and tried to forget the fact I had enhanced the price by way free work.

Having a start in land and water, we wangled yearling apple trees from another neighbour I had worked for and set them out. Blanche's brother Bert came out to us about this time and would care for them in our absence. The newly acquired land was about half a mile up the road from Merrington and the beginning of a once area of apple and citrus growth in later years.

I think it was by this time Taylor sold us for $20 the tough little filly, rising there, we christened Daisy and she will appear constantly from now onward, also we bungled a second hand buckboard just put in good order by a Tulare blacksmith. In fact were I to go to Kaweah now I know where to find the familiar remains to that venerable one hoss shay, not yet gone to dust. So we got our equipment to Lemon Cove and Bert could take Daisy and the rig back and go to batching, while we settled in our tent and a deserted adobe but, which some said had seen Indian fighting in early days.

Our lodging was under a big oak, close to the road and just across from the hundred acre lemon and grape fruit orchard called the Ohio ranch.

I worked on this from six to six with an hour off at noon, through a particularly hot summer, so much so the horses at times seemed unable to persfire and almost colapsed. We got along fairly well but craved ice and hit on the plan of making ice cream and lemonade, putting out a sale sign. We had the stage bring ice and I could make a batch for the day and Blanche supply the rather scarce patrons travelling the hot road. We didn't expect to make much profit but more than paid expenses and it felt worth a kings ransom to have my dear come to the fence, with a big saucer and glass of lemonade tinkling with ice as one come down a row of trees across from our fence. It was this sign which lured in Fred Savage, one hot day. He was tramping his way to have a look at Kaweah, being an English and member, and on his way further north after an extended stay at Topolobampe, Mexico. We knew ofit well as a large scale attempt to clear, irrigate and cultivate a vast concession in Sinaloa, cooperatively on similar lines to ours, and he knew it better, from a long and hard experience. A little conversation soon convinced Blanche, that here was a man I must meet,

so induced him to stop that night and we talked hard.

Then we sent him on up to Bert and when he returned, it was to get a job in Lemon Cove and we planned to pool our resources and extend our orchard enterprise together. And so it went, through the summer and autumn. Fred would come over some Sundays and we talked everything over; he sent to England for some savings and with my pay we were able to negotiate a further purchase of the race tract land on which there was clearing to be done by Bert.

As soon as we returned to Kaweah we arranged a form of partnership to fit conditions; Blanche and I by virtue of holdings already established took a two fifth interest and Fred and Bert divided the remaining three fifths equally; all outside earnings were to be pooled and the common find to supply housekeeping and ranch outlays.

Purely personal expense for clothing we were charged against each of partner with the tacit understanding each should draw as lightly as possible against the general purse until the five or six lean years of no fruit crop was over.

We knew we were up against a long wait with plenty of outlay ahead, once we assumed the role of orchardists. There was alwyas the idea of acquiring more land as fast as we were able and I am glad to say it was paid for as we bought it. Then fencing materials to be obtained, another horse, double harness, plowes, harrow teeth (I made the frame) cultivators shovels, mattocks, picks axes and many inconsidered trivles, a two horse wagon later and barn to build in which to house them.

Fred soon got a better paid stone masons job building a large lemon cellar for the Ohio Lemon Company and Bert, struck a little building. (Afterwards managed by our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Yoreman). One or the others generally managed to get some cash work and there was always plenty to do on the land. There was brush on some of it, gulleys to be filled in and oaks to be cut down or grubbed, the trunks split into posts or pickets for fencing and the rest worked into stove wood. Mr. Cassidy soon became established in a shake cabin on the orchard and relieved us of a lot of that.

We would climb up our trees, cut them in lengths and snake" them to the fence next the road.

Snaking consists in passing a chain round, hocking on a span of horses and away you go, dragging log or binbs on the ground. So with the fence lived from end to end and piled as high so we could put it, he soon had a steady job converting it into stove wood and fire place chunks to be corded. We paid him by the cord so he worked as he pleased, but many were the demands he made on me for"set, more set" to his cross cut saw. He had no skill in the use of tools and any kind of deep cut would bind his saw; about the only remedy he knew was the spreading of the cutting teeth to make a wider kerf. His strong points were tenacity and industry. He kept some chicken which roamed about the orchard and one of his functions seemed to be to walk to Merrington, after we were home from a hard days work and tell us there was a break in the ditch, some where, which much must be stopped lests the bank wash out badly and less of precious water. Occassionally his roar would be heard at night.

A small boy visited the cabin one day and said "Mr. Cassidy what makes you have a fire there". "To cook with of course, you silly boy" Yes, but what makes you have it up there", The roof was alight, thr roar resounded, neighbours came a running and the cabin was saved.

That winter we enlarged the ditch, took out sections of flume, built rock retaining walls and made ditch in its place, also we cleared some of the river bottom land which came with part of our land buys, grubbing out the big swamp oaks so as to get the ground ready for alfalfa, for hay and pasture for the horses. There was generally some paid county road work to be had each spring to recondition them.

Then we kept a special job for wet days at the right season. We wished to raise as many young trees as possible and have our own nursery. So we sent East for special apple seedlings we cut selected bunches of scions from neighbours orchards.

Then the four of us would gather near the stove on which our pot of grafting wax was heating, two would make the splice joint of tapering root to about three inches of scion, while the third tied and waxed and the fourth read aloud. The joined members were put in a bucket of water, then to be "heeled in" out in the garden and later to be set in nursery rows to be grown a year there with care and the spring after planted in permanent place in orchard. We produced all we needed after the first buyings and had some surplus for sale but the low prices of these days would make the present nursery mans hair stand on end. The main thing was, we were successful in choice of varieties, did not make the mistake of trying for two many commercial kinds and with constant care in all operations of prunning watering and cultivation, we after years of effort produced a set of orchards which became a feature of the locality and after being added to and greatly improved by Savage and his sons with some orange acre age as well, they make an attractive sight along the road, which for a long time was the only route to the Giant Forest and back country.

We began to see and get acquainted with other neighbours, widely scattered, of course. There were two little groups of the unusuals, quite apart from the colony; the Kaweah river appears to have had attractions for such souls.

The nearest was about four miles further up the North Fork; first you came to the Davis ranch, another opening out of the canyon into wider flats, alfalfa land and a small orchard with numbers of great fig trees, flourishing in the sun with the water of the irrigating ditch babbling at their toes. The owner was an elderly Englishman from Kent an ex mason who had been in the gold fields of Australia and its sheep runs, he had run sheep also in California during two or three trips here and finally settled in this discure and attractive spot and with his friend and partner Walter Draddock, ran cattle and hogs in the surrounding hills of which they owned considerable a creage. He was aboout the only man who had surphes money and let some out to a certain few; a just and good hearted man. Walter also English was liked by all and very justly for he was as upright in character as in figure, they were both batchelors and lived together when we first came, but Walter owned a homestead just above, and built and moved there later. He was always sympathetic to our colony,

being a broadminded man and his kindly nature attracted several friends with widely varying esoteric and religious beliefs who made the ranch as place of pleasant refuge and meeting, gave it a home atmosphere which suited him and were a generally aniable and intelligent lot. We used to drive up the road some Sundays, there were never too many and the conversation always ran on high and interesting levels. The other group, were away up a side branch of the East Fork, they were members of a seat calling themselves the "Home of Truth" with a form of spititual self healing. Their little place was in the edge of the pines under the wing of a kindly rancher who raised fine quality apples under great difficulties of temperatures and transportation Blanche and I visited around there one time, she riding on a donkey, with me on foot, they were all very kind and hospitable; we were able to reciprecate at Kaweah and learned to know and like members of whom we hear, or who cross our path in later life.

That jaunt was quite an extended one considering our limitations, for after our side trip from the Atwell Mill road, we continued on through the mill grounds with its associations and places to be pointed out, on the seven miles further to Mineral King, an old mining camp above timber line.

This place was reminiscent of a stremious week end several of us took when working at the Mill, colony days. Nothing but an excess of vigor would have tackled that stunt, we put in the usual Saturday with the timber, struck out for Mineral King after supper on foot, turned into improvesed beds in empty cabins and beastly cold it was and next day, Sunday, a party of us took the long trail and climb to snow topped "Saw tooth" a 13000 foot peak of that shape. On the way up we passed over two or three acres of crimson snow, something I had read of as having been found by Artic explorers but read of as having been found by artic explorers but have only seen at one other spot in the High Sierras, a slope on Mount Whitney; our highest peak.

It is a very bright red, apparently penetrating to all depths and permeating the whole with the stain, it is caused by a microscopic fungus I believe, and we snowballed with it just like other snow, it was extremely local even there. Well, we gained the top at last and I bestrid the highest rock on the 9th of August or the birthday of my fiancee and as I sat there a glistening bird bullet shot by my ear, a humming bird far afield but going at a pace which would soon bring it somewhere else.

Going down was easier, Al and I took charge of Mrs. Westervelt part way and tore her down those long slopes of decomposed granite at a pace which made her cry for less. Then getting off the steepest slopes we pelted down the brush lined trail at dusk and had some supper of sorts in camp. But two or three of the party did not come in so at last Westervelt and I started back trail and did a good way up again before gun shots called us and we found we had passed an double trails. We were back on the job in time for Monday morning, work but I fear Jim had a slow partner. Blanche and I used a similar cabin and one morning decided to go further afield, up the trail over Farewell Gap to the head waters of the Little Kern,

carrying our all on the "burro". Arriving in the late afternoon at a nice pool, we took a quick plunge in that rig water just fed from the snow banks we had crossed and I caught some small lively and delicious trout; we made our supper and eked out scanty bedding with pine needles. More fish in the morning and back over the pass which always seemed to have wind blowing in both directions. The scheery was very rugged and the whole thing was a great experience.

We camped in an old barn at Kain's Flat and Mr. Burro decided to fall on his knees coming down River hill, piling Blanche off, but with no harm done.

It was around this time that Taylor was motified to appear as one of the dependants in the Federal timber case at Los Angeles. Not knowing what might be done to his hardly acquired property in the event of conviction he deeded the whole outright to Walter Braddock and me knowing full well it would be given back when the proper time came. Fortunately our Mr. Dillon, other lawyer, was able to convince the judge on the merits of the case and it was at last dismissed.

The home work went right on and the little sticks which Blanche wondered at us potential apple trees, began to take shape and size.

Part of one winter I went to help construct the present station of Augiola on the Santa Fe railway which was building south and was near Tulare Lake.

Fred went with me and tool box but there was no feed to be had when we arrived in the evening and poor Daisy had to be turned loose and wondered away over that flat country so Fred spent all next day hunting her and had to stay an extra night while I was away the boys earned a horse by the name of Peggy, from Jesse Davis by cutting wood for him.

It was at a long period when Blanche and I were at home alone, that one evening He accidently took place what recessilated crutches of air, at her urgen I request I omit all occount of this painfull happening.

We neither of us can pass by this time of stress however without due testimony being given to the wonderful help and affection given by devoted friends and neighbours.

It was a horseback accident of a severity requiring amputation and we were twenty four miles from a doctor in premotor days. Taylor started with his good team to Exeter at once thatevening and by daylight was back bringing Doctor Dunyan. He wished further advice and assistance and Burt Hopping went to Visalia and finding none there, on to Tulare and our Mr. Thompson with whom we had previously stayed, and they came at once with whom we had previously stayed, and they came at once as fast as horses could bring them.

There was a student doctor in the higher mountains for his health, a friend of Dr. Dungans and Ralph took Saddle horse and an extra and brought him in.

Anna Davis, Kate and Mrs. Purdy were on hand and others only waiting to render what assistance then should be called upon to give. With a grateful testimony for kindly anasthetics, the skilful work was done and the two doctors had to return to their practices.

We paid as soon as we could, what their bills called for

and I cannot remember the amounts but we do know how the smallness of those charges reflected the goodness of their hearts and the practical sympathy they showed in our hour of trial.

As for Dr. Lindley Wright, he said "I will stay if you wish"; so he was given the athic for sleep and I blessed him presence.

After that things moved quickly and our second little boy came soon and mercifully, and began his life by sleeping quietly for weeks in the little baby buggy near the stove tended lovingly by kind neighbours hands and nursed by his mother.

Our Anna, the Swiss nurse, had married Jessie Davis, some of the courtship had taken place at Merrington and we were the partial beneficiaries of baskets of fine fruit. He again came to the rescue and our first cow, black Bossie, was a present from her husband, at this anxious time. After convalescence began and Anna had to return to the ranch up river. Mrs. Purdy kindness and that of the whole family can never be forgotten, while the whole neighbour hood strove to show their good feeling.

Even old Mr. Green, from of river, normally carrying a grouch which extended the whole gamut, from a Creator (which he didn't admit) to humanity as a whole and hiw neighbours in particular; he came bringing home made butter and good wishes for the invalid and baby.

I had worked for him and knew his "Damn God" which had so scandalized me at the time, went only skin deep. And with all the kindness came the sawing mercy of the continued well doing of the dear boy, which has been constant to this day.

During the corvalescence I worked part of the time at the Braddock ranch, riding there on Daisy and coming home nights. The mother and babe making good progress under Mrs. Purdys kind care.

We had not been prepared with a name for our second and debated for and con over the greestion, the young doctor heard us and said one day, if you can't do any better, name him after me; we were very grateful to him for his kindness and good offices and gladly consented, so Lindley it was, one of the very few we have came across with that name.

It was the following September when we were back at Merrington, my dear had resumed the use of those long ago discarded crutches and the little one was prospering micly, that we had word Blanche's cousin Minnie was coming from England to meet her fiancie out west, and could the wedding be celebrated with us?

I doubt if any of them quite realized our limited capacity and quarters for such an undertaking but any one from England was more than welcome and at the day and time appointed, Daisy and the buckboard made tye trip to Exeter, met her, send a telegram to British Columbia notifying her intended of safe arrival and back to Kaweah.

There were a few days interval and a minister was engaged to come to the canyon for the ceremony. It was on Admission Day that Minnie and I drove to Lemon Cove to meet the bridegroom, and after the first greetings he told me that owing to the public holiday he had been unable to procure the necessary license.

Knowing the ministers coming the next morning would be useless without it, the pair proceeded in the livery rig to Kaweah while Daisy and I continued Visalia ward on my third marriage license errand.

I was fortunate in finding an obliging deputy who came to the rescue and after a good feed of barley, tough little Daisy did the remainder of her sixty mile ttek under that hot September sun and cool night and all was well. The next event which broke into the routine of orchard work and ranch improvements came for us in what was a prelude to other moves.

Some local capitalists conceived the idea of harnessing Kaweah waters for development of electrical power. There had been some citrus growing, beginning at Lemon Cove (hence its name) at the entrance to our canyon and it had proved its feasibility as a large commercial industry. All the lowfoothills and part way into the plains were polential citrus territory waiting only a reliable power for the jumping of irrigation water most of the gravity water of the country having been annexed and distributed long before.

And the name of Wishom began to be spoken of in connection with the interprises.

They began with a canal taken out of the Main river a bit below "danger rock".

I got a job, with a tent and batched, walking home, Saturday evenings, the advantages in batching being that it carried an extra fifty cents a day, which with contributions of cooked food such as Blanche supplied meant a saving of use ful coin for the orchard.

All that fall and winter we blasted the hard river granite and loosened up gravel and hard pan, which the mules and scrapers removed from the big ditch. Toward the spring as the work got nearer the mouth of the canyon, Blanche came down and we had rooms in part of a ranch house and it was here she entertained Mary Pohot and her papoose in its tight case, at tea. She was a full blooded Indian, wife of an Indian teamster I had worked with on the ditch and a good driver he was.

Then too we got to see more of our acquaintances of adobe days, the Foremans and their growing family. Very fine folks they were. Foremans father, a navy officer, lost with Admiral Tryon in the ill fated Victory and himself slated for a medical career and running off to sea (or being sent there) but after much adventuring settling under Mrs. Foreman's benigen Canadian influence in California surroundings, to fruit growing and a managers position in two Lemon Cove citrus groves

The canal was never completed nor had water run through its length.

However the plan seemed to take hold of the vision of practical moneyed men, for the next thing we heard was that the "Mount Whitney Power Co. "proposed to take the water from the East Fork of the Kaweah, up which the Mineral King road ran build seven miles of flume round the mountain side and drop the water to a power house on the Main river and A G Wishous name appeared again a promise of work, it was he procured me the Angiola job. We had added more area to the orchard land and the trees were getting along well so that one or two at home

could keep things looked after.

So Blanche and I made plans; Lindley was running about and quite active, and we hied us into the higher mountains again. There were plenty of teams going up and down the familiar road to take our equipment and our wants were simple.

At first we stayed at the old ranch house at Oak Grove, on the opposite side of the gorge across from which the head of the flume was to start.

As soon as possible however we hired a neighbours team to bring from Atwell Mill certain material which Burt Hopping and I had worked out from a fallen redwood and had used partly for barn building and at Kaweah.. On Sundays and in spare time I split shakes four feet long, about six inches wide and half an inch or so thick and built a cabin 12x12 feet, setting it on a sloping knoll above the road and under some oaks.

This was our home all that fall and winter and later another summer; the view of the mountains all round us was very fine and there was a lot of activity during those construction days.

We wanted to make our house moveable, so I hand ripped all the 2x4 framing and tacked it together again, even the rafters very divided in the same way so the whole thing could be taken apart in four foot sections.

Then when the little square erection was up and the rough board floor in, Blanche papered the walls, hung curtains and draped our plushette portiere material plentifully about where most needed. We set up the stove, installed bed, table and chairs andour home was complete. The tent outside was used chiefly as a storeroom. Burt came up later and stayed at mens quarters at Oak Grove but during a sick spell Blanche had him withus, so that she could look after him better and we got along well enough, even in those limited spaces. We had snow in winter at that elevation but not very deep or lasting and wood was plentiful.

Water was not convenient and had to be brought in pails from a near by gulch.

That Christmas, we being the representatives of family life among a camp of men, Blanche had a nice little fir tree brought from Atwell Mill by one of the teamsters, we placed decorated and lighted it and all hands came to the cabin by instalments to gaze thereipon and exchange amenities, have small refreshments and retire in favour of the next batch; the place was too little to hold more than two or three extra at a time, but we all got a touch of the seasons festivity out of it including Lindley who played about the place, looked after a bit by the men, so that he kept out of harns way, coming in between meals for "cold hot cakes", that being his name for his favourite "piecing" diet; while Blanche managed somehow to produce the same varied sort of meals we favoured and got the news from up and down the Canyon and letters from home occasionally. Such of our Kaweah neighbours as had teams were lured to take supplies to the mill and a stream of redwood lumber soon began to come from that busy and renovated place.

The management had set themselves a task such as we thought could never be done in the time, having memories of our own struggles against the odds of fearsome roads,old machinery and

inadequate funds. They began in late August and had it in mind to cut and transport sufficient redwood lumber, heavy from the saw, down the ten miles of rugged mountain road to Oak Grove before winter snows shut the mill and roads down.

Incidentally, to get all that material across the deep granite gorge of the river, build the seven miles flume, pipe the 1300 foot drop to a power house which had to be started from the raw. Get the dynamos and heavy elestrical generating, machinery from the nearest railroadsthirty miles away over mountain road, install it and build transmission lives of forty or fifty miles, when long distance carrying of power by wire was in its infancy.

All this to be in use for the coming summer pumping demand expected from the growing citrus acreoge, wity lighting, heat and power to developed on the side among the little towns now springing up in the wide spread San Joaquin Valley.

They had big luck in an extra long continued Indian summer which enabled the first and vital link of the programme to be put through and enough lumber brought and stacked at Oak Grove ti keep us supplied.

A G Wishon certainly justified the reputation has carved as a successful business man by the way first enterprise was carried out.

Associated with the financial end, we heard of such a name as John Hays Hammond of engineering transvoral fame, linked with Kruger and the Jamieson raid, his brother #Billy" Hammond was county clerk at the Visalia Court house when I took out my naturalization papers. We have another link too in the affectionate memory we share with so many of the dwellers in the Kaweah country of the friend who so loved those hills and the people there.

Mts. Anna McMullen Hays, a near relative of the above family, by marriage; whe came into the canyon and made her artistic little home there whenever family ties could spare her and endeared herself to us all by her simple friendly vivaccous ways and many were the aneedotes we heard of her travles abroad and how "Natalie" plead on her kneew with President Kreyer for her husbands life after the Raid. What relish she had when she told of sitting on the hotel porchoverlooking the rim of the Grand Canyon and how the ecclesiastical tourist visitor expounded at length on the mighty wonders of creation and how the stranger cowboy stepped up, gave one look and said "What a hell of a hole".

I did a little of all the early work of that job, as well as twice working from end to end on the construction of the flume.

I was one of the first seven men to get on the ground and it was no time before we were beginning the first jobs of survey and clearing brush across the stream. That was not a great body of waterbut fairly constant, being snow fed from a very high watershed; its great virtue from the power mans point of view was its rapid fall, it went cascading down in its deep worn granite trough and it was at one of these little falls that the site was selected for the intake.

A deep still pool flanked by a solid bit of cliff and a sharp drop over the hardest of rims made an ideal place. The

cliff was to be tunneled, coming out on the upper end well under the water of the pool while the outer end discharged the flow high above any possible flood water and a broad spill way took care of surplus coming through the tunnel.

After that it was a uniform type of flume, winding round the contours of the mountain side, crossing gulches on trestles and hanging on granite ledges from steel pins and nicks blasted out of them, gaining elevation above the river bed rapidly on account of the great difference in fall, until discharging into the tapering steel pipe with a drop which at the time was the highest then built for the purpose in the world.

By the time we had graded a good stretch of such hill sides as could be so worked, to the form of a roadway about five feet wide, the first lumber began to arrive. A long V flume was hung from cables stretched across the gorge, having its upper end below the rod not far from our cabin; it was given a good fall and the heavy stuff flew across at a great pace bringing up partly by a flattering of the grade or against the soft dirt bank. As soon as we could start we began at the tunnel end, (not yet driven) and I commended with the gang of us who used saws, hammer, squqre heavy chisel and level continuously from them on, except at times with the drilling and blasting crew when we ran into heavy granite going. This form of acqueduct was probably designed for the quickest and cheapest results in a given time; it would make the old Romans, or my modern brother Sidney weep with dismay and I would like to look it over again to see how they have made it stand up and continue to carry water these thirty years.

All was redwood so the moderate permanence of a solely wood structure, was assured.

We laid 4x4 ties every two feet to grade on the leveled right of way where there was such going, then on these, four 1½x12 plank, making a good smooth board walk. On this the dolly men trumbled their broad one wheeled, trucks loaded with lumber, following us up with our needed material and piling off superstructure stuff as it came to them, for use on the sides.

We cut across deep gulleys by building trestles of the required heights, setting footings on rock where we could and broad wooden bases where we couln't and how most of them must have cried out for concrete to this day. Where trestling crept too high the line was swung on in curves, further back to the mountain and in a few places, light wooden girder bridges were hung to carry the flume and minimise bad footings.

When steeply sloping bare granite must be crossed, we drilled pin holes and inserted inch steel to keep the lower lets from slipping and they are still there no doubt. The insides were rested on rock, in some spots blasted out to shorten curves.

After a good stretch of "sidewalk" had been laid and plenty of material moved ahead, we set up the side members to carry two foot high sides, crossing it with stiff ties on which were laid longitudinal walk boards a foot wide. All bottom joints were battened with a 1x4 strip, plentifully nailed down but we only put on one foot of the sides at this time. Waste way gates were made at stratigic gulches so that water could be turned out when repairs were necessary and after a

time a stream was let in. It was surprising how well it carried, with little leaks. As soon as long lengths were ready and tested, there would be a day set aside when all hands turned to and the dollies superseded by water and floated supplies and lumber which hung up at unexpected points and kept a steady patrol busy, breaking small jams. But the red simuous line kept creeking along the mountain side and we looked deeper into the gorge where the water thundered or prattled according to its volume. We glimpsed dimly the work of ages; knowing from sheer experience the quality of hardness which that water washed granite can take on, one marveled to deserve on cliffs high above present water levels, great pot holes, some of them big enough in which to bathe, but not looking so because of the scale of surroundings. These pot holes could be easily understood, a hollow in bed rock would be started and boulders would settle there, they would churn about and wear the hole deeper, gradually a large rock, some sand and gravel would stay till worn out and perhaps be replaced, until the hole would take on its present shape of a deep worn under cut cavity, its last rounded boulder occupant still there and the bed of the river wearing down by ages of water and gravel attrition, our bathing hole would be left high and dry to whisper past geological secrets to those who cared to read, should they at last penetrate to the silences, as we did.

Distances to be walked morning and night on the flume began to get longer and one day Wishon made an offer to let us a small contract to shoot the accumulating piles of lumber across the river. It meant being able to work at Oak Grove and in our own way and being paid so much per thousand feet handled; so we took it on and Bert and I made a two wheeled contrivance on which one could put a fair lot of lumber and run it to the head of the chute and send it to the one receiving and stacking at the bottom.

We did this steadily until the bulk was moved across and later resumed construction work.

Finally Eagle Rock was rounded, the valley of the Main River opened before us and we at last reached the penstock point whence one could look down at the power house taking form and trace the line of our North Fork behind the hills of the middle distance During our absence Fred had sent back to England, and his Annie came to him from her Cumberland farm home and one Sunday he brought her up dounting River hill and one Sunday he brought her up dounting River hill to introduce his bride.

She was a sweet thing, with the feesh complexion of these north country hills and the more the neighbourheads came to know her the better they found her.

In early spring the work was well advanced and we were free to pack up and return, leaving the cabin there.
I had previously built the extra room to Merrington and we occupied it and ran joint housekeeping and took renewed interest in the steady progress of orchards, buildings fencing

Sidney Smith came out from Scotland in 1899, he tells me, which fixes one of the dates which are apt to go astray in memory.

He came to us as several others have done whose names

names may occur in this record and seems never to have been far out of touch ever since, for Los Angeles has become our common home and his family often part of our family circle.

Anyway here he was, temporarily staying at Redstone Park. So when Dave Wishon came to the house and proposed that we go again to Oak Grove and provide for a small gang of men there, we thought of Sidney as an assistant and said yes.

When we think if what we took on in that small word, at this day, I stand appalled.

The proposal came late one summer afternoon and this was its outline. We were to gather together our own and sufficient equipeent to cook for and feed some eight or nine men including Dave Wishon himself. This to be transported at our own costs and effort the twelve mountain miles including fierce River Hill; a thing which made a load of 1000 lbs too much for our light team; gather in more utensils as we passed the power house and have the first meal ready for the bunch by evening of next day.

The first thing was a trip to the Three Rivers store, three miles down the road for groceries and a gathering together of all things needed for the early mroning start, the last job that was a run across river and Sidney roused from his bed. Would be take it on? And he too said, yes.

Fred was to come along th bring the team back so there were four adults and Sindley, baggage accordingly provisions, s stove, bedding and more to be taken further on (for we had not enough of our own for the men we were to feed) and River and other hills ahead, where there could be no thought of riding for any but Blanche, but constant stopping to rest the horses and frantic pushing on wheels when stalled against a protruding rock. Then the drivers worry, Daisy was always stanuch and to be relied upon at all times, but would her mate stand up to the gruelling? perhaps baulk and so keep her from doing her best.

On roads such so this every kink is known and all possible advantage taken but--

However this time all difficulties were surmounted and the little cabin came in sight at last.

Then was the time for organised action. Tent to set up, wagon to unload and tired team to tend Stove to place in its old position and its cook ready as soon as wood is gathered and lighted, to get things on water to get, tables and benches to hammer together plenty of lumber around.

But though the afternoon waved as we arrived, it was done and the meal served on time to the waiting men who had come up on company wagons.

I regard this as our supreme effort, nothing but good cooperation and nerve, could have done it, nerve in the sense it is used out here and the regular kind. Our own affairs could wait till the mush was over and next day after the mens breakfast, I took the time necessary to get things in more permanent shape and initiate Sidney in the ways of things.

And let me say here, cheerfully did he tackle these, so new, doings and surroundings; the gulch water was mone too plentiful or good and the best drinking water had to be brought a long way up hill.

At this elevation the air was somewhat rarefied and he was a newcomer to it, but Blanche tells me whe would hear him stop to rest on the up trip and Sidney of the sweet tenor voice, would carol out the old ballads he still sings more appealingly than any one else.

I joined my fellow carpenter Rarnahan and our helpers the day after and we began the seven mule run of putting on the final boards to the sides and its jount covering bottom, with the water traveling continuously with us.

Power sales called for more, and nearer to capacity flow was wanted and servcie must go on meantime. So our hammers of ten splashed, for the joint bottome went on the inside.

Blanche and Sidney held down their end unceasingly so long as the men could make the trip back and forth nights and mornings along the walkboard. Probably some of the food was not of the kind they were accustomed to in camps, every bit of bread had to be hand worked and baked there, but the cooks gave them of their best in effort and skill.

I remember though, a German's recognition of a nutritriaus novelty; "lentils" said he; the others said nothing and to this dgy we wondered if they liked them.

That summer we were visited by Harry Talbot. He came on to Oak Grove and by that time the men were established at a new camp at Eagle Point so we were better able to see more of him Harry and Lindley would go on sketching jaunts, the latter carrying a grubby boy of mixed paints and cold hot cakes. We fought a lot of old bottles over again and I am sure he had a unique experience in our mountains.

We got along fast with the side board work and Bert came up to assist. On one occasion I jumped two or three deer when returning at dusk, so next day I took the gun along and again caught the flicker of a white tail in the gloaming, but it kept going down into the brush below the flume, after I fired. I telephoned the news to camp where fresh venison would be welcomed and next morning met Al on the spot described. He said a wounded deer generally went down hill and we followed the tracks and found mine dead about two hundred yards below in the brush, so we all had a nice change of diet.

It began to get too far to walk so Bert and I rafted a stock of canned goods and such things as would not be damaged and found them at the grating we had put in at our camp site when we followed with a dolly load of tent, blankets and food. And an anxious trip that was over about four miles of walkboard a foot wide, sturing a low wheelbarrow like arrangement with a central wheel you couln't see under the load. However we got there finally after dark and used to have great times with wood rats and small skunks prowling about the inside of the tent, when we were quietly reading. At the completion of the flume work we moved back to Kaweah and our occupation of Merrington also came to an end. Our tenure there was uncertain and having land of our own it seemed better to build at the orchard and be nearer the work.

So we put up a four roomed house, also with an open brick fireplace similar to the one at Merrington. In nearly all our own built homes (including Bakersfield) this has been a feature

we liked to have and generally there has been a sufficiency of wood and logs.

Also we had the cabin brought down in sections as planned and used it for a while as an annex to the house at the orchard. Fred and Annie moved to the house near the orchard which the purdys had previously occupied and the little family of two boys and a girl began to come there. Later they built on their own part of the orchard. Which brings me to the division of the oint property. Bert found an opening at a livery stable business in Hanford, Kings County, which he thought held better prospects than orcharding and with him out, we felt it would be better each follow his own lines.

We hit on an equitable plan for division which worked so well I will give some details.

We listed everything in triplicate, putting down the price per item each would be willing to give or take and we averaged the three prices. This gave us a valuation which was just and indisputable. We divided the total by the fifths agreed upon less the deduction for personal charges and arrived at amounts due each and after a fair division of such flocks of land as would be most convanient, we drew lots for first choice on remaining items, which we kept selecting in similar rotation until ones share was all spent.

By this time our cattle had increased Bossies first calf had grown to be a cow, it was as white as its mother was black and we gave it the rather suggestive name of Chalk though I never heard of dairymen out here being accused of adulterating with that, water probably being less troublesome. Then there was the wild deer like Jersey, we had bought her as a calf, hoping for the rich cream of the breed and she ran on the mountain with semi wild cattle till grown. The result was to be expected and we had a hectic time getting her in for her first Calf; after it came I remember lying hidden near the corral gate, until after dark, a slim stealthy form would slip in to feed its young and the gate was slapped to. Then the milking, O, my!. it came to building a narrow - palisade just wide enough for her body and even struts under to keep her from lying down and one behind against backing up. With this one could milk through an opening without getting legs kicked off or crying over spilt milk.

Much handling and patience at last won out and she came to lead on a rope like a dog but was too high strung for long use and was finally sold.

Bert went to the valley and we stayed on in the house which was build on his portion of the orchard and looked after it withours; when he wrote asking us to sell for him, we found a buyer in our Swiss friend, John Groningen and he has held it ever since.

We did not have to move at once but the change would come, also our stock needed pasture of our own. Cattlemen using open mountain range usually owned large acreages of patented land.

Once when working on the ditch behind Halsteads, Taylor had said, "thats a witness tree" and further explained, that government surveyors notched certain land marks and designated them in their field notes as so many feet in two directions

from a section corner, where they buried indestructible charcoal and here was such and a portion of untaken land.

I had always remembered the incident and when the time came looked into it and found there was a square 160 acres which was government land still and not part of the Halstead domain as about everyone supposed, so made a special trip to the Visalia land office, paid the entry fee and filed upon it as a homestead.

I met Sam on my way back and told him, he seemed somewhat chagrined but behaved very well, arranging terms with me for a right of way in,, over his land for some and we never had trouble. One had to establish residence within six months, live on the land reasonable periods, make certain improvements and had five years before obtaining title, with the option of seven, before taxes began to be assessed.

We used to say we owned a mountain and held this until a few months ago, when it became a somewhat of a white elephant with no prospect of use by us or ours, so we sold it to Fred Lavage, the logical owner as it helped to round out a nice estate oforchards and mountain land, for use by his sons.

Before moving there one should revert to younger things; Lindley and Watch were inseperables at this stage and earlier and can be treated together. I had bought the latter as a pup near Lemon Cove and brought him, sitting on the buckboard seat beside me, to be a playmate for our baby. They were nearly always together but it was before his coming when Blanche stepped to the back door to find where his crawling had taken him.

She heard "Da" above and a leaf dropped on her head, he was on the roof of the lean to , leaving worked up the outside steps leading to the attic and thenon the roof.

Somehow she got hold and slid him down and that stairway was closed for a season. Being unable to take him about much and me away at work most of the time, he lived greatly at his mothers knee and could recite about all the nursery rhymes, almost as soon as he could talk. The garden was fenced, front and sides and he and Watch spent a good deal of time among the vines in the long grape season. I took his little daughter in there last summer to sample some of those planted nearly forty years before.

One evening I came home to find him missing and a search and calling failed to get response.

Then a trip by the slough trail towards Redstone Park and the two were revealed. homeward bound.

Enquiry showed they had crossed the precarious cable foot bridge over the river but apparently they had turned back before getting into the friendly hands over there.

As soon as he was big enough to skin up one of Daisys front legs and reach a piece of marne he was riding bare back and later on when we moved further up from Taylors and the post office, he would go daily to fetch the mail. We had a troop of colored cavalry camped part of a summer about the site of the colony center and as he galloped by, bare headed and bare legged, the troopers would come out and shout "Go it, cowboy".

He went without hat or shoes most of the years and lived outdoors so that his hair bleached nearly white but his face somehow never tanned much and visitors would ask his mother why she did not let him go out more!!

The trooper bring me to our dear friend Captain Young, he came in with his lot of 9th Cavalry, and two white lieutenans camping for a season as mentioned above, before the higher mountains gave off their snows.

He was a full blooded negro, the only one at that time holding a United States Commission and he admitted to us later he went through hell to get it, "so I have no fear for the future life" A man of fine physique, well built. active and powerful. His face had an dive tint from an Arab forebear and most pleasing expression, with eyes of a kindness and intelligence all his own.

We heard he had come and Blanche, sending what might be, asked me to call and see if he would visit us. He received me as the courteous gentleman he was, but gently turned aside the invitation. Again we returned, to at last elicit the adimission he prefered to stay on his own side of the fence. Then we told him, for us there was no fence, and after the provise that one of his men should share the invitation, they came and so began a friendship with a rare and cultured soul which lasted till his death. The necessary limitation was the long absences and distances, for Haiti and Liberia claimed him on special governmental missions for which his great ability and color made him the one and only man for the purpose, while his military experience was extended in Cuba the Philippines and with Pershing in Mexico. As in everything else he put special energy into what might have been a routine work of Park patrol; he obtained options on tracts of patented land inside the reserve so as to make it a more Coherent Park whole and pushed the extension of the road which had been begun from Colony Mill by the government, to a finish in the home of the Sequoias. He told us in later years he had come to Kaweah with his heart full of bitterness and left it a different man with a better outlook.

Once when on his way to address the students and faculty at the Stanford University by special invitation, he had to pass through Visalia arriving there late.

He tried for a meal at a restaraunt but was refused. "Man, I'm hungry, put me in a back room if you want but still he was turned down.

When the troop returned in the fall, going back to the Presidio I think that restaraut would have been taken apart if the men had not been prevented, for they all adored him. The finishing of the road was made a great accasion, the Chamber of Commerce and notables from the Valley were invited and a great feed prepared.

Blanche and Lindley were camped in the Forest at the time while I was on a trail and fishing trip in the High Sierras, so missed it. She and other camping ladies helped in every way they could and one of the things she did was to prepare place cards in water color headed with crossed bar, pick and shovel and having the following couplet.

"We sat beneath the redwood shade,
After the forest road was made,
And ate our feast from boxes laid,
On well worn shovel, pick and spade."

They had a great time, all of them, the troopers handed the food round as stated in boxes lashed to shovels and picks

and they wanted to name a tree for our Captain but he refused, saying they could do so if they felt the same way, twenty years hence and they compromised on one for Booker T. Washington.

That winter we visited at the Presidio where the Captain kept batchelor residence with his soldier servant Peggy. There we had noble intereainment, such a change from our mountain inviornmrnt, he spoke French, German, and Spanish, played mountain organ, piano and violinanand sang with the natinve feeling of the negro, plus his training also we met his fiancee. Among many aneedotes, we heard hiw he had met on a train the old family mistress of slave day times. She lamented "Oh Charles ! why did'nt you stay on with us . His reply, Iean fancy it, "Madam am I not always your obedient servent? " And the bow that went with it. Blamche was watching by the parade ground when the commander and a visiting military notable passed and she overheard this, "Who is that colored man?" "that's Yancy, the smartest officer we have."

Becauee I would love to make the memory of so fine a soul more permanent, one feels justified in taking a few excerpts from sone of the many letters he wrote us, they tell better than I can the way of him who honored us by subscribing himself friend and brother. Perhaos they may help some of my readers a little, to a kindlier feeling toward a race whose prebears have come up through great tributation.

Should it do this he who has gone to his reward would feel no confidences were visited. In chronoligical order we begon about June 1903 from a note sent "care of Trium eter Whitfield" "My very dear Mrs Winser."

It seems tame to tell you in the conventional way how much I appreciate the kind invitation of you and Mrs Winser. I feel like breaking a rule I have sworn by, this many a year and come--. We will be better acquainted and I shall speak to you from my heart of the many things that you believe I am able to tell you with respect to myself and my people. "Presidio, San Francisco, Calif; Dec-15, 1903 . My dearest Mrs. Winser, How can I thank you for your last kind letter to me? "Your goodness makes me tremble as I so often told you before. Icannot understand it. It seems so peculiar that in this matter of fact world of ours where so much selfishness exists that the Kingdom of God should come in you. But it has, in spite of your protestings hands,----Mr. and Mrs. Ames came and brought their little children, who made it lively for us, especially the little girl. She would not make friends with me at first and I felt what it was that prevented it.

It was the old leprosy of blackness, which when she found it did not rub off, she became reconciled to. She and I are now the chummiest of chums. I went to Stanford, got scared, spoke and got my dinner. In fact had a fine time and found many good people and saw the working of many detachments. I enclose a clipping from the "Call" Believe me these things interest me very little and I only to please you. You know I believe that words will do very little good in the case of my people, but acts and more acts and Actories. I am glad Miss Wright (now Will Purdy's Ida) continues her work of story writing. I think they are bound to be good, give my regards to her. I must write her soon also Mr. Winser for his own

good letter. Drills, court martials tend to keep my nose down to the grindstone but I had just to scribble you this before retiring.

My men speak of you continually and always with love and kindness.

Give my regards to Mr. Smith and Lindley. With my highest esteem and love, my dear friends. yours, Chas. Young.

The Presidio of San Francisco, January 6, 1904. "I was dilaying awaiting the coming of the books "Souls of Black Folks", one of which I sent you by mail today and the other one that you find in the package please deliver to Miss Wright. I also enclose for Mrs. Winser some old and new musid and some photos and "injun" pictures for Lindley.

Say hello to him for me and give my love to Mr. Lindey Smith. The royal purple tie is for your Royal Highness Philip 1st.

I suppose the superintendent's reports may probably be wanted for glancing at by the neighbors in the valley. ~~Sixx~~ A beautiful valley! You are right Mr. Winser, when you speak of it's charms, due in large measure to the people living there. It will likely be impossible for me to get down now, even though we pull free of the Panama Muddle.

Love to both and a prosperous New Year, yours sincerely Chas. Young.

The Presidio of San Francisco, Calif, Jan 14, 1904.

My very dear Mrs. Winser:

How glad I am that we may have youwith us next week! We are always ready for you.

The Presidio of S.F. Cal, Mar 8, 1904.

Dearest Friends:

Greetings. I am so happy and so busy that I cannot write to like I wish but here goes to show that we are very much alive and you are not forgotten. Ada and I (Ada? That's my wife) talk of you both very often and lope we can come to see you soon, but it all depends upon our going to the Parks.

Newspaper clipping, Washington April 29, 1904.

"A military attache will be sent to Haiti and San Domingo and for this duty Captain Charles Young of the Ninth Cavalry has been selected. He is a colored man, a graduate of the military acaemy and has a fine record. His ability and fitness for the place led to his destination. He was promoted to a captaincy for conspicious bravery at San Juan Hill during the Spanish-American War." Legation of the United States of America, Port au Prince, Haiti, June 21st, 1904.

Dear brother and sister mine:

Thank you for your last kind letter and your kinder thought in asking us to neglect writing you if we were too busy. Of course you imajined we would do it. This goes to show you how perverse I can be.

During the time that we have been here we have been trying to adjust ourselves to the heat and the peculiat scenes and customs of an always peculiar people. Such funny scenes as are enacted in dead earnest, it seems too rediculous to be serious.. In fact more like a blooming night mare than anything

else in the world. From the government down to the market women who has just left our court on her donkey. all would fit well in a gloriouscomic opera. Still they are our people and our sympathies must be with them in spite of everything. But one wishes for a strong band to subvert the whole system or want of system and a decent government under which the poor might live. In spite of that awful thing prejudice, give me my own U.S.if this liberty run to seed is the alternative Not that there are not some glorious refined cultured people here, there are many, but everybody and his brother seems to be bent on being President and the present revolution will not have gotten off it's nest until another will come clucking and want to hatch out it's Presidential rooster and political chicks. All in the name of equality and fraternity. Mrs. Young enjoys it all immensely and more especially the creole mannings who do our cooking and washing.

Such musical talking voices as they have you never heard. Where do you summer from the valley heat this year? Giant Forest? I truly hope so. What would I not give for an hours ride up the mountain road. I hope you have made the acquaintence of Lieut. Pearson and his wife. They are excellent people.

Love to you both,Lindley and Sidney Smith. From us both. Yours sincerely, Chas. Young.

Port au Prince, Haiti, Nov 30 1904.

My best sister: How can I thank you enough for sending me the "Young Egyptian." I want to have it put in a frame of native Hatian wood and when I return I'll bring you anything the island affords, even a Revolution of the first water to show you how much I appreciate the excellent gift. Verily I don't want to see a map any more nor talk roads to mortal men or women. It seems that I have done nothing else since my coming here. You know that Haiti so far as topegraphy was concerned was a terra inignita to us Americans and especially in the war Department so that is what I have been especially engaged with for the past four months.

I have just completed the Physical and Military Geography. Next comes "Resourses" and after that I shall treat "Repulation. The whole monograph wheb complete will be about 250 pages of type written, besides the plans and maps and photographs. I don't know how the War Department will like it but I have worked upon it as faithfully as a man could in tropical weather.

Besides this I made one trip of 350 miles into the interior on horseback, afterwards two short trips of 2 days each. The common blacks, uncontaminated by the viciousness of the coast towns, who are found on the inside of the island are jewels; they are hospitable kindly, simple and industrious. I stopped at their houses often during my trip, by preference as I had the alternative by letters from the Haitian Minister of War, General Cyriac Celestin.

A woman with one dress and a piece of a dress; the piece being on her back and the whole one being on the clothes line, I found had taken her best permanent garment and covered up my saddle in order that it might not become hot in the sun when I

dismounted. How's that for hospitality? And this is not mew or strange for these kindly blacks (the kindest perhaps under the sun, when you and brother Phil are put in the pen with them).

So you think our boys are glorious down on the Epriffes place do you? Well, they think the same of you, and I think as you do. It stares one in the face that my duty is right here in Haiti with the people. who need American push ideas and methods.

If it must be that my lot is cast here then I cannot have Nicholas and Pierce and as soon as ever I can make it comfortable enough, I dream of offering you and yours a winter home free from fevers in the interior where there are Pines, Palms, Oranges, etc.

Great groves of pines and cedars throughout marches of two days are found. What a lot of rambling stuff I've been getting off. Dreaming on paper.

With my love to you both, Lindley and the Valley. Sincerely yours, Charles Young.

Port au Prince, Haiti. February 18 1905. (Mrs. Young).

"You see by the heading that I am married one year today and the best year of my life-----"

Port au Prince, Haiti. March 30, 1905. (address to Campaine My dear brother Phil:

Thank you for your kind letter and news of you all and the boys. So you are to go to England! Home! How very glad I am for you both. You are exceedingly fortunate to be going in the spring, when everything will be in flower as you love it.

Happy he who may cope with the stressiness of life and still be a child in heart and feeling.

I am going for a 500 mile horse back trip, into Santa Domingo soon, my work is very near finished and I am working on the final pages of the monograph.

This was a note to say "bon voyage" and "God bless you, merry wanderers" and here it has lengthened into a letter. See then how I love you both. I hope this letter may catch you in New York City. Ada sends love and is writing to England to you. Goodbye, your brother, Charles Young.

The Kaweah country must have laid it's spell upon some, for two of his sergeants when time expired came there and farmed; we used to exchange work a lot and lept more or less in touch with their movements until we came too far south to see them.

Inside the six months time limit we had made sufficient beginning to take up residence in the new homestead.

A very fone old live-oak stood near our boundry and we chose it's shade for the first part of the house.

The only flattish three or four acres of it's 160 surrounded this, it was some of the highest settled land of the little community and we had a very nice outlook extending to the bare granite tops of a bit of the Kaweah peaks.

The whole was brush and oak covered and the ditch ran just outside the fence at it's lowest point.

The first thing to do was to extemperise a road in, of sorts even this proved too long a job and the last ravine was not crossed except on foot at first.

A load of lumber, some shingles, doors, windows were dumped as near as we could get and carried over by hand, to be built into a 14 by 20 with a 6 foot wide kitchen across the front in addition. The philosophy of this was that it was a great step saver and as so much time was spent in the kitchen, why not get the benefit of the best view. The main room was made divisible for sitting room and bed alcove. We used it this way for a while but soon planned an addition and as roof and ceilings were low the way this was done was to put up an independent three room and front porch affair some ten feet north and connect the two which had the same levels, with a covered way which was wide enough to take the work bench and sufficientlyroom for carpentry operations and passage between the two. This was closed behind and openin front and the entrance step came widely to it's floor.

We had a large front sitting roon with an open fireplace and double French windows from it to the open sitting porch from whence we got as fine a view.

Blanche and ~~Ixkxnxsk~~ Anna christened it "A Misten Bisch" or the house in the woods and I trust it may still be standing there, though it's surrounding clearing is probably fast going back to brush. It was very retired and quite a way back from the North Fork road but only about five minutes from the nearest part of our orchards. If we had visitors we know they really wanted to see us, but we found many such and had extra room in which to tuck them away, although out of doors made the most popular bedroom most of the year. At first water had to be carried but soon a little tank house was up with hand power force pump to lift the mountain water from our ditch to the cistern and then to be piped to the kitchen and porch(by gravity so although it was a bome dry ranch, a supply for a day or two could readily be pumped with generally a little surplus which went to keep alive a rose and lilac or two or some pot plants. The spring chanting of the frogs came to us from the river with its murmur and the thunder of it, driving high water. But it was a quiet retreat, quail calls, the evening yammer of the coyote, the bark or the hoot of an owl making it's sounds and in the day the cowbells on the hills. These would accelerated to a clatter when the command would be "pitch the cow's Watch." The wise dogie would stand listening for a moment, noting the direction of Bossies familiar note among the others and then away. They came on the run and we would milk them and keep them up at night usually. He was a born mountain dog, would tree foxes and racoons; baying them until relieved by the arrival of the gun. Killed skunks a plenty

but didn't enjoy the job or being kept taboo from the inside of the house for a day or two; as for catching hogs he was a genious from youth up, selecting his cheek hold and throwing them in full flight. We had our wild man from up river, Harold Heugst, a German with not too wide a range of English, he would come asking for Lindley as "buccaneer" to help gather cattle With Daisy running with bare feet like any horse. One evening he requested Watch, he being the one man Watch objected to.

He had a wild hog which came at night and raided and they went off, our dog reluctant on an end of a rope.

He was home next morning and later seeing Harold I asked what passed. "We waited on the patch of corn," he said, "and when the hog came in, I turned the dog on it. Watch, the dog caught and held on, and then came home.

There were some unusual characters batching about these mountains and I got to know some of them when working on roads, ditches, etc.

Most were old prospectors, with thelure of possible gold finds in their blood; they would work to earn a grub stake, being good harvest men, then pack a couple of burris and off to comb some difficult and obscure ravine for possible rich quartz veins or placer gold.

Ours was a granite country with little chance of "color" but still we had men with the ruling passion stronger than death." A case in point was Harry O'Farrel, a gentle old Irishman; he had a small homestead well up the North Fork with a few cattle and his burros. The place was off the road and mail would be left at a base on it, but one day a passing neighbor thought he would take it to him and went down the trail to find him lying dead at his cabin door. Three or four of us went there, rolled the remains in a canvas and buried him in one of his nearby prospect holes, Some days after the coroner from Visalia, possibly having in mind certain effec and fees, came up, empaneled us again as a jury and we went through the forn of digging the body out and putting it back again. I think the verdict was s mething about probable heart attack, there was no sign of foul play.

He has a succesor on the same claim, ex-colonist, his sight is getting poor we hear and Walter Braddock looks to his cattle a bit. One hopes his end will not be similiar, but to those who like these hills, they would not change.

Our old friend Mr. Burdick, is further up still, not far from the park boundry on the east branch of the North Fork. Before the colonist invasion, he came on fast, seeking some place to die, a jeweler from the East and man of parts.

I met him first one Sunday soon after I had arrived and admired the neatly wrought and fitted log cabin where he lived but what struck me most was the long road which went from end to end of the young orchard and lining it on both sides, garden flowers in full bloom carefully tended, with possibly no likelihood of more than half a dozen to see them in a year. Then his rock walling, fitted so metriculously. That was forty years ago, he was lean and wiry but to my eyes looked elderly then.

The last I heard he was still tramping down to Kaweah or Three Rivers for mail and supplies; welcome at any home but always going back to live alone. He had and probably has a horse but leads it and still carries his over ninety years firmly. Yes, ~~xxxx~~ going in there to die. It was in there homestead days we made the occasional trips to the Giant Forest, partly for the change from the long hot summer and then forthe wonderful scene attractions. For us there were no stage rides and furnished meals and housing, so it was rather a toilsome business to get there. We would load the farm wagon, taking a light sheet iron stove, bedding and such provisions as counted least for weight, dried fruit for instance in place of canned, making use of such lore as had come to us in our experience and others, to keep the load as low as might be, As a commentary on that phase it was told how when a tourist objected to paying 25 cents for a pencil at the forest store he was asked to bear in mind freighting costs! Even a tent was considered a superfluity when 2 canvas passed round three or four little firs would do for a dressing room.

Then an early start up the long dusty grade would be made to gain the most of the shady side of those in and out turns in the snake like windings of the road. Lunch at Watson's spring and cold hill water for all then up and up walking for those that could, in the long pulls. The deep swing into Cedar Creek, always cool and the first few pines in sight. Then the last long effort with many stops to rest the team and the coming out to the saddle-back ridge from which we suddenly got the first breath taking view of Moro Rock, Cathedral Spires and the long fine stretch of bare granite Kaweah Peaks on one side and the deep brushy canyons of the North Fork and East Branch on the other up whose sides we had toilsomely climbed and successive yellow streaks rounding the points showing the road by which we did it.

Came at last colony mill and surcease for the team and a meal for them from the precious baled and rolled barley. A small cooking fire, something hot prepared, canvas and bedding spread and a sound sleep under the stars, in that cool pine scented air. Another early start, not on account of temperatures for it was fresh enough to our sun thinned blood, but to make the most of scanty time to be spared in permanent camp.

Now the road goes easier, the horses can trot for good stretches and the needle muffed road winds gloriously under firs, pines and cedars, with entrancing vistas of lofty forests and then the gorge of the Marble Fork ahead. But it is not long enough down hill, after the bridge over the foaming Marble is crossed, the plateau of the giants has to be reached and that stands at 700 feet, so it is up grade again, but the air is wonderful, the end is approaching and the first big fellow is seen to be gazed at with curiosity for it's thick fluted bark so rich in terra cotta coloring and ~~in~~ cone head like. Perhaps there is a shade of dissappointment at it's size, so many magnificent conifers have been passed and grow around; they have taken the edge from this the first moderate sized specimen of Sequoia.

Soon however the ruddy great columns appear more numerously singly and in groups; among the lavish pine, their feet among the thimble berry and tar weed, dogwood and ceanothus, wild rose and hazelbush and heads amid the sky, which seems always blue; Great Moro Rock shows it's massive head through the trees ; Beetle rock is passed and we roll into camp Sequoia, with lush round meadow and it's stream making an open space for those surrounding monarchs to look across at one another as they have stood and gazed these thousands of years.

Greetings by neighbor rangers, gay hopping John Gruningen Carl Keller; other friendly and familiar faces and suggestions where to camp.

In those days we took our pick of many charming sites, now there are a thousand where we were a score and motor roads where trails went. We took such advantages as came that way and made the most of them.

Even the wagon methods had it's sophistications. the first time in, there was no road beyond Colony Mill. We took the trail, crossed the Marble on a tree trunk and swung our burros through that rapid stream by tying a rope round it's neck, pushing him in, swinging him across from said tree and repacked on the other side.

Now there is a store to go to if in need, at pencil freighting prices, but the air is ever so spicy and balmy, the sun shines, skies are blue and nights cool, during long summers and fall and the trees with us always.

While Lindley was small, he would stay with his mother in camp, he was not dependent on playmates, but had them here, Kates' children and others, whom he knew.

Blanche had her own little camp, with neighbors near enough for sociability; at one time a doe used to pass by with it's fawn, pausing quite close on it's way for a drink and she used to sketch it. It was sanctuary for them in the Park, and they seemed to realize that as did the bears, who came into camp at night, seeking what they might devour. Our campers slept in the open but not directly under the big trees for there was always a possibility that one if those dead dry limbs might drop, of a size from height enough to crush a house. The bears would prowl snuffingly about coming quite near the cots and Blanche kept a spoon and tin plate within reach to run them off. On one occasion the Hoppings left their young dog in her protection, when they went off on a fishing jaunt and she woke to see in the bright moonlight the pup sitting up quietly watching a big bear grubbing about, neither of them in the least perturbed.

They were pretty harmless, but once one drove me to cover and she was not very big at that. I was walking on the trail to Crescent Meadows one evening to seek horses when two cubs scuttled up a tree at a sharp angle, and coming over the hill to me was the black mother and we stopped and gazed at each other; she bristled up her hair and growled and I decided she had the right of way and steeped to one side where there was a rock pile from which one could watch what went on. She fussed about a good while and at last succeeded in coaxing the cubs sown and going off peacefully with them into the brush.

On two of these forest vacations, I went further a field with friends, taking pack and saddle horses and travelling for a week or two into that wild terrain, mostly above timber line, we call the High Serras.

One trip took us to the top of Mount Whitney, an unforgetable experience but descriptous of scenery are a wearisome tale unless by a master hand, so will spare our readers. thoug the subject is inspiring enough. Trout fishing was always a feature and most of those clear rushing streams held a lot of the game little fellows with some big ones in the still blue lakes which are a feature of the "higher ups". Over in Volcano Creek along which the trail passed on the way to Whitney, was a species peculiar to that stream, at the time.

The golden trout was a vividly beautiful thing, not so large but good in every way; one trusts it's habitat has been widely extended since but our fish authorities said it was then unique to that tributary of the Kern River. The second time in, I took a bottle of methylated spirit with me, hoping for a near visit to England and succeeded in getting two or three intact there, probably the first to reach that shore they faded a bit but were curiosities. An old timer once told me he had traxxxx traveled those trails near the streams and could drop his fly from horse back into the pools as they rode and swing his catch back to the rider behind to be unhooked and so on until they reached camp with enough for supper; it seemed a fish story and we never did it, but as we rode up one of those fairly brushless creeks and saw the pools alive with trout, I doubt not it could be done, and have myself cast a leader into such a place three flies and had three simultaneous strikes and fish.

There were big red fleshed trout in the Cottonwood Lakes whose waters now go to feed the Los Angeles acqueduct. and so through it's 250 miles to give us water at our xx camp and sink faucets here; I caught three good ones there, one over twenty-one inches, it's weight unknown, for we had no scales; it broke the top of my split bamboo fly rod, but I landed it and got it to Kaweah by dint of traveling fast putting it out to freeze, those chillsome noghts and wrapping in thick quilts on the pack during the sunny days.

The top of Mount Whitney, nearly 15,000 feet up, is a grand and interesting place and not hard climbing from it one looks down, nearly a sheer drop, 11,000 feet in seven miles to Lone Pine, while in the far distance can be seen the sink of Death Valley, below sea level, the highest to the lowest inside of the States. I could run on and tell of the mighty gorge of the Kern we had to cross to get here and the maze of peaks in all directions but promised not, so hold my hand, recalling it all again eventually.

Back in Kaweah, the young apple trees prospered in the sunshine, the ditch banks broke and were mended many times, until groweth of fibour roots. use and many yearly cleanings made it the reliable conveyer of priceless water it now is. Many were the heartburnings and strife when scanty rainfall an thinner snow blankets shrunk our water at too early season.

Fred Savage early organized a community paid and regulated the flow as far as could be but there were older rights than ours at lower levels with which we had to compromise. Water litigation and reparian rights have been the ban of California gravity water users since early days but somehow we managed to steer clear of personal violence and lawsuits but it was nip and tuck at times.

Savage and his two able sons Alan and Kennuth, carrying on the old traditions, have been put to many shifts to keep the increasing acreages of fruit sufficiently moistured this last extra dry decade, but have won through somehow and the valley smiles now under green leaf where once was only sore. Ken's smile helped a lot, his mother's is in it. The coming of "white coal" with it's inciption at our flume and developed since by many greater undertakings has wrought great change through the San Joaquin valley in our day. A small board shack on those plains, a steady hum of motor night and day and a clear cool stream gushing from subterranean sources to change the once parched plains to smiling fruit laden vines or restful espance of green alfalfa; golden glossy leaved citrus groves or orchards of varieties. While busy towns have sprung up under our eyes, changing the lone board ranch house and it' barn of the early wheat plain through the gamut village blacksmith shop sloon and livery stable, to well designed bungalow, side walks paved streets, garages, high school and motor busses carrying their loads of pupils to and from their lunch, least they should have to walk or miss the prepared warm meal at home; poor souls.

I once rode on a c mbined harvester round a great wheat field, which when I came was sheep range, saw it change to vineyard under the majic touch of electricity and water, this to be grubbed later to become choice building lots and beautiful residences went up, with lawns and shade. Truly a metaphorphasis, to pass under ones gaze and in which to have played ones little part.

Time passed, the trees grew and the autumn came when there was a sprinkling of a crop on the largest trees; then I think it was, Bert needed work on his livery barn and we went to Hanford to help him do it. There was a county fair at which w we entered apples, some oak carving of mine and water color sketches of the wife's, we took prizes all along the line of entries and have two silver medals yet, to tell the tale.

Then we bought the crop from Jesse Davis' ordhard to add to our first small one and I would load up a two horse wagon with the apples, start out with full bunch of blankets and make the hundred mile round trip to Hanford and return, selling after getting well out in the valley where good apples were not grown, and hauling a back load from Exeter or Lemon cove for the Three River's store. As this took me away practically the week for the load we both agread this was no game to continue and made plans which should be different.

So the next fall when trees were heavy laden and we were longing for another look at the green fields of England we vowed that crop should take us there if humanly possible.

Lindley was now over nine and how resolutely he turned to at the picking and storing of the apples, for such a little chap how'er all worked those days till they were safely piled away in the big bins of the new apple house.

A relative of the Redstones and resident of Bakersfield had once told us when visiting at Kaweah that her town would be a good market for our fruit.

So the plan was for me to take a light two horse load along, with the idea of shipping a car load. It was done and after xome visissitudes I returned with a favorable report and the plan was a-foot.

A box car was chartered at Exeter, our nearest railroad point, twenty-four miles away, two or three neighbors wagons and teams were engaged and after seeing the first load off we started in our covered wagon taking stove and such as we could stow in the bed of it, the springs and mattresses above, the invaluable and capricious eatable box, frying pan where they could be reached, and ourselves on the spring seat. The horses had a bale of hay and sack of barley in a slung manger behind and at night they could be tied to the hind wheels and munch at our feet; the hay, not our toes.

We had curtains fore and aft so one could rise early, hitch up and be off without disturbing the sleepers and so drive quite a spell, until the sun rose over those jagged peaks, parts of whose outline were so familiar. Then the eggs and bacon could be cooked and tea made over a little stick fire, in liesurely fashion, and off again over these sparsely inhabited plains.

The Indian summer days of that time of the year made temperatures mild and the nights were mellow and warm. And so the third night we drove into Bakersfield and finding an empty lot and unoccupied house, camped in the yard; curiously enough very near where our future home was to be so many years

Then came a busy time, we looked for some time for a suitable place, with shed to stow the fruit and at last hired one unfurnished and rather far from our car unloading point. Directly the wagon could be emptied, I was over to the Souther Pacific freight station where they told me the car had arrived and charges were paid. Then to the team and back to the car.

It was a blue and discouraged man that drove in with the first load to our new home and lunch but there was no daunting the spirit and optimism of my helpmate. The box car provided was a shorter one than had been calulated, the apples had been piled higher therefore within greater pressures and so we loaded loose between layers of hay that had been rolled ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ and churned under the rough handling of the engine and our beautiful big apples had a sorry look to me and England faded.

However unloading time was limited, we hunted up an old acquaintance of Mr. Cassidys, a Scotchman who farmed and had a team; he and his boy could spare a day's and we turned to hauling, but 12 or 14 tons of loose apples with a long pull across town, seemed endless to handle so about fifty boxes were hired from a cannery and when Mr. Bennett had to leave

us, I picked up three lounging youths just two of them to filling boxes in the car while the other helped me empty. so we has a load ready boxed each trip and the wirk went speedily.

The apples were not so damaged as first appeared and were very large, we advertised those for quick sale, Blanche saw to the selling of these at the house, while I was out early and late with the wagon, round the town. I had luckily come across the unexpected at the cannery when returning the boxes; a cider mill of all things, there used for pulping tomatoes; and bought it.

We kept one of her three helpers for an extra day or two to sort and make over the worst damaged fruit to cider selling it readily, fresh from the press.

Then we heaved great sighs of relief and settled down to routine. Blanche had the place home like in short order and we were content with the minimum. A door cane off to be laid on boxes for a table and the invaluable stock of plushette curtains made silence cloth and portiere, one folding chair and other boxes made seats; but cot and stove we had bought, so the essentials were here to be amplified as we could use as were needed. At the little gathering of Christian Scientists we met a school teacher and she took Lindley under her wing with great enthusiasm and he became a source of enjoyment to the class room. Grown up with grownups he had acquired naive little ways which were different but he always had a knack of falling on his feet wherever placed and found them there and a very kind friend and teacher in Miss Gerham.

We had no buggy, but a saddle, so Blanche rode to services sitting sideways on Daisy, with me leading her, another version of John Alden and his Priscilla.

Nothing much mattered but the selling of those apples and when that fateful car load was exhausted, we had learned our lesson and I went back with the team, bought a cheap lot of orangex boxes at Lemon Cove, got them to Kaweah and boxed the remainder of our crop, which made another car. That was easy and the beginning of many such in after years. They arrived in good condition and the process was repeated, It was a happy little family, that took the long road back next February; what mattered that roads were muddy, with chilly nights and rain; we had a canvas over to keep it off and store our hard earnings, which might mean England and dear ones and there was a song in our hearts. Alfred Curtis was another of our friends, he came to us that spring with the idea of looking after the orchard in our absence, under Savage's direction, and so to learn the ways of the country. He came of good Kentish stock and his forebears name may be traced far back in the old Tenterden days, records of municipal affairs; for that town is a "Limb" of the ancient tongue of Cinque Ports which kept the coast from invasion and produced the nucleus of the British navy. He helped us in many seasons of apple picking and selling and we would vary our Bakersfield rounds by periodic trips to the active oil

fields about three miles out. He told us once the folks out there had dubbed the pair of us the lord and the duke, but it never appeared which was which. How good the little mountain home seemed and the greetings from friends. And then the writings to and from home and at last the negotiating with the S.P. Oh, no it was not a simple matter of stepping to a window and having a clerk prepare a yard of ticket but correspondence with the San Francisco office, no less. The Santa Fe was building in and there was competition. And this is what we had. Two and a half tickets cost us $250 and this included, as laid down by special contract. fare from Exeter to New York with tourist sleeper to same point via Chicago, third class steamer, New York to Liverpoolalso railroad fare from Liverpool to London, thrown in for good measure, this is what our S.P. did for it's humble patrons.

Arriving at Exeter with the wagon, our baggage and Alfred to drive the former back, we were met by a traveling agent who saw to the checking, rode with us to Fresno, incidently inviting us to go to a restarunt for breakfast with him. He put us on the overland and said "now you won't have to stir from this till Chicago where we will have a representative meet you, take you across the city and see you aboard th the New York train." And it was done and lo, among the milling hundreds on that platform, we were picked out, accosted and escorted. Service! Santay and Evans where is thy grouch and Southern Pacific our thanks, have you not hauled apples and oranges for us since three thousand tons and more and never failed to pay for pilfered boxes on due production of proof of claim. We found as a matter of fact, sleeper was not provided past Chicago, though stated otherwise, however i it was a small matter, an overnight stay in Buffalo with English friends tool care of one sleep and to sit up one was no hardship. It was all pure delight to be able to rest, read, fraternize with fellow passengers and set out our littl meals,on the moveable table, each a change, especially as this journey was taken together, and were we not bringing the new little son to be introduced to all at home?

When we hear people speak of the fatigues of long railroad journeys, we smile at each other in retrospect,--our time of rest. Even the glories of Niagara, lost m prestage when set against this thorough relaxation; then too I had just been reading an ecstatic account n of the Falls by Sarah Bernhart, with full French fortissimo, that and tne much greater height of our falls out west, rather took the edge off the mighty volume of water, so I must comfess to a slight feeling of disappointment when first stepping to the side of the American falls.

Tim~~exlater~~ Five later visits altered this, I only record first impression. We arrived in New York in late evening and were met by Mr and Mrs Ropping who accompanied us to the deserted dock; the baggage transfer man looked askance at the gold piece I proffered him and Mr. Hopping said "Why man,

that's your own money." We stole aboard the Campania with scareely a steward to show us to our cabins and were well to sea when we woke in the morning.

What fun we had that voyage and the joy it was to hear the English talk of the stewards and our charming stewardess. Steerage going east was different; most were like ourselves holiday bound; they actually fed us chicken, turkey on occasion; everything was spotless and if the mattresses were hard what was that when one had scraped bare ground to partly fit the thigh and were we not rocked in the cradle of the deep. We read, played games, conversed and enjoyed the plentiful meals, and radio was just begining so we had some of the latest on the Russo-Japanese war given out by the little daily news sheet and the death of St. Bernard was recorded.

Morning and Liverpool docking; while we waited the many c changers came abroad and some of the big eagles came from the belt and one remembers a scattering of British and American gold on the deck in the exchange. Lid must have wangled something, I suspect for we were beckoned aside and led to a quiet gangplank by a steward and at it's foot Mabel and he and two fo the Savage brothers and a sister. The next mov move was to the station, a sheaf of telegrams to send, Sidney ordered breakfast and Mabel procured ham sandwiches.

Next the train rode through England and Lindleys comment on the neatly kept fields; "they look like gardens" and his surprise at the engines which drew us so swiftly and smoothly but seemed so small after the freight hauling leviathans, he had been used to out west. London at last, Harry back and Jessie, Harold, Kate and others. At Charing Cross. We must go to Gatty's where the two men consulted and ordained it should be roast beef and Yorkshire pud ing; what talkings went with it.

And after our peaceful Kent was spread for us again and at Headcorn station, mother and Nellie with a specially chart ered bus. A new railroad line had been built and was running to Tenterden, but perish the thought that we should use it, when the old way still could be.

Dear Mother, what a home coming that was for all of us. The primroses were still twinkling am ong the hedgerows when the gloaming came down and as we entered the old town the bells of the church pealed out as if to greet x us. It was only the weekly practice time for the singers but no organised reception committee could have prepared anything better. Near Ratsberry a figure met us and I alighted and walked with her, it was Lilian and in the dusk she took me for Sidney and I tried to keep up the pretence.

Father at the gate and then upstairs to our room, with a passing side glance at a laden table, and a yellow Dutch cheese loomed familiar, the first again after many such events as these come seldom in a lifetime so it is small wonder the detail is etched permanently in our minds. It was fourteen years since I had left the old country, thirteen for Blanche, for we began the trip this time April 1st 1905, Lindley had his tenth birthday the day after our home arrival.

Many changes had taken place, the folks were settled permanently at Ratsberry, with Uncle Edgar still under the old roof. It was a mutually advantageous arrangement by which they were occupants and custodians of joint family property. The house was Georgian and did not lack in size but there wasplenty of space for all of us and then some, for in it were twenty rooms.

Tradition said that when the first Winser bought the place, maybe two hundred years ago, there had been a bitter dispute and the seller put a curse upon it, that no child should be born there and they say that so far this has held true.

It had a fine old garden and some meadow land on which cows were lept; we knew the place well from boyhool times.

There had been vicissitudes but the family was intact except for the one empty chair, our beautiful Rose. They had built a heather thatched summer house in the corner of the high sheltering "quickest" hedge next the Rye road and from it's peak flew an American flag, they said it was a signal for Ellen Terry that the Californians had come.

She passed sometimes in her pony trap on the way from the old Tudor home at Smallhythe at which she made her quiet country retreat.

She would drop in, talk with Mother, and sit for Margaret and of course was told of the event of our home coming and the flag was to go up when it hap ened.

We met her two or three times and of course fell under the spell. It was Barrie who said the modern lover usually prefaced with "since I cannot have Ellen Terry, will you be mine?" I had seen her act with Sir Henry Irving in "Faust" at the Lyceum before going out and we saw her again in "alice Sit by the Fire" this time , the last tickets of the season Then it was at a cheap little theatre in Bakersfield we saw what we think was her only piece of movie work called "The greatest triumph," we could hardly believe it when we saw her name on the boards, but there could be no mistaking that face

She loved the quiet hamlet near the march and died there, Margaret took a death mask and did a bust of her from her several studies, which went into the Academy of the year. They sent us pictures of the funeral, with the villagers holding her forks and rakes above as the cortege passed out of the little church between the double row; her favorite lines were on her gate at Smallhythe, "No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone, corpse gazing, tears, black raiment, graveyard grimness. Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness, yours still-your mine. Remember all the best of our past moments and forget the rest, and so to where I wait, come gently on."

Below was written: "I would wish my children relatives and friends to observe this when I die. E. T." Her wishes were carried out, the mourners were light coloured summer garb and carried flowers. She died Saturday July 21st, 1928. There are some wonderful old chimes played by the tower bells of Tenterden church and it was just as the last note of "Life Let Us Cherish" was played in the quaint halting manner we

remember so well, that the solemn tolling of the "passing bell" began and residents looked at the little marble slab on which it is customary to write the name of the person for whom the bell was sounding. There was written "Jane Ellen Terry"

Two of the pallbearers were, our old Metting House pastor Harold Rylett and my ex-volunteer company Captain, now Major Neve, one of the actual bearers was another xx volunteer comrade Sergeant Goldsmith, one of our best shots.

What wonderful times they gave us, those halcyon days; each of the three summers of our visits, they say we brought them near California weather and we saw more of England by far than had ever been when we lived there. H Just after the xxxxxx arrival, at our first stay at Dover came a bicycle for Lindley from the Beaufoy clan at Maidstone and Sid sent an extra for me to usem which I had to learn to ride. My memory dated back to the origional "bone shaker," though the high and little wheeled affair of school days to the safety. With horses to use I had never ridden one but enjoyed it after knowing how. We passed a wheeled arrangement which extended Blanche's radius a bit. By train we visited widely over England, going west as far as Sherbourne where her brother Arthur and his good wife were bringing up their brood under the happiest of family influences.

North we went as far as the Cumberland Lakes, a round of which we made under the pleasant auspices of the aunt and uncle Talbot , he now deservedly knighted for his long services to the city of Manchester.

They took us to see the historic spots of that fair land of mountain and lake, and we had our first sight of the raised Thirlmore of which we had heard so much in it's connection with Manchester's water supply and Sidney's share in bringing it there.

Also Cheshire for us a new country and some new xxxxxxx cousions. Dover was not far from our base and we had three households there to visit, with lots of old friends for Blanche, who welcomed us with open arms and houses; the haunts of yore were seen again and plenty of tennis, for there were new young faces of nieces and nephews to learn to know and admire and games to play with them. Maidstone was even nearer, easy for bicycles and with them the constant delight of those country roads and scenes.

Jack and Fanny had returned from Tasmania, to manage the fast growing accounting staff of Foster Clarks Eiffel Tower products factory. Old friends they were and Blanche had helped put up some of the earliest of the goods in a little room, when visiting with the family years before. While staying at Upper Fant road, where Jack had his garden and glass houses for his liesure hours and Fanny her plentiful home interests and activities, we received a characteristic note from Gorge Clark, saying he knew that blood was thicker than lemonade but would we come over to stay with him, when we could spare the time. We did and thoroughly enjpyed theor beautiful hom e and

gardens and I walked about to see the many farming activities of our host, while Blanche could recall the past and exchange our varied experiences with her friends. On their lawn I saw a very good s ecimen of our redwood, the lovely great copperhead beech, cedar of Lebanon and many another fine and interesting tree, so neatly labeled.

The large Queen Anne residence had been modernized and they had their own electric equipment but I was taken down to see four tiers of cellars below one another, hewn out of the Kentish ray.

I had another interesting visit in a Maidstone to the Bunyard nursies, the owner was reputed to be one of Englands foremost apple authorities and one knew the name and place since school days for they had been passed near by and Upper Fant was close,

I had an introduction and the son kindly showed me around, at one point we passed a bed of redwood seedlings He had received technical instruction in France and said the French were the most successful in raising such seed. I asked him if he would like to have some from the largest tree in the world and he acquiesed eagerly. We had taken them from our old Karl Marn of colony naming, but that would never do, so it became General Sherman. I gave him the lot and one often wonders what success they had with so interesting a trial, perhaps some day we can return, seek him out and learn. Twenty-five years or so in the span of a Sequoia's life is but as the passing of a day to most things but even at that, they should be sizeable trees by now. Another exhibit we took home from the same source, a spool of thread (reel of cotton if you prefer) which we had passed round that massive base and knotted at two heights. We would unroll this and place the circle on friends lawns they never said I was a liar but could well be excused if doubting our veracity and that such a bulk could be a tree.

The boys had measles at Kingston on our visit there which cramped their style a bit; Arnold was at sea part of the time but we managed to see him, as else here noted. Fine lads all and Margery, the youngest fast taling on her mother's charm of feature.

Harold's was a well fitted life, his municipal duties taking most of ot. but all the chinks fitted with literary work with it's contacts, his love for music, old china, art and furniture. An unforgetable visit to Hathersage, quiet little Derbyshire village in the "Peak" district near the headquarters of the Dervent valley water board. It was a red letter day for Lindley when we were all taken for a picnic inspection trip of the works rode up the valley in the saloon carriage hooked on to the construction train and our small boy was put in the cab of the engine "Togo" and allowed by the driver to sit in his seat and use the throttl What a splendidly substantial job they did and are still doing there.

We alighted at the first of a set of five masonery dams

planned to be built as part of the system of water supply for Nottingham, Leicester, Derby and Sheffffield. Seeing the progress of this noble act of works on each of ourlong separated visits it may be of interest to record what I saw at each of them, when accompanied by my broad shouldered active engineer brother.

The scene we first looked down upon was a great gash blasted out of the bed rock of what was the now diverted course of the Derwent, maybe seventy feet below ground level and so widely (measurements subject to correction) cut across the valley, toeing into either hillside.

They were letting roughly cut and cleaned rock from a distant quarry into the cavity and setting it in position with cement. On asking why so deep, he said the native rock was faulty and it was necessary to shoot off all under seepage but that we could not see what had been done below, for there was still another trench blasted and taken out clear across, going fifty feet deeper and four feet wide, filled with concrete.

When they had brought all this foundation up to the level on which we were standing the building of the dan proper could begin, which would in time impound a lake running several miles up the valley and submerge a village, old stone church and all. Much more one saw, beginnings of stone bridges carrying great pipes, blue brick lined "cut and cover" through which we could with erect masonary, where wood is used in the newer and hastier construction of the West, They had a model village for the wirkers and Sidney was pleased to hear of a stunt which I had witnessed and he thought could be introduced at the Navies sports. How rival fire engine teams clad in slickers, advanced on one another playing on the opposite side from pressure nozzles until the weaker turned and fled.

We had another day at historic Haddon Hall, probably the best preserved of it's type of semi-castle and feudal masion and of course saw the steps down which Dorothy Vernon fled to meet her lover, the great old kitchen and the suspended wrist clamp which held high the arm of the reluctant banqueter, while the roystering comrades poured the rejected wine down his sleeve.

To get to this interesting spot, we paseed through Chatworth Park (as did the acqueduct) and could get good views of the high "edge" country with it's flat topped rocky hills Since coming to Los Angeles it is easy to see the similiarity which has given our local Chatsworth in the San Fernando valley, it's name.

The nurseries in which to raise the trees for afforesting the reservoir watersheds, were an engineering side line of interest to me and one watched their progress also. Of an evening my education was extended to bridge, which swing to it's similiarity to the Robbers whist of the Majors day came to me readily.

Which brings me to our calls on him and Eaton, the latter in the garden of "the Firs" and at his cottage home in the

village; after the Major's death he moved to Tenterden and so we kept in touch in later visits.

One of the many pleasant happenings occurred which lead to long friendships and onw must hark back to explain. The citrus industry was fast pushing it's groves along the foothills of Tulare county, and Lindsey was early passing from the dry farming wheat ranch stage to irrigated land, oranges and vineyards and that meant pleasant shaded homes and well ordered grounds.

On my fruit selling expedition I had met many of the orchardists and the English natually were singled out as acquaintances; there were several.

Captain Hutchinson, the pioneer in water pumping of the neighborhood; he began with steam, using oak wood fuel and setting out early groves.

Then the young brothers Prior, from our Canterbury, following in his footsteps. Black and White, as they were called partners coming a bit later when electric power had simplified the water lift.

Black was a famous fly fisherman and haounted the upper reaches of the Kern in season, sucking a reputation for skill and sportsmanship. White, I found had grown hops near us in Kent, had shot over covers close to Springhill and when we were comparing notes with our farmer neighbors and friend Tom Weston, we found White had sent them a box of Lindsey oranges; another coincidence. When we came first to know them, Basil Prior and a sister and brother had become well established in their palm lined orange grove at the outskirts of Lindsey and gave copious cups of tea one hot afternoon to their thirsty countrymen. We saw them occasionally and Basil would come and shoot quail with me on our hills. So when they heard of our comtemplated trip home they asked us to try and see an aunt and uncle and two sisters who thought of coming out to them.

It therefore happened that we met friends by appointment at the Royal Academy in London where Lindley lay on the floor surrounded by modern art, devouring the crudely colored caracatures containing certain comics sent us from overseas; Andy Gump having greater appeal than the Royal Academy.

Among others came Mr. And Mrs. Carnegie to be told all we could let them know of the place of our adoption with the result that they preceded us across the Atlantic and occupied the new home at Grey Gables which Basil had prepared for them and which was to make so pleasant an oasis for us on our many long journeys of the future.

Then there was another contact meaning nuch for other lives. The Guiners at Hastings; Mrs. Guiner always in touch and had been a schoolmate of mothers and the families more or less. The nearest in age and friendship was Phoebe, and he she, poor girl her passing upon her and was worried over her brother Harry's health, he was a well known athlete but a sea voyage to Japan and other things seemed unable to straighten up his nerves.

We prescribed some strenous physical work at far Kaweah

and they thought the suggestion good. So it came about Harry secured a last moment ticket and joined our steamer at Liverpool.

With us also came Belle Carruthers an old time artist friend of my wifes, who was free and fancied some adventuring The happy time did on and the long summer was filled with comings and goings. Each of the many friends and relatives seemed to vie with one another to see what they could do to make the stay as wonderful as possible.

Had it not been for generous notes slipped to us we might have found the financing of the return none to easy but everything was done to make our way smooth and with hearts full of graditude we began the final round of farewell visits leading northward and ending at Liverpool, where the Savage home was thrown open to us for a final stay and repacking and we became better acquainted with Fred's family and one of his brothers decided the new country might be good for him and his.

The old Umbria saw us again, we were quite loyal in those day to the Cunard line, second class this time,

The voyage was unventful and we varied our route across the states axx so there xevex were always new scenes to watch. An electric bus line had been built from Exeter to Lemon Cove which brought passengers and freight hauling facilities twelve miles nearer Kaweah, which so now, is that distance from rail. Excess baggage charges for all of us and general depletion of funds made it necessary to convert our smaller apple crop into cash as soon as might be, so we left Harry with plenty of stumps and brush to grub and Belle to sketch and keep house at the homestead and once more took the hundred mile wagon trip to Bakersfield hiring another house and carrying on much as before.

We made arrangements with Mr. Foreman to ship us lemons and grape fruit as ordered and walnuts from another acquaintance adding that and dried fruit to our line.

Blanche used to say one could always sell people something to eat, so that was the beginning of the business later developed into more wholesale proportions.

We were back to the ranch in good time and found Harry had become acquainted with citrus men and was interested in that industry. It seemed a good one for him to take on to, so we cooperated all we could. He had funds from home and with friend Foremen's good offices, acreage was bought adjoining the Clue Lemon Company, 100 acres, partly supplied with gravity water and the rest irrigated by water pump from the canal.

That was a busy summer for all of us, Harry and I and some help went ahead with a tent and I ran up a barn while the others wirked teams for filling gulches, plowing and preparing some of the land.

As soon as shelter of sorts was provided, the lot of us moved down bag and baggage, taking up residence in that barn. The horses were not allowed to use it yet but we did.

and many were the shifts made for house-keeping in such temporary quarters.

As usual there where mo complaints and the four of us and Lindley turned to at the first steps of converting dry slopes into shining leaved groves.

Kaweah and the apple orchard was attended to by periodic trips for me to see to irrigating and cultivating but most of the time was devoted to Lemon Cove.

It was the summer after the disastrous San Francisco earthquake and fire, we had felt it that early morning and took it to be Watch scratching himself against one of the supports under the homestead house.

It's effect so far as we were concerned was to greatly delay delivery of the electrically driven pump, which was to force the water up to the ditch we built along the top level of the future orchard.

The young trees were duly set out but the early waterings had to be done by buckets and a barrel mounted on a sled; those last hot days, I have seen Harry and his helper drive to the ditch, dip up enough to fill the barrel and the last two pailsfull went over each other's heads, process to be repeated each load. The bearing grape fruit trees adjoining, yeilded toll to be placed in a furrow and eaten whem judiciously peeled, after coming down the next row and getting it back. The last part of the summer's job was to build a house on a commanding knoll, for all efforts had gone into getting the trees going, and shelter was secondary. Lindley helped me a lot on this, shingling like a good fellow. I should have mentioned we stopped at Lindsey on our return from Bakersfield and at Grey Gables, had our first meeting with Prior's two sisters adopted by the aunt and uncle Carnegie.

Splendid girls; the old stage driver rightly expressed their description to me afterwards.

I was working near the road at Harry's when the atage came along carrying the two on the drivers seat and the othersinside. In the unhurried fashion of the day, of a course there were mutual greetings. Later we heard there had been some trouble with branche horses in the Giant Forest narrow grade and asked the driver about it in the down trip. Oh yes! They had had quite a time, but it didn't phase them girls they're blooded."

They had lived in Roumania and had received the finest of musical education in Vienna, specializing in the violin playing with the Queen of Roumania and later by request before Queen Victoria. Muriel married an Englishman and went to live near Hanford and so dropped away from our orbit, but Freda stayed on with her foster parents, taking an active part in the civic and musical life of a large radius of that rapidly developing countryside, so. that we christened her the denounced Queen of Lindsey and she has already always remained for us the dear and gifted friend.

Leaving Harry to carry on with his ordered, we returned to the apple picking and then to the shipping, now made easier by loading at Lemon Cove.

Things went much as usual, we in our third Bakersfield quarters continuing the increasing fruit sales and Lindley his schooling. It was the winter of 1906-07.

We had made a real estate acquaintance and one morning at breakfast Blanche took up the local paper and said, "Mr. Parsons has quite a list of and here is a place that looks cheap." I said, well my round takes me close there, I'll look at it. That evening ny report was, you would like that house, somebofy has lived there who has planted roses and things and it looks homey, better come and see it. She said "Well, what's the use, we couldn't buy it." Says me, "There's that legacy of the Major's, waiting over in England and it would be good to have a place we could fix up for the business instead of hiring and it's near the team track, too.

So I ran over and an equally pleased wife and an interview with Mr. Parsons and an offer. "Yes, the owners were now in Nevada and wanted to sell, he wanted to sell he would submit our price." A few days later and a phone from Mrs. Parsons and they think they won't sell and we are disappointed Another interval and the announcement on my hame coming. Yes they say they will accept and we become owners of our first piece of town property, Rose Cottage.

From the early spring of 1907 we have had the place and now in 1931 it seems as though the city is to take it as part of the new golden state highway and millions of cars will xi roll over where we have handled and stored fruit galore. It was a modest house enough but the lot was large and we knew what could be done, for was it not our own andchickens could be kept. Blanche and I put in all the spare time we could finishing some papering which was needed and we sent East for a piano and some other furniture. We were customers of Montgomery& Ward from earlier days than this, for we found it a convenient way to order from our quiet mountain fastness and many had been the lists made out as we studied the bulky catalogue and many the paring down of those lists to bring our wishes and the contents of the fanily purse nearer togethe

The things arrived, were installed and so were we, for a short time only; the piano went out again to be used by a friend that summer and we back to the hills.

That summer we made a special trek with a slip scrapper in the wagon and excavated a large cellar under the house Lindley was then big enough to drive the team and dump the scraper which we backed down the slope, filled and the horses pulled out, I shovellong while he was gone with the load. When completed we stored in it some barrels of vinegar made the previous winter and the cider press. We thought it was wiser to carry some fore insurance, the first we had and an acquaintance was to sleep there to comply with requirements of the policy. That September when the new crop was being picked came word, our house was burnt and a total loss. I went south again, by train this time, to meet the insurance adjuster, found a house to be sold for removal, interviewed a house mover and drove stakes by his guidance about the blackened hole in the ground which was about all there was left;

some iron hoops and a little pile of metal parts being all the remains of our vinegar and mill; which I rebuilt later. The insurance money was promptly paid in full and took care of the purchase and money of the house. So when we arrived in due course again, behold another domicle arisen above the ashes of the last, but the back porch looked down into a yawning cavity.

Lindley to school once more, Blanche busy as a beaver getting additional furniture and placing things for our comfort while I built an enlarged back porch and roofed it ti to cover the rest of the cellar and prepare it for the incoming apples. We were very grateful to welcome back our returned piano which had a fortunately escaped the holocaust. it stands with us still, preforming as needed, with not even a radio as competitor. Not so the other things particularly a fur coat, specially sent from Dover; it could have been saved if our occupant had not lost his head and fled, when he woke to find his room in flamesm probably a lighted lamp kicked over in his sleep.

Little by little improvements crept on as time allowed. Stabling and sheds went up, shade trees and creepers were planted and I found great help in the better facilities for handling the fruit and there keeping qualities in the cool storage of the cellar. The time came when Alfred Curtis could take the wagon rounds and give me opportunity to wirk up more business in store orders for boxed fruit.

We bought a little driving mare, dalled Midge and a buggy which was convenient for Blanche to use and l ght deliveries All these things and the need for Lindley's continuance of school nade for more and more Bakersfield residence. and less time given to Kaweah affairs, until at last the orchard management was turned over intitely to Fred on a share of the crop basis, and we sometimes added a purchased portion of his apples to the shipments of our own part and after some years of this plan, he bought the whole of our orchard holdings and added them to his own increasing acreages. Before passing from Kaweah and it's busy doings, one likes to recall some of the pleasant incidents, taking us again into the well loved forest and environments.

One memorable occasion was when the Carnegies invited the three of us to share the joys of a permanent camp which the joint families had established at the head of Round Meadow among those moble redwoods.
Carnegies, Proirs and Sworder, Muriel's English fiancee and a Jap cook to prepare the meals.

The journey up was madewith a light open spring wagon and it's span, carrying but the horse feed and our clothes, in itself a pleasant change from the erstwhile upward toil loaded with camping paraphrenalia; under such lightened condition, the trip itself could be appreciated.

Then to sprawl at ease in deck chairs looking over the gre green lengths of the sward, listening at times to Freda and Murial's trained duets or solos on the violins or to be awakened by Sworder's bagpipes as he marched in kilt and swinging

among the tents. Only those who have heard such among those surroundings can savour it to the full. Interesting books to read, stories of Mr. and Mrs. Carnegies' life in Europe, anecotes from Freda ranging from the Roumanian folk lore which Carman Sylvia collected, to the pranks of the Battenbay princes she witnessed when visiting to play at Osborne. Also excitement furnished by a raiding bear, which would sneak into an empty tent, intent in purloining ham or a side of bacon. As firearms were plentiful verbaten, Prior and Sworder vowed reprisals and rigged a dead fall designed to thump woundily, but I believe it never came off. Halcyon days of real dolce far neinte, comparable to those of on the velvet larons of England for comfort and companionship but so different in surroundings. There was this siniliarilty we had our afternoo noontea and it was taken in the open air, a desideratum greatly favored by my sisters and wasps and such ilk at either place. Another time I took the Lindsey party up in their camping wagon witha combined team of four. They stayed overnight at the homestead scattering the beds about the place as was th the pleasant costum of summer outdoor sleeping. The journey up was not so easy; they had two good horses but unused to our mountain roads and ours were always too light for heavy pulling. But with many rests, some balkings and minor occurances we got there and always find good humor prevailed. The forest was a famous place for the heat surfected folk to go to camp and fish and the Lindsey friends were particularly partial to it. One recalls another time we went in with the light wagons fitted up for passengers and a "spike" team of ours, that is two abreast and one hooked to the pole in fromt. Then when Lindley was bigger, he came with us for an extended pack animal and part riding expedition, Mrs. Carnegie had passed by then, Muriel was married so Freda and her uncle came and tow cousins, also orcharding in Lindsey. We had a new Watch then, quite a youngster but he learned quickly and behaved beautifully sitting well back from our ground spread canvas cloth until our meals were over and his turn came.

Freda and Miss Hilda would read Shakespeare at our camp fires and the former claims I comverted her to socialism on those trail tramps but she has a level and well poised head on those capable shoulders and her own opinions, so that is as it may be. I was sufficiently her senior to be listened to however and quarrulous withal when well started, as you may haye noticed in these writings.

Fishing of course and the usual happenings of straying hor horses and chafing saddles and loosened packs; perchance we would meet the casual ourfit and exchange experiences, going on our way with "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."and then again one fears the reverse occurred and we had a bit of saddle galling ourselves with which to deal. We had some more meals of the tasty trout and it's golden variety and once fou nd a beautifully primed arrowhead lying in one of the flat lava rocks of Volcano Creek; the surroundings lent itself to the idea ours might have been the first white foot to tread that spot since the hunting Indian lost it.

unknown years before; there is plenty of such wil and solitary type of region yet in that back of beyond.

Bakersfield and Middle Life.

Now we are settling down to the twenty years or so of life in this hot and growing oil town, the days devoted mainly to the more prosaic aims of trying to acquire the competence which under the system prevailing, ought to be done, lest one should later become a burden upon others. Perhaps "the workd is too much with us; later and soon getting and spending, we lay waste our powers. Little we see of Nature that is ours."

It seemed the right thing to do though, nature was there to be deserved in some of her many forms, even if the more human side predominated and we tried to play the game and went at it for all we were worth. There was plenty to do, the new oil fields were extending, much drilling going on in the Kern river district and fresh strikes made, all adding to the general business activity, when such an industry was added to the new horiculture which arose with the coming of cheap fuel and electricity. Alfred and I kept the fruit coming in and going out and our little home became crowded to capacity for a short season when Blanche's brother Will, the ex-sailor preceding his family from livery stable to the new oil fields of Fresno county. Will soon returned to Bakersfield and a permanancy. He worked steadily three miles out at the Kern River fields. A characteristic story is told of his early epistodes shows how he comes to hold his twenty year long job, at work entirely foreign to past training and experience, He was "pushing" a small gang of pipe layers and was told to go to a certain point and would need to take "the old man" with them, he knew it was a tool but didn't care to admit his ignorance as to what it was, so after going, some distance it is, Jim. we've forgotten the old man; go back and get it," which satisfactorily solved the problem. Later, "did he know engines?" he had held a Captain's ticket so, "Marine's engines," comes trippingly from his tongue and he gets the job of oiler, keeps his eyes open takes a course on steam and has had the station in charge these many years even though seafaring mates and captain's education, doesn't usually include "Marine engines." Frank Batty is added to our little circle, Will's wife's brother, he gets a job at once and makes good and his family follows too. In the meantime till other quarters can be prepared; every room is filled and for a short time, Lindley's couch is in the bath.

I picked up typhoid somewhere and had quite a seige, with a doctor coming to the house and a nurse in attendance, the memories of some of this are blurred by the evil dreams of delirium but there will always be the sound of hymns sung by my dear, heard in snatches of consciousness, and once Lindley's weeping at my plight.

Recovery was rapid; we had bought the lot on either side of us and I remember watching Will out of the window as he brought in and stacked a carload of lumber which had been shipped from San Francisco to build another house for ourselves. Blanche and I had great fun planning this for it was to be homemade and different from anything else we had seen or heard of.

Outside board and batten rough and stained brown; roof shingle, wide overhanging sides and gables, stained moss green.

Inside plaster board with the studding exposed, wire brushed and stained brown, ceiling joist the same and they carried an upper story of two bedrooms in the large roof which were lined and fininsed in the same way and had screen edoutdoor sleeping porches under the deep overhangof the gable. The windows and doors were handmade of the same rough finins, the former slid sideways and the latter had oak latches and leather latch strings for fastenings.

An inside exposed stairway and rail took one upstairs and we had a large brick fireplace with dogs made from buggy axles and niftily designed by a friendly blacksmith to represent the long slim nose and body and turned out front legs of a dachshund; we hope always to keep both these and the Kaweah rocking chair, both for their clever workmanship design and as mememtos.

A barn and workshop went up at the back, with loft for loose hay and wagon and buggy shelter below, also a cabin for Mr. Cassidy who was to continue to follow our fortunes. The whole was terribly bare, raw and unpretentious, but we planted trees and greenery as quickly as possible and they soon altered the appearance and shaded us too.

One feature was a wide grape vine covered the back door and all the west side had a trellis away from the wall which made a green screen of leaves and fruit during the hottest part of the year and let in the light when the foliage dropped.

Visitors seemed to like the oddness and unconventionality of the inside and we enjoyed many features of it.

Later when Blanche went to San Francisco to join her Association and quality for the practioneer work which has been the joy of her life ever since, Lindley and I built on a little office room which could be entered from outside and in and with telephone at arm's length, made a quiet retreat for her and her callers.

With some extra help and Alfred reliable assistance, two outfits were kept running fairly steadily with fruit and after we had become well settled in the spring of 1910 into No 200 22nd from No 116, I began a campaign of small house building for letting purposes.

There had come opportunities to acquire sundry parcels of land for the purchas of which some capital from England enabled us to take advantage. Having watched the growth in population and values of valley lands and town lots, we felt persuaded if we bought wisely, the same thing would happen in an oil town like Bakersfield.

Four large lots were bought across the alley from us and cut into six, part resold and built upon.

May and Will took one and put up the home in which they still live. Frank Batty and his family built on the lot we had bought the other side of 116, so we became the nucleus of a little English colony.

Another useful purchase was a frontage on the connecting Avenue between East and West Bakersfield called Union it had two or three old places on it which let readily and has since become valuable as a gas station and store. Then in East Bakersfield or Kern we picked up at near original new townsite prices, several vacant or semi-vacant lots which caused other carloads of lumber to be ordered and my time and some help to be fully occupied in building and furnishing small cheap places for which there seemed to be a demand.

At one time we had ten or twelve of these lots to more or less transient tenents and many are the tales Blanche and I can tell on the good and bad side of human nature in connection with them.

As one scans now the lists of long forgotten tenants, names still standing in the ledger, memory flows back to instances of fresh white window curtains used as dish rags, the penchant for breaking handles from cups and the strange absence of sheets from inventories, generally when keys were not returned.

On the other hand there was the batchlor applicant for a new little place, accepted with hesitation and turning out to be one of the best housekeepers and long staying occupant and instances when forgotten arrears of rent, came unexpectedly through the mail in after years. In this reviews of the past and the financial side of it, we are happy in feeling that in all the days when such careful economy had to be practiced, on through the times when comparatively large sums were handled, with stringencies even then occurring we could always laugh together over details of our "frenzied finance". Fortunatley money matters never meant recriminations, we talked over general policies of expenditures agreed on them and left the detail to be worked out by the one clostest in touch.

Lindley was developing his fondness for anything electrical and where wireless appeared over the horizon, we set aside a room for him to fit up as he could and in the High School days his keeness was noted, the boys most interested were encouraged to make some of the equipment, given space for it and they rigged up the first airial across the road from school to school.

Much interesting wirk followed code studied and more an more picked out of the air as knowledge and equipment was perfected; we always knew if not in his own room between school hours he would be at the high xx school.

As time went xx on and more storage room was needed the first small cellar at 200 22nd had to be enlarged, with due regard to the foundation of our fireplace.

George Elliot wisely said that "prophecy in the most gratuitous form of error," I'll venture the guess though that both the holes in the ground we excavated with such effort will be filled again in the very near future, but one trusts at public expense.

Public improvements settled upon us also and were welcomed no longer need we ship carloads of oak wood from Kaweah to be cut up by circular saw and split for stove and fireplace for friend Wishon appears again, this time in Bakersfield and expounds to us the advantage of natural gas piped in for heating and cooking; we need little urging. Electricity is here and all our houses wired for it.

Hannibal Hosking our Cornish neighbor across the alley remarks to his equally Cornish and blonde young wife, "soon you'll have nothing to do but sit on the front porch with your purse open."

A water supply we had from the first, also to be paid from the open purse, but too useful for cost to be grudged. Then a city sewer system, our part of it consisting of connections to be laid from all streets or alleys to houses. At the house our home property we had to dig from six to eight feet deep to lay the vitrified pipe but it was done and extremely well worth while, after being once in and paid for.

It was during this period I went north to pass upon the merits of an apple growing project at the request of some rich estate friends interested. The journey took me to the most northly county of lengthy California and the climate was described to me by the stage driver as nine months winter and three months blamed late in the fall." while the old timer lingered on stories of six crops of alfalfa to be cut per season from San Joaquin valley lands came back with the remark, "When I cut my hay, I want it to stay cut." I was not favourably impressed by the land nor railroad facilities for marketing what fruit could be raised so returned and no action taken.

Pepper trees of graceful evergreen foliage creamy flowers pink berries were planted in front of our new home, little fellow with stems like wheat straws and roots in condensed milk cans, they were put in near the curb line and watered and cultivated the first two years, after which they were left to get what moisture they could steal from the front garden and prospered, now I cannot span the trunks with both arms.

Lindley craved a better job on his aerial and designed a good one, it set in a shallow socket, of concrete trusting to it's guying for the stability of it's hundred feet of height. He selected tough Oregon pine and laid out and bored everything on the fround, beginning with three two by sixes to be bolted together in successive lengths, then smaller sizes were cut and bored to fit in these steps finishing with a topmost two by four. The first sections were set up and temporily guyed and cleats nailed on for steps, then my share came in and I passed parts to him or tied them on a rope to be pulled up and bolted in place while he continued to fasten steps and climb.

Finally we put in permanent dead men of large sewer pipe

and having heavy guy wires, made all tight and plumb and the aerial was attached to the top.

Many trip did he make up and down that pole and it is standing yet, but is doomed if the road goes through there. During the United States war time period and Lindley's absence in naval service, it was disconnected but certain ignorant busy bodies wanted it down as a potential illicit news carrier, they were overuled and a great flag flew from it's peak on home coming and other high occasions.

Horses continued to be our motive power; we kept three as a rule, sometimes four, Daisy the old faithful, pursuing her slow reliable course; what varied work had she not down for us; I have seen her take a pack between two trees when there was but an inch to spare and not touch on either side and she never lost her head on ticklish or in high water places, wagon plow, buggy or saddle, it was all right for her. We used to say she had a thick hide and short memory for no doubt, the reason she lasted so well was because she refused to be unduly hurried, whip or no whip. Midge was a wiry little beast of the broncho order, normally she was quiet and trustworthy enough and Blanche would drive her when necessary, but she did not approve of trains at two close range and couldn't abide circus day. The distant roar of lions and the smell of elephants in the air would put her all of a twitter, even in her stall and I once saw Lindley nip a runaway in the bud most neatly by a quick sprint to her head as she was getting into her stride, near the circus ground.

Times when a team could be spared there would be work on the vacant lots, plowing, scraping and levelling. We kept our hands in with two or three of the ranch implements at this and th the original slip scrapes which had seen service at the colony road, on through the ditch building and our own wirk, came to Bakersfield and was finally sold with the passing of horses.

The handling of loose hay bought from outside ranchers and the daily cleaning of the barn made constant work but the trees and garden prospered by it and side walk and shade trees were planted freely as well as fruit and in time improved the appearance of the bare lots. Our locality was still rather scatteringly built upon and we kept our hens as well as the horses, but never attempted a cow or pig, so no more made our own saugages lard or bacon and even soap, as in early Kaweah days. Aviation began to be talked about, with the Wright brothers making their successful experimental flights at Kitty Hawk and Blerist staggering across the channel to land on the well remembered Dover cliff Soon we gained and joined the crowd which watched the first plane make it's short flight and marvelled with the rest. The first hint of the possibilities of wireless sound transmission came home to us when Lindley returned one evening and told how he had been working at the instruments in the high school radio room and had caught the sound of a definite tune in his head phones, took them off a time or two to check on it and distinctly recognized the air as "The trail of the lonesome pine," popular at that time He dashed for one of the instructors to share the experience but failed to find him and then there was silence. Correspondence with the Los Angeles Polytechnic referred him to two brothers who were making experiments and from them he heard they had used a gramaplone with that record at about the period he heard it

so undoubtedly this was the first for Bakersfield of the modern marvel which pours music and the sound of the human voice from about every other house, otherwise quiet evenings, enables us to hear the Prince of Wales natural diction and relish Premier' MacDonald's Scotch burr if we care to use at uncanny hours and Sunday evenings appreciate the homely services at Letti Parkers and delight in Mother Parkers harmonious contralto from distant New York studio.

The political pot always boiled and Blanche and I continued to take the keen interest we had in such aided by the pick of international news given us daily in the Christian Science Monitor to which we were indebted, also for heart warming bits of English touches and literary comments. One item came particularly close home when we ran on to an accurate pen picture of the little glade near Ratsberry called the "Bottoms" which I knew so well but thought too obscure for others. Bits about Canterbury and even Mrs. Hodgsen Burnetts rose garden at Maytham Hall the surrounding Park of which made the outlook I had gazed upon from the windows of Merrington across the way for twenty odd years.

Woman's suffrage was fiercely agitated and they came into their own in due course, as we all know; rather as a matter of course in our part of the country; looking back it seems strange it was so controversial in the old way, maybe some day it will be the same with prohibition, unless people universally become temperate by choice which is better yet but unlikely. We had an interesting visit by Harry Talbot and his wife and were able to give them more time, attendance and better quarters that had fallen to his lot when West with us before and we enjoyed them both.

Nothing of special note appears to have happened during this period in Bakersfield except the common round, the daily task "but in the spring of 1912 another land mark in our lives appeared for we decided on a second visit to the good old country and great were the preparations and expectations.

The National Geography Society had published a large frontispiece picture in tint in their magizine of General Sherman the Society had also been most generous in donations to secure the additions to the National Park, areas on which Captain Young had worked so faithfully to obtain options. We sent for a number of these engravings and I procured a stock of redwood split shakes and drew on our supply of bark, cones lichen and buckskin to go in the trunks for use at home. We had a desire to travel on one of the large fast liners and our choice was for the illfated Titanic preparing to start west on her maiden trip. Word of her calamnity came to us so a booking was made for the Campania, which however was diverted to bring in the survivors, so no Cunard liner for us.

By this time Harry Ginner had become well established on a thriving orange grove, had married an English girl from a neighboring orchard. One night when staying over at their home I was awakened by a sharp crack overhead and a small voice made the explanatory remark out of the darkness, "Acorn fall on the woof," so there was a very satisfactory report to take back to Hastings.

Ticket arrangements were made with the Santa Fe and we left Bakersfield at midnight May 5th, 1912 arrived at Los Angeles and stayed a day and night with friends, were driven around and shown some of the fast growing city, later to be our home. A new route this was for us, Albuquerque and it's interesting Indian contacts, beads, blankets weaving and the idea one could gain from the surrounding deserts and mesas of what might have been the lives of the distant Nepis and what the little band of conquistadores must have endured when they penetrated to the sun parched retreats of that ascetic race. We had a day at the home of Harry and Edith Talbot which they had built in East St. Louis and heard much of his teaching experiences in the south. In the morning of the 12th we arrived at Washington and at the National Capitol twice came across the curiosity the east seemed to have about our western gold, the checking clerk refused to change our five dollars gold piece and the girl at the resturant where we had breakfast, said she meant to keep it as a curiosity. Little she knew of the romance for us, bound up in one of these. Our limited time of a few hours only was crammed with sights and recollections which we shall always be glad to carry and one would wish for a much larger acquaintances with so fine a place.

The great new Pennsylvania station in New York receinved us in it's ample embrace and we were met by our Bakersfield friend Mary Hamilton, whose Navajo rugs had met the same fate with Blanches fur cloak, in our fire; she dispensed her pleasant hospitality umtil we went on to visit Mrs. Young who had moved to New York with her two children and invited us to stay with her, we had an interesting visit, meeting Mrs. Burghart, Du bois wife of the author of "The Souls of Black Folk" and others of her friends.

From this friendly home we made our new arrangements for steamer and finding the White Star liner Cedric the next to sail negotiated change of tickets and went aboard May 16th. Among mail given us there was a letter from far off Liberia, our now Major Young sent us greetings and good wishes for the trip and told many things of his experiences, a wound in some interior skirmishing fever that "treats me kindly, lightly comes and lightly goes." Poor cheerful Mrs. Young it was little furlough he received during his active service and the children saw him rarely. Liverpool again and Sidney on the dock, he never failed to greet us at our landings. Arthur's bank position had moved him to Liverpool and we visited at his home, going south soon in response to a telegram showing father was anxious we shou should get to Ratsberry as soon as might be, We knew there would be no mother to meet us this time for she had passed to her reward.

It was again to be a bus ride from Headcorn to Tenterden and Jesse the driver said he had been expecting us; we asking why the reply was your advance baggage had been waiting there two or three days and it was pleasant to find the personal touch so soon. The bus filled rapidly and those inside were regaled by the conversation between two friends and fellow passengers one was telling of a mutual acquaintance, who had been bitten by

a dog, "Bit herself" snap ed the other. Outside, extra patrons drove Lindley and I on to the roof and baggage and at last the reins were given into my hands while Jesse sat on the front dash board. But we discharged our load in Tenterden and were driven on the mile more of the Rye road as before. May 30th.

Ratsberry was to be headquarters again and bicycles appeared once more, but this time we bought a plump grey and white pony and little low four wheeled carriage which would hold four and suit cases behind.

Lindley fetched the pony from Rye, leading it behind his bicycle to the great dismay of Uncle Edgar, who seemed to think he took his life in his hands.

The surviving Uncles, Talbot,Edgar and Father ages ranging from 81 to 84 were photographed together and we called it the Octogencerians. The pony trap gave a fair Kentish radius for Blanche so that Dover and Maidstone were visited in it and many minor drives.

The forty miles run to Dover was a long pull for Jerry but he did it nobly and never turned a hair, and at each place stabling was improvised which enabled us to stay several days and drive about. The bicycles were in full force and we covered lots of country on them, one 70 mile run for Lindley and me taking us to Walton on the Naze on the Essex coast where we joined Harold and family on a sea side visit and among many other amusements introduced them to horse shoe pitching as a substitute for quiots

How can I convey to my readers, the charm of that summer filled as it was with the drivers and rides about so lovely a countryside the gatherings at well known homes and some new ones the visits with old friends and all that was done again to make it another eventful time. We had watched in the Monitor accounts of the preparations which were being made for the Royal Horticultural flower show at Chelsea we managed to catch the last day of it when passing through London.

The old home at Merrington was re-visited of course changes noticed and the familiar fields walked over with mixed feelings. On ome of our drives we met Mrs. Hodgson Burnett and exchanged some experiences in our English and American lives.

When at Dover we went to and old friends for the afternoon and I played my first game of bouls and our host took me to a sort of ravine in his fine old garden; it headed into the hill towards the Castle and he said tradition held it was excavated as a sheltered attacking point for the ~~other~~ archers at one of the sizes of the ancient citadel on the cliff. We saw a very fine lot of colored scenes of a Durbar in India given at the "Kinemacolor" in London, one of the earlist of it's kind one imagines and had a notable clan gathering and dinner party given by our good Aunt Fanny who always did so much for our pleasures andtheres.

The hop drying casts at Ratsberry had many uses part of one held a work bench and many of the old tools, one used to handle in the Merrington days. I took opportunities to make up a set of Oxford frames for our pictures of the giant General Sherman tree, constructing them out of the redwood shakes we had brought

fastenings the corners with halved cones, lashed on with buckskin and embellished with bark and lichen, they made souveniers for some of the homes we visited.

Father had converted one of the old cooling rooms into a studio for Margaret and we could always find interesting examples of her wirk up there. The girls were also teaching classes for wórk design and mx make lace, as a revival of a fine village industry and we brought back some examples one having the Tenterden church bells for it's motif.

Among other uses to which we put the casts was for an indoor picnic on a wet day and a camp "mülligan stew" was prepared with other things on the hop drying fireplace.

Our folks have a natural flair for barm storming and scream ing plays for the audience and we always had a large one; the sis ters kept a stock of varied costumes and properties and Harold(s family seconded their aunt's most gaily.

By early September we sold Jerry but the carriage still remains at Ratsberry. Moving northward we had a good stay with Sidney and saw much of the progress of the water works, one dam was complete and had beenc opened with appropriate ceremonies mot long beefore, it was an impressive sight with the water sunning over the long level top and sweeping down the fine curve of the masonery, while the new lake backed up the vista of the valley. I was taken to see the system of filter beds and other points of interest and was much impressed by the solidity and permanancy of it all and the scope of the undertaking.

We scattered from here at the last, Blanche to go ahead so as to stay longer in Liverpool, Lindley back to Maidstone while I returned for a farewell visit to Ratsberry.

We looked for Destom on the Leyland liner Canadian, a one class boat and certainly the most satisfactory syxten for general comfort for us. We made no effort to work it and don't know how the arrangement occurred but we were assigned to the captain's table and so had the benefit of the excellant service and his general company.

It is the custom of liner commander's to make themselves agreeable but Captain Bullock was specially and naturally so; poor fellow, he carried on the tradition of the service when the last to leave his ship and was drowned when torpedoed in the war.

Our only other table mates were Count and Countess Pèrrefeu, returning from France. She had been Miss Elsa Tudor and was a fine type of American lady and we enjoyed their company also. Dr. Tryan was returning from a peace mission and gave us a fine lecture on the movement one evening, it must be heartening to him to watch the workd's progress in that direction after the cataclysm, that was so soon to occur. Mrs. Tryan had another evening for her pictures and most interesting descriptive account of the Richard Jeffries country she had been studying.

The usual other shipboard activities occurred and after being delayed a day from rough weather we landed September 16th Rail this time was by way of Buffalo, Salt Lake City and San Francisco, pleasant times and people enroute and so back to

Bakersfield once more and another happy experience stored away to be drawn ypon in memory and act so an inspiration for all the the later years.

The general fruit work was of such nature that it could be be suspended during our summer absense but there was a good crop of apples that autumn to be taken care of and the usual routine of shipping and selling was organized again.

Frank Batty had been attending to the house letting for us but there were always alternations and repairs on them. as busy times flowed around us as before.

The following autumn another breath of England came to us in the visit from cousin Eric; Uncle Franklin had died and he was making a tour of some engineering works the Panama Canal and he indulged us in his initerary. We had a wonderful time together as was sure to be with so fine a young man, he and I made a horseback excursion into the Giant Forest, up the Mineral King road and about Kaweah and he helped on some of the jobs we had in hand at Bakersfield and seemed to get as much fun out of them as I usually found in work invilving manual labor. He went on to the canal and then to Brazil to visit an engineering friend inland there and ran into a snall local bit of insurrection, which gave him his first baptism of fire, a trifling foretaste of the four years stern experience, so soon to claim him.

That fateful autumn of1914 . As we watched the rushing onward to catastrophe, it seemed impossible such a thing could be. Of course the family interest was the ruling one and the letters of those days held such vital news for us. Harold's boys immediately involved, Arnold as a naval reserve man, leaving the merchantile service for gunnery training and then through varied experiences on the sea to the great culmunation as officer of the day on Admiral Beatty's flagship the Queen Elizabeth when he had the satisfaction of excorting the German commander in chief to receive final instructions for the next day; formal surrender of the whole fleet.

Then our dear Basil to go out of Kiychener's army to the early horrors of those Flanders trenches, so that I have a letter from him, written there, in which he says he trusts Edwin will not have to pass through what he has had to, in them. Should one care to realize what had to be endured in tha that long journey of trench warfare, let them read extracts from letters by the poet soldier Wilfred Owen, the stark gruesomeness is sketched by a master hand and itdrives home relentlessly the horrors. Every adult should read them these days "Lest we forget" particularly in view of what should be done at the coming achievement of disarmnent conference.

From his pen:
"The soil is safe for widow and weep
And for the soul of England,
Because their bodies men vouchsafe
To save the soul of England."

"Fair days areyet left for the old
And children's cheeks are ruddy,

Because the good lad's limbs are cold
And their brave cheeks are bloody."

These to die striving to hold a bit of those trenches on a night attack Feb 14th 1916, last seen by his surviving orderly "fighting with his fists" and the butt of his revolver and so passed Captain Basil Charles Winser 10th Battalion, Lancashire Fusiliers and not in vain for his Colonel testified they kept their sector unbroken by prompt action and the papers he carried were found on his body intact, after several days in no man's land. Aubrey to follow in his footsteps seeing the whole grim business through from first to last, happily to come out with wounds only and his brother's rank.

Edwin, the boy scout of those first times of war did not escape the grinding of that fearsome mill as his brotherhoped; instead it was another story of wound and mendings and at the last great Ludendorf drive, to be stricken down again; youth and good health bringing him through fit for service omce more when the blessed cessation of the sound of the guns came which our Kentish folk told us was the signal that armistice had come at last.It's little of detail one can gather from our citizen soldier boys but we were safely and securely sheltered during these stirring times, because of such as they and we know how they played their parts; pir Eric was not cited to Windsor to be decorated for nothing and young cousin Ralph added his name to the millions who laid down their lives for us.

Coming quite close to hometo us however is the case of Lionel Davidson another of the several who made our little homes the stepping off point into Western life. Orphaned in Ireland but of English parents he would object to being called Irish which his brogue seemed to indicate, "Is a man Chinese because born in China or a fish because born at sea?" A wild laddie he married in Bakersfield and "sweat blood" as he said at a farewell meal with us there, before he got his wife's consent to go overseas, and then in a letter to us written just before that fatal, "over the top," he tells us to adjure others to come, for "it is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done," quoting from his favorite Dickens. This is not adequate, but it seems to me the above is the spirit in which many of the ~~xixx~~ final sacrifices were made. I long to quote many of the lines my brother Harold, wrote on these and other themes of more peaceful days.

Only the parents of those days can know their anxieties.

To our fallen:

"Because of you who fall, our eyes are dim with tears
Yet, lo, the heavenly signs! With sky of sweeter blue
And sun of richer gold, a brighter dawn appears.
Because of you
The glory of your sacrifice with radiant lure,
Suffuses all. High daylight clouds spurn midnight fears,
And hail brave heart that dare and nothing doubting do,
The quiet stars foretell as music to the ears.
And love and honor bid us keep this true
That purer, surer peace shall bless the coming years,
Because of you.

Changes came into our personal lives during this period before America became active participaters in the great conflict. Contacts in High School life brought our Helen to us, first as a member of a little club of kindred spirits organized among themselves and visiting at the homes of members for evenings of mutual entertainment.

The attachment grew steadily as such things will and we became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Brown in due course. They were living at that time on the ranch where Helen was born at South Union Avenue then a mile or two out of town. Lindley had pegged away at his Morse and International Codes and was getting amatuers out of the air and corresponding with them in different parts of the United States.

Early in the was when we had the little band of German cruisers calling as near as San Francisco, Lindley caught several of the radio messages going to them, harmless as befitting the neutrality, but interesting historically in view of the fate awaiting them on their attempted return. There were two to the Leipzig and one to the Nurernbey of which I have copies, besides a lot of German press war reports sent out later for propaganda. After finishing his high school course and teaching a radio class there for a time, he expressed a wish to take a course at the Marconi school at San Francisco and after his mother had found suitable quarters for him there, the boy left our roof for the first time on his own, and it says much for our confidence in his ability to paddle his own canoe, that we had no uneasiness for him. He took his course, passed his examination and obtained his Federal license as a radio operator and after a wait for a ship which he filled in satisfactorily, was off to sea and I had the pleasure of greeting the slim young figure for the first time in uniform in San Francisco on his return from several voyages up and down the coast from Mexico to Seattle. There was quite a story to tell of experiences; at one lonely southern port when the population insisted on coming aboard to be taken away from reported marauding Indians and they had controversies with the medley, cluttering up the decks.

After getting about all the knowledge these trips could give in his line, the next move was to one of the big new powerhouses, the Edison Company had built on the upper reaches of the San Joaquin river and a motorbyke took him long and speedy trips up and down this lengthy state. By this time we had brought the fruit business to a definitely wholesale stage of filling orders taken over the telephone by Blanche or by my calls at the stores.

This demanded an increased and more varied stock than the Kaweah orchards supplied and one remembers what a plunge it seemed to be when I went to the apple growing section of California at Watsonville in the fall of 1916. I made the round of the packing houses just starting the seasons pick, beginning with the favorite Belleflowers. Most of them were operated by Armenians who bought the crops from the growers, packed and distributed them. Then I came to the house of the Casserly Fruit Company a cooperative affair of orchardists handling their own fruit. Tall, blue eyed Mr. Rowe the farmer manager. impressed me very favorably and before leaving his office, there was a contract

arranged for the delivery of ten carloads over 100 tons of apples as needed and all done with nothing but a banker's letter of introduction, giving no financial standing. It was the beginning of a long period of pleasant business relations and a case of mutual liking and confidence, during which time he never left us down. He quoted me prices, which seemed slightly more favorable than others had offered. I asked him why, to an unknown man. He said, "Mr. Winser, you are a new customer and we want to have you."

It seemed a momentous undertaking to report to Blanche when I met her on the train returning from San Francisco but as ever there was the heartening confidence and encouragement waiting for me and went at it together. We had come upon a very good man in Andy Habeeker and he became my right hand in these strenous years. Short, sturdy and absolutely honest and industrious. He batched in one of our cabiins and was always to be counted on. During the nine years or so we worked to gether, my old records show that our output of apples alone to have been around 4000 tons, which with citris fruits, pears and sundries, totaled 6000. Most of it had to be handled half a dozen times, the bulk alone to be dealt with was something to cope with, apart from the selling and account keeping.

We had another excellent assistant when the days came that much packing and sorting had to be done in Mrs. Anderson, she was English and came with her family as one of our tenents, a splendid worker, always willing to do the things needed and an expert packer

Of course this volume of business could not have been done, with horses of olden days, though we hung to them tenaciously and began our motor experience in the most modest way possible, with a new 1916 Ford roadster bought in 1917, another ~~mix~~ plunge as it seemed then.

But what service that little old car rendered, even Daisy and her record could not have come up to it.

Lindley and I built a delivery body to go on the back, adapted to the sizes and shapes of boxes to be carried and it entered gaily upon it's career; like Daisy to be called upon for all sorts of Conditions and service.

Blanche and I made our first juourney on our own, in it to Los Angles before the Ridge Road was completed and it carried a ~~ex~~ collision scar on it's brass radiator top to the time in 1928 when the lack of a self starter made it advisable to be sold, but that some old brass radiator had long marked it an ancient vintage here in Los Angles and it wnet out of our garage under it's own power at last with hever a sputter or murmur and not yet headed for the scrap heap. The trips we made with it, San Francisco journeys, sometimes with Helen going with us to meet the sailor boy, once it took the four of us over the lovely Santa Cruz mountains with me sitting on the suit cases on the running board enjoying the scerery and kept on place by elbow hooked in the support for the top. Then in it's comparitive old age did not Edwin and I on his arrival from England make an 800 mile camping run in it, over desert and mountian via San Diego and Imperial Valley.

Our fleet graduaily increased by a Ford sedan and two, one ton trucks and in the last anaylsis, they cost us nothing; we saw t

that; but we do owe Henry Ford a debt of gratitude for furnishing the means by which we could obtain such a volume of transportation at a little cost. Here are a few figures bearing on this: the three business delivery cars cost us $1780.00 and I wrote off yearly sums for depreciation amounting to $2100 and sold them finally for $300. The annual average cost of each car over eight years for fuel, repairs, tires and licenses came to $120 each on the four cars. As for the sedan, a 1918, it is still going strong and stands to this day an honored member in our garage.

Came the time when this country found she could no longer stand aloof and with the news, a telegram from Lindley, he had mounted his motorcycle and away to San Francisco and enrolled in the electrical branch of the Navy and was temporily at Goat Island on the bay and to be soon transferred to the shore radio station at South San Francisco where he remained till after the Armistice was signed. The war reached further into the family circle and gathered in Helen's tall brother Harold. He entered the service in October 1917 and was sent first to Camp Lewis and then to Camp Kearney near San Diego where he was joined by his young wife Grace. He was allowed to stay until the little Alta was born and so was separated from his original detachment. Then he crossed the sea and went into action Sept 25 and took part in heavy fighting in the Arygonne region. He was in the "lost battalion" and the following citation was given by Major ~~Harold Brown~~ General Robert Alexander. "Private Harold Brown Company D 308th Infantry.

"When the First and Second Battalions 308th Inf were surrounded by the enemy near Charleveuoc on Oct. 4th, 1918 in the forest of Argonne, this soldier volunteered to go out on patrol to establish communication between Company D and the forward troops. Knowing the fate of previous patrols which had started on other gruesome missions, Private Brown realized that to volunteer probably meant death. He was killed while the patrol attempted unsuccessfully to reach the forward battalions."

With another son lost previously in the Phillippines, poor Mr. and Mrs. Brown have had their great griefs and now Helen and her sister Pearl Are brotherless.

Again from our brother's hand who knew.

"Our glorious boys though dead yet live
All good doth last, while only evil perisheth
Their sacrifice hath not be vain, Grim death
Despite his frightfulness, hath been withstood
And laughed to scorn by valient hardihood
The cause our dead have died for lives, Their death
And breath reanimates, sustains the strife. Who saith
Such lives are lost, lacks light and gratitude."

Bert had never naturalized and as the strife thickened the urge to do his bit took him and he joined the Canadians who were flocking gallantly overseas. After delay in obtaining a transport he was sent with a small contignent in a vessel taking mostly horses and a hectic time they had.

Near the coast of Ireland on a fine afternoon with a smooth sea, "it" appeared; Bert said he recognized the periscope and dived for his cabin to salvage a few things and when he came up both the boats and their ship were going down. After his boat gathered in some of the struggleing swimmers, he saw the finest and most welcome sight he ever expected to look on. In that short time the radio had reached out with it's "SoS" and an English destroyer was headed for them with great wedges of water hurtling from her bows. So they were picked up, taken ashore, given stray uniforms and then shipped to our "Kent" where in training camp three out of five going for a walk one Sunday were annihilated by a bomb from a German aeroplane. He thought they were getting it pretty thick from the sky and under sea but such phases ended when he was sent out to Mesopotamia and after varied epistodes, his oil experiences led to his being "borrowed" by the Anglo Persian Oil Co, where he worked up a good position but in that dry and thirsty country where no water is "he pined for California" writing us he could kiss the first cabbage he saw there and so returned at last after a short stay in England. We had our little regulations and brief returns of some things. I remember seeing a notice put up in a local restuarant "The food controller limits you to one spoon of sugar, but you can stir it like hell, we don't mind.the noise." We had our short trips together , when we would go north, taking Helen and meeting Lindley in one or other of the cars he got hold of in those days; the visits were all too short, especially for them, as we well knew, but the time of peace was drawing near and on September 12th, 1918 a lot of friends gathered at the ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Brown and we then became the happy possessors of a good daughter, as well as a good son and they left to go into the little apartment in San Francisco and I later to occupy one of the government cottages at the station where Lindley worked until a continuation of the service was offered him, with a moce to Honolulu and accepted. Our home affairs moved sreadily on, and with the peak of sales from 1918 to 1922 , volumes of business having no rates to profits. However the average was fair and we took the thick thick with the thin as it came and with gratitude for our manifold blessings.

We continued to have our sane good reliable help and time slipped quickly by as it has a way of doing, especially as it has seemed to is, in this busy land.

Letters came and went and at last word of demobliza-tion and many plans and castles in the air.

It seemed such a fitting time to take up again the idea which the war had deferred, of another home visit, especually as we had a daughter to become acquainted with the relatives, friends and old country. The great event was to be undertaken in the spring of 1921 and dates had to be dovetailed in to fit many things. At our end passports and bookings of steamer and details of the business arranged, this to be left under the joint care of Habeeker and Mrs. Anderson.

Lindley's leaving was subject to the arrival fo his final clearance papers which were delayed, as he had to stay in San Francisco after their return from Honolulu, while Helen came on to Bakersfield, to pack and visit her parents now located in town in the large apartment house they had built there.

Our planned itinery was to be more complicated and we had an exciting time working it out.

We wished to see the famous seenery of the North west and sample the Canadian Pacific and it's wonders and the chance was too good to be missed for visiting Kate and Ralph Hopping at Vernon, British Columbia for we had not seen them in years and a twenty four hour stop over was allowed for that.

Then Blanche wished to be present at the annual meeting in Boston at the Mother Church and our boat was to sail the following day from New York. Had Lindley's papers not arrived in the nick of time we should have had to go across the continent the shortest way but his welcome telegram came announcing all clear and we were off in the evening of May 27 with many to wave us goodbye.

Bert and Lindley met us at Oakland and we settled down to the interesting ride to Seattle and we had an unforgetable day in crossing Puget Sound, stopping at Victoria at midday; very English and the old flag again. An evening start from Vancouver for the nights run to Sicamous where we left the overland for the side trip to Vernon and found to our dismay, local trains made it only possible to have three hours with Kate and Ralph absent Sicamous Hotel on it's beautiful lake was very comfortable and we had a good time there before boarding the next days overland and resuming the wonderful ride across Canada in the well appointed tourist cars.

For mountain granduer the Canadian Pacific through the Rockies is one of the finest we had seen, the Alberta plains do not appeal to me and the enterminable ~~xxxxxxx~~ forests of Ontario were disappointing.

One could hardly dignify them by the term prest, the growth was so small, after being nurtured in south on Fimemore Cooper I wondered how the red man could find cover from the Leatherstocking bullet behind such trees but we were told it was the forest primeval and not cut over yet; though of the Sunday papers don't decrease their size the pulp mulls will get them yet, if Russia deesn't decide to supply the demand. We did enjoy the plenitude of lake rivers and streams though, after our arid plains. A quick change at West Montreal on a beautiful quiet Sunday morning and all day through Quebec, Vermont and the peaceful New England countryside with it's own well watered vistas. Boston in the evening to be met by Harry Talbot's Edith and motored out to West Newton.

Here we met her parents,,Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, a fine old couple who had celebrated the 60th anniversary of their wedding the day before and now ten years it is good to hear they are still active and take the keen interest we found they did in outside things at that time.

The next day we all went into Boston, Blanche to her meeting and we under Harry's guidance to be taken to points of interest, Fancuil Hall, Harvard and it's river and beautiful grounds, etc. I must confess to a slight feeling of jealousy, one had looked forward to showing Helen what the green country of England could be like and here came the lush meadows of the Cambridge and the bosky trees shaded streets of West Newton to take off the edge. However, it was all very enjoyable and we left late that evening for New York and none too soon, for our Alabama was to leave at noon and we were supposed to have a full day for attending to requirements. We got in at 5 A.M. but had our hands full and if it had not been for Mary Hamilton and two cars at our disposal we should have had a hard time, what with baggage to be transported pass ports vised, and embarkation permits procured, different places for each and long distances and strange streets.

However this was all crowded and ironed out by our good friends and cars and we boarded in time to settle down to the one class regime which was a much to our liking.

The usual liesurely ship board routine, eating, sleeping reading and writing, sports, concert and conversation; plenty of nice people of course. June 17 we landed at Liverpool. Sid and Arthur there to meet us again and out to the latter's home in the suburbs where Helen was received with acclaim by the large and happy family and we had a most gorgeous stay while megiotiating for and getting delivery of a car which was tobe the feature of this trip. Lindley and I visited the Ford agency the following day and found there was a chance that a slightly used sedan might come in any day. With English weather to consider that seemed to be the thing needed, but a new one plus freight duty and license, came too high. The latter item looked formidable $50 for the two quarters we should be there, but a tip gleaned from the agent at Bakersfield of the Southern Califor Auto Club of which I was a member, took the sting out of that He advised looking up the Royal Auto Club with which we were affiliated and ww did and the secretary told us toxxxxxx drive our car round and they would furnish license for the nominal cost of the plates and they did this and capped it by supplying us with coupon books entitling us to free towage and passenger transportation up to 15 miles good at any garage, in the event of emergencies.

They also offered to pilot us through the city by uniformed motorcycle rider, when we left.

These men, mostly ex-soldiers were to be found on most of the main travelled highways and there was always a salute ready for us when our QQand a number on license plate hove into view. Both that and our bell and circle insignia of the Southern California Club, which fastened in our radiator cap were the reason for curiosity and enquiry.

On two occasions we were stopped by courteous police because they were not familiar with our QQto plate.

This offering of the Royal Auto Club to overseas visitors was a splendid testimony to their generosity, as it was a government tax they paid for us and bore out the statement our club official made when he said the R.A.C. did more for it's members tham any other that he knew of in the world. We waited in vain for the sedan to come in and ended by taking a five passenger touring car and as the summer turned out bad weather remained under the cushions nearly the whole time.

On Wednesday the 22nd began our wonderful series of drives, this stage was to take us through central England to Sidney's at Hathersage; we had suit cases on running boards and slung across the hood but Lizzie behaved nobly under Lindley's piloting, left hand driving and all until half way up the very steep pitch and within a stones throw of Eastwood gate, there was a coughing sputter and we alighte and walked in, to surprise our host at his reading.

We couldn't feel undignified with the greeting we received and when we heard the Ford rolling into the back yard knew all was well, a low tank of gas had been remedied in a resourceful way by our driver, who blew hard into the tank, filling the carbureter and so saving a trip to the village for replenishment.

A lovely week we had in that hillocked quiet country. Haddon Hall again, the four of us driving there in real summer heat. Twice up to the dams and I fished there for trout, using some salmon eggs brought overseas for bait, as well as fly and seeing such fine fish but without success. S Sidney took ne into the bowels of one of the completed dams to a central chambers where observation instruments were kept; he could he saidshown a visitor through previously who had asked him whether the life of such a structure would be equal to the Pyramidsand gave as his opinion that it would. Across the line from England and Eastwood Gate was the village and church and graveyard and there was the eight foot long slab, covering the remains fo Robin Hood's merrie man Little John, quite authentic supposedly; while in the grounds behind the house are large earthworks dating much further back probably to Roman times.

On the Yorkshire moors not beyond walking distance can be found Eyre house the tempory home of Charlotte Bronte.

The only grouse I ever likked was in a bit of this moor country which was so different from the England one had known.

On the Sunday we made a trip with Sheffield for service and ran into a flurry of rain which desisted just as we had put up our contains. Callers and pleasant times continued until one afternoon our good friend Erie and his Dorethy motored over from their home in Kepworth bringing Nellie and the two cars of us returned with them in the evening to stay three or four days at their beautiful home by the river handy for boating.

One event there was the visit to the Royal Horticultured Society show held that year at Derby. So much of interest

to see, glorious displays of flowers and I noticed at the implement display over Henry Ford's booth, this screed, at the tractor department, varying the old saying.
"To plow and to sow, to reap and to mow
And be a farmer gay."

Sidney came over and was in great form being bucked up by pulling off three awards for nurseries and trees, against keen competition.

I had been over the Water Board nurseries again and so could share the satisfaction he felt in them. Eric and Dorethys two little ones were a delight, his small John the oldest, reminiscent to me of his own age when I was leaving for California first and now comes word that said John has been and pulled of a scholarship by coming out first in the Selburgh examinations. Drives, Picinics on river and moor with a tennis dance for the youngsters. Music and singing in the evenings and then the road again, taking Nellie along, the extra passenger and suit case being quite all right for Lizzie who undertook many similiar expeditions quite frequiently. Wat a beautiful run that was as we continued our tour through England on July 2nd stopping at Rugby to see niece Dorethy, passing Lord Beaconsfield's old estate the playing fields of Eton, alive with it's youth. Alost within touching distance of the walls of Winsor castle and then along the reaches of the Thames, bright with it's flock of boating folk and interesting from the view of historical Runnymade. Then as we had indicated by letter about seven, we came to Kingston and found the warm welcome always there for the travellers and began to build up the repytation Lizzie earned for always bringing in us on time.

Such talkings in the garden the following quiet Sunday with such stray incidents of war experiences as we could extract from Aubrey interspersed with music, sonnets and old chima. Margaret grown to the beautiful girl shown busy with her cooking classes and motorbyke advantures. The mother and father at last able to relax from the torturing anxieties of the long war period, tried by fire indeed and coming through the ordeal most wonderfully.

Several of us drove to Hamptin Court in the afternoon and I had my first sight of the famous grape vine and we gained a good idea of the great place and the elaborate gardens; I have yet to see Ken, though we were fairly close.

We made a liesurely start for the final objective which was to be Ratsberry via Maidstone; this time there was no father anxiously awaiting for us at the other end. Uncle Edgar was now the last of the octogenarious to remain. Our Kent began to unfold itself as we passed speedily through and reached Upper Fant soo n after midday there to have a hilarious time with Jack cracking his jokes and showing us the new tennis lawn which had taken the place of much garden, his well tended grapes and tomatoes under glass. Then after tea the familiar ride began; all new to Helen but full of memories of bicycle and pony carriage jaunts.for us. We need not stop at the little curiosity shop at the top

of steep Sutton Valenca hill, so that she might take a peep inside and while there Will Clark came along and Blanche transferred into his car to be whirled away to reach our distination via her old haunts at Staple hurst, which held so many youthful memories for her. After the joyful greetings at Ratsberry, the arrival and unpacking of trunks and drives to call on many old friends, Dover came next; just a lovely run this time, seeing the folks there, coming back via Wye, where Edwin was finishing his College course and getting back to Ratsberry the same evening.
Such a difference in speed does it make when gasoline propels and very efficient when one wishes to get to see the welcoming faces as soon as possible, but the country side deserves more leisurely treatment for such walking is the thing with many stops to see if that gap is still negiotable through the heage, whether the wild flowers in season, still look the same to you and if certain by paths tourist and twist and turn in the way you remembered.

But if the ponds looked small the water brown with flow gone and few roach about and the clods in the hop gardens seemed hard to deal with, the smiles of the dear faces were as bright as ever and the familiar household appointments had to be examined again with renewed interest and exclamations. So all was as restful and joyous as ever with the additional interest of a fourth to share it with us. The sisters had made many alternations and improvements; breakfasts in the little green room looking out into the garden extensive dinners in the old kitchen, when the crowd was large and mich time spent in talks and washings up, teas in the garden whenever possible with a robin to hop along the wall just besides us. The men exercised by felling a tree or two at the end of the garden and worked them up with axe and cross cut saw, also taking advantage of the abnormally dry summer to get the accumulated mud of years from the little pond, spreading it in the meadow and garden.

Among the many friends came the Perugins and Mrs. Green to be laughed over as read out in the garden.

The local police took a hand and unrolled red tape for our benefit in the matter of passport regulations, but who cared if an extra journey or two had to be made to the Cranbrook police station and other photos taken, for little May, now grown up, could be there to rally us as strangers in a strange land and invite us to visit at her Hastings home and listen to our tales of her brother Harry's experiences in far off California. And talking of Hastings, Margaret had won the design and setting up of the war memorial for that town and was in the thick of final preparations of some of the plaster casts for the bronze.

Apart from the main figure of the Victory Angel, the tall triangular shaft and the triple designs on it's faces, there was an immense amount of detail in the accurate shaping of the letters in reverse of the 1250 odd names of the fallen to be engraved on bronze plagues surrounding the base.

All the main features were well under way and in the hands of stone cutters, bronze caster, but we were able to help a little on final checking and correction of names and she and I made a trip to London and Kingston carrying plaster sections when ready as moulds for the castings and had a most interesting time seeing some of the wirk in different stages of preparation.

I had the satisfaction of seeing Margarets "Trumpeter" in the bronze, complete except for a few details, it was for the Wakefield memorial and a very spirited life size figure in field uniform.

One event stands out clearly and that was our close up view of the Prince of Wales at the unveiling of the shaft which stands on the white cliffs of Dover commemorating the work of the Patrol which so successfully conveyed the mass of troops and material across to France; he spoke clearly and well and passed very near us during inspection. There is a simular shaft on the cliffs the other side of the channel and one near New York.

It was Ed's municipal influence which helped us to obtain such a good position in the crowd of that day and talking of him recalls a remarkable imcident of war times, for us. We were attending a Bakersfield movie one evening and the news of the day came on with the title "Landing of President Wilson at Dover" Blanche nudged me with "Look out for Ed," and sure enough the two life sized principal figures were our President and Ed as deputy mayor welcoming him on the pier, very good of both and of amazing interest to us who were quite unprepared for the sight. Of course we took Will and May next evening after watching the run twice.

Canterbury cathedral received more of our attention than ever before and was well worth it; meetings and teas would be arranged and it was so easy to pile into the car and run through our favorite roads.

These were so good too, we had received rather dismal accounts of their condition from our Ford man in Liverpool but he little knew what a really bad road could be like, not counting the shell torn ones of France of course. Helen and Lindley took a lot of interest in cricket and had many chances, ranging from games in the home meadow in which the local youth joined as in days of yore, to some county matches which they drove specially to see. We also haunted certain curio shops, London Bromley and Canterbury being levied upon while Harold came with us once to Hastings to attend an auction securing some valued bits and in my case to acquire a large leather valise I coveted for it's sturdy workmanship and sterling material; perhaps like Harold my enthusiousism are not shared by others. We browsed about London making it convenient in several ways especially when one had some habitue along to direct one through those complicated streets.

Vauxhall Bridge, Marble Arch, Piccadilly Circus, Oxford Road, Trafalyon Square, Cheyne Walk and Carlyles house all saw us and our Ford and many other of the families names, household words to England's lovers.

We could do these jaunts and run back to Kingston or to our cousins in Bromley with such comfort and convenience as no bus or trains could equal.

While at Tenterden we again had the pleasure of seeing ~~M~~ Ellen Terry as charming as ever.

Helen and Lindley planned to go to Paris by aeroplane, we arranged to signal them as they passed over for the continental planes generally came and went our way. At the expected time one flew overhead and we had our code message ready with sheets spread in the meadow. Edwin said it was the wrong make and it turned out he was correct for our two passed near Ashford and saw nothing of us.

Their novel journey was a success though and they had a good time there, meeting Leslie, who, young lad as he seemed to us still had been in the air service in the war, with some of those hair raising experiences which seem to we groundlings inseparable to that new element, especially when is added mac hine gun fire, which to the mind brought up on a single shot rifle is about like playing a hose on an opponent with a stream of bullets instead of water; altogether a very devilish combination and the marvel os that these boys could come through with unshattered nerves, even if their bodies escaped. Lindley had been up before in connection with radio work in Honolulu but it was all new to Helen.

Blanche and I had plans for Paris too, we delayed the arrang ments hoping Eolonel Young would be there. When war was declared his children were in Belgium for education and Mrs. Young hastened to get them away, she had a difficult time but succeeded in t taking them to Paris. The Colonel had tried for an overseas command but it was claimed he was not physically fit and he rode horseback from Wilburforce, Ohio to Washington to demonstrat that he was. However they kept him home, training troops and then sent him out to Liberia again; he had been granted a furlough and Mrs. Young wrote us from Paris that each time she heard the door bell she expected it would be he and we too waited hoping for his arrival. However our time was growing short so Margaret and I went to London and had a complicated time obtaining passports and vises for the three if us. At last it was done and even such a business can be made attractive when one has the company of she, who was fairly familiar with London and an excellent companion also. Early in October Eric and Dorethy arrived driving their pre-war Number and after a little stay at Ratsberry two carloads of us took an evening ride to Dover, where we were dropped for the channel crossing the next morning.

It was a smooth one and then the long train ride made ~~xx~~ so interesting from being my first visit to inland France. Our days over there were packed, we spent an evening with Mrs. Young and Blanche had a day with her visiting her son and sight seeing while Margaret and I went off for a day on a long tour about the battle fields of Rhiems. One wonders now how we could have crowded so much in a single day, the trip from Hotel Cavour to the Fare de Lion another train ride through wooded country, then

Rhiems with it's Cathedral towers, looking to me as though decapitated by German artillery but really intact.

After the graceful pointed spires one was used to, I was not pleased with the style.

Damage was not nearly so extensive as we had supposed but bad enough and the town still showed terrible injuries in spite of repairs going on rapidly.

A long motor ride to Berry as Bac Erasnelle, part of the Chenun de Dames and other points, gave us quite a good idea of what had been going on, the scores of miles of tree lined the roads showed their shrewd scar on practically every trunk or branch. Trenches in every stage, weed grown and just as left to fields levelled and cropped but still showing the lines in crop color. Barbed wire hanging on those jagged looking metal stakes and lines and bunches of the rusty stuff laying about and looking like the bundles of hops lines we used to have around the hop gardens after the poles were stripped.

We saw wiped out villages with their shattered stone walls lying prone, girdled orchard trees and woods not yet recovered from gas or something which seemed to have seared the leaves. Dug outs and tunneled ways, great craters with their histories of mangled hundreds and all other evidences of what man can do when he really sets his mind on destruction. What could not such organized effort have accomplished had it been applied to constructive things and how long will the nations who have agreed in theory to outlaw war among one another, continue to mess about chaffering as to calibre of guns, tonnage of battleships, speed of pocket cruisers and what have you. All would assuredly be solved in reasonable time and questions of war debts reparations and moratoriums ironed out by being logical and earnestly consistent and agreeing to wipe out competitors of armaments altogether. The yearly cost of these saved, would cretainly solve the financial tangles with an international policy agreement substituted. The same organizing ability which goe goes to the building and keeping up of armies and navies the world over, could surely find better work for human hands to do then to make and lay guns straight fortify frontiers and drill their millions, that they may destroy their fellow man. The futility of it.

I suppose it is all too obvious and simple to be done that way, but signs are not lacking, pointing the road in some such direction and we trust the day may come in our time when appreciable progress has been made to that desirable end. Should our leaders and politicans turn to tinkering tariffs and continue to canvass coin currencies they will betray the people who ask for bread and give them a stone. Tariffs, because they provoke reprisals and if all erect similiar walls the effect is much the same as Robert Blatchford illustrates in "Merrie England", the individual taking a stool on which to stand and view the races, is a very smart man and gets his reward by looking over the heads of the corwd but when they all adopt the bright idea the effect is nullified. An impenalized exchange of goods is better, if all would do it freely.

Thanks to gold standards, limitation and such task, it is useful to remember that the modern would uses checks, paper currencies and book keeping in their buying and selling to a many hundred fold greater extent than metal tokens and civilization si too clever not to be able to work out and simplify a means of exchange. Even though all gold and silver were sunk in the sea. Then a man of information at hand and with so much intelligence as Ramsay MacDonald will no longer have to admit that high international finance is something on which he is no authority.

One is tempted to these ramdon remarks because there is a fascination in the thought that my limited readers of the distant future will know how the old world dealt with these problems and may say "Lo! we did it thus and so."

Our time was all too short in Paris but we certainly filled it with useful sights and experiences and there we saw our third Cleopatria's Needle, London, New York and Paris. Mrs. Young waited in vain for that ring at the bell; though the Colonel's furlough was due, some mission took him into a part of that deadly country where the fever did it's final worst and he died a martyr to duty.

Our return was smooth by rail and sea and we were met and welcomed by friends at Dover but could not tarry long. Lindley met us at the Ashford station and said,"Well, Dad here is the car and I have the money for it in my pocket." It appeared that the Tenterden garage man had decided to buy it of us, had paid the cash and told us to continue to use it to the last, until we were ready to lrave; a nice gesture worthy of the traditions of the old home town. Our farewells began to be made, so many friends to see. The Allens in their old oak timbered home where we used to attend the gathering of the Christian Science friends Sunday mornings and the Ryletts, he the able pastor of the old meeting place, claiming our presence those evenings. Maidstone once more and then the packingand return of the car to it's new owner, before taking the funny little railway to Headcorn and the main line to London. A final day at Kingston and then Blanche made a flying visit to Scotland to visit newly married niece Winnie, while we stopped with Sidney at Hathersage.

We all gathered at Arthur s in Liverpool and I went one evening to make final arrangements at the Savage home for Enid to return with us. When she was left motherless by Annie's untimely death an English aunt had brough her back there and she had spent several years in the Cumberland hills acquiring education and a taking little north country accent.

She had her mother's sweetness of disposition and we were able to see more of her on the home going trip than had been possible for many years.

It was to be the Alabama again, and after the usual jolly time at this happy family's home in Liverpool and much packing we were off, a large clan to wave us goodbye.

A lone railway journey with views out of the window of some of that fair countryside so soon to be left behind impelled me to the following October 11, 1921.

Au Revoir.

O land of mine! Our native land,
With neatly dressed hedge and spreading trees,

And sloping fields and dewey leas,
We travel far but never land so fair
Or grateful to our eyes, as these.

France lies her well tilled fields,
With ordered lines of trees and culture fine,
Our California fair, she has more stately pine,
And wondrous mountains, valleys, rivers, girdle well around,
Orchard and orange groves, with golden fruit ashure.
Grateful we are and come back to thee,
O, our adopted home, with loving hearts,
Bearing as incense to thy busy marts,
Such memories of our lovely Motherland,
As well not fade, from them we'll never part.

The sea and rail trips back were uneventful, we delivered Enid safely to waiting brother Ken and arrived at our own destination where the busy mart annexed our refreshed energies. This year saw the last of our crop or half crop of apples which came from Kaweah as Fred Savage purchased all our holdings there but the homestead. I see that during the 18 or 19 years we sold 340 tons of apples from that small orchard nearly all of it marketed in Bakersfield; we continued to ship from Kaweah however fruit bought from the Savages.

While we were in Dover another of our many lads became interested and after correspondence Arthur Palmer followed. He too came of the sterling stock which had character that is sure to tell favourably, he helped with the fruit for a while and has since been working and making his way successfully in Berkeley. Distances making it difficult to see as much of him as one would wish.

Lindley and Helen stayed a while in Bakersfield entering into the early phases of the radio business which was to become so important commercially for others.

Then he obtained a permanent salaried position with the Federal Radio Co, transmitting message between ships and shore and they began residence in Los Angeles.

Correspondence in late 1922 brought out the news that our Edwin would be free after finishing his farming course at Wye College and some work in that line he had been trying out. So in the spring of 1923 he came to us and intered into our prosiac business life with energy and ability.

By this time Helen and Lindley had become sufficiently established at his work to embark in the purchase of a home of their own and in a quiet little residential part at 1617 Lemoyne St. It was well intown and near car service but off the busy traffic and a great feature immy eyes, had garden possibilities at the back. Will's daughter Olive was soon to be married and she and her fiancee Walter Burnett took a similiar bungalow then being built, two doors further up the road.

Edwin also was engaged and worked with a will to help toward the coming of his bride.

Early in August as I was sitting one evening doing some writing in No. 200 22nd. St, there was a crackling sound and I

glanced over my shoulder to see a red glare through the next door windows of No. 116. the place of our first fire. I jumped to the telephone and the department quickly responded but not in time tosave the home and contents. The Andersons lived in it and were all out so we never knew how it started but it was well alight on the inside before seen and these wooden houses go quickly.

The cellar was full of oranges and lemons which were saved as the floor only burnt through in spots and the paper covering the fruit which caught were quickly snuffed out. Edwin was on hand and we did what we could but what a mess. He took care of the citrus fruit work and the moving there-of. Again we were lucky, Arthur Ferguson, Helen's brother-in-law had two or three to be removed from the nrew High School site and sold us one very reasonably.

I tackled the black job of clearing away the debris and soon the housemovers rolled the house on to the charred floor which was meantime protecting the fruit below from the midsummer sun. The Anderson's fortunately lad their furniture well insured and our own policy for the house though not adequately covered at least took care of the cost of the second one and the moving. Every room had to be replastered and plumbing, rewiring and many things done before it was ready for the reception of Edwin's bride.

Freda came out in September and had a warm welcome indeed, the weather exeeptionally torrid. Edwin went to meet her in Sacramemto and they were married at the Episcopal church next day, our neighbors two little girls Freda and Eva lee being her bridesmaids. They sought the coast for a cooler honeymooning spot driving the faithful sedan and visited Helen and Lindley on their way home.

So our first Bakersfield purchase became their abiding place with the merit of being at least close to our job. It was very pleasant too, to hear Freda's rich singing voice across the intervening garden and step over to nice little dinners prepared for our deletation.

Edwin s constant help and good temper was always there and his cheerio to be counted on at all times.

He took a lot of the detail off my hands carrying on his own the summer citrus work, leaving me free to attend to amny things such as an occasional run south to help develope a garden and build garage at Lemoyne St and come home singing the praises of Los Angeles climate and afternoon see breezes on the hill. We had made one or two stabs at short cuts to financial prosperity but nothing seemed to pan out very well, except what we could gain by hard licks and continual effort.

Our outlook on life however began to take on different aspects, there was the prospect of a little grandchild and Helen came up in the fall of 1924 to be with her mother.

We were planning a trip to San Francisco about the time the event drew near and waited for results before starting. August 21, the telephone call came to us in the early morning, a baby girl, and we drove over to the apartment with suit cases packed and loaded. Helen lay propped up and looking fine and when the bundle made little sounds she remarked, "If nurse doesn't come I'll just pile out and see to it myself."

Everything went smoothly along and our sweet Betty Joan has been the joy of our hearts ever since. But trips back and forth the 130 miles over the "Ridge" did not allow of grandparents seeing very much of the Bairnie and one 4th of July was planned to be spent with the children.

They gave us the usual good time driving us about to see the sights of Los Angeles and the homes of stellar eminence in Hollywood.

Nearing home, I was saying, how we ought to be here instead of hot Bakersfield and Blanche asid po nting "theres a place for sale." It was next door but one down Lemoyne St, numbered 1609 and we must go a-peeping through closed windows at once.

Investigation proved the owners lived at a store not far away closed that July 4th. The next day was Sunday, also closed and Monday we were to return. However that morning we were shown over and a sketch made with dimensions.

Blanche was planning furniture on the way home and we began serious purchasing negitiatings by mail. As it happened an abortive investment had been repaid just in the nick of time and cash talked, though the place and position seemed too desirable in our eyes to take a very firm bargaining stand. However the upshot was we bought and removedal plans had to be worked out. Before this time Edwin and Freda had their little Owen buy and with our prospective changes they had a most momentous decision to make whether to carry on at the business or return to England and an uncertainity of occupation. England won; had not Edwin fought and bled for her and both had numerous family ties there pulling most strongly. We decided to stay and see them off and the babe seemed to amke a start already to the goal of his mother wished for that he might become a rosy cheeked English boy.

More busy days, we were used to them however and the heat was less noticed under the stress and excitement of it all. So there we all were again, at the familiar Santa Fe station, with the usual stacks of hand baggage to be stowed away for the travellers and more goodbyes said and handkerchiefs waved as the ~~train~~ train steamed south with the dear ones. We returned to at the packing in those last torrid days of August. Our new home was practically a double with two kitchens and two bath rooms.

The good Cornish neighbor who had lived across the alley from us so long was again a widow and she too liked a cooler climate, so the plan was for her to come along with the 12 year old son and two younger girls and share our home and the furniture removals were planned accordingly. First a load by a fruit man going down empty, I went with him and we returned loaded at midnight. Then a six ton Packard ~~truck~~ backed up to our door by Chinamen owning it and who were owing us a fruit account. Lucy Lee's Phillip and I had a long day assembling furniture from both houses and stowing it we had it loaded and canvassed over by ten that night; it pulled out early and I followed with the sedan filled to the limit and arrived at 1609 to find Lindley walter and the drivers had unloaded all but the piano which we move moved safely into the house. Most of the stuff was piled pell mell into an outside spare room, but I set up some beds and such

like jobs before returning next morning and there was always the comfort of the children's little home and the peeps at the little girlie for me.

The final was a smaller truck load and Blanche with me this time, Lucy and family taken by a son-in-law. They had had a strenious time turning out and packing the accumalations of years and that September 1st, 1935. was a red letter day indeed for all of us.

How wonderfully the nooks and corners seemed to adapt themselves to our well used effects nearly all of them having some personal appeal from the Kaweah made oak rocking chair to the ancient chest bought for Harold of old Mrs.Moon in Rolvendon; she had been carried in a sutlers wagon on the field of Waterloo and told me her great grandfather had built and carved the chest yet for all it's centuries of keeping under cover the dry air of California shrunk it's dark brown oak a shade more.

Harold had presented it to me in appreciation of some efforts in collecting some choice old bits for his early furnishing which my opportunities gave me in such a land for "snuffing" as that retired Kentish Wald presented in those days. What treasures could not one have unearthed at some of those old farm house sales having vision, knowledge and not much money.

It was plesant to hear in after years that the old lady Moon over ninety had through Lord Kitchner been given a pension; rather a tardy recognition however.

Never think we retired to fat and idle ease, though there came the feeling of gratitude we had sloughed off many of the cares which seemed inevitable when we were at the constant call of the public.

Life for me became one long holiday of hard work when one felt like doing it with the little family close by and the young life about us.

Such a lot to be done for the place we had occupied by transient tenants and we wanted it to be a home. The garden claimed immediate attention and I like Kipling's lines well enough to insert them here.

"There's not a pair of legs so thin, ther's not a head so thick
There's not a hand so weak and white nor yet a heart so sick,
But it can find some needful job that s crying to be done,
For the glory of the garden gloryfiety every one."

"Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made
By singing, "Oh, how beautiful" and sitting in the shade.
While better men than we go out and start their working lives
At grubbing weeds from garden paths with broken dinner knives.

Oh, Adam was a gardener and God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees,
So when your work is finished you can wash your hands and pray
For the flory of the garden, that it may not pass away.
And the glory of the Garden shall never pass away."

First it was soaked and dry and we put in a fall crop, though late, the corn and potatoes both matured.

There was a starved Alberta peach but some fruit was on it and Helen had canned them for us, now it is a fine large tree. A big castor bean bush grew in a corner and was promptly grubbed out, the seed scattered by the thousand and the combination of heat and moisture produced the miracle. I must tell how one morning rising early, all the plants in sight were removed. A leisurely breakfast and out again to find the same ground red with the little hooked stems poking through.

There may be two interpretations given to this yarn, one that I am the usual California liar and the other that a leisurely breakfast might mean anything up to a day or two. Both guesses are wrong however and let truth prevail.

The chicken runs came next and a large consignment of car strips brought from Bakersfield made eight foot fences which with sheds, have been satisfactory ever since and we have seldom since lacked for plenty of new laid eggs and rabbits part of the time.

The indespensible work shop was conveniently housed under the outside spare room, it required flooring and fitting up, which was done in due course.

We had no garage so a temporary roof was put up to be followed when time allowed by a drastic program of excavation, paving, terracing the steep part of the garden at the back and then these held by retaining walls built actoss the lot. Many tons of concrete used for this and steps too, most of it habd mixed.

Then a garage built for two cars side by side and the large paved approach has been the constant playground ever since for children galore.

We have been blessed during the whole of our life here by the finest neighbors one could wish for.

Both young couples, the Llamas on the left with their little Olga, a bit older than Betty Joan and their large lawn and back garden so pleasant for a change of playgrounds for the little ones.

Then between 1617 and 1609 we had Mr. and Mrs.Leahy who both worked steadily at one of the Hollywoo d studios and so turned me loose to work my will upon their intervening garden, which with the children, made a retired domain ample in scope and hidden from the street by the houses.

As the street cut right along a very decided hillside all the back gardens were on a much lower level. Mrs. Leahy's mother Mrs. Brand and her son Douglas lived with them, the former keeping house and making a connecting link by running in for visits with Blanche with whom she has so much in common. As for the others, they were full of good works and kindness and our children appreciate the propinquity as much as we, which is saying a great deal. They both have lemons in front but ours is in small flower beds and a shady mistaria pergola.

Two doors further up again comes Olive and Walter and they have the two little daughters to share their home and we constantly congratulate ourselves we are all on the one side of the street for it is fairly well built up and with the multitude of motors, a share of them pass up and down and our hill is conducive to speeding. May and Will having similiar grandparental inducements make frequent week end trips so we keep in touch with local Bakersfield happenings.

Lindley and Helen found it necessary later to enlarge their little home and the only solution on that steep side hill seemed to be build a high retaining wall right across the lot some twenty feet behind the back of the house. This wall was over sixteen feet high part of the way and needed more than sixty tons of concrete besides dirt for filling.

We had a mixer in the plan has worked out very well so they were able to add two bedrooms and a large basement which we have divided into another bedroom and laundry and they have extra space should they wish to extend the garage accomodation to house both the Nash and their Ford. Since coming south I have had time and opportunity to devote to raising flowers. Some enthusiastic friends got me started on dahlias and land was hired which we called Allesandia Gardens. Here were grown many beautiful specimens, besides other kinds and we tried for the superlative seedling, which every flower raiser hopes may come to him.

Out of many thousands raised and brought to blooming stage not anything very extraordinary appeared but we did have some nice ones, including a rose colored hybrid cactus type which Miss Janet Gaynor allowed to be named after her. A Betty Joan Winser which this year took the second prize for the best flower in the Dahlia Show at Long Beach. Blanche and I had met her mother and sister at a friends house, where we would take some of the blooms and she became interested in them and offered to name one of the new seedlings. I used to take selections of our best to their home but she was a very busy person and I never had the luck to catch her hthere. However she made her choice and one prizes the photograph she sent later with it's appreciative little screen and signature in her handwriting/

Mrs. Leahy was secretary to Mary Pickford for a while and cannot speak too highly of her lovely disposition. The pair stand in our minds for what is best in sweetness of face, ability in their profession and brightness of personel character, quite a happy combination for this Hollywood, with it s "stars" sunshine and moonshine of repute.

The Dahlia Society of Southern California of which I was a member brought us in touch with a lot of interesting people and the annual shows wereoutstanding yearly events with occasions for elaborate preparation for the proper staging of the short lived beauties; all sight sessions in setting up and clearing away and two days which one could cram with a feast for the eye and much informative conversation. Gardening folk have so much in common it is impossible to rub shoulders with them without being edified. The old spatter work of childhood was revived with an improved technique for the production of original containers and many happy days spent in designing and making up a range of shapes and sizes which had the distinction of at least being unique.

When gladiola began to win favor in my eyes by it's all the year round capacity in this frostless spot, it's fine keeping qualities and it's color and type range, I joined the California Gladiolus Society and found another congenial group and began to pick up some lore in that direction. It's yearly shows in the same setting as the Dahlias, at the Biltmore hotel ballroom, are just as fine, we have a crowded two days of equally enthusiastic flower lovers.

As one soon realized the standard of excellence was too high to reach as a prize winner, I again strove to attain the unusual in containers, this time by working with the durable and satisfactory copper.

And here again found much pleasure and succeeded in having gladioli in bloom every month in the year.

So the little domain with it's gracious climate, the possibilities for development and improvement always awaiting one hand and the many friends soon found and pleasant amenities, make this a home indeed. And as the capstone to our content have we not been blessed by the addition to the little family of our Gregory Leigh born October 31st, 1907 a fair haired combination of what Helens two nephews looked like at his age and the Winser boy blonde type.

He too, can run up and down the sidewalk and continue the old names with which Betty christened us to stand at the knee and be read and talked to by his "Dye" and invite his "Daddye" in garden operations.

Our redgold haired lassie grows amain, she goes to school and brings home excellent report cards and shows a fondness for dolls and animals equalled only by Gregory's interest in twains, twacks and twactors.

Mid such happy surroundings the story draws to a close and it may be some of the names spoken of in it, so familiarly can be mentioned again for the reader. In the course of these many years of fullness and content it is inevitable there must be the passings.

Mr. Cassidy died at Stockton, he could have come here with us, but would not have it so. One could have wished he should have at least remained in such physical comfort as when I last saw him in the new country hospital at Bakersfield but his tenperment and perhaps a growing mental infirmity would not conform. Those fime women, Kate and Dove, Abbie and Annie, all younger than I going on ahead; such as they cross our lives and leave nothing but good and gracious memories behind but they have each a daughter or daughters to whom we pass on the wish that they nay brighten their world as did their mothers. Our brother Harold died soon after his release from the work at Kingston which occupied him for so long, he was at Ratsberry at the last, where he loved to be, had it not been for the war, with the streneous extra duties imposed upon him and the great strain of family anxiety with all the boys engaged in it, I believe he could have enjoyed a long term of well earned leisure but these are regrets with causes beyond our ken.

He was able to collect and publish his verses written over a period of years under the title, Life's Autumn,-- here is one.

"When we are old we dwell with memories,
As pictures lingered over when work is done,
And like the distance viewed at set of sun
The Past looms large and near to aged eyes,
Old far-off days, old strifes and sighs
To inward sight return. Time has begun
Sweetly to blend then diverse hues in one
Of sober tone with gentle harmonies."

Sidney is carrying on with his fine work as usual, walking were most ride and making plans for an eventual retirement to Ratsberry where the sisters make the kind of place of foregathering for the clan, one likes to compare with the happy days of Merrington. Our dear Aunt Fanny full of years and good deeds, went on, she lived latter at Kingston where Emmies sweet influence and the coming and going nephews and relatives made the last months bright.

She was one of the many who made our home group a wonderful and always planned for special events for us, she had no children of her own to bring up so lavished the affection they would have received on the neices and nephews and so earned our name of the fairy godmother aunt. Ralph Hopping stays on alone with the forestry work under the Canadian government as best he may, his son is following in his footsteps and there are grandchildren to soften the loneliness.

Fred Savage too; varying the orchard work with trips abroad and going and giving us the benefit of their interest and information on his visits here, his grandchildren have the same role as Ralphs. Harry Gunner ~~x~~ lived to see his family increase and orchards and other interests prosper, he became a useful and enterprising member of the little community in which he made his home and died there, having well earned the affection and respect of all who knew him best.

Alfred Curtus after his long stay out here at last made a never to be forgotten trip to England, he seems to have had a most enjoyable time and told us he found more pleasuresthan ever. He expected such and came back much refreshed to resume the work which evidently suits him.

Freda Carnegie Prior has disappeared somewhere up in British Columbia since the death of her uncle left her free to roam, we hope she may reappear in Los Angeles in the near future, when we know we shall enjoy a good share of her company.

Sidney Smith and Mary are now older residents than we in Los Angeles, their two boys are fast growing up but they all exchange visits over here and when they come there are always locomotives on the pathover which to trip as at Kaweah when Lindley's used to waylay Sidney dark evenings.

Lucy Lee acts here as angel in the house for us, with her two girls becoming invaluable aids to the busy mothers and playmates to the little ones, while steady Phillip with his slim six feet carries out successfully the part of breadwinner. Now the story comes to the present, I ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ count myself one of the wealthiest of men, rich in all that is best in life. Father had a pleasant custom of reading aloud at the table and one of his favorite poets was Longfellow so I paraphrase from the Golden Legend and say to the dear wife who has been the companion and inspiration of my life from youth up. Take this my dear and let it be, as something that I have done for thee.

I am proud and pleased to have the priviledge of adding to this book Will Purdy's recent poem on a subject which has so vitally affected our lives and mental outlook.

It is a curious coincidence that afterso many years have passed away, three of us should decide to write something bearing on the Kaweah experiences, all within a month or two of the same time and without the knowledge of the others.

Mr. Martin's sketch is not yet complete but I am to have a copy; he had been requested to do it by the California Historical Society and doubtless xx will cover accurately much in date and dah data for which his intimate association made him peculiarly fitted. He writes me that he is not making it lengthy but no doubt it will give the facts from beginning to end and help to round out my purely personel experiences.

Will began his contact with colony life as a lad at Advance and was quite young when the experiment came to it's untimely end, but the whole family must have had Kaweah written on their hearts and his has found expression in late life in the difficult form of poetry, a medium quite new to him, I understand and a gift developed after a recent severe illness.

It appears to me immensely and I trust he will be successful in it's publishing although as he wrote, he is quite aware some of the economic sentiment will not meet popular favor.

Having often suspended my axe from the tips of my fingers to act as a plummet in sighting the trees perpendicular, my chopper's soul rejoiced in the happy form.he could give in his description of so ordinary an operation and it felt good that we had one among us still who could turn off so fine a bit of work as this.

Like me he has been the recipient of life's supreme gift in the finest of helpmates, like us they have tasted together the greatest grief of parenthood but they too are shown in the mutual delights of the grandparants. Long may they encompass them.

My thanks to the kindly reader who has walked so far with us down this long and happy lane of memory.

VALE.

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