

MEMOIRS OF W. J. GILSTRAP

DEDICATED TO

NETTIE G. GILSTRAP

My loving and faithful wife

2010 public computer-file version

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THE MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM JASPER GILSTRAP

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

early history

AN ANNOUNCEMENT	8
FORWARD	9
INTRODUCTION	10

CHAPTER I

EARLY HISTORY OF THE GILSTRAPS

RECORDS FROM W.H.GILSTRAP OF TACOMA, WASHINGTON	13
---	----

CHAPTER II

LATER HISTORY OF THE GILSTRAPS

1. About Some of Our Distant Relatives.....	18
2. My Grandfather, Isaac Gilstrap, and Family.....	20
3. My Father, Marion Jasper Gilstrap, and Family	22
4. From Zane Francis Gilstrap, Unionville, Missouri	26
5. My Maternal Grandfather, Sanford Stockton, and Family.....	27
6. My Folks Sold Their Home in Missouri and Moved to Kansas	30
7. My Folks Moved to Oregon.....	31
8. The Great Diphtheria Epidemic of 1878-1879.....	34
9. Our Family Moved to the McQueg Farm	34
10. Our Family Moved to the Van Rankin Place	35
11. Our Family Moved to the Ed Test Farm.	36
12. Our Family Moved to Eight Miles West of Junction City	36

CHAPTER III

MY EDUCATION AND ASSOCIATED INCIDENTS

1. My Education with Incidents	39
2. I was Appointed Instructor at O.A.C.....	56
3. Teaching Again.....	57
4. Medical College Finally Entered	61
5. The Downfall of Independent Medical Colleges	64
6. Original Medical Building of the U. of O.....	66
7. Where Should I Locate?.....	66

CHAPTER IV

MY PRACTICE OF MEDICINE AND ASSOCIATED INCIDENTS

PART I: MY PRACTICE IN SHERIDAN, OREGON, AND ASSOCIATED INCIDENTS

1. Located for Practice in Sheridan, Oregon	70
2. Sheridan Lumber Company Organized.....	77
3. Sheridan City Water System Established	78
4. Selected Director of Yamhill County Fair Association	79
5. Elected School Director of Sheridan Public Schools.....	79
6. We Bought Our First Home.	81
7. First Sheridan Hospital Established	81
8. Opened My First Drug Dispensary	84
9. Bought Prince and Clipper.....	88
10. The “Boston Doctor”	89
11. Man Dies From Alcohol Sold by Drug Store.....	91
12. Paid The Money Owed For Medical Education.....	91
13. Organized Polk-Yamhill County Medical Society.....	92

14. Delivered Major Oration in Sheridan.....	92
15. Yamhill Drug Co. Store Sold and Associated Incidents.....	93
16. We Started Dabbling in Real Estate	96
17. We Built A Large Modern Home	98
18. Sheridan Hospital Closed.....	102
19. The Disastrous Sheridan Fire	103

PART II: MY PRACTICE IN ST. JOHNS, OREGON AND ASSOCIATED INCIDENTS

1. The Move to St. Johns.....	104
2. We Disposed of Prince and Clipper	106
3. My Dispensary	107
4. My Draft Board Service in World War I	108
5. Wooden Ships Built in World War I.....	112
6. The Armistice	115
7. The Wooden Ship Fraud.....	115
8. Apple Orchard in Hood River Valley	116
9. Driftwood Hotel	119
10. Houses in Rainier, Oregon	120
11. The Beach Cottage at Cannon Beach.....	123
12. President of St. Johns Businessmen's Association.....	125
13. Physicians on Lower Peninsula.....	127

<i>Part III: A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.....</i>	<i>129</i>
---	------------

CHAPTER V

SOCIALIZATION OF MEDICINE.....	132
---------------------------------------	------------

CHAPTER VI

ALLERGIC AND OTHER REACTIONS

1. Causes and Symptoms of Allergic Reactions	148
2. The Treatment of Allergic Reactions	156
3. Later Notes on Allergic Reactions	164

CHAPTER VII

EARLY EDUCATION IN MIDWEST AND NORTHWEST

1. Country Schools and Academies.....	169
2. Universities and Colleges From Academies	171
3. Early Medical Education in the Northwest	172

CHAPTER VIII

HUMAN NATURE

1. Human Nature	173
2. A Plea for Homes of Good, Honest, Moral People	175
3. Severe Winters	178
4. Fuel.....	180
5. Automobile Accidents	181

CHAPTER IX

OUR FAMILIES AND ASSOCIATED INCIDENTS

1. Maurice D. Allen and Family.....	183
2. Lionel A. Johnson and Family	186
3. Dr. Samuel A. Mulkey and Family	187
4. My Wife's Folks, Christian G. Van Groos and Family	192

5. Ira Wilson Gilstrap and Family	200
6. Robert Lee Gilstrap and Family.....	201
7. Joseph Isaac and Elsie May Gilstrap.....	206
8. Owen Gilford Gilstrap and Wife	207
9. William Jasper and Nettie Gertrude Gilstrap and Family	210
10. Our Golden Wedding Anniversary, August 1, 1949.....	218
11. My Retirement	220

CHAPTER X

THE STOCK MARKET

1. The Rise and Fall of Stocks	233
2. My Stock Market Letter	237
3. Withdrawal of Panic Prediction in Stock Market Letter	239
4. Stocks Preferable to Cash.....	240
5. “Ten Financial Commandments” of the Stock Market	242

CHAPTER XI

SOME AFTERTHOUGHTS ON THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE	245
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AN ANNOUNCEMENT

The summer of 1930 when I was 60 years old I learned the rudiments of the “touch system” of typing after taking only one lesson from my daughter, Carlie, but I did not have enough typing to keep in practice so I soon returned to my old “hunt and peck” system. However, I did continue to finger the proper keys. The middle of December 1947, I received my second lesson of instruction from her in “touch typing.” After relearning the keyboard and one month of practice typing, I began the retyping of this manuscript for my practice exercise. By March 4, 1948, I had recopied 63 pages. I have made one original and two carbon copies, one for each of our three children, Alice, Clarence, and Carlie. Since Carlie has no children, her copy should eventually go to Clarence and his descendants.

During the spring, summer and fall of 1948 I did considerable carpentering and general construction work on a cottage for Carlie on the Washougal River in the State of Washington. From March 4, 1948, to late in November of that year practically nothing was done on my memoirs. It might be worth while if someone would correct these memoirs and have a regular stenographer retype them. Besides they are written on only semipermanent erasable paper.

W. J. G.

FORWARD

As far as I have ever heard, no other member of our family has ever written their Memoirs; but, had every succeeding generation done so by writing say twenty-five pages which originally would have had to have been written in longhand, we would now have a very interesting and instructive volume to read. Our family has in the main, I believe, an unusually favorable background. It is my hope that the essential parts of these Memoirs will be copied by succeeding generations so that in a hundred years or so from now there will be a reasonably complete record of this and succeeding generations of all our families.

I suggest that those who continue our family history write their own Memoirs with identification of the same on each page and that each page be numbered from one on up.

W. J. G

December 15, 1947

INTRODUCTION

It has been my understanding that three Gilstrap brothers left Scotland for England somewhere around the middle of the eighteenth century where they secured a land-grant from the then Queen of England to a large tract of land in Virginia. The three brothers then left immediately for this new country where two of the brothers soon got married and the third died. The two surviving brothers both reared large families as was then the custom. It is my understanding that all the Gilstraps in this country, except some Indians who during the early days here took the name of Gilstrap, are descendants of these two brothers. I understand it was not unusual in the early settlement of this country for Indians, who liked a certain man, to take his name. I have a friend by the name of Thomas Coupe (pronounced Coop), who was born in England and who visited in Scotland when he was a young man. He says the Gilstraps were very numerous in the lowlands of Scotland when he was there. During World War II, I met a man who said he was born and reared in Scotland and he, also, said there were many Gilstraps in Scotland.

In the summer of 1903, my family and I visited on Sunday at the home of Mr. Jay R. Gilstrap on Woodstock Avenue in the Woodstock district of Portland, Oregon. As I recall, Jay showed me, among other things, a longhand copy of the land grant previously referred to. In January, 1944, the last time Jay was in my office and the last time I saw him, I mentioned seeing the above copy in his home in 1903, but it all seemed to be a blank to him. Jay was then 87 years old. Previously his mind had seemed to be very clear, but this time he seemed to be addled and he would repeat the same incident over and over again. I saw in the papers that his wife died in the summer of 1944 at the age of 86 and Jay died in the early part of October 1946, just before his 90th birthday. Jay and his wife had not lived together for many years, but they were not divorced. However, Jay was invited home occasionally at such times as Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. Jay's wife and all three of their children were Christian Scientists and Jay was not. Jay told me that this was the main reason for their separation and his family considered him unworthy of their company since his presence would tend to reduce their religious fervor. Jay lived alone for many years and I understand he was living alone when he died.

Jay visited me many times in my office after I came to Portland, but during all that time he never asked me to his home and he would not come to mine. He did visit me once in our home in Sheridan. So far as I could determine, Jay was a nice clean man in every way.

During the years of approximately 1905 to 1910, I was in correspondence with Mr. W. H. Gilstrap of Tacoma, Washington, Mr. W. H. Gilstrap of Visalia, California, and a Dr. Gilstrap, Physician and Surgeon, of Kansas City, Missouri (whose given name or initials I do not now recall) with regard to our family history. This doctor was a teacher in the medical school in Kansas City. He told me that Mr. Louis Gilstrap and family of Eugene, Oregon and that Mr. John Gilstrap and Mr. Jay Gilstrap of Portland, Oregon were all descendants of one of the brothers before referred to and that our family was a descendant of the other brother. I can determine this from the records that I have, but the following incidents attract my attention: viz, Elizabeth Gilstrap, born July 6, 1797, married Nathan Buchanan and Jay Gilstrap told me that his mother was a daughter of James Buchanan, born in 1791, who later became the 15th president of the U.S.A. Our ancestry traces directly back to Benjamin Gilstrap, son of the first Peter. I can't fit them into the picture, but I think the other Gilstraps above referred to all were quite closely related. Elizabeth's ancestry traces directly back to Richard Gilstrap, son of the first Peter.

This doctor in Missouri told the same story of the three brothers coming over here from Scotland that I got from my father and I also got this same story from Mr. Jay Gilstrap of Portland, Oregon and also from W. H. Gilstrap of Visalia, California but according to the records of W. H. Gilstrap of Tacoma, Washington, there were four brothers that originally came over here instead of three and instead of one dying as I had understood, he was killed in action in the Revolutionary War. The doctor referred to above and Mr. W. H. Gilstrap of Visalia, California both died before the disastrous fire in Sheridan, Oregon in 1913 and W. H. Gilstrap of Tacoma died in August, 1914. In the Sheridan fire I lost all the correspondence I had with all three of these men. Between 1914 and 1943 I made several attempts to contact some of the sons of Mr. W. H. Gilstrap of Tacoma, but to no avail. However, after receiving a letter from Mr. Frank M. Gilstrap, 2806 South Brandon Ave., Los Angeles, California in December 1942, I succeeded in contacting Mr. Ray M. Gilstrap, 1410 N. Fife St., Tacoma, Washington, son of Mr. W. H. Gilstrap, in early 1943. Ray M. at once sent me the book his father kept

with all of his father's records in it. My daughter, Miss Carlie May Gilstrap, made a verbatim copy of all the records of Mr. W. H. Gilstrap who died in Tacoma, August 1914.

W. J. G
405 North Russet St.
Portland 11, Oregon
January 26, 1947

CHAPTER I

EARLY HISTORY OF THE GILSTRAPS

THIS CHAPTER IS FROM THE RECORDS OF W. H. GILSTRAP OF TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

Peter Gilstrap was supposed to have been born about 1735 or 1740, and married about 1764. His wife was named Mary. He died in Craven County, NC in the winter of 1795-1796. He left a will in which he mentioned four sons and four daughters, Benjamin, Richard, Ellender, Lewis, Polly, Bright, Welthy, and Winifred. Peter had three brothers: James, John, and Idolet. They all served in the Revolutionary War, and Idolet was killed in battle under General De Kalb in SC.

Mary Gilstrap, the widow of Peter Gilstrap, was administratrix of Peter's will. She bought 400 acres of land of Caleb Todd in Rowan County, NC about 1797. She deeded 100 acres to Richard Gilstrap soon after in the same county and, between that time and 1801, she deeded land to Benjamin Gilstrap, Lewis Gilstrap, Bright Gilstrap, and Hardy Gilstrap all in Rowan County.

Benjamin Gilstrap, son of Peter, was born about 1766. He was supposed to have been born in NC, married about 1788, and had two sons, Jesse and Isaac. He was accidentally killed on a steamboat near Louisville, Kentucky, about 1805. He was a widower at the time of his death.

Jesse Gilstrap, son of Benjamin, son of Peter, was born in NC about 1790. He married Isabelle Lee, granddaughter of Richard Lee who signed the Declaration of Independence. They were married in Jackson County, Tennessee in 1813, and moved to Washington County, Indiana the same year. In 1816 they moved to Lawrence County, Indiana, and in 1837 settled in Macon County, Missouri. They reared four sons and three daughters as follows: Abner Lee, Isaac, Gilford, Jacob, Polly, Delilah, Serelda. Jesse died in Putnam County, Missouri November 7, 1846. Isabelle, his wife, died in Putnam county, Missouri, May 10, 1867.

Abner Lee Gilstrap, son of Jesse, was born in Washington County, Indiana, August 19, 1814, and married about 1836. His family was: Pleasant B., who was a physician, and died in 1866 leaving one daughter; John M., born January 25, 1837, in Macon County, Missouri, and married to Sarah E. Elkins on October 29, 1860. (They had one daughter and three? granddaughters. He was adjutant of the 11th Missouri. He was probate judge of Macon County, Missouri, from 1862 to 1870 and lived in Kansas City.); William Isaac, born in Macon County, Missouri, who had three sons and three daughters and lived in Springville, Indiana; George Washington, born in Macon County, Missouri, Feb. 26, 1840, who never married and was a farmer living in Macon, Missouri; Adam Arwins, born Feb. 27, 1842, who married Molly Hanson Gibbs in 1842 and was a lawyer in Macon, Missouri; Martha Amanda, born Aug. 16, 1849, who married Judge Richard S. Matthews Aug. 21, 1872, and lived in Macon, Missouri (Their family are Orlow Bertrand, born May 31, 1873, and died Oct. 7, 1897; Ortho Floy, born May 21, 1875, who married Mary Ally Anderson, Dec. 25, 1901, and was a lawyer practicing in Macon, Missouri; Corrina M., born March 24, 1880; Richard Lee, born October 22, 1883; Anna Lee Gilstrap, born Feb. 24, 1866, who married Edwin B. Grubb, Feb. 1885, had two children named Lee and Patti L., and lived in Muskagee, Indian Territory.)

Isaac Gilstrap, son of Jesse, son of Benjamin, married Miss Radcliff. Their children were James R., Jesse M., Marion J., Jacob, John G., Owen G., and Thomas J.

Clifford (Gilford?) Gilstrap, son of Jesse, son of Benjamin .

Jacob Gilstrap, son of Jesse, son of Benjamin, was born in Lawrence County, Indiana, April 20, 1838, and married Sarah Wilson, Oct. 12, 1851. Their family were: Aarela Ann, who married Charles W. Thomas, a lawyer, May 6, 1879; Lucella, who married Mr. Eaton; Nancy, who married Mr. Bruster, an attorney; M. Gertrude, who married Dr. Tuthrie, a dentist.

Polly Gilstrap, daughter of Jesse, son of Benjamin, married James Milnic.

Delilah Gilstrap, daughter of Jesse, son of Benjamin, married Joshua Guffey.

Serelda Gilstrap, daughter of Jesse, son of Benjamin, married Owen Wilson.

Isaac Gilstrap, son of Benjamin, son of Peter, was born in North Carolina about 1795. He

married Locky, March 23, 1822. Their family were: Mary, born Dec. 21, 1822; Jesse, born Dec. 24, 1824; Matilda, born Feb. 1, 1827; Elizabeth, born Jan. 1829, James, Thomas, Benjamin, Wesley. Isaac is supposed to have been married in Kentucky or Tennessee, moved to Indiana, then to Missouri about 1835. He later settled in Arkansas.

Jesse Gilstrap, son of Isaac, born Dec. 24, 1824, was a miller by trade. He served in the Federal Army as Colonel or Captain. He was elected to state senate at the close of the Civil War, and died a short time after the war. He was building a mill at the time of his death. He had some sons.

Thomas Gilstrap, son of Isaac, was born about 1832. He married in Crawford County, Arkansas, and had one son. His wife's name was McClelan. He served in the Civil War as captain. He was poisoned on buttermilk during the war, by a woman.

Benjamin Gilstrap, son of Isaac, was born about 1834. He died several years after the war, and left several children.

Wesley Gilstrap, son of Isaac, was born about 1836, and lived in Crawford County, Arkansas.

One daughter of Isaac married Ruben Buroughs who was killed in battle at Fayetteville.

Richard Gilstrap, son of Peter, fathered the following:

- Peter born May 12, 1789.
- David born 1791
- William born 1793
- Sally born 1795
- Elizabeth born July 6, 1797
- Barbary born Dec. 21, 1798
- Aaron born May 3, 1801
- Alexander born 1803
- Jeremiah born April 2, 1805
- John born June 2, 1807
- Mary born Sept. 22, 1809
- Selal born Sept. 8, 1811
- Rachel born Jan. 16, 1814
- Welthy born May 16, 1816
- Sarina born June 6, 1818 and never married, died November 25, 1835

Richard died in Indiana. Grandfather (of W.H. Gilstrap of Tacoma, WA) died Dec. 18, 1835.

Elizabeth married Nathan Buchanan. Barbary married Michael Motsinger. Mary married Levi

Humphry. Selal married first William Johnson, then Abijah Humphry. Rachel married Buford Hall. Welthy married Samuel Martin. John's family is as follows: Matilda, Nancy, Aaron, Harvy, Welthy, Rachel, and David L.

On Englewood High School Stationery, 6201 Stewart Avenue, Chicago, Illinois and dated from Gary, Indiana on May 14, 1924 to Ray Gilstrap, Carlock, Illinois, the following message was sent:

“Several years ago your father visited in southern Indiana and gave my auntie a copy of Peter Gilstrap's will -- Nov. 10, 1795, Craven County, North Carolina. (Peter Gilstrap was the writer's great great great grandfather). Auntie let him have Richard Gilstrap's deed for the Tacoma, Washington Museum. He thought our ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War, and he said he would send us the records if he could secure them. I am a D. A. R. on my father's side of the house and anxious for a record on my mother's side so Auntie said write Mr. W. H. Gilstrap. I wrote in April, 1924 to learn your father died in August 1914 and your mother last year. I waited too long, unless you have the geneology which the Washington people thought probable. Yours truly, Zella Atchinson. In the corner on the letterhead was printed “Electrical and Auto Dept., D.C. Atchinson,” her husband probably. To this letter was clipped a card “Mrs. Dayton C. Atchinson” and on which she had written “Thanks, and should you ever care for the genealogy of Richard Gilstrap, son of Peter, I shall gladly give what I have, Again let me thank you.”

signed Zella W. Atchinson.

On an undesignated sheet is the following data (pertaining to the four brothers who came to America from England): Peter Gilstrap from England C. or D. N. C. had three sons. (Paragraph one of this chapter shows he had four sons. W. J. G.). James had two sons and three daughters, names unknown. Idolet was killed in the revolutionary War. John had two sons and one daughter: Richard, James, and Mary.

Richard Gilstrap, son of John, was my grandfather. My grandmother's maiden name was Mary Truett. She was born, married, and died in Craven or Dauphin County NC. (W. H. Gilstrap of Tacoma is a descendant of one of the four original brothers, viz, John, and I am a descendant of another of the four brothers, viz, Peter. W.J.G.) The children of Richard Gilstrap, son of John, are as follows:

	<u>Born</u>	<u>County</u>	<u>State</u>
David Gilstrap	June 1791	Craven or Dauphin	NC
Hannah Reed	April 25, 1792	Rowan	NC
	Children:		
Mary Gilstrap	Dec. 19, 1813	Washington	IN
Sarah “	Sept. 1, 1815	Logan	KY
Euphemia Rofe “	Sept. 18, 1817	Christian	KY
James Read “	Nov. 19, 1819	Washington	IN
Richard “	Sept. 19, 1821	Washington	IN
J. Congar “	Dec. 14, 1824	Washington	IN
Rebecca “	1828		
H. L. C. “	May 20, 1829	Shelby	IL
I. W. B. “	March 20, 1833	Corroll	TN

CHAPTER II

LATER HISTORY OF THE GILSTRAPS

ABOUT SOME OF THE DISTANTLY RELATED GILSTRAPS I HAVE KNOWN. -- Mr. W. H. Gilstrap and his wife of Visalia, CA visited us several times while I was studying medicine in San Francisco, CA. They were both very pleasant to us, and occasionally they would send us a crate of oranges from their orchard. I think they had two sons and one daughter. Their youngest son was named Clarence, but I do not recall the names of the other children. W. H., as he was called, was the editor of a paper in Visalia. Along about 1910 he wrote me that he had moved to another town and was the editor of a paper there, but I can not recall the name of the town. Soon after that I got word that he had died, and then I heard no more from the family.

Mr. Lewis Gilstrap and his family came to Eugene, OR around 1895. I do not recall that I ever knew what Lewis did before he came to Eugene, but soon after his arrival there he took a job of carpenter work on a church. He fell from the scaffolding and injured his left arm so that it had to be amputated. As he was well along in years, he retired. They had four sons and one daughter, all of which attended the University of Oregon, and some, at least, were graduated there. The daughter was named Alice, and she married a druggist. I visited her parents a few times at their home in Portland, but I can not recall their name. I think it was next to the oldest son who joined the regular army sometime in the late 1890s. He reenlisted as his enlistments ran out until retirement time somewhere in the late 1920s at which time he was a sergeant. The three other sons were all newspaper men. They ran the Eugene Guard for about thirty years at which time that paper was combined with the Eugene Register as the Register-Guard of Eugene. At about the time of this reorganization and union, their oldest son, William, left for a town in California where he became editor of the town paper. William died somewhere in the late 1930s. The last I knew Earnest was still with the paper in Eugene, and I think also the other son whose name I can not now recall. The parents had lived with Alice and family

for several years, but they returned to their old home in Eugene somewhere in the early 1930s where soon he died and then she, both in less than a year.

Mr. Jay R. Gilstrap came to Portland when he was about twenty years old, and he lived in and around Portland nearly all of the rest of his life. He spent some time operating a fish cannery at Astoria, Oregon when he was a young man, and he spent a few years around 1920 to 1930 dabbling in real estate in old Mexico. He and his wife had separated before this. They had two daughters. The older lost her husband in the First World War. This daughter has lived all alone in a big house ever since the first World War. I do not recall her name, but the younger daughter is named Lela and lived with her mother and was not married when Jay was last at my office, but Jay said she might be married soon to a man who also works in the Union Pacific Railroad office in Portland. Jay and his wife had one son,, Lloyd, who has been a clerk in a shoe store since a young man. I never saw either of Jay's daughters, but I saw Lloyd once and he was unable to talk of anything except Christian Science. Lloyd has a wife and one or more daughters, but so far as I can recall I have never heard of any son. He has worked in a store in Hillsboro, Oregon for the last several years.

Mr. John Gilstrap was a brother of Jay's and seemed to be about ten years older than Jay. John came to Portland from Idaho somewhere in the 1880s. He ran a small hardware store out on Foster Road for many years. John had several children by his first wife, who died when they were small. He married a second woman and had several children by her also, and the youngest of these was Weaver J. Gilstrap, an auto mechanic here in Portland. John had another son that I met by the name of Fred, who is a barber here in Portland. The other member of John's family that I have seen was a son whose given name I do not recall. He also was a barber and came to Corvallis when my brother, Robert, and I were there in school. This son of John's was often taken for my brother, Robert; they looked so much alike. This man only stayed in Corvallis a few months when he returned to Portland and shortly after that we saw in the Portland papers that he was accidentally drowned while fishing in the Columbia river. John died here in Portland in about 1925.

During the period of approximately ten years from say 1930 to 1940, there was a great stir all over this country over the report that a large fortune had been left in a trust fund in Philadelphia, PA. by

the former President, James Buchanan, to accumulate for 100 years and then be distributed to the then living heirs. This fund was then supposed to amount to several million dollars and to include the buildings and land of a large section of Philadelphia. John Gilstrap's widow along about 1935 was expecting to receive a large slice of this fund almost any day then. As I recall some promoters were interested in establishing the claims of the descendants and they are the only ones who got any money out of this deal. There was a club of supposed beneficiaries of this fund established here in Portland and one at La Grande, Oregon that I know of. Of course, the whole thing was a myth and had these people looked up their history, they would have discovered that James Buchanan, former President of the U.S.A., did not die until 1868. I predict that this incident will be repeated in a greatly exaggerated form around 1968.

MY GRANDFATHER, ISAAC GILSTRAP, AND FAMILY -- His mother was Isabelle Lee, a great granddaughter of Richard Henry Lee, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Grandfather Isaac's first wife and the mother of all his children, was a Radcliff, whose given name I do not know. I think they had some twelve or fourteen children and about half of them were girls. Grandfather's first wife died from a hemorrhage following the birth of their youngest child. My father, Marion Jasper, was the oldest of the four youngest children, Owen Buchanan next, followed by Sarah and then Thomas J., the youngest. Grandfather soon remarried, but I do not know her name. In any event she did not get along well with the smaller children and they all left home as soon as they could support themselves. Grandfather lived on a farm near Unionville, Missouri at that time. He also was a carpenter and a contractor and built many courthouses in and around that part of the country. I understand the courthouses at that time were all frame buildings. This work took Grandfather away from home a great deal and this may partially have accounted for the fact that the younger children did not get along better with their stepmother and also for the fact that these children got practically no education. I do not remember of ever having seen this stepmother of my father and I do not know what became of her.

A few times before we left Missouri in the fall of 1877, I can recall seeing my Grandfather

coming to visit us from over the hill from the East. When I saw him coming I would always run out in the road as far as I could to meet him. He would always get off of his horse and put me on to ride back home. This was a great treat to me and only time I can recall that I ever saw him. I do not recall that I was ever in his house. A year or so after we left Missouri, my Grandfather and several of his children moved to Armel, Colorado. Grandfather died there in 1895 at about the age of 80, which would make his birth around 1816. He was a Civil War veteran as well as four of his sons including my father. One busy day at my office during World War II, a woman came to my office to inquire if I was any relation to the Gilstraps in Armel, Colorado. She said there are a large number of Gilstraps buried in the cemetery at Armel. She said her husband grew up with a later generation of Gilstraps and that he is a very close friend of them. I do not recall the name of this woman, but she said she had a daughter working at a large variety store at the corner of N. Jersey Street and N. John Avenue. She was a bookkeeper there. Jacob Gilstrap, an older brother of my father is also buried at Armel. Around 1908 one of Father's older brothers came to Philomath, Oregon where he soon died, and I think he was buried there. He was ill and wrote me at Sheridan, Oregon about his condition. This man was a preacher for the Unitarian Church and there was a Unitarian Church at Philomath. Also, the Philomath College was run by the Unitarian Church. I do not recall this man's given name or that any of his family was with him, but they might have been. This material also was lost in the Sheridan fire.

I do not recall that I ever saw my Uncle Owen Gilstrap before we left Missouri, but the spring after we came to Oregon, he came up from California where he had recently been married. I do not know how he got to California, but I presume he went with his father to Armel, Colorado and from there to California. Neither do I know the maiden name of his wife, but he called her Lucy. They lived in our home some six months or more. A year or so after they moved out of our home, they moved to near Spokane, Washington where Uncle Owen took up a homestead of 160 acres of rich farming land some ten or twelve miles out of Spokane. They had two boys and I know almost nothing about them. However, the older was born before they left Junction City, Oregon. My father and Uncle Owen were very close friends until my mother and Aunt Lucy had a falling out after which the two families had practically nothing to do with each other for the rest of their lives. I could never understand this.

I can vaguely recall seeing my Aunt Sarah when we were in Missouri. I think she was married sometime before we left Missouri and her husband was John Shumaker. Soon after we left Missouri I think they drifted into Arnel, Colorado with the rest of the family. However, they, with their family, moved to Puyallup, Washington in the late 1880s or the early 1890s. My brother, Owen, visited them as well as our Uncle Owen soon after the turn of this century. My wife and I visited Aunt Sarah and her husband in November 1928. Aunt Sarah died in January of the following year and her husband about ten years later. He spent his final years in the Washington Masonic home. When we visited Aunt Sarah, they were living with their daughter, Mrs. Hope Thomas, and family. Mrs. Effie Gossard, their daughter, who had visited with us earlier in the year in Portland, was at the Thomas home when we were there. Mr. Thomas was killed in a motorcycle accident a year so later. The Thomases had four or five daughters along in the teen age. Since this time I have seen nothing of these people, but I have occasionally heard from Effie.

I have a vivid recollection of attending the funeral of one of my father's sisters by the name of Mary, and I think her husband was Kit Atkinson. This was in the spring of 1877. I also recall that in the summer or early fall of 1877, Uncle Thomas came and stayed all night with us and the next morning he left "for the West." I have no idea where he went and I have no recollection of ever having seen him before or afterwards. When I visited Aunt Sarah, she told me that Uncle Thomas had lived a few years earlier in one of the southern states and I think it was Alabama; she said he had recently died. I have no recollection of hearing that Uncle Thomas was ever married.

MY FATHER, MARION JASPER GILSTRAP, AND FAMILY -- Father was born March 4, 1847, near Unionville, Missouri. When he was fifteen years old past, he gave his age as seventeen and enlisted in a Missouri Company of the U.S. Cavalry. It runs in my mind that the Captain's name was M. S. Ems, but in any event he had trouble getting any pay. After serving about a year and a half in the Cavalry, my father reenlisted in the infantry for a period of three years or during the war. He had served a little over one year when the Civil War closed in the summer of 1865. At that time father was only a few months past eighteen years old. On March 4, 1869, he married Miss Susan Adeline

Stockton. They were married on Father's birthday, each sitting on their own horse, by a Justice of the Peace. They often spoke of this and they seemed to regard it as rather of a novel stunt. They settled on a farm of about 160 acres which my mother inherited from her father's estate. This farm was seven miles east of Unionville, Missouri, and three miles due west of Hartford, Missouri. When first married they moved into a log house on the north side of the road, but sometime later Father built a frame house directly across the road from the log house. I do not recall whether my folks said I was born in the old log house or in the new frame house. In any event three of us children were born on this farm, namely William Jasper, July 5, 1870; Ira Wilson, February 22, 1872; and Robert Lee, October 3, 1874.

Many of my recollections of incidents happening in my childhood days in Missouri are vivid to this day. One of these is that my father each fall would go down on the Blackbird Creek, which ran through our farm, and there he would mine the coal that was needed for the following year from the banks of the creek. As I remember, this creek was not over 25 or 30 feet deep and somewhere half way up was this cropping of coal. This vein of coal was at least three or four feet and perhaps more thick. Under this vein of coal was a vein of dirt a few inches thick. Father would dig this dirt out with a pick. Under the dirt was a vein of slate and over the coal was another vein of slate. When a sufficient amount of dirt was dug out, Father would drive a steel wedge in over the coal and under the slate and break down a large mass of coal. This he would break up with a sledge and when a sufficient amount was ready he would drive a wagon and team down to the coal, throw it into the wagon bed, and haul it up to the coal bin at the house. It was thus easy to see that the family had plenty of coal to keep warm during the long, cold winter months. As I recall the winters were very cold. I think it sometimes froze three feet deep in the ground and the snow was three or four feet deep. I distinctly recall Father shoveling the snow from a path to the barn so he could feed the stock and that the snow was very deep. In the fall, Father would put in storm doors (extra doors opening out) and storm windows (double windows). These stayed in until spring.

As soon as the maple trees thawed out in the spring, Father would go out and tap them and get the maple juice that then flowed freely. This juice was boiled down to make maple syrup and some for maple candy. The trees were tapped by boring into them with an auger and inserting a trough made

from half of a limb that had been hollowed out on which a bucket was hung. The boiling down process was a slow, tedious job, but they did not have much else to do at that time.

In the spring when the ground got ready to work, it was a hustle and a bustle until the crops were in, which consisted of many acres of corn, a few acres of wheat and an acre or so of sorghum cane. The planting was scarcely over before the hoeing and cultivating of the corn came on and this continued up to or beyond the harvesting of the wheat. During the hot weather, our folks would bring the beds from upstairs, downstairs and set them up in the living room, open all the doors and windows, trying to get a breath of air; it was so hot and sultry during the summer. The corn was mainly fed to the horses, cattle and hogs. However, the rule was that we ate corn bread all during the week and wheat bread on Sundays and holidays. When the roads were good, Father would take the corn and wheat to be ground to town in his wagon, but if the roads were too bad, he would take them on a horse tied on behind the saddle. The sorghum was cut in the fall, taken to town and ground up fine, boiled down to a syrup called sorghum molasses. At least this is the way I recall it, but I sometimes wonder if northern Missouri is too far north for sorghum to grow and I wonder if I may have got the story from the folks telling me how sorghum molasses was produced. In any event we used a lot of sorghum molasses at that time.

Hickory trees grew rather profusely on the higher ground and produced eatable nuts, but I do not recall that the folks made any special effort to gather them for food. Black walnut trees were plentiful on the low lands of the creek and each fall Father would drive the wagon down to them, throw a lot of them into the wagon bed and haul them up to the back yard. There they were thrown out of the wagon bed with a scoop shovel. They were left there all winter for the husks to rot off. In the spring the nuts were gathered up and dried. They were then used as food when anyone had the courage to crack them. I think they were the only nuts we ever used except an occasional hickory nut. Grapevines grew wild all over the woodlands and would grow to the top of the highest trees. I do not recall that any of these were used for food, but we did have grapevines at home from which we did get grapes. Wild turkeys were rather plentiful in the woods at that time and they then were good and fat. Each fall Father would go out and kill a good supply and those not used immediately for food were allowed to

freeze and were used later. Hog killing also came along at this time. In addition to that which was prepared for smoking, a large amount was ground up for sausage. When fried it was put into a large crock and hot grease poured over it. This way it would keep until late in the spring. A good supply of headcheese was also made for winter. The folks got some apples and plums somewhere, but fruit was rather scarce at that time. However, blackberries and raspberries were rather plentiful. They were used freely in the summer and canned for winter. When I say canned, I mean literally for they were preserved in tin cans and the lids were sealed on with sealing wax. Glass jars did not come into use until several years later. The butter for winter was made in the spring and summer. It was preserved with a lot of salt in what looked like a half of a small barrel and it was called a butter firkin. When the firkin was full of butter, a lot more salt was spread over the top and moistened with water. When the butter was wanted for use, it was taken out and thoroughly washed in fresh water to get rid of the excess salt. When fall came the cows were all allowed to dry up as they said, and we had no more milk or fresh butter until the cows came fresh the next spring. It was somewhere in the 1880s before I knew a cow could give milk all winter, and I think it was in the 1890s or later before I saw any canned milk. At this time practically every family kept their own cows and this held good even in the cities until about the turn of this century.

Many times when I was a child I sat on the rail fence in front of our home and watched the teams, mostly oxen, go by with a wagon load of railroad ties. They were taken toward Unionville where a railroad was either being built or they were preparing to build one. That is about the time oxen were being replaced by horses for draft purposes. Previously horses had been used almost entirely for riding and driving, but here the horse was replacing the oxen for draft purposes. In a few more years the horse had almost entirely supplanted the oxen. When playing around at this time, I would often lie down on the fence face down and go to sleep and it was a rail fence at that. At other times my parents said I would sit or stand on the fence and say, "I am the best man in this country" or, "I am the biggest man in this country." I have no idea where I got such ideas and I have no recollection of saying or doing the above.

A LETTER RECEIVED FROM ZANE FRANCIS GILSTRAP UNIONVILLE, MISSOURI -- The following is a letter from Zane Francis Gilstrap, dated May 8, 1939:

I shall first introduce myself. I am Zane Francis Gilstrap, a son of John L. Gilstrap and a grandson of Jacob Gilstrap, who is a brother of Marion Jasper Gilstrap. I am seventeen years old and will be graduated from the Unionville High School this spring.

I secured your address from a letter which you wrote to C. N. Stockton, Feb. 15, 1934, and which Mr. Stockton gave to my father. I thought you might be interested in hearing from me, and as you mentioned in your letter to Mr. Stockton that you knew little of the Gilstraps, I will tell you what I know of them.

My grandfather, Jacob Gilstrap, a brother of your father died in 1920 at Armel, Colorado. His father was Isaac Gilstrap, who died at Armel, Colorado about forty-five years ago. (I think it was in 1895. W.J.G.) He was a Civil War veteran. His first wife and the mother of his children was a Radcliff. Miss Radcliff (I do not know here Christian name) was a sister of Samuel Radcliff, who has many descendants living here near Unionville.

Isaac Gilstrap's father was Jesse Gilstrap. Isaac's mother's maiden name was Lee. She was a first cousin of Robert E. Lee, the famous Confederate General.

My father, your cousin, is a school teacher. I have two sister, Mrs. Jewell Traxler of Exlin, Iowa, a former school teacher and Rita Carol Gilstrap, who is now attending the Kirksville State Teacher's College at Kirksville, MO. I have an Uncle Syra Abner Gilstrap living here in Putnam county. Two of Father's brothers are living in Yuma County, Colorado in or near Wray. Mrs. Sara Story, a half-sister of my father, lives near Copworth, Iowa.

Isaac Gilstrap had several brothers who lived in Macon County, Missouri. Many of their descendants are still living in or near Macon County. Abner Gilstrap, a brother of Isaac Gilstrap, was a colonel in the Union Army during the Civil War. Jacob, another brother, was a captain in Abner's regiment.

Perhaps your father has told you all these things, and you know them better than I.

Miles Mullenix, a cousin of my grandfather, who was also a Civil War veteran, told me what I know about the older Gilstraps. Mr. Mullenix died a few years ago at the age of ninety-three.

Mr. Mullenix told me an interesting tradition which he heard from his grandmother, Mrs. Jesse Gilstrap. ~~Mrs.~~ Jesse Gilstrap, who was as I had previously mentioned, Isabelle Lee, had a string of gold beads which was given to one of her ancestors, who was a sailor on one of Columbus's ships, by Isabella, Queen of Spain. Isabelle Lee Gilstrap inherited these beads which were always handed down to the oldest daughter, who invariably was named Isabella. These beads were said to have been stolen from my great grandmother by a Negro slave.

I would be pleased to receive a letter from you as I would like to know something of Great-uncle Marion Gilstrap's descendants.

I am your second cousin,

(signed) Zane Francis Gilstrap

Unionville, Missouri

In one of Mr. C.N.Stockton's letters he mentioned he had heard this story about the necklace, but I do not recall that I ever heard my father mention it. Isabelle was my father's grandmother and she has no daughter listed by that name in these records.

MY MATERNAL GRANDFATHER, SANFORD STOCKTON, AND FAMILY -- My knowledge of the family is fairly limited, but I do know that he was a farmer, a surveyor, and at one time an extensive hog raiser. I understand that he lived on land that later became the town site of Unionville, Missouri, and that he surveyed and laid out the original town site. I understand that he had twelve or fourteen children. In any event he was one of the largest land owners in the county at the time of his death. He had land enough to leave at least 160 acres of land to each of his many children, and I think it was well over 200 acres to each child. During the early days there were large tracts of land covered with white

oak trees and these produced a great supply of nuts each fall. It seems Grandfather Stockton had a knack of having a lot of hogs each fall to eat these nuts and when they were gone in the fall, he would finish out feeding the hogs on corn, which the new land produced in abundance. When the hogs were sold he would buy more land so as to raise more hogs to buy more land. When the price of hogs went down, he went out of the hog raising on an extensive scale. At this time he had several thousand acres of land. When land prices went up he started to sell land. The fact that he was a surveyor indicated that he was an educated man. He died when my mother was ten years old. She was the youngest of all his children. Grandmother Stockton was a Miss Guffey and Grandmother died when mother was fifteen years old.

This is about all I know about my maternal grandmother except that she was a sister of William Guffey's father of Unionville, Missouri. One day in the summer of 1915, a man walked into my office and said, "I am your grandfather and my name is William Guffey. I am from Unionville, Missouri." I said, "How is that? I thought my grandparents died long ago." He said, "Children usually live with their parents, don't they?" And your mother was living at my home when she got married. That makes me your grandfather. I was greatly surprised by this incident. I learned further that his mother was a sister of my grandfather Gilstrap. That made him a first cousin to my father as well as to my mother, but my parents were no relation to each other. This man, Guffey, proved to be a very interesting character. He visited with us for a few days and later visited with my parents near Junction City, Oregon. He had not seen my folks since they left Missouri. Mr. and Mrs. Guffey, his second wife (his first wife was dead), visited with some very close friends whom they had known in Missouri. They lived in the Alberta district beyond Union Avenue. This was done before the Guffeys went south. The Guffeys visited us again in 1922 and also the above family.

Mr. D. C. Wilson, who had lived for many years around Medford, Oregon, visited at our home for several days at the same time the Guffeys were there for the second time. This Mr. Wilson was a first cousin of Mr. Guffey and also a first cousin of my Father since Mr. Wilson's mother was a sister of my grandfather and a sister to Mr. Guffey's mother, also a sister to my grandfather. The Guffeys went south with Mr. Wilson and visited with him in southern Oregon. After leaving there the Guffeys visited

with friends in California. They returned to Missouri in the fall. Mr. Guffey was nearly 80 years old when he last visited us and he died a year or so later. Mr. Wilson was also nearing 80 years old and I never heard from him again. I wrote two or three letters to him with no reply and in the last letter I asked whoever should receive the letter to let me know what had happened to Mr. Wilson, but still no reply. I had long known that my Father had a cousin in southern Oregon by the name of David Wilson, but that was about all that I knew. It was from his family that my brother, Ira, got his second name of Wilson. From Mr. Wilson I learned that his wife had been dead for several years. I think Mr. Wilson said he had two or three sons, but I do not recall that he spoke of having any daughters.

I received a letter from Mr. C. N. Stockton of Springfield, Illinois, dated February 1, 1934. From him I learned that he and his brother, Mr. J. T. Stockton were the two youngest sons of my mother's second oldest brother. These two brothers had established the Illinois Business College in Springfield, Illinois, in 1900, C. N. as president and J. T. as vice president. They had operated this school continuously ever since. C. N. wrote very interesting letters, but I soon learned that he was a "hard shelled Democrat" of the old southern type. In addition, he was a Roosevelt worshiper. I, not being an admirer of Roosevelt, criticized his administration for trying to spend us out of a depression and also for his "Economics of Scarcity" i.e., the plowing under of wheat, corn, tobacco, and the killing of little pigs, calves, etc., and the government paying farmers for the loss. This was too much for C. N. The last letter that I received from him was dated June 17, 1939. I answered this letter and when, in a reasonable time, no reply was received, I sent a second letter, but still no reply. I sent him a Christmas Greeting card in December 1939 and on this card I wrote that if he cared to resume correspondence, I would be glad to do so. I have heard nothing more from him in any way. I had enjoyed my correspondence with him and I would not knowingly have said anything to really hurt his feeling. C. N. said he could only recall visiting our home once and that was just before we left Missouri for Kansas. I do not recall ever having seen him, but I do recall that many people called to see us before we left Missouri. From the newspaper pictures sent me, it appeared that these two men were very small, spare built old men.

When I first went to Sheridan, Oregon, I learned that a Mr. William W. Stockton lived on his

own farm on the main Sheridan-Ballston road near Ballston. I, naturally, was curious, so I asked Mr. Stockton where he was from. And he said, "Missouri." I said, "I am from Missouri and my mother was the youngest child of Mr. Sanford Stockton of Unionville, MO." He shut up like a clam and I could get nothing more out of him in regard to his family, except that he and his wife left Missouri immediately after their marriage. I assumed that there was some family trouble and that he did not want any word to get back to any of their folks. In any event, I never found out whether or not he was a relative of my mother. The Stocktons had two sons, Holt and Roy, both of whom were graduates of the University of Oregon before I came to Sheridan. This brings to mind the fact that one of my mother's brothers by the name of Henry lost his wife a year or so before we left Missouri. I think my mother said he had six small children and that his mother-in-law tried to take the children away from him. In the midst of the trouble, Henry put the children in his wagon and left and, so far as my mother ever knew, he told no one where he was going and it was over thirty years before my mother heard from him again. When Mother heard from him, I was in school at Corvallis, Oregon. Mother sent me his address and I received two or three letters from Henry. He was then living in the Indian Territory, now a part of Oklahoma, where he had been living all these years. Not long after I received the last letter, Mother wrote me that Henry had died.

I believe the following finishes all the information I have about my mother's family. A few times my mother mentioned the fact that the Stockton who signed the Declaration of Independence was a relative of hers, but I do not recall just what relation he was. Then she mentioned that her Grandfather Guffey fought in the War of 1812 and that he lived to be over 100 years old.

MY FOLKS SOLD THEIR HOME IN MISSOURI AND MOVED TO KANSAS --After my folks sold their farm in the fall of 1877, everything was in a stir to get ready to leave. A second wagon was secured together with hickory bows which were put into the loops which were already provided for them on each wagon. I think at the time all wagons were provided with this metal loops to hold the bows necessary to convert all wagons into covered wagons. Heavy cotton cloth was also secured, which was made for this purpose and Mother sewed them together to make the covering for each

wagon. Many things were loaded in the evening before we left and the rest the next morning. When all was ready, we left for Unionville, Father driving the lead team and Mother was driving the second team which followed. I was in the wagon with Mother. In about two hours we arrived in Unionville where the folks did necessary shopping and they had all four horses shod for the long trip. Unionville was built around a square with a block of land of some two or three hundred feet on each side. In this square wagons were parked and horses were fed. The courthouse and main business buildings were built on the opposite side of the street surrounding the square and all faced the square. We left Unionville about the middle of the afternoon and we camped that night a few miles west of town. Each wagon had extra sideboards, made for the purpose, put on top of the regular sideboards of each wagon bed so as to make it hold more, and nearly everything taken with us was carried in the wagon bed as enlarged, but on top of the extra sideboards was a platform on which our beds were made. In these two wagons the five of us slept warm and cozy during the cold fall weeks that we were traveling. At best we made only about four miles an hour, and I think we averaged about twenty miles a day on the entire trip. We had to stop occasionally to get food for the family and feed the horses. Besides making camp at night, we had to stop at noon to prepare our own meals over a campfire and to feed and rest the horses. The second team soon got so they would follow, so I would hold the lines and think I was driving and Mother would ride in the other wagon. Our destination was twelve miles southwest of Wichita, Kansas. I think the trip must have taken six or eight weeks for it was getting winter when we got to Wichita. My brother, Joseph Isaac, was born there on February 12, 1878.

MY FOLKS MOVED TO OREGON -- The winter we lived in Kansas my folks met Mr. George B. Benton, his wife, and four children. The two older were boys well in their teens at that time. The two younger were daughters, the youngest of which was a few years older than I. We soon learned that this family was planning to leave for Oregon in the early spring. Soon my folks decided to go with the Bentons to Oregon, so they sold, at their convenience, both wagons and teams and prepared to leave as soon as the weather was suitable. About the first of April the two families left for Oregon on the same train and in the same passenger car of that train. These cross-country trains were known as 兎migrant

trains

The superstructure of the railroad coaches at that time were all made of wood and these coaches were heated by cook stoves, one in each end of the coach. Each family on the train had to furnish all of their own food and prepare it on these stoves. The railroad company furnished the coal for the stoves, but the passengers had to look after the firing of the stoves. It seems to me that there was a makeshift table of some kind near the stove, but this is not very clear in my mind. Each family, likewise, had to furnish all of their own bedding, make up their own beds at night and put away their own bedding each morning, so the family could use the seats of the car in the daytime. At that time all the brakes on the train were operated by hand by men known as brakemen. There was a set of brakes to be operated at the end of the car and they were put on when the engineer whistled "down brakes. Those days the brakemen, in addition to operating the brakes, also helped passengers on and off the train. Now he only goes on top of the freight cars so as to be able to go from one car to another and operate the brakes of the cars which were operated from the top end of each car.

We spent several days in going through what was then called the prairies, and there were what were then called ground hogs all along the way. It seemed that most men then carried revolvers at that time and Mr. Benton and Father would raise the car windows and shoot at the ground hogs which, if not severely hurt, would duck back into their holes. The train did not seem to bother the ground hogs, but they did not like the shooting. Since there were no railroads into Portland that connected with the eastern lines, we had to go to San Francisco and then take a boat up to Portland. We all came up on the *George W. Elder* boat to Portland and then we took a train to Junction City, Oregon. Here we stayed at the hotel until the necessary furniture could be bought after which we moved into a house about a quarter of a mile off the road from Walter Meek's home. This place was about three or four miles south of Junction City on the old river road to Eugene. This house was on the Walter Meek farm. I think Mr. Benton made preparation for all of us before we left Kansas to go to this farm. In any event, Mr. George Benton and Father worked for Mr. Meek until the fall of 1879. During the previous summer it seemed that the food at the Meek home had got to be pretty bad so the employees made up the following jingle:

*“Gilstrap's town and Benton's street
Walter's tavern and nothing to eat”*

I think Mr. Benton left the Meek place a month or so before Father left. Mr. Benton went to some place in southern Oregon - I think around Roseberg. Up to this time I do not recall that I was ever in the Benton home either in Kansas or in Oregon. The Bentons were very religious people. Even on the train, when the sun would go down Saturday evening, none of their children were allowed to laugh or play until the sun had gone down Sunday evening. This strictness seemed, in later years, to have driven their children into the opposite direction. My folks heard that soon after the Bentons went south, the two boys went to the bad and got into considerable trouble. I understood that the oldest daughter became a problem also. After moving south, the Bentons had another boy born and they named him Henry H. The oldest boy was named Herbert, the next Ulisses, and the oldest girl they called Molly. I do not recall the youngest girl's name. At about this time, I lost track of the Bentons for many years.

When my folks sold their property in Missouri, they received a first payment only and they took a mortgage for the balance. The payments were to be in five equal annual payments with interest. They left the mortgage with Grandfather Gilstrap to be recorded. This he did not do for several months afterwards. When he did have the mortgage recorded it became a second mortgage because the man they sold to had borrowed all the money he could on the place and this later mortgage had already been recorded. Imagine the disappointment of my folks when they learned of all this only when the first payment became due in the fall of 1878. They had no money with which to have paid off the then first mortgage even if it would have paid them to do so. In any event, the first mortgage took the place and my folks were unable to collect anything from the man they sold to. I could never understand why Father did not take the mortgage with him and have it recorded when we went through Unionville on our way to Kansas. This would have been only a few days after the deal was actually closed, but of course, what he should have done was to have taken the deed at once himself and had it recorded. Anyway, the incident caused a great deal of ill feeling in our family and the folks now had nothing except Father's two hands to support the family.

THE GREAT DIPHTHERIA EPIDEMIC OF 1878-1879 -- During the winter of 1878-1879 there was an outbreak of Diphtheria in Lane County and my folks said about half of the children in and around there died of Diphtheria. The Meeks only had one child, a boy well up into the teens and he died from Diphtheria. None of us children took Diphtheria, but our parents were so scared that they would scarcely let one of us leave the vicinity of our home. If any of the Benton children took Diphtheria, I do not recall knowing it. In any event the Bentons did not lose any of their children. I wonder if the expression "half of the children in that section of the county died from Diphtheria" was intended literally or if it was used to express the meaning that many children died from Diphtheria.

OUR FAMILY MOVED TO THE McQUEG FARM -- During the latter part of September 1879, my father gave up his work for Mr. Meek and moved to the McQueg farm. Around the first of October, Father went to work for Mr. Charles Van Rankin who lived about two miles south of Junction City on the prairie road from Junction City to Eugene. Mr. McQueg lived at Coquille, Oregon at that time and he came out to the farm every year at harvest time to look after his part of the rent. Mr. Van Rankin was then farming the McQueg place in addition to his own farm. It was on the McQueg place that my brother, Owen Gilford, was born April 6, 1880. My only sister, Elsie May, was also born here on May 12, 1882. Recently I saw the picture on the following page in the Oregonian which, in general outward appearance is exactly like the one that they were born in, except there were not trees around that house and there was a terra cotta flue where the chimney is in this picture. I think this picture shows about fifty percent more glass in the outside rooms than were in the house referred to. On the further side of the house they were born in were two bedrooms. There was a hallway leading from the center room to the outside and between these two bedrooms. The center part of the building was all in one room. This room was about 14 feet wide and 28 feet long. It served as a kitchen, dining room, and a bedroom for Father and Mother and one or two of the smallest children.

[[DRAWING OF SMALL CABIN]]

The regular beds were much higher than today and smaller children slept on a trundle bed which was enough shorter, narrower, and lower and on casters so that it could be rolled under the big bed during the day and pulled out at night as a bed for the small children. We larger boys slept in the two bedrooms on the further side of the building. The room shown in the front of the picture was what we called the "shed room." This was the room which was used for the storage of canned and other fruits, the storing of potatoes and the laundry was washed here at all times and it was dried here in the winter. The pump, which supplied the water for all domestic purposes, was just outside of this room. The laundry was done in galvanized tubs which were also used for sponge baths for all the family since there was no running water in houses those days. The center room only was heated and that was done by a large wood cook stove. This house was about 25 or 30 years old when we moved into it. There was no one living in it the winter after we moved out and no one shoveled the heavy snow and sleet off of it that winter which was that of 1883-1884, so this house was crushed down in that severe storm. This house was never rebuilt, but later an entirely new house was built.

Father worked for Mr. Van Rankin for the next two years and at that time Mr. Van Rankin gave up farming the McQueg place and Father rented it from Mr. McQueg and began farming on his own. Father bought a wagon, three horses, harness and necessary machinery to begin farming. Much of this was bought from Mr. Van Rankin who then did not need it. Father farmed this place for two years and then gave it up.

OUR FAMILY MOVED TO THE VAN RANKIN PLACE --Mr. Van Rankin then retired and moved to Eugene, and Father rented his farm and moved onto it. There was more and better land on this place. Father bought, nearly all from Mr. Van Rankin, three more horses, harness and necessary machinery to make another three horse team and I became the driver of this second team. I was only 13 years past at that time, but I was very proud to think I had a team to work and care for myself. The first winter that we were on the Van Rankin place was the coldest and the worst winter I have every seen in Oregon. This was the winter of 1883-1884. The thermometer we had registered a little below zero. The snow was about one and a half feet deep when rain and sleet came so heavy that a man could walk on it all over the country, but a horse would break through. To break the road on the highway, the horses legs had to be wrapped with gunny sacks to keep the ice from cutting them.

On this farm was a lake about a mile long and two or three hundred yards wide. The ice on this lake froze six or more inches thick and we cut timbers from the banks for extra wood for that winter. We pushed the sticks of wood on the ice to the watering place for the stock and there we pulled it up on the bank of the lake. We used an ax chopped into the timbers to push them with. The sleet broke down thousands of acres of young timber in Lane county alone.

The storm lasted approximately the whole month of February. After this storm passed off there was scarcely any more moisture of any kind that spring and this was the nearest to a complete crop failure that I have ever seen in Oregon. Father had about one hundred acres of barley sown that year and much of it was not worth harvesting. This was because it was so short that a header or binder (the binders using twine were just coming into use then) could not get low enough to cut off the heads of the barley. The wheat and oats did somewhat better because they were tall enough for a header to get the heads at least, but it was a very poor crop year for them also. For some reason that I do not now recall, Father only farmed this place for two years.

OUR FAMILY MOVED TO THE ED TEST FARM -- This farm of half a section of land lay between the Van Rankin and the McQueg farms and joined one on each side. Mr. Test, likewise, retired and

moved to Eugene. At this time my brother, Ira, took over the care and handling of the team that I had used. For the next three years I worked steadily for the neighboring farmers and I brought home all the money I made to help to support the family. This was necessary to help the family get out of debt because of the previous crop failure. I worked most of the time for one man by the name of Mr. James Letellier whose farm joined the place where we lived on the north. One day while I was working for this man, he became a raving maniac. He stood up in front of a fence post and struck it several times with his fist and he thought all the time that this post was a man. His wife at once had him committed to the insane asylum where he stayed for six months to one year. I did most of the work on the farm while he was gone, but it was under the supervision of Mr. Letellier's father who could not do much physical work because of rheumatism. When Mr. Letellier returned home, I soon left because I was afraid to stay. I thought he might become insane again and the next time I thought he might beat me up instead of a fence post. He was a big, strong man.

Working out was nothing new to me as I had bucked straw for a thrashing machine a month after I was twelve and also a month after I was thirteen years old. "Bucking straw" was taking the straw away from a thrashing machine by riding a fence rail pulled by one horse with a rope tied to each end of the rail, so as to drag the straw ahead of the rail. I had done some work setting up bundles of grain after a binder the second summer I bucked straw. The last spring that we were on the McQueg place, Father got a job at carpenter work, and I did the last three or four days of putting in the spring crop. The summer I was 14 years old I drove a header wagon for a header. These wagons collected the grain as it was out by the header and then hauled it to the thrasher to be thrashed. The next year I drove a bundle wagon. These wagons picked up the grain in the shock that had been bound by the binder and hauled it to the thrasher to be thrashed. The summers that I was 16, 17, and 18 years old I sewed sacks for a thrashing machine. The dust got to choking me up so badly that thereafter at each harvest time during the remaining five years that I stayed on the farm I drove a bundle wagon. It was at this time that I also discovered that coffee did not agree with me and this was the beginning of the long list of allergic food reactions that gave me so much trouble in my later life.

OUR FAMILY MOVED TO EIGHT MILES WEST OF JUNCTION CITY -- Father farmed the Test place for three years. By this time he was pretty well recovered from the effects of the drought year of 1884. Now he sold all his farm machinery and all the horses except two and one colt. He then bought 120 acres of land, all but one acre of it covered with brush or small timber, eight miles due west of Junction City, Oregon. This place was on the lower foothills about half a mile beyond a big swamp that was then just started to be drained and cleared up. We moved on this place the first of October 1888. We went to work at once and we slashed some 20 to 30 acres of this brush and small timber before the winter rains set in. The next summer this was all burned over by fire and in a year or so a few acres of this ground was put into cultivation. In fact six or eight acres of this land had been slashed and burned over several years before. The stumps were well rotted out, but it had grown up some in small brush here and there. Father, Ira who was 16 1/2 years old, Robert who was 14 the month we moved on this place, and myself who was 18 years old past all worked hard that fall to get as much done as possible. There was an old house and barn on the place and we brought from the Test place all the grain and hay that was needed for the chickens and the stock for the following year. The next March I went to work for Mr. Maurice D. Allen. He owned a half section of land and about half of it was in that swamp referred to. I brought all the money home from my wages for the support of the family except the meager amount that was absolutely necessary for my clothing. I got regular man's wages of seventy-five cents a day all the time that I worked for wages, except I got \$1.50 a day all during hay harvest and grain harvest when I drove a bundle wagon. I got \$2.00 a day for sewing sacks with the thrashing machine. In the spring of 1889 Father and the two brothers above referred to cleared up most of that

ground that had been originally burned over and they sowed it to grain. This raised just about enough hay for the horses and the two cows. After the first year all the grain for the chickens and the stock had to be bought and hauled onto the place. While I was around there nothing was ever sold from the place except a few eggs and some poles that were cut and sold as hop poles.

During the next summer, which was 1889, Father had to get glasses for close vision. This seemed to make Father think he was an old man and he practically quit work at that time. As I recall Father got a pension that summer as a Civil War veteran of \$8.00 a month. I did not know there was anything wrong with him for he had done the hardest kind of work during the previous year. At about the same time Father discovered that the 160 acres of land joining our place on the west was government land and open for homesteading. Father filed on this in the late fall of 1889 or the early spring of 1890. Then Father took money enough from our meager budget to build the shell of a two story, square frame house on this. Building material was very cheap then and Father did all the carpenter work himself. He put up the studding and rustic on the outside walls, the shingle on the roof, and he put down the single finished flooring, which was common those days. I think he sealed the kitchen in one corner of the house where he could keep warm, but the last time I saw the house there were no other improvements in it. By this time Father had completely deserted his family and he made no effort to contribute anything to their support.

My 21st birthday came on Sunday, July 5, 1891. On that day, at father's urgent request, I went to look at 160 acres of land a few miles west that he wanted me to homestead. After I had looked the place over very carefully, Father said, "What do you think of this place?" My reply was, "I would not pay the taxes on this place if someone would give me a clear deed to it much less live on it for three years to homestead it." This was a great disappointment to Father. He had set his heart on my settling down there by the home folks and now this was all off. The 120 acres of land at home was in Father's name so a few days after my 21st birthday, the folks deeded me this land with the understanding that I would deed it to Mother and that was just what I did. I understood that Father had to do this to clear the way so that he could eventually prove up on the 160 acres he was homesteading. On my 21st birthday, I withdrew from the support of the family and this job was taken over by my brothers, Ira and Robert.

I understand that several years after Father started the house on his homestead, he finished the inside of it. By about 1920, Father had disposed of all this land and he had bought a house and lot in Junction City which remained his home until his death in 1932 when he was actually more than 85 years old. Father had uremic attacks for a year or so before his death. When he was in one of these attacks and went down town as they say, he would be unable to find his way home. He was very self-willed, especially in old age, and he would not allow anyone to show or tell him the way home or when or what he was to do. And when home, he was unable to take care of himself. These attacks lasted for several days at a time, and then they would gradually pass off. When the attacks would pass off he would then be quite normal for a time. These attacks continued to get worse and several months before his death they created a severe problem in his care. Finally he died after being in a coma for several days. The pension which started at \$8.00 a month had been increased at various times so that long before his death he was getting the maximum pension allowed to Civil War veterans, which I think was then about \$75.00 a month. This was written February 13, 1947. The fourth of next month will be the 100th anniversary of Father's birth.

As far back as I can remember, my mother suffered from "sick headache" attacks and these attacks lasted until she was about 45 years old. Since I was the oldest of the children, it became my lot to do all I could for Mother when she had one of these attacks and also for the rest of the children. As a result of this and also the fact that Mother had no other help, I learned to cook when I was very small. I also learned to do washing, ironing, and even learned to run the sewing machine. I have sewn and

worked button holes on dozens of garments. At that time all of our drawers, undershirts, overshirts, sheet, pillowcases, and dresses had to be made at home. I learned to use everything on Mother's Singer sewing machine except the quilter. Before I took a regular job in the field, it was up to me to do most of the garden and other work around the place.

Mother had quite a hard life and I am very, very sorry that I could not make things better for her than they were, but I tried and I did the best for her that I knew how. I continued to do all I reasonably could for her as long as she lived, but that was not very much. She suffered from heart trouble for a good many years and she died from a decompensated heart on October 7, 1929.

Since early adult life I have been conscious of the fact that my mother gave me life and birth and that she cared for me when I could not care for myself, so no matter how she treated me in later life, she has always remained my Dear Mother to me.

Epicteus of ancient times said, "The greater the
difficulty, the more honor in surmounting it."

CHAPTER III

MY EDUCATION AND ASSOCIATED INCIDENTS

When my parents were small and attended the public school, there was not enough money in the district treasury to pay the teacher, so their parents had to pay tuition for each of them when they attended school. From time immemorial both parents and teachers had been very strict with children. Any child who violated any of their rules or instructions was severely punished. This was the rule in the days my parents were children and they too belonged to that school. They thought that since they were older than their children, it was impossible for any of their children to ever know more about any subject than they did. Also, according to the old school, my parents thought that they had the right not only in childhood, but in adult life to dominate the lives of all of their children. My parents were among about the last of this old school. After their children became grown, these ideas of theirs caused much friction and hard feelings in the family. Now the pendulum has swung to the other extreme and many parents have little or no control over even their small children. This accounts for a lot of the childhood delinquency today. Perhaps in time the pendulum will in due time swing back to the center where it belongs. It surely is to be hoped so.

MY EDUCATION WITH INCIDENTS -- When I was six years old we were living in Missouri. The folks then decided that I should start to school. The schoolhouse of our district was about half a mile to a mile east of our home and on the road leading to Hartford. This one room school building was on the north side of the road. The school started the early part of December and was to run on through January and February, so that the big boys and girls could attend. I went the first day school started. I did not know my letters and my only book was a first reader. I was supposed to recite once before and once after recess in the morning and it was to be the same in the afternoon. The teacher's name was Pickring, a man teacher as were I think all public school teachers at that time. When I was first called to recite, the teacher asked me what the various letters looked like. When he came to the letter "U", I

said, "It looks like our clevis." This made some of the children snicker, so the teacher said, "You must not say that again. You must say it looks like the letter "U". When I was called up after recess to recite again, I was asked the same question again. I had forgotten what he said before, so I answered again that, "It looks like our clevis." This again produced more snickers, so the teacher said, "If you say that again, I will whip you." In due time we were out for lunch and the noon hours. I was very much interested in the way the children ran and played. By afternoon, when I was called up it had again slipped my mind as to what he had said, so I gave the same answer to the same question as before. I didn't do it intentionally but just forgot for the moment. This produced more laughter than before, so the teacher left the building to go into the nearby woods to the north to get a switch. I watched him and when he got into the brush, I darted out and around the house in the opposite direction so as to keep the house between me and the teacher. I ran across the road and into the brush on the other side. I continued to go as fast as my little legs could carry me until I got home.

The next morning there was one of those severe blizzards on. The mercury was well below zero and the snow was at least a foot and a half deep. Since the snow which fell at that time would lay on for months, it meant that I was physically unable to attend school any more that term. It is not hard to imagine what would have happened to me the next morning if I had returned to school. All that I was thinking about when I ran away was to get away from the present whipping. A few weeks later Father brought home my first reader and that ended this episode so far as I was concerned.

My next experience in school was twelve miles southwest of Wichita, Kansas in December 1877. School here as before was for three months beginning about the first of December. I entered school here again in the first grade and attended for about three weeks when the weather got too bad that I could no longer attend. The weather there, like that in Missouri, was very severe. There was nothing unusual that happened there. I think I learned my letters there and got started on reading. Those days children first learned their letters before attempting to read.

In December 1878 we lived on the Walter Meek place south of Junction City, Oregon on the river road to Eugene. Here as before, school started the early part of December and extended through January and February. As I recall we lived about two miles from the schoolhouse and I attended until

Christmas. They had a Christmas program and the part that I recall the best was that of a man singing a song about "The little brown jug, O, how I love you," and when he turned the jug up to take a drink out of it, he spilled some fluid on his clothes. After Christmas the weather was so bad that I really could not attend school during January, so I did not get to go to school anymore that term.

Furthermore, the winter of 1878 and the spring of 1879 was the year of the great Diphtheria epidemic referred to earlier and this also prevented me from attending school anymore that winter. In the fall of 1879, we moved to the McQueg place. The school in that district also was taught during the three winter months as before. There was a slough running across the McQueg place between our house and the school all winter, so there was no possibility of me getting to school without riding a horse and at that time my parents had none for me to ride. But riding horses to school at that time was not in vogue for no one did it. For all the four years that we lived on the McQueg place the school was taught for the three winter months only and I did not get to attend a single day. The schoolhouse was at least two miles away.

In the fall of 1883 we moved to the Van Rankin place and the schoolhouse was about one quarter of a mile away. Previous to this time all the country schools that I ever heard of had three months school in the winter so that all the big boys and girls could attend. They paid but little attention to the small children for they were supposed to have a chance to go to school when they got big. This very fall our school was changed from the three winter months school to three months school each fall and three months school each spring with no school in the three winter months. You may recall that it was this same fall of 1883 that my father bought the second team and I became its driver. This meant that I, as a large boy, had no chance to go to school in the winter as the large boys before had. It so developed that I could attend school only on those days or half days that the weather was so bad that we could not work in the field. This I did. Some days I would go to school all day, some days I would go to school only in the morning and I would work in the afternoon in the field, and other days I would work in the field of a morning and go to school in the afternoon. Those days there was no such a thing as grades in a country school. Each pupil was allowed to go as fast as he could in a given subject. He might be with one group of pupils in arithmetic, another in reading, and so on. In this way I attended

school for the two years we were on the Van Rankin place.

When we moved to the Test place in 1865, I turned my second team over to my brother, Ira, and I went to work as a regular farm hand for the neighbors. Thus ended my schooling for the three years we were on the Test place. I was 18 years old past when we left the Test place.

When we moved to the foothills in the fall of 1888, a new school district was just being organized. The schoolhouse was to be located on the northwest corner of Mr. Maurice David Allen's place. Soon after we moved over to the hills, the contract for building the new school building was let to the Bales Brothers for the sum of \$300.00. The building was not completed until the first of December, so here again was a school during the winter months of December, January, and February and this time I got to attend the full three months. This gave me education enough to rather intelligently read a newspaper, which I had never been able to do before.

When I left the school about the first of March, I then thought that I would never go to school again. The spring term of school opened almost immediately and they then followed with the three months of school in the spring and then three months in the fall the same as all the other country schools were doing. Just before I left school that spring I said to my teacher, Miss Aletha McCormick of Eugene, that I never expected to go to school again. She replied with a confident air, "You do not know what will happen. You may be a college graduate sometime." This rang in my ears and gave me hope. What! Could I be a college graduate sometime?

When school was out, I at once went to work for Mr. Maurice D. Allen and I soon found that I could make much headway by studying evenings, rainy and other days that I could not work on the farm. I worked for Mr. Allen from the early part of March 1889 to harvest time in 1893. I studied hard at every opportunity and I made surprising progress by that time. I heard of the school at Corvallis through a nephew of Mr. Allen by the name of Henry Moffett who attended there during the school year of 1892-1893. After I was 21 years old I saved my money very carefully, so in the spring of 1893 I decided to attend the school at Corvallis if possible for one year only. My parents were bitterly opposed to this plan. They said to me, "It will all be a waste of your time and money for you will never be anything but an old farmer anyway." My parents did everything they possible could to keep me

from going to Corvallis to try to enter school there. Those days we could not buy ready-made sheets and pillowcases, so I bought the muslin to make them out of and I paid Mrs. Allen to make them for me. The sheets were made by sewing two strips of muslin together and hemming them at each end. I could have done the sewing in a few hours had someone offered me the use of a sewing machine. I had three pillowcases and six sheets made. I bought the necessary blankets and two bedspreads. The school at Corvallis was then known as The Oregon State Agricultural College. In the fall of 1893, this college opened on Monday, August 24th. On August 22nd we were then just finishing thrashing and I was driving a bundle wagon at that time. We were thrashing on a farm cornering with that of Mr. Allen's place and quit work at noon that day and went to Mr. Allen's place where he was ready with a wagon and team to take me to Junction City where I was to take the train for Corvallis. My trunk, which I took along, contained all of my worldly possessions except a little money and the clothes I had on my back. Soon we arrived in Junction City and it did not take long to go by train to Corvallis by Albany. Mr. Moffett met me at Corvallis and took me to Cauthorn hall where we were to room together for the next school year. Our room was on the northwest corner of the second floor. Those days about all that there was in one of the rooms were two single beds, two mattresses and two chests of drawers. Everything else had to be furnished by the students.

The college then had what was known at that time as The Preparatory Department. Because of the very poor preparation of many students, especially from the rural schools, this department had been with the college from its inception. At that time this department served a very useful purpose because it provided a way for many young men and women to get a college education that otherwise could never have gone to college. Monday morning, when school started, I was finally assigned to "the Prep." as it was commonly called. There was a very grave question as to whether I would be able to do the work of the department because of my very limited schooling, but it was finally decided to give me a chance to try. By the next spring it was clear that I was going to pass with "flying colors" I then decided that I wanted to graduate. I did not have much more money than was required to complete the year in The Prep., but I soon was doing numerous odd jobs about the college. In addition, Mr. Allen said if I wanted to go on to school he would loan me the necessary money, so I decided to go on and

probably graduate. When my first year's school was out, I had everything clear to enter college proper the next fall. At about this time the college dropped the name "State" from the letterheads of the college, but it took years to eliminate the word from all their literature, especially the diplomas. Even my diploma says "State Agricultural College of Oregon" After the word "State" was dropped, which was soon after I entered school, the college became known as O.A.C. On page 22 of the first edition of the book Orange and Black is a picture from the north entrance of the campus which shows how things looked when I entered school. Several times when going up or down this walk, I have thrown one of my legs over the evergreens shown in the picture. Now more than 50 years later these are quite good sized trees. The entrance to the old administration building is best shown as it was when I entered school on page 18 of the same book. The center picture shows how the front steps looked at that time, but they were removed soon after my graduation. It was in the so called "chapel" to which these steps led that all of my "oratorical battles" took place which led to my supremacy as their chief orator during my junior and senior years.

Football was first played in this school the year that I entered The Prep, and I think it has been played there every year since then. It was a very rough game at that time. I could not see any sportsmanship in it and I distinctly did not like it. I heard the coach give the football players a pep talk before they went into one of the first games played on the campus and his closing remarks were, "Kill them! God damn them! Kill them!" This completely soured me on the game, but I am glad to say that this principle was eliminated, but I still don't care for football. At first I could not see any good in the game, but I have since concluded that it at least uses up a lot of surplus energy that these men have that might be spent in doing things that would be a lot worse than playing football.

When school opened in the fall of 1894, I matriculated as a full-fledged freshman in the Agricultural Course. At that time my brother, Robert, showed up rather unexpectedly to enter the Preparatory Department. As I mentioned before, Robert had had more opportunity to attend school than any other member of our family, and he had taken advantage of that opportunity. He was fairly studious and he had done quite a lot of studying out of school, so he easily made the Preparatory Department. The next year Robert matriculated in the Agricultural Course. He was just a good

average student and he never tried to excel in anything, but he did have a real good time as he went along. Those days the school year was divided into three terms of a little over three months each. At the end of the second term, in the spring of 1898, Robert became very short on money, so he decided to quit school and go to work. At that time he planned to come back to school that fall and he hoped that he would be able to complete the remaining four terms in one year and then graduate with his class in 1899. Once he was out of school he did not seem to show much interest in returning. Robert lacked only one year and one term of graduating, but he never returned to school again.

A lawyer in Corvallis by the name of Judge McFadden owned several houses in and near Corvallis. As fast as a renter would move out and leave a house vacant, each house would mysteriously burn down. This had happened two or three times in a year or so previous to school opening in 1894. Mr. McFadden owned a fairly nice home on what is now the north side of the campus just west of the present Mechanical Hall which is also just west of the north entrance which now leads up to what is now known as the old Administration Building. This house was just being vacated at that time and his insurance company had refused to carry the insurance on the place unless it was occupied. This was because of the previous fires in his vacant houses. Mr. McFadden came to Mr. Lionel A. Johnson and me and said we and any of our friends could live in that house free of rent as long as he could not rent it, provided we would take good care of the house and lawn and keep the pickets on the picket fence. There was a white picket fence around the whole lot. Lionel, my brother Robert, Woodson L. Patterson (later an attorney in Baker, Oregon) and I moved in at once, and we lived in that house two years. We bought sufficient second hand furniture to batch with.

Later Mr. Andrew Hanson (later an attorney in Portland, Oregon) joined our party. This combination became known as Gilstrap Brothers. To make bookkeeping easier we bought our groceries on charge by the month from Mr. August Hodes. One morning I went down to get some bacon among other things and Mr. Hodes said, "I haven't any bacon. If I had bought the really good bacon offered to me I would have had to sell it for ten cents a pound and I am not going to do that." Needless to say he had to do that later on because no more good bacon was thereafter available at a price that could be sold for less than ten cents a pound.

At the end of two years, Judge McFadden found a renter for the house, so we rented a house at \$3.00 a month about two blocks north and one block east of where we had been living and moved into it. This was a four room house and on a corner lot. Downstairs was a good living room and a large kitchen and dining room together, which was common those days. Upstairs were two large bedrooms, each large enough for two double beds. Robert and I slept together in one bed. Lionel and Woodson slept in the other bedroom and I think Hanson slept in a bed in their room. The name Gilstrap Brothers stayed with our crowd until after I was graduated even though my brother, Robert, had not been with us for well over a year. Lionel Johnson did not stay with us during his senior year, but stayed with some people by the name of Avery where he got some kind of work to help out. Soon after the Spanish-American War broke out in the spring of 1898, Johnson and Hanson both joined the Army. This left Patterson and me pretty well alone. I probably would have joined the Army at the time Johnson and Hanson joined, but Governor Lord requested the three captains at O.A.C. to wait, for if there was another call for volunteers, we would be needed for captains for the new companies. I was in a quandary and hardly knew what to do but I waited. Lionel Johnson was a first lieutenant in my company C, but all volunteers up to that time had to join as privates in the regular army or they had to be absorbed as privates in the National Guard. All three of us captains waited for the second call, but none ever came.

About the first of December 1894, a man whose name I have forgotten, organized a moot or sham Oregon House of Representatives. This man was an old member of the then Oregon House of Representatives. I was appointed representative from Lane County in that body. This training was given free by this man in law making, but it was extra curriculum work. Where reasonably possible, each person from a given county was appointed a representative from that county. I introduced a bill (and now I have no idea what for) and the clerk of the House recorded it as introduced by Judge Gilstrap and then I was commonly called "judge" for the next two years. I can not now recall what happened to change my nickname to "major" but "major" it was until after graduation. This mock legislature met once a week during December, January, and February and then disbanded never to reopen while I was in Corvallis.

In addition to my regular agricultural course, I took public speaking and debating each year under what was then called elocution. I continued this all through my college course and it stood me well in hand later on in my college work and still later on in public life. Those days each class put on their own program at Commencement week. Monday evening was always given over to the freshman class program, Tuesday evening to the sophomores, Wednesday evening to the junior class, and Thursday morning was always graduation day. The program for the first three years contained songs, recitations (pieces committed to memory and recited, which are now called readings, but they still are recitations to me since they are not read at all) and the most outstanding part of the program was always supposed to be the Class Oration. Because of a bunch of hoodlums in our class, I was not elected Class Orator of our freshman class and a man from their gang was elected who had no particular training for the position.

At about the beginning of the spring term of my sophomore year, I was elected without opposition, at a regularly called class meeting to be our Class Orator at the coming commencement. During the freshman and sophomore years, we had, as indicated before, an ornery band of eight or ten hoodlums in our class. Soon after my election as Class Orator, these boys banded together and demanded that I resign as Class Orator. This I absolutely refused to do unless I was recalled by the majority vote of a regularly called class meeting in which I had a chance to defend myself on the floor of the meeting. These hoodlums contended that I was not competent to deliver a reasonably good oration. My contention was that there was no one in our class who could do a better job than I could. This bunch pestered me for about a month and then gave it up, but they never called it up at a class meeting. None of this bunch had ever taken public speaking, and I felt sure if I got any of them on the floor before the class, I would win out. Charles McKnight and George Weaver belonged to this bunch and they were the only two who graduated with our class. These two were into all sorts of meanness during their school years and, had they been caught in some of their messes instead of only being suspected, I feel sure they would not have graduated at all. I doubt that they knew more than a few days before that they were going to be graduated. They have now both been dead for several years. Such types of hoodlums seldom live to a very old age and they were no exception.

I received so many compliments from my Sophomore Oration, that I decided to go in for oratory in a big way. During my junior year the college held two competitive oratorical contests, one in the late fall and one just before school was out in the spring. In the long run I won both of these contests. In those days there had to be two sets of three judges each in all competitive oratorical contests. Every oration had to be typewritten out in full and committed to memory. There had to be three copies of the oration made and one was submitted to each of the three judges on composition and originality. (At that time everyone around the college who wanted good typing done, had Miss Helen L. Holgate to do it. She did all of my typing while I was in Corvallis and she also did all the typing for all the other contestants in oratorical contests). The other three judges decided as to who made the best delivery. The average grades of all the six judges decided the winner. None of the judges were allowed to sit by or near each other when judging. Each grade was required to be turned in to the college authorities without consultation with any other judge. The totals were calculated by the college authorities and they were always announced by the college president. No speaker had any idea who any of the judges were at the time nor where any of them sat. The highest average of all the grades determined the winner. In the first contest I won without any trouble, but there was no reward for winning. In the second contest, which was held on June 21, 1897, I lost on the first round. The winner was Thomas M. Medley and the first prize was \$40.00 cash. I got second prize which was \$20.00 cash. But later on during the summer it was found that Medley had copied his oration practically verbatim from some outstanding orator. When this was discovered, Medley was confronted with the evidence, but he refused to return the \$40.00. When the contests were established, every contestant knew that the material in all manuscripts were required to be that of the contestant. When school started that fall, Mr. Medley was forever expelled from attending the college again, and the \$20.00 was made up and presented to me at a college assembly meeting. Miss Leona Burnett was declared the winner of the second prize and she was presented at the same meeting with \$20.00 cash. This year, as before, I was mixed up in many debates and much extemporaneous speaking, but the two above incidents were my major endeavors.

In my senior year, I followed the same plan as followed in my junior year. In the late fall there

was another competitive oratorical contest put on by the college and it was conducted as before. I won this easily, but my nearest competitor this time was my classmate, Miss Hulda Holden, who placed third in the contest the spring before.

For some years past (except during my junior year) O.A.C. had sent a representative to the state oratorical contests, which were then conducted by the major colleges of Oregon. In the spring of 1895, Mr. Wilbur W. Smith, a senior, represented our college and in the spring of 1896, Mr. Auston Buxton, then a senior (I think he was from Buxton, Oregon) represented us that year in those contests. In 1897 the school had only eleven graduates, all mechanical engineers and they produced no orators whatever. Plans were made early in the fall of 1897 that our college would be represented in the next year's contest which was to be held in Albany, Oregon March 11, 1898. I, naturally, was grooming for this all the time, but it soon was reported to me from various sources that the cards were stacked against me. I was told that the professor of the public speaking department, a woman, was grooming Miss Hulda Holden for the place. I took what help that was available from her, but I also took all the help I could get from other sources and this was considerable. I made it a business to rehearse my oration at least ten times a day, and if possible, in the presence of a professor, who was asked to criticize my delivery especially. I would practice in the largest room I could get, if reasonably possible, and that was the College Chapel. I worked desperately hard for I soon discovered that Miss Holden was a real competitor. Besides, she had plenty of money, could dress flashingly, and devote all of her spare time to practice and training, while I had to attend to the museum to help to support myself when I was not in classes, i.e., until school closed in the afternoon, which was four p.m. Some other students tried out for the place, just for the practice, but it was generally known that the contest was between Miss Holden and myself. When the evening of the contest arrived, things were very tense. The school was divided and some were for Miss Holden, but I felt that the great majority of the students and faculty were for me, largely because they thought I had not been given a square deal. That evening I was highly keyed up and I delivered my oration to the very best of my ability. The meeting was held in the College Chapel as always before, and the room was packed to far beyond the doors and out into the halls. After the speaking was over and all the speakers had retired to a side room just off the Chapel to

await the decision of the judges, Miss Holden came over to me and, in a room packed full of other people said, "Why, Mr. Gilstrap! Are you sick? I never heard you do so poorly." I said, "No! I am feeling fine!" I thought I did quite well. Just imagine how she felt when the judges, who had not heard any of the conversation, came out with the decision: W.J. Gilstrap, winner of first place and Miss Hulda Holden winner of second place. She would have disappeared right through the floor if that had been possible. She was not prepared for such a shock. And I have never seen any person more humiliated in my life. It was apparent to all that her hopes had been built up by our public speaking professor. Otherwise, I feel sure she would not have pulled such a "boner." Up to very recently, Miss Holden has been very distant to me, but recently I received a very friendly message from her in regard to our coming Golden Jubilee Reunion at commencement week 1948.

The above decision meant that I was to represent the O.A.C. at the forthcoming state contest and, of course, I was to deliver the same oration that I had just delivered. The rules of the contest were just the same as what we had followed. Soon after the noon meal on March the 11th, the day of the State Oratorical Contest, the college had a livery team pick me up and take me to Albany where I was to rest for the afternoon. They also rented a room for me in a hotel so I would be fresh for the contest in the evening. This expense was paid out of the student body fund. I rested until about the middle of the afternoon at which time I went out for a little walk. While out I went to the auditorium where the contest was to be held and tried my voice out to see how it sounded. In the evening the railroad train, which regularly ran from Albany by way of Corvallis to Newport, was sent as a special train to Corvallis to take students, faculty, and townspeople to Albany to hear the contest. The train was heavily loaded and arrived just in time to get the people to the auditorium. The contest was scheduled to start at 8 p.m. and, in order to be on time, the management started before nearly all the people were in the building. I was the first speaker on the program and spoke with vigor and determination, but I think the confusion due to the late arrivals of many people detracted much from the effectiveness of my speech. In any event, I did not win this contest and this was the first and only competitive oratorical contest that I really lost. I received many compliments for the way I delivered my oration under trying circumstances. As soon as the contest was over, the train left for Corvallis, and I went back on it with

the other passengers.

This contest was scarcely over until it became a question as to who would be the Class Valedictorian for the coming commencement. In this case, also, my only competitor was Miss Holden. She was only in our class three years, having transferred her grades from another school for the first year. When all the grades were added up and averaged for the full four years, she beat me by 1/10th of one percent; but when the last three years only were added up and averaged, I beat her by about the same amount. It was finally decided that the four year count should rule and Miss Holden was given the place. Perhaps this made up to some extent for the humiliation she got in not getting to represent the college in the State Oratorical Contest. In any event the matter was settled and I accepted the second position, that of salutatorian. Not much more of importance happened until graduation, but here was a freshman class of some 70 or 80 students that had dwindled down to just 29. Dennis Stovall had been president of the class all year and Collista Murry had been secretary. I had enjoyed myself immensely during that year and I closed my class duties by delivering the Address of Welcome at our Commencement Exercise.

During all my college years at Corvallis, I would send home to my parents programs and clippings from the newspapers telling of my endeavors and successes in college, especially in my oratorical work, but they never replied with a single comment of praise or appreciation. I was not doing what they had planned and insisted that I should do, and what I was doing was all wrong to them. I thought that they would eventually appreciate my endeavors and my successes, but such was not the case. Some twenty years before my mother's death, she decided that I was really the "black sheep" of the family and from then until her death she would have nothing more to do with me or any member of my family. I had committed the unpardonable sin of disobeying the orders of my parents; and, being the oldest of their children, I had set a bad example for the younger boys. Be that as it may, by the time I was graduating at Corvallis or soon thereafter, three more of their sons had disobeyed them and left home. To my parents, I was responsible for this. My parents both had very positive ideas of what was right and wrong and they would permit no modification of their views, i.e., no argument and no person could change their views. While my father agreed with my mother's views at the time, it was not until

about eight years before his death that he refused to have anything more to do with me or any member of my family. As can be seen from this, my parents were very self-willed and intolerant. Sometimes they would tolerate things that I could not understand how they could do it and at other times they picked out what I thought was the wrong thing to be intolerant against, but they were absolutely sincere in the conviction that they were right in all things and they would not tolerate anything they believed to be wrong, even in one of their own children. The death of my parents closed the books on some of the saddest incidents in my life. They were absolutely positive in their own minds that they were always right and that I was always wrong. With this I have closed the subject.

When I was in school at Corvallis, every young man had to take military training of one hour a day every school day of the year, so I had five years of such training -- one in the "Prep" and four in college proper. I came up through the various offices to captain in my senior year, which was the highest rank then given at the college. A company at full size in the regular army at the time consisted of one hundred men, but our companies were held to around fifty men or better so as to give training to the most boys possible as officers. There were three companies in my senior year, Company A, Company B, and Company C. I was captain of Company C.

On page 159 of the first edition of Orange and Black is a picture of all three of our companies. My Company C is the furthest from the band to the rear. The formation at the bottom of the page is what is know as riot formation. The captain who was in command stayed at about the middle of the formation. By the proper command, he could move the formation in any direction at street corners. Bayonets would be pointing out in all directions. The object was to disburse riots. Since our companies were only about half the regular size, I think there were two companies in this formation.

Two or more companies were called a battalion and in the regular army at that time it was commanded by a major. When there was battalion drill, the regular army officer would sometimes command and sometimes he would delegate this privilege to one of the captains. This was to give us the widest experience possible with the number of men available. Soon after I took command of my company, I would drop a word of praise or appreciation of the way the men conducted themselves and of their efficiency. It was not long before it was apparent to me that I actually had the best drilled company of the three. My men almost to a man were anxious to do anything that would please me, and

I never failed so far as I know to show my appreciation of their efforts.

The payoff for them came when it came to selecting officers for the next year. The President of the College had one vote, the army officer had one vote and each captain each had one vote in selecting commissioned officers for the next year. Owing to the prospects of an increased attendance for the next year, they were to have four companies instead of three as we had. I named three out of the four captains out of my company for the next year and I names about the same proportion of all the other commissioned officers. This was the payoff that I mentioned previously. I had the right men for the places and even with one vote out of five, I was able to put them where I thought they belonged.

All agricultural and home economic classes at Corvallis, previous to our class, were graduated in three years, so there were no agricultural or home economic graduates in the 1897 class of eleven graduates. They were all mechanical engineers. All or practically all instructions to our class that referred to agriculture, such as soil and how crops grow, pests and their control, stock raising and stock feeding were given in the first two years of our course. Also during the last three months of our course, they gave us a course in surveying with actual practice in surveying. The last two years were largely for the so called "cultural subjects." The subjects in the first two years of the agricultural course were all required subjects and there was no deviation from this, but anyone could take extra subjects if their grades were good enough. In our last two years probably half or two thirds of the subjects in the curriculum were required, such as economics, political science, English literature and so on, but the remaining subjects were elective.

While I was in school at Corvallis they put in, of all things, a premedical course in an agricultural college. Since I was desirous of studying medicine, I took this course for the full remaining two years. Incidentally, there were well over a dozen young men who were in O.A.C. when I was that became medical doctors, but some who took this course never completed their medical course in a medical college. One of the most important subjects in this course was the study of anatomy with the dissection of dogs and cats. We also had considerable study of histology (the microscopic study of normal tissue), advanced physiology, and advanced chemistry, especially that associated with the study of medicine, such as urinary analysis and so on.

Since I was not sure that I would be able to study medicine and since I thought I would like to have a professional career, I took, during the last several months of school, the subjects that were necessary to qualify as a school teacher. Shortly before school was out an examination was held for teachers at the college, under the direction of the State School Superintendent of Public Instruction. I took and passed not only the required subjects of the regular State Teacher's Certificate, but I took the four extra subjects required for a life certificate. I passed this also with the understanding that my grades would be kept in the State Superintendent's office for six years or until such time as they were required for my Life Certificate. My certificate was good for six years and it entitled me to teach in any of the schools of the state. I only taught twenty-two months on this certificate, when thirty months was required for the life certificate, but I never needed the latter anyway.

Up to this time there were only three courses in this college. Under the agricultural course they taught a premedical course and gave the degree in agriculture. Under the mechanical engineering course they taught electrical engineering and gave the degree in mechanical engineering. This was a strange situation and nothing was done to remedy it until on or about 1900 when a pharmacy course was added thus making a fourth course. I was in the twenty-eighth graduation class of the college, but in the next twenty five years more than a dozen different courses were added. In my senior year there were about three hundred thirty two students in attendance, and there were twenty-nine graduated at our commencement, but twenty-five years later there were about four thousand students in attendance and there were over five hundred in the graduating class. The attendance at the 1946-1947 school year was about eight thousand and the number graduating was over eight hundred. What a change from the little school that I attended! During the coming year I am to have two grandchildren in this college, Roderic Warren Gilstrap and Ruth Evelyn Whisler.

I was told by the college authorities at Corvallis that I had had the least amount of actual schooling before coming there and that I was the poorest prepared for college of anyone that has every been graduated from that school. Before graduation, I accepted a position as solicitor and organizer for the Fraternal Union, a Life Insurance Association. I decided that this, at least, would be a change from the hard work and strenuous studies of the past. A day or so after graduation I left for Tillamook,

Oregon, in company with the state organizer by the name of J.J. Sturgell of Baker, Oregon, and a man by the name of Hamilton (whose first name I do not now recall) of Corvallis, Oregon. Mr. Sturgell hired a light wagon and team with a driver to take us to Tillamook. The first night we stayed at Dave Leno's place on the Grande Ronde Reservation 18 miles west of Sheridan, and the next day we made it to Tillamook. Our driver started for home the following day. We browsed around there for a few days at which time it was decided that Mr. Hamilton would go to Astoria and I would go to Woods, Oregon which was some twenty miles south of Tillamook. The other two men decided that I would get along better, since I was much younger than they, in a smaller town. Mr. Sturgell stayed in Tillamook. As a result, I spent the entire summer soliciting members in and around Woods. I made my headquarters at the Woods Hotel while I worked this small town and the surrounding territory.

Woods is located near the mouth of the Big Nestucca River and occasionally some of the fishermen with a boat would be short a man to help them and I would go out with him at night and help with the fishing. It was a great sport for me and we would usually come in around midnight or even later. I got one third of the catch in pounds, one third went to the boat and equipment and the other third to the other man, which in my case was the owner. We sold the fish to the cannery and got the money the next morning. I would sleep a little later these mornings before going to work. It was lots of fun.

Shortly before time for school to start at Corvallis that fall, I organized with the assistance of Mr. Sturgell, a lodge of the Fraternal Union at Woods. Mr. Sturgell had furnished me the money to live on during the summer and he paid my expenses to Tillamook and while I was there, so when I settled up all of my expense, I had but little money left. But I had spent the summer at or near the beach and I had had a wonderful time and a good rest from the strenuous school work. When things were all wound up, I left for Corvallis. During all that summer, we boys had paid the rent on the little house we had been living in and we left our furniture and equipment there, so all I had to do on return was to walk in and I was at home again. Before leaving the subject of Woods, I should say that Woods those days was a town of three or four hundred people and they had a newspaper by the name of The Ocean Wave.

I WAS APPOINTED INSTRUCTOR AT O.A.C. -- When I returned to Corvallis in the fall of 1898, I was appointed Instructor under Prof. A.B. Cordley, who some years later became Doctor Cordley. My salary was \$25.00 a month, which was the same as all the other instructors. The professors at the head of the departments got \$1500.00 per year and the president of the college got the magnificent sum of \$2500.00 per year. I taught zoology for a year and Prof. Cordley did some writing for bulletins, answered in long hand all the letters that came in with regard to subjects under his department which usually referred to the control of pests, did some experimental work, occasionally delivered a lecture at Farmers Institutes and taught a class occasionally which was usually on entomology or the science of "bugs." Since we had no suitable book on zoology, the subject had to be taught mainly by lectures. In the spring of 1899, Prof. Cordley told me that he was planning the next school year to begin writing a book on zoology that would be suitable for our class work and that he planned to have it published. At the same time Prof. Cordley also told me that he was planning to have me help him what I could with this work. Since Prof. Cordley was to leave for post graduate work at the school of Ann Arbor, Michigan about the first of July, he helped me plan before school was out what I was to teach the coming fall. When Prof. Cordley left, he turned all the keys and the entire department over to me. We were then the only employees in the department. Since no department in the college had stenographers at that time (but the president did have a man as a clerk in his office), I had to send out bulletins and answer all the correspondence of our department in long hand.

I thought that all was going well, so on August 1, 1899, I married Miss Nettie Gertrude Van Groos. Imagine my surprise and consternation when, some two or three days after our marriage, I received a letter from Prof. Cordley stating that he had hired a man at Ann Arbor by the name of McElfresh to take my place at the beginning of school that fall. Prof. Cordley then asked, "Would you please do what you can to acquaint Mr. McElfresh with the department before school starts?" Prof. Cordley then advised me that he could be home by the time school started and that I should expect to see Mr. McElfresh in a few days. I did not reply until the next day when I wrote Prof. Cordley that since I was "fired" I was quitting that evening and would turn all the keys and the department over to

the president of the college, and that I was going at once to the harvest field to sew sacks where I could make double the money during that month than I could by continuing to work at the college. I also informed him that if Mr. McElfresh wanted to see me he could come out to the harvest field or to my home on Sundays, if I was at home on Sundays, and I would help him out with what I could. The only explanation that I ever received was from Prof. Cordley and he said, "The college authorities concluded that they had too many western men." This was not a very satisfactory explanation to me since no other western man was replaced by an eastern man, but this was all the explanation I ever got. Prof. Cordley continued to be very friendly to me and he seemed to continue to take a great interest in me, so it was not until the time of our Silver Jubilee reunion that I waked up to the fact that I had been "double crossed" by him. In any event it may have been a blessing in disguise for had I taught at the college another year or so I probably never would have studied medicine. I think I have been much happier in practicing medicine than I would have been in teaching, but the above incident remains as one of the unsolved problems of my life and there seems to be no possibility of a solution now since Prof. Cordley has been dead for several years at this writing. In passing, I wish to say that Mr. McElfresh married Miss Gertrude Ewing about a year after his arrival in Corvallis and that some two years later when I was in the medical college he committed suicide because he said he was not good enough for his wife. Apparently he was a "nut" some kind and this was the eastern man that was hired to take my place at O.A.C.

TEACHING AGAIN -- The day after I turned in the keys and left the college, I went "down town" that morning to see if I could get a line on a harvest job. While looking around I came in contact with a man west of town who was looking for harvest hands and I signed up with him at once to sew sacks. We were to start right away. I was then twenty-nine years old and I had not sewn sacks since I was eighteen. This was because the dust choked me up so badly; but since I now had a wife to support, I felt that I should now earn every dollar possible. The latter part of August, when thrashing was over, I went immediately to the hop fields as "check boss" at a dollar and a half a day. A check boss was a man who emptied the hop baskets filled with picked hops into a sack and gave the picker his hoop

check which was turned in to the owner for cash. When this was over, around the twentieth of September, I at once took a school to teach at Hoskins, Oregon, which was some ten miles northwest of Corvallis. They paid me thirty dollars a month for the three months term. After school was out in December, I did not have a job of any kind until about the first of next March when I took a school to teach for three months at Blodgett, Oregon which was about the same distance to the southwest of Corvallis as was Hoskins to the northwest. They also paid me thirty dollars a month and I paid eight dollars a month for room and board, the same as at Hoskins. The people where I was boarding at both of these towns would loan me a horse and saddle and I would go home about once in two weeks. The time I was gone was always credited on my next week's board. When school was out that spring, I soon went to the hay field, the grain harvest, and the hop field as during the previous year, but this fall I got a school at thirty-five dollars a month which was just outside of town to the northwest. Here I came home every evening and I usually rode my bicycle to and from school. This was in the fall of 1900. There were still no grades in the common schools and I taught every class from beginners through all the common school studies and in addition I taught in all three of these schools first year algebra, ancient history, civil government, and bookkeeping. When school first began in each district I would count up the number of classes I would have to teach and where reasonably possible I would combine classes, then I would divide the number of minutes I had to teach during the day by the number of classes that I have and this gave me the average time I had to spend with each class. If a class was unusually small, I would make the time a little less than the average and if it was unusually large I would give them a little more time than the average. This would give me a general idea of what time I could spend with each class and it was not much, but it was surprising how well the pupils got along. Perhaps they were all unusually bright children. Anyway I enjoyed the work immensely. It was a change from what I had ever done before and the work was very interesting.

By way of contrast when I was paying eight dollars a month for board and room while I was away teaching, my wife and I were furnishing her four brothers room, board, laundry, etc., for five dollars a month. My wife's father made his home with us as long as he lived, which was almost nineteen years after I came into the family. Mr. Van Groos was a fine old man and he had a lovely

family of four sons and two daughters. The oldest daughter was married quite some time before we were and I did not meet her and her family for several years later. My wife's older brothers, James and John, were graduated from O.A.C. the spring before we were married. Her younger brother, William, had completed one year at O.A.C. before we were married. Immediately after we were married, we rented another place with half a block of land, i.e. 200x 200 with a large house which had one bedroom downstairs and several upstairs, an orchard, a garden spot and a small barn. Practically all families those days had their own cow, so we bought one to supply us with milk.

My wife's mother died more than five years before we were married and she considered it her duty to stay at home and make a home for the family. This was just what she did and she kept them all at home until after we were married. In the fall of 1899, James got a position with the government in the R.R. mail service and he left for his headquarters in Portland. That fall John got a country school to teach a few miles north of Corvallis, but he continued to make his home with us when in town. Martin worked at various things around town and William went to college, so it was up to one of these two to take care of the cow when I was away teaching. When away, I would often leave human bones on the floor under the bureau in our room. These were used in my study of anatomy. We continued to live in the big house above mentioned until my wife and I left for San Francisco late in December 1900.

Much of my qualification for teaching zoology in college at Corvallis was due to intensive studies of premedical subjects. While teaching in Corvallis, I still devoted my spare time to the study of premedical subjects. When I went to teach in the country schools, I decided that I must somehow manage to study medicine, so I devoted all my spare time to the study of premedical subjects. I got the impression from Mr. Maurice Allen that when I got ready to go to study medicine, he would help me with the necessary funds. I owed him \$150.00 when I got through college and I had this all paid up before I was married. I was now saving as best I could for the real study of medicine. At this time Dr. H.S. Pernot (pronounced Perno) offered to help me out in planning my studies and quizzing me occasionally. When teaching in the country, I planned to come home to town about once in every two weeks if the weather was at all suitable. When I did come into town, I would go to Dr. Pernot's office every Saturday morning for a conference with him. Sometimes we just visited and other times he

quizzed me on various subjects that I had been studying. Dr. Pernot did not charge me anything for this service and it was because of this that I did not want to go to Corvallis later to practice medicine. When the time came for me to find a location, my wife was very anxious that I locate in Corvallis, but I felt this would not be fair to Dr. Pernot after he had done so much to help me out before I entered the medical school.

Usually there is a little lull between hay harvest and thrashing each year and in 1900 Mr. Allen and his wife took advantage of this to come and visit us at Corvallis. They wanted to visit me, but I think more especially they wanted to see what kind of wife I had. Their visit was a very pleasant one for me for during that visit Mr. Allen said to me, "You can start your medical college studies this fall if you want to." My wife and I were both immensely pleased at this prospect; but, since we had a baby on the way and we expected its birth around the early part of December, we decided to wait until after this before leaving for medical school. This baby was born December 7, 1900, and we named her Alice Gertrude. Another factor was that all medical schools in the U.S.A. changed from a three year course to a four years course during the period of 1895 to 1899. I would thus have to complete the four year course instead of the old three year course and since I had had so much premedical work, I felt sure that I could make up the time lost by entering after the first of January 1901. This I did. During the three year course it was almost impossible for any medical student to complete the first year's work in one year unless he first had at least one year of premedical work. This was because they were requiring the students to complete all the subjects required before the actual study of diseases and their treatment in only one year, but now they were to have two years to complete these studies, so the actual premedical work was not so important. For the previous fifteen or twenty years the actual study of diseases and their treatment were reserved for the last two years in the medical colleges.

For a considerable time it had been a question of where I should go to a medical school if I had a chance. I had catalogues from various schools in the west and I had about decided to attend the Medical Department of the University of Oregon. I know now that this is what I should have done, but early in the summer of 1900 Mr. Archie D. Morrison, a former graduate of O.A.C. whom I knew well, returned to Corvallis from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of San Francisco. There had been

an upheaval in the Medical Department of the University of California and also in the Tolan Medical College of San Francisco in 1896, and the College of Physicians and Surgeons grew out of that upheaval. The latter opened their doors for business that fall. Mr. Morrison told me that the best men from the two former schools quit those schools and formed the new school. He also said that there were four men in this new school, who came from the two old schools, that were outstanding authors. He said the text books of these men were used extensively throughout the U.S.A. in the various medical schools and that this was not true in either of the two medical schools in Oregon. At that time the Willamette University at Salem had a medical department at Salem. After all of Mr. Morrison's boasting, I finally decided that a school which had such outstanding teachers should be the best place for me to go and I thought he should know for he had spent one year in school there. I was also told that this new school had as large attendance as the two medical schools put together in Oregon. More than that, I learned that the College of Physicians at San Francisco also had a pharmacy college. This none of the medical schools in Oregon had, but later I learned that the University of California not only operated all the schools that the College of Physicians and Surgeons did, but they operated. in addition to the above, a veterinary college. Mr. Morrison, who later became Doctor Morrison of Carlton, Oregon, did not attend medical school for a year, but strange as it may seem, when he did enter medical school again, he matriculated at the medical school of the University of Oregon in Portland, Oregon, from which he was graduated in 1903.

MEDICAL COLLEGE FINALLY ENTERED -- I closed my country school at Corvallis about the middle of December 1900 and we began getting ready for to leave for San Francisco. We left Corvallis immediately after Christmas that year and we were all settled and ready for school when it opened early in January. Fortunately, we were located only about two blocks from the College of Physicians and Surgeons where I was to attend. When school opened that morning I was there with all my credentials and I was ushered into the Dean's office of the Medical Department. Since practically all the other students had entered in the fall, the Dean had considerable leisure time and he spent this going over my previous work and planning my future studies. After spending more than an hour with me the

Dean finally said, "With all the work you have done and considering your age and your ability, I think you can complete the first two year's work by the time school is out this year. In any event you have nothing to lose by trying. Anatomy and pathology will be your only problem. You will have to dissect and demonstrate your dissection of a whole human body before school is out." The Dean then said, "I will make it so you can attend the other classes just when you see fit. How about it?" I said, "It had scarcely entered my head that I could do this, but I will do my best." The Dean then said, "If you cannot make the grade, you will be none the worse off next year." The Dean then marked the schedule and described the work that I should try to do and I was soon on my way to classes. The Dean was a physician and surgeon by the name of Dr. D. A. Hodgehead. The medical schools all ran six days a week and I doubt if any other student in that school worked as hard as I did for I worked seven days a week for the rest of that school year. When the end of that school year came, I took all the examinations for the two previous year's work and I passed them all. This meant that I had to take all the examinations of the then freshman class and the then sophomore class. I had attained what I thought was impossible before I entered that school.

After I entered the medical college I noticed that I did not hear of a single teacher in the college that was an outstanding author and one whose text books were used there and generally throughout the nation. Dr. Samuel O. L. Potter was the author of a book on *Materia medica*, *Therapeutics* and *Pharmacy*. He was an outstanding author and his books were used extensively through the U.S.A. But Dr. Potter died in the summer 1900. This book was later revised by other doctors and it was used extensively throughout this country until about 1920. Dr. Potter was also the author of a small book on anatomy and I think of some other small book, but I do not recall the name. Dr. Potter did teach at this school and he was an outstanding author, but I never learned what became of the other three outstanding authors referred to by Mr. Morrison. It is possible there was some truth to his story for there was an upheaval in the teaching staff of this school in the spring of 1900 and several teachers left with the closing of school. The other three men referred to may have been in this exodus, but I never was sure of it.

As stated before, the College of Physicians and Surgeons owned a whole block of land that I presume was 200 x 200 feet on each side. The front of the building extended clear across the block and a wing extended down each side for half or two-thirds the distance of the block. This made the building a U shape with the points of the building well separated. In this space between the points of the U, an auditorium was built with elevated seats which would seat the entire student body of the three schools. It was so constructed as to not shut out light from the inside windows of the main building. The main building was two rooms wide and a hallway extended clear around the building between the inner and outer rooms. As I recall, the front of the building was three stories high and the sides of the U were two stories high.

The medical men had no automobiles at that time and each teaching doctor had a man to drive and care for his team. These drivers would use the space behind the college when needed for parking and their teams were always kept ready to take each doctor where he wanted to go - to the hospital, office, or on calls.

When school was out I wanted a job for the summer and I went to Dr. Hodgehead to see if he knew of any place that I could get a job. He gave me a personal letter to the Superintendent of the San Francisco street car system and I got a job at once. This was on what was known as the "Blue line" which ran from the ferry depot in San Francisco to the Cliff House on the ocean to about the northwest corner of Golden Gate Park. This run went out to the south side of the "panhandle" of the park, followed the south side of this to the main part of the park, then due south to the south side of the main part of the park, then due west to the ocean and then we followed the ocean to the Cliff House where we turned back. This line always had to put on extra cars in the summer and I operated one of these cars as long as I was in that school. I made two and a half dollars a day for ten hours worked which was the standard working hours for those times. When school started that fall, I found that there was an extra run to the Union Iron Works from down town. It was a run that no one wanted because when a man took it out he could get nothing else to do during the day because there was only one trip at the rush hour in the morning and one trip during the rush hour in the evening. A dental student by the name of Dollin and I signed up for the run regularly six days a week during the school years and we got

one dollar a day for this work. We would make the trip of a morning and would just exactly get back in time to begin school and we left immediately that school was out to bring our load home in the evening. We both stayed on this run each school year until the spring term of my senior year when I quit, but Mr. Dollan stayed on until school was out. I quit because the man who had been taking down the lectures and mimeographing them quit this work and our class wanted me to finish out the work for the year. I rented a typewriter and a mimeograph machine for the rest of the year and I did the work as best I could. The man before me took the lectures down in shorthand, but none of the rest of the class could do that. This work paid me more than I could make on the street car for nearly every member of our class subscribed for the lectures as I reproduced them.

So after the beginning of my junior year I found that even though I was making a trip morning and evening to the Union Iron Works (this was the place where the battleship, Oregon, was built a few years before), I had some extra time on my hands so I matriculated in the Pharmacy Department. All medical students had to take some pharmacy and all pharmacy students had to take some materia medica and therapeutics, so I took pharmacy with the pharmacy students and materia medica and therapeutics with the medical students. I thought I should have more pharmacy than was given in the medical course, but it was understood that I did not have to take the pharmacy examinations but instead I took the pharmacy examination the medical students took. This pharmacy education came in good later on for in October 1914 I took the Oregon Pharmacy Board examination and passed the first time as a Registered Pharmacist. I have kept that license in operation ever since then and I was graduated as a Medical Doctor in the spring of 1903, which was just five years after I received my B.S. degree from O.A.C.

THE DOWNFALL OF INDEPENDENT MEDICAL COLLEGES -- Soon after I entered the medical college in San Francisco, I found out that The American Medical Association had started out in about 1895 or soon thereafter to put all "independent medical colleges" out of business. An independent medical college was designated as any medical college not under a University. In San Francisco this included the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the Tolen Medical College. The first thing the

Association did was to send investigators out all over this country and examine every medical college in the U.S.A. and, if the medical college examined was under a university and if they met certain requirements, there were given a grade of A; but if they were under a university and did not otherwise meet all of the Association's requirement, they were given a grade of B. All medical colleges not under a university were given a grade of C, no matter what their standing otherwise would have been. Then their next move was to send this list of their grading of all the medical colleges in the U.S.A. to every State Medical Board of Examiners in the U.S.A. The inference was that the students from the independent colleges should not be allowed to pass the State Boards and that the students from the B grade colleges should be looked upon with grave suspicion. To start with, many of the examiners were from the B and C grade colleges and they did not pay too much attention to the American Medical Association's suggestions, but as time went on, the Association was able to get many of the B and C grade examiners replaced by men from the A grade schools. The Medical Association had turned on their "heat" in California a year or so before I started to school there, but I was unaware of this until after I had entered the medical college. The turning on of this special attention caused a scramble of the independent medical colleges to get under a university and for a time we thought Stanford University was going to take over our school. This was during my first year in medical college, but as it turned out the next year it was the Tolen Medical College that Stanford took over. At that time all that was necessary for a medical college to get transferred from a C to a B grade was for them to be taken over in the university and this did not necessarily mean that the university had to have any direct control over their medical school. In many cases at that time the universities had no direct control over their so-called medical college. This was true with the medical college of the University of Oregon up to about 1916 at which time this medical college went under control of the Board of Regents of the university and actually became an internal part of the university. The same held true with many other medical colleges. This was not fair to the independent colleges, but there seemed to be nothing that could be done about it. It seems it was just a step in the process of evolution.

At that time, even though a medical college was attached to a university, they very seldom received any money from the university or the state in case of a state university, but they practically all

had to depend entirely on tuition from their students for support. As time went on, the Medical Association made it increasingly hard on the independent medical schools. During the great San Francisco fire of 1906, the College of Physicians and Surgeons lost their entire buildings and equipment. Since the Medical Association was making life so miserable for them, I assumed that they would not rebuild. I thought that this would give them a good excuse to retire from the medical field, but not so. They promptly rebuilt the structure, but not on quite as an elaborate scale as before. So far as I know they never had any trouble with their pharmacy and their dental schools.

ORIGINAL MEDICAL BUILDING OF THE U. OF O. --When I came to Portland in 1914, the medical department of the University of Oregon was still housed in the building where it was established which was just across the street from the Good Samaritan Hospital. The building was two stories high with an attic. The dissecting room was in the attic and the building looked like it at one time had been one of Portland's old time residences and I think that was just what it had been. It was not until about 1920 that the school was moved to its present location and this building deserted and torn down. The medical department of the Willamette University was combined with the medical college of the University of Oregon about the time the latter was moved to its present location. I understood that American Medical Association had a hand in this because they thought the population of Oregon was too small to support two medical colleges.

The medical department of the Willamette University had a very honorable career. During early days in Oregon it was the only medical school in the far northwest. Our old time family doctor when I was a child was a graduate of this school in the class, I think, of 1870, the year I was born. His name was Norman Lesle Lee. The medical department of the University of Oregon was not organized until, I think, the year 1887.

WHERE SHOULD I LOCATE? -- Quite sometime before I was graduated in medicine, it became a question of where I would go to practice. I was well decided that I did not want to practice in California, so I planned to return to Oregon. Even as a child to this day I have been unusually sensitive

to cold, so I thought somewhere in southern Oregon, say Roseberg, Grants Pass, Medford, or Ashland would be a suitable place. But some months before graduation Mrs. Johnson, the mother of my old friend and classmate, Lionel A. Johnson, at O.A.C., who with her husband and youngest son lived at Boise, Idaho, started to persuade me to locate in Boise. Mrs. Johnson wrote and told me what a thriving new town Boise was and she insisted that this would be a wonderful location for me. She thought there was actually a scarcity of doctors there at the time. Somehow I fell for her propaganda, in which she was perfectly honest, and I did not know enough to get all the facts in regard to the location. Months before my graduation I had decided to locate in Boise, even though the winters up there were much colder than in any place in the Willamette Valley, and I had previously decided to try to get a warmer place than the latter.

When graduation was over I started at once with my wife and two children (Clarence Lee was born in San Francisco May 3, 1902) to go to Boise by way of Oregon. My friend Maurice Allen and family insisted that we stop at Junction City to visit them for a few days and that is what we did. My parents lived near by, so while at Mr. Allen's I took my wife and children over to visit them for a day. My parents had never before seen any of my family. When the visit was over we continued our journey to Boise and upon our arrival, I at once set out to rent a house for us to live in. To my surprise similar living quarters in Boise were two to three times higher than in San Francisco. Rents in the latter city were much higher than in cities in the Willamette Valley. Houses that rented for twenty to thirty dollars a month in Boise about corresponded to houses that I had rented a few years before at Corvallis for three to five dollars a month. I had to do something quickly to get a house to live in, so I rented one for a month at twenty dollars. I then started to look around for a suitable office and I found that they rented for fifty to seventy-five dollars a month. Fifty dollars was the cheapest office that I could find.

Then it was a question of when would the Medical Examining Board meet so that I could get a license to practice in Idaho and I found that was around the first of October. Further, I found that Boise had plenty of practicing physicians and in addition a goodly supply of quacks. They had a Chinaman who was advertising in the newspapers to cure rupture by taking some sort of a decoction internally. To say that I was STUNNED was putting it mildly. I found that the fees for medical services were but

little if any higher than in the Willamette Valley, but that all rents were clear out of sight. This did not make sense to me so I looked around in nearby towns, but found conditions were no better. I could see no possibility of being able to pay such rents until I could get started.

When the month was up we sold what furniture we had bought in Boise and returned to Portland, Oregon where all four of my wife's brothers were then living. This was about the middle of July and to make things worse, the Medical Examining Board of Oregon had held their regular examination around the first of July. I knew this would happen before I went to Boise, but it would have cost me twenty-five dollars to have taken the examination and I then thought I would not need an Oregon license, especially at that time. The trip to Boise was one of the greatest errors, if not the greatest error of my life, and it perhaps caused me more trouble and greater worry than any other error. Here I was ready to take the examination in Oregon and it had just finished just a few days before. Under the circumstances, I could not legally practice in Oregon and I hated to take a job at anything else. I could possibly have gotten a job in a hospital as an intern, but that was not required those days; and, more than that, no one learned much from internships as then given and still more they paid practically nothing for this service.

The next April the Oregon Medical Board gave a special examination to the senior students in the two medical schools then in Oregon and I took this examination with them and passed. This was a red letter day for me. My license was dated April 20, 1904. This gave me the legal right to practice anywhere in the state of Oregon.

When I returned to Oregon, I renewed my hopes of practicing somewhere in southern Oregon; and, previous to the above examination, I left for an inspection trip, hoping to visit the various larger towns of western Oregon. My plan was to go up the west side of the Willamette Valley, then down to southern Oregon, and then I planned to return back by the east side of the Willamette Valley. I started out all right, but when I got to McMinnville, Oregon, I heard there was a good opening soon coming up in Sheridan, Oregon. I went at once to Sheridan to investigate. I found in Sheridan a middle-aged man by the name of Dr. Wilbur Tyler Smith and a young man only two or three years out of medical college by the name of Dr. Overton. I learned that the two men were partners and that the young man was

dissatisfied and planned to leave in a few months. It developed that Dr. Smith was trying to get another doctor as a partner. In scouting around, I found that there was a reasonably good house that could be rented for five dollars a month and a two room office space that could be rented for three dollars a month. The office space was on the ground floor and that suited me. This looked to me like a good opening, if someone did not get it ahead of me and one that I could reasonably expect to be able to handle. It was certainly in extreme contrast to what I had found in Boise Idaho. With this information, I returned to Portland and I made no further attempt to find another location, all of which was contrary to my original plans. To start out with I thought I would not make any decision until I had returned to Portland following my trip around western Oregon to the state line and back again. Here this matter stood until after my examination for a license to practice medicine in Oregon.

CHAPTER IV
MY PRACTICE OF MEDICINE AND ASSOCIATED INCIDENTS

PART I: MY PRACTICE IN SHERIDAN, OREGON AND ASSOCIATED INCIDENTS

LOCATED FOR PRACTICE IN SHERIDAN, OREGON -- Almost immediately after my license to practice medicine in Oregon was in my hands, I left for Sheridan to review the situation there and to see if there had been any change. I found there had been no change except the young doctor was just about to leave and that Dr. Smith had not yet secured a partner. With this information, I rented the house and the office rooms before referred to and left for Portland. When back in Portland, we purchased such furniture as was necessary for us to begin housekeeping and such office furniture as was then necessary for me to open the office. We had the furniture shipped to Sheridan and I returned to set it up. When this was done, my family arrived and we were all set to start on my life's work at last.

Before proceeding with the subject of this chapter, I feel that some explanation as to why I did not seek a partnership with Dr. Smith would be interesting, so here it is: I learned that Dr. Smith was a man who took freely at all times of strong liquors, but I did not hear of him ever getting drunk. As a result he freely patronized the saloons and the gambling dens which were in the back of each saloon. His moral reputation was bad and I was told that the young doctor had been caring for two-thirds to three-fourths of the practice. In addition to this, I was told that Dr. Smith was born in London, England, and that his parents sent him to the U.S.A. to get him away from it. Since his parents sent him a certain sum of money every month to live on, he was known as a "remittance man". He arrived in Oregon around 1880 and soon thereafter he went to school at the medical department of the Willamette University. He was graduated from there in two six-month courses given in two different years and this was a standard procedure at that time. With this kind of a record, I could not see that there was any chance of us getting along together as partners. Further than this, a few years before I

came to Sheridan a man got hurt out in the country and because this man never paid his bills, Dr. Smith refused to go and take care of him and the man died. This enraged a lot of people and they had not gotten over it when I came to Sheridan.

The above caused me to decide not to seek a partnership with Dr. Smith, but to run my own affairs individually. I found that there was a bad price situation existing in Sheridan in that the doctors charged one dollar for an office call, one dollar for a house visit, and one dollar for a night visit. This I decided at once to try to remedy, but it was a condition that had existed there for many years. Besides Dr. Smith was trying to run me out of town and he would have nothing to do with me, so this is the way I handled it. I set my office calls at one dollar, house visits during the day at one dollar fifty cents, and night house visits at three dollars. Dr. Smith only charged ten dollars for attending a confinement case and I set my charge at the unheard of price of fifteen dollars. When someone would say, "I can get Dr. Smith to make house visits for one dollar." I would say, "If you want one dollar service, get a one dollar man, but my price is one dollar fifty cents." The same I said with regard to night visits to the home and I was not too fond of night visits anyway, but the remark that seemed to sting him the most was on confinements. When anyone would say, "I can get Dr. Smith to attend my wife in confinement for ten dollars." I would always appear to be very unconcerned about the matter and say, "I know you can and if you want ten dollar service then get a ten dollar man, but my price is fifteen dollars." This went on for more than a year when Dr. Smith gave up and thereafter charged my schedule of fees. He also then agreed to help me out when he could and agreed to let me help him out. Thereafter he treated me fairly decently. By this time, however, the town was split wide open on the doctor situation. The drinking and carousing element went largely to Dr. Smith and the people who did not believe in this came largely to me, but there were some notable exceptions. This point will become much clearer as we proceed.

There is another subject that should be discussed before we proceed with the discussion as indicated in the title of this chapter. It is in regard to the drugstore. Until shortly before I arrived in Sheridan there had been only one drugstore in that town for years and years and perhaps never more than the one. When I arrived the old time drugstore was on the south side of the river and Dr. Smith

had his office next door to it. The owner at that time was a preacher by the name of Reverend Arthur Cane, who was not a druggist, but he hired a druggist to take care of the prescriptions. The owner worked in the front of the store during the week and he preached on Sundays. Someone remarked that if they only had an undertaking establishment this group could take care of the people "From the cradle to the grave" a phrase popularized later on by Sir William Beveridge of England during the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt administration in the U.S.A. For years Dr. Smith had such complete control over this store that no other doctor could get started in Sheridan. Dr. Smith would knock the new doctor to his patients through the druggist when they would bring a prescription in the store to get it filled. This situation had gone on for many years and no one had been able to break it up. Fortunately for me two men, one named John W. Bones and the other George W. Pattee, had bought a bankrupt drugstore in McMinnville, Oregon, and had moved it to Sheridan and set it up for business shortly before I arrived. They were located on the north side of the river and only a few doors east of the north end of the bridge. I naturally lined up with this store. Through a strange quirk in the drug law, Mr. Bones got a license as a registered druggist when he had never even worked in a drug store and knew nothing about the drug business. It happened this way. When the original drug law was passed in about 1890, Mr. Bones owned a drugstore in Dallas, Oregon, but he had hired a man to run this store. Mr. Bones also owned a small sawmill at that time and he was operating this sawmill when the law was passed. The law provided that the owner of a drugstore at that time should be given a license as a registered druggist without examination, which I think was not very hard to pass at that time, but everyone else who became a registered druggist had to take the examination. Thus Mr. Bones, as owner of the drugstore, was given a license and the man who operated the store for him had to take the examination. Until Bones and Pattee bought the store above referred to, Mr. Bones had never attempted to use his license as a druggist, but he had been assured that his license was perfectly good. It did not take me long to find out what they really bought the drugstore for. It was to run as a saloon in disguise and not have to pay a saloon license. At that time there were five liquor saloons in Sheridan and they each paid four hundred dollars a year license to the City of Sheridan. I soon learned that this drugstore bought their whisky by the barrel or at least a half barrel at a time. The other

drugstore was little if any better, even though it was owned by a preacher. To make things safe for me, I took over the filling of my prescriptions at once when I opened my office. Mr. Bones was glad to have me do this because he knew nothing about this business. At that time I started to teach Mr. Bones the rudiments of Pharmacy. He was then nearly fifty years old and he did not even have an eighth grade education so you may be sure I did not get very far. With this background we are ready to proceed to the main subject.

When I was ready to “hang out my shingle”, I found that I was in debt fifteen hundred dollars. This seemed like a lot of money to me. Soon after I started practice, Dr. Overton left Sheridan for Portland and I never heard of him anymore. This left Dr. Smith and me as the only medical men in general practice from Sheridan to the coast. It is true that when I started practice in Sheridan, Dr. Andrew Kershaw was Indian Agent at the Grande Ronde Indian Reservation. He was supposed to take care of the needs of the Indians on the reservation, but he was not allowed by the government to do any outside practice. I did not think he did a very good job of taking care of the Indians.

When I hung out my "shingle" and opened my office it was a day or so before anyone solicited my service. Then a man came in through the “toll-gate” twenty-five miles west of Sheridan on the Tillamook road and asked me to go and see his wife. There were no telephones those days out in the country and he had to drive all the way into Sheridan to get a doctor. Since he would have to make the trip all the way back again to get the medicine and since he was in a buggy, I went with him and allowed him a credit on my services of the regular livery fee that I would otherwise have had to pay. The fee for my trip was twenty-five dollars, but I do not now recall what the livery hire would have been. In any event I got the cash for the trip and it looked mighty good to me. In the next three or four weeks I made other trips to see her, but then she died. She was in the last stages of pulmonary tuberculosis, commonly called “consumption” so it was no reflection on my services. At the end of the month as I recall I had taken just about one hundred dollars in cash. But since I had no team I had to hire a livery rig for short calls or when the people came in on horseback from the country and sometimes if it was a short distance in the country the livery hire would take nearly all of my fee since they had a minimum charge of two dollars a trip. Sometimes I did not get my pay and when I paid for

the livery hire, I was actually out money on the case, but this did not occur very often.

Previous to my coming to Sheridan, all parties that required operations had to be taken to Portland or at least to McMinnville where Dr. Goucher did some major surgery. At that time there were no hospitals any nearer to us than Portland, so if an operation was done in Sheridan or McMinnville it had to be done in a home. Furthermore, there were no trained nurses to be had out there at that time. The second month after I located in Sheridan, a man developed acute appendicitis. I was called to see him in the early morning and, since Dr. Smith would have nothing to do with me, I called Dr. John H. Cook of McMinnville in consultation and to help me with the operation which I felt sure should be done at that time. While there were no telephones in the homes at that time, the Bell Telephone Co. maintained a phone for long distance service and this was located in the Bones and Pattee drugstore. It is about fifteen miles to McMinnville and about six miles an hour was the best time a team could make, so it was about three and a half hours before Dr. Cook got ready, hitched up his horses and drove to Sheridan. I had prepared for just such an opportunity even before I got to Sheridan by getting operating gowns, towels, sheets, and material all ready for sponges. I even had a sheet opened at the middle seam to operate through. As soon as I opened my office I had a cabinetmaker make me a table the exact height and size of a standard operation table and I had it painted white.

I cleaned up their dining room at once and had all this material moved in. While cleaning up the room, I had water boiling in the wash boiler so it would be cool when needed. I had other water on the stove which was kept boiling for hot water when needed. The operating gowns, towels, sheets, and sponges had previously been wrapped in old muslin in packages of suitable sizes to be sterilized in their wood stove oven. I at once filled the oven with these packages and baked them until the wrapping material was well browned. This insured complete sterilization. When the first boiler of water was well sterilized it was set off to cool and a second boiler was put on with more water to sterilize and this boiler of water was kept hot until after the operation was over. In each boiler was a dipper with a handle hanging on the top rim of the boiler so that the water could be removed and kept sterile and also in one of the boilers were two or three ordinary milk pans so that they would be sterilized at the same time as the water. The packages to be sterilized in the oven were all taken out as soon as ready and

others put in the oven to sterilize until all were sterilized. At the same time the instruments were boiled on the stove in another milk pan with a lid over it and when ready it was set off to cool. When Dr. Cook arrived I was all ready for the operation and I had planned to use spinal anesthesia instead of a general anesthetic. The doctor confirmed my diagnosis and we proceeded at once with the operation.

I then put a well folded blanket over the table to make it softer, covered this with a new piece of oil cloth and over this I put a properly folded sterile sheet. The patient was then placed sitting upright on one side of the table where I then injected into the lower part of the spinal cavity below the cord my novocaine-like anesthetic preparation after which the patient was laid down. I had Mr. Bones from the drugstore sit at the head of the table to amuse the patient so as to detract his attention from my work. We then proceeded to clean the patient up at once for the operation and by the time this was done anesthesia was complete. The patient was covered, towels and instruments were placed in a handy position and I proceeded to make the McBurney incision which was standard those days. I then slipped a finger down and brought up a large, juicy appendix which was removed by the standard method, the upper end of the large bowel was then returned, the great omentum was pulled down over the stump and the abdomen closed layer by layer. All went just like clockwork and when I got ready to close the skin, I had Mr. Bones lower the sheet from in front of the patient's face and let him see me sew up the skin. I had previously allowed some people to stand at the door and look in for the advertising effect it would have and IT WORKED. They spread the news like wildfire. The patient was returned to his bed and for the first few nights I slept in an adjoining room with someone up all night to call me every few hours. All went perfectly and the man made an uneventful recovery.

When I left Portland for Sheridan, I understood that spinal anesthesia was not then being used in Portland, but I had studied surgery under Dr. A.W. Morton of San Francisco and he was one of the most outspoken enthusiasts of spinal anesthesia in the country. So far as I knew then and so far as I know now, I was the first doctor in this state to use spinal anesthesia. I got one hundred dollars for this operation and Dr. Cook got fifteen for assisting me. I can not recall for sure now, but the man was either a Faulkner or a friend of the Faulkners and living with the Faulkners. I am inclined to think it was the latter. After that these people surely boasted for me and so did Mr. Bones for quite some time

and others who saw the operation. It should be remembered that an appendix operation anywhere was comparatively new at that time. As I recall the first report of the surgical removal of the appendix was around about 1890, which was only fourteen years earlier. Previously and from time immemorial this condition has been known as “inflammation of the bowels.” Long before the first operation was performed, it was said by many doctors that, “If they only could make the diagnosis in the early stages, they thought the appendix could be removed successfully surgically” and now that was being done.

Soon after the above operation, my business took a good upsurge. In a few days after this first operation was completed, I removed my surgical equipment to the upstairs of Mr. Boneshome where they had three vacant rooms. I fixed up one room for the operating room, one for the patient, and I reserved one room with a bed where I could lie down and rest or sleep. A small stove was put up in the stairway hall so the rooms could be properly heated and all was made ready for the next operation. This did not come until somewhere in the fall, I think about October, 1904, when I operated on Mrs. John W. Bones in their own home. She was severely torn in childbirth and had a bad falling of the womb. Because of the time that necessarily would be required to do this operation, I had to do it under ether anesthesia. The spinal anesthesia would not last long enough. I had Dr. Cook assist me with the operation and Dr. Woods, of Amity, gave the anesthetic. I first repaired the neck of the womb, then the vagina after which I opened the abdomen, shortened the round ligaments of the womb and suspended the womb to the abdominal wall, an operation that is now obsolete. However, she got perfect results from this operation as long as she lived. I donated my services in doing the operation to good will and more publicity, but Mr. Bones paid Dr. Cook and Dr. Woods for their services. For the next few days Mr. Bones had two women rotate on a twelve hour shift to look after Mrs. Bones and I supervised things and slept nearby in the extra bedroom where I was immediately available when needed.

The next major operation was in February, 1905, at Mr. Boneshome on Mr. C.F. Strohm of Willamina, Oregon. I used the spinal anesthesia in this appendix operation with perfect results as in the previous case, but not with such spectacular results in advertising as before. When I got through with this case, Mr. Strohm owed me \$131.00 for my services. He paid Mr. Bones for the care he got there and he paid Dr. Cook for his services. It so happened that Mr. Strohm had a driving team that he had

no use for. They were getting old and had slowed down from what they once were, but they were still useable. Mr. Strohm offered to give me the team for what he owed me and I took them. I bought a nice new harness throughout and they looked pretty good to me at that time. Since there was no such a thing known as installment payments at that time and since I did not have money enough to buy a new buggy, I rented a buggy from the livery stable for a few months. Along about this time I tried the spinal anesthesia on a couple of confinement cases; but since this anesthesia only lasts about an hour and since I could not judge just when a baby would be born, I soon gave this up for good.

Along in August of that year, I removed uterine polyps and I did a peritoneal repair under spinal anesthesia for Mrs. W.W. Stockton on a farm near Ballston. This is the same Stockton referred to earlier in this manuscript. So far as I can recall this is the last time that I used spinal anesthesia in my practice. So far as I knew then, no one else in the state was using it; and, since I was getting a little ahead financially and thought if something did go wrong it would be hard to defend in court, and further, since Dr. Smith was changing his tactics, I decided to discontinue it in favor of the then standard form of anesthesia by inhalation and that is just what I did.

SHERIDAN LUMBER COMPANY ORGANIZED --In the fall of 1904 or the spring of 1905 the Sheridan Lumber Co. was organized and they bought up a large amount of timber in the Gooseneck country some ten or fifteen miles southwest of Sheridan. In the early spring of 1905, this company started work on a sawmill in the lower Gooseneck section some seven miles from Sheridan. The mill there cut the lumber to build a flume to Sheridan where the cants cut at the upper mill were later on cut into standard dimension lumber. At the mill in Sheridan this lumber was planed, dried, and shipped to the markets in the East. It took nearly two years to get the mill built at Gooseneck, the flume built into Sheridan, and to get the Sheridan mill built. Since there were few or no experienced lumbermen then in Sheridan, this company hired nearly all their men from the hiring halls in Portland. When one of these men got hurt or ill, he would come to Dr. Smith or me and if he had to stay in Sheridan, he would go to the Sheridan Hotel, and when he got well enough to travel, these men would beat it back to Portland and leave us all "holding the sack." When it came to paying their bills, these men were a bad

bunch. As I recall the National Hospital Association (National in name only) was organized in the spring of 1905 in Portland, Oregon and this, I understand, was the first of these so-called hospital associations organized in the world. In the fall of 1905, this association came to Sheridan and contracted to care for the men of the Sheridan Lumber Company for one year. The "national" promised to pay for medical, surgical, hospital, and drug bills for all these men for a fee of one dollar a month. Before they took the contract, Dr. Smith and I agreed to take care of the men at Sheridan for eighty-five cents on the dollar of our regular fee-bill. The money was deducted each month by the timekeeper of the Sheridan Lumber Co. and paid to the National Hospital Association. The timekeeper was instructed by the National to send every bad case possible back to Portland where they would be taken care of by doctors who were hired by the year. Besides nearly all of these men came from Portland originally and if they were to lose much time they preferred to go home to Portland. As a result, every man who had an accident of any consequence or even a severe cold would head back to Portland and neither Dr. Smith nor I got anything out of them. Bad as this was, it was far better than we had had before.

SHERIDAN CITY WATER SYSTEM ESTABLISHED -- In the fall of 1904, the City of Sheridan voted bonds to install a city water system, and in early spring of 1905, they started to work on this system. They went back into the hills, dug out some large springs and piped this water into a new reservoir built on the hill just north of town. While the water was being brought in toward the reservoir, the reservoir was being built and the pipes were being laid in the streets of Sheridan to distribute this very fine spring water to all the houses in Sheridan. Since there had never been any water supply in the town except the ordinary pumps, none of the houses were prepared to receive this water in the kitchens, except those houses where the kitchen sinks were put in that summer and no water was put into bathrooms because no one had a bathroom. Previously all baths had to be taken as a sponge bath and usually they were taken from a wash tub. As a result of this the water was practically all piped to the sink on the back porch by the side of the old pump. Or course, it was not long before many people installed sinks in their kitchens, but the process of adding bathrooms was very much slower because of the necessity of adding the room before the fixtures could be installed. Gradually

many homes installed septic tanks to take care of the water from the bathrooms which had been newly built and equipped. This water system was completed in the fall of 1905 and this gave Sheridan a plentiful supply of pure, soft spring water which, I think, was not surpassed even by Portland's pure Bull-run water. Once the water was brought into town it didn't take long before practically every home in the town had a good supply of it.

SELECTED DIRECTOR OF YAMHILL COUNTY FAIR ASSOCIATION -- During the early spring of 1905, I was selected by the County Court of Yamhill County as a director of the Yamhill County Fair Association. There were three directors, one from the north end of the county, one from the center which was in or around McMinnville, and I was appointed to represent the south end of the county. From that time on I received my appointment every third year early in the spring and I had already received my fourth appointment before I left Sheridan in May, 1914. While I was on the Fair Board, we always appointed the County School Superintendent as manager of the fair so that the directors did not have any direct supervision of the fair. These fairs always went off just like "clockwork."

ELECTED SCHOOL DIRECTOR OF SHERIDAN PUBLIC SCHOOLS -- In March, 1905, I was elected school director of the Sheridan public schools to serve out the two remaining years of a man who left town. Just at that time the "forces of decency and order" were trying to take over the management of the school and the town from the gamblers and the liquor forces, but I was not fully aware of this fight when I was elected. At the time I was elected Mr. Fred Heider was reelected for a term of three years. Mr. Andy Buley was the only hold-over on the board and he was lined up solidly with the drinking and gambling element. Mr. Heider had previously been the ~~do~~one wolf on the board, but with my election things were reversed. At that time the school only had four teachers and taught only to include the eighth grade. A man by the name of William O. Sims was the principal and taught the two upper grades. It was well known that two of the women teachers "hung out" in the back end of the saloons and Mr. Sims, knowing this full well, recommended them for re-election as teachers for the next year. There was a third woman teacher by the name of Mrs. Mary Millard and she belonged to the

“forces of decency.” This woman was retained and she was still teaching in the Sheridan grade school when I left in 1914. Mr. Heider and I dismissed Mr. Sims and the other two teachers. Mr. Buley did his best to retain all of them, but now he was in the minority of the board. Mr. Sims had recently studied law under another lawyer in Sheridan by the name of John Simpson as his tutor, and Mr. Sims had already passed the bar examination the spring before he was dismissed as a teacher. This shows how easy it was to become a lawyer at that time for Mr. Sims taught school during the day and studied law during the evenings at home. Mr. Sims did not attend law school a single day.

When school was out, Mr. Sims opened up a law office in opposition to his former tutor and friend, but they were not friends anymore after that. I had not expected Mr. Sims to do that. He was a very devoted member of the Baptist Church, but he was one of the most vindictive men I have every known. He never forgave me for not supporting him for re-election as principal. Mr. Sims was always nice to my face, but he never missed an opportunity to “knife me in the back” as long as he lived. He had a viperous tongue. I assure you that he did plenty to me before I left Sheridan. After this experience I steered clear of any school directorship. The above incident was the turning point in the shift of the control of the school and the town from the “wets” to the control of the “drys.” The wets gave me the full blame for this because I went along with Mr. Heider who had previously been dry all the time.

In the fall of 1905, the Sheridan school district voted \$8500.00 in bonds, running from ten to twenty years with interest at six percent, to build a new six room school building with plans to add two more rooms when such additional rooms were needed, thus making it an eight room school building. This school building was constructed during the spring and summer of 1906 and it was ready for the fall term of school. A septic tank and inside toilets were installed which were quite an innovation for these days. As chairman of the school board at that time the school clerk and I signed all the bonds for the school district. When school opened in the fall of 1906, we had hired two more teachers and we added two years of standard high school. This was the first that these studies had been taught as a standard course. In the grade school work each teacher taught two grades as before and in the high school work each teacher taught one grade. The principal of the school taught the highest grade in the

high school work as well as being principal and he had a woman assistant. When students completed this two year course they were given a certificate showing that they had completed the first two years of a standard high school course.

WE BOUGHT OUR FIRST HOME -- In the fall of 1905, a man by the name of Mr. Wilson (whose given name or initials I do not now recall) sold us a good and fairly new house with two lots and a barn at the corner of First and Harrison streets in Bibee's Addition to Sheridan for \$750.00. We paid \$250.00 down and agreed to pay the rest at \$250.00 a year at 8% interest on the unpaid balance. Mr. Wilson was leaving town for the East, so he put the deed in escrow at the bank with written instructions that the bank give us the deed at anytime we paid the \$500.00 with accrued interest which we did in less than a year. Immediately after we moved into this house we bought a cow. This, with the two horses and buggy, was more than the barn would hold, so we had to build onto it at once, which I had planned in the first place to do. It was in this house that our daughter, Carlie May, was born on May 10, 1906.

FIRST SHERIDAN HOSPITAL ESTABLISHED -- Around the first of April 1906, Dr. Smith and I got together and made plans to take over the care of the men employed by the Sheridan Lumber company. After formulating quite definite plans as to what we would do, we looked around for a residence suitable to be converted into a small hospital. We found one that belonged to Mr. Steve Scroggin, the owner with his wife of practically all the stock of the Scroggin State Bank of Sheridan, Oregon. The bank was incorporated under the laws of the State of Oregon, so was known as a State Bank. In about 1910 or 1911, this bank became the First National Bank of Sheridan.

The house we spotted was a square, full two story eight room house with four rooms downstairs and four rooms upstairs. This was practically a new house and I think it was the only house in Sheridan at that time that had double plumbing, i.e., bath, toilet, and lavatory down and toilet and lavatory upstairs, with hot water in both places when the kitchen stove was fired up or recently had been. The hot water was supplied from coils in the kitchen wood stove. The rooms were all large as

was the custom these days. There was a living room, kitchen, dining room, and one bedroom downstairs and two large and two smaller bedrooms upstairs.

With this information, Dr. Smith and I went to see the manager of the Sheridan Lumber Company and we asked him to give us the contract of caring for their men on the same terms as the National Hospital Association contract with the exception that we would establish and maintain a small hospital in Sheridan where we would care for all the ordinary hospital cases; but, where a specialist was required, we would send such cases to Portland and we would pay all the expenses of the specialist and the hospital in Portland. After due consideration, this was found satisfactory to the manager and a contract was at once drawn up and signed to take effect so that we could proceed to make all necessary arrangements to take over the work when the National Hospital contract was out. As I recall the national contract expired on or about the first of August of that year. We then proceeded to lease the Scroggin house as before planned for one year, but we only paid a nominal rent some four or five dollars a month until the hospital was opened after which we paid ten dollars a month. With this lease all signed up and tucked away in a metal box in the vault of the bank (there were no safe deposit boxes in Sheridan while I was there) where also was the contract from the lumber company, we were all ready to proceed with the equipment and plans for operation of the hospital. We now started out to get the necessary equipment and get it all set up in the building.

We now went to all the largest business establishments in Sheridan and asked each one to furnish a room in the hospital with the specific agreement that the equipment was to remain in the hospital as long as the hospital was operated, but if and when the hospital should close the equipment should be returned to each and every one of the original donors. Nearly all of the hospital was furnished on these terms and what was left was furnished by Dr. Smith and myself. A book was provided in which careful record of all material was kept. To operate the hospital we secured a trained nurse (a widow woman) and her seventeen or eighteen-year-old daughter. They came to Sheridan from Portland a few weeks before the hospital was ready to open and helped to get things all ready. These two people were to live in the hospital permanently. The bedroom downstairs had a full bedroom suite with a full sized bed for the nurse and daughter. The rooms upstairs were furnished with single beds,

but the single beds those days were nearly a foot higher than the single beds of today and if we wanted them still higher we just put them on blocks and raised them to the desired amount. We started out with four beds for patients with two more in reserve if needed. We had push-buttons installed in each room upstairs which rang a bell in the hall downstairs at the door of the nurse's bedroom and this equipment also showed the number of the room calling. If we had a lady patient, as we occasionally did, we put her in one of the rooms upstairs even if a man was in the adjoining room. In Portland at that time this was never done. They devoted all of one floor to men patients and all the next floor to women patients. No matter how short of rooms they were on one floor, they would not consider bringing some men or women to another floor, no matter how many vacant rooms there were on the other floor. This situation was not changed in Portland or other hospitals throughout the country until about twenty years later. Now I think all the hospitals are doing just what we were doing twenty years before they would consider doing it. We converted the dining room downstairs into an operating room and the hospital help ate on a small table in the kitchen. I moved my operating equipment into the dining room and there it stayed as long as the hospital was in operation.

When we hired the nurse and her daughter in Portland, they demanded that they be paid a definite regular salary of \$40.00 and \$20.00 a month each. They said they did not mind to get in and work, but they wanted to know what they were going to get out of it. This meant that Dr. Smith and I had to actually operate the hospital. A private room in all Portland hospitals at that time was three dollars a day, so we took that as our price in our hospital, but beds could be had in large wards in Portland for as low as twelve dollars a week. In the agreement with the nurse and her daughter, we were to provide the building completely furnished, except their personal effects. We were also to furnish all fuel, lights, water, and other incidentals in operating the hospital, except food. The nurse and daughter were to board themselves and also to furnish board and laundry to all our patients at one dollar a day each. Regular meals at the hotel those days were twenty-five cents each, which gave them a nice profit of twenty-five cents a day on each patient except for laundry which they did themselves if they had the time.

Dr. Smith and I established a special hospital fund at the bank which could only be drawn on

when the check was signed by both of us. When we got the contract from the lumber company, Dr. Smith and I had a partnership agreement drawn up in which at the end of each month, when all bills were paid in operating the hospital and the lumber company contract, we were to divide that which remained in the general fund equally between us. In the contract with the company and with each other, we agreed that patients under contract could go freely from one of us to the other at will. It made no difference if the patient went to one doctor one time and to the other doctor the very next time. No questions were to be asked. This was to avoid trouble over patients and also to furnish better service to the men should one doctor be out of town.

Thus, we were partners in the operation of the hospital and in the carrying out of the contract with the lumber company, but we were not partners in private practice. I got the worst of this because I did all the surgery and Dr. Smith only gave the anesthetic. More than that, Dr. Smith would spend considerable time in Portland, especially during the summer, and I had all the work to do. Bad as this was, it was much better than I had been having in caring for lumber company cases. When a patient that was under contract came into the hospital, we transferred to the hospital fund three dollars a day for each day he was in there as soon as we knew how much his bill there would be or, if he was still in the hospital, we transferred it at the end of the month. When either of us had a private patient in the hospital, we put three dollars a day into the hospital fund as soon as any money was paid on that patient's bill.

OPENED MY FIRST DRUG DISPENSARY -- In late 1903, when Bones and Pattee bought up the bankrupt McMinnville Pharmacy and set it up in Sheridan, they called it The Yamhill Drug Company. The front part of the store was set up in the form of a U with the opening of the U to the front door and the back of the U was made by the prescription cabinet crossways of the building. The sides of the U were made by glass top and glass front showcases set end to end with just enough space between the cases for a person to walk between them. Back of the prescription cabinet were the prescription drugs and a work space for the druggist. It was in this work space that the two telephone switchboards were located, one of the Bell Telephone Co. and one of the Mutual Telephone Co. One sat on one side of the

store and one on the extreme other side, so there was no connection between them. Back of this work space was a large general lounging room with some card tables and chairs in it.

In those days the craze was for the use of chewing tobacco and not for the smoking of cigarettes as of today. As a result of this nearly universal chewing of tobacco among men, spittoons had to be placed in handy positions for these men or they would spit on the floor no matter where they were. At best times spittoons would only catch part of this nasty excrement. Since this store did not want to buy the necessary amount of spittoons to put around, especially behind the counters and in that space back of the U, they used the boxes that the plug chewing tobacco came in. Both Bones and Pattee were as bad at chewing and then spitting at these boxes as anyone else. Originally there was a little sawdust put in each box, but that was soon hidden by the tobacco spit. This was an unbelievably filthy mess and so far as I know these boxes were never cleaned up or changed from the time the store was moved in until after I left the store.

In addition to all this mess, the store did not have a label of its own, but always used the old McMinnville Pharmacy labels over which they would sometimes print with a rubber stamp the words, "the Yamhill Drug Co., Sheridan, Oregon." They did not have a letterhead or a statement blank of their own, but they would stamp these with the rubber stamp above referred to. In the past I had been very tactful in the many times that I had tried to get this mess straightened out but with no results. In addition to this, the fact that the store was not much more than a saloon in disguise finally added the last straw. So on September 1, 1906, I brought this to a showdown by informing both Mr. Bones and Mr. Pattee while standing side by side that unless they cleaned this mess up and at least got the store some labels of its own by the first of October, I would leave the store entirely. They gave me to understand that I could not tell them how they were to run their business, but they did not say it in just so many words. As a result of this I ordered a supply of prescription labels of my own at once and I at once went to work on the plans and specifications for the drug cabinets that I would need in dispensing. I also consulted the cabinet maker and he said if I would give him the plans and specifications by the middle of the month, he would have the cabinets ready before the first of October. I also made up a list of drugs, scales, and other dispensing equipment that I would need if I should dispense. On the

fifteenth of September, I found no evidence that Bones and Pattee were going to comply with my request, so I gave the order for the drugs and cabinets at once. There was a new building being built by Mr. Steve Scroggin on the main street south of the bridge and at that time it was just ready to put in the front. I at once took a three year lease on the outside twelve feet running clear through the building which was fifty feet long. The carpenters at once started to put in the partitions making my rooms exactly twelve feet wide clear through the building and the partitions were put in so that the rooms were twelve and fourteen feet long as I specified. I had the space divided into from front to back, a reception room, consultation room, drug room, and an unfinished room for wood and the storage of other things in the back end. This back room had a door to the outside where wood and other things could be put in. The front to these rooms were put in according to my plans and specifications and all was finished a few days before the first of the month. The cabinets also arrived a few days before the first of the month and I put them in the office to be and I had the linoleum laid in the three business rooms. Plenty of light had been supplied in each room by additional windows and a brick flue was all ready to receive the two stoves needed to heat the office with the coming of colder weather. By the last day of September everything had arrived ready for business, but not a word more had passed between the drug people and myself in regard to this incident. However, I was sure they knew what was going on, but they had made no effort to comply with my requests. At four o'clock in the afternoon of September 30th, the city transfer truck drove up in front of my office and loaded up all office equipment and took it to the new office on the other side of the river. Then the fat was in the fire, and these men who had been my friends were now my bitterest enemies. In the new office I wrote my prescriptions as usual, numbered and filed them for reference the same as in a drug store. Each package had one of my new labels on it and it was wrapped in a piece of new wrapping paper. Heretofore they were wrapped in a piece of paper with a "patent medicine" advertisement on one side of the paper and this printed side was turned in next to the package in wrapping.

I would not have put up with conditions as long as I did except for the fact that I thought before that I could not afford to withstand the fight that the drug people would put up. At that time the two stores went after me "with hammer and tongs" as they say. I already had obtained legal advice from

Attorney John Simpson as to how to conduct my affairs.

A few weeks after I opened my drug department, a man came into my office with two prescriptions from a doctor out of town and asked if I could fill them. (I was then not a registered druggist, but I had been forewarned of just such a trick as that). The man was in the reception room and I said, "Sure, I can! But please be seated for a little while." I closed the door to my consultation room and I then wrote two prescriptions just like the two he gave me, but they were each on my own prescription blank. I then filled them and wrapped his two prescriptions up with the bottle of medicine. I charged this man full double price for the medicine which he was glad to pay and when he went to leave I said, "Your two prescriptions are wrapped up with the medicine." He said, "What! You should keep them on file so that I can get a refill if I should want to!" I said, "You can get them refilled if you want to for I have two prescriptions just like the ones you have." He said, "The hell you do!" And I smiled. This closed the incident and so far as I know they never tried to catch me again. I was within my legal rights in filling my own prescription and he knew it, even if it was a copy of the two he had.

Also, in the fall of 1906, there was a "red hot" campaign on over "local option." By local option was meant the right of a county to prevent the sale of liquor for beverage purposes anywhere in the county. The question had been paramount in the two or three previous biennial elections and at least two counties, Polk and Lane, were already dry. The saloons and their patrons in Yamhill County were fighting for their very lives. Since I had not then and I have not to this day spent a penny for beverage liquor or tobacco, I was classified as "one dry" and this the wets didn't like even though I took no part in the campaign. Many church members and even some preachers stood in with the wets, but this did not hold good with the great majority of the preachers or even the church members. And I mean Protestant church members and not Catholic church members, for I think the majority of the latter were "dripping wet." Before the election, everybody was "ragged" by the campaign workers on both sides as either dry or wet and then efforts were made by each side to change the party to the other side. When the election was over the county had voted dry and all saloons had to close by the first of the year. This was a sad blow to them and the drinking class because now the only way they could legally get liquor to drink was on a doctor's prescription. On the prescription the doctor had to certify

that the liquor prescribed was not for beverage purposes, but that it was prescribed for medical purposes only. To comply with the law there had to be special forms printed on the prescription and signed by the doctor. I never had any such prescriptions printed so I never signed any such prescriptions, but my competitor signed many of them and had them filled at a drug store owned by the preacher before referred to. What a mess it all was with some church people supporting the drinking and gambling “bums” but, of course, there were a lot of good church people who did not do this. With the county dry, the Yamhill Drug Company could not legally sell liquor any more and since they did not have any doctor lined up with them to write liquor prescriptions, the owners were no longer interested in a drug store, so they sold out in the spring of 1907 to two young men by the names of Farr and Eberhardt. Mr. Farr was a registered druggist, but Mr. Frank Eberhardt was not at that time. Later Mr. Eberhardt became registered and a few years later he bought a drug store in St. Johns which he operated under his own name for years.

BOUGHT PRINCE AND CLIPPER -- In the spring of 1907, Mr. Silas T. Allen, who recently moved into Sheridan from the country nearby, came to me and offered to sell me a fine young span of horses for \$300.00. One was known as Prince (a five-year-old gelding) and Clipper (a female) which was six-years-old, each of which weighed about 1200 pounds. They were just coming into the prime of life. I contracted to take them with their collars for \$300.00 with the agreement that Mr. Allen was to keep them without expense to me until I could sell the little span I then had, which I got from Mr. Strohm and they were known as Dick and Prince. I had to dispose of the latter before I could take over the other team because I did not have room in the barn for two teams. These small horses had each been trained to run on the race track as race horses when they were young, but I never heard of them winning any races. They had been taught to not stop no matter what anyone said, but they would stop by a sudden pulling up of the reins. These horses weighed about 900 pounds apiece. In a few weeks I sold these two horses with their collars for \$100.00. The two pacers were taken over at once, which is a rather unusual gate, and they proved to be the fastest team in and around Sheridan. I never got in sight of another team on the road that I did not pass if it stayed on the road a reasonable time. That

spring I started my long drives down Salmon River and even to the coast. In the years to follow I made at least three trips to Taft and then eight miles back northeast on a river to see a patient. I got \$50.00 for each trip and each trip took me two days and a night.

I was not so fortunate in getting my pay on some trips down the Salmon River, to Hebo or Cloverdale, and even to Dolph and the settlement beyond. Often on these trips I would have to stay all night, but in any event I had to pay \$1.50 toll road fee on either of these two roads. If I stayed all night I had to pay 25 cents for oats for each horse of evenings and 25 cents for each horse for oats of a morning with 25 cents for hay for each horse for the night, and in addition I had to pay 25 cents for my evening meal and 25 cents for my morning meal and 25 cents for my bed at night. It was seldom that I could stay all night with the people who called me, but usually I had to stay with someone who made a business of keeping travelers. Then, if I did not get my pay on these trips, I was out \$3.75 in cash besides all the time I would be gone from the office.

If I left for any of these places in the afternoon, which were well beyond the Grande Ronde Indian Reservation, I was sure to have to stay all night. Collections on the Grande Ronde Reservation and anywhere in the hills beyond the Willamina, were always very bad. A year or so after I went to Sheridan, the Grande Ronde Reservation was combined with the Siletz Reservation and the doctor, who was superintendent, was dismissed. Dr. Smith would not go to see the Indians at all, so that left this work all to me. When Dr. Andrew Kershaw was dismissed from the Indian Reservation, or possibly he quit of his own accord, he retired from the practice of medicine, moved to Willamina, and built a large, fine home where he was living in retirement when I left Sheridan. I would take from these people, Indians and whites alike, anything of value that I could use, but often I got nothing.

THE BOSTON DOCTOR-- The Indians always called me the "Boston Doctor" but to them any regular practitioner of medicine was a Boston Doctor. They had a so-called "medicine man" of their own. I never came in "contact with his services" but once and that time he was "trying to drive out the evil spirits" from a child that had meningeal tuberculosis. They had the child in the center of the room on the floor and the medicine man was leading several squaws around and around the child pounding

the floor with their clubs and making a most hideous howling noise in tones as loud as that made with the clubs on the floor. All was quiet at once when they found I had appeared. Of course, the child promptly died. Along about that time I was called to see a sick child belonging to Mose Hudson and the father said, "I have noticed that when one of our children gets sick like this one is, it always died." and that one did too. It also had meningeal tuberculosis. I asked him how many he had lost that way, but he had no idea, it was so many. He and his wife had two or three living children when I was there. Many of the Indian families on the reservations were literally riddled with tuberculosis.

When I attended the birth of a baby on the reservation, which occurred only when the squaws thought they were in trouble, the squaws would take the baby from my hands as soon as I had cut the cord and put medicine in the baby's eyes to prevent gonorrhoeal ophthalmia, and they insisted on attending to the dressing of the child. In a little while they would return with the baby dressed and wrapped from feet to the neck with a wide bandage with the hands folded in so that the baby could not move a hand or a foot. This was done so that the baby would grow up straight when grown. I cannot now recall how long this was kept on the baby, but it was replaced at each change of its dummies.

These Indians all belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, and by some sort of an agreement made long before I was there, no other denomination was allowed to solicit members on the reservation. As I recall I was told that some reservations were assigned to Catholics and some to Protestants and that whatever denomination is assigned to a reservation, no other denomination was allowed to solicit membership on that reservation. This was to prevent confusion among the Indians.

Sometimes the Indians would get hold of whiskey, get drunk, and beat each other up. In such cases Father Felix would always be there when I was called to "patch them up" and I never was in any danger when he was around. His word was "law and order" to the Indians. They obeyed him implicitly when he was around, but when he was not around, they did as they pleased and got drunk if they could get anything to get drunk on. Somewhere around the early 1930's when I was going to the beach through Grand Ronde, I saw Father Felix standing at a filling station in Grande Ronde, so I stopped the car and got out to talk to him. Father Felix remembered me and I had a good visit with him for a short time. The next I heard of Father Felix was that he had been retired, had gone back to a place

near Chicago, and had taken ill and died. Father Felix was a real friend of the Indians. I have been told that Father Felix would take the last chicken he had, kill it, and cook it for a sick Indian. He was always doing something real good for those Indians and he was also very friendly to me. The Indians were often cheated and swindled by the whites around there and I was very sorry for them. When I was on a vacation in August, 1922, and camped on a spot that is now part of the town of Taft, Oregon, an Indian by the name of John Pischett came over to shake hands with me and to tell me how glad he was to see me, but I was not so glad to see him because I had attended his wife when I was in Sheridan in four confinements, besides other work, and I had never received a dollar from him.

MAN DIES FROM ALCOHOL SOLD BY DRUG STORE -- During the summer of 1906, Rev. Arthur Cane personally sold a pint of what was supposed to be grain alcohol to a man on lower Gooseneck. This man was a drunkard, so he immediately drank nearly the whole pint and it killed him. I was called to see him, but the man was dead before I arrived. From the description of the symptoms by the neighbors, Rev. Cane sold this man wood alcohol instead of grain alcohol by mistake. There was a small amount of alcohol left in the bottle when I arrived and I had the bottle in my hands. Dr. Smith apparently was called by some of the other neighbors and he arrived soon after I did. Dr. Smith took charge of the bottle and the small amount of alcohol (I didn't seem to know enough to do that) and, of course, the evidence soon disappeared. Since this man was a drunken old bachelor, nothing was attempted to be done about it, but it created quite a bad feeling in the neighborhood against Rev. Cane, the owner of the drug store.

In late 1907 or early 1908, Rev. Cane sold his Sheridan Drug Company to Mr. Earnest Haas. With this Rev. Cane disappeared and I never heard of him again. Mr. Haas was the right temperament to fit in with the crowd with which he was to run. He continued to own this store as long as he lived which was nearly thirty more years. I understand Mr. Haas did pretty well financially in that store. Anyway, he followed the same general tactics as did his predecessor.

PAID THE MONEY OWED FOR MEDICAL EDUCATION -- Even before I bought Prince and

Clipper in the spring of 1907, I had been paying a hundred dollars or so at a time on the indebtedness I occurred in getting my medical education. Soon after buying this team I was paying substantial amounts at regular intervals and by the summer of 1908, I had the \$1500.00 all paid up and I was beginning to save some money for myself.

ORGANIZED POLK-YAMHILL COUNTY MEDICAL SOCIETY -- Previous to October 9, 1908, the date of organization (See page 447 in the book, The Doctors of Oregon), I sent out a call for an evening meeting at Dallas, Oregon of all the medical men in Polk and Yamhill counties. That evening we organized the Polk-Yamhill medical Society, but the certificates of membership were not issued and printed until April 20, 1909. At the time of Organization, I was elected president and Dr. L. O. Bollman of Dallas was elected secretary-treasurer. In October 1909 we were both reelected to the same positions. At the October meeting in 1910, I declined to hold the presidency any longer. Up to then we had met once every three months. In the fall of 1911 or the spring of 1912, we united with the Marion County Medical Society and we were thereafter known as the Polk-Yamhill-Marion Medical Society. The meetings were then changed to once in two months and we alternated our meetings in the county seats of the three counties. The meetings were all quite well attended. When I first suggested our original organization, I was told by several doctors that I could not organize a medical society because it had been tried several times before and always failed to get a reasonable attendance. All was going well when I left there for Portland in 1914.

DELIVERED MAJOR ORATION IN SHERIDAN -- I spoke extemporaneously at many meetings while in Sheridan, but I only delivered one major address while there. This was on Decoration Day, May 30th, 1908, and this speech was delivered on a beautiful spring day in the Sheridan City Park. Those days the Grand Army of the Republic, as they called themselves, held services every Decoration Day and when the weather was good there would be a big turn out. All of those addresses while I was in Sheridan, except this one, were delivered by preachers.. I put much more "zip" and "zim" into my address than any of the preachers did and it went over big. I lambasted the then King of Spain for his

part in starting the Spanish American War, and I ridiculed him in every way that I could. This was a very popular thing to do those days. One man, in congratulating me when the speech was over said, "Why Doctor, I didn't think it was in you to deliver such an oration!" At that meeting there were two preachers on the stage with me; one was on my right and one on my left, but they would not speak to each other. Each would talk to me, but they said not a word to each other. As I recall it they were mad at each other over some church incident. This to me was a ridiculous state of affairs.

YAMHILL DRUG CO. STORE SOLD AND ASSOCIATED INCIDENTS -- Immediately that Mr. Farr and Mr. Eberhart bought the Yamhill Drug Co. store, they started to clean it up and they soon put it in first class condition in every respect so far as I knew at that time. Soon after they got the store cleaned up, they moved it to the south side of the river and almost directly opposite the Sheridan Drug. Co. store. They were then in a practically new building and they had fully as nice a set-up as the store across the street. In the fall of 1907, Mr. Farr sold some liquor to a prohibition agent and it cost him \$250.00 to get out of the mess. In the spring of 1908 Farr and Eberhart sold their store to Mr. George W. Epley who had recently been registered as a druggist. Mr. Epley seemed to be a very clean, nice upright man and, while not a church member of any kind, he neither used tobacco or spiritous liquors of any kind. His wife seemed also to be a very fine woman. Mr. Epley soon started a deal to buy all of my drugs and dispensing equipment, except my drug cases, and he assured me that I would receive an absolutely square deal at his hands. After due consideration, I sold him the drugs and equipment as above indicated. My wife and I thought that Mr. and Mrs. Epley were two of the finest people that we had ever known. We soon became very close friends and our families frequently visited each other and we had a fine time together. In fact these people were next to our closest friends in Sheridan for some years to come.

Ruben Olmsted and his wife, Celia, who then lived next door to us, were perhaps our closest friends in town. The Olmsteds are good friends of ours to this day although we have not seen much of each other for nearly thirty years. We still carry on a correspondence all this time and we have visited each other occasionally. We have continued to enjoy each other all these years. Ruben is now over 80

years old and Celia is now nearly 80.

Soon after the Epleys arrived in Sheridan in the spring of 1908, Mrs. Epley gave birth to a baby girl, their first child although they had been married seven or eight years. Shortly before the baby was born Mr. Epley advised me that Mrs. Epley had selected Dr. Smith as her attending physician. He said the reason that Mrs. Epley wanted Dr. Smith to attend her was that he had had more experience in confinement work than I had. The reason seemed to be very strange to me and especially since I was patronizing the Epley drug store and Dr. Smith was patronizing the store across the street.

In due time the baby was born, but it only lived a few weeks. That death was a terrible shock to the Epleys and they thought the death was due to negligence on the part of Dr. Smith. In any event I was thankful that I had not attended the case. In the spring of 1910, Mrs. Epley became pregnant again and I was selected as the attending physician. This baby, a boy, was born January 29, 1911, and all went well. When I visited Sheridan in the summer of 1947, this Kenneth Epley that I had delivered in 1911 was living in Sheridan and working at the printing office of the Sheridan Sun. I was told that he was married, but I did not learn whether he had any children. His mother was also living in Sheridan.

Getting back to old times, and strange as it may seem, one morning in the late fall of 1912, when I walked into Mr. Epley's store, he flew into me like a "wet hen" as they say, and gave me a severe tongue lashing. I was so stunned at first that I could hardly realize what was going on. Here was a man that I thought was at that time one of my closest friends and he was severely criticizing me for what I thought amounted to absolutely nothing. The gist of his tirade was that all the women I had recently attended in confinements were badly lacerated, none of which was true. Mr. Epley said Dr. Smith never had any laceration in the cases he attended. Where he got that idea was beyond me. When Mr. Epley gave me a chance to explain I told him that I had not recently had any severe lacerations in any of my confinements, but that occasionally I had put in two or three stitches to repair some small lacerations. I then explained to Mr. Epley that I had been taught to leave every woman in as good a condition as I found her before confinement if such was reasonably possible. Then I reminded Mr. Epley that the only reason I knew why Dr. Smith and perhaps others thought he never had any lacerations in his confinements was that Dr. Smith never looked for lacerations. Further I called Mr.

Epley's attention to the extensive repairs that I had made a few years before on Mrs. John W. Bones and Mrs. William W. Stockton, both of whom were Dr. Smith's patients. I also told Mr. Epley that I was informed in both of these cases that Dr. Smith did not examine either of these women to see if they had any lacerations and that had he done so and had he made the necessary repairs at that time, they probably never would have needed the repairs that I had done on them later on. But all the explaining I did seemed to do no good and to Mr. Epley I was still not good in confinements or otherwise. A close friendship of well over four years was lost in less than five minutes and I have never known the reason why.

From then on Mr. Epley started to knock me to my patients when they came into his store with my prescriptions to be filled. Mr. Haas had done this from the time he had entered his store as owner, and I had kept him from filling my prescriptions by having a secret code with Mr. Epley. My theory was that if a man wanted to knock for the sake of knocking, he had no right to the privilege of filling my prescriptions. Now it was all to no avail. I gave Mr. Epley about two months to straighten out and treat me right, but he did not do so. It was now clear that Mr. Epley was doing everything he could to injure me professionally, so right after the first of January, 1913, I ordered a new supply of prescription drugs and put them in the drug cases then in my office. I then went to Mr. Epley and told him what I felt he had been doing and Mr. Epley made no denial whatever and he had no apology to make. I had with me at that time the invoice of the dispensing equipment that I had sold him nearly five years before. It consisted of druggist scales, paper racks, pestles and mortars, etc. I offered to buy all this equipment back at the same price I had sold it to Mr. Epley. I thought this was only fair to Mr. Epley since he had not used the equipment during all the time he had owned it. Mr. Epley readily accepted the offer and turned the equipment all over to me and I gave him a check for the amount. This ended our dealings with each other and our friendship was forever terminated.

Mr. Epley has now been dead some fifteen years and to this day I cannot imagine what went wrong with him. Until he "blew up" I thought he was really a very high typed man and a wonderful friend to me. I was very sorry to lose his friendship, but there seemed to be nothing more that I could do about it. This incident added very much to our disappointment over our recently built new home.

We were not happy over the incidents with the building anyway.

WE STARTED DABBLING IN REAL ESTATE -- In the spring of 1909, we bought a small four room house and lot on Second Street in Bibee's Addition to Sheridan for \$600.00 cash. It was then vacant so we rented it to a man and his wife who, in about three months bought this place from us for \$750.00 cash. Including the rent this man paid, we cleared just about \$150.00 on the deal. We thought this was a pretty good scheme, so we began to look around for other good buys.

In the summer of 1909, we learned that two old people (whose names I have now forgotten) owned five acres of land within the city limits of Sheridan, and that they wanted to sell this property. It was bounded on the east by Second Street at the west end of Bibee's Addition, on the south by the Chapman farm, on the west by the county road, and on the north by a line extending westward from the center of the end of Harrison Street parallel with the north line of the Chapman farm to the county road. This land was ideally suited for dividing into lots of 50 x 100 feet each and still have exactly enough land left to form the south half of an extension of Harrison Street to the county road. The last addition to Sheridan was that of Bibee's Addition and this was practically all built up. It looked to us like that was a grand opportunity to open up another addition to Sheridan. These people wanted \$5000.00 for the five acres including a good house which was about 25 years old, in which they were then living, and also including a good bearing orchard. After due consideration, we bought this property for \$5000.00, paid \$2000.00 down and gave them a mortgage for \$3000.00 on this property. We agreed in a contract to divide the property into lots and these same people agreed in the same contract to release any lot or lots that we might sell provided we gave them the full sale price of the same to apply on the aforesaid mortgage. We closed this deal early in the fall.

A few years before we bought this property, the State Legislature passed a law that no more additions could be laid out with streets half the width of adjoining streets and further that the new streets must exactly member with the adjoining streets. This law also provided that the adjoining property should furnish the other half of the street without cost to the owner of the new addition, since it was assumed that the new street would be of that much benefit to the adjoining property. When Mr.

Silas T. Allen, the owner of the adjoining property and the man from whom I had bought Prince and Clipper, learned that we had bought the adjoining five acres and that we were going to plat it and force the street through, he came to me and offered to sell us his three and a half acres with no down payment and with a mortgage for the full sale price of \$3000.00, and he further offered to give us a similar contract to the one above referred to and this was promptly done. I then contacted the county surveyor to get him to make the proper survey and plat the addition which was done late that fall, but the plat was not finished and properly recorded until February 5, 1910. Immediately that the deed was made out to us and the contract signed by Mr. Allen, we put up for sale the home we were then living in and in a few weeks we sold it for \$1400.00 cash. Mr. Allen had already moved out of the house on the property he had owned and we at once moved into it. This was a four bedroom house all on one floor and the house was only about five years old. The money we got from our previous home, we applied on the mortgage on the five acres.

On the Allen property there was a large barn constructed with heavy timbers and it was located on what was known in the plot as Block 1, Lots 1, 2, and 3. This was just a small point down in a corner beyond Railroad Street. We sold this in the spring of 1910 for \$800.00 cash and this was applied as per agreement on the Allen mortgage.

In the late fall of 1909, we had built a small, but very neat barn on Lot 11 of Block 4 of our plat. This was already in use so we turned over at once the large barn on the Allen property. In the spring I was busy selling lots from our addition, but to my dismay, the Chapmans laid out twenty acres in lots and this was just south of the Bibee Addition and Block 4 of our addition. The only good thing for us was that it opened up the street for the back lots on this block. As it turned out, they only sold a few lots and only two houses were built in this addition by the time we left Sheridan. At about the same time Mr. Fred Heider in the northeast corner of town laid out into lots eleven acres, but he only sold a few lots while we were there and no houses were built on this property at that time. Further, in the fall of 1910, some men bought up forty acres from the Scroggin farm that cornered into Sheridan on the southeast and they laid it all out in lots. They had a hard time to sell any of their lots for they were now a drug on the market. We opened up the first addition at that time, but by the fall of 1910 there were

seventy-one additional acres laid out into lots and it looked like we might get stuck with our lots. After about a couple of years of unsuccessful selling by the people who platted the forty acres, they donated a whole block (in fact I think it was two blocks) to the Sheridan School District with the agreement that the district would build a high school building on it in the near future. This was done immediately after we left Sheridan. It was in this building that the Sheridan School District established their first full four-year standard high school course. As things turned out we were the only persons who laid out an addition to Sheridan at that time and who disposed of their lots. Owing to conditions which I will explain later in Part II of this chapter, I had the time to put into this work.

WE BUILT A LARGE MODERN HOME -- In the summer of 1911 we prepared to build a nice large new home on Lots 7 and 8 in Block 4 of our addition. We were using lot 6 for a garden and it was a good rich one for that. The barn and the corral for the horses and cows was already on Lot 11 and there was a good bearing orchard on Lots 9 and 10, just back of where the new house was to be built.

By the summer of 1911 we had all our indebtedness cleared up and we had a nice little sum ready to start the new home. We had selected our plans and specifications from a company who sold such articles and they had furnished us with a few photographs showing just how the house would look. Everything showed that it was a beautiful large house and we decided that it would be ideal on the location where we planned to build it. The ground was high enough so that we would be able to overlook quite a bit of the town.

Those days practically everyone who owned their own home carpeted it from wall to wall in every direction. They had to buy all their carpets in strips and have them sewn together to make a carpet to fit their rooms. I worked the plans over so that ingrain carpet, strips 36 inches wide, and Brussels and other carpet materials which were 27 inches wide, when sewn together would make a carpet bright and shiny that would exactly fit each room in the house, except the kitchen and the dining room, but with one width the strips would run one way and with the other width the strips would run the other way of the room. In the dining room it was only necessary to roll down one 12 foot strip of print linoleum, the form then in common use, or two strips of 6 foot inlaid linoleum which was just

beginning to appear, and then put down the quarter-rounds and the job was done. In building the house this worked out exactly as I planned it and there was not a single hitch anywhere in the construction. At that time people who were renting homes were just beginning to use rugs like those in general use today. The arranging of the size of the rooms as I had done was then a new innovation to me.

Before we had work started on this house in September, 1911, we had two builders check over our plans and specifications and give us an estimate of how much it would cost to build this house. One of them estimated about \$3500.00 and the other about \$4000.00. We thought that was alright, just so it stayed under \$5000.00. Instead of contracting the job, we hired the men by the day's work. All the ordinary carpenters got \$2.00 a day, an expert finisher got \$3.00 a day, and the superintendent, who was also an expert finisher, got \$5.00 a day. These were standard wages in Sheridan at that time and we had no labor trouble during the entire time of construction. We contracted all the cement work to Mr. G. E. Gross. In August of 1911, he put in a full concrete basement, concreting the entire floor, he put in 100 feet of concrete sidewalk in front of the place, a concrete wall two and a half feet high and 100 feet long and attached to the walk. A little later on he put in a concrete walk and steps leading up to the house. For this work we deeded him lots 14 and 15 in Block 5 of our addition as per contract. We contracted the wiring and fixtures and their installing to another man for another lot and still another lot was contracted to a man by the name of Atwood to do all the staining and varnishing inside and all the painting outside for still another lot. All this work was completed satisfactorily and deeds transferring the lots were made out and delivered at the proper time. The men hired to do the carpenter work "stalled" shamefully. As an illustration, one day when I was out of town all day a man sat on his "bottom" all day painting on the front porch using an inch and a half wide brush and he covered one coat about a space of six feet square. Many days during the winter the work of the carpenters was no better. Had this man used a four inch brush, he could have painted the whole front porch in that day and it was a large porch at that.

The house that the two old people lived in when we bought the five acres was located on what was then Lots 1 and 2 in Block 5 of our addition and we had contracted this house and two lots to Mr. Sam Shortridge, the man above referred to, for \$1800.00. Mr. Shortridge was one of the men drawing

\$2.00 a day. He was to work on our house until finished, or at least until such carpenter work as he could do was finished and his wages were to apply on the purchase price of the house and lots. When Mr. Shortridge was through he was to pay us the balance due, if any, in cash and this is what he did. Under the circumstances, I could not well dismiss Mr. Shortridge and his work seemed to set the pace for the rest of the men. When the house was all finished in the latter part of March 1912, we found that we had \$7200.00 in it instead of \$4000.00, the highest estimate that had been given us. We knew all the time that we were getting badly “stung” but there seemed to be nothing that we could reasonably do about it. When the house was finished, it was a beautiful eleven roomed house, but it was very much larger than we had realized. Before we moved into the new home, we sold the house on the Allen place which we were then living in for \$2000.00 cash, but when we got the new house all carpeted and furnished, we found we owed the Sheridan State Bank just \$3000.00 that we could not pay and they, of course, insisted on taking a mortgage on all the real estate that we owned. It seemed that we were then in a “straight jacket” and could not make a move of any kind.

Our new home was the first residence in Sheridan to have a concrete basement and it also was the first residence to have a central heating plant. This heating plant was of hot water and it was very satisfactory. The school building built in 1906 was the first building in Sheridan to have a concrete basement. The wood for the school was stored in the basement and it also housed the first central heating plant in Sheridan. This heating plant used hot air and the so-called heating engineers at that time didn't know enough to take the cold air out of the rooms so that the warm air could be put in. They took the cold air for the furnace from outside of the building and the only way warm air could get into the rooms was to open the windows and let the air in the rooms go outside. This was very unsatisfactory, but it was still in use when we left Sheridan. This school building had one among the first septic tanks in Sheridan and the overflow was discharged into the Yamhill river. The flush tanks were elevated about seven feet above the toilets which were standard at that time and they were tripped by a chain. The toilets in our new home were among the first to have the tank on the toilet set low on the toilet as they are used today. But getting back to our problems, see the following.

To make things worse, a doctor, who was in school at Corvallis when I was and whose name I

have now forgotten, opened offices in Cloverdale, Oregon in 1909. This was the first break in our territory. This man took over all the territory beyond the summit of the Coast Range. He could give these people as good service at less expense than we could because he lived among them and did not have to drive the great distance that we did. But this was just the beginning, although we were both rather happy to let him have this territory. In the spring of 1910, an old doctor, whose name I cannot now recall, moved into Willamina and opened offices. During the summer of 1910 an "Osteopath" by the name of Fashing, I do not recall his given name or initials either, moved into Sheridan and opened offices. This man did extensive advertising in the Sheridan paper and he sent out literature to practically everyone whose name he could get. He made up an extensive list of people in and around Sheridan and he had a pamphlet going out to each of them regularly. At first he did not seem to do much, but by the summer of 1913 he was doing as much work as any of the regular medical men. In the summer of 1911, Dr. Murch Russell located in Willamina (he moved to Sheridan 25 or 30 years ago and he has been there ever since) and that fall Dr. Roscow C. Field (whose father practiced and died there before I came to Sheridan), located in Sheridan. All these men except "Dr." Fashing were regular medical men. Then we had six regular medical men and one Osteopath in the territory that could not properly support more than three medical men, so when they all got started, no one could make more than a bare living. By the summer of 1912, they were all getting, as we say, their share of the practice, and I was getting hurt worse than Dr. Smith. I understood several people said, "Look at the money Dr. Gilstrap has made. See what a fine home he has and he had nothing when he came here." They then began to threaten me with malpractice suits. I finally woke up to the fact that I was getting "jumped." Then I made up a list of several hundred people in our territory and mailed them a pamphlet called SCIENTIFIC MEDICINE VS QUACKERY. Should Ignorant Laymen Be Permitted to Treat the Sick? Of course, this was intended for Dr. Fashing for he had no scientific training at all. He had just bought some books on Osteopathy and studied them and set himself up as a "Doctor" of Osteopathy. There were then no laws controlling such incidents. I sent out another pamphlet called MY FRIEND THE OSTEOPATH and it was probably harder on them than the one above referred to. I could not see that these booklets did any good at the time, but apparently they did for Dr. Fashing only stayed in

Sheridan two or three years after I left. Of all things, when he left Sheridan, he moved right down to St. Johns and his wife bought out a millinery store, which she operated for five or six years. Dr. Fashing had his office over town and by this time he had become licensed without examination when the osteopathic law was passed since he was already in practice. I never heard of the Fashings again after they left St. Johns.

In Sheridan our taxes on the new home were \$120.00 a year and we paid 8% interest on the \$3000.00 we owed the bank which was \$240.00 a year. As if all the above was not enough, in the late fall of 1911, the Sheridan Lumber Company decided that they could no longer continue in the manufacture of lumber. By now their flume was so rotten that it was falling down at various places and to continue in the business this would have to all be rebuilt or they would have to build a railroad from Sheridan to the upper mill on lower Gooseneck. At this time they shut down the logging camps above the upper mill and they started an orderly liquidation of the material and properties of the company. They sawed up all the logs at the upper mill and they fixed up the flume temporarily so that they could flume the timbers down to the Sheridan mill. In a few months the upper mill was permanently closed and the lower mill was resawing, refinishing and closing out all the material in the Sheridan lumber yards. In early March, the company canceled their contract with Dr. Smith and me to care for their men since they only had about a half dozen men working at the mill in Sheridan.

SHERIDAN HOSPITAL CLOSED -- With the above, we closed the Sheridan Hospital. Since we were just ready to move into our new home, I moved my operation equipment into one of the back bedrooms in this house and there it stayed until we left town. Dr. Smith and I then closed the Sheridan Hospital and we returned every bit of loaned equipment to its rightful owners. When the books were finally closed up we found that Dr. Smith and I had each lost a few hundred dollars in operating the hospital, but we had made some money in the professional care of the men of the Sheridan Lumber Co. Besides, we had had a place to take our patients whenever we wanted to put them in a hospital. But with all this, it is easy to see that the situation was desperate. For a while we were so confused that we hardly knew which way to turn. As time went on things got no better.

THE DISASTROUS SHERIDAN FIRE -- The disastrous fire which destroyed all the south business section and nearby residences was August, 1913. I lost all of my office equipment, except my diplomas and licenses and my large office desk; I lost all my drugs, except what I had in my medicine case; and I lost all of my dispensing equipment, my drug scales. I had no insurance because the rate was 8% and I felt this was too much to pay. When the fire was all over I ordered new office furniture, and I ordered new drug cases made at once, and I also ordered a new stock of drugs and dispensing equipment. But with this my wife and I decided this was the last straw. We then decided we were going to leave Sheridan at our earliest convenience. My mind again turned to southern Oregon, so along about the first of October, I made an inspection trip to Roseberg, Grants Pass, Medford, and Ashland, but I did not see where there was any opening for me at any of these towns. At least I did not find anyone who would trade places with me and go to Sheridan and that was what I really was looking for. That fall and winter, I advertised rather extensively in both western medical journals, The Medical Sentinel of Portland and Northwest Medicine of Seattle.

After writing the foregoing, it has occurred to me that someone might like to know just what my surgical mortality was in operating under these circumstances in the ten years that I was in Sheridan. The answer is that it was just two deaths that were in any way associated with my surgery. The first death occurred after I had been in Sheridan about five years. This was an elderly bachelor by the name of Fendall. He lived up the Willamina River about ten miles from Sheridan. When I was called to see him, I informed his brother Philip and his wife that I considered the case hopeless. They said, "Are you sure the case is hopeless?" I said, "No," but I think so. I then explained to them that I thought probably his only chance to have lived in that attack was through an operation, but that I thought it was too late to do any good. Phil, as he was called, and his wife both said, "If you don't absolutely know that it is too late, then operate on him and since he has no money or property, we will stand good for all the expenses." This man was immediately loaded into a light spring wagon called a hack, and taken to Sheridan where I did an exploratory operation and found that all the small bowel that I saw was gangrenous. I at once closed him up and the man lived only a few hours after he left the operating table.

He died without gaining consciousness. I assume this was a case of mesenteric thrombosis, i.e., a clot of blood in a blood vessel supplying the small bowel. None of us received a cent for our services in this case and we could not collect anything because we did not get Phil and his wife to put their promise in writing and sign it before the services were rendered. Further, I was never asked to do any more work for this family.

The second death was an elderly woman who died a few weeks before we left Sheridan and it was my last operation in Sheridan. She lived on Red Prairie almost due south of Sheridan and she had been ill thirty-six to forty-eight hours before I saw her. I removed a gangrenous appendix at once and she died about a week after the operation. These people had no children, so the husband had funeral services in Sheridan, paid his bills, and left shortly with the body for their old home in the East for burial. I never heard of them again.

By reading the foregoing, I think you can get a fairly good idea of not only my very low death rate in surgery, but it is also clear that with the sawmill shut down, the immediate outlook for the future of Sheridan was not very bright. Those men who had been employed in the lumber business were all out of a job. This meant there were one or two hundred idle men in and around Sheridan and that is a disturbing factor for any small town. This meant the loss of thousands of dollars a month that these men had been previously spending in and around Sheridan and that loss was felt by many.

PART II: MY PRACTICE IN ST. JOHNS, OREGON AND ASSOCIATED INCIDENTS

THE MOVE TO ST. JOHNS -- Through the Medical Sentinel I located a man by the name of Dr. Robert A. Jayne of St. Johns, Oregon. In his first letter this man seemed very anxious to make a deal with me. About the first of May, 1914, we closed a deal with Dr. Jayne in which we traded our equity in the new home, barn, orchard and six lots for a house, packing shed, and twenty-three acres, mostly in orchard, in the OakGrove district of Hood River County, Oregon. In this deal, Dr. Jayne borrowed \$3000.00 from the Sheridan State Bank and paid off our mortgage entirely. We assumed a mortgage of \$600.00 on the orchard. This orchard was mainly in apples but it did have some pears. We sold Dr.

Jayne all the carpets on the floor of the new home and some of the furniture, and we exchanged some of the furniture with Dr. Jayne for furniture in his previous home in St. Johns, which we had agreed to rent from him. By this method we reduced the amount of furniture that Dr. Jayne would have to move to Sheridan, which he sent up in a big moving van, so that this truck could take back all of our furniture with my drugs and drug cases to St. Johns. On Monday, which I think was May 19th, the moving van arrived in Sheridan from Portland with Dr. Jayne's furniture and office equipment. That morning my wife left with our two daughters for a visit with her sister, Mrs. James Enschede, of Forest Grove, Oregon. The next morning our son, Clarence, and I filled our Ford touring car as full with things as possible and the rest were put into the moving van and we were off for St. Johns. It was "nip and tuck" to get everything into the van and our car, but we finally did. We arrived in St. Johns that afternoon and unloaded the house furniture at the house and the drugs and drug cabinets at the office formerly occupied by Dr. Jayne. By Saturday, Clarence and I had things pretty well set up and arranged and that day my wife and two daughters arrived from Forest Grove. We met them at the train and brought them out to what was to be our new home on Willamette Blvd. The numbers on this house were changed twice while we lived in it and the present number is 7107 North Willamette Blvd. We paid \$20.00 a month rent until we bought this home in the fall of 1919. We would have bought this place much sooner, but Dr. Jayne could not make a clear title to it because the property was in the name of his deceased wife and the mother of his two sons. We had to wait until the youngest boy was of age so that the two boys could sign the deed with the father to make it legal.

After moving to St. Johns, I heard from different people that Dr. Jayne said, "Dr. Gilstrap will not stay in St. Johns for a year. I know this place and he will not do any good here." Dr. Jayne had been in St. Johns for nearly four years, but it was hard for me to see why he made this prediction unless he supposed I would do business the same way he did. When I was on the deal with Dr. Jayne, he allowed me to look at his books and I found he seldom had the address of any of his charge accounts. I noticed that some of his accounts were charged to a Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown with no given name or initials of any kind and no address whatever. When I asked Dr. Jayne how he expected to collect from these people, he said, "Oh, I know who they are and where they live but as matter of fact such accounts

in St. Johns were worthless.” Be that as it may, Dr. Jayne only stayed in Sheridan about two years and I stayed in St. Johns thirty-one and a half years until I retired. When Dr. Jayne left Sheridan, the bank took over his property, but I never knew on what terms. From Sheridan Dr. Jayne moved to Philomath, Oregon and he stayed there about three years. From there he went to Amity, Oregon where he stayed another three years. From Amity he came to the Kenton district in Portland and opened an office in the upstairs of the building at the southeast corner of Lombard and Denver Avenue. He stayed there some three years and from there he went to Elgin, Oregon which is about twenty-five miles northeast of LaGrande, Oregon. Here Dr. Jayne died in the fall of 1928 with an average of less than three years in each of his five locations in a few months over fourteen years that had elapsed since he left St. Johns, Oregon.

In passing, I wish to say that St. Johns was a municipality in itself when we moved there, but in November, 1916, the people of St. Johns voted to unite with the City of Portland. It was right after the first of January, 1917 that the union was completed. Since that date, St. Johns has been one of the outlying districts of Portland.

WE DISPOSED OF PRINCE AND CLIPPER -- When we went to leave Sheridan it became a question of what to do with Prince and Clipper. They were both so breachy that they could not be kept in any ordinary pasture. I tried this out in the summer of 1910 after buying my first automobile. Each summer after that we let a man by the name of Mr. Booth, whose given name and initials I have now forgotten, drive them during each summer for their keep. This man drove the dray for the trucking interests in Sheridan and he was a lover of horses. When we left Sheridan Mr. Booth promised to keep this team, harness and buggy for a year without expense to us. I had used this team and equipment for seven years and the horses were now twelve and thirteen years old and beginning to slow down. They had been a loyal, faithful team and I did not have the heart to sell them. Mr. and Mrs. Booth were both old and at the end of the year they decided to retire and go back to their old home in the East where all their folks lived. Fortunately for us that fall my wife's youngest brother, Martin Van Gross, decided to move onto a farm near Ballston, Oregon that his wife had inherited from her parents that year. That fall

we gave the team, buggy, and harness to Martin with the agreement that he would keep both of the horses as long as they lived or until they were of no more use to him when he would have them disposed of by shooting. Under no circumstances was he to sell or give either of these horses away. A few years later I learned that Martin had sold Prince for \$20.00. When I called Martin's attention to this he said, "I did not think you would now care about it." I insisted that he buy Prince back and that he carry out his original contract which he did. Martin had to pay \$30.00 to get Prince back and I at once sent him a check for ten dollars to reimburse him for the money he had been out. When these horses were so old and their teeth were so bad that they could not be of any more use to Martin, he had them disposed of according to the agreement. When Martin got this team they were thirteen and fourteen years old and they were well above twenty years old when disposed of, which is a pretty ripe age for horses. They were the most dependable and faithful team I have ever known and I surely thought a lot of them.

MY DISPENSARY -- During the week when Clarence and I were setting up our furniture in Dr. Jayne's residence in St. Johns, I took time out to call on the two druggists who owned the two drug stores then in St. Johns. The first I called on was a Mr. Thompson of the St. Johns Pharmacy. I said to him, "Of course, you know that I have a dispensing stock of drugs." Dr. Jayne said he had told both of the druggists that I had been dispensing drugs. "There are only three things that I know to do with them: The first is to junk them; the second is to sell them -- what have you to offer? And the third is to set my drug department up and run it." Mr. Thompson was very insulting in his reply to me and finally said, "I do not want anything to do with you." I wish to add right here that this was only about a year before Mr. Thompson was sent to the insane asylum where he died a year or so later. Perhaps this explains why he was so rude. From there I went over to The Currens for Drugs store and there I made a similar statement to Mr. Currens. Mr. Currens was very reserved and practically made no statement at all. When the conversation was over I said, "From the reception I have received today, I think I will set up my drug department and run it!" and that is just what I did. I had no real intention of selling the drugs in the first place, but I wanted to be able to say in the future if either of the stores wanted to buy my

drugs that “I offered once to sell you my drugs and you would not even make me an offer.” Apparently both of these men thought I was an “upstart” from the country and that I would not do any better than Dr. Jayne had done. Incidentally, each of these stores have since made several attempts to buy my drugs, but they seemed to never have learned the old saying, “You can catch more flies anytime with honey than you can with vinegar” for they would be nice to me for a while and then they would be mean for a while. Mrs. Thompson ran the store for a few years and then she sold it to Mr. Frank Eberhardt who some years before was in Sheridan. In the summer of 1935, these two stores each notified the then two large wholesale drug stores in Portland that if they sold me drugs they could not sell drugs to either of them. One of the managers of the wholesale store told me exactly what they had been told and he said “We cannot afford to lose two large accounts to retain your small account.” This man expressed regrets for having to do this. The other wholesale store simply ignored my orders and said nothing. I soon found one and then a second small wholesale drug house, so I was still able to get all the drugs I needed at the right price. The only difference was that these stores did not have a free delivery service. I either had to go and get the drugs, have someone pick them up, or have them sent out by parcel post. Not long after that a friend of mine, Dr. D. S. Swart, suggested that I sell my drugs to Mr. Eberhardt, who assured me he would treat me right. I told Dr. Swart what had happened and that I had no desire to sell under the circumstances. Dr. Swart tried this at least twice more, but I turned it down flatly each time.

MY DRAFT BOARD SERVICE IN WORLD WAR I -- As I recall now without checking the date for accuracy, congress declared on April 17, 1917, that a state of war existed between Germany and satellite countries and the United States. Immediately after war was declared, Selective Service Boards were set up all over this country to conscript men for the military service. These boards were commonly known as Draft Boards. At first there were nine such boards set up in Portland and one for Multnomah County outside of Portland. The boards in town were numbered one to nine and the county board was known as ten. It soon became apparent that the boards in town were too large, so a redivision was made and a tenth board was formed in town. The county board then became known as

board eleven. At the same time the government announced the formation of local board ten, they also announced that I was appointed as Chairman, Executive Officer and Examining Physician. Mr. John B. Easter was designated as Secretary of our board and a man by the name of Mr. E. R. Williston was designated as the third member of our board. I at once submitted my resignation as Chairman and Executive Officer to the Selective Service Headquarters in Washington D.C. Mr. Easter and I both signed a recommendation that Mr. Williston be appointed to the position, but the War Department, which was over the Selective Service Boards, refused to make the change. We thought our suggestion was a good idea as it would distribute the responsibility and relieve me of an excessive load. As it was, when the board was not in session I had to carry the entire load. The board seldom, if ever, met in the daytime, but normally met at 7 P.M. and it seldom held beyond 9 P.M. The other two members of our board were very intelligent and high-typed men. We were all members of the Masonic Fraternity and we were just as much drafted as the men we sent to fight. There was no way to get off one of these boards unless the person was shown to be mentally or physically unfit to serve or unless he was discharged for dishonorable conduct. We were sworn to obey the law ourselves and to administer it faithfully without fear or favor. If a mistake was made we were required to do all in our power to remedy it. Even in the face of this absolute instruction some boards would either neglect or refuse to make corrections. If any member of a board felt that an error was being committed by another board, he was required to notify such board in writing and request that they re-examine that case and make correction if an error had been committed. In the face of this ruling, some boards would state in writing that they could not correct an error. I found about half a dozen such cases and in every case I notified such board that they not only could correct such errors, but that they must correct then or I would notify the Attorney General of this state as required by law. In each case I would state the specific section of the law requiring them to make the correction and in every case the correction was then promptly made. It was astonishing what a bunch of “dumbbells” there were on some of these boards.

It was not uncommon for me to examine twenty to thirty men in an evening and every man was required by law to be completely stripped before he appeared before me for examination. The secretary

of the board made all the records of the examination and Mr. Williston supervised the men and prepared them for examination. I was only expected to do the rough "Screening" and pick up all those cases that were readily apparent. The real physical examination came after the men got to Camp Lewis in the state of Washington near Seattle. The general clerical work of the board was done by the Chief Clerk, a stenographer, and in our board she had five assistant clerks, all of whom were stenographers. The assistant clerks all worked under the direct supervision of the chief clerk who was under the direct supervision of the Executive Officer.

I heard that some boards had inducted men with "wooden legs" and "glass eyes" and sent them up to Fort Lewis, but this seemed impossible. The examining physician was required as before stated to have every man completely stripped and he was required to examine and check the vision of every man and this record accompanied the men to Fort Lewis, so these were just fantastic stories that somehow originated under such conditions. These and other fantastic stories just seemed to come from nowhere and to go everywhere. I cannot conceive of any board being so careless as the above, for they would have been promptly and severely punished by the War Department and dishonorably discharged from this service. However, some unusual incidents did occur.

Once after an order was sent out to a group of men to appear at a certain time for induction, one of the men came to me the day before and told me he could not appear at that time. I looked him straight in the eyes and said, "Do you know what the Army does with men who violate their orders? Your order was issued by authority of the Army." I then waited a few moments and he made no reply so I said, "The Army shoots such men at sunrise." It is needless to say that this man was there the next morning with the rest of the men. What I said was not literally true, but had he not have shown up the next morning, I would have sent a policeman out to get him and, of course, the Army would have punished him, but I do not know what the punishment would have been.

Shortly after the government set up the regular draft boards, they also set up an Advisory Board in Portland which in reality was an appeal board. As I recall this board was composed of three physicians and two lawyers. It was set up especially for the man who, if dissatisfied with my examination or the ruling of the board, could appeal to this advisory board and get a re-examination or

a rehearing of his case. The physician or the board could also refer a man to this board if they so desired for a ruling. One evening when I was examining a large bunch of men, I said in regard to one man, "Qualified for regular service." The man said, "I want to appeal." I said, "Sign your appeal" and he did, but the Advisory Board also qualified him and he went into the service. Soon after that I came to another man and I said, "Disqualify him for service" and he said, "I want to appeal" and I said, "Sign your appeal" which he did. But he was rejected by the Advisory board. It was rather seldom that anyone signed an appeal from my opinion, but here were two cases in one evening. I think this never happened again. Theoretically a man could appeal clear up to the U.S. President, but practically these advisory boards were just about as far as a man could get. Their decision was almost final.

When I went to entrain men, I would have them assemble at some designated place in St. Johns, usually the board's headquarters, then I would put them on a street car and take them over to a place where they were to be given dinner at noon with the draftees of other boards. At that time the Red Cross always gave all these draftees a dinner, cigarettes, and other trinkets before they were entrained on a special through train that did not take on other passengers. The whole morning was always spent on collecting men from the surrounding territory to be present at this occasion. The Mayor of Portland or some other dignitary always gave a pep talk at these dinners. Before I entrained these men, I always selected one man to take charge of all the rest of the men and see that they were delivered with all necessary papers to the Commanding Officer at Camp Lewis. Once when I took a bunch of men over to entrain them I took my son, Clarence, along to see how it was done. Clarence was only sixteen years old at that time. When we were eating, one of the attendants came to me and said, "Isn't that boy sitting by your side too young to be drafted?" I said, "Yes, this is my son and I brought him along to see how it is done." She said, "Thank you" and she disappeared, but I noticed she told other attendants what had happened. It was apparent that they had been considerably disturbed over that young boy being drafted.

At all of these performances I always wore a badge which gave my name and the board I represented. There were approximately 8500 men registered under our board. It was the second largest draft board in the state of Oregon. The boundary started at Halsey Street and the Willamette River and

extended east on Halsey to Union Avenue, then north on Union Avenue to a street that runs east and west past the gas tank of the Portland Gas and Coke Company. Then it ran north on Commercial Avenue and its prolongation to the Columbia River. All the territory on the peninsula which was included in the above boundary and that of the Columbia and the Willamette Rivers was under our board. All men in this territory between the ages of eighteen and, as I recall, thirty-eight years old had to register with our board. In this war, no men who were married before the war were drafted and even some who were married later were deferred if the wife was not able to support herself and if she got pregnant before a certain date. In such cases I had to make the physical examination and I was the sole judge of her period of gestation. A married man could enlist in the Army if he would file with his draft board reasonable evidence to show that his wife had sufficient means of support or that she could support herself. Even if he had some children and he could make a reasonable showing that his wife and children would not become a charge on the government, he still could enlist. A good many men did just that and did enlist. If reasonable written evidence was submitted to his board, they had no option in the matter, but must issue his release.

WOODEN SHIPS BUILT IN WORLD WAR I -- Before World War I started, nearly all the transatlantic ships built in this country were built in the East. The wooden ships were then obsolete and so far as I can recall none were then coming into Portland. The Eastern Coast continued to build steel ships, but in the West men in various seaports persuaded the government to allow them to construct shipyards and build wooden cargo ships out here. The argument was that they could be built much more rapidly than the steel ships. The ships were to be built out of fir timber, which was very poor wood for constructing cargo-carrying ships. First, the government furnished the money to build the shipyards and then it paid the builders, as I understood, cost plus ten percent. These wooden boats were built in all the major ports of the West. The largest number of these ships built in Portland were built by the Grant Smith-Porter Shipyard in the St. Johns district. This yard was located on the west side of the Willamette River on a tract of about three acres just above the Portland Woolen Mill plant. Here was built considerably the largest shipyard in Oregon. I think it took six months or more to build

this plant and when completed they employed about eight thousand people, nearly all men. The men were so thick they were in each other's way and they would often hide out to get out from under foot. The reason, of course, for so many men was the cost plus ten percent. Men came here from all parts of Oregon and Idaho to work in the shipyards. They drew pay well in excess of that paid in the regular industries then in Portland. The second largest shipbuilding outfit in Portland was the Peninsula Shipbuilding Co. located on the grounds of the Peninsula Lumber Co. two or three blocks below the foot of Portsmouth Avenue on the west side of the Willamette River. I think they employed well over one thousand men. There were at least two and possibly three small yards in Linnton and probably half a dozen small yards in south Portland. These small yards employed somewhere around three to six hundred men each and these men were divided, like all the other yards in Portland, into three shifts.

I think some of these yards did not even turn out a single boat during the whole war, but some of the medium-sized companies turned out two or possibly three boats. I think the large Grant Smith-Porter Co. turned out about two dozen boats. A few of the boats built in Portland had engines put in them and they went to the East Coast just before the war closed, but so far as I know, not one of these wooden boats carried a single ton of shipping to Europe.

During the war I heard many of these men working in the shipyard say, "We will never work for less money than we are now getting. We will strike, By God!" A great many of these men wore silk shirts and silk socks and otherwise dissipated their money. As a class, they were a reckless bunch. Through a peculiar quirk in the law, the Shipping Board could have any young man deferred as an essential skilled laborer the day after he was hired, even though he had never seen a shipyard before and that was just what they did so far as I know in every case. The second or third day after a man was hired, our board would receive this shipping board's notice that we had to defer him. All any young man had to do if he wanted to get out of service in the army was to go and get a job at a shipyard and then "thumb his nose" at his draft board no matter where they were. They were all in the "same boat" as us. It was a rotten deal and caused me a lot of trouble. Sometimes I would have to re-examine and reclassify men so as to get men to fill our quota when I knew they were not the type of men that was wanted for service, but I had to fill our quota and this was the only way I could do it even though we

had hundreds of qualified young men in the shipyards that could have been replaced by married men or men not qualified for service. Because of the large wages, there was never any shortage of shipyard workers or men looking for jobs in the shipyard.

This is not the only foolish thing the government did. With the beginning of the war, the government took over the running of the railroads. Here in Portland so many men were either drafted for military service or volunteered for service that the railroad authorities could scarcely find experienced men to move the necessary trains, even the transporting of troops. At the time I called the superintendent on the phone and told him if he would make out the proper cards requesting us to defer men that were essential to the moving of trains, we would then and only then have the authority to defer such men, but his only reply was, "If the government wants these men worse in the army than to move trains, then let the government take them." This man had consistently refused to fill out these cards so we could defer men essential to the railroad service. I reported this incident to the draft headquarters in Washington, D.C. Finally, a few months before the war closed, the government gave the local boards authority to defer essential workers, but the board had to put a written statement in each man's record stating just why he was deferred by the board. No doubt, many such reports from all over the land like the one above referred to caused the new regulation. Up to this new ruling, no board had anything to say about deferring men and it was a perfectly foolish situation. Had we have had the authority, we would have taken those "young bucks" out of the shipyard and have put them in the army where they belonged. But here we have two extremes. The shipping board took advantage of a loophole in the law (the rules made by the Draft Authorities in Washington had the effect of law and they could change them when they saw fit) and many men were deferred that should never have been deferred, and the authorities who operated the railroad for the government refused to fill out a simple card and thereby allowed men to get in the army when they were needed to operate the railroad at home. But such is the bungling and red tape from the bureaucrats in Washington D.C. So far as I know this bungling and red tape permeates all the bureaus in Washington D.C.

After the war was over and to make the whole thing more ridiculous, these wooden ships were all "parked" in out of the way places and left there until they were rotten after which they were

destroyed. To me the building of these wooden ships was a case of legalized fraud.

THE ARMISTICE -- When the official word arrived that an Armistice had been signed (a false report occurred some three days before which touched off a premature celebration), more than a thousand men assembled near the Grant Smith-Porter plant and marched up the hill to Jersey Street in front of my office and thence on foot all the way to the business center in west Portland. Dr. Mulkey, a dentist whose office was in the same building where mine was, had a stuffed eagle with wide spread wings. He mounted this on a staff and when the head of the parade arrived at the Bank corner, Dr. Mulkey dropped in front of them and led the parade clear over town. This created quite a sensation and Dr. Mulkey was very proud of his stunt. Many of these men carried banners with various slogans on them, but I thought the most appropriate banner for a few hundred of these young bucks in the crowd would have been a yellow stripe down their backs. This was on November 11, 1918, and since then this day has been officially known as Armistice Day.

A few days after the war closed, orders came from Washington, D.C. to finish only those boats that were almost finished. As a result of this order, very few of the boats on the ways were ever finished. They were left standing there until they were getting rotten and then they were destroyed. In a very few weeks all of these shipyard workers were dismissed and practically all went back to their former homes. Now they had no job so they could not strike. I had carelessly let a few hundred shipyard workers get in debt to me and I lost practically every cent of what they owed me. Almost none of them paid me and there was nothing that I could do about it since they had nothing in sight. This taught me a good lesson for the new Second World War. If for any reason these people could not pay, I would tell them if they could not pay now they could never pay me, so go out and borrow the money from their relatives or their friends. Practically no one during the Second World War got medicines or medical services from me without paying for them except some of my old patients.

THE WOODEN SHIP FRAUD -- Soon after the first war closed, three men came up here from San Francisco and organized a corporation with the avowed purpose of operating in the west coast service a

fleet of those wooden boats recently built by the government. They were supposed to have bought, as I recall, four boats with the avowed purpose of buying more when they got into operation. They claimed that they could buy these boats so cheaply that they could cut the freight rates enough to take the business away from the companies operating the steel boats and yet make a great profit. They claimed the wooden boats were really better in the coast-wise service than the steel boats. In any event, they had a great string of “bunk” to peddle and they caught two well-to-do businessmen in St. Johns that I know of and each put five thousand dollars into the venture. I have no idea how many more men they caught in St. Johns for perhaps a smaller amount to say nothing of how many “suckers” they got over town in Portland. So far as I recall this company never moved a ton of freight. In two years these promoters were gone with all the money, the boats were returned to the government to rot with the rest of the wooden boats, and the stockholders were left holding an “empty sack.” The stockholders lost every dollar they put in the company. It was a pure and unadulterated fraud and there seemed to be nothing the stockholders could do about it. I think the laws of the present day are enough stronger to make it harder for anyone to put over such a fraud, but I have been wondering if something like the above isn't going on at this very time following World War II. If there is, I have not heard of it, but that may be because I am not in business at this time.

APPLE ORCHARD IN HOOD RIVER VALLEY -- Returning to the subject of the Hood River apple orchard, Dr. Jayne traded for this twenty-three acre orchard in 1907. It was located in the Oak Grove district of the beautiful and picturesque Hood River Valley about seven miles southwest of the town of Hood River, Oregon. The summer Dr. Jayne got the orchard, he built a six room house on it. He finished the rooms downstairs, but the two bedrooms upstairs were only about half finished. Dr. Jayne also put in a water system on the hill above the house. After living on the place for approximately three years, Dr. Jayne moved to St. Johns and a man by the name of Wing rented the place. When we were dealing with Dr. Jayne he told us that Mr. Wing wanted to buy this place as soon as he could, but he didn't have the money just then. Soon after Dr. Jayne moved to St. Johns he had this place appraised by the Butler Banking Co. of Hood River, Oregon and they placed a value of \$10,000.00 on this place. Dr.

Jayne turned this appraisement record over to us when we got the deed to the orchard. At the time of this appraisal the Hood River apple orchards were on a boom and apples were selling at a high price. Immediately after we moved to St. Johns, I went to see Mr. Wing in the hope of selling him this property. Mr. Wing claimed to have at least \$4000.00 coming to him from his father's estate in the east and he said he expected the money in a few months. Since we were pretty much in need of money at that time, we agreed to sell Mr. Wing the property for \$7000.00, which was all that he would pay, and we allowed him to place a \$3000.00 first mortgage against the place and with this we paid off the then first mortgage out of this money and we took a second mortgage for \$4000.00. This second mortgage was due in one year so as to give him plenty of time to get the money from his father's estate. We gave him the option of paying it at any time it was convenient to him. At the end of one year Mr. Wing said the estate had not been closed and that he did not know when it would be. With this Mr. Wing flatly refused to go ahead with the deal and he said he would move off the place and desert it if we did not release him from the purchase of the property. There seemed to be nothing that we could do about it, so finally we agreed to allow him to deed the property back to us subject to the \$3000.00 mortgage to the Butler Banking Co. and that is what he did. Mr. Wing paid the year's interest on the mortgage for the use of the place for one year and we had the use of the \$3000.00 for that year. This was in the spring of 1915, and not knowing what else to do with the place, we rented it to Mr. Wing for one third of the crop picked and delivered to the Apple Growers Association in Hood River. We rented the place to Mr. Wing on the same terms for the years of 1916 and 1917. Then Mr. Wing informed us that his father's estate had not been settled up, that he was giving up the place as soon as the apples were picked and delivered to Hood River, and that then he and his wife were leaving for the East to investigate matters. We never heard of him again after he left.

In the fall of 1917 we failed to find anyone who would rent the place, so we hired a man to look after the place, to do the necessary cultivation, to plant in the spring the three and a half acres of land not in orchard to pear trees which we bought, to prune and do the necessary spraying. This he did and we paid him each month as we went along. In the fall of 1918 just before apple picking began, this man sold his orchard in Hood River Valley and moved back to the Willamette Valley where his folks

had lived all this time. This left us without anyone to look after our place and to see that the apples were picked. World War I was on in full blast and I was on the draft board, so there was no possibility of us attending to this. Just as picking began, a Japanese farmer nearby offered us \$65.00 for the fruit on the trees and we took it. When we balanced up the books that fall we found we had paid a little over \$300.00 to get this crop produced, that the taxes had gone up to \$118.00 which with the water rent made a grand total of expenses of well over \$425.00. Our income was just \$65.00. This was going behind pretty badly.

After some dickering, we leased the crop for the next year to the same Japanese who bought the apples on the trees. He promised to pay us \$100.00 plus twenty boxes of apples and ten crates of 24 boxes each of strawberries for our own use the next year. The money was to be paid after he had harvested, sold, and collected the money from the 1919 crop. This he did promptly.

In the spring of 1919 we paid off the last of the \$3000.00 mortgage, so the place was now entirely clear. The lease to the above referred to Japanese was renewed each year with an average increase of about \$20.00 a year, the amount of apples and berries staying the same, so that by 1924 this man was paying \$200.00 a year in cash. I could not get him above this amount, so the lease was renewed in 1925 for the same amount to be paid in 1926.

When this man renewed the lease in 1925, he informed us this would be his last renewal. After this lease was out he said he planned to devote all his time to his own orchard. This meant that we would have to dispose of the property or lease it to someone else and we didn't know who that would be. We advertised rather extensively the following winter, but we did not get an offer of any kind. We had tried to sell the place for three or four years previously, but could not get an offer either. Somehow people didn't want Hood River orchards. The reason no one wanted the place was that at that time apples were almost a drug on the market because of the breakdown in the methods or lack of methods in the distribution of apples by the Hood River Apple Growers Association. As a result of this the Hood River apples were at that time almost pushed out of the market. It was not so many years previously that Hood River apples were selling "like hotcakes." Another thing was that the place was not large enough for a family to live on and make all of their living out of the place. Anyway up to this

time we had preserved our investment pretty well even if it didn't make us any money.

DRIFTWOOD HOTEL -- In the spring of 1926 a man offered to trade us, clear for clear, the nineteen room Driftwood Hotel in Rockaway, Oregon, for our orchard in Hood River, Oregon. While we owned the orchard we had not made much more than taxes, insurance on the house, general upkeep, and the expense of the water and water rights which we got with the place. Without water we could raise nothing. There had been two expensive lawsuits over the water rights while we owned the place. However, the expense was divided proportionately to the amount of water used by each user in the water district. Each time when the suit was over, the water rights were supposed to be settled permanently, but we understood this had been repeated several times before we got this orchard. Finally we decided to take the Driftwood Hotel as offered and get out of the mess.

Our son, Clarence, and our daughter, Carlie, managed this hotel during the summer of 1926. We hired a cook and together they did all the work for the summer. We only had two weekends during all the summer when all the rooms were full and this was the weekend of the Fourth of July and the weekend of Labor Day. The place was well managed by our son and daughter, but it happened to be a poor year for business. Besides, this hotel had not been well managed for a few years before, and one year was not enough to overcome this handicap. There seemed to be no bands of vandals around Rockaway for no damage was done to the hotel while we owned it. This was quite a pretty little hotel and we liked it very much. The next spring Clarence was to be graduated from the medical school and that summer and the year following he would have to spend in a hospital as an intern so there would be no one left to run the place the next year except our daughter Carlie. We didn't think we should send her down alone to run the place, so we felt we had to get rid of it before the next summer. There was some business available for the hotel each spring and fall, but it was not enough to pay anyone to keep the hotel open at this time unless the parties who operated the hotel also made it their permanent home and this we could not do. I think some old couple could have retired there and made a good living, but we did not expect to retire for fifteen or twenty years or more. We were unable to find just the right parties to fit into the place although we advertised quite extensively. No doubt we could have found

the right party if we would have kept the place for a few years, and I now think we could have found a way to operate it if we had kept it.

HOUSES IN RAINIER, OREGON -- In the spring of 1927 we found a man in Rainier, Oregon who owned three fairly good looking houses in Rainier, one of which contained considerable furniture, and all the houses had good wood ranges which were connected to hot water tanks. This man offered us an even trade. These houses all seemed to be quite well located; there were all in the same block, and this was the second block from the Rainier High School. Since we could not see how we could reasonably operate the hotel, and since this would also split things up into smaller units which should sell more easily, we decided to make the trade. Since we were living in Portland, we knew it would be impossible for us to look after these houses and collect the rent, so we got a real estate man in Rainier to take over this job. This man collected and pocketed, during the first two years that he had the property, quite a lot of our rent money. It was quite some time before we really got very suspicious of him, and when we did, it was quite a job for us up in Portland to check on him because of the turnover in renters. Finally I determined that he was not even paying us the rent money of the people who were then living in the houses. When I confronted him with the evidence, he gave me a check for the amount I had found he had collected and not turned over to us. When I deposited the check in Portland, it was returned by the Rainier Bank because of insufficient funds. I then presented the full case to the prosecuting attorney of Columbia County, but he refused to take any action in the matter. It seemed to me that prosecuting attorney was afraid he would lose votes by prosecuting this man, since it was a clear case of fraud, and he knew that since I lived in Portland I could not offset this loss of votes. Anyway that was the way it looked to me and, since the man had no property that I could attach, there seemed to be nothing more that I could do about it. The excuse the real estate man gave to the prosecuting attorney was that he, the real estate man, had loaned the renters the money to pay our rent in the first place and that the renters had not repaid him, which the renters denied to me, and which was a pretty flimsy excuse, but the real estate man got away with this. Immediately after this incident, this man closed his real estate office in Rainier and moved to Portland and I never heard of him again.

We then turned this property over to another real estate man in Rainier. This man proved too ill with cancer and he died about a year later. As a result of this illness, he did not look after the property nor the collection of the rent, so here was another big loss. This loss came from not collecting the rent, but so far as I could determine, this man sent us every dollar of rent money that was due us that he had collected. This real estate man was a very high type man and apparently entirely beyond suspicion. This is the man we should have employed in the first place.

One renter paid this agent one month's rent for the little house, then broke his leg and lived in this house for six months more without paying anymore rent. When he got so he could return to work again, he skipped out of the country and we never heard of him again. I was told that the stores also lost money on him.

Now there was nothing to do except to turn the property over to a private citizen because no other real estate man had by then opened offices in Rainier. I gave the care and renting of them over to a man who lived in the same block as our houses were located and just across the street from the one that was partially furnished. He was too shiftless to even collect the rent if someone moved into the house and wanted to pay and he was too lazy to go across the street and turn off the water to keep the pipes from freezing when the house was vacant. As a result the tank and all the water pipes in that house burst when a cold spell came on. We then had to pay for a complete job of replumbing this house. The other two houses were occupied or they would have frozen up also. This man let a preacher and his family move into the partially furnished house across the street without paying a cent of rent down and he let them live in this house for seven months without ever paying a cent of rent all that time. Perhaps it was just as well that he did this for we were then at the bottom of one of the worst depressions that this country has ever known and it was practically impossible to collect rent from anyone, much less a preacher who usually has but little money to spend at anytime. By the spring of 1934, two of the ranges had been stolen and taken away and nearly all the furniture in the other house had been stolen and taken away, but the stove remained in this house. It seemed that nearly everyone who lived in any of our Rainier houses did a lot of damage to them and nearly all who moved out of the house that was partially furnished took some furniture with them that belonged to us. However, it

remained for the vandals of Rainier to do the most damage to our houses when they were vacant. It seemed they could not be kept locked when vacant. If the vandals didn't get in through the door, they would "jimmy" a window and go into the house anyway. When once in they could easily unlock the door from the inside and then of course they would leave it unlocked.

All three lots on which our houses were located were on a hillside, but all of these lots had been graded so as to make them practically level. To add to our injury, in the winter of 1933-1934, the whole back of one of these lots slid down the hill and this slide extended well up under that house. This was the house that had been partially furnished and it was the one the preacher had recently lived in. This made this house practically worthless to us for no one would buy or rent it for it looked like it, too, would someday tumble down the hill. In the summer of 1935 we sold for \$500.00 the other house that rented for \$20.00 a month when we got it. Later in the fall, we sold for \$300.00 the little house that was rented for \$12.00 a month when we got it. Since we could not look after this property and since we could not find a suitable real estate man to look after it for us, it seemed if we tried to hold the property until the depression was over, the property would be practically worthless by that time. Had we forced a sale of the property as soon as we got it, I think we could have got at least \$5000.00 for it, but we kept thinking that things would soon get better.

When we got these places the lumber industry in the northwest was greatly depressed. This was our major industry to bring in new money and circulate it. We were then in the early stages of the great panic that was to follow, even though the east was then in the height of the best times they had ever seen. Our experience in handling the orchard and the Rainier houses tended to clarify and emphasize Benjamin Franklin's statement when he said, "If you want a thing done well, go, if not, send." He meant if you cannot do a thing yourself, don't expect to go out and hire a man to attend to it and expect him to handle things as well as you would yourself. Another thing we learned was (but all too late) that it seldom pays to own houses in a small town that are for sale or rent. The same house is not nearly as valuable as in a large town or city.

I would not want to convey the idea that all or nearly all the deals we made in real estate were bad and that we lost money on them all, but here in twenty years we lost nearly all that we put in the

orchard. It should be recalled that much of the money that went into that property that we traded for the orchard was made in real estate in Sheridan. Besides this, we traded two lots in Sheridan for one half acre of land with a small house and some bearing fruit trees in St. Johns and we assumed a \$200.00 mortgage. We paid off the mortgage and in about two years we traded this property clear for clear for a small five room house in the East Morland district and in about two more years we sold this property for \$1400.00 cash. Further, we bought for \$3000.00 the former home of Dr. Jayne in St. Johns, which was only two and a half years old when we moved into it and not nearly finished. We finished it up, made some improvements on it, landscaped the lawn, lived in this house for thirty-one and a half years all told and then sold this property for \$5700.00 cash. We made several other small deals that turned out all right, which we are thankful for.

In closing my remarks on the Hood River apple orchard, the Driftwood Hotel, and the Rainier houses, I wish to say that the loss we finally sustained in the early 1930s was quite a calamity to us! This occurred at a time when my collections on professional services averaged a little over twenty cents on the dollar, so we have tasted the bitter with the sweet. We have had our full share of the ups and downs and it has been said that this is part of the "spice of life." Anyway, we have a nice comfortable home to live in during old age and a fair amount of money to live on and that is what we were working and planning for when we were in the prime of life. Also, when in the prime of life, we wanted to give our children a good education so that they could make a good living for themselves and their families and that we were able to do. In doing so, we feel that they will help to make the world a better place to live in, but we never had any desire to leave our children a great amount of money.

THE BEACH COTTAGE AT CANNON BEACH -- In the spring of 1934 we gave this worthless house in Rainier, which had the big slide of dirt down hill, to our daughter Carlie and her friend, Miss Celia Hunkins, to be torn down and the usable material taken to south Cannon Beach, Oregon to be used in building a beach cottage. Soon after we gave them this house I started to work on the plans for the new cottage. After a month or so I worked out a plan that was satisfactory to four women and myself. The plan was entirely original. It was the result of thinking of all the interested parties. I have never before

seen the plan of a house or a house built on a plan that was very similar to this plan. When the cottage was built it turned out to be better than anyone had expected. Here we had a cottage of only 24x 28 on the outside with a good living room, a good dining space, a good kitchen, a satisfactory bathroom, and four comfortable bedrooms. This was almost unbelievable, but here they all were to show for themselves.

In July of that year I furnished men, who owed me money, to tear the house down and I credited their bills to their accounts. The girls had the usable material delivered to a lot they owned in the Tolovana Park district in south Cannon Beach, which was right on the ocean front, and which was two and a half miles south of Cannon Beach proper. First, the garage was built and that became the temporary kitchen. The weather was fine so all men slept outside or in a tent and everybody ate on a table in front of the garage. My wife was the cook and our daughter, Carlie, worked at carpenter work like a man. Carlie and her mother slept in a temporary lean-to against the garage. Celia and Carlie had to buy considerable material and they had to hire a man to build the fireplace and the kitchen chimney; but, all the other work done that fall was done by these men who owed me, except that which was done by our daughter, Carlie, and other members of our family. By the first of September when school started, (Miss Hunkins and our daughter both taught school in Portland), the garage was built and the cottage was enclosed, the first floor was down and the studs were all in place for all the rooms, but none of the interior finish was done. In return for the labor and materials furnished by my wife and myself, the owners of this cottage (Miss Hunkins and our daughter, Carlie) promised my wife and I the use of this cottage as long as we live, provided the property was not in use by the owners. So far this promise has been fully lived up to and I have no doubt that the rest of it will be fully carried out.

The next spring the girls hired men and bought the necessary materials to finish the place and it was all done by the time school was out. They have a fine set-up and the most beautiful and efficient cottage that I know of anywhere on the ocean beaches. I am speaking of cottages and not of expensive homes. All of our family have spent many happy times at this cottage and this includes my brother and his wife, Owen and Blanche. Owen did quite a lot of little things to help finish the place, but he has been very well paid for it. We are all very proud of this place and I am most delighted when it is

convenient for us to go down there. We first started going to the beaches in the very early 1920s. From then until this cottage was built in 1934, we averaged seven or eight days at the beach each year. After this cottage was built we averaged twelve to fourteen days each year at the beach until 1945, when due to my failing health and advancing years, my wife and I spent eight or nine weeks at this cottage. In 1946 and 1947 we spent some eighteen to twenty-one days each year at this cottage. Since my retirement on September 24, 1945, this cottage has been vacant and available for our use at least three fourths if not four fifths of each of these two years and my wife and I seem to find a “hundred and one or more reasons” why we cannot spend more time at this cottage. We nearly all feel better when we are at the beach and that is especially true of myself. The air seems to be so much fresher and so much easier to breathe than it does here in Portland or even in the surrounding country. There is something that I breathe here that chokes me up at times that I do not get at the beach.

PRESIDENT OF ST. JOHNS BUSINESSMEN'S ASSOCIATION -- The St. Johns Businessmen's Association was organized in the spring of 1924. The name is misleading for in reality it is a Commercial Club. Three times during my term of office I tried to get the name changed to the St. Johns Commercial Club. The consensus of opinion was that the club was so well and favorably known under the original name that it would be a mistake to change the name. I think this was the third best known and the third most powerful for-good club in the City of Portland, outranked only by the Portland Chamber of Commerce and the Eastside Commercial Club of East Portland. The President of our club was in reality also the general manager of the club since he scheduled all speakers and supervised in general the management of the club. It was the St. Johns Businessmen's Association under the leadership of Mr. A. W. Davis (serving from 1929 to 1932 inclusive) that promulgated and put over the St. Johns bridge. When the original plans for the bridge were drawn they only provided for a three lane bridge and it was the St. Johns Businessmen's Association that put up a tremendous fight and got the plans changed to a four lane bridge. At this writing this Association is still going strong and they have fathered many worthwhile projects.

The president and other officers are always elected at the last meeting in December to serve the

next calendar year. As a rule these men served only one year, but there have been at least two men who have served two years and then retired. So far as I can recall no president has served three years and then retired, but Mr. Albert W. Davis served four years before retiring. I am the only man who has served five years (1934 to 1938 inclusive), but Dr. David S. Swart who followed me served four years (1939 to 1942 inclusive). Up to that time Dr. Swart got out the largest attendance the club had ever had. Until those years this club met for lunch every week at noon, except during the summer months, but of late they have been meeting only once or twice a month.

The St. Johns Businessmen's Association has the distinction of never having had a glass of spirituous liquors of any kind, not even beer, served on any one of their tables. The St. Johns Businessmen's Association had a further distinction in 1933 under Mr. C. C. Currens as president. This association had been instrumental in securing from the Federal Government the St. Johns Post Office building. When the cornerstone was ready to be laid in the spring of 1933, our Association was selected by the Treasury Department to perform this service which we did and I was the principal speaker. In the fall when the building was ready to be dedicated, we were again chosen by the Treasury Department to do the job and I delivered the principal dedication address. This is the only case I have known in which a local organization was selected by the Federal Government to perform such a service.

When I was president of this association, and perhaps because of the prestige that this gave me, I was selected by the local branch in St. Johns of the Young Women's Christian Association to appear before the trustees of the main association over town to plead for them to allocate funds to build a building in St. Johns to be used by the local association and also as a community center. This was in the fall of 1937 and as I recall there were five directors on the board and an advisory committee of three prominent businessmen of Portland. The local YWCA had well over \$3000.00 in cash to start with and the building planned would cost a little over \$8000.00. The directors over town had a trust fund of \$5000.00 from which they could only spend the interest on this fund, but the directors could loan the trust fund, so we asked the directors to loan the \$5000.00 to the local YWCA to be paid back at the rate of \$1000.00 a year. I appeared before the board single-handed and presented our case. Mr. E.

B. McNaughton, president of the First National Bank of Portland, and a member of the advisory committee, vigorously opposed this loan saying it was poor business for the main association to loan money to one of its locals, but all five directors and two of the advisory committee supported our proposition and the local association got the money as requested. This was paid off as planned. The cornerstone was laid in the spring of 1938 and the dedication was that fall. I made short talks in each case but the two main addresses were delivered by women from the main office over town.

PHYSICIANS ON THE LOWER PENINSULA -- The lower peninsula is that part of the peninsula in Portland, Oregon which lies below Chautauqua Boulevard. When I located in St. Johns there were six physicians, counting myself, and one chiropractor in this territory. During the summer of 1918, which was during World War I, another physician located in St. Johns. By 1920 physicians started to "swarm" into our territory and by 1928 we had fourteen physicians and two chiropractors. There remained thirteen and fourteen physicians with two chiropractors in this territory until just before World War II started. Two of the physicians who located in this territory during the early 1920's were ex-service physicians and they got practically all the business of all the ex-servicemen's families and practically all the business these ex-servicemen and their families could send them. Perhaps they were entitled to this, but it surely made it hard on the rest of us during the great panic of 1932. As before mentioned, we were really in this panic in 1926 because of the greatly depressed lumber situation. All during the 1930s up to the summer of 1937 collections were very bad. From the summer of 1926 up to the summer of 1937 my collections averaged not more than twenty-five cents on the dollar and during the three or four years of the depth of the depression, they averaged just above twenty cents on the dollar. I think St. Johns is one of the poorest, if not the poorest district in the state for collections when times are bad, and it likewise is one of the best districts in the state for collections when conditions are good. All or practically all the bills that accrued during the great panic were a total loss. Very few of the regular laboring men around St. Johns owned their own homes, so it made it easy for them to file bankruptcy or move to another location and "cover up their tracks." It is wonderful what a "dead beat" can get away with here in Portland and "the woods are full of them." Imagine, if you can, the many

thousands of dollars that are on my books here in Portland and they are not worth a cent. During the early part of the panic, I would have gone to another location had it not been for the fact of my advanced years and the further fact that we owned our home here, which could not be sold to advantage, and that all, or nearly all, of our immediate family lived in Portland as well as some of our close relatives.

A few years before the second World War started one physician left St. Johns to locate in Echo in eastern Oregon. A little later one physician in Portsmouth died and another moved over town in Portland. Immediately that the war started, two physicians joined the service, a third died and a fourth moved over town. This left us with the war on and exactly seven physicians on the lower peninsula. Our oldest physician was then 82 years old, and I, the second oldest, was 71 years old. Neither of us two was doing any hospital, obstetric, or night work, but until the last week in February, 1945, I was working a full day at the office while the other old man was only working about three hours a day at the office. Just before my health broke and I went to the beach the last week in February, 1945, the older man died at the age of nearly 86, but this doesn't tell half the story. During the great depression, when there were fourteen physicians on the lower peninsula, it was generally estimated that the population on the lower peninsula was about 10,000, but this estimate was probably much too high. About the time the number of physicians started to decrease, the population started to increase so that by the time of the first registration for ration cards, the population was above 11,000 as shown by the official count. By the spring of 1945, the official registration by actual count was well above 35,000 in this same territory, which was an increase of over three hundred percent and, as before stated, the number of physicians was down to six in our territory. At this time it was physically impossible for people to get anything like decent treatment from the limited number of physicians in practice in our territory.

When the Second World War started, I recalled the sad experience that I had in crediting shipyard workers and their families in the First World War, so I made it a rule to demand cash in every case. If they said they didn't have the money, I would tell them that if they couldn't pay now they never could pay so go out and borrow the money from their relatives or friends. I seldom let them have any

medicine without first paying for it (medicines were not covered in their Oregon Physicians Service contract) and when I did let them have the medicine without the money, I lost the entire amount in about nine cases out of ten. The shipyard workers in both world wars were, as a rule, the “scum of the earth” and the worst set of “deadbeats” I ever saw. The percentage of deadbeats in the Second World War was much greater than in the First World War, but there was a small percentage of good honest people in the shipyards in both world wars. At one time during the Second World War the attachments of wages at the Oregon Shipyard alone was running over a thousand attachments a month. That was averaging better than twelve thousand a year among some forty thousand employees. During the Second World War my loss in collections was less than five percent, but it was only held down by my stern methods because I did not need to solicit business. I intended to retire as soon as possible after the war was over and I did.

PART III: A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES

In this manuscript, by “victim of circumstances” I mean being injured or punished financially by circumstances that could not have been foreseen. To illustrate, when the neighbors of my friend, Mr. Maurice D. Allen of Junction City, Oregon, in 1918 planted hundreds of acres of vetch for hay, they could not have foreseen that aphids that year would destroy all of their vetch. Mr. Allen, of course, did not foresee that either, but, strange as it may seem, he only planted three acres to vetch that year on a half section of land where he usually planted forty to sixty acres. That year Mr. Allen cut other crops and sold his neighbors hay. By this it seems that Mr. Allen was a victim of “good” circumstances which is a reverse use of the word. I am not a believer, as many people are, that charms, wishing-wells, and a thousand and one other superstitions have any influence on circumstances that happen or do not happen. When in 1919 I planned a sightseeing trip, going and coming, to a postgraduate course in the New York Postgraduate Medical College in New York, NY, I told many people that I planned to leave on a certain Friday. They almost unanimously said, “I am not superstitious, but I would not leave on Friday” which to me belied their own words. My usual reply

was, "My only regret is that it is not Friday the 13th." With this background I will proceed to the subject at hand.

When I located in Sheridan, Oregon for the practice of medicine in 1904, there was no way of knowing that the number of regular medical men in that territory would increase by just three hundred percent in six or seven years, to say nothing of the osteopath, but that is just what happened. As it turned out, it took about ten years to reduce this back to just two regular physicians in or near Sheridan and it then remained at exactly two until just before the Second World War when the number of physicians was reduced by death to only one. By the beginning of the Second World War, the population in and around Sheridan had been at least doubled if not tripled, but during all the Second World War and up to this writing, there has been only one regular medical man in Sheridan. However, I understand there is a Chiropractor that has been located in Sheridan for many years. This, I think, clearly shows how I was the victim of circumstances when I located in that territory.

As before stated, when I located in the St. Johns district for the practice of medicine in 1914, there were just six regular physicians on the lower peninsula and one chiropractor, but by 1928 there were fourteen physicians and two chiropractors in this same territory. This was an increase of two hundred fifty percent in regular physicians and two hundred percent in chiropractors. To make this still worse, this all happened shortly before the great panic of 1932 started and it lasted up to just before the Second World War started. Here again I was the victim of circumstances in that during that great panic I could not even make living expenses, all because of a great number of physicians in our territory and the extremely low percentage of the total charge that was collected on my services. During the second World War I was the victim of circumstances in reverse in that I could not physically do half of the work that was available.

In closing this chapter I wish to say that if I had it all to do over, I would study medicine again. An honest, hard working medical doctor does more good and creates more happiness in the world than anyone else that I know of, but he may not make as much money out of the practice of medicine as the dishonest "chiseler". I have never knowingly chiseled by making unnecessary visits, by keeping patients returning to my office unnecessarily (I have known a doctor whom I understand never

dismissed a patient without setting a date in the near future for their return), nor have I knowingly performed unnecessary operations. So I never made a lot of money in the practice of medicine like some doctors that I know of who followed the opposite method. To me the violation of a confidence the laity places in a doctor is an unpardonable sin. In my time I have blocked several needless operations recommended by other doctors and in none of these cases have I had cause to regret what I did. The following pretty well expresses my view:

MEASURE OF SUCCESS

When sunset falls upon your day
And fades from out the west,
When business cares are put away
And you lie down to rest,
The measure of the day's success
Or failure may be told
In terms of human happiness,
And not in terms of gold.

Is there beside some hearth tonight
More joy because you wrought?
Does someone face the bitter fight
With courage you have taught?
Is something added to the store
Of human happiness?
If so, the day that now is o'r
Has been a real success.

Anonymous.

CHAPTER V

THE SOCIALIZATION OF MEDICINE

From time immemorial the general practitioner of medicine has been the physician, the friend, and the general counselor of the family. During the early years of this great west there was no such thing as a county health officer or a county physician, a free dispensary, or even a so-called hospital association. In those days the poor people depended entirely on the good graces of the family doctor and he was seldom found wanting. He was not only their doctor, but with their minister, he was their family advisor and occasionally he had to even advise them in the rudiments of law. It was not uncommon for a family doctor to write wills in an emergency when an attorney could not be readily secured. I have written a few such wills and one that I know of was probated several years later. This man had an attack of acute appendicitis and I wrote the will before he went on the operating table. Fortunately he made a good recovery and lived for several years after that. The presence of a family doctor was always vital to any community. There were then few branches of medicine in which he was not considered qualified to treat the victims of any disease. In the early days an ophthalmologist was practically the only indispensable specialist, although many general practitioners ventured into certain phases of ophthalmology, in which they were successful to a greater or lesser extent. Soon after I entered the practice of medicine, I added the fitting of glasses to my work and I did a thriving business in Sheridan and also in St. Johns until an optometrist came to St. Johns and advertised extensively as an "Eye Specialist Doctor." He kept this up for about three years before the medical board made him stop it, but the damage was already done for me. This man then changed his advertisements to "Vision Specialist." This by him and his successor has been kept up to this day.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century I have been told that the first free dispensary was organized in Oregon and that was on Front Street in downtown Portland. The object was to "screen" the patients when desired through the dispensary and give free service to the deserving poor, but to eliminate all those not deserving free service. The theory was beautiful, since Portland was then

getting so large that no individual doctor could know who was deserving and who was an imposter. This was a condition that doctors did not have to contend with in smaller communities, and at first I am told it worked pretty well. At first the dispensary was managed by doctors, but later the dispensary really took over the management of the doctors whose services were free and the employees who then managed the dispensary were paid for their services. By the time I came to Portland it was a case of the dispensary getting more patients so that more relatives and friends of employees could get more jobs and so the vicious circle went on. To illustrate, I had a brakeman on the Union Pacific Railroad offer me ten dollars to take out his daughter's tonsils and when I objected to the price he said, "If you will not do this for ten dollars, I will take her to the Free Dispensary and get it done free" and that is just what he did even though I advised the Dispensary of this incident giving their names, address and where he was employed. This is only one of about a dozen similar cases in which I filed protests with the dispensary, but I did not get a single reply of any kind.

I mentioned these incidents several times to the president and the secretary of the County Medical Society, but they did not at the time seem to take much interest in the matter. It seems that things have to get extremely bad and for a long time before the medical profession finally becomes aroused. But soon after the Medical College was moved up on the hill, the dispensary was also moved up there, and I have not heard much about it since then. What I have heard indicated that the dispensary is much better managed up there than it was in downtown Portland. For years the dispensary, when on or around Front Street, had a very checkered career. It was a beautiful theory but for a long time it did not work well.

As I recall it was the 1903 legislature of the State of Oregon that passed the law creating the State Board of Health, the state health officer, and the county physicians. The first state health officer was Dr. Woods Hutchinson who was a prolific writer of articles for the laity on medical subjects. It was only a few years until Dr. Hutchinson gave up his position as state health officer and went east where he continued for several years his writing for the laity. It is not my recollection that he did much in the practice of medicine or that he wrote many articles for the medical profession. As I recall the state health office was not opened until July 1, 1904.

About the same time county physicians were appointed by most of the counties. For the first few years the county physicians were engaged entirely in private practice, the receiving of vital statistics from the other doctors of their counties and the seeing that the then new quarantine laws were enforced by the doctors of the county. However, it was not long before the county physicians began to care for the very poor, especially in and around the county seat. Later this was extended to all the poor patients throughout the county who were in need of nonsurgical hospital care, but not to others. In Yamhill County these patients were put in the then new McMinnville Hospital where the county physician then looked after them. Dr. John H. Cook was appointed the county health officer and county physician for Yamhill county. In surgical cases the county physician secured whatever help that was necessary. Dr. Cook was still serving as county physician when I left for Portland. The same plan was carried out in all the counties of the state except those counties that were very sparsely settled.

As I stated before, the National (national in name only) Hospital Association was organized as I recall in 1905 and this is supposed to be the first of its kind to be organized in the world for the care of medical, surgical, and hospital patients of industries. Their first general manager was Mr. Charles C. Bechtold and he is still serving as their general manager. They have always insisted that all severe accidents and all severe illnesses in and around Portland be brought to a Portland hospital and cared for by their staff of physicians who have always been hired on a salary by the year. To the other physicians cooperating with them, they usually paid a fee of twenty-five percent less than the regular fee schedule for the services rendered, but worst of all they only allowed the cooperating physicians in and around Portland to do emergency work, first aid work, or night calls and this at a twenty-five percent discount. For many years this was a "bone of contention" and the cause of much dissension in the county medical society. Once I went to see Mr. Bechtold and tried to get to do more of their work and at an increased price and he said, "the doctors out in St. Johns can take what you are now getting or we will put a new doctor in your territory and you will not get a damned bit of our business." Soon after the National was organized other associations were organized in Oregon and some of them were even more tyrannical than the National, who would drive a hard bargain, but at least the National would keep their agreement when once it was made and that could not be said about some of the others.

I filed several written complaints with both the county and the state medical societies against these associations and carbon copies of some of these complaints are now in my desk in a suitable container. So far as I have ever heard, I am the only doctor who has ever filed written complaints with either the county or the state society and I filed several complaints with each society. Several of the doctors did a lot of "beefing" about the way the hospital associations treated them and it caused a lot of friction in both societies but that is as far as it got until the early 1930s. At that time the Multnomah County Medical Society through some of its members organized the Multnomah Medical Service Bureau, a name to get away from the stigma of a "hospital association" but it was organized very much on the plan of the old hospital associations, except that the stock was all owned by the doctors and it was managed by doctors exclusively. This new association had a medical director who also was the general manager, so that no laymen had anything to do with the operation of the bureau. This plan worked out pretty well, although it was severely fought by the old time hospital associations, but nevertheless the new association made steady gains year after year. I think it was at the July meeting in 1935 that I was elected to serve out a two year unexpired directorship. The bureau was operated by nine directors, three elected each year for three years. One of these nine was elected as chairman of the board, one as secretary and one was chosen medical director. Previous to the formation of this bureau one had been formed in Salem and, I think, in Medford. From the early days of our bureau it took contracts of industries in adjoining counties and did the bookkeeping for the other county society. This was because the State of Oregon required each association to put up a bond of \$5000.00 to the state as guarantee that the contract would be fulfilled and the smaller county societies could not do this.

This gave our bureau an idea of branching out as it were and it changed its name to Oregon Medical Service Bureau in as I recall the summer of 1938. The State Medical Society strenuously objected to this move and as a result of their objections the name was changed back in about a year to Multnomah Medical Service Bureau which it originally was.

By 1940 this bureau furnished service to well up toward 100,000 employees and it was getting to be big business. When the Second World War broke out two large steel shipbuilding yards were established in Portland by the Henry J. Kaiser interests, one on Swan Island and one just below

Terminal No. 4 on the lower peninsula. The former was to build oil tankers and was known as the Swan Island Shipyard and the latter was known as the Oregon Shipyard and it built cargo ships. These ships were all built of steel and the Swan Island yard turned out during the war some 200 tankers and the Oregon Shipyard turned out something over 450 cargo ships. This was a real record in shipbuilding.

As soon as it was discovered what was in the making, it was recognized that the county bureau was too limited to handle all this work for the employees were coming here to work from at least fifty miles away, so the state society set up the Oregon Physicians Service, which was a similar organization, but set up on a statewide basis. This organization was controlled entirely by the officers of the state medical society and it worked out real well. When the shipyards got fully established there were some forty thousand in each of these yards and these workers came into Portland from all around in private cars and in busses and even trucks. It was a sight to behold when the shift was changing, either day or night. They were usually a reckless and wild bunch when they got started for home and it behooved other people to stay out of their way. About a year after the war started the Multnomah Medical Service Bureau was merged with the Oregon Physicians Service and the latter is now, I think, in operation in every county in this state. It has been quite a satisfactory organization for the doctors in general throughout the state.

When the Oregon Physicians Service was organized they departed from the idea of not having a layman as a business manager and selected a layman as a general business manager to have general supervision over the organization and to hire and supervise the employees in general, but they kept the medical director to check over bills and reports of cooperating physicians. There was so much work for him to do that they soon had to select an assistant medical director. When this association took the contract to care for the employees of the shipyards they agreed to care for all illnesses and all accidents that did not happen on the shipyard grounds, but all accidents that happened on the shipyard grounds were to be cared for by the State Industrial Accident Commission. At first the Accident Commission hired one physician on each shift at each yard to care for minor accidents and to make out accident reports in triplicate for each accident. Soon the number of physicians on each shift was increased to

two and then I think three, but these nine men were all under the supervision of a tenth man who hired them. I understand there was no law authorizing such a setup, but that is not the worst of their law violations. Oregon's Industrial Accident Law specifically states that each employee has the right to select his own physician in the case of accidents, but here this absolutely was not true. When a severe accident occurred the person was at once sent to the St. Vincent Hospital without asking any questions and the case was turned over to Dr. Thomas M. Joyce and his associates for care. Patients who needed special care that the doctors at the plant could not give were sent to Dr. Joyce's office at anytime, day or night. Of course, Dr. Joyce did not even see many of these patients, but he had associates on the job both day and night at St. Vincent's Hospital and at his office. But bad as it looks, it suited the doctors on the peninsula for none of us were prepared to give that kind of service and none of us were even able to do the work that was coming to us, much less that which went to Dr. Joyce and his associates. I do not know how it suited the doctors over town near Swan Island, but I never heard any complaint.

Dr. Joyce was head of the surgery department of the medical school, he was head of the surgery department of St. Vincent Hospital, and he was head of the surgery department of the Portland Clinic where his office was located. Even though this setup violated the compensation law of Oregon, I think the accident patients got exceptionally good service and it suited the doctors on the peninsula fine.

Dr. Joyce and Mr. Kaiser were both high ranking men in the Catholic Church and that may have accounted for Dr. Joyce getting all this work. Dr. Joyce was a very able surgeon and he was a "working fool." He died in the summer of 1947 and Dr. Joyce has the dubious distinction of being "one of the richest men in the graveyard" and so far as I know he made his money by rendering good, honest service and then charging an unusually high price for his services.

In about the middle of the Second World War, the National Hospital Association tried to promote and sell a contract for individuals and families that would furnish medical, surgical, and hospital service to their patrons anywhere in the world. For a time they advertised this plan extensively in the Portland daily papers, but I got the impression that not much came of it. Soon after that the Mutual Benefit Sick and Accident Association of Omaha, Nebraska put out a similar plan and I have seen some of their advertisements in the fall of 1947, but I think this has not gone over very good

either. I think they have both had trouble in getting doctors to cooperate with them so that they can carry out either of their plans. As a rule doctors do not like to have someone else make a profit from their work and “sit on their two spots” while they are doing it. That was the big trouble with the original so-called hospital associations and this almost at one time disrupted the county and the state associations. Be that as it may, the Oregon Physicians Service in the late fall of 1945 or the early spring of 1946 started to play with very much the same idea except that their patrons would only be cared for in Oregon and possibly Washington State. In any event, they selected a small territory and took in individuals and families to see how it would work out and during the fall of 1947 they opened up on a large scale, but I don't really know the details. Of course, they had to accept only healthy people and eliminate all chronic, or incurable and infectious diseases. Any disease which became chronic or incurable after coverage, would have to be taken care of for a specific time.

The foregoing is given to show just how much socialized medicine has advanced in the last forty or fifty years. If socialization should continue only at this rate, how long do you think it will take to socialize it, (the poor are pretty well socialized now) for the great middle class? Note: If and when medicine becomes socialized, I think it will carry with it not only medical, but dental, hospital, nursing, ambulance, and cremation or burial services as well. Of course, the rich are able to pay now and as a rule they do not want socialization by the national government, but they do accept it by the local government for the poor and through the prepaid plan for the middle class. Except through the prepaid plan for those who can get it, medical, dental, hospital, nursing, ambulance, and cremation or burial services are at the present time being priced out of the reach of the great middle class of this country and unless something is done in the comparative near future to remedy this situation, I feel that the complete socialization of medicine is inevitable.

The rich specialist who dominates the medical profession is unalterably opposed to the national socialization of medicine and they are “dragging their feet” all the time, but otherwise they are doing the very things that I think are driving us into the national socialization of medicine. By this I mean that I think they are charging such unreasonably large fees for their services that the great middle class cannot afford to employ them. To illustrate, an experienced surgeon often performs three or four major

operations, sometimes more, in one morning depending on the nature of the operation and the conditions found, and he seldom charges as little as \$100.00 for these operations; but usually he charges \$200.00 to \$300.00 for each of these major operations and sometimes a great deal more. This makes his total charge for the morning's surgery around \$600.00 to \$1000.00; but, of course, he probably does not collect on an average half of that amount. But what he does collect is an unreasonable fee compared with what the people who do pay their bills have to pay for those who do not pay their bills for otherwise the charge could be cut in half or less and the surgeon would still make the same amount of money. In the early afternoon, surgeons usually see patients at their offices, and the late afternoon and early morning they usually reserve to see patients at the hospital. This makes a full day on operation days, but most surgeons only operate four to five days a week, except in emergencies, and these may come anytime day or night. The surgeon should be well paid, but with the incomes above noted, outstanding surgeons are clearly out of line with the incomes of the great mass of our people. This is not only true of the surgeons, but to a great extent it is true with all the other specialists. An ophthalmologist will examine a patient's eyes for glasses and he usually spends considerably less than an hour in doing so, even though he has the patient return for a further check-up. I understand his minimum fee is at least \$15.00 and often more. The patient then has to go and get his glasses and pay for them in addition to what he has paid to get his eyes examined. I think this is one reason for the large number of optometrists scattered all over this state. The price charged by the ophthalmologist is just too high for the common people and so they take an inferior service so as to get their glasses at less expense. Fifteen or twenty dollars an hour by an ophthalmologist is entirely too much for fitting glasses, but it still is not nearly so much as the surgeon gets. If an ophthalmologist operates on an eye, then look out, for his charges may be even much higher than that of the general surgeon for the same time spent in operating.

During the Second World War, I had a patient that I had attended for about twenty years who suffered from periodic attacks of headache which resembled migraine. These attacks usually occurred about every two or three months, but they might not occur for four months. I was never able to determine what produced them. She was then between forty-five and fifty years old and her attacks

were fully as bad if not worse than when I first saw her. I finally thought that I might be overlooking something, so I sent her to a specialist on brain conditions, who was an outstanding teacher in the Oregon Medical School. He ran several test on this woman and gave her various drugs and diets, he explained practically nothing to her but kept her coming back often; so before a year was over this woman called me on the telephone and said, 泥r. Gilstrap, I am discharging Dr. so and so and paying him my bill, and I am coming back to you where I intend to stay for he has not given me as much relief as you did and he charges me ten dollars every time I go into his office My fee was two dollars for an office call. So she stayed with me until I retired and I didn't insist that she come back every few days either. This woman was convinced that this specialist's services were not worth as much as mine, although he charged her five times as much for an office call as I did.

Specialists are not the only doctors who overcharge. During the Second World War, and for some time afterwards, it was almost impossible at times to get doctors to make night calls at people's homes. It was physically impossible for me to make night calls and work the next day. Many of the other doctors, from overwork instead of advancing years as in my case, were pretty much in the same boat as I was, so some people were shamefully neglected at that time. I do not know what the doctors usually charged if they did make night visits at that time, but soon after I retired one doctor told me that when he got a night call, he would ask the people if his visit was worth ten dollars to them and if so he would go (he told me that he expected the money when he finished his visit), but if the people thought his visit was not worth ten dollars to them, he would then go back to bed. To me this is a dirty, chiseling graft, but this doctor is a very fine appearing man and he is a devoted member of the Baptist Church.

The drug manufacturers charged extremely high prices for many drugs or drug compounds which are protected by "patent" names. In some cases they are protected by patents on both the process of manufacture and the coined patent names. This method of chiseling was originated in Germany many years ago and it was introduced into this country by the Bayer company from Germany. No drug discovered on this continent until the discovery of insulin in 1922 was ever patented. Before this, various compounds that were intended to "gyp" the public were patented in this country and they

were known as "patent" medicines. Now I know of no drug manufacturer who has not adopted this method to increase his profits and I think in the last twenty-five years literally thousands of these coined names have been patented in this country and they have cost the general public millions of dollars each year. When the Bayer Company got ready to sell to the general public their product known as Aspirin, they transferred nearly all of their other German products to the Winthrop Chemical Company, a then new subsidiary of the Bayer Co., and they sold this product (which owing to the patent running out on both the process of manufacture and the name Aspirin), which would be bought under the chemical name of acetylsalicylic acid for about one-tenth of the price the Bayer Co. had been wholesaling this product to the drug stores for the doctors to use. Since selling Aspirin to the public, Bayer is still selling this product at about ten times the price this same product can be bought at the drug stores under the chemical name. The Bayer product is no better and no worse than the product sold under the chemical name. It is strange to me how the Bayer Co. can put over the sale of their product.

Other German chemicals (which are still sold by the Winthrop Chemical Co. to the drug stores for the use of doctors) are still sold for about ten times the price, under the coined patent names (even though the patents ran out years ago), that the same chemical can be bought for under the chemical name. And it is strange to me, but a good many doctors still continue to prescribe these German drugs under the patent names even if these drugs do cost the druggist, and presumably the patient, ten times as much as they would under the chemical names. This was emphasized to me many times while I was the director of the Multnomah Medical Service Bureau. This Bureau furnished the medicines for their patrons and a carbon copy of all prescriptions had to be enclosed with the bill from the drug store. These prescriptions would often specify old German patents like Luminal which as I recall is the old Bayer patent word for phenobarbital. This was produced and patented about 50 years ago. The patent ran out many years ago, but when I retired the wholesalers were still selling this Winthrop Chemical Co. product at four cents a tablet for the one and a half grain tablet and they were supposed to retail at five cents a tablet. At that time the same sized tablet could be bought at wholesale under the chemical name of Phenobarbital in bottles of 100 tablets at thirty-eight cents a bottle. This same price chiseling

went on for the rest of the twenty or more of the old German patents all of which could be bought under the chemical name for correspondingly low prices.

Up until after the First World War, Germany had the greatest chemists in the world, but I feel sure the U.S.A. now leads the world in the results of chemical research. However, we have copied from the Germans this craze for the coined patent names that has swept this country from one end to the other, but so far as I know, no company here has been able to make the profit out of this craze that the Germans have. I am surprised that the American Medical Association has never attempted to stop this craze. When the First World War started, our government took these companies away from their German owners, but it was not long after the war was over until the Germans had the companies all back again and they were up to their same old tricks.

Before 1937 about the only material used in the manufacture of dentures, commonly called dental plates or even just plates for short, were artificial teeth and rubber, the latter being vulcanized in the manufacture of plates. A set of these plates were usually sold for twenty-five to thirty-five dollars. A single tooth was usually extracted for a dollar and the extraction of several teeth at one time would usually be done for quite a discount. By the early 1940's plastic material had replaced rubber almost entirely and the minimum price for a set of these plates to the patient was at least \$100.00. During the Second World War, I knew of a few sets being sold to shipyard workers for \$300.00 a set. About this same time I heard that by "dolling" these plates up a little by putting in a few inconspicuous gold fillings, they were occasionally sold to some rich people for \$500.00 to \$600.00 a set. For those plates not dolled up, the dentist paid the dental laboratory not to exceed \$29.50 for making them, the dentist only taking the impression, delivering the plates and collecting the money. This was at least a three hundred percent increase in price to the patient. The extraction of a single tooth had gone to three dollars and all other dental work had gone up proportionately. I estimate that a fair price for the material and manufacture of the above dental plates would not be over ten or twelve dollars and perhaps less. Up to now the price of all this still seems to be rising. As can be readily seen, the dentists, too, are charging an exorbitant price for their work.

Since 1937 the hospitals of Portland have at least doubled and in some cases tripled the price for

a private room and they have increased the price of beds in a ward even more. It seems to me that a hospital should no longer be looked upon as a charity institution. They have become so expensive that more and more people are forced to go to the county hospital because they cannot raise the money to go to a private hospital. All of which is pushing us still further toward socialization of hospitals. I have no idea how well nurses have fared who are doing "floorwork" for the hospitals, but the salary of nurses doing special nursing has been at least doubled to the public. Because of the fact that special nurses often had comparatively little to do except to sit and watch the patient, their hours on duty until the late 1930's were always twelve hours, but the nurses working for the hospitals, who were usually very busy, only worked eight hours a day. It is strange that the hours of the special nurses should be reduced to eight hours at a time when the unfilled demand for special nurses was the greatest it ever was. With the decrease in the number of hours worked by special nurses and the increase of salary paid to them, the cost to the general public is almost prohibitive.

At this time a taxi will call at our present home and take a person over town to an overtown hospital for one dollar. An ambulance will call here and take a patient over town for \$7.50. Considering the additional service the ambulance gives and the fact that it is usually only required once in an illness or accident, the price does not seem to be too badly out of line. But with burial and cremation services, it is an entirely different matter. Here I think the amount of money actually spent by the undertaker on the funeral is multiplied just about 1000 percent in the bill rendered for services. He, of course, has quite a loss, but even allowing for this loss, the amount paid the undertaker is out of all proportion to the income of the great mass of the middle class.

If the fees of the doctors, druggists, hospitals, nurses, and undertakers could be brought into reasonable proportions to the incomes of the great middle class, I feel that a great deal of the arguments of the people who advocate the socialization of medicine on a national scale would at once be wiped out. I think our specialists are by far our greatest offenders, but of course, a certain proportion of the overcharges extend all the way down through medicine and its associated professions.

As an offset to the above the medical societies of the various states started fifteen to twenty years ago to organize medical service bureaus to care for employees of industries on a prepaid plan. At

first these service bureaus, like the old hospital associations, furnished not only medical and surgical services, but they also furnished hospital and ambulance service and supplies to their patrons with all the necessary drugs. These latter services they provided by paying for them through the regular channels. In the early 1940s in this state, due to continued friction with the State Pharmaceutical Association, the Oregon Physicians Service discontinued the supplying of drugs except that which is furnished at the plants and in the hospitals.

Gradually the furnishing of hospital service is being taken over by the Blue Cross Hospital Service, which usually stands in about the same relation to hospitals as the medical service bureaus do with the medical profession. This Blue Cross Service was organized some dozen years ago and in most states of the country it has taken over a great deal of the prepaid hospital service. In this and some of the other states the Blue Cross has attempted to take over also the furnishing of medical and surgical service and this has caused no end of friction between the medical service bureau and the Blue Cross. At present there is a bad fight going on between the two organizations in this and other states. If the Blue Cross would confine themselves to furnishing of hospital service only the medical service bureaus would withdraw from that field and that is what I think will eventually happen. As yet no plan has been devised to alleviate the very bad situation in the undertaking field.

The medical service bureaus and the Blue Cross Hospital Service have grown into big business in the last few years, and through their prepaid plan for medical and hospital service, they are now serving many millions of people throughout this country. If it had not been for this prepaid plan, I believe the pressure for the national socialization of medicine would have been very much greater than it has been in the past.

In conclusion, I wish to say that if the socialization is allowed to continue its normal process of evolution, as it has in the past forty or fifty years, I predict that in another fifty years the process will then be practically complete and that the results will then be fairly satisfactory, not only to the public, but to the physicians themselves. The agitation for the national socialization of medicine that has been going on in this country for the last fifteen or twenty years is a bad sign. There were some four million ex-servicemen from the First World War whose medical services were socialized immediately after the

war closed, and of this number probably three million are still living. There are about twelve million people now living from the second World War and this makes a grand total, including the children, wives, and husbands, of say thirty-five million ex-service people including their families. I fear that as soon as the latter group get well organized, which will only require a few years, there will be a united effort by this entire group to get a national socialization of medicine for their entire group of families. If the campaign is skillfully managed it probably will succeed. This would bring all told under direct socialization by the national government some estimated thirty-five million people. If and when this is done, I predict that it will not take the general public long for themselves to demand national socialization for everybody that wants it and I expect they will get it. This I think would be a bad thing to happen because of the bureaucratic control which would be in Washington, D.C. Pat experience has shown that the further such controls get away from the people served, the worse the results are, and likewise, the closer the controls are to the people served, the better the results are. It appears now that the most satisfactory plan is for the national government to put up part of the money for socialization of medicine if and when it comes, and to have a general supervision over the plan, somewhat similar to the old age pension plan at present (I think this or a similar old age pension plan should some way be extended to medical and other professions) but it appears that the direct management of the national socialization of medicine and allied professions if it comes should be placed under the control of the states or possibly the counties or even the larger cities. We have a socialization of our fire fighters, we have a socialization of our police service, we have a socialization of our teachers in our common schools and in our colleges and I think we are doomed for a socialization of medicine and all of its allied services.

If this should prove to be true, and if the medical and allied services will do their part in helping to work out an equitable service, I think we will then have the finest socialized medical service set-up the world has ever known, but if the rich specialists who dominate the medical profession continue to “drag their feet” as in the past, I think we will get a miserable set-up such as that in England and in all other parts of the world. I think it is all up to the medical and allied professions. However, it would have to be an extremely bad set-up to be worse than what I have gone through, but with all the faults of

the past, the practice of medicine is still the finest profession in the world and the one that does the most good to humanity.

The socialization of medical and allied services would trim the excessive charges of all of them, and the centralizing of the offices all in one building to serve a large territory like the whole peninsula in Portland, Oregon would cut expenses very much by having one telephone service, one library, one general laboratory, one x-ray laboratory, and it would very much reduce and better utilize the necessary stenographic, nursing assistance, and technical laboratory work. This set-up would provide medical doctors on a rotation basis to make house visits at all times of the day or night and it would give a service that has been badly needed for many years. Medical and dental service would be provided at the centralized office during office hours. It is true that this method would destroy the so-called "doctor-patient relationship" which has many advantages, but it would be replaced by a far better service to the general public and a far better distribution of the service of the medical and allied professions. By giving each medical doctor regular hours of work, except in an emergency and in a severe epidemic, he would be prepared to give much better service when on duty. No doctor can do his best work when he is up nearly all night on a confinement or is called out one to four times a night, as I have often been, and then is required to be on duty all the next day. I think the day for this kind of practice will soon be at an end and it should be.

The above set-up would require that all the hospital work be done by specialists and it would bring to an end the fight that is now going on in the Portland hospitals by the specialists to drive all the general practitioners and the semi-specialists from all hospitals. A semi-specialist is a man doing general work and also doing some special work such as removing tonsils, caring for confinements, or removing an appendix. Recently one of these semi-specialists told me that the specialists in the hospitals nowadays would look at him as good as to say, 努hat in the hell are you doing here removing tonsils, attending confinements, etc. Apparently the time is not far off when this will not be allowed. All in all I predict that the service to the general public will be much improved by the foregoing and that the expense will be very greatly reduced. This will not only put the general practitioner in his place as seen by the specialist, but it will put the specialist in his place for he will no longer be able to

solicit patients directly from the general public. His patients then for the office will all be referred to him by the general practitioner, which is as it was originally done. Many times I have seen it stated in medical literature that “the general practitioner can handle about ninety percent of all cases as well or better than the specialist” and he can do it at a fraction of the cost to the general public. Specialists are all right in their place, but they are too expensive for general use and they are of no particular use in the general run of cases.

Under a reasonably well worked out system of socialized medicine and allied professions, I predict that the ultimate expense to the general public would be reduced by at least fifty percent over what it would cost to give the same service under our present system and that at the same time the salary of each physician and dentist would exceed the average that he would have received under our present system of practice. I further predict that all medical and allied personnel will receive in addition a reasonable old age pension or social security benefit which would become operative at a suitable time in life. At this time the above may be considered a radical view, but it is my honest and thoroughly considered opinion.

CHAPTER VI

ALLERGIES AND OTHER REACTIONS

Note: I am writing this chapter in the hope that my experience will be of assistance to someone else in solving their problems.

CAUSES AND SYMPTOMS OF ALLERGIC REACTIONS -- The word "Allergy" I think was coined in 1906. It did not start to come into common use in the medical journals until after 1920. It was much later before it started to come into general use. The words "other reactions" refer to migraine or sick headache, which seems to be in some way related to food allergies, but which also seems to require, in addition, an inherited factor. When I was a small boy my mother had severe attacks of sick headache. My father was not very handy in the kitchen and doing the housework, besides he was otherwise employed, so I learned to cook, wash, and iron, run the sewing machine and do other housework at a very early age. I understood my mother inherited these attacks from her mother and I do not know how much further they go back. Mother was having these attacks when I left for college and for good, but so far as I know, I am the only one of Mother's children who ever had migraine. I developed the migraine attacks at an early age in childhood, but at that time they occurred only once in say three months or so and they were seldom ever anywhere near as severe as in later life. These attacks gradually increased in frequency and intensity as I grew older. Our parents gave all of their children coffee when they were very young. When I got to be eighteen years old I was drinking two cups of strong coffee three times a day at mealtime. At this time my migraine attacks were occurring every ten days or two weeks, but they were not severe enough to require a discontinuance of my work. Somehow I discovered that if I did not use coffee my migraine attacks would occur only once in several weeks. I also discovered that if I would then drink one cup of coffee, I would have a sick headache attack in forty-eight hours or less. I tried this many times and it worked every time. As a result of these experiences, I seldom used coffee anymore until I was 58 years old past. However, my headache attacks continued to get worse until I was well past thirty years old. At this time they seemed

to reach about their height and they remained about the same until I was nearing forty when they began to gradually decrease and they had entirely disappeared by the time I was forty-five years old. Long before I had reached thirty years old, I learned that a good dose of effervescent saline laxative, taken at the beginning of an attack, would about cut in half the severity and the length of an attack.

From the time I was forty-five years old to about the time I was sixty-five years old, I was entirely clear of migraine or any similar disturbance. At about sixty-five I developed a pain in the small of the back, especially during the day. Nothing that I found gave me any particular relief. For about three years I was puzzled to know what was causing it. I had checked kidneys and everything that I could think of, but with no results. One day our son, Dr. Clarence, was at our home and I was telling him about my trouble and Clarence said, "that sounds to me like some allergic condition." I said, "So it does!" And I had not even thought of that. Sometimes I go for weeks without an attack and sometimes I would have an attack that would last for a week or two. After some study I decided that it was probably string beans. I had just recently recovered from an attack. I said, "I am suspicious of string beans and Carlie has just brought home some more string beans and I will eat some tomorrow and see what happens." I did eat the beans at noon the next day and the morning of the second day thereafter I recognized that I was having the same kind of an attack that I had been having before. I had some headache and some aching all over the body, but the main pain was in the small of the back. The pain started between eight and nine o'clock in the morning and it would gradually increase in intensity until about eleven o'clock at about which time it would reach its height. The pain would remain about stationary until about three in the afternoon when it would begin gradually to pass off. By about five I was fairly comfortable, but still I knew I had the attack and I knew I would have an attack the next day as usual. During the night I would have about one fourth or less as much pain as during the day. This attack lasted for exactly five days from the eating of one meal of string beans and the attack was exactly alike each day except that some days the pain was more severe than others. After the pain was gone it took about four days before I felt well. After I had completely recovered from this attack, I again ate string beans to see just what would happen and again I had exactly the same kind of an attack. I repeated this several times with exactly the same results each time. By

leaving out string beans, I had no more of these attacks for about two years. This brought me up to the age of 70.

By about the time I had reached 70 I began to have the same kind of attacks that I got from the string beans although I had been eating no string beans. I soon suspected that dry beans were the cause and by a few simple tests of leaving them out for a time and then eating them again, I proved the accuracy of my suspicions. I soon found by trial that this included all types of dry beans. From here on by leaving out all the beans, I had no more trouble until January 1943. At that time I had a mild flare-up of my old Sciatic trouble. I was making no house calls and I was taking my lunch with me to the office to avoid the walking that would be necessary to come home for lunch. In this lunch were sandwiches made of one egg. I was also eating one egg for breakfast at the time my attacks reoccurred again. They were the same kind of attacks that I had been having from beans. After some tests by trial and error, I determined that these attacks were due to eggs. I discontinued the eggs for some weeks and then resumed the eating of the one egg at breakfast only. This was alright and I continued it until the summer of 1945 at which time I had to discontinue eggs entirely. About the first of 1946 the same kind of attacks reoccurred and I finally traced them to peas. Late in 1946 peanuts had to be eliminated for the same cause. In March 1947, canned sweet corn produced the same symptoms and had to be eliminated. I had eaten sweet corn on the ears the summer before and had no trouble, so I was two or three months locating this trouble. It seemed I just could not think it was corn. It only occurred occasionally because we only ate sweet corn occasionally.

In the summer of 1946, I had an aching and an all tired out feeling, the aching was especially in the small of the back and particularly during the day, and it disappeared with the elimination of coffee. As before mentioned I had resumed the use of coffee when I was 58 years old. I seldom drank more than one cup a day until after the beginning of the Second World War. At that time I would sometimes come home so tired that I could hardly go and I found that a good cup of coffee would give me a big lift. About that time I got to taking two cups of coffee for breakfast and another cup during the day if I felt I needed it. Some days I would use as much as four cups of coffee a day and this continued until the fall of 1946. At that time I was feeling badly nearly all the time and I wondered if coffee could

have anything to do with my trouble, so I discontinued coffee for awhile. It seemed to have nothing to do with my trouble, so I resumed the use of coffee until March 1947. During all that time I could not help but suspect coffee and I finally proved beyond a reasonable doubt that it was a factor in my reactions, but I was having reactions from so many other foods that it made it very hard to locate any particular food as an offending factor. These included in the standard five day reactions: squash, asparagus, grapes, radishes, filberts, walnuts, and the last two to be added before this writing January 20, 1949 were cantaloupes September, 1947, and bananas May, 1948. I was always able to be up and about and able to attend to my affairs in all of these five-day reactions, but I would feel very bad at times.

But this is not all of my allergic story and the worst is still to come. In the summer of 1944, I found that occasionally I was having a distinctly different and much more severe reaction. It took me more than a year to solve this problem. All my life I have been very fond of liver. I finally suspected that these attacks were due to liver and by deliberately eating liver and watching the results I finally proved that it was the liver beyond any doubt. These attacks, unlike the former attacks, would come on the next morning after eating liver, no matter what time of day the liver was eaten. In these attacks there is a severe aching all over the body, but the distressing part of the attack is the severe headache. This headache lasts day and night although there is a lessening of about one-fourth to one-third of the pain during the night. The headache would begin to increase the next morning around eight or nine o'clock, reach it's height at about eleven, remain at this height until about four or five o'clock at which time it would begin to ease up again.

This goes on in these attacks for exactly nine days, but these attacks also have their distinct characteristics. Sometimes the reaction on the second or the fourth day was much less severe than the average of the nine days, but this usually occurs on the third day instead, and the same holds true for the fifth and the seventh days, but the sixth was nearly always the better of these three days. These reactions always occurred as above indicated and it was usually, but not always, the third and the sixth days were the better of the nine days. The ninth and last day was nearly always one of the worst days of the whole attack. On the evening of the ninth day the attack entirely passes off and I am then

perfectly free from pain! I then feel so relieved to be free from pain. But I still feel bad all over in a way that I cannot describe and it takes me seven to nine days for this “hang over” to pass off. It is queer that I just feel bad all over in my recovery from these attacks, but that I do not have any pain.

During the latter part of August 1946, I had a good feed of oysters and this gave me exactly the same severe reaction that I had been getting from liver. I had eaten practically no oysters during the war and I was surprised at the reaction. Along in the fall of 1946, I got the same reaction from cheddar cheese. In the summer of 1947 I apparently got some sort of a reaction from cottage cheese, but so far I have not gone back and properly worked it out. On Christmas day of 1946, we had dinner with our daughter, Alice, and family. It did not occur to Alice that I was sensitive to liver, so she put the liver of the turkey in the gravy. I found this out before I ate any of the gravy, but I thought that possibly the amount of liver that I would get would be too small to produce a reaction. I got a very severe reaction from this small amount of liver.

Then in the early part of April 1947, I ate some clam soup made from canned clams and got another severe reaction of the same kind. This was quite a surprise to me because I had eaten clam soup earlier in the year and I had gotten no reaction.

These nine-day reactions together with the five-day reactions previously described made a most miserable winter for me in 1946-1947 and that is the winter that I started planning and writing these memoirs. To make it still worse for me, I took too long a walk just before Christmas and precipitated a flare-up of my old Sciatic trouble so that I was on crutches practically all of Christmas week including Christmas day. Incidentally, at this writing, I have eaten clam necks at three different meals since the above incident and I had no trouble. When I got the reaction from the clams, I suspected that the reaction was due to the presence of some part of the digger which served the same purpose for the clam as the liver serves in the higher animals. Apparently this is true for I had exactly the same reaction as I would have gotten if I had eaten liver.

Another strange thing is that these nine-day reactions have continued to get more severe each year that I have had them. At first when I got these reactions it was reasonably possible for me to continue with my work in the practice of medicine during the attack and that is just what I did, but with

the one attack that I had in 1947, and this one I had in 1948, this would have been physically impossible had I otherwise been able to work. These last attacks have just floored me and I have had to spend practically all of my days on the bed or on the davenport.

Another strange thing about these attacks is that the foods which have given me the reactions are all foods that I am very fond of and further none of these reactions have in any way impaired my appetite for that particular food. I can eat any and all of these foods with just as much relish as ever and so far as the eating is concerned, I would not know and could not suspect that they would give me a reaction of any kind.

For the past five or six years I have been having attacks only very occasionally in which I would feel bad for just one day. I would have a headache, a backache and aching all over the body. In intensity the reaction would about equal that of an average day of one of my five-day reactions, but there would be more headache in these cases. Otherwise this one-day reaction resembled that of a five-day reaction. The day after the reaction, I would not feel very well, but I would be in no pain and the second day after the reactions, I would feel as well as usual. In 1944 I think I had two of these reactions and in the summer of 1945, I had three. Up to that time these reactions had been a complete mystery to me. In the fall of 1946, I ate canned cherries at one meal and two days later I had another one of these reactions. It was typical of the one-day reactions that I had had before. This seemed to solve the problem. I had not eaten cherries before during that year and up to this writing which is August 15, 1947, I have not eaten any more cherries and so far I have not had anymore of the one-day reactions.

During childhood and early adult life I was very fond of cherries, but later in life I did not care so much for them.. For the past ten years there have often seemed to distress me after eating and for that reason I have not eaten them very often. This probably accounts for the fact that I have had so few of these reactions. So much for the food reactions.

I think I have been subject to "hay fever" attacks since early childhood, but I didn't recognize them as such. Probably these attacks were later called hay fever because they often occurred at haying time, but as a matter of fact the hay seldom had anything to do with the attacks. When I was a boy they

were then called “summer colds” because they seemed to be different from the ordinary cold. The first one that I can distinctly recall now and recognize occurred at the time of my graduation from O.A.C. I was having a summer cold at that time and I wondered if I would be able to speak distinctly during the graduation exercise, but shortly before I went onto the stage my nose cleared up and I got along fine. The next real bad one that I can now recall occurred in June 1922, the day before our daughter, Alice, was graduated from O.A.C. We went to Corvallis a day or so early so as to visit relatives and to attend the graduation. I was out driving in the country when the attack occurred and I had to stop the car and get out to get my breath. This was the first time that I had really recognized it as hay fever and it was the nearest to an asthmatic attack that I have ever had. The timothy was in full bloom at that time and somehow I suspected the timothy as the cause. I have never since been in the country under similar circumstances.

For well over thirty years I have known that I was VERY sensitive to the ripe blooms of lilacs. If they were brought into the office I would get “all choked up” in five minutes, but the blooms when they first come out do not affect me very much. In the latter part of May 1943, when the lilacs were just beginning to shed their blooms, I was at La Grande, Oregon, visiting our son, Doctor Clarence, and family, and at that time I had a most miserable time of it because of hay fever. One evening when I was there, Doctor Clarence, Dr. Masky, who was president of Eastern Oregon College of Education, and I went to Wallowa Lake to attend an evening dinner meeting that they were interested in. I had not gotten out of town but a short distance when my hay fever largely disappeared, but it promptly returned when I got back in town the next morning. The hay fever bothered me all the time I was in town and it bothered me all the way home the day I came on the train, but I was completely free from the attack when I got up the next morning.

For several years I have noticed that I always have a considerable amount of hay fever when I am visiting at our son's home in La Grande, Oregon. In April, 1946, my wife and I stayed at their home sixteen days during which time Clarence made a ten-day business trip to Los Angeles. Clarence's wife and son, Roderic, went with him. This is the longest single time I have ever stayed in that town. My hay fever was so bad all the time I was there that the drainage from my nose would wet one

handkerchief every night and every second or third night this drainage would make two handkerchiefs sopping wet. In August 1946, my wife, our daughter Carlie, and I went up to La Grande to visit Clarence and his family and I had exactly the same trouble with hay fever as I had the previous April. In addition we spent two nights at Clarence and Julia's cabin at Wallowa Lake and I had the same trouble there as in La Grande. This is the first time that I had noticed that. We spent the day we were at the lake by making a trip to Hat's Point, a lookout station from which we could look down into what is known as 滴ell's Canyon the Snake River. It looked like it was about a mile down to a sandbar on the Snake river, which is the absolute head of navigation on this river. It is here that the boats turn around and go back. There is a lodge there and we could just see the corner of it. The trip was a scenic one, often high on the side of a mountain where cars could seldom pass, or on top of a high ridge of mountains from which one could look down half a mile to a mile in either direction and the banks were so steep that it looked like it would be impossible for a man to climb directly up them. During this trip I had but very little trouble with my hay fever.

I again returned to La Grande in the following October to go duck hunting with my son. It had been over 53 years since I had been duck hunting and I killed a few ducks, but I could not nearly equal the number killed by Clarence and his son, Roderic. I was surprised that my hay fever was just as bad in October as it was in the previous April and August. I occasionally have some choked-up sensations in Portland, but it is nothing compared to what I have in La Grande.

In the fall of 1947, my wife and I called on some friends here in Portland and when we got home we noticed that my wife had cat hairs all over the back of her coat. She went outside and I brushed them all off and that night I was all choked-up just as I had been in La Grande. We naturally suspected that I was allergic to cat hairs or, probably more correctly, cat dandruff.

Then when my wife, Carlie, and I visited the folks in La Grande the last week in December 1948, I noticed that I had very little trouble with my hay fever. While there I discovered that there were no cats around when previously they had two cats for years. On inquiring, I learned that both cats had been dead for a year and a half. These two incidents probably explain why I have had so much hay fever in La Grande. My wife and I have never had cats about our home. So far as I have known cats

have never been at the cabin at Wallowa Lake, but someone may have taken well-ripened lilac flowers up there the spring before I was there in 1946, and this dry mature pollen may have produced my hay fever and explain why I had it there at that time only.

THE TREATMENT OF ALLERGIC REACTIONS -- During the past ten or fifteen years it has been frequently stated by allergic authorities that all allergic food reactions are due to the effects of histamine. Also, that histamine is a split-protein due to the incomplete breakdown of the proteins into amino acids. The only way that I can see that this is true is to assume that there are many of these so-called histamines that are different in character and that produce different food reactions. This I think would then account for the different types of food reaction that I have, but I have never seen it stated by any allergic authority that there are different, but related types of histamine. It has also been known for well over ten years by some skin specialists (but not by other skin specialists) that one type of eczema known as atopic eczema is due to a type of food to which the patient is sensitive. This I have proved to my own satisfaction many times in the past ten or twelve years. I have also seen the statement a few times that some cases of asthma are due to foods, but I have never seen any convincing evidence that proves this statement to me. So far as I know all asthma and all hay fever cases are due to something that they breathe.

Some eight or ten years ago, the Winthrop Chemical Company put out a product by the name of Histaminase and evidently another coined patent name. As I recall this product was supposed to cause the proteins in the food to break down completely as they should into amino acids and thereby completely relieve all reactions due to food. It was used extensively for a year or so and then so far as I know it was completely discarded. The theory was beautiful, but the darned thing didn't work.

So far as I recall the next attempt to produce a universal desensitizer was made by Park Davis and Company in early 1946. This product which is sold under the coined patent name of Benadryl, was released for general use the day before my wife and I arrived at the Gilstrap home in La Grande in April 1946, a trip I referred to earlier in this chapter. Our son had 100 of the 50 mg. capsules on hand at that time. We arrived in La Grande on Friday evening and, as my son was very anxious that I should

receive benefit from this new wonder drug, he gave me one capsule that evening and also a sufficient supply to last me while they were gone to Los Angeles. I took one capsule three times a day on Saturday (they left sometime after midnight Sunday morning) and one three times a day on Sunday.

Monday morning I got up feeling very bad and soon I developed a splitting headache, a very dry throat, a bad ringing of the ears, and a very marked contraction of the visual field. The lateral visual field is easily determined by looking straight forward and seeing how far back you can see both of your hands when your arms are extended straight out from your body. My visual field was contracted to about half of normal.

As a result of this visual contraction, I was afraid to drive a car during the attack. This attack did not let up day or night for eight days and the eighth day was one of the most miserable days that I have ever had. This attack did not ease up in the evening as other attacks had, but it passed off in the night and the morning of the ninth day I was free from pain and my visual field had largely returned to normal, but it took six days to get over feeling bad from the attack. This was one among the most miserable reactions that I have ever had, but it was one day short of my longest reaction from one meal of food. Of course, any reaction can be kept up indefinitely if the material is continued.

Clarence was in Portland some weeks later in 1946 and he bought me 100 capsules of the 25 mg. each of Benadryl. Clarence still thought the Benadryl would do me good if I could take it but in reduced doses, so I began cautiously by taking only one capsule once a day. I took only three capsules when I recognized that I had a mild reaction from the Benadryl. I had the same kind of a headache, dryness of the throat, and ringing of the ears that I had before, but I did not notice the contracted visual field as before. This attack was about one third in intensity of the first attack and it lasted the eight days as before, but the "hang over" was not nearly so bad as before. Up to this writing, I have not taken anymore Benadryl. Since the Benadryl came out there have been two other similar products put out by two different companies, but I have not had any experience with either of them. As I understood Benadryl was not supposed to relieve an attack that had already begun, but I was supposed to take the Benadryl before meals and then I was supposed to be able to eat anything that I wanted to. This was my understanding, but Dr. Clarence seemed to have a different understanding of its use and I was

following his instructions. Fortunately I did not have any food reaction when I was taking the Benadryl and this gave me a chance to determine exactly what the Benadryl reactions were in my case. If the Benadryl did me any good, I did not determine it. It is probably needless to say that I have not taken any more of the Benadryl.

In the early spring of 1947, Dr. Clarence received literature from an allergic specialist telling how he was successfully using histamine, made chemically in the laboratory, as a universal desensitizer. Clarence was completely sold on this idea and he wanted me to come up to La Grande at once and let him give me the histamine. Clarence knew all about the previous miserable winter that I had had, and he was very anxious to help me out. He could not understand why it took him three weeks to get me up there. I understood he thought that I would at once get relief from all these miserable reactions and be able to eat any food that I wished. But I was not at all sold on the idea. In the face of the several different reactions that I had, I could not see how a synthetic histamine could be a universal desensitizer in my case. Besides I knew that histamine was a powerful drug and that one part of it to ten thousand parts of water had to be given in drop doses. I told my wife and daughter before leaving for La Grande that I probably would get a severe reaction before we determined what dose I could take with comfort. All the information that I had was to the effect that the use of histamine as a desensitizer was in the experimental stage and did not seem to be working out very well. However, I decided that there might be something to be gained and that the best way was to go to La Grande and try it out. So I arrived there Thursday evening May 8, 1947. Clarence had a solution of one part of histamine made up in ten thousand parts of sterile water and he gave me one minim (about one drop) the next morning by hypodermic. This was repeated that evening and again Saturday morning at about eight o'clock. Soon after this I began to have a headache and to feel badly all over and I recognized that some sort of a reaction was coming on. The headache got worse rapidly and in addition I soon developed some dryness of the throat, some ringing of the ears and a distinctly rapid and hard breathing. All of these symptoms got worse rapidly and reached their height at about eleven o'clock. They remained at this height for about half an hour to an hour and then declined at about the same speed they went up until there were about one-third to one-fourth the intensity of the peak point

of the reaction.

When we started treatment, Clarence said if I had any reactions while I was up there, he wanted to see if he could break the reaction, and if this was not possible, he wanted to see if he could relieve the intensity of the attack. At the height of this attack my daughter-in-law phoned Clarence at the office and he prescribed two phenacetin compound tablets and one ephedrine and amital capsule. Since this was not the standard reaction, Clarence was not satisfied that this was a histamine reaction, and he wanted to give me another hypodermic that evening, but I begged off. The rest of the day Saturday, all day Sunday and Monday, my reaction stayed at about the same intensity of reaction as that to which it leveled off Saturday afternoon. Monday evening Clarence urged me to take another "shot" of histamine, which I did, and I took another at eight o'clock the next morning. I was already fully convinced that what I had was a histamine reaction, but I decided that I would have to go through a second reaction (when I was not yet over the first) to convince Clarence that I already had a histamine reaction. Soon after the eight o'clock dose on Tuesday, I began to have another reaction which was just like the one I had on Saturday, except that it was very much more severe. The attack reached its height at eleven o'clock as before and I think the headache was by far the severest that I have ever had. The pain was so severe that tears flowed freely down my cheeks. My breathing resembled that of a patient in a diabetic coma. Clarence was again contacted and he prescribed the same medicine as before. In half an hour or more I was easing up. This time I got about the same proportion of relief as before, but the attack was so much worse that it left me feeling much worse than after the first attack. Since Clarence did not see me in the height of this reaction, he did not realize the extent of the reaction so he was still not convinced that the reaction was due to histamine, but I refused to take any more of the one in ten thousand dilution. Notice that I got a much worse reaction from the two drops than I did the first time from three drops. I told Clarence that I was willing to try a one to one in a hundred thousand dilution when I got over this reaction. Clarence made the dilution and came home at ten o'clock Thursday morning and he urged me to take a shot of it which I did. At one o'clock that day the third reaction began. That was the first time that I had ever had a reaction begin in the afternoon. This attack was about half or two thirds as bad as the first attack of this kind that I had on the previous

Saturday. I decided that I would not take anything this time to try to relieve the attack so that I could see just how the attack would go. It went up to the peak just as before, stayed up a half hour or a little more, and then declined just as before, thus proving that the medicine I had taken before had little or nothing to do with the relief I got. I understand that the above reaction is not the ordinary reaction that most people get from histamine, for it is not the reaction that I have seen described in the literature, but it certainly is the reaction that I got from histamine. The proof is that I never had this type of reaction before I took the histamine, that I had exactly the same type of reaction five times when I was taking the histamine, and that so far I have not had a similar reaction since I quit taking the histamine. It appears the predominant reaction in most people is a dilation of the capillaries and small blood vessels which produces an increased blood supply to all regions of the body which are supplied with such blood vessels. No such reaction in my case.

The Thursday noon that I got the third histamine reaction, which occurred at one o'clock, we had homemade chicken noodle soup for lunch. Immediately that we sat down to the table Clarence discovered that there was liver in the soup and he so advised me. So far as I could recall later I had not eaten any of the soup before Clarence spoke, but final results indicate that I did take some of the soup and that I felt so bad that I did not recall it later on. Anyway I at once discarded that soup when Clarence called my attention to the liver in it and I took two tablespoonfuls of cottage cheese instead. All that afternoon and night I felt very bad from the third histamine reaction added to the other two and under those conditions I could not tell how long those reactions would last if one was not lapped over the other. I felt worse the next morning which was Friday and before nine o'clock I was sure that I had the beginning of a nine day reaction that resembled a liver reaction. By eleven o'clock I was most miserable with this new reaction which was added to the previous reactions. Clarence prescribed various things for me but with no relief. On Saturday I may have been a little better than on Friday, but I was not very sure of that. But from the time of my first reaction on Saturday to the second Sunday I was there, I was out of the house only once and that was to mail a letter at the farther end of our block to my wife. I even felt so bad that I seldom even looked out of the window, but I spent nearly all of my time, except mealtime, on the davenport or on the bed upstairs. I recalled that the third day of a liver

reaction was nearly always the best day of the nine, and I decided that the place for me was at home. Although I was very miserable, I left for home Sunday May 18, 1947. As I had expected, this day proved to be the best day of the nine. This attack was one of the most miserable food reactions that I have ever had. The ninth day was the worst day of the attack and it took me almost nine days after that to get over the effects of this attack. This meant that I was miserable continually for just twenty-three days. This was the worst and possibly the longest bad siege that I have ever had.

The Friday before I left for home, and the day that my food reaction began, Clarence brought home at noon the literature that he was so sure pointed the way to the relief of my food reactions and he asked me to read it. I was too ill at that time to read the literature because of the food reaction that had been added to the previous histamine reactions. This literature must have been very convincing for when Clarence found I was going home, he fixed up a histamine solution, one part to a hundred thousand parts of water and he asked me if I would take it after I got home. I promised that I would when I got over all the reactions that I then had. I was to take one drop in a full glass of water once a day before meals and increase the dose by one drop a day until I got up to 25 drops or until I got a reaction.

I got a reaction at 16 drops which was about two thirds as severe at the first reaction that I got from histamine. I waited until I was all over this reaction and I tried again as I had promised to by taking it again but in reduced doses. This time I started with four drops and increased one drop every second day. I got a much worse reaction when I got up to eight drops than I got from 16 drops before. I determined at this time that each reaction lasted just four days and that it took three additional days to get over the effects of the reaction. Clarence also made up a one in ten thousand solution at the time he made up the other solution and I was to take it when I got up to 25 drops of the one in a hundred thousand solution, but I never got there. At this point I gave up and discontinued the whole thing.

When I got over all these reactions, I still had trouble. Some nights I would hardly sleep at all and other nights I would sleep nearly all night, but in each case I would get up so tired of a morning that I could hardly go at all. As the day would pass on I would feel better and in the afternoon I would feel fairly well. This went on for several days and I couldn't think what was doing it. finally I recalled

that for ten days, more or less, I had been eating one or two small pieces of chocolate candy a day, so I decided to leave the chocolate out and see what would happen. In about a week, and I am sorry I did not keep count of the exact number of days, I was entirely over this and I felt fine once again. This was about the middle of July 1947 and at this writing I have not checked and rechecked the use of chocolate.

It has been only during the last few years that I would eat chocolate at all and then it was only occasionally. In my boyhood I do not recall that I ever knew there was such a thing as chocolate, but after I went to school at Corvallis, I did use a little chocolate. I soon decided that I did not like it and I seldom if ever touched it until about ten years ago. I am reasonably sure that the above listed attack was due to chocolate. If these attacks reoccur, I will make further observations to see if chocolate in any form is a factor in producing them. This shows how a problem, which occurs only occasionally, can remain unsolved for years when I was really looking for the solution.

When I told you of the reaction that I got from Benadryl earlier in this chapter, I did not intend to convey the idea that nearly everybody got the same reaction that I got. On the contrary I have every reason to believe that many people have gotten relief from Benadryl in hay fever and other allergic conditions, even if I did not. The same can be said of Pyribenzamine, a product which is somewhat similar to Benadryl. They can be used interchangeably. There is a similar preparation out in France, but I do not know much about it and I do not now recall the name. These products have made real progress in the right direction, but apparently they are not a solution to my problems. I too was very much disappointed in the effects of Benadryl in my case.

The irony of all this is that Clarence knew what I had been going through for so many years and he was so very anxious to do something to help me. In both cases the literature led him to expect an entirely different result from what we got. Clarence's intentions were of the very best, but he was so sold on the ideas expressed in the literature in both of these trials that he could hardly realize that there could be a failure. If histamine should prove to be a general desensitizer for all allergic cases, I feel sure that the beginning with a small dose of histamine and then gradually increasing the dose as tolerance increases without a reaction is the right method of approach, but in my case we could not

seem to find and keep within the tolerance dose of histamine and the repeated reactions only served to make me more sensitive.

It will take time to prove whether the man who put out the literature on histamine that Clarence read was a man who was far ahead of his time, for I had received no such literature, or whether he was just another “common crack-pot.” Somehow I suspect the latter. Time will tell. I have seen many foolish ideas put out by crack-pots, some of whom were specialists, and this may or may not be another. In any event this whole affair was undoubtedly very humiliating to Clarence and it was very disappointing to me. Here, Clarence had followed the most advanced literature of this period, and the literature that offered the greatest hope for my relief, only to find that it all appeared to be a complete failure in my case. I appreciate immensely the great effort that Clarence made in trying to help me. He did his very best and that is all that anyone can do.

In the May 1947 issue of Clinical Medicine an allergist states that some sensitivities to food are fixed and last during the lifetime of the patient. He says that this type of reaction accounts for five to ten percent of the total food allergies in the average group of patients. In this group the elimination of the offending food does not re-establish tolerance but in the rest of the cases a reasonable tolerance will usually be re-established in a year. But if it is not re-established in two years the sensitivity is permanent. I had never seen this stated in just this way before, but from my experience, I think there must be a lot of truth in it. At least it gives an idea to work on.

This man also says that he has never seen an allergic reaction that lasted over five days. Then my case must be very unusual for I have the one-day reaction, the four-day reaction, the five-day reaction which is the most common of all, the eight-day reaction and the nine-day reaction. This man says that the sooner the reaction comes on after eating the offending food, the more severe the reaction will be and the longer it will last. This I have never seen stated before, but it corresponds with my experience.

In this article this man describes many other types of allergy that I do not have. He states that skin tests are unreliable in anyone's hands. I had considered them to be clinically at least ten percent accurate and possibly more. He stated positively that “desensitization is not of value at the present

time.” He further states that “patients should have their allergies determined and then be taught how to live with them.” To me this is in accord with our present state of knowledge, and further, it is the most common sense article on allergy that I have ever seen. The above material is directly opposite to the material that Clarence has accumulated. Here doctors disagree and these two are specialists in allergy. This only goes to show that the whole problem of treating at this time is in a state of flux. In other words, it has only reached the experimental stage. Up to this time the elimination of the offending food is the best remedy.

The worst problem is to determine just what food or foods are producing the reactions and when that is done it becomes a question of how long, if ever, it will take nature to re-establish a reasonable tolerance. I have known since 1928, when I returned to the steady use of coffee, that nature will at least sometimes re-establish a tolerance. The article above referred to had not arrived in Portland before I left for La Grande in May 1947, so it had no bearing on my hesitance in going to La Grande and trying out the new histamine desensitization treatment for allergies.

LATER NOTES ON ALLERGIC PROBLEMS -- On August 19, 1947, I mowed and otherwise worked on the lawn until I was very tired. I came in the house to rest at 3:15 P.M., but I soon found out that I was so tired that I could not rest. At 4:45 I still was not resting at all, so I drank a cup of coffee to give me a “boost” or a “lift” as I usually call it. In half an hour I was feeling much more rested and in an hour I felt quite rested. I had long known that I could get a big lift from coffee and I had also known that it would keep me awake for four or five hours, but this time it kept me awake for almost six hours. But it did not give any of the regular five-day reactions as it had before. It had only been a few months since I discontinued the use of coffee. When I had to stop using coffee as a young man, I then presumed that the sensitization was permanent.

About the first of September 1947, and for no apparent reason, I began losing endurance. This was a gradual failing and it was about a week before it really attracted my attention. Then it occurred to me that due to the lack of practically all proteins from vegetables and much of the proteins from the animal kingdom, I might not be getting proteins enough to supply my protein needs to rebuild muscular

and other tissues. I did nothing about it for a few more days. On the 11th or 12th of September, I about doubled my intake of lean meats, but my endurance continued to fail until September 15th at which time it reached an all time low for me when not apparently ill. On that day I went downstairs to the basement and typed two short letters which exhausted me. I was not able to do anything more that day. The next day I started to make a distinct gain of endurance. This continued for five more days by which time my endurance was at least as good as the first of the month. Up to this moment I have had no return to the condition above described, but I have maintained my supply of meat and I have added cottage cheese to my diet without any bad effects at this time.

On September 29, 1947, I got a headache and felt bad all over and for the first two days I thought I probably was taking a cold. At the end of this time I recognized it was a food reaction of some kind and not a cold. This reaction lasted exactly five days and I felt badly for a few days more. This was the first food reaction I have had since last May. In many ways this was similar, but much milder than a reaction from liver, i.e., the headache was the predominating symptom. After I got over this attack I felt remarkably well for about a week when on October 13th I got a similar attack and again it started very much like a cold for two days. This attack lasted six days with only one day that I was free from headache when another similar attack came on which lasted exactly seven days, not counting the several days required to get over the effects of these attacks. This was the most severe of the three attacks and it indicated that I had eaten the offending food three days in succession, for the first attack only lasted five days, but if I ate the food one day and then skipped one day and then ate the same food the next day it would give a similar effect. In the six day attack I probably ate the offending food two days in succession. So far I have not determined the offending food, but I have some suspicions that I will check on later.

My real suspicion was cantaloupe and I did not eat any more cantaloupe that fall since the season was nearing the end. After cantaloupes came on the market in 1948, I began eating them carefully by allowing two days to elapse before eating cantaloupe again and the second day following the third meal I got the typical reaction above described. I plan to let more than a year elapse before eating cantaloupe again.

For more than two years I had eaten no eggs in anything but in the summer of 1947 I started to eat cookies which had eggs in them. First I would eat only one cookie and later I got to eating more. Then I got to eating a small amount of sponge cake and still I had no reaction. Then a few times I ate one waffle which contained one-third of an egg with no trouble. Later I ate one-fourth of an egg at breakfast and a week or ten days later I ate fully one half of an egg for breakfast and still no reaction. With this I decided that I could surely eat an egg for breakfast with no trouble, so on October 12, 1947 I ate one whole egg for breakfast. I have always been fond of eggs and this one tasted just as good as they ever did. On the morning of October 14, I got up not feeling very well, but it was not until after eleven o'clock that I was sure I had a reaction from eating this one egg. By noon I had a severe aching in the small of the back with a headache which was about half as bad as the backache and an aching of the arms and legs which was about half as severe as the headache. Around three o'clock I started to feel better and by five the aching had been reduced two-thirds or three-fourths. The aching stayed about the same all night and by eight or nine in the morning I was getting much worse. I think the reaction the second day was the most severe I have ever had from eggs. It did not begin to ease up until after four o'clock. Again I had about the same proportion of relief. The third day of a five-day reaction is nearly always by far the best day of the five and this one was no exception. The reaction of the fourth day was not as bad as that of the first day and that of the fifth day was about the same as that of the fourth day. This is unusual for the reaction on the fifth day is usually one of the worst of the five-day reactions. I have no idea why it should have been that way this time, but I think there can be no doubt but that the reaction was due to the one egg that I ate on October 13, 1947. I am copying this on January 26, 1949, making one original and two carbon copies, and for several months I have been eating cookies, pancakes and waffles that have egg in them and have had no reaction from this so far.

In the early part of May 1949, I found that bananas gave the standard five-day reaction. On the 27th of the same month I ran into a severe liver reaction by eating some canned meat that did not say that it had liver in it. This reaction was on at the time of the great flood that destroyed Vanport City, May 30, 1948.

For about four years I have known that I was allergic to asparagus, squash, and pumpkin. On

October 26, 1948, I decided to see if I had reestablished a tolerance to squash. I ate a nice piece of baked squash and on the following day I ate a small piece, just a "sliver". On the 28th I developed the standard five-day reaction except the pain which is usually low in the small of the back was in the shoulders and arms and the headache was unusually severe for this type of a reaction. The third day as usual was the best day of the five, but the fifth day was probably not as bad as the first and the second days. This with my experience with egg a year ago suggest that I am not re-establishing much tolerance in one or two years as I am supposed to do.

Since I had not eaten any beans for several years I decided to eat some and see if I had re-established tolerance to them, as so many people are supposed to do in at least a year or so. On January 15, 1949 I ate two rounding tablespoons full of beans with some bean soup and there was no reaction. On January 23rd I ate a similar amount and still no reaction, so on January 31st I ate just about the same amount of beans for the third time and this time, beginning on February 1st, I got, without a doubt, the most severe five-day food reaction that I have ever had. The five days were all of about even intensity in severity of reaction. The headache and aching of the body was just about as severe as the backache. The only work that I had to do was to type on my memoirs, but I felt entirely too bad for that. Then followed the five days in which I felt bad all over, but I was not really in any pain - the "hangover." The second day of this five-day period was so bad that I wondered if I was taking the "Flu" or if I was getting another food reaction before I had really gotten over the recent one. The third and fourth days were about like the first day of this five-day period, but the fifth day of the reaction was nearly as bad as the second day. During all the hangover period I was restless and able to do some work during the days. Of late afternoon, nights and early morning I would be fairly comfortable. The eleventh day after the attack began and the thirteenth day after I ate the last beans, I felt fairly well, but not buoyant. I paid a severe price in suffering for eating two tablespoons full of beans and from this experience I infer that I will never again be able to eat beans without running the risk of a severe food reaction.

A few years ago tomatoes turned against me, so I did not eat them, but about the middle of April 1949, I ate some again and they tasted quite good. The second day after eating them I had a headache

and aching through the shoulders, and each day for three more days the reaction was more severe, but the fifth day I was free from pain although there was some “hangover” for a few days. Here was a new four-day food reaction.

During the summer and fall of 1949, I have had three reactions that were all very similar to each other and each lasted only two days. So far I have no idea what food did it, but here was a new two-day reactions. Up to this writing January 13, 1950, I have found no three-day, six-day, or seven-day reactions, but I presume one may show up later.

From the foregoing you should be able to deduce a good idea of food reactions, especially those that affect me. Perhaps I have gone into more detail than was necessary, but if you have as much trouble from food reactions as I have had, you will be glad to read all of the foregoing for possible clues to your own problems. Perhaps others will not spend much time with this anyway.

From the foregoing you might be led to believe that it would be almost impossible to “spot” an offending food in case of an unexpected reaction, but usually that is not the case. Perhaps by this time you have noticed that the foods which we eat every day, with the exception of eggs and the elimination of coffee which is not a food anyway, such as milk, meat, bread and butter, potatoes and ordinary gravy, and fruits with the exceptions of cherries, grapes and bananas, are not involved in any of these reactions. It then usually becomes a question of checking on the foods eaten periodically and then proving by trial and error just which food is the offender. I have never heard of anyone else who has worked out the mass of allergic problems that I have. In this chapter I have gone into rather minute detail to make it clear that my reactions are real and not just imaginary as some people's are. There are people who think that certain foods do not agree with them, but very few go to the trouble of carefully and accurately testing out those foods to see just what actually does happen to them when they eat those particular foods. The question with me now is, where will the adding of foods to my allergic field stop? And if the rate keeps up as in the last several years, what will I soon have to eat? With this thought (and since I cannot answer it) I am closing this chapter, but still hoping that something will happen to make conditions better.

CHAPTER VII

EARLY EDUCATION IN THE MIDWEST AND NORTHWEST

COUNTRY SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES-- In the early settlement of Missouri and other midwestern states as well as all of the far northwestern states, (the far southwestern states are not included because of the early establishment of Catholic Missions in them), most all early education was provided by schools that were commonly known as academies. As fast as a town or a community would spring up an academy would be organized at once. This would be done long before the public school systems could be organized. The academies continued to operate long after the public schools were organized because the academies, which were supported entirely by tuition, would run ten school months out of the year. The country public schools up to about 1880 never ran more than three school months a year. The public schools in small towns usually ran only four to six months a year at most. As a result of this, families who could afford to would usually send their children to an academy the year round and this often required that their children stay in town or the community center from Sunday evening until Friday after school was out and that is just what often occurred. I understand that the schools in the far east went through this same process but it occurred many years earlier.

Each academy had a principal or head of the school and this was nearly always a man. He was called Professor so-and-so. The Tualatin Valley Academy at Forest Grove, Oregon was the only exception that I have heard of. This academy was organized by a woman and, I think, she continued as the head of that school until it was taken over to form the nucleus of the present Pacific University at Forest Grove. During the early days it was fairly common for local churches to organize an academy and in that case the preacher of the church would usually become the "professor" or head of the school. In any case if the professor could teach all the pupils himself, he would do so, but if he could not, he would hire extra teachers and these usually were women. If only one room was required it was not uncommon to hold classes in a vacant store building. If two rooms were required, the upstairs of the

store building was often pressed into service. Most store buildings those days had an upstairs and they were often used for living quarters. Often it was necessary for the academy to build their own school rooms and they usually received substantial assistance from the community in the way of work and building materials. After a number of years many of the academies owned substantial frame buildings which usually consisted of two to four rooms. In a town of any size the four-room buildings were the most common.

Before the Portland Academy closed, it had well over a dozen rooms for classes, but it was by far the largest academy in this state. As a rule the one and two-room academies would not teach more than the common school subjects, but the academies with four or more rooms would teach subjects now commonly taught in the high schools and even business colleges. They would teach algebra, general history, advanced grammar (now called English) and perhaps bookkeeping, advance Spencerian penmanship, mental arithmetic, and possibly business administration. In mental arithmetic, the professor would first read the problem, then turn his book over on the desk after which he would call on someone in the class to get up and restate the problem, solve it mentally aloud and give the answer. No pupil knew before hand who was going to get the problem. If the pupil so assigned could not do this the problem was assigned to another. If several failures were made the professor might then ask for volunteers to solve that problem, but that was rather unusual. In business administration the pupils were taught the broad principals of meeting and dealing with the public. These latter courses were usually taken by pupils who planned to go into business of some kind. Typewriting had not come into use at that time. Some of those pupils wrote a most beautiful hand.

Around 1880 to 1885 when the country schools changed from three to six months school a year the town schools then changed from five or six to eight or even ten school months a year. With this the academies nearly all moved out of the common school field and most of them moved into the high school field or went out of business entirely. The one notable exception that I know of was the Portland Academy. While they taught the full high school course they maintained their primary subjects to the end. As the academies generally gave way to common schools and high schools, the Portland Academy became largely a select school for rich men's children and the children of their

teachers. My brother-in-law, John Albert Van Groos was a teacher of mathematics in this academy from about 1903 to about 1920. During that time as his children became old enough to attend school, he sent them all to this academy. Once John expressed sympathy to my wife and me because our children were not getting as good an education and training in the public schools as his children were getting in the Portland Academy. Be that as it may, our children did much better in the common school than his did and there was no comparison between them when they got into college and it came to getting good credits.

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES FROM ACADEMIES -- The University of Oregon was developed directly from the Spencer's Butte Academy. As before mentioned, the Pacific University grew out of the old Tualatin Valley Academy of Forest Grove Oregon. The Corvallis Academy was organized in the early days by the Southern Methodist Church and it became the Corvallis College in 1868 and it was taken over from the church by the state and became the Oregon State Agricultural College at Corvallis, Oregon in the fall of 1868. The Pacific College at Newberg, Oregon grew directly out of the old Newberg Academy which was organized during early settlement by the Friends' Church. President Herbert Hoover attended this academy when he was a boy. Lewis and Clark College was formerly the Albany College at Albany, Oregon and I understand this grew out of the old Albany Academy which was organized by the Presbyterian Church when Albany was just forming. The Oregon College of Education at Monmouth, Oregon was previously the Monmouth Normal School. I understand this Normal School was established about 1860 or earlier when the State took over the old Monmouth Academy which was established at Monmouth, Oregon which was, I understand, originally established by the Baptist Church as the McMinnville Academy. So it goes with all the other colleges of the state that I know of except the Eastern Oregon College of Education at La Grande, Oregon. This was established as a Normal School by a direct vote of the people in 1928. At this time the voters re-established the Ashland Normal School, which had been discontinued about 1920, and this is now known as the Southern Oregon College of Education. This school, too, was I think originally an academy and taken over by the State of Oregon along about 1880. Several churches established

academies that were converted into colleges and later abandoned. The Dallas college and the Lafayette College were two of these. I do not recall who established the Dallas College at Dallas, Oregon, but the Lafayette College at Lafayette, Oregon was established by the Evangelical Church.

EARLY MEDICAL EDUCATION IN THE NORTHWEST -- The medical department of the Willamette University at Salem, Oregon was the first medical college in the great northwest. I think it was organized in 1867 and for a number of years it was the only medical school in Idaho, Washington, and Oregon. The requirements for graduation, like all or nearly all of the other medical schools of that day, were two six-month terms of school in two separate years. The first six months were devoted to the study of anatomy and other subjects, but the actual study of diseases and their treatment was reserved for the second six-month term. No two terms could be in the same year. In the time between the two school years the medical student was required to spend his time in and around the office of a regular practitioner of medicine. This was supposed to give the medical student quite an insight into the coming year's work. I understand our old family doctor, Norman Leslie Lee, of Junction City, Oregon, was graduated from this school in 1870. Dr. William Fyler-Smith of Sheridan, Oregon was graduated from this school in 1881. I think Dr. Smith, as he was called, was in the last or at least one of the last of the two-year six-month courses. During the years of 1880 to 1885 all the medical schools in this country changed from the two six-months a year medical courses to the three six-months medical courses in three different years. A few years later they all extended their requirements for graduation to eight and nine months of school in three different school years. Between 1895 to 1900, all of the regular medical schools in this country changed to the four-year courses.

This chapter was written because I have not seen any published material containing this information, but it is reasonable to presume that someone has published similar material and that I have just not seen it.

CHAPTER VIII

HUMAN NATURE

HUMAN NATURE --Human nature is a queer thing. Look at the amount of crime and immorality that is going on in the world. A woman and sometimes a man is often not safe alone on our streets at night and occasionally not even in the daytime. We pride ourselves on our high state of civilization and, while it is probably the highest the world has ever known, it is far short of even reasonable safety, honesty, and decency. A considerable number of women and girls are molested or murdered in this state every year and the culprits are all too seldom caught and appropriately punished. Those that are caught and punished usually receive an inadequate punishment and they are all too often soon turned loose again to prey upon the public. The same is true of robbing, stealing, and murdering that is going on all over this country.

It is my considered opinion that only about one person in ten is Reasonably Dependable and Honest. By being reasonably dependable, I mean that there is only about one person in ten in the general public who if assigned a job to do and who agrees to do it will actually do it without further supervision. One of the things I mean by being reasonably honest is that if a person contracts a debt he will actually pay that debt when it becomes due even without a "reminder" or if this is impossible he will try to arrange for an extension of the time when he first knows that he cannot meet his obligation when it will become due. It is my experience that only about one person in ten in the general public will actually do this and that is about ten percent. About twenty percent more will pay their doctor's bills if given a few "reminders." In ordinary times about fifteen percent more will pay their doctor bills if given considerable urging over a considerable time. At the end of several months if all reminders have been entirely ignored the remaining unpaid doctor bills should be sent to a good collector. But if the debtor makes promises to pay and then entirely ignores these promises (and this is fairly common among the general public) it may take six months to a year to determine that the debtor has no intention of paying, if he can avoid it, the reasonable bill to his doctor that he has contracted. When this is

determined, the bill should be sent at once to the collector. This at least applies to a locality like St. Johns where “the woods are full of dead-beats” and from the collector about another five percent more will be realized after paying for the collection expenses, which when added to the forty-five percent previously collected makes a total collections of fifty percent from the business from which collections should have been made. My experience is that the balance is a total loss. What was really gained in this territory by sending these accounts to a collector was that of getting rid of the great mass of “dead beats” but this does not mean that a doctor should “jump on a man that is down” and trying to pay his bills. And far be it from the average doctor to do so! Due to the nature of the practice of medicine at this time it is almost impossible for a medical man to refuse to give service to a deadbeat until he has a bill on his books against him, but by sending the bad bills to the collector, the deadbeat seldom returns for service. The ordinary businessman could not stand such a loss and the dead beats know it. If he is a good businessman, he usually sees that the reasonably small accounts are paid every thirty days and if he does not watch his collections he will soon go out of business. If the “bad pays” get credit at all it is usually for a very limited amount and for a short time only. Then if they do not pay it is no more credit with the businessman.

The foregoing does not include the work that I did for deserving charity, and in the practice of a kind-hearted family physician, this amounts to no small sum in a year. The above estimates are based on my collections in ordinary times, but during the great panic of 1932, my collections were only slightly above twenty percent. During the Second World War (by tough collection methods since I was going to retire when the war was over), I brought my collections up to over ninety-five percent of the work done for collection. But all in all I think my collections averaged just about fifty percent of the work done and placed on the books for collection during the forty-one and a half years of active practice.

With regard to decency I have often said that a medical man sees people as they really are and not as they appear to be, but if you want to see people as they appear to be, go to church. Some of the finest people that I have ever known belong to one church or another, but likewise, some of the biggest “rooks” that I have every known also belong to some church and not all were just ordinary church

members either. I have treated a man for venereal disease Sunday evening and then had him go directly from my office to a church and lead a Sunday school meeting that evening. I have known preachers to do things that I thought were not only dishonorable, but actually indecent. The point that I wish to make is that people cannot always be trusted for honesty and decency just because they are church members. However, I think that church members on an average are made better by belonging to church and that their general average is better than the general average of the people who do not belong to church, but certainly, I think that some of the finest people that I have ever known were never a member of any church at all.

A PLEA FOR HOMES OF GOOD, HONEST, MORAL PEOPLE -- In general children, when they grow up, tend to reproduce the same kind of a home they came from. If the parents continually nag each other and the children much of the time, the children, when they grow up, will usually do the same thing. As the children are growing up they may criticize their parents for their nagging, but when these same children are grown up it is about nine chances out of ten that they will do the same thing. The daughters of a woman who is a dirty, slovenly housekeeper usually themselves keep the same type of home when they grow up that their mother kept. The daughters not only tend to reproduce the same kind of a home that they came from, but they usually join the same church, the same lodge or lodges, and the same political party. The same that holds good for the daughters also holds good for the sons. I have known cases where the father would drink and gamble away his wages at pay day and his sons who were growing up would criticize him for it, but the chances were about nine out of ten that these same boys would do the same thing when they became grown. Sometimes the girls in these families would turn out as bad or even worse than the boys. The above and many similar states of affairs furnish the basis for many of our 破broken homes and out of these broken homes come many of our delinquent children who later become criminals. It should be remembered that there are very few delinquent children without at least one and often two delinquent parents, and those parents should be held responsible for the acts of their children.

Fortunately the children from homes of good environments also tend to reproduce the same

kind of homes that they came from. The girls from these homes often outdo their mothers in their preparation to meet life's problems. The boys often adopt the same trade or profession that their father followed, but if they do not follow the same trade or profession of their father, they still have a wide field of trades and professions to choose from. The children from the homes of the bad environment have to first extract themselves from their environment before they can do much toward placing themselves on a higher plane of life and this is almost impossible for them to do without a helping hand from someone more fortunate than they are themselves. Sometimes it only takes a word of encouragement to change the whole life of an individual and that is something that any more fortunate person can well afford to give, but it is the thing that is so often overlooked by the person who has the opportunity and it would require only a moment of his time. Young people are especially susceptible to suggestion, both good and bad. Once I heard a father say to his little son who was quietly standing at a front window looking out, "get away from that window or I will beat your brains out." This little boy knew what a beating was even if he did not know the full meaning of his father's words if carried out literally. A few minutes before the above incident occurred I had delivered this man's wife of her second child. This man had promised to pay me in full when the baby was born, but he then put me off saying he would pay me in a few days. Instead, as soon as his wife was able to travel he left, presumably for California, and left no forwarding address. I have never collected anything for this service. The chance for children reared under such circumstances to accomplish any good in the world is extremely small. The actions of this father are a good illustration of what is called bad or negative suggestion which tend to produce bad results in most children.

The rule is that people tend to respond favorably to good or positive suggestions. A good salesman would not emphasize the poor qualities of the article he is selling, for if he did he would make very few sales, but he always emphasizes the good qualities and thereby shows his appreciation for them. This is also true in dealing with children for the results from the use of positive suggestion on children is far more evident than it is on mature men and women. By this I do not mean to say that wrongdoing is to be condoned, but I do mean that the emphasis should be put on that which is the most desirable.

To illustrate, I know two women, who when small girls each said repeatedly, "I am not going to be an old schoolmarm. Each of the fathers, although they did not know each other at all, took over the management of the situation. It so happened that each man asked his own wife to entirely ignore the situation and he, each for himself, appeared to ignore it. At opportune times these men would occasionally drop the remark that a bright young woman just out of college could usually make more money after graduations, at least for a few years, by teaching school, than at anything else. When in college, each of these women took the work which was necessary to qualify as a teacher just because they were both fond of their fathers who had requested them to do so. As a result of this both of these women today are outstanding teachers at the present time and one is married, but the other has never been married. They are both 鍍opsin their profession.

I want to emphasize right here that you should never lie to or deceive a child for in so doing you are only teaching him to lie and to deceive. You may have to evade answering his questions at that time, but at least be honest with him and treat him as a human being. Be the example yourself that you wish your children to be and if that example is reasonable you will seldom be disappointed in the life of your children. The sons of the drunkard, the gambler, and the thief usually follow the example set by their father, but occasionally some of these children become so disgusted with their father, and especially if they have a good mother, that they go to the other extreme and they will have nothing to do with vice and wrongdoing.

Likewise children of the extremely "pious" are occasionally driven to the opposite extreme, but even these cases are the exception and not the rule. If you don't want your children to smoke, don't smoke yourself. Don't think you can smoke yourself and then, by telling your children all the bad things about smoking, that they will follow your advice and not smoke. This will seldom happen and the same applies to all the other vices. The old saying is that "actions speak louder than words."

The mother should be the companion of the daughters and father should be the companion of the sons. Life should never be allowed to become so busy that this duty is neglected by either parent. In my opinion the highest attainment in life for any married couple is the rearing of a reasonable number of children with healthy minds and bodies that will do their part to help make this world a

happier and better place in which to live. Such children will have a sense of justice, and square dealing, but to produce these qualities in children, the parents should, wherever possible, assume the responsibility of properly training their own children and not leaving the major part of this training to a church or other public agencies. So I repeat, that if the parents live the life and be the example that they want their children to be, they will seldom be disappointed in their children and especially if their children have normal minds and an average intelligence. There will be exceptions, but they will be comparatively few.

Once I was discussing the problems of child care and child guidance with one of our high up and outstanding businessmen in St. Johns and he in appreciation of my views said to me, 添our children are the admiration of the community I think this is one of the highest compliments that was ever paid to my wife and me over the rearing of our children, although we have had several other nice compliments.

SEVERE WINTERS -- There are other strange things about human nature, i.e., there are things that many people never seem to learn and remember more than a few months or a few years at most. The January just closed, 1949, was I think the most severe we have had in this valley since the early years of the 1880's. We have previously passed through six years of what are known as open winters. The previous winters that we would list as severe were 1943, 1937, 1930, 1922, 1916, 1907, 1893, and a series of severe winters beginning with 1880. When I was a boy, I heard men tell of the very severe winters that occurred in the Willamette Valley, which roughly corresponded to the ten year period of the 1860's. At that time roads, transportation, and communication were primitive and thousands of head of stock starved to death in the valley. I understood at that time that hundreds of thousands of cattle and sheep starved and froze to death in Nebraska and other of the north-central states. Then roughly during the ten years of the 1870's we had open winters, some more open than others. With the winters (when I say winter without qualification I mean January and February for only once have I known severe weather to occur otherwise) of 1878 and 1879 we had very mild weather with scarcely any freezing or snow at all, but the winter of 1880 and the next four years were all severe. During this time I saw cattle

that were almost starved to death. I do not recall that I actually knew of any that died, but here again hundreds of thousands of cattle and sheep died of starvation and cold in the great north-central plains region. These "warm cycle winters" and "cold cycle winters" have continued through the years and with each cold cycle there is at least one year that is considerably more severe than the average of that cold cycle and these are the years heretofore noted. In contrast, the warm cycle winters also have some very mild winters. In the last part of November 1922, there was a very cold spell which "caught the sap up in the trees" and many thousands of fruit trees and perhaps half of the oak trees throughout the Willamette Valley were killed. This is the only cold spell that I have seen get going much before the first of January.

In the winter of 1916, I knew of a wagon and team being driven across the Willamette river on the ice at about where the Sellwood Bridge now stands. In 1930, at least one automobile was driven over this river on the ice at about the same place. I have not heard of any automobiles being driven across the ice in the disastrous storm of 1949.

With each recurring severe winter there is a recurring loss of stock which is about proportionate to the severity of the winter. On February 1, 1949, the day this was written, it was reported that an estimated 200,000 head of cattle and sheep had already perished this winter. A report some three weeks ago estimated that there were about five million head of cattle and sheep on the range that were starving at a temperature of some thirty degrees Fahrenheit below zero. To get feed to the starving herds the national government first sent seventeen large planes known as "flying boxcars" to drop hay and feed them. Today it was reported that there were not twenty-seven of these large planes in operation. a stockman gets in the plane and shows the pilot where to find the starving herds and drop the feed. But this "operation hay-lift" as it is called is said to be only a "drop in the bucket" when it comes to feeding the five million sheep and cattle that are starving and freezing on the range. I have seen the pictures of sheep frozen to death still standing on their feet. Before spring breaks on the range it will be about the first or the middle of April and it is now thought that half or more of the five million head of stock now exposed on the range will be lost. This does not apply to the millions of head of range stock that are being fed, even if they are not being sheltered.

During the past twenty years we have made many trips to La Grande, Oregon both by train and by automobile and when we got beyond The Dalles, we would see haystacks out in the open with feeding racks in which the hay is fed to the stock. In the winter the temperature there often falls below zero for weeks at a time, but so far I have not seen a single shed for the cattle or sheep to get under, or shelter of a barn for them to get into. But on the great plains, it seems that many stockmen do not even furnish the hay and the feeding racks for the stock even though the snow is deep and the temperature often falls to thirty degrees below zero. This does not make sense to me. With the long experience with these periodically severe winters, I should think that all stockmen would either bring their herds each fall to where the feed is or take the feed in the summer to where the stock are to be wintered and thus save the tremendous loss that has been going on over so many years. If the feed is not needed the first winter, it can be kept until it is needed. I have not before listed the year of 1888 which produced the greatest blizzard on the north central plains that has so far been known because I do not recall that this was an especially bad winter in the Willamette Valley, although hundreds of people and many hundreds of thousands of head of stock froze to death on the plains in that blizzard. With this possible exception, I think all severe winters in this valley have corresponded exactly with the severe winters in the great plains states.

When I was in school at O.A.C. they taught us, when studying the raising and feeding of stock, that it paid financially over the years for those who had stock to arrange so that they could properly feed and shelter them. Either this is not true or a lot of stockmen do not know this and will not or cannot learn it. Of course, there are a lot of stockmen who do properly care for their herds, but we do not hear much about them.

FUEL -- Then there is the case of fuel for heating homes. This year the severe winter cold spell started in December and by late January or early February 1949, many thousands of people in Portland, Oregon had run out of fuel. Since all of these people wanted fuel at about the same time it could not be delivered to all at once, so thousands had to go to the fuel yards with their automobiles to get a little wood for kindling and a sack of coal or briquettes (one was all they would sell at a time) to keep warm

with. Last summer there was plenty of fuel of all kinds available and those who paid their bills could easily have bought their year's supply of fuel on a reasonable deferred payment plan. Further, the fuel yards last summer could not get orders enough for sawdust to keep the sawmills clear, and since the yards did not have enough room to store it, the mills had to burn or otherwise destroy the excess sawdust. This same process goes on here to a greater or lesser degree every year for largely these same people never seem to learn enough to get in their fuel when it is in plentiful supply.

AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS --Then let's take a look at automobile accidents. I think I have had a least two dozen dents put in the fenders of my car by automobile drivers who were either parking their car or driving away from parking. One truck caved in my grill in front of my radiator. The state law requires all such drivers to report the accidents to the owner of the damaged car and the law also requires that the one who did the damage pay for it, but no one has every reported such damage to me and with one exception I have not known who did the damage. Recently a truck, in leaving the curb, backed into my car causing damage that cost me thirty dollars to repair. Fortunately, I was in the car this time. It required some four or five months before I could get the insurance papers made out and at the end of six months the insurance company refused to pay anything to me, so I at once sued the truck company and the driver jointly in the small claims court for twenty dollars (the maximum sum in this court), and I collected that amount. In some accidents both drivers may be partly to blame, but in many accidents only one driver is to blame and in these cases, men or women who are otherwise courteous and polite will often immediately deny their clear responsibility and otherwise degenerate into a human being that resembles what we think the cavemen and women were. Perhaps we should not be too surprised when we consider the reports in the papers that fifteen percent of the automobile drivers produce eighty-five percent of the automobile accidents and of course, this fifteen percent belong to the group of drivers of the lowest intelligence.

Be the above as it may, we have to live with people as they are and not as we think they should be. All of which illustrates that we are not perfect by many centuries but maybe we have been doing rather well when compared with the people of other lands, for we have more automobiles and trucks than all

of the rest of the world put together.

CHAPTER IX

OUR FAMILIES AND ASSOCIATED INCIDENTS

Before beginning the history of our personal families there are three families that, due to my long and intimate personal associations with them, I feel should be briefly referred to at this time. The first is the family of Maurice David Allen, the second is the family of Lionel Alexander Johnson, and the third is the family of Dr. Samuel Alexander Mulkey.

MAURICE D. ALLEN AND FAMILY-- Maurice, as he was commonly called, was the older of the two sons of English parents who left England immediately after their marriage and came to the U.S.A. The other son was George Allen. The oldest child, a daughter whose given name I do not now recall, became Mrs. Moffett and the mother of Henry Moffett whom I have previously referred to as the nephew of Mr. Allen. Maurice was an extremely economical and hard working man who had very little schooling. He was about 14 years older than I was and he died in the fall of 1934 when he was 78 years old past. His wife was Martha Ferguson who was about three years younger than Maurice and she died in the fall when she was 74 years old past. Martha was the daughter of John Ferguson who until his death lived a few miles north of the Allen place. Mr. Ferguson was a prosperous farmer and stock raiser who accumulated considerable money by loaning every dollar that he could spare at ten percent interest, which was the legal rate at the time. By the time Mr. Allen got married he had saved \$1000.00 in cash, working out for wages, and that was a lot of money in those days. At the time Maurice was married Mr. Ferguson gave them money enough to buy 160 acres of unimproved land (I think this was \$500.00) and Mr. Allen took a like amount from his savings to buy an additional 160 acres of unimproved land adjoining the other land thus making a half section of land and this became the lifetime home of the newly married couple. Their oldest child, named Adda, died in infancy. Jasper, Melissa, and Mary were all born before I knew the family. Rosco, John, and Grace were born while I was there and in each case, since there were no telephones at that time, I went on horseback after the

doctor. Claude and Gladness were born after I went to Corvallis. The latter was accidentally drowned when in her early teens and Claude died of cancer in 1946. He left a wife and I think two small children. His wife was much younger than he and he left her the west half of the half-section of land his parents had owned.

Maurice tried to further educate his oldest boys, Jasper and Rosco, but after finishing the eighth grade, they did not do any good in school so he soon gave it up. Maurice made no effort to try to educate any of the rest of his children beyond the eighth grade although I feel sure Mary could have done fairly well in at least the high school studies if not more. Maurice said there was no use in educating the girls because they would go and get married and the money would all be lost. After I started to medical school, Maurice financially aided another young man to go through the college at Corvallis. His name was Fred Walters of Elmira. Fred later operated a sawmill for many years at Elmira not far from Eugene. I know of three young people who tried to get assistance from Maurice to go to college, but we two are the only ones that he ever assisted.

From Mr. Fergueson, Maurice learned the art of loaning money, and he too got ten percent interest up to about the time I went to work for him when the legal rate of interest was reduced to eight percent. At the end of each year Maurice would figure up the interest we owed him, add it to the face of the note we already owed him and then take a new note for the entire amount. This was continued as long as we were unable to pay the interest. Since neither of us had the money to continue in school without assistance and since we did not know where else we could borrow money, we were very glad to do this. One good thing, Maurice never crowded either of us for the money we owed him. In due time every dollar we paid back to him with interest and he had our lifelong thanks for his kindness. Without Maurice's assistance there is no probability that I could otherwise have attained the station in life that I have.

When Maurice was on his deathbed he told me that he had never sued a person in his life and never foreclosed or otherwise taken property for debt from anyone and I believe every word of what he said was true. If a debtor was unable to pay him, Maurice would, if need be, loan him more money to tide the debtor over, but he never took advantage of anyone indebted to him who was in a "pinch." In

the first place Maurice never made any bad loans for he seemed to have an almost “uncanny” way of knowing who could and who would pay their bills. Many people would ask him to borrow money and Maurice would ask them what security they could give him. If he did not want to loan the money to them, for reasons best known to himself, and even if he had the money at that time that he wanted to loan, his standard reply was, “the security does not suit me.” and that ended the matter once and for all.

Maurice never belonged to a lodge of any kind, he never carried any life insurance of any kind on himself or any member of his family, and he never carried any fire insurance on any buildings that he owned, but he was a member of the South Methodist Church. If he loaned money on a farm or other property, he always took a deed to the property and he gave the borrower a contract to redeed the property back to the rightful owner when the debt was fully paid. Maurice called this contract “a bond for a deed” for he said that “Owing to his financial standing any agreement that he signed became a bond.” While Maurice carried no insurance on any of his own buildings, he required that all buildings on property that he loaned money should be fully insured in his favor, that the borrower should pay this insurance premium and also the taxes on the property. The object in doing this was to avoid paying taxes on his mortgages, which he said was double taxation and therefore not a just tax. If he took a mortgage he would have to record it to make the mortgage good and this was his way of getting around it.

When Maurice's parents and his brother, George, died they were very poor, but when Maurice died he was one of the richest men in Lane County. In his will he left some money to a few charities but the bulk of his fortune was left to his children. After the government, state, and other expenses were paid there was enough left so that each of his seven living children got approximately \$30,000.00 from his estate.

It was a strange thing and I never knew why, but Maurice would not let any of his children know scarcely anything about his business and he would do absolutely nothing to teach any of them how to manage his business. Some ten or twelve years before Maurice's death, his wife, Martha, wrote me a letter asking me to come up there and make them a visit and she also pleaded with me in that letter to do my best when there to get Maurice to teach the two oldest boys how to manage his business

so they could take it over if need be in the years to come. Martha told me that if anyone in the world could accomplish this, I was that person. When I was there following that letter, I tried my very best to accomplish for her that which she so much desired, but I got nowhere in my carefully planned efforts. About the time Martha died, Maurice of his own free will, applied to the Lane County court to have a man by the name of Ernest Lee, son of Dr. N. L. Lee, appointed guardian for himself with full powers to loan and collect his money and to transact all of his other business. This was carried out until Maurice's death when the two oldest sons were appointed by the court as joint administrators of the estate, but I understood that Maurice did not specify in his will just who he wished to be appointed administrator.

LIONEL A. JOHNSON AND FAMILY -- Lionel was born December 1872, and he grew up as a boy in Vale, Oregon. He entered school with me at O.A.C. in the preparatory department in the fall of 1893. He was a very likable and entertaining young man and always full of good clean stories. As he became older the habit of good story telling improved and his cue for beginning a story was always, 典hat reminds me ... We became particularly close friends after we moved into the McFadden house in the fall of 1894. Lionel entered into several of the oratorical contests that I was in, but I never considered him a real competitor and he did not either but he just wanted the practice. He was quite a good speaker, but his voice was not strong enough to carry well to the back of a large hall and this he did not seem to be able to overcome. Lionel wrote quite a lot of beautiful poetry while in college and also later on in life and he had some of these poems published in booklet form.

At graduation it was found that Lionel had the third highest grades in the class. As before mentioned, Lionel joined the army on June 14, 1898 and he was sent immediately to the Philippine Islands where he served until the summer of 1899. He was mustered out of the army on August 7, 1899. During his service in the islands we kept in contact with each other by occasional letters. Lionel came back to the campus at once from San Francisco, where he remained for a few weeks, and then he returned to his old home town of Vale, Oregon to become editor of the Malheur Gazette. For a time Lionel had a roving spirit and as a result of this he was either reporter or editor of various papers in

different parts of the country. At one time he was editor of the Alaska Citizen of Fairbanks, Alaska, which I understood was then the farthest north of any paper then published in the world. A rather full report of the various positions he held is given in the booklet published by our class following our Silver Jubilee Reunion.

Lionel was married in San Francisco, California, June 14, 1908 to Evelyn, a widow woman with one small boy. Lionel and his wife have no children of their own and he was never married before. Evelyn seems to be a very lovely woman and a devoted companion to Lionel. I have not seen very much of him since we left school, except for about two years in San Francisco when I was studying medicine there and Lionel was a reporter on one of the papers in Oakland. Lionel and I have exchanged one to four letters a year each ever since we left Corvallis, except for the time we were in San Francisco together. In the Philippines Lionel picked up amoebic dysentery and this has bothered him off and on ever since then, so in the summer of 1925 he retired from active duties of any kind. For the last thirty years Lionel has lived in Los Angeles or Long Beach, California. Lionel is a very high type man and a loyal and faithful friend of mine. I am sorry that fate has decreed that he should have lived so much of his life in southern California and I so much of mine in northern Oregon. We probably do not see each other more often than once in ten years. I understand that Lionel is now in fair health but his wife is in poor health due to high blood pressure.

DR. SAMUEL A. MULKEY AND FAMILY -- About the middle of July 1907, Dr. Samuel A. Mulkey (dentist), his wife Ethel, their daughter Zelda and Mrs. Mulkey's son Zed E. Doris, arrived in Sheridan, Oregon. This dentist rented an office in the same building where my office was located. Then and there began a friendship and intimate association that lasted until Dr. Mulkey's death on November 11, 1940, which was just about one-third of a century or thirty-three and a third years in which time our families grew up together. In January 1914, Dr. Mulkey moved from Sheridan to Los Angeles, California, but in about a year he moved back to Oregon at Central Point near Medford. In the summer of 1915, he visited with us in St. Johns and he again visited us in the summer of 1916, so in the late spring of 1917 I engineered a deal for him to buy out the dentist in the building where my office was

located and the Mulkey family arrived at our home on my birthday July 5th. Here again we had offices in the same building which was always the case since he came to Sheridan except for the time that Dr. Mulkey was down south. Nearly all the time that we were together we had a common reception room, except during the First World War when Dr. Mulkey had a dentist assisting him and I had a physician assisting me.

Dr. Mulkey was born on a farm near Amity, Oregon on July 21, 1867. He had a brother by the name of L. D. Mulkey, then a sister, Elnora Mulkey, who later became Mrs. Sickafoose, and then a younger brother by the name of Wilber E. Mulkey. They are all dead now, the latter dying November 6, 1948.

During the school year of 1885-6, Samuel attended school for about one year in the preparatory department of the Monmouth Normal School at Monmouth, Oregon. On leaving school in the spring he left immediately for Salem Oregon to study for the dentistry under a preceptor, who was a practicing dentist. There were no dental schools in the northwest at that time and little or no laws controlling the practice of dentistry in Oregon then. After completing the two years study of dentistry in the spring of 1889, Dr. Mulkey as he was then known opened offices for the practice of dentistry in Independence, Oregon where he practiced for a little over three years or until the fall of 1892. From there he went to the Northwestern Dental College, an affiliate of the Northwestern University of Chicago, Ill., where he is supposed to have been graduated in the spring of 1893, the year of the Great Worlds Exposition at Chicago, but I do not recall ever having seen his diploma.

In the summer of 1893 Mr. Mulkey bought out a dentist in Moscow, Idaho where he re-entered the practice of dentistry. Soon thereafter he married a Miss Riggs of Salem, Oregon and their daughter, Margrete I think, was born in 1894. A few years later this couple separated and his wife left with their child to live with her parents in Salem, Oregon where this child grew up to womanhood. I think she never married.

When the dental registration law was passed in Oregon, licenses were given to all the dentists who had practiced in Oregon for a year and Dr. Mulkey qualified under this law so he got a license. I think this was in 1892 or 1893 and I understand the same thing applied after he went to Moscow, Idaho.

In any event Dr. Mulkey served on the first or at least one of the first dental licensing boards in Idaho. I think Dr. Mulkey was well above an average as a dentist of his time, and in any event he was not a hiseler

Mrs. Ethel Dorris had lived in Independence, Oregon for a few years. By prearrangement she went to Moscow, Idaho in about 1900 and she was at once married to Dr. Mulkey. She was born in Kansas in 1875 and brought to McMinnville, Oregon as a child where she grew up, taught school for a while and then married a man by the name of Doris after which she moved to Independence. Her maiden name was Sarah Ethel Ballenger. The only child born to them was Marjorie Zelda Mulkey and I think she was born in 1903 at Haley, Idaho. Zelda as she was known was graduated from the James John High School in Portland and then went to the Willamette University at Salem, Oregon where she was graduated. Zelda then became a school teacher and taught until she was married to Walter S. Erickson near Scappoose, Oregon in the spring of 1927. They have three sons, Kenneth, Robert, and Roger. Zelda's half brother, Zed E. Dorris attended O.A.C. for I think three years before the First World War broke out and soon after that he enlisted in the army in the summer of 1917 and he was mustered out the spring of 1919. Zed returned to O.A.C. that fall and he was graduated in the class of 1920. Soon after graduation he was married to Miss Vada G. Altmas and they had one child, a daughter by the name of Barbara Eilaine Dorris, born October 22, 1921. Zed died in 1925 from pulmonary tuberculosis. His father had died from the same disease many years earlier.

The Pacific Dental College, a private institution, was organized around 1900 or possibly a little later in Portland, Oregon. It was I think the first dental college organized in the Pacific Northwest and so far as I know it is still the only dental college in the northwest. A few years ago the founder, Dr. Miller (now deceased), originally a practicing dentist in Portland, gave to the State of Oregon, but technically sold to the State of Oregon for one dollar, this entire institution and its equipment and it is now being operated by the State Board of Higher Education as an integral part of the state's System of Higher Education.

When Dr. Mulkey was practicing dentistry in Independence he trained for dentistry a man by the name of Johnson and it is my understanding that this man became one of the original teachers in the

above dental school. Anyway Dr. Johnson taught in the Pacific Dental College for many years, but for some reason he left the school around 1930 and went to southern California where he soon died. This man visited at Dr. Mulkey's office just before he left for the south. Dr. Mulkey also trained another man in dentistry while in Moscow, but I do not recall any incidents associated with him.

Dr. Mulkey told me a rather interesting story in regard to his family name in this country. He said that his paternal ancestors came to America in the latter part of the eighteenth century and I think he said it was around 1780 or a little later. His surname was Von Muck, a branch of the old General Von Muck family in Germany (the Von being a title of honor bestowed by the then German government). This man did not like the name Von Muck so when he came to this country he dropped the Von and changed the name of Muck to Mulkey and so far as Dr. Mulkey knew it has been Mulkey with all of this man's descendants ever since then. This, Dr. Mulkey claimed, was the origin of the name "Mulkey" in America. The Mulkeys were among the very early settlers of the western coast and there are several people in this state by the name of Mulkey. There are also several people in Portland by the name of Muck and I understand their ancestor came from Germany about the same time that the original Von Muck came here who became Mulkey.

So far as I know I have never known a person who brought his life to such a perfect state for closure as did Dr. Mulkey. When Dr. Mulkey came back to Oregon from California he traded his home which he had built in Sheridan for some twenty acres of improved farming land on the main highway south of Roseberg, Oregon just at the intersection of the coast highway. Previous to 1940 the State Highway Commission relocated the highway and ran it diagonally through this property and of course they made a settlement with him. Then in the summer of 1940 Dr. Mulkey sold the remaining part of this land for cash. The whole thing made a rather satisfactory deal for Dr. Mulkey.

Soon after Dr. Mulkey came to Portland he bought twenty-two acres of improved farm land on a small stream about one and a half miles east and half a mile north of North Plains, Oregon. Somewhere around 1928 Dr. Mulkey brought his brother, Wilber, back from Pala Verta Valley in southern California and put him and his wife on this small farm. They stayed there until October 1, 1936 when Wilber retired and moved to Newberg, Oregon where he lived in retirement until his death.

Dr. Mulkey disposed of this farm in the summer of 1940. At about this time Dr. Mulkey bought in the Riverview Cemetery a space for burying two bodies only twenty to thirty feet from where Mrs. Mulkey's son Zed E. Doris is buried and he soon occupied one of these spaces. For several years Dr. and Mrs. Mulkey had owned four houses, one at Oceanside, Oregon, a beach cottage, and three in the St. Johns district in Portland. All of these houses except the one where they lived were in Mrs. Mulkey's name and this was owned jointly by them both and went to the survivor. Their bank account was also a joint account and went to the survivor. This would seem to be an almost perfect situation for the "sunset of their lives.

Soon after Dr. Mulkey and his family came to Portland they started to take long trips on summer vacations. They could afford to do things like this because the Doctor had done fairly well financially in the practice of dentistry, and he had also received the \$6000.00 from the farm he had homesteaded in Idaho and he had also received about \$10,000.00 from his father's estate. They made two trips to Canada, one trip to Mrs. Mulkey's old home in Kansas and they visited two or more times at every outstanding National park in the west, such as Banff in Canada, Yellowstone in Wyoming, Rainier in Washington several times, Yosemite in California, and Crater Lake in Oregon several times. They visited the Carlsbad Caves at least twice and possibly more and they said this was most wonderful. Further Dr. and Mrs. Mulkey visited practically every ocean resort from Canada to the Mexican border and they even went over into Old Mexico. I think they saw everything in the west at least once that was worth seeing and that is saying a lot.

In the fall of 1940 Dr. and Mrs. Mulkey re-visited friends and relatives in California and while there they re-visited various parks and other places of interest. From there they re-visited friends in Arizona and again the Carlsbad Caves. Then they headed toward home through Salt Lake City where they stayed a few days. From there they visited a week or ten days with old friends in Haley, Idaho. From there they left for Boise where they stayed all night and the next morning which was November 5, 1940 the Doctor drove his automobile all the way from Boise to Portland, a distance of just about 500 miles and they arrived here late that evening. The next four days the doctor was in his dental office and the next Sunday the Mulkeys both went to Newberg to visit his sister Elnora and his brother Wilbur

and Wilbur's wife. Wilbur and his wife were staying at the Sickafoose home caring for Nora whose husband had been dead for a few years. Dr. and Mrs. Mulkey stayed all night Saturday night and on Sunday the two Mulkey men and their wives went to the Christian Church (The Mulkeys were all members of this church and Mrs. Sickafoose's husband was one of their ministers). On Sunday evening Dr. and Mrs. Mulkey drove home arriving at about 9 p.m. At one a.m. Dr. Mulkey was hit by an attack of Angina Pectoris (coronary occlusion), the third in fourteen years and he was dead in ten minutes.

Did you ever see such a perfect setting for death as this? Here Dr. Mulkey had visited many places of interest to him in the last two months of his life. He had also visited all of his intimate friends and near relatives and then in the last days of his life he had spent two days with his sister and only living brother which was only six days and a few hours after returning home from his last long and very pleasant trip visiting and sightseeing. This seems to me to have been the most completely prepared and the most perfect setting for an impending death that I have ever heard of.

MY WIFE'S FOLKS, CHRISTIAN GERARD VAN GROOS AND FAMILY -- Christian Gerard Van Groos (pronounced Gross) was born in Holland, February 15, 1837. I understand the name was originally Groos and that the Van is a title of honor that at sometime was conferred on the family for meritorious service rendered to the Dutch Government. In Holland the van is spelled with a small "v" but in this country it is usually spelled with a capital 天 Christian grew up in the nursery business.

Alida Johanna Coster was born in Holland January 19, 1843 and married Christian Van Groos August 4, 1867 in Alkmaar, Holland. They had six children, two daughters and four sons, born as follows: Sya, born January 27, 1869; James Christian Gerard, born November 3, 1870; John Albert, born May 16, 1872; Aletta Gertrude, born February 5, 1874; William, born November 8, 1875; and Martin Henry, born November 1, 1878. Their children were all born in Alkmaar, Holland.

In Holland the schools ran the year round and their three older children had completed the common school studies while there. Sya had studied some English, but none of the rest of the family knew any English. At that time the Van Groos family owned a nice home in Alkmaar right near the

beautiful weigh house for cheese. Often Aletta, in playing, would bounce her ball against this weigh house. In Holland Mrs. Van Groos had servants to help take care of the children.

In the Spring of 1884 the Van Groos family sold their home in Alkmaar and embarked from Rotterdam with all their children for America. They arrived by ocean liner in New York, N.Y. the early part of April and left as soon as possible for Mandan, North Dakota where a first cousin of Mrs. Van Groos lived several miles out in the country on a dairy farm for the manufacture of cheese. Soon after their arrival in America all of the Van Groos family, except Sya (she retained her Dutch given name) proceeded to get their Dutch names translated into their English equivalents. Somehow they got Aletta's name translated as Nettie, but later they understood it should have been translated as Alice. To her mother she was always Aletta as long as the mother lived, but to the rest of the family it was Nettie so by constant use Nettie became her official English name.

The Van Grooses soon found that North Dakota was largely a desolate country, very cold in the winter and no place for a nurseryman who knew but little about dairy farming. After staying there for about a year they moved to Lincoln, Nebraska, where Mr. Van Groos got work in a nursery. For a little more than five years Mr. Van Groos worked in nurseries in Lincoln or nearby towns. In the fall of 1890 Mr. Van Groos and his son, John, left for Turner, Oregon where they secured work during that fall, winter, and spring. The oldest son, James, stayed at home with the family and the next spring in early April the rest of the family, except Sya, came to Turner, Oregon and moved onto a small tract of land a few miles outside of Turner that Mr. Van Groos had bought. Sya, sometime before the family came to Oregon, had married James M. Enschede, a nurseryman and a Hollander by birth, and they had moved to Alabama where James soon became superintendent of the large Alabama Nursery Company.

The Van Groos family soon became well and favorably known around Turner where they took an active part in community affairs. Here Mrs. Van Groos died on March 19, 1895 and she was buried in the Turner cemetery. In the fall of 1895, James and John Van Groos matriculated in the freshman class at O.A.C. in Corvallis, Oregon and they were both graduated from O.A.C. in the class of 1899. The second year that James was in college he was appointed Color Sergeant (the man who carries the U.S. flag in drill and in battle) and he held this position until graduation. At that time the position of

color sergeant was considered to be a post of distinction to be assigned to a brave and good man, one that the soldiers would readily follow wherever the flag went. John Van Groos made an outstanding record in Mathematics. Immediately after graduation James entered the U. S. Railway mail service out of Portland, Oregon. John took a position as a teacher in a one room school just north of Corvallis. John first worked in the harvest field before school started that fall.

In the summer of 1898, before school started, the Van Groos family rented the house immediately adjoining the one that we boys were batching in and all their family from Turner was comfortably located there before the college opened. That fall William Van Groos matriculated in the freshman class and he was graduated with the class of 1902. William's outstanding characteristic was writing poetry that was quite amusing. Soon after moving to Corvallis, the Van Groos family established croquet grounds in their back yard and here began a courtship which culminated in the marriage of Miss Nettie and myself on August 1, 1899. We did not have much at that time so it was a very simple wedding at the Van Groos home.

The following is quoted verbatim from the booklet Silver Jubilee History, Class of 1899 of O.A.C. and I quote

JAMES CHRISTIAN GERARD VAN GROOS

Born: In Alkmaar, Holland, on November 3, 1870

Married: On October 1, 1902 to Henrietta Campbell, 1

Children: Naomi, born on July 2, 1903, in Portland, Oregon; Geraldine, born on January 6, 1905, in Portland, Oregon; Ronald, born on February 26, 1912, in Balleton, Oregon.

Deceased: Died on April 6, 1914

His wife was formerly Henrietta Campbell of Balleton, Oregon. She graduated in the class of 1901 at O.A.C. Her death occurred on May 30, 1922 at the family residence in Forest Grove, Oregon.

The two daughters, Naomi and Geraldine, are in their junior and sophomore years, respectively, in Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon. The son, Ronald, is in the eighth grade at the Lincoln

grammar school, Forest Grove, Oregon.

James Van Groos was in the railway mail service until his death which occurred on April 6, 1914.

(The above information furnished by his children and his brother, John A. Van Groos.)

Ronald died in the Emmanuel Hospital in the summer of 1928.

Quoting from the same booklet:

JOHN ALBERT VAN GROOS

Address: 3203 West Jackson Street, Corvallis, Oregon

Occupation: Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Oregon Agricultural College

Born: In Alkmaar, Holland, on May 16, 1872

Children: Doris A., born on May 7, 1901, in Eugene, Oregon; Marjorie A., born on May 6, 1902, in New Haven, Connecticut; John C., born on June 17, 1908; and Dorothy P., born on March 2, 1911, in Portland, Oregon.

My wife, nee Cora D. Vann, taught school in Lynn and Benton counties before our marriage. Doris graduated from O.A.C. in 1923 and has taught in Birkenfeld High School for one year, and is to teach this year at Hoquiam, Washington. Marjorie is taking the nurse's training course in the Corvallis General Hospital. Jack (John C.) is a junior in high school. Dorothy is just finishing the grammar school.

After leaving the O.A.C. I taught school at Mountain View, Oregon, studied at the University of California, and In 1900-01 I studied and taught at the University of Oregon. I went to Yale University in 1901-03, receiving a master of science degree there in 1903. I taught night school in New Haven, Connecticut, during that time and taught in the Yale University summer school in 1902. From 1903-16, I taught in Portland Academy, becoming head of the Mathematics Department there in 1907. I taught in Franklin High School of Portland, Oregon, from 1916-19 where I was head of the Mathematics Department. I came to O.A.C. in 1919 and am here at the

present time as assistant professor.

I have written some articles for the "Annals of Mathematics," "School Science and Mathematics" and the "Scientific American Monthly."

I was initiated into Phi Kappa Phi, national scholastic honor society, on June 6, 1924.

Cora Van Groos died in the summer of 1936 and was buried in the Turner cemetery.

John Van Groos spent the entire summer in 1937 visiting relatives and places of interest in Holland. He made the trip by boat and he is the only member of his family who has so far returned to visit their homeland. In going over when the boat was a short distance out of New York, John discovered that there was a man and his daughter on that boat from Corvallis. The daughter's name was Miss Evelyn Arkright who was a high school teacher in Corvallis. Mr. Arkright and his wife, who had been dead several years, were both born in England and they were married there, but they left for America soon after their marriage. Evelyn and her father were going to England to visit relatives. Mr. Arkright's ancestors were very rich at one time due to some discovery in connection with cotton and I think Evelyn said it was the cotton gin. In any event Mr. Arkright received a lot of money from his folks at two or three different times, but he lost most of that money each time by investing it in oil and mining stocks which were "peddled" by an agent.

As a result of this meeting of John and Evelyn, a courtship began which resulted in their marriage in the summer of 1938. Evelyn was some twenty-five years or more younger than John, but they seemed to be quite happy and Evelyn made John a good home. Mr. Arkright had two other married daughters, but he had made his home with Evelyn the youngest daughter before her marriage and he stayed with John and Evelyn until his death in about 1943 at the age of about 85. Not long after their marriage, all property was converted into joint ownership. On May 27, 1946 John died and was buried beside his first wife in Turner cemetery. About a year later Evelyn sold all the property in Corvallis and moved to Sacramento, California where one of her sisters lived. Evelyn has since returned to teaching.

The following is quoted verbatim from the booklet Silver Jubilee history, class of 1902 from

O.A.C.:

*WILLIAM VAN GROOS**Address: 1234 Moore Street, Portland, Oregon**Occupation: Carpet Layer**Married: Catherine Alexander, June 14, 1904 at Portland, Oregon**Children: William Gerard, born March 29, 1906, who completed three terms in high school and who is now working at Meier & Frank; Lela Leslie, born November 23, 1907, who finished high school and is now married, living at 249 View Street, Portland, Oregon; Jean Sparling, born May 10, 1912, who entered Jefferson high school for the February 10, term and who is looking forward to O.A.C. for the training in singing.**"In college Bill insisted, "I was active in nothing but dinner parties. I was a very fluent diner, a nimble manipulator of the good old knife."**But this fails to include the beginnings. For example, the purchase by Bill's father of a cow from Fred Steiwer's father. Young Bill was sent to the Steiwer farm to ~~work~~ work out the cow, and Mrs. Steiwer urged Bill and his two brothers to attend O.A.C. They came, rented a Corvallis "batch shack" Bill earning his way peddling strawberries, thrashing, cleaning up the old college blacksmith shop. Soon his natural "funny streak" was being featured in rhyme in the College Barometer; he was a popular Jeffersonian; everybody on the campus liked to talk and laugh with him.**"After graduation," he writes, "I went directly to San Francisco and condescended to help the United Railways. Left San Francisco in the spring of 1903 to struggle along as best I could, and came back to Oregon. My advent to Portland was marked by much hilarity. Birds were singing, pussy willows were bursting, and Bock beer signs greeted me on many corners."**"The Washington creamery, now only a memory, begged me to make butter for them. This I graciously agreed to do. The next day a mouse got in the cream -- but I don't want to spoil everybody's butter, so we ~~will~~ say no more about that. Then a flock of boils parked on various parts*

of my anatomy, disrupting my dignity. Then I must have gotten reckless, for right in here some place I got married.”

“Of course I had to quit fooling and go to work. So I quit butter making and started laying carpets. This, for over twenty years, I have wound the alarm regularly, and worked for about every furniture store in Portland. Most of them have survived and are now getting along some way without me. I am now employed by Meier and Frank, and I understand that their business has increased enormously since I affiliated with them.”

“My avocation has been the study of short story writing, especially during the winter of 1924-1925, with the U. of O. Extension Service in Portland.”

The paragraph earlier indicated that Bill lived with James and John in the “batch shack” but this is not true. James and John did batch at college the first three years, but they lived with the Van Groos family the last year. Bill came to Corvallis with the Van Groos family in the late summer of 1898 and entered college at the beginning of that year and he continued to live with the family. The error probably was made when the editor rewrote the story that Bill sent in.

MARTIN H. VAN GROOS was married to Miss Sadie Sears, I think in 1904. She was born and reared near Ballston, Oregon, and she was a first cousin of Henrietta Campbell, James Van Grooswife. Sadie was a graduate of the University of Oregon, I think in the class of 1903. She died after a long illness in about 1936 or 1937. They had no children. A year or so later Martin married Mrs. Mattie _____, whose husband was dead. She was a first cousin of his wife, Sadie, and of Jameswife also. Martin moved to a farm near Balleton in the fall of 1915 and he has lived on a farm ever since then. Martin was living in Portland when first married and was working in the crockery department at Olds & King until 1915.

JAMES M. ENSCHEDE AND FAMILY: In the early summer of 1907 William J. Enschede, who was 18 years old and the oldest son of James M. and Sya Enschede, arrived in Sheridan, Oregon to stay

with us for a time so that he could make a first hand report to his parents in Alabama as to conditions in Western Oregon. At that time the Oregon Nursery Company was being formed and located at a new town they had organized and named Orenco. This new town was near Hillsboro, Oregon, on the railroad running from Portland to Tillamook, Oregon. The company built several large buildings on the extensive acreage they owned so they started out in the nursery business in a large way. James Enschede secured the position as their first general superintendent of this nursery. James, his wife, and family arrived in Oregon in the spring of 1908. The other children were all younger than William and were in order of their births: Florence, Rhoda, Robert, Martin, and John. The family had been in Oregon about a year when Ruth was born.

Soon after the Enschede family arrived in Oregon they were established in a comfortable home near the nursery. All went well for a while, but then the company became embarrassed financially before the nursery got in full production. Bankruptcy followed and I think this was in 1912. The company was soon liquidated and went out of business entirely. This left James out of a job. At that time James bought a home in Forest Grove, Oregon, and moved his family into it. The next job James Enschede got was as superintendent of a nursery in the Bitter Root Valley in Montana. Because of the schools and many other advantages in Forest Grove, James left his wife and family there. James went alone to Montana and took charge of the nursery and I think this was early in 1913. Once a year James got a vacation of a month in the summer and he spent as much of this time as possible with his family in Forest Grove. In the summer of 1916, James Enschede suddenly died in Montana and it was not clear whether he died of a heart attack or of "tick fever." His body was brought to Forest Grove and there he was buried.

As before mentioned, Mr. Enschede established and left his family in Forest Grove largely because of the schools in or near Forest Grove. Florence was graduated from the old Monmouth Normal School at Monmouth, Oregon. Martin and John were graduated from O.A.C., I think Rhoda attended Pacific University at Forest Grove, and I am quite sure Ruth was graduated from Pacific.

William is an outstanding farmer. Florence and Ruth, although both are married, are quite outstanding in the teaching profession. John is superintendent at this time of the Hillsboro division of

the Portland General Electric Co., and Robert has had a good position with this company for several years before John took over as superintendent of that division. Martin has a high position with the telephone company at Seattle, Washington. All in all, the Enschede children have made quite a success even if their father did die before most of them were grown. From this it is clear that Mrs. Enschede made a remarkable success in rearing the family. Her job was particularly outstanding with the boys where nearly all women fall down and I think this is largely because the mother cannot be with the boys like the father, if living, can and should.

From the time of Nettie's and my marriage, Christian G. Van Groos made his home with us until his death on April 7, 1918. He died in a uremic coma.

IRA WILSON GILSTRAP AND FAMILY -- When Ira left the parental home he soon drifted to Southern Oregon. I think it was somewhere around Gold Hill. Here he worked in the placer mines, sometimes he worked for someone and when he would get a little "stake" he would try it on his own, but he then always went broke. This continued until around 1905 or 1906 when he married Miss Myrtle Ritter of Gold Hill. Then Ira had to go to work in earnest. In about 1907, Ira with his wife moved to Junction City, Oregon where he has lived ever since. Here their three children were born. They are Irma, born about 1910; Irene, born about 1912; and Walter, born about 1915. The three children all completed the full four years of high school, but none of them went any further. When Ira first returned to Junction City he worked on a farm or at odd jobs around town, but later he bought his own equipment and went into the cement work, which he followed until he was no longer physically able to do the work. Ira and Myrtle reared a very nice small family of children. Walter served three and a half years as a paratrooper in World War II. He was dropped on the beaches of Normandy in the invasion of Europe and he was again dropped in Germany in the Battle of the Bulge and he was one of the few who came out without a scratch. In the Normandy invasion I understand he was one of the few who were first dropped and survived. I had planned to give this family a much more accurate and extensive write up with correct dates and incidents than are here given, but they refused to furnish me with the required information. It appears that they did not want their family record to appear in these

memoirs, but I do not know of any reason why they should have objected.

ROBERT LEE GILSTRAP AND FAMILY -- After leaving college at Corvallis, Robert worked at various jobs in and around Corvallis. At that time Robert was keeping company with a young lady by the name of Miss Abby Broshong. Robert was the only member of my family that was present at our wedding and he stood up with me and Abby stood up with Nettie. Not long after our wedding, Robert left for southern Oregon and in the course of time Abby married S. Lyle Burnaugh, who later became a druggist. The Burnaugh's soon moved to Portland where he has been ever since as owner of a drug store or a clerk in a drug store.

In southern Oregon Robert got a job with a company that was dredging for gold on the bottom and banks of the Illinois River and soon Robert became their chief operating engineer of the dredge. As I understand this dredge took up the dirt and gravel from the ground and washed it with the water from the river. This amounted to an extensive method of "panning out the gold." It was early in 1904 that this dredging closed down and left Robert out of a job. He soon drifted into Fort Jones in the extreme northern part of California. Here he met a Miss Carlie Margaret Miller and they became engaged to be married on the 28th of December 1904. One week before that date Carlie became desperately ill and she remained desperately ill until February 10, 1905 when she died. I never knew just what was wrong and I doubt that they did either for they lived out in the country and there were no hospitals, specialists, or laboratories nearby. This was a stunning blow to Robert for it was the first time that he had been engaged. In the latter part of 1905, Robert married Carlie's next younger sister, Ethel Miller. They had three children: Robert junior, born, I think, the latter part of 1907; a daughter, Cecil, born about 1909; and a second son, Owen, born about 1911.

When Robert worked for the dredge company, his expenses were low and his wages were good so he saved a little 渡est egg. Soon after he went to Fort Jones, Robert bought a team and the necessary farming equipment and rented a farm and went to farming. He did very well farming until about the summer of 1916 or 1917 when that section of the country had three successive years of almost a complete failure of their crops due to drought. These three successive years of drought broke Robert

financially. He could not hang on any longer so he sold everything he had which did not quite pay up his debts. The next year the farmers around Fort Jones had a bumper crop and this continued for years later.

Robert's father-in-law, Mr. Miller, was farming and he went broke at the same time that Robert did. After selling everything they both had and after paying off as much of their debts as possible the two families left late that fall of 1919 or 1920 for North Bend, Oregon. Here the two families rented a large house where they all lived and Mrs. Miller took care of the children. There were two Miller daughters, I think, at home and they were younger than Ethel. All the family except Mrs. Miller went to work. Ethel got a job driving a city bus for the transit company and Robert got a job with the power plant, which furnished the steam for the large sawmill and all the electricity for lighting the town of North Bend which joined Marshfield. Robert was promoted rapidly and soon became one of the operating engineers in that power plant. In a year or so Robert became operating engineer on the day shift, which was a very choice job. With the above setup it only took Robert and Ethel a few years to clean up all of their debts. Then they started saving for a home of their own.

In the summer of 1922 all of our family visited Robert's family and the Millers and we again visited them in the summer of 1924. Sometime after our last visit each of the two Miller girls got a job with some of the state commissions in Salem, Oregon. With this Mr. and Mrs. Miller followed the two daughters to Salem. Before the millers left Robert and Ethel bought a home in North Bend on the installment plan, paying what they could as a down payment. They all moved out of the big house at the same time, the Millers going to Salem and Robert and Ethel moving into their new home. This was in the fall of 1924. Early in the spring of 1925, Ethel took their three children and followed her parents to Salem thus leaving Robert to batch alone in the house they had bought late the fall before. Robert spent his vacation with us at East Lake near Bend, Oregon in August 1925. At this time Robert discussed the fact that Ethel had gone with the children to Salem, but he gave no reason for Ethel leaving him and offered no criticism. It was rather a queer incident or at least it seemed so to us. Our daughter Alice was already through college and Clarence and Carlie had both been attending college. At that time Robert expressed the hope and the desire that he could do as well by his children as we

were doing by ours. When the vacation was over Robert went back to his work at the mill.

In the early part of December 1925, the power and light company decided to make some changes in the pipes in the plant, so they had a carpenter build some staging for Robert to work on. The floor of this staging was some four or five feet above the plant floor and to make it more safe a railing was put on both sides of the staging. When Robert went up to work on the pipes he put his hand on the railing in front of him and reached with the pipe wrench for a pipe and he fell head first on the concrete floor below fracturing his skull. This was in the afternoon of December 7, 1925. On investigation it was found that one end of the railing that was put up for safety had no nail in it. It had just been laid on top of the post. The company sent Robert at once to the hospital where everything possible was done for him. The company at once tried to contact Ethel in Salem, but there were unable to do so until late the next day. Ethel borrowed a car from an acquaintance and left with the children early the next morning. Cars and especially the old ones were not high speed those days and few of the roads were paved, so she did not arrive in North Bend until late in the evening on December 9th. Robert had been entirely unconscious all the time following the accident and died at five a.m. on December 10, 1925. Ethel phoned me immediately after Robert died and our son, Clarence, and I left by automobile in less than two hours after I received Ethel's phone call. That call was the first that I knew of the accident and Robert was already dead. It was a terrible shock to me. Over the years I had been in closer contact with Robert than any other member of our family. However, the three visits above referred to were the only times I had seen Robert since he left for southern Oregon not long after our marriage.

We had Robert's body prepared and shipped by train to Junction City, Oregon where the funeral was held and his body was laid to rest. Ethel and Cecil accompanied the body on the train. Clarence drove the car that Ethel used to go to North Bend back to Junction City. One of Robert's sons accompanied Clarence on this trip and the other rode with me in my car to Junction City. When the funeral was over, Ethel returned the car she had borrowed to its owner in Salem and the family all came on down to Portland. They all stayed with us for several weeks.

While in North Bend, we learned that the company Robert worked for was covered by a

casualty insurance company with state headquarters here in Portland. We were also advised that any claim for Robert's death would have to be adjusted in Portland. At first this company refused to offer any kind of a settlement. We were advised by attorneys that if suit was instituted against the company Robert was working for, the largest judgement the jury could award under the Oregon law was \$7000.00. Ethel had no money to hire an attorney and fight the case, but attorneys did offer to take the case on a fifty-fifty basis and they would pay all expenses and take their chances of getting half of what was collected or nothing as the case might be. After some weeks the casualty company offered Ethel \$3000.00 cash in full settlement of the claim. Since otherwise \$3500.00 would be the greatest amount that Ethel could hope to attain, she accepted the check for \$3000.00 This we thought was a mighty dirty deal on the part of the casualty company, but under the laws that then existed this seemed to be the best that Ethel could do.

While this negotiation was going on I went to the superintendent of the Portland Woolen Mills in St. Johns and he promised Ethel a job there as soon as she was ready to go to work. In addition to this my wife and I then owned a small house with a 50by 100lot one block south of Smith Street on Mohawk Avenue. We offered to let Ethel and her family occupy this free of rental charges of any kind. Up to the time Ethel accepted the settlement of her claim, I understood that she was going to accept our offer of free rent and that she would take the job at the Woolen Mill. This way my wife and I had hoped to be able to help the family out and to at least keep the two younger children in school.

When Ethel got the \$3000.00 check she at once deposited it with the Peninsula National Bank in St. Johns. When Ethel opened that account she told the bank in my presence that she would not spend or invest any of this money, except what was absolutely necessary for the family, without first getting my approval. I then and there told her that I would first ask the bank manager what he thought of this proposition before I offered any suggestions. The above remarks of Ethel probably resulted from the fact that soon after Robert's funeral I gave Ethel a typed copy of an unpublished article I had written for the benefit of our children under date of January 20, 1923. I especially called Ethel's attention to the last paragraph of page four of this article which is as follows: "I have been told that statistics show that on the average all money received by women from life insurance is either spent or

dissipated in seven years. My personal observation has convinced me that it is all spent or dissipated on the average in one to two years. A few days after Ethel's check was deposited she left for Salem. At no time while Ethel was with us did she give the slightest reason for leaving Robert in the first place and moving to Salem with the children. Ethel had never been away from her parents before and I wondered if it was a case of her just being unable to stay away from them.

In less than six weeks after Ethel deposited the money in the bank, I walked in there one morning and the manager said to me, "Did you know that your sister-in-law has drawn out every dollar that she deposited here a few weeks ago?" I said, "No, I did not, and she hasn't asked me for any advice in connection with drawing it out. The manager replied, "It is all gone anyway. It was not long before I learned that Ethel had bought a house on the installment plan with only a down payment. She also bought a piano, a new stove, upholstered furniture, and together with carpets and bedroom sets, all on the installment plan. Evidently some "slicker" got hold of her and sold her on an impossible proposition and one that she had no chance to pay out on. Needless to say it was only a year or so until the house and most of the furniture had been reclaimed for nonpayment of installment charges. To make matters worse, somehow Ethel got called into court and told by the judge that part of the money she had spent (I do not know how much) belonged to the children and that she should furnish a good and sufficient bond to the court in double the amount that belonged to the children to guarantee each child its share of this money when each became of age. It runs in my mind that the bond was for three or possibly four thousand dollars. Ethel asked me to sign this bond and she said each of the children would sign a receipt to her when they became of age, so that she said there would be no liability to me. I considered this a bad risk so I refused to sign the bond. From that time on Ethel has had nothing more to do with me. I have no information as to what happened or how she got out of that mess with the court. However, I heard in some way soon after Ethel lost her property that Ethel had married a man by the name of Bills, as I recall.

On November 24, 1928, Robert Jr. dropped into my office for a few minutes to borrow \$15.00 which he promised to pay back for sure in a month. I have never seen or heard from him directly since that day and the loan has not been repaid. In the early 1930s I saw in the Portland papers that Cecil,

who was married and the mother of a little girl baby, was killed in a motorcycle accident in Clark County, near Vancouver, Washington. The report was that her mother had taken the baby to raise. In the early 1940s Owen and his wife called at our home on Willamette Boulevard and visited with my wife and me for about twenty minutes. This was just at the time that work was beginning to start on the big government plant at Hanford, Washington. Owen and his wife were traveling in their car and I assumed they had just come from Salem. Owen said he was on his way to Hanford to see if he could get a job on the government works. This is the last I have heard from Owen. In some way I have heard that Robert Jr. is married and had at that time two or three children. This fairly well covers the knowledge I have of my brother Robert's family.

My brother, Robert, had a very pleasing personality and he made friends wherever he went. When Robert was in college, he took the agricultural course, but soon after leaving college his work required knowledge in steam and electrical engineering. Before entering college, Robert had done so much studying at home that he was able to take the books and figure this needed knowledge out by himself. Robert was devoted to his family and his death was very untimely. Had he lived, and had he especially been able to keep his family together, I feel sure that his children would have been far better prepared for real success in life.

JOSEPH ISAAC AND ELSIE MAY GILSTRAP – I can dispose of the record of both of them at one time for neither of them was ever married and neither ever left home. They both lived with Mother as long as she lived and with her death they continued to live in the same home. Mother never had a picture of any kind taken of herself, although I tried hard to get a picture taken of her. To the best of my knowledge neither Joseph nor Elsie ever had a picture of any kind taken. Father had an old daguerreotype picture taken before he was married. This was taken on metal and the side opposite to the picture resembled the metal that ordinary tin cans are made out of today. The only other picture he ever had was a nice large one that I had taken of him in the summer of 1919. Joseph died June 21, 1949.

OWEN GILFORD GILSTRAP AND WIFE -- My brother Owen went to work in a logging camp before he was fourteen years old. At that time there were no laws to prevent the employment of a minor anywhere he could get a job. Owen followed the logging work for a little over six years. In just a few years Owen became an expert tree faller. These fallers often worked on boards stuck into the side of the tree several feet up from the ground. Not long after Owen left the logging camp he came to San Francisco where I was studying medicine and he stayed with us. At first Owen worked at odd jobs and one was helping to lay hardwood floors, which were then used only in show windows. Owen worked for this man several weeks and he never received a cent for his work. There were no laws at that time protecting the laboring man, but it was just such incidents as this that led up to the passage of our present laws that now fully protect the laboring man.

Owen was only in San Francisco a few months when he got a job as a "gripman" on the slow but rather colorful San Francisco cablecars. The gripman is the driver of a cablecar. He handles the grip which is the instrument that clutches the moving cable and thereby takes the car up or down the steep hills with perfect safety. I recently noticed in the papers that these cars are still in operation there after some seventy or eighty years of service to the public.

In the spring of 1903 Owen left the street car service about the time I was graduated from the medical college. From there Owen went to eastern Washington to visit our Uncle Owen Gilstrap. My brother, Owen, worked at odd jobs while making his home with our Uncle Owen and one of these jobs was sewing sacks in the harvest field that summer. That fall my brother, Owen, went to Puyallup, Washington and he then made his home with our Aunt Sarah Shumaker and her family. Here again Owen worked at whatever he could get to do until the spring of 1904 when he got a job with the Lampson Company. This company made a business of repairing and installing cash carriers and pneumatic tube systems in stores and other business establishments. The cash carrier had a basket which operated on a steel line between a central station and various points on the same floor. The pneumatic tube systems operated between floors and to various points on the same floor. This system uses a cartridge-like thing one and a half to two inches in diameter and six to eight inches long. This cartridge was shot in a tube from one station to another by compressed air inside of a tube system. At

first Owen traveled and worked with a skilled workman until he had learned the business of repairing or installing systems, but after that he would go alone on the small jobs. This work took Owen all over the Northwest. He went as far south as California, as far east as Montana and as far north as Vancouver, B.C. The Lampson Company had men who would examine the work to be done, bid in the name of the company on the job to be done and if they got the contract they would order the necessary material shipped to where the work was to be done and then Owen or some of the other men would do the actual work of installing. The traveling was all done on the train (there were no busses then) and often at night. Owen's home was then where his hat was off and he kept this up until the spring of 1910 when he resigned to go to work for Meier and Frank Co. in Portland, Oregon. Here Owen's job was to keep their cash carrier and pneumatic systems in operation.

Soon after coming to Portland he met Miss Blanche Metcalf who had been employed for several years by Mitchel, Staver, and Walker who sold at wholesale wagons, buggies, and farm machinery. Miss Metcalf was the head of their secretarial staff and sometimes had as many as eighteen girls under her. Owen and Blanche were married on October 12, 1910. When married Blanche gave up her office job to become homemaker although she had never done housework before. Blanche had lived with her mother and her mother insisted that Blanche should not do housework when working all day in an office. Those days office work meant ten hours a day six days a week until about the time Blanche left the office when a days work was being cut to eight hours a day six days a week.

Owen continued his work at Meier and Frank until I think the spring of 1928. At that time Owen was having considerable pain and distress in the region of the stomach, which was correctly diagnosed that fall as a pyloric ulcer and commonly but incorrectly called a stomach ulcer. When Owen left Meier and Frank he took a position with the Grover Bros. Company who were competitors of the Lampson Company. Owen's contract with the Grover Company was on an entirely different basis. Here Owen personally visited the work to be done, bid on the job in the name of the Grover Company, and if he got the contract he took it in the name of the Grover Company, but Owen did all the work and bought all the materials from the Grover Company. Owen got all the money for the job over and above what he paid the Grover Company for materials. The Grover Company's only interest

in the job was selling Owen the material and I presume they made their profit by charging plenty for the material. By this method, Owen did pretty well financially and he did not have to "punch the clock" every day either as at Meier and Franks. On these trips Owen often traveled in his own automobile and in any event he always took his wife with him. Along about 1935 Owen began to let this work slacken down and on March 1, 1937 Owen retired from active work entirely. From that day to this on November 14, 1949, Owen has not done a day's work from which he has received any pay. During all of these years Owen has handsome days and even some weeks that he feels fairly well, but at other times he has had days and weeks that he is not able to do practically anything.

Owen and Blanche have never had any children and I have no idea whether they did not want children or whether it was just a case of none arriving. In any event they have been quite attached to our children and they have been great admirers of them. They are also great admirers of Blanche's niece, Lila Metcalf (now Mrs. Nunescamp), daughter of Lyle Metcalf. Blanche's brother, Lyle, and his wife and their daughter, Lila, are the only close relatives that Blanche has.

Owen was always handy with tools, but at Meier and Frank he learned, probably largely by observation, to do good work as a plumber, to install electric wiring and fixtures, and to be a fine all-around "fixer". I regard him as one of the three best fixers in general that I have ever known. In fact there are very few things around the home that he does not know how to install or fix if they get out of order.

Around 1911 or 1912 my brother Owen and my brother-in-law, John A. Van Groos, took out a patent on an electrical safety device that would prevent the motorman on a streetcar from starting the car until all the passengers who were leaving the car by the rear door were all off the car and the rear door had closed automatically. It seemed that this device would, if put on the cars, prevent many needless accidents, but they were unable to sell this patent to anyone. Neither Owen nor John ever received a dollar's benefit from this patent, but some ten or twelve years ago (long after the patent had run out) the same or a similar device was installed on all new electric and gasoline buses or coaches as they were often called. At this time the old fashioned streetcars are practically obsolete, but this device works just as well on a bus as it would on a streetcar. Owen took out a few other patents and one was

on a special desk for receiving cartridges from a pneumatic tube system, but he has never received a cent of benefit from any of his patents. All the money he spent in taking out the patents was a complete loss.

Owen got a very limited education in school. As a boy he attended a one room country school all told for less than nine school months, yet he completed an extension course put on by O.A.C. in Portland several years ago in heating engineering and he received a certificate of proficiency. Owen would gladly have attended school if he had had any sort of a chance, but he did not. Owen is truly a self-educated man and it is surprising the grasp he has on affairs of today. This is emphasized by the fact that peptic ulcers appear only in intellectual thinkers - inventors, executives, lawyers, doctors, teachers, etc. There is a saying in medicine that \pm ou never find a peptic ulcer in a W.P.A. worker For some unknown reason it appears to be only the intellectuals that are affected by this type of ulcer.

The fact that Owen did not get a good college education was not only a great loss to him and his wife, but it most certainly has been a great loss to humanity for if Owen could have had a good college education, he most certainly would have made his mark in the world.

Since we moved to Portland, Owen and his wife have spent many happy days with us. Originally we took camping and picnic trips together, but times have changed and since his retirement they have spent many holidays and Sundays in our home and they have taken many trips with us to the beach or with us to the Washougal cottage on the river. The close relationship of the families is illustrated by the fact that in later years Owen and Blanche have by special request eaten many meals in our home. Blanche has made a good and faithful wife for Owen and she has been especially attentive to him during his long illness. Owen not only has the ulcer but he has a liver condition commonly known as biliary constipation together with considerable arthritis and some other troubles. Owen and Blanche are known to most all of their relatives, friends and acquaintances by the affectionate names of "Uncle Owen and Aunt Blanche."

WILLIAM JASPER AND NETTIE GERTRUDE GILSTRAP AND FAMILY -- Our three children were just good, normal, active children. It was our plan to allow each to grow up in his or her own

individual way, but we always insisted on knowing where they were and what games they were playing. As far as we know they never played such games a cop and robber or any other games of a criminal or debased nature. We discouraged the pernicious attendance at picture shows because of the many pictures they showed at that time depicting drinking, gambling, robbery, and even murder. It was our opinion that the playing of games by children that were based on crime and the seeing of pictures that depicted crime, had a demoralizing effect especially on the minds of small children. There are a lot of good pictures shown in our theaters, but there are all too often a lot of bad pictures thrown in between the good ones.

As a rule the father is away most of the week days earning a living for the family, so it is then up to the mother to do most of the supervising of the children. Unfortunately many mothers do not pay much attention to what their children are doing or where they are playing. Here in town many mothers seem to be glad to have their children roam the streets or go anywhere else they please, just so they are not at home, under foot, and in the way, as they consider it. What a pity for these poor, neglected children and there are thousands of similar or near similar incidents in this city. In fact I have thought and even said many times that many mothers do not pay much more attention to where their children are and what they are doing than an old sow pays to her pigs, so it is no wonder we have so much juvenile delinquency, so much crime, and so much murder in the world. More than nine times out of ten these unfortunate cases date back to the lack of care and the lack of adequate supervision these people had in childhood. Since there does not seem to be any practical way of reforming these delinquent parents, the public should provide as many safeguards as they reasonably can for all of these neglected children. There is an old saying that, "Busy hands seldom get into trouble." Here in town the average child has little or nothing to do at home. If a way can be found to keep these children busy, under supervision, it will pay great dividends to the general public and it will prevent many a heart ache for these parents. Fortunately for us our children were kept busy at work or wholesome play and entertainment so we had none of the above problems to contend with.

Alice completed the grade school course at Sheridan, Oregon in 1914. Since school was not out until early in June, we took her back to Sheridan from St. Johns to let her receive her certificate with

the rest of her class. Alice was then approximately thirteen and a half years old. She completed high school at the old James John High School in St. Johns in early June 1918 and she completed college at the Oregon Agricultural College in early June 1922. Her ambition was always to be at or near the head of her class and she always was. After graduation Alice taught two years in the Forest Grove High School at Forest Grove, Oregon, and then she was elected as a high school teacher in Portland, Oregon. That fall Grant High School was opened as a new school in Portland and Alice was made head of the Chemistry and Physics department. On November 28, 1925, Alice was married to Hugh L. Whisler, one of her former high school friends.

Hugh was a year behind Alice in high school, and because of the shortage of funds, he worked for two years before he entered college. Hugh was an excellent student in high school and as a result of this he was admitted to Stanford University at Palo Alto, California where he was graduated in Electrical Engineering in June 1925. Hugh soon got a job with the Portland General Electric Company in the line department. This job was only temporary for the company soon took him into their office where Hugh soon became one of their trusted electrical engineers. Hugh stayed with this job until the fall of 1946 when he accepted a job as chief electrical engineer for the newly organized Clark County Public Utility District at Vancouver, Washington. In late fall of 1948 Hugh accepted a position as chief electrical Engineer for the newly organized Carborundum Company at Vancouver, Washington, a position he now holds.

After Alice's marriage she continued to teach at Franklin High School until school was out in June 1927 when she resigned her position and devoted all her time to homemaking. She had taught school for five years so according to law she was given a State Teachers Certificate which entitled her to teach in Oregon for life without any other certificates. On September 20, 1928, a daughter, Esther Marie, was born to Hugh and Alice. On March 23, 1930, a second daughter, Ruth Evelyn, was born to them and on July 24, 1937, a third daughter, Wilma Jean, was born to them.

Esther completed grade school in Portland in the Kenton Grade School in June 1942 and in May of that year Esther was chosen as their May Day Queen and she presided over their May Day celebration at the school. Esther looked very beautiful in her "Queenly Robes." That fall Esther

entered Jefferson High School where she was an outstanding and popular girl. In late January 1944, Esther became ill with diarrhea, vomiting and a mild fever with some jaundice. She did not complain of any pain, and since she was always inclined to be somewhat constipated, her condition was thought to be due to a so-called "bilious attack." She was kept in bed and enemas were given with no laxatives and on the morning of the seventh day she seemed considerably improved and she took some solid food. Before that she had taken only liquids. That evening she had one quite severe pain in the abdomen and she collapsed at which time she was rushed to the hospital. There it was found that Esther had an appendix abscess. This was opened and drained immediately and since the appendix "floated up into the opening" it was removed. I had seen her fairly early in the attack and I had not even suspected that her attack was due to appendicitis for she had complained of absolutely no pain except as above mentioned, but I did notice that there seemed to be an unusual rigidity over the abdomen which I could not account for.

Esther remained in the the hospital for almost four months, lacking only three or four days, but there was no indication of healing in any of the incisions after that long a time. Why we could not clear the tissue up and get healing I could not understand. During all this time Esther had three special nurses on duty, each on an eight hour shift, during the twenty-four hours. During this time the surgeon, Dr. Louis P. Gambee, had numerous consultations with other surgeons and also with medical specialists and he gave dozens of blood transfusions of whole blood and dozens of transfusions of blood serum, the red corpuscles having been removed. In the latter part of her illness we were able to get hold of enough penicillin (it was not then released for public use although the Army, Navy, and Air Force were using it extensively) so that 20,000 units were given her every three hours day and night for about a week, but all to no avail for our lovely Esther died in the evening of May 17, 1944. It was a terrible blow to the family because all those months it seemed that Esther would surely survive.

During all of that long illness I think Esther was the least complaining and the most cooperative patient that I have every seen. Each time when another abscess was discovered and the surgeon recommended operating and when her grandpa said he thought the abscess should be opened, Esther would say 鄭right, go ahead Never once did Esther grumble or complain or offer the slightest

objection to what we thought was best. Esther tried so hard to live by cooperating in every way possible, so it seemed she surely would not be taken from us. Esther was such a very lovely girl and life meant so much to her and to her family that it seemed all the time that she should surely be spared. It seemed so unjust to us to see Esther have to go when there were so many worthless or near worthless girls all around whose life meant so little to themselves and so little to their families.

By the time school was out in June, Esther's classmates at Jefferson had established the Esther Whisler trophy, a beautiful silver vase, to be presented to the girl that had been adjudged the most outstanding girl in the graduation class. This is supposed to be a perpetual award and it was presented the first time to one of Esther's closest friends at the graduation exercises in June 1945. Thus far it has been presented to some girl at every graduating class since then at Jefferson High School. So far as I have ever heard this is the only trophy that has been established in honor of any high school girl in Portland, but there have been a few such trophies established in Portland to honor certain deceased high school boys, such as outstanding athletes.

There was a packed house at Esther's funeral, and some time later Hugh, Esther's father, said to me, "Esther did not live quite sixteen years but in that time she endeared herself to a lot of good people." How true it was! And what a fine tribute this was to a wonderful girl by a loving father. I think Esther's death was not only a great loss to her family, but in all probability to the world.

Ruth completed the high school studies in three and a half years instead of four, so she entered Oregon State College (formerly O.A.C.) in the fall of 1947 and she expects to be graduated from O.S.C. in June, 1951. Ruth is a very excellent student.

Wilma was put ahead some in grade school, but I don't know just how much. She is now in Junior High School in Vancouver, Washington. She also is a very excellent student. The three Whisler daughters have all taken their school work very seriously and as a result they all made excellent grades in school.

Clarence completed grade school and high school in St. Johns and entered O.A.C. where he took premedical studies and pharmacy at the same time. He was graduated from O.A.C. in June 1923 with the degree of Pharmaceutical Chemist. Soon after school was out Clarence took the examination

of the State Board of Pharmacy and received his certificate as a Registered Pharmacist. Clarence worked in a drug store all the rest of that summer and that fall he entered upon the actual study of medicine at the Medical School of the University of Oregon here in Portland.

On August 15, 1925, Clarence married Miss Julia Hulse of La Grande, Oregon. The wedding was held at a family reunion on the Hulse farm some eight miles north of La Grande. Julia's father was Jesse E. Hulse and he and his wife had conducted for many years these family reunions on their farm to which their relatives would come from miles around and camp under the nice pine trees for days at a time to attend these reunions.

Miss Hulse entered the Pharmacy School at O.A.C. one year after Clarence had entered the same school and she was graduated in 1924 with the degree of Pharmaceutical Chemist, the same degree that Clarence had received, but Julia took only pharmacy studies with perhaps some home economics studies. Clarence and Julia started to keep company with each other soon after Julia entered O.A.C. and they went together continuously until their marriage. After graduation Julia took the State Board of Pharmacy examination and received her certificate as a registered druggist. After that she worked in a drug store until the summer of 1926. Then she entered my office as secretary and assistant in my private dispensary where all of my prescriptions were filled. Julia continued to work in my office until the summer of 1928.

Clarence received his degree in medicine from the University of Oregon at Eugene in June 1927. At once Clarence took the examination of the Oregon Board of Medical Examiners and received his license to practice medicine and surgery in Oregon. Clarence then entered the Multnomah County Hospital as an intern. This service was completed on July 10, 1928. Early the next morning Clarence and Julia left in their automobile with all their belongings, for La Grande, Oregon where Clarence at once opened offices for the practice of medicine and surgery. It was slow starting at first, but gradually Clarence got going.

I think Clarence now has one of the finest practices in eastern Oregon. Owing to my experience in Portland, it was my considered opinion that Clarence should locate in some of the larger towns at considerable distance from Portland, and since La Grande was Julia's home town, it seemed to be the

logical place for him to go. That idea has proved to be correct. Many graduates of the medical school located here in Portland because it is the largest town in the state and that makes for an oversupply of doctors here, especially in some localities. The breaking-in in practice over town is an exceedingly tough job, especially for the young doctor. It certainly was a wise thing for Clarence to go to La Grande instead of going into practice with me in the face of the deplorable conditions that have existed in Portland since I have been here. I would not advise any young doctor to locate in Portland.

On May 29, 1929 their son, Roderic Warren, was born in the La Grande Hospital. He completed the grade school and the high school in La Grande in 1947. Roderic is a fairly large, husky boy and he was one of their star players on their football team. Roderic entered Oregon State College that fall in the premedical course which he is still taking.

On August 28, 1949 Roderic married Miss Marjory Jeanne Scroggin of Union, Oregon which is some twelve miles east of La Grande. Jeanne as she is called is the daughter of Forest Scroggin who was a classmate of Clarence's in the Sheridan grade school. Forest is the son of Charley Scroggin, formerly of Sheridan, but later of La Grande. When we were in Sheridan we knew Charley, and all the other Scroggins, very well. We had gone to lodge many times with Charley and his wife and we thought very well of them. When Jeannie first came into our home, which was nearly two years before they were married, we felt almost like we had known her all her life. When Roderic and Jeannie were married, she was ready to enter the senior class at Oregon State College and Roderic was ready to enter the junior class. Soon after marriage they went to Corvallis, rented an apartment and both re-entered college when school opened in September. I understand that Roderic and Jeannie are both getting along very nicely in college, but married people did not attend college when I was there. However, there are now several married couples in both his and her classes.

Dwight David and Diana Lee (companion twins) were born on May 21, 1935, which is Julia's birthday. They are now both in Junior High School in La Grande. Dwight says now that he is going to be a doctor and Diana says that she is going to be a nurse and work in Daddy's office. They have both set a high standard for themselves and it would be grand if they can both attain their ambition.

When in school Clarence and Julia were both good students and so are all their children, but

what they all seem to enjoy most is the great outdoors. They all like to go hunting, especially for ducks and pheasants, and Roderic is quite expert on skis. As would be expected under such conditions they are all strong and healthy. Julia is quite an outdoor woman and does considerable horseback riding. Clarence enjoys picnics and fishing, so the whole family gets a lot of pleasure out of life as they go along.

Carlie finished grade and high school in St. Johns, the early part of June 1923. That fall she entered O.A.C. and she was graduated from that college in June 1927 with a Bachelor of Science degree. That fall Carlie became one of the teachers at Parkdale, Oregon which is not far from the town of Hood River. She taught there for two years and then came to Portland where she taught for several years at the Girl's Polytechnic High School. From there she went to the Jefferson High School where she is still teaching.

Several years ago Carlie took two summer school courses and some extension courses at the University of Oregon and she was granted a Master of Science degree from that University. Carlie was a very fine student in school and she is now one of the outstanding teachers in Portland. Since graduation at O.A.C. Carlie has made teaching her life's work.

When our children were in college we made it a point to see that each of them received a practical education that qualified them in a profession so that they could make a good living. Thus both of our daughters received a teacher's certificate at graduation from O.A.C. and Clarence received his training as a pharmacist at the same college. I urged Clarence to take pharmacy with his premedical studies so that if something should happen that he could never complete his medical education, he would have a good profession anyway. Clarence has never used this profession since he was graduated in medicine. Alice is using her teaching knowledge right now. Esther's illness and funeral set Hugh and Alice back more than six thousand dollars, so the next fall Alice returned to teaching to help make up their financial loss.

It is a great pleasure to my wife and myself that each of our three children have accomplished much more real good in the world than either of us (and that is as things should be) and we hope that each and every one of our grandchildren will accomplish as much more good in the world than their

parents accomplished, as our children have accomplished more than us. If that is done it will show real progress has been made in each of our now existing three generations.

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, AUGUST 1, 1949 -- On Saturday, two days before this anniversary, a large and gorgeously beautiful floral piece arrived from a florist in a large beautiful golden colored vase. Many of the flowers were of a golden-like color and the accompanying card said, "from the neighbors" and then all their names followed. Soon other floral pieces arrived from another florist, but this one from the neighbors was the largest and most beautiful. Early Sunday morning our children had a florist deliver a beautiful corsage for Nettie to wear and a boutonniere for me to wear on the lapel of my coat. At this same delivery other flowers arrived and soon we had so many flowers that we hardly knew where to put them. Not long after that Clarence and his family arrived from La Grande. They had left for Portland Saturday evening and stayed all night at the Gorge Hotel just west of Hood River. A little later Alice and her family arrived from Vancouver, Washington. Carlie of course was already here since she lives with us. Soon after our children and their families arrived they took over the management of this celebration.

Because of the limited space in our home we originally planned to have at our reunion only all of our immediate family including the in-laws, some close relatives and a few intimate friends, but the list grew and grew until there were seventy people at our reunion. And there were still some twenty-five or thirty more people who should have been invited to our reunion, but we could not see how we could accommodate them. The afternoon was largely reserved for relatives, so that they could have a good visit, but a few friends also were present. This reception time was from 1:30-5:00 P.M. That afternoon was quite hot and many of the people spent most of their time in the back yard in the shade of the house. The evening was reserved almost entirely for friends and neighbors and we surely had a house full of them. This whole reunion was surely a most delightful affair and everybody seemed to have a grand time. There were many Kodak pictures taken of various groups and most of them in colors which at this time is a fairly new process. A nice lot of presents were received from relatives and friends and we will enjoy them as long as we live.

On the morning of our anniversary my wife and I and our three children went over town and had some very nice picture photographs taken. The rest of the day we spent at our home where we just visited with our family and with each other. That evening a fine turkey dinner, with all the fixings was served cafeteria style in the back yard, to all the immediate family, in-laws, and a few close relatives - more specifically stated Uncle Owen and Aunt Blanche. After dinner Clarence showed, on a screen with a projector, many beautiful colored pictures, and so ended one of the "red-letter" days of our life. That evening Alice and her family went home and Clarence and his family left for home early the next morning.

The following is a verbatim copy of the three last pages in our booklet PERSONAL THOUGHTS ON THIS, OUR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY:

As old people we are very comfortable and we should be for we have made an active, vigorous, aggressive struggle to accomplish the aims of our life, which were to rear a few good useful children, to do what we reasonably could to make the world a better place in which to live, and to have a comfortable home - especially in old age. We think the accomplishment of these things efficiently spells success. The beginners in life's battles should remember that true success lies in the direction of clean thinking, true planning, and honest effort of brain and brawn.

The average man and the average woman do not realize that knowledge is power; they do not realize that the use of spirituous liquors and tobacco diminish both their health and their strength; they do not realize that initiative, which is the doing of that which should be done without being told, is a valuable asset to anyone. No! And they do not realize that character is the greatest asset in the world today, that is the cornerstone of all success, and that there can seldom be any really lasting success without character. In addition the really successful person must possess a good personality.

Personality is that quality of character which distinguishes one person from all others. The person with a good personality radiates courage, courtesy and kindness. He attracts people by

producing a pleasing effect. He is a leader in the affairs of life instead of a follower and he has a definite purpose in life. The man with the definite purpose has a conquering spirit and he sets the pace for other men. This is the maximum man, the one hundred percent man. What are you or what do you propose to be?

William J. Gilstrap

The above "personal thoughts" were well planned, on and even before our golden wedding anniversary, but they were not written into our booklet until a few days after that anniversary. Now in closing this subject Nettie and I both heartily thank all our children and their families (and each and every one of you personally) for the grand job you did in conducting the celebration of our golden wedding anniversary.

MY RETIREMENT -- Soon after the Germans had surrendered in the Second World War, it was apparent that the Japanese would have to surrender before long, so I wrote my friend Lionel A. Johnson that I planned to retire as soon as possible after the war was over. Lionel wrote back that I would then get a well-earned rest. Even though I had been over-worked for some time and in poor health for six or eight months, I was not too sure about the well-earned rest which I would have to change from a lifetime of great activity to that of having absolutely nothing of importance to do. But Lionel had been retired for twenty years and he should know, so what should I think about it?

For a year or so before my retirement we knew that a million gallon water tank was to be built, when materials were available, just across the street from our home on Willamette Boulevard. Since we did not like the idea of the large water tank so near our home, and since our home was then too large for the three of us (it really had four bedrooms counting the closed-in sleeping porch with plumbing upstairs and down), my wife and I had some time before decided that we would sell our home when we thought it was the proper time.

Since for many years I had felt so much better at the beach that I did in Portland, and since Clarence had remarked several times that the older we got (my wife and I) the more time we should

spend near him in La Grande so that he could look after us, and since I had always been quite susceptible to cold weather, and since the winters at La Grande are much colder than the winters at the beach or even in Portland for that matter, and since the summers are much hotter in La Grande than at the beach or in Portland for that matter, and further since for many years I have been subject to a lot of hay fever when in La Grande, I decided that I would buy a cottage at the beach but not pay more for it than we got out of our home on Willamette Boulevard.

Then I had hoped that Carlie would rent an apartment in Portland with an extra bed, say a daveno or a disappearing bed. With this arrangement my wife and I could spend the pleasant weather each spring and each fall at La Grande, spend the two or three worst months of the year with Carlie in Portland, and spend the rest of the year at our cottage at the beach. With this setup Carlie, when not teaching or on weekends if she so desired, could spend that time with us at the beach. I had planned that if and when I got strong enough I would have a good garden near the beach and that I would improve our cottage and grounds as need be and possibly build another cottage to rent. I had great hopes that when this plan was in operation, my health and my strength would be greatly improved. I had long thought that people got something from the outside fresh air that they did not get when confined to a home or an office. I had even gone so far as to ask about the possibility of buying a certain piece of property at the beach, and I had asked my brother, Owen, who was already retired, about the possibility of him and his wife moving to the same beach. And further, I had asked my wife's brother, John, and her brother, William, what they thought of locating at the same beach when they each retired. With a telephone in our cottage at the beach, I thought we would have a very good setup. Clarence had also gone so far as to make arrangements to buy and to retain for our specific use when we wanted it a certain completely furnished three-room house near their home in La Grande, but at that time he was not fully aware of all the details of my plan. I had further planned that when we had gotten older and more feeble, we would sell our property at the beach and that we would then live permanently in the little house in La Grande.

All of the above proved to be a "pipe dream" for when in the early spring of 1945, I explained the above to Carlie as fully as I could get her to listen, she turned it all down flatly with the remark, "I

don't want to live in a suitcase.” In other words, she had no intention of living in a small cooped-up apartment and that is what most of them are. I felt sure she would not want to live in a house alone, and I would not want her to, but without one of these conditions my plans were all shot to pieces. Since Carlie showed no interest whatever in my plans, I did not say very much to my wife about them, but I was very much disappointed for it seemed to completely wreck my plans of doing much exercise I felt sure was the very thing that I most needed, and especially after I had had a little time to rest up.

With the above developments I turned to what seemed to be the next best plan, and that was Carlie's and apparently my wife's plan also, which was to buy a comparatively new, smaller and more modern house with hardwood floors throughout, a house with two large bedrooms all on one floor, a living room, a dining room, a dinette for breakfast, oil heat if possible, a double garage and a lawn without any bank to mow. That proved to be a pretty big order for Carlie worked on this quite intensively for just about a year and a half without finding anything that was anywhere near what we wanted. However, just a few days after I left the office, which was on September 30, 1945, Carlie located a For Sale by the owners of the house at 405 North Russet Street in Portland. This was quite a nice looking place, which was built in the spring of 1938, and it filled all of our requirements except it used sawdust for the furnace heat and a separate sawdust burner to heat the hot water. But then we found the price was more than my wife and I thought we should pay for a home. Finally Carlie offered to pay one-third of the price of the house and to pay one-third of the taxes and the upkeep, so then we agreed to buy this house and we made a token payment on, I think, October 9, 1945 with an offer to pay half of the sale price when an agreement was properly signed by all the heirs of the property (since the property was only in the process of being probated) and to pay the balance on or before three months from the date of the token payment. This offer was accepted by the daughter who was the administratrix (and I understood by the court) and we were assured that the rest of the heirs (for there were four sisters and three of them had husbands -- one of which was in the army) and their husbands would sign as soon as possible, but since that would take several weeks, the house was vacated in about ten days and the keys with the property were turned over to us for our immediate use as we saw fit, with only \$100.00 as earnest money changing hands. That was all we were asked to put up, so it was

alright with us, but I would not have accepted and turned over the property to anyone on such a small amount.

Immediately that the administratrix assured us that our offer was accepted we put up for sale our home on Willamette Boulevard. This property was sold with \$500.00 earnest money put up in just less than three weeks. The final deal was closed with the rest of the sale price all paid in cash on Saturday morning, November 10, 1945. That same afternoon Clarence and Julia arrived from La Grande to help us move and to celebrate our moving into the new home. We had already moved quite a lot of small articles in our automobiles and on Sunday a lot more were moved the same way. On Monday at 8:00 A.M. November 12th, the moving van pulled up to our former home to take the rest of our household goods to our new home and this was completed well before noon. At noon Alice had dinner ready for the five of us so we ate with her. By evening we were all set up so that we could prepare our own meal which was done.

Our copy of the agreement of sale was not properly signed and delivered to us for some weeks after we moved into our present home and there was quite a delay in delivering the deed and insured title because the husband in the army had been transferred from his previous location. However, we paid no interest on the deal after we notified the administratrix on November 10, 1945 that we were ready to pay the balance in full on delivery of the proper deed and insured title. In this whole deal there was not the slightest friction in any way, and even with all the unavoidable delays, the heirs were still within their time limit as set in the agreement of sale. That was a happy ending to a rather complicated process.

Immediately after we received title to this place we ordered an electric hot water tank and it was installed the latter part of January 1946. At the same time we ordered the electric hot water tank, we ordered a large oil tank installed in the back yard and an oil burner installed with the furnace in the basement. The tank was installed right away and filled with oil, but owing to war shortages we did not get the oil burner installed until November 12, 1946, just one year to a day after we moved into this house.

For the first winter after I left the office, the care of the two sawdust burners in our home and

the other necessary chores that I did around the home seemed to furnish about all the exercise that I needed. When spring came I did quite a lot of leveling up on the lawn and adjusting plants and shrubs as need be. During the summer and fall the care of the lawn and occasional walks furnished most of my exercise, and since I worked as leisurely as possible, I spent quite a lot of time in the sunshine and fresh air. During all this time I was slowly solving by trial and error many of my problems in allergy, especially that of liver, oysters, cheddar cheese, and clams. For further details, see chapter on allergy. By the fall of 1946, I had gained considerably in strength and well-being. Since we had a good solid oak dining room suite in our basement that needed cleaning and refinishing, and then since we also had in the basement an antique living room suite that needed the retying and resetting of the springs in the chairs and the settee, I made this my first project for the winter of 1946 to January 27, 1947. Before starting work on the above I rebuilt our workbench and added four large and one small drawer for tools and supplies. Four of the chairs had been daubed with paint and this was all scraped off. Most of the chairs were loose in the joints and they were all taken apart, cleaned, packed and reglued. The chairs were then all sand-papered and refinished. The table was thoroughly scraped, sandpapered, and refinished. The side board did not require much work to put it in nice shape. After the dining room suite was all refinished, it was advertised and sold for a good price. Then my attention was turned to the living room suite and the springs were all retied and reset in all the chairs and the settee. This is a beautiful setup in its original leather and it has been retained for future use or for sale.

You may recall that while I was in Sheridan, Oregon, I accumulated quite some material on the early history of our ancestors, which I planned to use in writing my memoirs at a later date, but this was all destroyed in the disastrous Sheridan fire in August of 1913. During the Second World War you may also recall that I received valuable information from the records of Mr. W.H. Gilstrap (deceased) of Tacoma, Washington. These records were loaned to me by his son, Mr. Ray M. Gilstrap, and I kept them long enough to have a copy made, but it was not until January 27, 1947 that any actual work was begun on these memoirs. The cabinet work of the previous fall and the writing just referred to were alright for the winter months, but they did not supply, during the good weather of the spring, summer, and fall, the exercise that I had hoped to get in the open air. By the spring and summer of 1947 I was

feeling much better than when I retired, and by then I was getting extremely restless, because I then missed my association with the people and the community organizations in St. Johns. Here I was in a strange community and spending most of my time on a 50 by 100 foot lot, and believe me, that is too small a piece of ground for a reasonably active old man to retire on. I know, for I have tried it. At least half an acre to an acre of land is desirable, but one or two lots of good land would be a great help. There is an old saying that 鄭 city is a very poor place in which to raise children. I want to emphasize that I have found the city is just as poor a place for a reasonably active old man, for he too has practically nothing to do or to be interested in. Young people in the city with little or nothing to do tend to get into moral and legal difficulties, but for the fairly active old man with little or nothing to do, nature just tends to soon eliminate him by death. I have seen both of these conditions happen over and over again. As a rule old women continue with their work in the home, so they do not have to make the abrupt break in life's work like so many men do. Therefore, the women, as a rule, do not have that hard a readjustment that is so common in the life of the older men. It is now known that women on an average live 4.8 more years than the average number of years that men now live, and perhaps it is the above break and maladjustment in the average man's life that accounts for much of this additional life span which is lived by women.

It was almost a year to the day from the time these memoirs were begun that our daughter Carlie saw a For Sale advertisement in one of the daily papers on a one acre wooded tract of land on the Washougal River just thirteen miles up that river from the town of Washougal in the state of Washington. We got a description of the property and directions for locating it from the real estate agent, and my brother, Owen, and I went directly to this property although neither of us had ever been in that locality before. This property was located right on the Washougal River with the center of the river forming the south line for one hundred feet of the property. This river is one of the very best fishing streams anywhere near Portland. We found the land was well covered with brush and medium-sized timber and that there was an unfinished cabin right on the riverfront with almost no cleared land around it. This cabin was only a few years old and with a little work we could see that it would be reasonably livable during the spring, summer, and fall. A dangerous thing was a stove pipe running out

through a side wall. Owen and I were both well impressed with the property, both as an investment and an opportunity for plenty of exercise in the sunshine and the fresh air. That afternoon Carlie came directly home when school was out and she, my brother Owen and his wife, and my wife and I went to this property to look it over again. A few days later we all spent much of a Saturday looking over this place and the surrounding country. Since there was no suitable water supply for residence use on this place, except the use of river water which we did not want to use, we contacted the owners of the water system some distance to the east. This water system extended to the second one-acre tract just east of the tract that Carlie was considering buying, so if we got water from that system our water pipe would have to cross this intervening acreage. We then got the name and address of the owner of this tract who lived in Camas, Washington, and we went to see if we could get an easement to put our water pipes across his property. He said, "Sure I will give you an easement and it won't cost you a cent for crossing my property." But he also said "I was going to build on this property, but recently my wife and I were divorced and I have now given this up, so let me sell you my property." We thought that these two one-acre tracts were the most beautiful and desirable that we had seen on that river, so Carlie bought them both. This gave her two hundred feet of frontage right on the river. Back less than one hundred feet from the river the otherwise almost level land had a fairly steep rise of about twenty feet to the upper land which was also almost level from there back to well beyond the end of each of the one-acre tracts. The second one-acre tract had no improvements on it and it was completely covered with brush and timber very similar to that on the first mentioned tract.

As fast as the agreements of sales were signed these two properties were turned over to Carlie and the final transfer of the titles was completed as soon as practicable. As soon as the weather permitted, we started moving into this cabin sufficient furniture including beds, cook stove and other articles that were necessary equipment for us to have while living in the cabin and working on either of the properties. With the furniture we brought lumber for an outside toilet and that was the first work we did on the place. Since this cabin was all in one room, sixteen by twenty-four feet, we arranged the furniture as best we could with Owen and Blanche in the east and our family in the west end with curtains to partition off each of our beds. These curtains could be drawn in the evening and pushed back

against the walls in the daytime. For stove wood we found a tree that was practically dead, so we cut it up for wood and it was fairly dry. As soon as we had a good supply of wood, Owen and I turned our efforts to the building of a brick terra cotta lined chimney for the cottage. We then cleaned up a small piece of land for a garden on the east tract near the river, but this turned out to be a flop for we got almost no vegetables from this land although it looked like good river bottom land.

Instead of then making more improvements on the cabin, we decided to begin building a new six-room cottage on the upper bench of the east tract. The brush and small timber were so thick on the upper bench that we could at first scarcely turn an auto around at the top of the bank. Where we did turn around was where the lumber for the lower cabin was unloaded some years before and carried down the bank as required to build that cabin. After the location for the house and carport were staked out and approved by Carlie, Owen and I started to clear and properly grade the land, first for the house and lawn, and later for the carport and driveway. Carlie often joined us in this work on Saturdays and Sundays and by the latter part of May, Carlie had six thousand feet of lumber delivered on the grounds. We were at home in Portland when this lumber was delivered which was just a few days before the great Vanport flood on May 30, 1948, but on the actual day of the flood we were at the cottage at Cannon Beach. The flood was then so high and it had done so much damage that we did not get back to the cabin for more than three weeks and when we did go back we had to go by the way of the Bridge of the Gods not far below Bonneville Dam. Before that time school was out and Carlie went up with us and she worked with Owen and me all summer long as a carpenter or on general construction work as need be. We constructed this house on the H plan with the living room in the center, the dining room, kitchen and utility room on the west, and the two bedrooms with a bathroom between them on the east.

By the first of that September we had the outside walls all up, the roof all on and most of the partitions in place. We had the first floor all down, the sink all connected up in the kitchen, the septic tank finished and all connections made, the toilet set and all connected up and the cold water delivered to the toilet and the sink, so on that day Carlie helped us move up from the cabin below to the unfinished cottage above on the other tract. Even though this cottage was unfinished it had a toilet, a sink and cold water and it was much warmer in cold weather than the cabin we had been using. With

this moving finished, Carlie returned in a few days to her teaching. Owen and I then proceeded to build a large carport which held two cars, about a year's supply of wood and it had a good sized tool house in one corner. Then we put eave-troughs on both of the buildings and connected up the downspouts to proper drains. After that we made a general cleanup and put things away, turned off the water and closed up the house for the winter. This was then late in the fall, so we then stopped long enough to make a rather careful survey by taking fully into account just what we had accomplished during the past spring, summer, and fall and we found that we had accomplished fully twice and probably three times as much results as any one of us had thought would be possible when we started that project.

The first work in the spring of 1949 was to put up a 500 gallon water tank to increase the water pressure on the west end of the system and to serve as a reservoir to supply water in case of an emergency. This was part of the agreement with Mr. and Mrs. Donald Goode (our next neighbor on the east) who owned half of the system. Mrs. Eve King who, further to the east, owned the other half of the system, was not interested in the tank at all. As a result of this a check-valve was installed just east of the Goode house so that the pressure of the tank of water and the reserve supply of water operated only on the part of the system west of the valve. There was plenty of water and plenty of pressure in the first place, so there really was no need for the tank or the check-valve but Carlie had to agree to this before the Goodes would let her otherwise buy in on the system. With this finished we extended the water line to the garden land below, but we did not get this line over to the lower cabin. This will be done later. Even with the extra water for the garden, we still raised practically no garden. I hope that early in 1950 we can get some barnyard fertilizer to put on the garden land, and then with plenty of water and less shade (we plan to cut down a lot of alder trees nearby) perhaps we can raise a good garden.

During the winter of 1948-1949 Carlie brought an electric power plant which develops 115 volts and 1000 watts and it is operated by gasoline, so that spring we built a substantial room in one corner of the carport to house this plant and to serve as a tool room. We cemented the floor of this room. Since the electric wiring and fixtures were not installed, the only use we had for this plant in

1949 was to operate a power saw that Clarence loaned us, but as a matter of fact most of the sawing and ripping had already been done. When roofing the house we covered the vacant space on each side of the living room out to even with the ends of the outside sections, thus creating two porches, each six feet wide and twenty feet long. That spring we put a good cement floor in on each of these porches.

During the year of 1949 considerable work was done on the house and on the grounds around the house and the carport, and several shrubs were planted, but when school started in the fall we did not have much to show for our work during that year. During the latter part of August I began cutting wood and getting it into the carport to dry for the next year and this was continued until we closed up for the winter. After school started, Owen and I cleared a strip wide enough for a road down to the lower cabin and we graded the hillside so that when it settles and is rocked it will be a good but steep road up and down to the lower land. With this we closed the place for another winter.

This house is not constructed on the standard plan of first putting up studding for the walls, but it is constructed on the old plan of putting up rough boxing (boards one-inch thick and one-foot wide) and instead of covering the crack between these boards on the outside wall with battings, we doubled the thickness of the walls by using other boards of the same thickness and width as the original boards on the wall, but these boards are put on the inside of the wall so as to cover the cracks and thus make a solid wall all the way around the house that is fully two-inches thick. These outside wall boards and inside lining boards are thoroughly nailed together and the nails are clinched on the outside. All of the partition walls are built on the same principle. This makes a very warm and strongly constructed building. Otherwise the house has standard construction. When finished, the outside walls will be covered with building paper and shingles or shakes, and the ceiling and inside walls will be covered with "sheetrock" plastered as need be and painted.

As we surveyed our accomplishments on the Washougal River in the fall of 1949, we found that we had accomplished only about one-third to one-half as much as we had expected to accomplish, but there was a good reason for this. Owen was not nearly as well in 1949 as he was in 1948 and I had an ulcerated wisdom tooth that kept us away for some time. Later there was our Golden Wedding Anniversary, and still later there was the wedding of our grandson, Roderic Gilstrap, and each of these

incidents interfered with our work. But great accomplishments were not the main reason for this project in the first place. It was to get exercise out in the sunshine and fresh air out in the country and to enjoy that exercise while we were working and that is just what we did a lot of the time. We worked when we felt like it and when we enjoyed it, and we rested and we loafed, when that seemed to be the most enjoyable. When we first went up there I had very little endurance, but I would work until I was reasonably tired and then I would rest until I felt like working again. While Owen had much more endurance than I had when he was feeling at his best, he followed the same plan that I did. Owen also gained in strength, but not nearly so much as I did. The wonder to me was that we two old men, who could not get and hold a job anywhere, could accomplish so much. Up to the close of that property in 1949, not a day's work had been hired. I seem to have gotten much more benefit out of this work than either Owen or Carlie, but we all benefitted a surprising amount. I can now do some five or six hours of good work at carpentering or general construction work in a day and enjoy it and that is something for a man that is now well past his 79th birthday.

The general public seems to look upon a man that is well up in years as always decrepit mentally or physically and usually both, but in my case I resent this classification. I believe that a lot of people when they get well up in years just give up and do nothing when there are at least ten and often twenty more years of useful and happy life in them, and there should be a way found to salvage that work and happiness for the good of humanity. I predict that this can be done if enough people will turn their attention to the solving of this very important problem. The giving of a pension and forced idleness to these old people is no solution at all. As the life span of humanity continues to lengthen, and the health of old people continues to improve with still better medical care, a solution to the above problem will become more and more urgent. The really happy old people are the useful old people - people that still have an interest in life and that have something to do. Of course, what I have said does not apply to the old men and the old women who are actually decrepit mentally or physically. Kindly care while they live is the only solution to their problem.

So far in our work on the Washougal property, except when school was out, Owen, Blanche, and I would go up there, usually on Wednesday or possibly Thursday, and Carlie and her mother would

go up on Friday evening and we would usually all come home on Sunday afternoon or evening. Thus we seldom stayed up there more than four or five days at a time (usually the latter) except during the summer months when Carlie was not teaching and then we would often stay a full week at a time and the three or four times in 1948 we stayed ten days at a time, but never more than this.

The work on these memoirs has nearly all been done during the months of December, January, and February, when it was not reasonable for me to be out of doors very much, so the purchase of the Washougal property with its opportunities for me to do work in the fresh air and sunshine has been a “lifesaver” for me. Even though I am getting older all the time and have long passed the age where the average man even tries to do manual labor, I find myself very much stronger than I was when I first went up to the Washougal and I can turn much more work that I could then and I enjoy the work when I am doing it. I feel sure that there are a great many more people in old age that are hurt by simply “rusting out” doing nothing than there are old people that are hurt by doing work within their strength and their endurance. Since I started to do some reasonable manual labor, I find that the muscles in my arms and legs that were soft and flabby are now hard and firm. I hope that I may continue to find work to do within my strength as long as I am able to do anything.

My wife had a mild heart attack (coronary occlusion) in March 1948 and a second and somewhat more severe attack on July 7, 1950. At that time she was also having some digestive trouble, so, while in the hospital for the heart condition, Xrays were taken. There was some suspicion of early cancer in the large bowel near the appendix, but it was finally decided that it probably was not cancer. In any event, owing to the heart condition, she was not in any condition to undergo a major operation. By the late fall and winter the heart was much improved, but by this time we were quite certain that the cancer had by then spread to every part of the abdominal cavity and that any operation then would be useless. Nettie died in the Grande Ronde Hospital in La Grande, Oregon, on March 22, 1951.

WE GO THIS WAY BUT ONCE

We go this way but once, O heart of mine,
So why not make the journey well worthwhile,

Give to those who travel with us
A helping hand, a word of cheer, a smile?

We go this way but once, Ah! never more
Can we go back along the selfsame way,
To get more out of life, undo the wrongs,
Or speak love's words we know but did not say.

We go this way but once. Then let us make
The road we travel blossomy and sweet
With helpful, kindly deeds and tender words,
Smoothing the path of bruised and stumbling feet.

Author Unknown

CHAPTER X

THE STOCK MARKET

THE RISE AND FALL OF STOCKS (by WJG, January 12, 1932)-- It seems to be a part of the psychology of the average person today to think that when financial conditions are good, they will always be good. These same people think that when financial conditions are bad, they will always be bad (especially under the then existing rule of government). This same psychology easily accounts for the condition that in good times the prices of almost everything rise so unreasonably high, and that in bad times the prices fall so unreasonably low. It is a wise man who in good times prepares for the bad times which are sure to follow. He who in bad times prepares for good times is also wise. If the average person could recognize and apply these principles, I feel that with the return of each world panic, much physical and mental suffering could be prevented. Even the loss of billions and billions of dollars in stocks, bonds, and other property could be lessened.

For many years I have made a study of economic conditions and their effects on our best utility stocks of national scope. As a result of this study, many striking incidents are revealed from which I think we can predict with reasonable certainty just about what will happen in the next five to ten years with regard to the value of good utility stocks in general.

History shows very clearly that during the last 100 years or more, world wide depressions or panics have come and gone not oftener than once in thirteen years, and not longer than once in twenty-three years. In between these world wide panics are dispersed numerous small national depressions or panics that reoccur about once in every seven years. Of the latter, the most outstanding in this country was the panic of 1907. This panic was greatly intensified by being associated with our financial and industrial readjustment following our Spanish-American War. This national panic took on many of the characteristics of a world wide panic, such as the failure of thousands of banks all over the country. It was a short-lived but exceedingly bad panic while it lasted. The world wide panic of today is likewise intensified by the world wide readjustment following the World War. These readjustments must

inevitably come in every country a few years after the close of any war in which that particular country has been engaged.

In 1893 the money center of the world was located in England, and the panic of that date started with the break of the stock market in London in 1890. Now the money center of the world is located in this country and the present panic started with the collapse of the stock market in New York City in November 1929. It is probable that this panic will reach the bottom in about three years as previous panics have done. If this is the case we will not reach the bottom until next fall or winter. This being a presidential election year (which as a rule is always an off year) we have double reasons not to really expect to begin the upgrade before the spring or summer of 1933. In the past it has taken three to five years after we have bumped the bottom of a panic before we got back to anything like normal times, and this panic will no doubt follow the usual rule.

We began a down grade in 1911, and probably were headed for another world wide panic when the World War broke out in 1914. Figuring twenty-three years from the bottom of that panic of 1893, we normally should have reached the bottom of that panic in 1916. However, the World War opened the European markets to us, thus creating an unusual demand for our products. This, no doubt, cut short what was then the beginning of another world wide panic as suggested by the break of the stock market in July 1914.

Effects on Stocks -- Be this as it may, the good nationally known stocks are most certainly earning the lowest price that we can reasonably expect to see until after the next great panic, as there is no probability that we will learn in the near future to prevent these crises. Panics, therefore, will continue to recur and history will continue to repeat itself until man does whatever is necessary to stop the vicious cycle. To date, there is no plan that is generally accepted as a cure-all to eliminate panics. If we were to ask a thousand people who thought they had a remedy to prevent panics, we would probably receive about a thousand different cock-sure remedies. However, the time will undoubtedly come when some reasonably satisfactory remedy will be found, but this probably will be many years from now.

The Gold Standard -- There are some financiers who think that the United States will go off the

gold standard sometime this spring or summer. If this should happen the New York Stock Exchange would probably close for a few days. After the general public had recovered from the shock, the Exchange would re-open. Following this I should expect an artificial inflation and a general rise in prices, but the public would no doubt eventually pay in one way or another for this inflation. However, because of our great gold reserve, it does not seem likely that we shall be forced off the gold standard. For us, under the present methods of finance, to deliberately forsake the gold standard would seem unwise. In any event, we will most certainly see a general rise in prices in the next few months or very few years at most. the present extremely low prices cannot continue indefinitely.

Stock Speculation -- I have taken the following stocks to illustrate what has happened to good nationally known stocks in the last two and a half years. In 1928 the stock of the General Motors Company reached a high price of \$224.75 a share at which time the company gave each stockholder two and a half shares for every share they owned. In 1929 the Woolworth Company's stock reached \$234.00 a share, and they split their stock into two and a half shares for one. In the same year the J.C. Penney Company's stock reached \$412.00 a share, and they also split their stocks into three shares for one. The following table is based on the new stocks after these divisions were made:

Name of Company	High Price 1928-29	High Price 1931	Low Price Jan. 5, 1932	Dividend 1931	Approximate Yield
U.S. Steel	\$261.75	\$152.87	\$35.33	\$4.00	12.0%
Nash Motors	\$118.87	\$40.87	\$15.50	\$2.00	12.5%
Woolworth	\$78.00	\$72.75	\$37.00	\$4.00	15.0%
J.C. Penney	\$104.00	\$44.75	\$26.87	\$2.40	9.0%
Gen. Motors	\$91.75	\$48.00	\$19.87	\$3.00	15.0%
Auburn Auto	\$514.00	\$295.33	\$115.50	\$4.00	4.0%
AT&T	\$310.25	\$201.75	\$109.25	\$9.00	9.0%
Internat'l Tel	\$281.50	\$38.75	\$7.50	\$0.60	8.0%
American Can	\$184.50	\$129.75	\$55.25	\$4.00	8.0%
Stand Oil-CA	\$81.87	\$51.75	\$23.75	\$2.50	10.0%
Stand Oil-NJ	\$84.87	\$51.50	\$26.00	\$2.00	8.0%
South Pacific	\$157.50	\$109.33	\$25.50	\$4.00	15.0%
Union Pacific	\$297.62	\$205.12	\$68.00	\$10.00	15.0%

The speculation in stocks during our recent good times ran the price of many stocks up until they paid less than three percent of the regular market price for that particular stock - for example, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company that has not yet changed their dividend scale. Today these same stocks are paying from eight to eighteen percent on the present market value of their stocks. Still anyone who bought these stocks on the high wave and now has to sell them at the present market price, as thousands and thousands of people do, will lose anywhere from about \$2.00 on every \$3.00 as illustrated by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's stock to more than \$36.00 out of \$37.00 invested in the International Telephone and Telegraph Company's stock.

Dividend Scale -- A great many of our best companies have sharply reduced their dividend scales in the last two and a half years. Even then many companies failed to earn the dividends that they paid last year. While some companies have large reserves and may be able to maintain their present dividend scales, no doubt many companies will have to make additional cuts. The Southern Pacific Company, for example, has paid \$6.00 on each share of their stock for the last twenty years, but recently they cut this dividend to \$4.00 a share

Stock Prices Reflect Economic Conditions -- The foregoing illustrates the old adage that "one extreme always follows another. Today the best nationally known utility stocks can be bought very cheaply and they pay a big return on the investment. By this same analogy we are quite sure that these same stocks will greatly increase in value in the next five or ten years together with a corresponding increase in their dividend scales. Of course, there should be a reasonable diversification of the stocks bought so that if one stock should go bad, the average would result in a good return on the whole investment. It seems to me that it is only a question of being able to buy at the right time, to properly diversify the stocks bought, and then to sit tight and ride the stock market waves up again as others have been forced to ride them down. In the past two and a half years there have been many more downs than ups in the stock market. No doubt, there will soon be many more ups than downs in the future, but the upgrade will be much slower than the down grade was.

Even a superficial study of stocks show that their price is largely controlled, as is most everything else, by either the existing prosperity or depression. During our recent period of over-

inflation speculation in stocks drove them to the highest price level ever known. At the same time, farm products had to compete in a world market of overproduction and as a result they were as much underpriced as the stocks were overpriced, but the general rule is that the better the times are the higher prices of everything and the poorer the times are, the lower the price of everything.

My Firm Conviction --To me the buying of good nationally known utility stocks on a low market after a great panic, and holding and selling them years later on a high market, is one of the surest ways of making big money. A stock should usually be sold when the market price goes so high that it will not pay a reasonable return on the money it can be sold for. I think it is almost always wise in investments of any kind to go against the general current of public opinion, "to row not drift" for drifting with public opinion in the stock market as with everything else in business, usually leads directly to the sea of financial destruction. Remember to buy high grade stocks when almost everybody wants to sell, and then sell when almost everybody wants to buy. Then place your money in safe keeping in preparation for the next cycle.

Note: all of the foregoing stocks were common stocks. I am sorry that I did not record the low on all the above stocks but I think General Motors went to less than \$8.00 a share.

MY STOCK MARKET LETTER

Dear son Clarence:

March 10, 1949

We are now undoubtedly in some kind of a depression or panic, perhaps one of former President Franklin D. Roosevelt's so-called recessions, and I think it is reasonably sure that it is a late post-war minor depression. If so it is probably the last minor depression before the next great major panic, which I predict will hit before the end of 1953. In the past all major depressions have been ushered in by a period of uncertainty and falling prices like the present, and then the crash hits, the stock market closes for several days and nearly all business tends to come to a standstill. When this has happened, IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE BEGINNING OF A MAJOR PANIC. I saw this happen in 1890, three years before the bottom of the 1893 panic. It happened again in July 1914, but we "got snapped out" of this panic a month later by the start of the First World War that August. The same unsettled

condition was followed by the closure of the stock market in November 1929, three years before the bottom of the great panic of 1932. in the past all minor panics have lasted about one and a half to two years and all major panics have lasted six to eight years for the complete cycle, three years down and three to five years up. The above is only the build-up for what is to follow.

Nearly all individuals have inherited at least a little of the spirit of gamble, but I would never put any money into a slot or other machine that was made to beat me and in which there was practically no chance in the long run of ever getting my money back. Neither would I consider gambling with professional or other gamblers in which there was practically no chance of my winning except when these people would allow me to as "bait" but the stock market has long appealed to me as a good way for an intelligent, thinking person to make a nice piece of money. But never buy stocks that are "peddled" by an agent for there is only about one chance in a hundred to one chance in a thousand to win. Instead buy high grade stocks on the New York Stock Exchange at the bottom of a depression and then count on holding them if need be for ten to fifteen years or more and then there is only about one chance in a hundred to one chance in a thousand for a loss. If you are not reasonably sure you can hold the stocks during at least the depression period, then don't buy.

The average person has no reasonable knowledge about panics, so he buys his stocks in "good times" when they are high and he has the money and the stocks are paying good dividends and he then has to sell them in "bad times" when the stocks are low and possibly paying little or no dividends. In contrast to this Raymond Fischer of St. Johns put \$5000.00 into common stock of General Motors Company in 1921 and sold this stock in 1928, which was just before the last great panic, and he cleared over \$40,000.00, but remember that someone else who bought badly lost that forty thousand dollars. Perhaps Raymond would not have made this money had it not been for the fact that he wanted to build the plant where he is now located and he was having trouble borrowing the money at the bank, so he got mad and sold his stock to get the money. I feel sure that he did not really know what he was doing, but he just happened to be a "victim of good circumstances. In 1933 or 1934 Raymond again put \$5000.00 into common stocks of the General Motors Company at less than \$10.00 a share and I think a few years ago General Motors sold for more than \$70.00 a share. I do not know what Raymond has

done with this stock, but the above shows what he could have done for he could have made more than 600 percent profit on his investment plus all the dividends paid in the last ten to fourteen years.

Anyone could have almost shut their eyes and bought stock on the New York Exchange in 1934 and they could scarcely have lost their invested capital if they held their stock beyond the panic cycle of eight years (three years down and five years up), but they probably would not have duplicated that of Raymond Fisher's in the General Motors Company. Instead of the above method of buying stocks, which I regard as too risky, I suggest that at least two good stocks be bought and for double safety it would be better to divide the money to be invested among three good stocks. By the above method of selection and diversification I think there would be less than one chance in a hundred and perhaps less than one chance in a thousand to lose the invested capital and that is a pretty safe gamble.

I had all this worked out in my mind before the last great panic, but I had no money to put into stocks and the only place that I thought I might be able to borrow it was off Mr. Maurice D. Allen, but he was very much opposed to anyone putting any money in stocks of any kind. Besides I did not think I should borrow the money if I could and take what I regarded as this very small gamble.

For quite some time I have been wanting to get this off my chest, so here it is for whatever it is worth to you. Think it over.

Lovingly, Father

Copy to Hugh and Alice, and Carlie

Note: Clarence is exceptionally well posted on stocks. And further, during the summer of 1951 General Motors stock went up to around \$100.00 a share at which time the company split their stocks and gave every holder two shares for one thus bring the sale price of each share to around \$50.00.

WITHDRAWAL OF PANIC PREDICTION IN STOCK MARKET LETTER -- In my Stock Market Letter of March 10, 1949, I predicted we would have a major panic before the end of 1953. With the start of the War in Korea that prediction was withdrawn. when peace is re-established I predict that panics will follow the same general course as in the past.

STOCKS PREFERABLE TO CASH -- On July 31, 1950 our son Clarence furnished me with a copy of the following article which I hereby quote verbatim:

Perhaps you have heard about the young couple who decided to be thrifty. Back in 1939, instead of buying a Ford Convertible with heater and radio (and extras) for \$1000.00, they put their money in the savings bank. For ten years they drove the old car, but early in 1949, it began to fall apart and something had to be done about family transportation. So they went to the savings bank and drew out their deposit which, through compound interest, in ten years had grown to about \$1280.00. Then they went around to the salesroom to buy a Ford Convertible. But the price of the Ford had risen from \$950.00 to \$2350.00.

Savings, up \$280.00, price of item wanted, up \$1350.00. In 1939 the principal bought the whole car. In 1949, the principal plus 10 years interest bought 54% of a car. That illustrates, rather dramatically, the fallacy of seeking principal security at the expense of income and appreciation in a period of inflation. But it is exactly what millions and millions of thrifty people have been doing in buying government bonds, life insurance and pension funds, and making savings bank deposits.

No one denies that there is a risk element in common stocks, real estate and other venture investments, but at least you have a chance to keep pace with inflation.

In so-called "money" investments you have no chance at all. You know you are going to take out less buying power than you put in.

Unless there is something different about this inflation of ours from any other inflation of similar magnitude in history, it is going on and on until it breaks down of its own weight. That breakdown obviously is not yet here, and it probably is years rather than months away.

We already are back in the deficit financing cycle again, which is another way of saying that the signature pen and the printing press are back at work creating ~~the~~ legal tender

The "legal tender" process is pleasant, and in a political democracy which also is an industrial democracy we are very unlikely to do unpleasant things when there is such a pleasant alternative.

I can see no answer but that dollars will get cheaper, that dollars will continue to buy less and

less. This should be especially true in the stock market where the dollar still buys more than anywhere else. So I would take advantage of all temporary dips in prices to add to holdings of desirable stocks. I would put increasing emphasis on stocks and decreasing emphasis on bonds, pension funds and savings bank deposits.

Cash dividend disbursements by American corporations may be as large in 1949 as in 1946. Strange as it may seem, payments each month thus far have been bigger than in the same month a year ago. To equal 1948, total dividends this year would have to reach about \$7.8 billion.

Last year American corporations earned about \$20.1 billion, a huge amount compared with \$6.4 billion in 1940, \$4.7 billion in 1937, or even \$8.4 billion in 1939, but dividends did not go up with earnings. Only about 38.8 cents of every dollar after taxes found its way to a dividend check. In 1947, the proportion was even lower at about 37 cents on a dollar. In 1939, 79 cents of each dollar of earnings was distributed to corporation owners, and in 1920, 68 cents.

This year it seems probable that total earnings after taxes will be around \$14 billion, off 29% or 30% for last year's total, but on the basis of the percent outlook as much as 55% or 56% of net may be paid out.

These figures, of course, are exceedingly preliminary, but the trend toward a more liberal dividend pay out is well past the preliminary stages. That's important to common stock owners, and also to speculators. Paid out earnings always are worth more in the stock market than retained earnings. Price-earnings ratios should rise.

What of General Motors' dividend policy? With \$6.76 a share already in the till for the first half year, it seems improbable that this giant corporation will fail to earn \$10 a share in 1949, and \$10.50 or \$11.00 is not an impossibility.

Only about a year ago (official earning report for the first half of 1948) the company itself pointed out that in the ten years ending with 1941, General Motors had paid out 85.7% of net in dividends, and that payments during the four war years were 70.8% of net. Dividends in 1946 and 1947 combined, were 67.8% of income and in 1947 were 50.4% of income. In 1948, the company earned \$9.72 a share and paid out \$4.50.

If business in the automobile industry should slow down a little in the second half-year, the final quarter dividend outlook of General Motors would improve rather than deteriorate since less cash would be needed to handle the volume. I would look for more than the regular \$5 dividend on General Motors this year - that is, for a nice extra.

Stock Trading by Loucine O. Hooper, September 1949

Note: It looks to me that this just about “hits the nail on the head” so I am passing it along. W.J.G.

“TEN FINANCIAL COMMANDMENTS OF THE STOCK MARKET -- According to the editor of the July 1951 Cosmopolitan magazine, Mr. A. Vore Shaw (then at the head of his own investment-counseling firm in the heart of Wall Street, New York, NY), devised, for the reasonably safe investment of money in stock by the inexperienced, in the summer of 1925, the following “Ten Financial Commandments” that have been rigidly tested by time and that have triumphantly weathered the feverish twenties, the Depression thirties, the wartime forties. They are (see pages 39, 110, and 111):

RULE ONE: For investments, choose sound, essential industries.

RULE TWO: Select companies that are recognized leaders in their industries.

RULE THREE: Hold share in at least five different companies, each in a different industry.

RULE FOUR: Put about the same number of dollars in shares in each company you select.

RULE FIVE: Buy shares listed on a major securities exchange, preferably the New York Stock Exchange.

RULE SIX: Buy shares that can boast an earnings or a dividend record, or both, unbroken for the preceding ten years.

RULE SEVEN: Buy shares that, over the past ten years, have earned at least five dollars for every four dollars paid out in dividends.

RULE EIGHT: Once every year or two sell at least one stock, choosing the weakest on your list with no consideration for its original cost. Substitute a more attractive security.

RULE NINE: Deal with a firm that is a member of a stock exchange or your banker. And when you

place an order to buy or sell, do not set a fixed price; buy or sell at the market.

RULE TEN: Buy no stocks on borrowed money.

There are hundreds of companies, hundreds of stocks that meet the standards set by these rules. Among them are the companies and shares for you. Let the next fellow speculate in thousands of stocks that may make the headlines and may intrigue our interest but that do not meet these requirements. Perhaps he can afford to risk skating on ice that is not so firm and hard; you can't afford it

For the ordinary inexperienced buyer of stocks I can reasonably subscribe to all of Mr. Shaw's instructions except Rule Eight. If the stocks have been carefully selected, and all is going well, I think the only one to gain in selling one stock every year or so would be the broker who handled the selling and the buying for you. After reading the entire article, it is clear to me that it was written for people who have no reasonable understanding of the effects of panics. They are just supposed to go on buying and selling according to "rule" and in the long run they are all supposed to come out all right.

My articles are written from an entirely different viewpoint. In panics many people get "panicky" and sell stocks at almost any price. Others sell because they have to have the money. I have advocated the careful selection of stocks to be bought, but I have especially emphasized how a lot of money can be made by buying good stocks at or near the bottom of a panic, and I have given one actual, concrete example. Of course, if we should eventually head into a wild inflation, the plan I have suggested will not work until the inflation has run its course and we have gotten back on "an even keel."

INDEPENDENCE

It isn't the things that are told you,
 But the things that you study and learn
 It isn't the things got for nothing,
 It's the things that you honestly earn,
 And high be your aim or ignoble,
 Whether piety, power, or pelf
 Don't lean upon Luck for advancement,
 But go out and win it yourself.

It's struggle that strengthens the muscle,

And practice that gives one the skill;
No mountains are ever surmounted
Unless we begin with the hill.
The man who relies upon others
Soon finds himself left on the shelf,
The way to have things done rightly
Is to pitch in and do them yourself.

So keep this for guidance before you,
As you busily toil with your task,
If there's something you really are after
Just go out and earn it, don't ask.
For the slightest concession of favor
From Luck, that false fickle elf,
You really don't want it sincerely
If you won't go and win it yourself.

William T. Cord

CHAPTER XI
SOME AFTERTHOUGHTS ON THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

To me there are two things in our preparation for and in our actual practice of medicine today that I think are absolutely wrong.

The first of these is our present method of selecting medical students from the pre-medical courses on the basis of grades alone or almost alone. Many of these so-called “quiz-kids” can answer questions in a parrot-like manner, but they have nothing else to commend them to the practice of medicine. They are usually not the real moral, intellectual and social leaders of the young people of their community, and when they get into the practice of medicine, many of them cannot adjust themselves to the ways of the general public - which is so necessary in the actual practice of medicine. As a result, this makes for a lot of low grade common “crackpots” in the medical profession today.

The second thing that I think is absolutely wrong is that we are training all of our medical students entirely by specialists and then most all of them become students of some specialty at once upon graduation, with little or no knowledge of the general practice of medicine. As a result this makes for a bunch of “snob” specialists which, if you could buy them for what they are actually worth and then sell them for what they think they are worth, you could make a tremendous profit on the deal. A further result of this second mistake is the fact that the general practitioner is now gradually becoming almost extinct, and it was not too many years ago that he was known as the backbone of the medical profession. As a further result of this over specialization, the public is paying many times as much for medical service as it would cost them under a properly balanced system of general practitioner and specialist service. And still further as a result of this bad system, the public is getting less and less medical service in the home, because the specialist will seldom make house calls at all, and especially at night. The fact that a medical man can now scarcely be had in a home at all is driving more people to the hospitals and also to the irregular practitioners, who are much more poorly trained to take care of the ills of the general public than are even our present specialists. The hospitals are very expensive and

usually overcrowded, and the irregular practitioners are usually very expensive at any price. The public is paying and paying, but is not getting the service it is paying for.

Heretofore, the general practitioner rendered a service that is not being duplicated in any way by the specialist. In the years gone by you could get a general practitioner to come to your home anytime day or night and he was competent to treat fully 90% of all cases as well or even better than the specialist and at a great savings to you. Compare this service with what you can get now and you will be amazed at the difference in service you got and the difference in cost you paid.

When I studied medicine, as before stated in these memoirs, the common definition of a new specialist was, “a doctor who had made a failure as a general practitioner and who had recently changed his location and 'hung out his shingle' as a specialist” and that was about all there was to becoming a specialist those days. Some of these men studied hard and made good as a specialist, but it was a bad system at best and the great majority of these men were also a failure as specialists. It is true that some successful general practitioners those days chose to and did become specialists, but the percentage, compared with the other process, as I recall, was comparatively small.

In my opinion our present system of preparing specialists is not much if any improvement on the old system. We now allow a medical student upon graduation to take up the study of a specialty at once, and on completing his special studies, he is allowed to enter his chosen specialty with little or no knowledge of the general practice of medicine. With the possible exception of a medical research specialist, I am convinced that no medical man should be allowed to become a specialist until he has had several years of service as a general practitioner of medicine.

Again referring to the research worker, I recall that Vitamin B-12 was first discovered in the chicken manure of a chicken house. As a research worker it would take a real “crackpot” to even think of looking in the chicken manure of a chicken house for a valuable medical product, but that is just what did happen.

In the past the specialist has known or seen but little of the general practitioner, except when he occasionally ran across one of his mistakes, and no one is perfect, not even the best of our specialists. The successes of the general practitioner have gone almost if not entirely unnoticed by the specialist.

Since the specialist has had little or no training or experience in general practice, he tends to see far too many things only in light of his specialty and thereby stumbles over many of our most common ailments and he often makes the most glaring mistakes possible. I know, for I have seen plenty of their mistakes and make no mistake about that.

As a result of the before-mentioned bad selection and bad training of our medical men, we are now greatly undersupplied with general practitioners and we are greatly oversupplied with a lot of very low-grade specialists, because they have not had proper training and experience before becoming specialists. Many of our specialists today render only a sort of good-like service, but in the not too distant past, the old-time general practitioner was the real war horse of the medical profession and a real friend of the public. Again I repeat that I am not sure that our present method of supplying specialists is much if any improvement over the old system, bad as it was, that was in vogue fifty years ago. In due time history will supply the correct answer.

October 1, 1952

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