

Early Northwest Fly-Fishing

*A Fly-Angler's Lifetime Journey Through Oregon,
Washington, and the World*



Blaine Hallock
photographs and art by author

“The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights.
So flows the good with equal law,
Unto the soul of pure delight.”

John Burroughs

D E D I C A T I O N

*To my dear wife who says she
Wishes she were a trout so
That I would love her more.*

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
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I N T R O D U C T I O N

he worn manila envelope lay unpretentiously on the dining room table, where I would not have given it a second thought, except that it was the only item present on a surface usually covered with printed material of one kind or another. It was an old manuscript discovered in my mother-in-law's basement years ago by a family friend. Curious about the contents, I settled down with the envelope after dinner. The manuscript was held between two pieces of cardboard, employing a binding mechanism of two metal prongs passed through holes at the top of each page. I opened the front cardboard cover and began to read. I was enthralled.

Humor, fishing, and life in the 1890s to the 1950s encompassed me. I asked my wife Annie for details of the author, her grandfather, and learned that Mr. Hallock wrote several articles that appeared in fishing magazines in the thirties and forties. The *Pendleton Sun*, his childhood newspaper, became part of the collection of children's literature at the Smithsonian Museum. Over the next several days I finished reading the manuscript, and wondered why it was never accepted for publication. I thought any fisherman would embrace it, as well as those interested in Oregon history, or life in the West during that time.

The manila envelope found a bookshelf, and there languished until I became interested in digitizing it and sending it around to family members, friends, and fly shops. The response was less than overwhelming, as few had the patience to read a computer document of what is essentially a picture of the typed page — a yellowed, fifty- to seventy-five-year-old document written on a Courier typewriter with occasional penciled-in notes, not easily read.

The manuscript, now replete with shiny CDs, again returned to the bookshelf. There it awaited resuscitation until a conversation I had at a dinner party. A bright, engaging man there described his self-publishing process and the resultant product which was very impressive. Desktop publishing became my new passion, and I began work to produce a more reader-friendly version. I continued to labor along for several months on the contents of the manila envelope.

One evening while visiting my in-laws, my sister-in-law Miriam Holley commented that her daughter Ann (the author's great granddaughter) was given a box of her grandfather's things, stored in the barn. I shall long remember the trip to the barn. We found the red wooden box in excellent condition. Among other things, it contained two copies of the manuscript, a few additional chapters, and a set of matching pen-and-ink drawings by the author himself. The box also preserved much correspondence, including letters from William O. Douglas and fishing-rod maker first name E.C. Powell. Upon sharing details of the red

box finds with family, the author's grandson Matthew Blaine Wells provided an additional treasure trove of pictures he had inherited.

As I began thinking about approaching a publisher, Frank Amato Publications first came to mind as the outstanding publisher in the fishing world, and it was located in Oregon, the author's home. I had a cordial initial phone call with Kim Koch at Frank Amato Publications indicating that they would look at the manuscript. I assumed that they looked at many documents, so I started my letter with "found in the red box in the barn" in hopes that would catch Mr. Amato's eye. That was both foolish and unnecessary. The manuscript stands on its own without assistance from me. Mr. Amato called in two weeks to accept the manuscript for publication.

The manuscript, and many of the pictures, were made available by the author's daughter, Mary Hallock Sargent, the "Mary" frequently referred to in the book. Her enthusiasm and continued support are deeply appreciated. The text, drawings, and pictures then came together in a digitized manner, with great assistance from my daughter Paige Hamilton. Another daughter, Anne Hamilton provided invaluable help with her knowledge of the publishing world and with this Introduction.

I did tie and fish the Hallock Killer fly described in the book, but with less success than the author. Despite what fishermen say, a full creel is more dependent on skill than on the rod, the line, the fly, and the moon. The old adage regarding truth and fishermen is probably the only thing about fishing that could be considered a "law".

My only regret through this process is that I was never privileged to know the author. One can glean from his writing that would be a very worthwhile relationship. Read this book. Then you will know of what I speak.

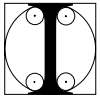
Richard Hamilton, M.D.
Denver, Colorado
26 May, 2005

C H A P T E R



Earliest Recollections





I shall not pretend that I remember the darkened room in the little frame house where I was born, nor, for that matter, anything at all about my early babyhood. Unlike some autobiographers, I confess that I have no recollection of the joy which must have shone in my mother's eyes at the sound of my first feeble wail, or the remark of the midwife who must surely have murmured, "Ah, a very fine boy indeed." No doubt my proud parents did promptly confide in one another the conviction that someday I would become president of these United States. But if so, they never communicated that understandable prediction to me. I later learned, though only through hearsay, that my advent into the world meant the serious problem of another mouth to feed at a time when my older sister, the first-born, was already taxing the resources of my young parents. They, like their neighbors of those far-off days, were very poor. I learned, also upon hearsay, that the momentous event of my birth occurred in the little frontier town of Heppner out in the rolling sagebrush hills of eastern Oregon.

But a time did come when something happened that I can relate without recourse to secondary evidence, for it is indelibly impressed upon the tablets of my memory and has contributed much toward my belief that the world is a grand place to live in and that good things often do come in miraculous ways.

The shades of evening had gathered. On a round center table covered with a dark cloth, a lamp burned brightly shedding a soft circular glow. It had a porcelain shade, green on top and white beneath. I was sitting on my father's knees. There were several papers scattered on the table.

"Sometimes" said Father, "when little boys are very good the fairies bring them presents." I had heard of the fairies before but was not much impressed.

"Look under the papers," continued Father, "and see if you can find anything."

When I lifted one of the papers, what should I find but a little piece of white candy. Wide-eyed with wonder and excitement I gulped it, and feverishly examined the table under all the other papers. My search was minute and complete, but there were no more candies.

"Now look again," said Father. Lo and behold, there was another piece of candy! Again I made a diligent search, but I found nothing.

"Try once more," my Father urged. A third piece lay under the very paper which only a moment before had concealed nothing but the table's cover.

"How can the fairies be here on the table when I can't see them?" I asked.

"Well," he explained, "they are invisible." I didn't know just what

that meant, but I was satisfied then that fairies really did exist and that when a boy was very good they were apt to reward him.

Another experience with the fairies occurred no great while later. One day Father explained that fairies sometimes made toys come to life. I was the proud possessor of a little tin monkey painted in bright colors which climbed a string when it was pulled, but never until that day had it performed this acrobatic feat without human aid. I loved this toy and when not playing with it, I would pin the top of the string to a window curtain where I liked to see it dangling. While this explanation regarding the activities of the fairies was going forward I glanced at a little doll buggy on the floor, a prized possession of my older sister. Suddenly it began not only to move but actually to roll along the floor. I was spellbound. Hearing a faint click I glanced up at my monkey dangling on the curtain, and it too suddenly began to move, climbing steadily up the string. Had any doubt lingered in my mind about the prowess of the fairies, it was that moment completely dispelled. What pains my father had taken to attach these toys to invisible threads, and how he was able to make them perform with no movement my young comprehension could detect, remains one of the unexplained mysteries of my life.

The fairies kept a watchful eye on my fortunes for a long time thereafter. When I began to lose my baby teeth I showed my father one day that a tooth was quite loose. He very deftly plucked it out with thumb and finger, and I experienced no pain.

“My little man,” he said, “if you will put that tooth in a glass of water by your bed tonight the fairies might change it into money.” Surely enough the next morning a shiny nickel lay in the bottom of the glass.

My recollection of our home in those days is hazy indeed. In retrospect I see a faint picture of what seemed to me a very long back yard with a picket fence all around and a straggly shade tree in one corner.

I can recall my first velocipede. Mother had promised me a present, and Father took me for a long walk somewhere which terminated in a store. I can see myself astride this little velocipede riding I knew not where. My father walked behind, and suddenly out of a strange unfamiliar world I found myself at our very front gate. The unerring instinct which had headed me in the right direction from the store to our home, probably a block or so away, I can only credit to my father’s encouraging instruction that I should “Just keep riding along.”

When the curtain of memory lifts again there are three of us children, my older sister, myself, and a brand-new baby girl. We are living with my grandmother in a rambling, old white house with green shutters and a big yard in Salem. I can hear the rain dripping from the eaves, and smell the pungent odor of damp moss on the oak sticks

that sputtered in the open fireplace through many gloomy days. Violets bloomed against the damp brick walls on the north side of the house, and under a great oak tree out by the barn, there was a soggy accumulation of deep brown leaves where I could occasionally find little tough-skinned balls that grew on the under sides of the leaves. But when the sun did shine on the long yellow grass that sloped down past the moldering wall to Mill Creek on the south, and spilled through the leaves and onto the purple clusters of grapes along the arbor extending from the back porch out to the old barn, the world was a delightful place.

To me the house seemed enormous. It was one of those old-fashioned structures, rarely seen anymore, with the lower floor and living quarters half below and half above the ground level. A short flight of steps under the front porch gave access to the living room, another flight up to the front porch led into the parlor, used only on rare occasions. The round-backed, deeply carved oak chairs were upholstered in black horsehair. On a marble-topped table under a glass bell was a heap of artificial fruit. Brilliant lithographs of comely young women, toying with birds or feeding deer, adorned the walls, in dark oak frames, with the ends of the moldings crossing and extending beyond the common margin. Interspersed with these were cross-stitch mottoes worked out in gay colors, carrying the slogans: "Welcome," "God Bless Our Home," and the like. On both sides leading off the long hall back of the parlor, were several bedrooms, all somewhat similarly furnished. A very long flight of stairs led to the top floor bedrooms, but I rarely got that far from the big semi-basement living room, which occupied half of the entire lower floor. The other half was a huge combination kitchen and dining room. Daylight was let into these lower quarters through windows that were set in damp brick-lined light wells around which the violets grew. Against the front window in the big living room, innumerable tin cans of brilliant geraniums, begonias, fuchsias and plants with multi-colored leaves were displayed on an A-shaped bamboo rack with shelves. Grandmother tended these flowers with the greatest care, and they filled the old house with spicy fragrance. Among other knick-knacks on the broad mantel above the fireplace was a little keg or barrel with a tiny faucet, suspended on a rack where dangled a half dozen little cups from hooks. This was probably intended for liquor or wine, but on the few occasions when we children were permitted to play with it the faucet spilled into the cups nothing more potent than water.

Near the spreading oak in a hollow toward the end of the backyard an egg plum tree kept it company. This tree produced in astonishing profusion. When the plums ripened, the whole

neighborhood gorged on the succulent fruit, Grandmother converted vast quantities of it to plum butter, and still when the overripe plums fell to the ground they filled the grassy hollow with a pool of gold. One day my older sister conceived a great idea. She had me sit on a gunny sack which she pulled by running down the slope over the slippery yellow grass, whereupon I would be precipitated with a great plop and splashing of rotting plums into the hollow beneath the tree. But when we came in to supper that night, our clothes generously splattered with plum juice and fiber, Mother put a prompt stop to that diversion.

The back porch was dark and shadowy, being completely enclosed in cross lattice. In the gloom of one corner we discovered a marvelous contraption, an old-fashioned water-flushing toilet. The only thing that concealed the user from the common gate was the darkness of the shadowy corner, but what a thrill we would get when we used the device! Unoccupied, the seat stood up at a slight angle from the rear hinge; but when one sat on it, the marvel started to work. The gurgle of water would be heard, and one's bottom would be treated to a fine spray of cold water. For this reason I much preferred it to the conventional old two-holer out in the back yard, which was reached by a sloping plank walk. When it rained this was always slippery and apt to precipitate one onto the seat of his pants, which would thereby get a good wetting before even being pulled down.

The slope of the grassy yard was broken half way to the creek by a low brick wall, and above this a weather-beaten outbuilding moldered in the rain, or steamed when the sun shone. A cluster of tall pink and white hollyhocks and flaming red poppies grew at the foot of the wall. Peering between the stalks I discovered a hole in the wall and promptly contacted my sister and my Uncle Jake who was only a year or two older than me.

"Do you want to see a pirate cave?" I whispered.

Down the hill we went and a little prospecting around the ancient edifice disclosed that a small boy, his small sister and his small uncle could crawl underneath it without difficulty. When our eyes became accustomed to the gloom we discovered that some of the bricks were loose.

"Let's make a secret hiding place in the wall," said Jake.

With a rusty nail we scraped away the mortar around one of the bricks and were soon able to dislodge it. A marvelous place to hide pirate secret writings!

"Pirates write their secrets in blood," I volunteered.

"But we haven't any blood," murmured my sister in a hoarse whisper. A great inspiration possessed me.

"Give me that pin out of your hair ribbon," I demanded.

With some trepidation she produced the pin and with one bold prick of my thumb a drop of red blood was at hand. Not to be outdone Jake too pricked his thumb and then sister, with some hesitation, also submitted to the ordeal.

“Make an X right here,” I said, producing a crumpled piece of paper from my pocket. We each left our bloody mark, pushed the paper into the hole, replaced the brick and swore a holy oath that we would never, never reveal the secret. As far as I know that great confidence has not been violated to this very day. A narrow strip of flowered meadow lay between the wall and the creek.

One day while lolling in the grass at the edge of the stream I discovered that it contained schools of minnows. Hurrying back to the house I induced Mother to provide me with fishing tackle which consisted of a willow switch, a short piece of twine and a bent pin. With bread crumbs for bait I fished in the minnow pool for hours at a time, but the fates decreed that the thrill of catching my first fish must be deferred until we moved to Herman Creek.

C H A P T E R



Little Boy and His Trout



Herman Creek, during the early years of the gay nineties, was but little fished. It was hidden away in the mighty folds of the Columbia River Gorge remote from any large town and rather inaccessible, although a rough country road did lead to a point not far from its mouth. One ambitious to reach its higher waters must toil up a rude trail along the “hogbacks” for several miles. But at the time of which I write, the fishing right in front of our camp was quite good enough for a small boy.

The stream sprang from the rugged heights of the Cascade Mountains south of the great river. It hurried between granite walls, plunged over steep cliffs, with many a sparkling waterfall and somber rock-ribbed canyon until it reached a saucer-shaped basin where, in hesitant and uncertain manner, it found its way through high boulders, then on between mossy banks under an arching forest of great hemlocks and cedars. In this wooded stretch the shadows were deep, and in spring the pale trilliums and delicate blue anemones thrust up through a soft carpet of fir needles and moss. It chattered down a hill around water-worn stones and over sparkling gravel bars past the old Conley farm where pink-headed clover blended with acres of fern, and finally arrived at the grove of maples and oaks under which gleamed the white walls of our tent. Just below camp the creek slipped beneath a railroad bridge, left the confining hills, traversed a strip of yellow sand and reached the embracing arms of the lordly Columbia. When this great river was at high stage, its lapping waters washed the very foot of the hill, but in late summer the creek ambled across a sandy beach for nearly a quarter of a mile before it joined the river.

Here and there among the cedar and hemlock trees on the upper reaches of the stream which I visited in later years, for I was too small then to know anything about it, staunch oaks and maples reached for the sun. On the south sides of the trunks and hanging from the larger branches were thick rolls of dry moss. What marvelous beds they made! We would gather great armfuls, spread them on the soft earth, top the heap with a covering of flat cedar boughs, and try to count the stars as the glowing embers of our campfire faded into the night.

Those were the days to which my parents later referred as “the hard times.” Jobs and money were scarce. The government was building locks on the river at a town appropriately named “Cascade Locks” and massive granite slabs required for this work were quarried along Herman Creek. In order to get them out, a spur track had been constructed from the quarry to a connection with the main line of the old Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, now the Union Pacific Railroad. The so-called “Stone Train” had to make periodic trips over the main line to the site of the locks and return to the quarry.

My father was the telegrapher and dispatcher for this operation.

How vividly I remember our home of those far-off days, and how contented and happy we all seemed to be. If my parents were over worried or concerned about our situation, they either concealed it from us, or I was too young to remember it. There were six of us in the family, Mother, Father, and four children. In winter we lived in a little one-room frame house beside the tracks. It had a double window in one end and on a counter just under the window Father had his clattering telegraph instruments and his records and stationery. A small sheet iron stove served both for heating and cooking. Against one wall was a rude board table and above it were shelves for dishes, a few groceries and supplies. At the end of the room, opposite the window, were double-decked beds made of fir poles and equipped with bough mattresses. Father and Mother occupied the upper bed and we four children slept crosswise in the lower one. Several hours each day were devoted to "school work." Our parents alternated as teachers. I distinctly recall learning to spell five words: multiplication, division, addition, subtraction and chocolate. Just what connection there was in my mind between chocolate and mathematics I have long since forgotten. The Youth's Companion arrived each week and during the long winter evenings Mother would read it to us from cover to cover. When she had read the very last word, Father would take over. Of the books in his meager library I remember Dickens, Shakespeare, Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song, Goethe, Arabian Nights, the Bible, a big atlas, and a seven-volume set of Byron, Hood, Pope, Cowper, Tennyson, Milton and Moore, each book bound in a different color. There were probably some other books in the collection, but of them I have no recollection.

Father read aloud *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Great Expectations*, *Bleak House*, *David Copperfield*, *Oliver Twist* and many other stories. A lot of it I did not fully understand, but I do remember how I loathed old Fagin for his treatment of Oliver Twist and how I cried for poor, hungry little David Copperfield when he had to sell his only "weskit" for but nine pence. For Washington's Birthday, Mother dressed me in a blue George Washington suit and cocked hat, which she had made for the occasion, and Father took our picture with me whacking away at a sapling with a little hatchet. This important ceremony had been planned for days. The entire audience consisted only of our parents, with us children as the actors. Father had taught us a little song which we included in the program. I think it actually went something like this:

"What a pleasure there is dancing in the sunlight
When all this earth seems to smile,
It gives a merry ringing to your laughter
You don't know care or guile."

But we children must have had scant appreciation for the sentiment because, to us, as we sang it. In lusty discord, and as I remember the words to this day, they ran:

“What a pleasure there is dancing in the sunlight
When Aldrich seems to smile.
It makes a merry ringing in your ear
You don’t know Paragile.”

In our imagination Aldrich who smiled so readily was a character to be emulated, while Paragile, whom it seemed to us, we were not even to know, was a villain of the deepest dye.

In summer we lived in the tent down under the maple trees, cooking and eating our meals under a canvas fly and storing the rest of our worldly goods in a bough-thatched lean-to. The creek ran just in front of the tent, and as a little boy I marveled to see my father catch trout in our very “front yard.” It could not have been more than one hundred yards through the woods from our tent on the stream back to the road, but I never had the courage to make the trip alone, for dark shadows lurked beneath the trees and around the hazel bushes where Paragile might show up at any moment, and there was always a strange chatter of birds and squirrels; although once I did catch a chipmunk not too far back of the tent in a little box trap that my father made for me. The world seemed very large and full of mysteries.

One day my father let me trail along with him up the wooded bank of the stream while he fished. I remember that he used two flies and caught a trout and sometimes two in almost every likely pool. After awhile he sat down to clean the fish and allowed me to take his rod and dangle the flies over the water. I shall never forget what happened then. It is as vivid as though it occurred but yesterday. The creek was small and crystal clear and the bank at that point was free of trees. The end of a big log extended a few feet out over the water, partly damming the stream above, causing the current to scoop out a shallow pool in the bright sand and gravel below the log. In the clear water I saw a school of trout minnows, the largest not more than two or three inches long. I worked my way out on the log and dangled the flies on the surface of the pool. There was a rush of minnows and I gave the rod a jerk, but without reward. Again and again I repeated the maneuver with the same result, but finally a minnow did impale himself upon one of the flies. I gave one mighty yank and he flew over my head and landed on the bank. I dropped the rod and rushed to my prey. The tiny fish flopped about on the grass until I was able to clutch him in my hot and trembling hands. My first trout — and what a beauty! It was all of two inches long. I can still see the amber tint of his tiny transparent fins, the fine lines of his gill coverings, the

round shiny eyes, the square little tail and the lovely opal par marks down his gleaming sides. All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't have wrested my prize from me, though I do not recall that anyone was interested in such a project. After I had duly fondled the fish, Father considerately put it in the creel with his own, and back to camp we went. Although I had become a little tired following him up the creek I fairly flew back to the tent to display my catch. From that moment I knew that I must be a trout fisherman come what may, and that is what I am today. I have found the law a means by which to live, to live that I may go fishing again. So it follows that this book will contain much about that gentle diversion.

Not long after that memorable day, Father made me a fishing outfit for my very own. He cut a small dead fir sapling, trimmed off the branches and dressed it down with a chip of glass. Then he twisted a few guides along the rod with copper wire, and made a reel from a spool. The reel had a little peg for a handle and was pivoted on a nail driven into the end of the rod. The line was heavy black thread with a small plain hook tied on the end. My creel was a salt sack hung from my shoulder on a cord. I have since owned many rods, have tied thousands of flies, have picked up fancy tackle in odd places throughout the world, but I have never owned an outfit which I loved more dearly than the tiny rod with its spool reel. After that I spent many happy hours up and down the stream near the camp, and would often come in with wet feet and proudly display two or three trout, some as great as five or six inches in length.

A day came when the miracle happened. As I walked down the stream, wishing that I owned a trout fly with which to replace the bait hook, I saw a patch of white, shining on a shingly bar. I ran up to have a look, and what should it prove to be but a flour sack, lost by some fisherman. In it I found a fly book containing half a dozen flies, some Professors and some Grizzly Kings! My delight knew no bounds! They were snelled flies which gave me at least a semblance of leader. I tied one of each on the line and became a fly fisherman then and there and rarely ever used bait again. Knowing little, if anything, about other patterns of flies and caring less, I fished for years thereafter with the Professor/Grizzly King combination. Even after I originated the "Hallock Killer" about which more appears between these covers, I still find this first combination very effective.

As the summer advanced, the creek became lower. I would wade over the shallow bars, and one day, without difficulty I crossed at a point a little below camp and discovered a fern-girthed brook emptying into the main stream over yellow sand and bright pebbles. I promptly named it Sand Creek and followed it up through the woods. Here and there in the deeper pools carved under the over-

hanging banks I caught little trout which were nearly black because their lives had been spent in the deep shadows. The brook came down between the ferns from a slightly higher elevation and when I scrambled up a hill I found a mountain meadow through which the tiny stream meandered in a channel so narrow that I could step across it. Long grasses hung down on each side and when I dropped a fly over the little exposed patches of water I was surprised to learn that I could catch larger trout and that some of them in the sunnier stretches were quite brilliant.

The discovery of Sand Creek suggested interesting possibilities to all of us children, although it sometimes proved quite a task to get little brother Joe across the main stream where we had to splash through several inches of water as it flowed over a gravel bed. At the head of the clearing we found a cabin and discovered that an Indian girl, slightly older than any of us, lived there with her father. She introduced us to a rare delicacy, the first of the kind that I had ever tasted — sandwiches made of thin slices of homemade bread and fresh cucumbers soaked in vinegar. Just why this should have made such a profound impression upon me I cannot say, but I do know that even today when I eat cucumbers I think of the rude cabin in the green mountain meadow and our young Indian friend.

In winter we lived in the little house, sometimes almost buried in snow and in summer we camped under the trees for two years. It was in the second summer that my father took me with him to fish a nearby stream, locally known as Dry Creek. Dry Creek was hardly more than a brook, but where it dashed over the cliff in a snowy waterfall it had scoured out a deep pool with always a spray of mist blowing across it. That made damp work of trying to fish, but I was able to get my fly out on the pool and in a moment a cutthroat trout almost nine inches long rose and took it — the deeply speckled beauty was by far the biggest fish I had ever caught.

Wild blackberries were abundant in the late summer and on an open sunny hillside where an old burn had left much downed timber and whiten snags, we found them in goodly measure — clusters of big, shiny, deep-purple jewels full of fragrance and tang. They are hard to come by in these later days, for but few of the wildwood lots are left, but to anyone who has scrambled over logs and through brambles to gather them I am sure they are the most delicious berry in the world. Here and there a stately tiger lily lifted its soft brown head, peppered with black spots, and on the granite boulders and warm dry logs little gray lizards with bright blue tails slept in the sun, their shiny sides flashing and iridescent. When we approached them they would disappear with a whisk. We used to imagine that if we could catch them they would change into footmen as they did in

the story of Cinderella. One day as we gathered berries under the brilliant blue sky, I heard the faint whistle of a train pulling up the grade. What is there about such simple experiences that impress us so profoundly? The sound of a cow bell at dusk, the faint barking of a dog, the smell of burning leaves in the fall, the aroma of frying bacon and wood smoke, these are the makers of memories. Even today when I hear the distant whistle of a locomotive I think of wild blackberries warm on a flowery hillside, and I experience a feeling of loneliness and nostalgia.

Down the road which lead toward the Columbia there was a tumble-down farm where a solitary old Scandinavian by the name of Skar eked out a lonely existence. He had a cow, and every afternoon, lard pail in hand, we children would amble down the dusty road and return at dusk with the family milk. Sometimes in the fall Mr. Skar would give us apples, which we were reluctant to take until he would assure us in his thick English, "Eat, eat, they will not hurt you." One day when we were munching apples he sat before his doorway and began to whittle a piece of tongue-and-grooved flooring with his big bone-handled jack knife. His gnarled hands were sure and strong and soon before my wondering eyes appeared a real cross bow. "It is for you," he said, holding it out to me, "and I will make you some arrows too." Thereupon he split a shingle into a generous pile of shafts and thus I was equipped to cope with Paragile or any other danger that might be lurking in the venerable woods.

It was in Mr. Skar's pasture that I found my first prunella, an odd little flower with the bloom made up of a cone-shaped arrangement of stiff cup-like petals, carrying a few purplish-blue blossoms here and there, as though stuck in at random. These flowers have a ragged look as though most of the blossoms had been knocked off, but through all the later years whenever I found them on hillside or in grassy meadow, their appearance was always the same. Apparently one has about as much chance of finding a prune in perfect bloom as of finding a coconut palm with a straight trunk. But I love them more than any other flower. You may have the glorious yellow chrysanthemum of late fall, the long-stemmed red rose developed to the last degree of hothouse perfection, or the dainty corsage of delicate orchids — the prunella for me!

Mr. Skar was a strange old character, and we children invented many stories about the secluded life he led. When I went to bid him goodbye as we were leaving our forest home he put his arm around my shoulder and said, "You make me think of another little boy," That was all we ever knew. God rest his soul!



Barefoot Days



The eastern Oregon city of Pendleton, now of Roundup fame, was a typical western frontier town in the mid [18]nineties. The streets were mud wallows in winter and spring, but in summer the Indian cayuses kicked up great swirls of dust as their dusky skinned, blanket-clad riders came into town from the nearby Umatilla reservation. What few sidewalks Pendleton could boast were made of planks, about every tenth one extending to the wooden curb. They rattled as an occasional cyclist rode down the street in knee breeches and woolen stockings, perched astride an enormous wheel, behind which, at the end of a down-curving goose neck, a little wheel enabled him to maintain his precarious balance. Nails stuck

up here and there through the boards to the sorrow of us barefoot boys, who suffered many a stubbed toe. Planks were missing in places, and often we peered between the cracks in the hope of finding nickels lost by pedestrians. Hitching posts stood before the square-fronted frame stores, and Indian ponies switched their tails at the swarms of pestering flies. Farm wagons drawn by big sleek horses clattered down the streets with children lolling in the straw among the boxes and sacks, while the black-and-white sheep dogs trotted along under the wagons in the shade. Occasionally Mrs. DeSpain, wearing a ruffled black silk dress with a "gold watch and chain," rode by in her victoria. She carried a doll-sized black parasol which she could tilt from side to side, but she often disappeared from view in the clouds of dust. It was years later that Mr. Judd brought the first automobile to our town.

In those days social obligations presented no problem. Families took their recreation together. They met their neighbors at "ice cream sociables," or drove out to Byers Park, a grove of cottonwoods down by the river to enjoy fried chicken, lemonade, ice cream and cake. Nothing that I know of yet can equal the custard ice cream which we would churn to hardness out in the woodshed before the picnics. We could never wait until it really froze, but kept peeking into the freezer, solacing ourselves with small slivers of salty overflow as the grinding went on. But the finished product was superb, and nothing like it can be purchased today.

Cooking must have been a chore during the scorching summer days. Like our neighbors we prided ourselves on the ownership of a "Majestic" range and in the cool of the morning Mother would bake pies or cakes or roast meat for supper, and later we would sit down to eat in the darkened dining room. We always enjoyed the great bowls of red lettuce sprinkled with sugar and vinegar, or cold sliced cucumbers. But if it was necessary during the day to build a fire in the range, we would fan our brows till after sunset when the refreshing breezes from the nearby Blue Mountains extended happy relief. We thought little of the innumerable flies which buzzed and circled around the middle of the room, though we were well supplied with Tanglefoot fly paper. We played marbles and spun tops, went to Sunday school, took part in amateur theatricals, chivareed the newly-weds and stole gates on Halloween. The local fire brigade kept in good trim to compete with any challenge from the neighboring towns. In short, Pendleton at that time depicted a phase of American life which has now largely passed from the scene.

Like all small boys I was always poking about in out-of-the-way corners and one day I discovered many odds and ends of type in a heap of rubbish behind the *Tribune* office, where my father then published a

Republican newspaper. A little exploratory prospecting disclosed a veritable type mine. It had accumulated through years of sweeping the composition room and was generously mixed with sawdust, cigarette butts and miscellaneous refuse. But after much digging I salvaged enough to make up the polyglot composition of a boy's newspaper whereupon I became a journalist. The paper, which I called the *Pendleton Sun* was made up of four pages, and was printed on a little hand press. After school and in the evenings of the first two or three days of each week I set up and printed the first half of the paper, exhausting my meager supply of type in that process. Then redistributing the type I devoted the latter days of the week to making up the other half of the paper, and on Saturdays peddled it on the streets at one cent per copy.

Most children take a fling at publishing a newspaper some time during their young lives, but the *Sun* evidently was in a class by itself, for during its brief career a number of metropolitan papers carried "quotes" from it. I received regular exchanges, and it had an out-of-town subscription list; to mention but two entries,

"The Sun is getting quite a circulation, for we now have little boy way back in Topeka, Kansas." and again,

"Last Tuesday I received a paper "The Reflector," from way back in Marshall Town, Iowa, which shows pretty well for the Sun."

To this day guests at our home enjoy perusing the yellowed pages of the little bound volume which contains each issue with its jumbled type, terrific spelling and high moral tone. With rare good judgment my parents refused to contribute or to correct any entry, so the paper bore the unmistakable mark of its youthful editor on every page. Because it reflects the atmosphere of those faraway days I should like to quote some of it, although I regret that it cannot be done in facsimile for as here presented it loses much of its piquancy in dress and spelling.

As will be seen, the editorials were both moral and constructive.

"FLYS

The flis are coming out as thick as spatter and everybody has to put on their screen doors to keep them out, but they get in in spite of all. They eat up the meat and sugar and every other thing, and one has to plaster their house with fly paper and sometimes you put your hand down and accidentally get it on some fly paper. Flis have their places out of doors, but not in the house. It seems like that after the hard winter we have had that the flis would be frozen out, but there are a lot of them

coming out and before long the kitchens will be full of them. Flis are always a sure sign of summer.”

“INDIANS

Pendleton has more Indians than any other town I ever saw. They come in from the agency like bees and hitch their wagons in every vacant lot in Pendleton, only what are fenced in. About noon they are thickest for most of them bring their lunch.”

“SALOONS

It is very bad for Pendleton to have so many saloons. Every other building down on Main and Court Street is a saloon and the keepers do all they can to attract attention of the men.

Some poor hardworking men who just have to dig for a living will.

On Saturday nights spend all their scanty wages for liquor and their families are at home without half enough food and clothing.

I have seen Indians get so crazy for beer and whiskey that they would pawn off their blankets, saddles and even their hats to get money to buy drink with while the poor squaws have to do all the hard part of the work. An old squaw came past our house Saturday with a sack of flour strapped to her back, and her arms full of other bundles, while her husband I suppose was in some saloon. I think it is dreadful and should be stopped.”

“SIDEWALKS OF PENDLETON

The sidewalks of Pendleton are in a dreadful condition. The nails project out so far that it is impossible to walk quietly along without stubbing your toe, and making quite a show of yourself by falling down. It is quite time they were being fixed before they are so badly gone up that it will be a life long job to fix them. Ladies and children beware of the nails.”

“THE BUILDINGS OF PENDLETON

Pendleton is said to be the liveliest town for its size in eastern Oregon which no doubt is very true, but I think if a town is lively it must have some decent buildings to make it lively, for how can a town be lively if there are no buildings to work in. Pendleton surely cannot be bragged on its buildings, for if

some of them were torn down it would be much better. The old Golden Rule Hotel is one of them, and some of the buildings around it are about the same, and it would be a great deal better for Pendleton if they were nice brick buildings in their place. Some night the town of Pendleton will be alarmed by a terrible fire, and half the town will go up in smoke and ashes, take heed what I say and look out.”

Following the publication of this article, my father came to me and in a very serious vein, explained that he had been called upon by a delegation of property owners, including particularly the proprietor of the old Golden Rule Hotel. He urged assurance on my part that I had no thought either of encouraging or attempting incendiarism. The following items are taken at random from several issues of the *Pendleton Sun* and are typical of what was carried under the general caption “News.”

“If the weather is profitable tomorrow a crowd of young people are going out kodaking.

They have been putting it off for one or two Sundies now, awaiting for a pleasant day.”

“The fire engine was out last Tuesday for exercise.”

“The tramps swarm into town over day like so many bees.”

“Most of the people of Pendleton were out buggy riding yesterday, as it was fine weather.”

“There is going to be a pie social at the Congressional Church tonight, admission 15 cents.”

“The hose team ran last Saturday evening and they got water pretty quick. There is a man in this town who says that when the turnament comes the Pendleton team will not even get a smell, but I don’t think that way.”

“Frank Light’s buggy team ran away last Sunday afternoon and caused great confusion among the people around Light’s woodyard.”

“Hot weather always brings bees, so most everybody has got them and it keeps you scratching and digging at them all the time.”

“There is quite a number of stray dogs and cats around town and at night they rase cane generally. They howel and fight and nook over slop cans, and

when you get up in the morning and find your slop can knocked over I tell you it isn't very pleasant."

"Glenn Bushie has a very cute little cub which he has around town. It is about 15 in. long & afoot high."

"The road to the agency is now fine for wheels, and the only drawback is the rocks and chuck holes."

"The strawberry peddlers say the reason the strawberries are so cheap is the rain. Strawberries are now down to 5 cents a box, which tells that they are very plentiful."

"Mrs. Shull has 3 cows and 3 calves, and the cows give so much milk that the calves have all they want and she still has a good sized dishpan left. If all the cows in the U.S. were as good as these, milk would be down to about 5 cents a gallon. Most cows with calves don't give very much milk."

"The Pendleton Hose team had their picture taken last Sunday afternoon with their suits on down on Water Street."

"That man down in front of the saloon that sells speks prophesied that today was going to be the worst day that Pendleton ever saw because his leg hurt him so he could not sleep a wink and it came true."

Under date line July 17, 1897, the *Sun* announced the arrival in Pendleton of William Jennings Bryan. The article proclaims that

"about 1 o'clock in the afternoon the band went down to the depot, headed by 6 horses all fixed up in gawdy colors" and concludes, "then Mr. Bryan made quite a long speech which I suppose was very interesting to the democrats and poppulists."

We children attended school up on the hill and for our benefit arrangements were made for us to hear the Great Commoner. Our teacher herded us into a nearby wool warehouse where we were perched on wool sacks arranged tier on tier and, in an atmosphere heavy with the odor of raw wool in the grease, were told all about free silver. The speaker employed an illustration which I have never

forgotten. He said that the inside of a good egg was silver and gold but that the inside of a rotten egg was all yellow. I suppose he intended to convince us that with only a gold standard the country was in a rotten condition but that with a bi-metal standard of part silver and part gold we could live in well-fed comfort.

I composed and printed little verses covering whatever occurred to me about the various members of our citizenry. The following verses did not appear in the order here shown but have been gleaned from several issues of the *Sun*:

“Mr. Bruce keeps that Golden Rule
That place is clean and neat
He has the sweetest little wife
That ever I did meet.

Mr. Ely peddles fruit
All through the summer long
And oh the boys they swipe the things
While to each house he’s gone.

A. D. Thompson has a beard
And he’s a goodly man
He makes all kinds of furniture
The very best he can.
And now to Tommie we will go
To little Tommie Nye you know
Although he is a little lame
He is a good boy just the same.

Mr. Jackson looks like Lincoln
I guess its cause he’s always thinkin
Mrs. Borie sings so sweetly
That she wins our hearts completely.

Babe DeSpain is very jolly
She did like a boy named Cholly
But now she goes with Mr. Stine
And Master Choly’s left behind.

Jim Lipscome is a little man
With a captivating face
He strolls around about the town
And girls he does embrace.”

Just why there were no protests from the suffering public or actions for slander or libel I am unable to say, unless it was that my financial status was not conducive to litigation.

My time was not sufficiently taken up with these activities to enable me to forget about fishing when the trout season opened. The *Sun* abounds in references to angling which was really never out of my mind. In those days I had outgrown the little rod which my father had made for me. My tackle then consisted of a bamboo cane bought at a local variety store for five cents, about twenty feet of green cutty-hunk line, half of which was twisted up the rod from the grip and firmly tied at the end, and a half dozen plain hooks to which I fastened miscellaneous fragments of wool yarn and feathers, the product of my first venture in fly tying. Water from the Umatilla River was diverted to Mr. Byers' flour mill as a source of power, and then flowed under ground until it spilled out into Hartman's pond and on through the levee back to the river. The pond was one of my favorite fishing spots and at the end of a long summer day I often came home with a half a dozen "shiners," a few chubs and sometimes a trout. In the issue of the *Sun* under date May 8, 1897, I find:

"It is now a good trout season and lots of the boys go fishing.

The trout are mostly in Hartman's pond. This time a year a fly hook is used. A dark hook is good for Spring."

I caught the big trout on May 15. In the issue for that date this item appeared:

"The manager of the Pendleton Sun went fishing yesterday and caught the biggest trout that he ever caught in his life and as he was coming home he was offered 25 cents for it but he would not take it because he wanted to eat it for supper."

I remember to this day that the fish lacked one quarter of an inch of being twelve inches long.

The urge to go fishing was too strong to resist, and this notice, immediately following the outburst on "Summer," tells its own story.

NOTICE!!

"This will be the last issue of the *Sun* until about a month and a half as the editor of the *Sun* is going to the Springs. Anybody that wishes their money back I will pay it to them."

So the publication was discontinued, not for about a month and a half, but for all time. Some of my subscribers must have been left

holding the sack, for the issue of May 29th contains this novel item:

“The manager of the Pendleton Sun traded a life-long subscription of the Sun for a little lamb.”

and in the issue of June 5th:

“I forgot to mention that the boy I got the lamb of was Fred Vincent.”

I do not recall that Fred ever received any further consideration for the lamb, but I do remember that I broke it to lead and one day a sheep man bought it for the fabulous sum of three dollars. With this fortune, and following my return from camping at Teal Springs, my interest in journalism fizzled out. I went into the poultry business instead and kept detailed books on the large turnover, and a diary of day-to-day transactions. There I find, fully indexed and cross-indexed several items such as these:

“June 18th,	Mrs. DeSpain, 3 eggs	5 cents
Jan. 6th,	Labor	5 cents
May 13th,	Labor	5 cents”

A recapitulation recites that my hens laid 1234 eggs in 1897, with a production increase to 1516 eggs in 1898. There is an elaborate calculation reflecting that out of 224 eggs set, 96 chicks were hatched with an average of 2.33 eggs per chick, or 14.3 chicks per egg, all worked out without benefit of logarithms or calculating machine. The index leads to property inventory where this entry appears under date of Sunday, March 12th:

“A dog or something killed old Whitey.”

and the diary entry of Monday, March 13th reads:

“I got up at about 7:30 and had mush for breakfast started to school again and I hated to go the teacher gave me a lecture about smiling my seat is changed 3 backfrom where I sat. I buried the Old white hen down in the corner of the yard and Put a big tumb stone on her grave. I buried a hen on a summer’s day. Out in the yard not far away. And on it I placed a monstus stone. So there lays poor Whitey left alone. I carried in some wood and played with Trixie. Got myYouth’s Companion. In the evening Mamma read and Jim came over. I got my spelling lesson for Tuesday and read a story in the Companion called the “Adventures of Antone and Peare” then went to bed about 10.”

Eggs sold for a little as ten cents a dozen, and twenty-five cents

would buy a good fat hen for the stew pot. But chicken feed was cheap, for I find upon consulting those ancient books that I bought culwheat from Mr. Byers for only a few cents a sack. The business was carried on for a couple of years by which time I had the back yard pretty well filled with chicken coops made out of dry goods boxes, and pens constructed from odds and ends of cast-off chicken wire which I had picked up here and there and from cull lathe purchased at Mr. Burrow's planing mill. The closing entry on the chicken business for the second year reads:

“Income, \$28.70	Expense, 17.55	Profit, 11.15”
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A big flowering locust tree grew in our front yard, and on summer nights its fragrance, which still lingers in my memory, drifted into my attic bedroom through the open window. I was afraid to go to sleep for fear I would not wake up at the peep of dawn for my Saturday fishing trip, but while I slept the profound sleep of a tired boy, I needed no alarm clock. My anticipation was always too lively to permit me to slumber too long and I was up at dawn.

When the chickens were getting along fairly well without need of personal supervision, I would be up with the first streak of morning light, ride out on my bicycle over the dusty roads to McKay or Birch Creek and spend wonderful hours fishing for little trout. Mr. Ely and other nearby farmers grew delicious watermelons and, with a companion or two on these excursions, we would often gorge ourselves on the succulent juicy red fruit, surreptitiously appropriating a melon from the shadiest and most concealed corner of the patch.

With the outbreak of the Spanish-American War in eighteen ninety-eight excitement ran high. A group of our gallant young men, dressed in light khaki cotton uniforms with leather puttees and wide stiff-brimmed hats crushed to a peak at the top, debarked for somewhere, to the accompaniment of our local band playing “There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight,” the waving of many flags and much cheering. The slogan in those days was “Remember the Maine.”

We knew nothing then about machine guns, armored tanks, or jet bombers, but a martial spirit was abroad in the land. I became interested in gun powder and learned that it was made of sulphur, saltpeter and charcoal. My research did not extend to ascertaining just how these ingredients should be blended, but I mixed them together according to my own fancy and was ready for action. I wadded this compound and a few pebbles into an empty shot-gun shell and wedged it through a knothole in the woodshed. Leo Karsig was my first assistant in this venture. We held a lighted match over the “touch hole” and stood back to await results. A fine spurt of foul-smelling smoke shot up through the hole and Leo, apparently feeling that the

pressure should be increased, clamped his chubby thumb over the opening. Thereupon, with a muffled “poof” the charge exploded, pebbles going forward, shell kicking backward and striking Leo in the very center of the forehead. He sprang up from the vile dust in which he fell with blood pouring down his face and ran yawping home. He was the first casualty of the campaign, and I imagine carries to this day the imprint of that shell on his aging brow.

I was not discouraged by this experience but I made no mention of Leo’s wound to my parents. Rather, I launched out on a more elaborate campaign. Somewhere in the trash about town I had found an iron housing from the hub of a wagon wheel. From this and various other paraphernalia I made a cannon that looked like business. Numerous children gathered around to watch and admire as the work went forward and when all was ready and the cannon trained on the rear of the house, everyone backed away. I applied the match, the gun roared and rocks banged against the wainscoting while at the same instant my small brother in his excitement fell into the woodpile and bashed in his head. He screamed and raced toward the house with gore flowing over his white ruffled collar, just as Mother and a bevy of ladies whom she was entertaining at whist came running out the door. There was a definite misunderstanding as to exactly what had happened, but one thing was perfectly clear. I would not be shooting off any more cannons in the immediate future.

Long afterwards Father let me accompany him on grouse hunts. My fowling piece then was an old-fashioned single-shot twenty-two Flobert rifle, with an enormous odd-shaped hammer block. It required all of the strength I could muster with two hands to cock it. Occasionally he would take me on little excursions up the Umatilla River or along Meacham Creek above Pendleton. In the brushy brakes at the foot of the hills, or through the flaming sumac patches near the streams we would flush coveys of ruffed grouse which were very abundant.

In trade for a battered cornet, a mangy dog named “Fidget” who never quite got over an attack of distemper, and fifty cents in money I acquired my first shotgun, a loose-jointed, rust-pitted single-barreled semi-hammerless Remington twelve gauge, with three or four brass shotgun shells, and so equipped I sallied forth on my first duck hunt. I can’t remember ever having seen any ducks around Pendleton prior to that time, but a divine Providence must have led me to them because, without rhyme or reason I decided to hunt along Tutulla Creek, a little rivulet that wound through the hills and shoestring meadows some three or four miles from town. When I arrived at the stream I slipped forward and peered over a clump of bushes and lo and behold, there were three ducks swimming on a small pool! I thought of them then as a mother with her brood of two, but I realize now that it was a gadwall

or widgeon and two teal. At any rate I sneaked through the brush until within twenty or thirty feet of the birds, but not content to fire until I was certain of my quarry I waited until they had lined up. Only then did I train the gun on the row of birds and pull the trigger. The shock of the explosion flung me flat on my back and a great cloud of smoke rose to prevent my seeing the result immediately, but when the air had cleared, to my delight I found all three ducks kicking belly up on the surface of the pool. My first shot with three hundred per cent score: I was sure that that duck shooting was a cinch, but I think it was some ten years before I killed another duck.

It was while we lived in Pendleton that the foundation was laid for what later became, in my mind, "Slumber Cave." In one of my rambles down the river when I was far from home, it started to rain. My shoes and overalls were soaked to the knees, my back was chilled and the rain dripped from my hat down the back of my neck. In summer I wore only a cotton shirt and a pair of overalls, and ran barefoot with the rest of the boys in my group through the long dusty days. But because of the rough going and the long trip I wore shoes on this occasion. As the rain increased I worked my way along a sagebrush hillside near the river and out across an alfalfa field through the lush wet growth. Then I climbed a fence, stepped across a little irrigation ditch and wandered down to the river bank at the foot of the hill through a sparse clump of cottonwood samplings. There I found the cave. The floor was covered with a thick layer of dry sand and at its entrance laid a heap of faggots, some of which, under the protecting roof, were crisp and dry. High water of many seasons had deposited them there. I built a fire and while drying out my scanty raiment I lay on the warm sand and dozed off to sleep. I was evidently profoundly refreshed for the recollection of that experience has remained very vividly in my mind for more than fifty years. I recite these details only because they have become a sort of incantation which I use when I wish to invite illusive slumber, but I must rehearse the whole journey without deviation or the charm is broken.

In those days I had no trouble with insomnia, always falling into a sound sleep the minute my head struck the pillow. But in later years, particularly at the end of a strenuous day in court, with substantial property rights or on occasion, even a human life at stake, I would often find it difficult to go to sleep. It was then that I discovered that I possessed a magic formula, a real "Open Sesame" to a cave of dreams for I had but to imagine myself walking to that old shelter in the rain and lying out on the dry sand with the warm fire crackling at the entrance when I would fall into a peaceful slumber and "the ravel'd sleeve of care" would soon be knit.

C H A P T E R



Serious Days





e moved to Portland in time to see the Lewis and Clark Exposition held there in 1905. It was a small town in those days, but it seemed quite a metropolis to me crowded as it was with visitors. I was fascinated with the cable cars and the more modern electric street cars, but it took me a long time to become accustomed to the radical change in climate. At Pendleton the skies were always deep blue. The sunshine was brilliant, the air was keen and crisp and distances were foreshortened so sharply that it seemed as if we could almost touch the nearby hills. In Portland all this was changed. It rained a great deal, the skies were often gray and overcast and frequently the surrounding timbered hills were mothered in fog or mist. In patches where the mists lifted, the dark firs appeared like silhouettes in an etching. Many times I felt that I could smell the sea, and although it was nearly one hundred miles away, seagulls wheeled about the water front uttering their plaintive calls. Until the novelty wore off I used to stand on the old Morrison bridge and pitch fragments of bread to the questing birds. They never failed to snatch these morsels before they touched the water. Even in summer there was a soft haze on the horizon, the sky looked pale. At dawn and sunset the embracing hills were bathed in soft pastel shades. What passed for a bright sunshiny day in Portland would have been called a hazy one at Pendleton.

But I was delighted with the beautiful Willamette River on which time had then left "no track or trench." For two summers we lived in a houseboat on the river, enjoying many a splash in its cool waters and moonlight parties on its sloping grassy banks under huge oaks. The river was much more primitive then than in these days of factory and mill. It flowed on its quiet journey to the sea in great part through vast stretches of unbroken forest, and we never tired of watching the old stern wheel steamers plying back and forth with their bridal veils of water cascading out behind. It took all day to travel up the river some fifty miles to Salem, and the steamer would make innumerable stops on right bank or left to take on cord wood for fuel, deliver a parcel or pick up a lone passenger who could be seen, bag in hand, waving at the boat to flag it down. The very last word in elegance was the big side-wheeler *T. J. Potter*, furnished luxuriously in the best rococo style of the gay nineties. Somewhat like its forerunners, the Mississippi steamboats, it had several decks protected by ornate railings; its commodious lounge was upholstered in rich red velvet and its funnels belched great clouds of smoke as the busy stokers fed cord wood to its steam boilers. It made weekend excursions down the Willamette and Columbia rivers to the beaches along the Washington coast, giving us a night and almost another full day at any of the many little seaside resorts served by a narrow-gauge railroad. The train, made up of a

string of open flat cars equipped with wooden benches and drawn by a tiny tea pot locomotive wound its way along the sand spit from Ilwaco near the mouth of the Columbia, to the sleepy little weather-worn oyster town of Nahcotta on Willapa Harbor. The bay was simply paved with delicious Olympia oysters, now such a high-priced delicacy, but then available at any restaurant in Portland. A generous cocktail cost ten cents. The same quantity now would cost more than a dollar if at all attainable.

We often picked up a row boat at Nahcotta, paddled out over the oyster beds toward the end of ebb tide, and let the boat settle on the bottom. As the receding water left it stranded, all we had to do was reach over the side, pick up the oysters which were cemented together in big slabs and with a nail or jack knife open the shells and gobbled down as many as our young appetites and good health would demand.

On one of my rambles along the waterfront shortly after we moved to Portland, I was delighted to run into an old boyhood friend, Pete Allen, who had formerly lived in Pendleton. He was in the act of stowing an eighteen-foot canvas-covered Racine canoe into a dilapidated river-front shed.

“Gosh, Pete,” I said, grabbing his hand, “how good it is to see you again.”

“You look pretty good to me, too,” grinned Pete.

We walked uptown arm in arm, and drifted into the old Hazlewood lunchroom, where over a dish of strawberry ice cream we eagerly discussed past, present, and future. I told him of my efforts to learn show card writing, that I was pretty well discouraged, that I wanted to take a rest — do some strenuous relaxing. Pete in turn explained that he had been working on a small Willamette Valley farm which his father had taken in a trade and that he too wanted a vacation.

“Well, Pete,” I asked, “coming down here from Pendleton, what do you think of this beautiful river?”

“Onward ever, lovely river flowing softly to the sea,” mused Pete who was a staunch admirer of Simpson.

“That’s it,” I suddenly exploded, “your canoe — the river — let’s see where it comes from and what it looks like up near its source.”

“A swell idea,” agreed Pete enthusiastically.

The next Sunday afternoon we were in Eugene, then a small college town about one hundred and seventy-five miles by river south of Portland. We had come by rail had shipped our canoe and duffel by express. After a brief altercation with the express man who was supposed to be off duty on Sunday, we finally secured our canoe and with the aid of a bevy of small boys, got it and our duffel to the river,

and were shortly adrift on its lapping waters. What a contrast to the river as we knew it at Portland! There it was wide, deep, and placid. Here it was hardly more than a big creek wadeable at most points with innumerable riffles, white water stretches, and clear swirling eddies. With soft blue skies above, a swift-flowing stream beneath, and two carefree weeks before us, we were a happy pair.

The second day out, pulling, pushing, and dragging the canoe a mile or so up the Mackenzie River from its confluence with the Willamette, near Harrisburg, we found unbelievable fly fishing, catching plump rainbow trout up to eighteen inches in length. In the main river, lusty bass were plentiful and would readily strike a spinner. The thickets and brushy patches along the shores, particularly at the mouths of small tributary streams, afforded excellent ruffed grouse shooting and we gorged on fish, fowl, and wild blackberries. Warm hazy days followed one another in delightful succession as we loitered down the quiet stretches or shot rapids that tossed white water into our laps and splashed our fascinated, sunburned faces. Rocks and logs whirled by when we sped through the swifter flows; and where the water slipped over shallow gravel beds, the bottom of the stream often threatened to and sometimes did scrape the keel of the canoe. Although we were in the very heart of the Willamette valley, even then rather thickly populated, long sections of the river appeared as wild and primitive as though their shores had never felt the tread of human foot. What a contrast to today here around every bend factory and mill are adding their contribution of pollution and municipal outlets are dumping their burden of slime into this once-lovely stream.

Lumbering was then the principal industry of the Northwest and time and again we ran between or around great numbers of logs which were being driven down the river to tidewater. One such experience nearly proved fatal to our happy excursion. A little below the village of Buena Vista we overtook a logging crew, some twenty or thirty men with their horse and equipment following the straggling tail of a log drive. With team and pike poles they would pilot the logs through the main channel and dislodge those that had been stranded on shallows and gravel bars. A big mess tent on a staunch log raft brought up the rear. Here the stream appeared pretty well choked with logs, men, horses, and equipment. But as we sped by we shouted inquiry to a man on the raft: "Which way through?"

"Keep well to the left of the logs," he bawled with a wave of his arm.

In a moment we entered a swifter stretch of water with rolling and plunging logs all about us, and as we passed a lower group of loggers, they called out something to us which we could not understand.

Then as the current carried us on they all stopped their work and stared at us in apparent amazement. As directed, we kept well to the left, but we suddenly found looming dead ahead a great log jam which almost completely blocked the channel, causing the current to meet the opposite bank almost at a right angles where it flowed directly into the shore, uprooting a stand of big trees in a swirling caldron. Down this wild shoot the logs were racing singly or in groups. Upon striking the shore they would batter at the uprooted trees, by this time completely stripped of bark and foliage, jamming in the process. We could not stop, could not reach the shore, and apparently we could not go on. The bouncing, churning logs were all about us, and the quickening current was carrying us on at an alarming rate.

“Swing hard to the right,” yelled Pete over the roar of the waters. He was handling the stern paddle and I was in the bow. How we did it I do not know — sheer desperation, I guess. We dug our paddles into the water. We strained every muscle of back and arms, beating against the current, but being dragged along with it we spun through the chute and, missing the cauldron of logs and tangled roots only by inches, cleared the last log and shot into quieter water — seconds before the jam closed against the tangle of roots. It was some while before either of us could utter a word.

Lack of camping experience plus youthful appetites resulted in a definite shortage in our food supplies when we were still two days out of Portland. Thinking to replenish our stock we put in at a rickety little wharf which we thought marked the location of a village, but we found that it was only a boat landing where river steamers occasionally stopped for cord wood. A solitary old fellow with tobacco-stained gray beard was sitting on the dock fishing with a cane pole and a bobber. He looked us over for some time and then drawled, “D’ja come from sumwher?”

“Yes.”

After another interval of quiet inspection, “Ya goin’ sumwher?”

Again being advised in the affirmative and apparently well satisfied with the information thus elicited, he picked up his pole, sauntered slowly along the bank and disappeared among the trees. Fortunately a little further down the stream we were able to talk a farm wife out of half a loaf of bread and seven fresh eggs, which by dint of careful rationing, saw us to the end of our journey.

The trip provided material for my first attempt as a writer. I wrote up the story, embellished it with sketches and Kodak pictures taken on the trip, and sold it to the *Portland Oregonian* for thirty five dollars, which just about cover the expenses of the trip. And I had the satisfaction of seeing the article in the Sunday *Oregonian* of August 20, 1905.

Because of my father's sudden death in an accident in 1906, and the serious business of earning a living, coupled with my studies for admission to the bar, I found far less time for fishing, which then became a luxury.

Finding work was a matter of definite necessity, so I got a job as clerk in the Tax & Right-of-Way Department of the old Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company. On the side I made a few extra dollars painting window cards and signs for two department stores. I had always been interested in drawing and lettering for those were the days of the Gibson Girls and when Elbert Hubbard's mottoes hung in every parlor. I had copied a good many of them so when I was seeking work I had told the store management that I could do lettering. One day the telephone rang. It was for me.

"Is this Blaine Hallock, the card writer?" came over the wire.

I had never painted a real window card in my life, and knew almost nothing about what paint ingredients to use or how to go about it. Nevertheless, I sensed this was the opportunity for which I had been waiting.

"Yes," I responded, for that was partly true — I was Blaine Hallock.

"This is Mr. Bannon of Roberts Brothers. Our card writer has gone off on another of his periodic jags, and we fired him for the last time. Come down to the store right away."

I promptly presented myself, was ushered into the basement studio, given a lot of copy and was told to go to work. I had no brushes, paint, or other materials and had no notion of what I needed to launch out in that business. I thought lamp-black should make a good medium, so I bought a little bag of the fluffy greasy stuff and two or three brushes and hurried back to the basement. But when I tried to mix that pigment with water it merely floated on top and remained as dry as ever. In the meantime my employer was clamoring for bargain-day price cards. In sheer desperation I rummaged about and found some empty glass containers on a shelf and then discovered that a certain kind of water color paint was called tempera. I hustled out again and purchased a jar of this material, hopefully thinned it with water and was delighted to find that I had what I wanted. So far I was in luck. I went to work with trembling hands painting the cards and price tags. Why those people ever kept me on the job during those early days I do not know, for my work was conspicuously amateurish and crude. But perhaps they were impressed with my earnestness and zeal for I remember that as I struggled through the first day of this undertaking I kept repeating to myself, "I cannot fail, I cannot fail, and I will not fail." I might have actually voiced this sentiment to the point that it was overheard by some of the store people. At any

rate, I kept the job and to this day I can make a creditable show card.

I must have acquired some proficiency during these weeks of struggle, for in my scrapbook I still have a letter from the store manager reading:

“TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This is to advise that the bearer Mr. Blaine Hallock, is the best card writer we ever had, and he is also a gentleman.”

But all this was merely earning a living. I was aiming higher as I was obsessed with the idea that I must be a lawyer. In those days the law school of the University of Oregon consisted of night courses and lectures held in Portland. So I enrolled, bought the required textbooks, and began the serious pursuit of that jealous mistress. Summer and winter for some three years I would get up about five o'clock in the morning, and with law book in hand, eat a hasty breakfast at a nearby lunch counter. Then I would hurry down to the railroad office in the old Wells Fargo Building, in the winter time long before daylight and pour through my textbooks until the other members of the force arrived. At the stroke of noon I would rush from the office, gulp a glass of milk with a doughnut and paint what window cards I could for one of the stores until one o'clock. Precisely at five thirty-one I would be at the other store and paint cards there until time for supper, completing the work for that day in a little attic room at home which I had equipped as a studio; then in to the law books until about eleven o'clock, when I would tumble into a very welcome bed. There were lectures twice a week in the evenings, and I kept up this program until I received my sheepskin.

I mention all this feverish work, partly because it emphasizes such a strong contrast to the prevalent present-day attitude of free help for everyone. In those days it never entered my mind, or the minds of my friends, that we either needed, or had any right to expect help, although I had two wealthy uncles. I knew that any success I might achieve depended solely upon my own efforts. As I view it now, in retrospect, I think it may have been too full and exacting a schedule for a boy of my age, but I also look back with the definite realization that it gave me an invaluable point of view which has served me well throughout my life. The best gifts of this earth are those which we earn by our own efforts. Yet in spite of my busy life I could always find a little time for reading. Notwithstanding my heavy schedule and the necessity for dividing my thoughts between the railroad company's interests, show card writing, and the law, the subject of fishing would inevitably creep into my thinking. I would dream of catching a fish while trying a case or practicing law on a trout stream. My state of mind in those days is pretty well exemplified by what I composed in verses:

LEX DE PISCIBUS

Whereas to divers sundry streams,
The lusty trout his fate resigns,
Himself, his spouse, his next of kin,
His heirs, successors and assigns.
Now, therefore, go the anglers forth,
Inheritance of trout or dace
They would demand pursuant to
The ancient rule in Shelly's case.
Encumbered with deceitful lure
Of fly and spinner, plug and bait
They thrash along the sedgy banks
Or for a bite, but sit and wait.
But the aforesaid fish, to-wit:
These false inducements all decline,
Preferring nature's grub or worm,
To feathered hook or baited line.
Said anglers summon all their guile,
The weighty problem they discuss,
At last to get the fish they try
A writ of ha'-beus cor'-pus.

But contra to the angler's plan,
According to their native lights,
Said fish decide the thing to do
Is stand upon their Bill of Rights.

And so said fishes do prevail.
Each angler to his home retires.
Further deponent sayeth not,
Are fish or only lawyers liars?

But I did get in some nearby fishing, for we occasionally spent weekends at our little cottage on Neahkahnie beach near Nehalem, and when time permitted I could catch trout and bass in the clear waters of the Willamette River a short distance above Portland. By April, when trout season opened, there were still little rusty patches of snow lying on the higher levels. In the broken glades white trilliums glistened against the deep-green moss, and the first anemones had pushed up round heavy buds full of promise. There was a little stream flowing into the Columbia River not far from Portland called Young's Creek. I think of it as one of the prettiest, coolest, and most delightful little brooks I have ever known, and it was well supplied with small brilliantly spotted cutthroat trout. The stream tumbled down through

the rocky defiles of Sheppard's Dell near Bridal Veil, and after a short trip through the quiet firs found its way to the Columbia. In places the brook plunged sheer for many feet, and the footing was uncertain. I used to fish it very slowly and carefully, keeping well out of sight of the little trout. On days when the fish did not bite readily, I could always bring home a creel full of wild flowers.

The Deschutes River, famous throughout the west for its many fighting rainbow trout, pursued its turbulent course through deep rocky gorges, and emptied into the Columbia about a hundred miles east of Portland. A night's run by rail would bring me to the fishing waters. Since I was a railroad employee then, I could get a pass, but I could not afford a sleeper, so I traveled both ways in a day coach. Now I would find two hot nights in a cramped and stuffy chair car, with a strenuous day's fishing in between, a tough proposition, but in those days it meant nothing. It was no trick at all to fill a number six basket with heavy, broad-backed, deep-bellied, rainbow trout from a foot to eighteen inches in length. Even as I write, I can smell the pungent sage, and feel the cool of the morning as I stepped off the train at North Junction. I can see the flash of blue on the mallard's wing, as he pursued his solitary flight up the lonesome canyon. Such things are impressed on the tablets of memory, though without conscious thought, and I am richer for them. But how much more vivid are the scenes and impressions of the actual angling. Every minute detail of this or that thrilling experience, with the straining rod and struggling trout, is caught and faithfully retained in the mind's eye.

One of my experiences on the Deschutes can never be forgotten. I stood in the shallow, hurrying water, where it broke at the head of a little gravelly island. A clump of snake grass had found footing in the meager slit between the larger stones, and I discovered a company of tiny grey flies clinging to the grasses. Now and then some of the insects, dislodged by the light breeze, floated out above the water. My discovery suggested a change of tackle, and I rigged a light tapered leader with three midget dry flies, size sixteen, of a pattern resembling my little neighbors of the grass. A few preliminary tries at the head of the riffle gave me the distance, and the flies were allowed to float down to the choppy, foam-flecked eddy, where something told me, there was sure to be a response. The flies were lost in the fretful wavelets, but the line indicated that they were quartering in from the edge of the riffle. I took up the least bit of slack, by slightly elevating the tip of the rod. There! A great, swirling, unmistakable lump stirred the water. I caught the gleam of red and silver. The line straightened, and a tiny hook was set hard in something that sent a quiver through eight and a half feet of seasoned bamboo. The water was clear, and deliciously cold blue-green out where the tightened line disappeared.

Across the canyon, great rugged hills, daubed with the blue and red of wild flowers, were brushed by white puffs of cloud.

I would drink in the scene, but there was no time to lose. The trout was not given to reflection, and already he had the situation well in hand. He rushed down with the current, and there was nothing to do but let him go. A size sixteen hook and a 3X leader were not designed to check the headlong rush of three pounds of fighting rainbow headed down stream in the center of the Deschutes River.

Away went the line to the accompaniment of an angry reel. Most of the backing had cleared the guides, and I put the leader to the test, by tightening the thumb pressure. This set the big fish nose up, and he cleared the torrent a full two feet. A hundred diamonds were flung from his broad tail, and I could not suppress a yell. The sound was caught and flung back by the high lava rock walls, a mocking challenge. This monarch of the roaring stream belonged to it and to the rocks and crags that guarded its wild journey. Again he was off, and I applied what drag the delicate leader would stand. A second and third time the great fish displayed his gleaming sides in two more mad somersaults. Each run brought him into swifter water, and the backing was all but gone. The fish had to be checked then if at all, and I braced against the pull of the straining rod, held upright, and bending dangerously. There was a moment's pause in the wild rush. A raven winged across the canyon and laughed derisively. The tip of the rod trembled like a living thing. I felt two or three premonitory tugs, and then the fighting trout, in a manner truly splendid, again threw himself high into the air, shook his lithe body from stubborn nose to speckled tail, and I was left to reel in two flies, and to find such solace as I could in my faithful pipes.

After Father's death and breakup of our household, Mother made her home with my married sister and for a year or so I lived with O. S. Jackson and his family in Portland. I had been delivering the *East Oregonian* when Mr. Jackson published that paper in Pendleton. After moving to Portland, Jackson became the founder and publisher of the *Oregon Journal* which grew into a great metropolitan daily and produced a fortune for its owner. While I was at dinner with the Jackson family on the day they had just returned from an automobile trip across the continent, Mr. Jackson said to me, "Blaine, set a goal for yourself, aim at it constantly. Never let it out of your mind. Think of it not as a hope but as an assured conviction. See yourself attaining it. Know that it is going to come true."

I know that miracles could happen but it had never before occurred to me that I might have anything to do with their actual realization.

"That's a very interesting philosophy," I replied, "but how can a poor boy with no capital but his head and his hands get very far with such a program?"

“Just try it and see,” said Mr. Jackson. “I’ve just returned with my family from an automobile trip of more than five thousand miles. That’s part of the goal that I had set for myself when I too was a poor boy. I used to say to myself and I never once let go of the idea. By the time I am fifty I will own a big newspaper — I will have \$50,000, I will travel five thousand miles, and I will spend \$5,000. I have just passed my fiftieth birthday. I own a big newspaper; I have more than \$50,000. I bought a big Lozier car, have completed a trip of more than five thousand miles, and I have spent more than \$5,000. That’s the way it works.”

Well, then and there I set the same goal, except that I substituted the law for journalism. Those were busy days marked by pressure of necessity; but hardships, if such they were, became lighter. My goal was clearly before me. There were bar examinations taken with heart in mouth, eventually a position with the law department of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, marriage to the girl who wished she were a trout so that I would love her more, World War I with a stretch at a field artillery training camp and ultimately a law partnership in Baker, Oregon. Then my opportunities for fishing increased, and I found sufficient leisure to see a little of the world.

My first law office in the old Wells Fargo Building in Portland was a narrow little cubby-hole, just wide enough for a window at one end and a door at the other but under my name on the door appeared the magical word “Lawyer.” I called it the Promised Land.

The Interstate Commerce Act required that railroads charge for their service no greater, smaller or different rates than were found in their duly published tariffs. Every so often an overworked rate clerk would quote to a prospective passenger or shipper a rate for the service different from that provided in the tariffs. Usually, long after the transaction had been concluded, the auditors would discover the error and under the law it became the duty of the particular carrier in question to collect the undercharge. That job fell to me. I read every statute and court decision on the subject and took my job most seriously. I could usually effect collection merely by writing a letter to the disgruntled patron explaining the situation; but occasionally when a substantial sum of money was involved, the shipper or passenger would resist the demand. One day, the chief clerk threw a file down on my desk and called attention to the fact that within the next few days I was to try a case against one of the more prominent shippers of flour who had paid the rate quoted by the rate clerk, a rate which actually reflected a substantial undercharge.

This was my first case in court. I had never even seen a case tried before and was definitely nervous and excited. Nevertheless, I reviewed all of my authorities and on the day of the trial I literally loaded down a taxicab with innumerable law books which I piled on

the counsel table to the obvious dismay of the trial judge. When the case reached the point for argument I said to the judge — with some trepidation, “Of course, Your Honor is quite familiar with the rule of law involved in this case; but in as much as the authorities are numerous I may be able to refresh the court’s recollection by referring to some of the more recent decisions.”

With that the court responded, “Well, young man, let’s not have any misunderstanding. The court doesn’t know anything at all about the law of this case, so I have no recollection to be refreshed. Just go ahead and outline your position. Proceed as though the Court had never before heard a case of this kind, which incidentally, is the fact. But I will say this; if you are going to contend that after an agent or representative of the railroad company has demanded a particular rate and that rate has been paid and the transaction closed, that the railroad company is then justified in trying to collect more moneys you are going to be confronted with a mighty high hurdle in this court. Now, go ahead.”

Opposing counsel who was defending the case on the ground of estoppel* bowed approvingly to the judge, smiled on his client, and with a triumphant grin in my direction settled himself comfortably in his chair.

What should I say now? For that matter, with the unaccustomed lump rising in my throat could I say anything at all? How would the fellows in the office greet me when I came dragging back to replace my books on the shelves?

My books! — That was it! — My precious books! With a preliminary gulp or two I was able to swallow the lump and start on the books. I knew every case almost by heart, and I read from one after another. It soon became obvious that the judge was impressed. In about two hours I had got through nearly a third of the books when the judge stopped me.

“Now, what say you?” He nodded to opposing counsel. The grin had long since faded from his face for anticipating his position. I had completely shattered his defense of estoppel. In fact there was no respectable law for such a contention under the transportation act.

My opponent got to his feet and spoke for about ten minutes without submitting a single supporting case.

“Have you authorities for your position?” asked the Judge.

“There are none!” I made so bold as to interject.

“I am standing on the broad principals of estoppel,” said the defense lawyer.

**Estoppel: A legal bar to alleging or denying a fact because of one’s previous act or statement to the contrary.*

“If that is all”, said the Judge, “you may as well be seated. Those principals are not broad enough for you to stand on in a case like this.”

The judge then went on at some length to lament the fact that contrary to his former position he found it necessary to find against the defendant, even though it seemed to him quite inequitable. And he concluded, “Plaintiff may take judgment as demanded with statutory interest, costs, and disbursements. Court adjourned.”

As opposing counsel and his witnesses filed sadly out of the courtroom, several newspaper reporters promptly surrounded me and began to ask questions. I felt very important.

The next morning, after returning the books to their shelves in the big central library, I entered my tiny office with a broad smile, but it was short-lived.

W. W. Cotton, a small man with a round face, a bald head, and sharp piercing eyes, was the chief of then law department. When I entered my cubby-hole I found him pacing back and forth between the door and the desk.

At first I was flattered to think that he had called to compliment me on my great victory. He had entered my office only once before on the occasion when I had just been installed in my new quarters, at which time he had given me a broad smile, dropped a little calendar on my desk, and said, “Give me an answer to that.” On the calendar appeared a little verse readings:

“An answer to this question
Is what I simply wish.
Does fishing make men liars,
Or do only liars fish?”

It was with much satisfaction that I was able to respond in verse, returning the calendar the following day with this:

“In answer to your question
I fain would volunteer
A plea for humble fisherman,
So lend me, pray, your ear.

The river stretches to the sea,
The mountains reach the skies.
The angler sees the universe
Expand before his eyes.

The atmosphere of fishermen
Is big, and broad, and high.

And if perchance, they stretch the truth,
Why call the yarn a lie?

What though the facts expand a bit
As circumstance requires.
All liars are not fishermen
Nor are all anglers liars.”

But it was not in any such mood that Mr. Cotton favored me with a visit the morning after my victory in court. His face was flushed and he angrily flung on my desk a copy of the *Morning Oregonian*. On the front page of the paper in glaring headlines appeared the following:

COURT SCORES RATE HE HAS TO ALLOW
Railroad wins in motion it prosecutes
unwillingly, fearing to be fined.

The article occupied a full column and still appears in my old scrapbook under dateline June 29, 1915. I quote but a brief portion of it, opining with these words:

“It’s an outrageous robbery,” declared Circuit Judge Morrow indignantly, yesterday, supplementing “outrageous” by a descriptive adjective of force when he ruled, against his desire, in favor of the plaintiff in a suit of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company to collect exorbitant freight charges from the Columbia Milling Company of Portland.

“What in hell did you think you were doing?” sputtered Cotton. “Didn’t you know that when the tariff was printed it contained a typographical error and named a rate that was monstrous on its face?”

“No, I didn’t,” I stammered. “I thought the Chief Clerk knew what he was doing when he told me to try the case and I..”

“The Chief Clerk ought to be fired, and so should you, exploded Mr. Cotton. “We have had an application pending before the Interstate Commerce Commission for a long time requesting authority to correct the tariff and charge off this unconscionable item. You ought to have known all about it.”

With that he turned on his heel, left the office, and closed the door with a bang. All the brilliant colors of my rainbow had faded into a dull gray. But I wasn’t fired.

Then came marriage to Lillian, the girl who wished she were a trout so that I would love her more, World War I with a stretch at a field artillery training scamp, and ultimately a law partnership in Baker, Oregon. I never quit thinking about my goal, as suggested by Mr. Jackson. It finally ripened into a firm conviction that some day that miracle too would happen.

Soon came the big George Graham Rice case which took me to New York for almost a year. Rice was a wealthy Jew who had earlier changed his name from Hertzog. He was interested in many mining ventures including the development of an emerald property in Columbia and certain copper mining interests along the Snake River near the now famous Hells Canyon not far from Baker. The fee was a good one.

My experience in the great metropolis, working on the Rice case and living almost a prisoner with Rice and his wife — whose quarters occupied the whole top floor of the Chatham hotel — is a story in itself. I shall not attempt to inject any part of that busy year into this narrative except to mention a little incident disclosing the ready wit with which this remarkable man, Rice, was endowed. Like many city-bred American Jews who had accumulated wealth, he had become quite cosmopolitan.

Returning to the Federal Court House in the big Rolls-Royce one day after lunch, with Rice resplendent in a Russian sable-lined coat and smoking a long black cigar, we were accosted by a ragged hobo as we stepped to the curb who edged up to Rice and said, "Will you give me a dime?"

Rice presented him with a crisp new dollar bill.

"Jesus," said the bum as he examined the bill in his grimy hand. Then he looked up at Rice, again down at the bill, ejaculating, "God Almighty,"

Rice, with his characteristic grin, responded, "Wait a minute fellow, you're promoting me too fast — better call me Abraham."

On the heels of this Rice case came other important legal work, together with a highly successful business venture. And almost before I realized it, my goal had been attained; for though I was not yet fifty I already had both the leisure and the means to take my long-delayed first trip abroad.