

# *The Story of My Life*

*Charles William Whipple*

The text of this book was entered into electronic form by Suzan Buchanan Gade, a granddaughter of Charles Whipple. Editing was done by Dr. Eleanor Whipple, his daughter, and Dr. Lawrence Fowler, his grandson. Pictures were added from a collection of photos found in Mr. Whipple's personal effects.

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## *Forward*

This "Story of my Life" was written in 1936 and typed, a single copy, ready to be bound into book form similar to my first book, "Seven Heavens." I had received permission of the Holy Spirit on my birthday, when I was fifty-one years old, May 5, 1931, to tell about my experiences. This I did by writing a book and binding it myself. This was during the great depression and I was without funds to have it published. I made three copies, one for myself, one for my son Donald and one for my daughter Eleanor. I was overjoyed and enthusiastic at being allowed to tell the wonderful truths to anyone and everyone. I foolishly thought everyone would welcome this knowledge which I had learned by actually visiting Heaven for five decades.

I soon found out that practically no one believed me. My own brother told me that I had made the whole thing up. I then started to write my second book of additional experiences, hoping to achieve recognition that way, but abandoned the venture after several discouraging circumstances. I dropped the work on this second book and wrote a third book which I called, "Heavenly Days", in September of 1932. This third book was not about my experiences but contained the speeches of forty-four speakers whom I heard deliver these talks in Heaven. I was again disappointed. They did not believe them either.

I was confronted by a difficult problem. How could I convince people that I was telling them the truth? To let people know about my earth life I wrote, "The Story of my Life" and left out of it all my "Heavenly" experiences. They could then possibly see the actual connection between the two and realize that I was telling the truth.

This also did not help the situation. Each year thereafter for five years I wrote down the principal earthly experiences as a sort of diary. Then discouraged I discontinued it after 1937.

On April 17, 1939, the roof of my home caught fire. Many things which I had in the attic and upstairs were burned or ruined by water. The story of my life was one of them, but it was not destroyed. I have been able to restore that portion from 1880 to 1937. Beginning with 1938 I have added to this story down to 1959, by gathering what notes, dates and information I have been able to find.

I recognize, after these many years, that the purpose in writing the story of my life may never be realized, but I trust that those who read it, may obtain from it some bits of earthly knowledge, even though it was written for another purpose.

Thanksgiving Day, 1959, Seattle, Washington,

*Charles Whipple*

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## **1880**

My parents were Orin Palmer Whipple and Nancy Jane Headrick. I was born May 5, 1880, on a ten acre farm, about a mile and a half south and east of Creston, Iowa, which my parents owned at the time. This is described as, N. E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of S. E.  $\frac{1}{4}$ , of N.E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of 14-72-31. In the summer of 1913 I visited the place and Dave Philpott was living there and his mail was Rural Route No. 4, Creston, Iowa. Papa built the two front rooms of this house and set out the trees, grapes and other fruit. He secured work during the summer in the C.B.&Q. roundhouse in Creston as a blacksmith and moved to town in October, into the east house.

My wife, Susan Blanche Campbell was born on a farm near Prescott, Iowa, July 4, 1880. Not the present home farm, but a rented place south of the Nodaway River. Her parents were Joseph Greer Campbell and Mary Ann Hoskinson.

## **1881**

Early this spring I was taken sick and almost died. Grandmother Whipple, who was with us at the time, went after papa at the roundhouse, not waiting for her coat or hat. The doctor had told her that I was going to die. The doctor was dropped and papa, doctoring me himself, saved my life. I was sickly though for several years and George learned to talk before I did.

Papa left railroad work and started contracting as a mason. Edd Booker came up from Quincy and worked with Papa this summer and learned the mason Trade.

May 29, James Riley Headrick Married Licena Ross.

December 31, 1881, my brother George Roach Whipple was born. He was named for Elder J.P. Roach, then preaching at the Christian Church just above us on the corner. George seemed to inherit some of the preaching ability of his namesake, for he became a Christian minister and remained so all his life.

## **1882**

Although George was the baby, he was robust, and his care this year fell largely to papa when he was at home, while I, the sickly child was given special care by mama. This arrangement continued throughout our early childhood. George learned to talk before I did. George learned to creep young, and was soon pestering me beyond endurance. Mama would send me and my toys over to the next house where Jennie Burns lived. There I might play unmolested day after day, and this grew into an attachment that lasted until her death.

Oscar Y. Whipple, papa's brother worked for him this summer. Papa built the Whipple block which adjoined the Summit Hotel, and called it "The Summit Hotel Annex." Late in the summer he opened a meat market in the new building.

He operated the market until the last of April 1883. The Garretsons lived in the other house, next door. I often played with Charlie Garretson. Uncle Oscar married Minnie Garretson September 6, 1882. He went to school in Iowa City that fall and returned to Creston about the first of the year 1883.

Sometime during the summer, while George the baby was lying on the sofa, someone accidentally sat down on him, dislocating his hip. Although he was taken to a doctor, then and later, no one discovered his dislocated hip and he grew up with a crippled limb. When George was eighteen years old, Dr. Waters, an Osteopath in Canon City, Colorado, examined him and told him what was the matter with his limb.

## 1883

Early in the year, The Creston Land and Loan Company was organized. S.G. Lee, O.Y. Whipple, O.P. Whipple & E.H. Wheeler, under the management of O.P. Whipple, then Secretary of the Creston Opera House Company, with an office in room 3, Devoe block, Creston, Iowa.

This spring, in May, Grandpa and Grandma Headrick came up from Prescott and found me shut up in the clothes closet crying and I begged to go home with Grandma. I had evidently been there before, but this is the first trip to the old farm that I remember distinctly. I went and stayed all summer.

In the fall we moved to Bedford, Iowa, in Taylor County, where Papa continued the Real Estate and Loan Business. He was commissioned a Notary Public for Taylor County, December 18, 1883. J.P. Lucas was the Christian Minister here and I well remember the Christmas tree and exercises at the church, our moving, the boxes of goods and the ride on the train. I had a rubber doll with me, a constant companion of mine.

On May 19, 1883, on Uncle Lewis Booker and Aunt Alice's fifth wedding anniversary, while they were living on New York Avenue, a surprise meeting was held by friends. Presents were given and a response was made by papa on behalf of Uncle Lew and Aunt Alice.

## 1884

Between February 26 and March 28 1884, we returned to Creston and moved into the East House. During this year Uncle Orva Whipple, Aunt Della Whipple and Vie Pumroy visited us. Mr. Pumroy was sheriff in Adams County at Corning. Ella Headrick my aunt, was at our house on September 21<sup>st</sup> and stayed until after Maude was born. Emma Stickel visited us on September 30<sup>th</sup> and Brother Roach on October 2. This summer Ella Donovan worked for us, helping with the housework.

My sister Maude was born September 24, 1884, in the East House. I distinctly remember the day and the happenings, the cookies given to me to keep

me out of the house, and the announcement of the new baby. Maude was born during the day while papa was out at the fair grounds. He was a surprised man when he came home and learned that he had a daughter.

Grandma Headrick came up from Prescott and took me home with her to the old Farm. I got the Whooping cough and so could not return home where the new baby was, and remained at Grandma's all winter.

Uncle Riley's wife, Licene Ross and son Charles, died of scarlet fever in June, leaving Roy a baby. Grandma Headrick went down to Holmwood, Kansas, and brought him home with her to take care of him. On December 14, 1884, Uncle Riley married Millie Redinbo.

On November 21, 1884, Linnie Lela Campbell, Blanche's sister was born on the Campbell farm west of Prescott.

## 1885

In the spring of 1885 Riley and Millie came and lived on the old farm a while to let Roy get used to being with them and then they left taking him with them. Sometime later in the spring, after my whooping cough was entirely well, I was taken home and we moved into the big house on Adams Street. In June mama and the children visited in Kansas at the home of Ida E. and Amos C. Burton. Ida was the daughter of Grandma's brother. Nathan Hale, another brother lived in the same neighborhood.

On May 23, Mama's birthday, mama was given a surprise party at our home. Mr. Wilford Shahan gave mama a gold ring on behalf of the assembled guests. Mr. Shahan had worked for Papa as a mason in Creston, as had also Uncle Lewis Booker, and Uncle Edd Booker.

The Bookers lived in Adams County close to Quincy. Lewis had married my mother's sister, Alice Headrick. Papa had taught Edd Booker the mason trade and he worked for him in Creston, and when the work in Creston closed up, went to Belton, Texas and continued at his trade.

Papa met financial reverses in his building and real estate operations in Creston and took to the field selling patent rights to manufacture and sell a patent bed spring, and a stove to fit over an ordinary kerosene lamp, manufacturing and taking orders for them and at the same time selling territory rights, mostly in Kansas, from October 12, 1885, till May 1, 1886.

While in Kansas he met Robert Knox, who got him interested in prospecting for coal at Shenandoah, Iowa, and in the possibilities of the Puget Sound country of Washington Territory. This is the Robert Knox he mentions in his book, "Our Cottage Home". A few years later, as a result of this interest, Edd Booker moved from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to New Whatcom, Washington Territory.

About December 12, 1885, we moved out of the house on Adams Street, stored our household goods with Grandpa Headrick at Corning and went to



Kansas. Papa had a proposition to settle on some land in Kansas, but for some reason I have been unable to learn, the deal did not turn out as he planned, or he decided to abandon it. Papa joined us on the train and we went to the homestead of Jay S. Williams, at Holmwood, Kansas.

There we spent Christmas. I remember they burned corn for fuel during a blizzard. Aunt Matt gave me a little blue silk handkerchief for Christmas, which I still have. While there we visited Uncle Riley and Aunt Millie.

They visited us in our home on Adams Street, Creston, before we left for Kansas, S.E. Booker, Mrs. C.A. Stanbra. (Amanda Tarrence) J.C. Tarrence, Lizzie Tarrence, Minnie Tarrence, Frank Headrick my Uncle and Aunt Alice and Uncle Lew Booker.

Daniel Whipple died November 10, 1885, at Nevinville, Iowa 68 years old. He was a stepbrother of my Grandfather, and the father of Chauncey and Daniel. Aunt Hanna, his wife told me that he died of heart failure and fell off the wagon and the team came home without him. A few years earlier a cyclone had destroyed their home at Nevinville, Iowa, and Uncle Daniel had never recovered from his injuries.

## *1886*

We left Kansas to return to Iowa, February 22, 1886. We moved into the Dr. Thornell house in Corning, Iowa. Here Otis went to school and I spent most of my time at Grandma' Headrick's on the old farm. Eli and Louise VanWagner lived just across the street from us. They had three children, Joe, Bess and Maude.

Aunt Ella Headrick was teaching at the Duncan School, north of Grandpa Headrick's old farm. She went with Edd Booker to Quincy to the celebration of the 40<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary of Edd's parents, and mama substituted for her October 19, 1885.

I went to school with mama for one day, my first day in school.

During the summer and early fall papa bored a test hole with a diamond drill, prospecting for coal at Shenandoah, Iowa. It did not prove successful and he went to Omaha, Nebraska, looking for mason work. He worked first on a store and made application to the Union for membership. In October or November he brought the family out to Omaha and we lived on 19<sup>th</sup> Street, out quite a ways. He later worked on a residence for Mr. Barton, an official of the Omaha and Grant Smelting Co. and when it was finished was given the oversight of the gang of bricklayers in the smelter. Here he remained for a number of years, changing the job to a Union job and reducing the time from a ten hour day to a nine hour day. He constructed the first tall smokestack at this smelter. We lived on 19<sup>th</sup> Street till after a big snowstorm, but had moved to 1813 Webster Street before Christmas. I remember receiving "Little Pet's Chatterbox" a story book for Christmas this year.

John W. Dewey visited us on Sept. 12, 1886.. He was the one who turned papa's head against Christianity.

## 1887

I started to school at the Cass Street School where Otis was going. This was my first grade in school. I went to the Christian Church Sunday School close to the High School. I still have the quarterly from which we studied our Bible lessons that year. In February I had the measles.

We went back to Corning to be present at Aunt Ella's Headrick's wedding. She married Edwin Samuel Booker, May 25, 1887. I stayed at Grandma's the remainder of the summer. In the fall I returned to the Cass Street school.

On October 23, 1887, my brother Frank Headrick Whipple was born at 1813 Webster Street, Omaha, Nebraska. Grandma Headrick was with us and stayed until after Christmas, taking me with her when she returned to Corning. I went with Uncle Frank to the Queen City School for the remainder of that school year.

In Omaha the street lights were kerosene lamps, lighted by an old man who carried a little ladder from post to post. He took the lamps down, cleaned the chimney, trimmed the wick, and filled them every evening before dark and lighted them. The street cars were still being drawn by horses. This summer cable cars were being installed on a street just west of where we were living. That was on the street past the high school.

I have a little black paint box that belonged to a lady who lived close to us on 19<sup>th</sup> Street, with whom Mama used to leave us occasionally. She had been married several times, her various names being Adella Tennell, Hester, Greer, Darness and Young. We called her Aunt Dee. I have always prized this black paint box very much.

On October 10, 1887, Uncle Oscar Whipple and his wife Minnie Garretson visited us. Uncle Edd Booker came to Omaha from Austin, Texas in April to work as a mason with papa at the smelter, and he and Aunt Ella lived with us for several months, until they moved out on Grace Street.

## 1888

Grandma Headrick went back home to Corning on January 5<sup>th</sup> and took me with her. I spent the remainder of the winter and spring on the old farm. I went with Uncle Frank Headrick to the Queen City School. On April 21, 1888, Mama came to the farm for her parents thirty-fifth wedding anniversary and was going to take me home with her, but Uncle Frank, with a few marbles and other trinkets persuaded me to stay until summer.

On May 5, my eighth birthday, Grandpa Headrick gave me a little red New Testament. Grandma gave me a little red silk handkerchief. I still have both of them. This winter and spring Clark Daggett grubbed out about ten acres of land on the bottom for grandpa. They lived close and four of the children went to school with us, May, Ben, Elsie and Lizzie. Uncle Frank later married May Daggett. Clark and Lucy Daggett kept bees and in the fall they operated a cane mill and made

sorghum molasses. Each of the family played a musical instrument. They would play for dances around the county. Later when we lived in Council Bluffs, Clark Daggett shipped comb honey to papa to sell. I still have one of the honey boxes.

This spring I received a pretty reward of a merit card from the teacher at Queen City. I still have the card.

### *On The Old Farm at Grandma's*

I spent a great deal of my time, if not most of it, from the time I was three years old until I was nine at Grandpa Headrick's on the old farm between Corning and Prescott, close to the Nodaway River.

Along the river banks we gathered flowers and leaves and hazel bush sprouts and slim saplings. Here we fished and went swimming. In the timber along the banks and on the bottom across the road we went for the cows in the evening and drove them home, up the long lane from the big red gate to the corral as we returned from school.

Here also we picked plums, gooseberries, grapes, red haws, black haws, choke berries, hickory nuts, hazel nuts, black walnuts, and even pig nuts and acorns. Gray squirrels, flying squirrels, rabbits, chipmunks, owls, crows, hawks, and also innumerable other forms of interesting animal life abounded. Every day and every hour seemed full to overflowing with interest and amusement for me.

In the orchard and garden back of the old farm house grew all the desirable good things we loved to eat, apples, pears, peaches, cherries, together with the small fruits and berries. Sugar maple trees surrounded the house and yard and making sugar was an annual event. From the hives in the orchard the bees often sallied forth in swarms and the sweet honey and comb was always an object of enjoyment and wonder.

The wooded pasture we called "Over North" was a wonderful fairy forest to me. Here grew wonderful flower creations, violets, lilies, flags, sweet Williams, Dutchman's breeches, deer's tongue, Jack in the Pulpit. Columbines, May apples, star flowers, moss and lichens, toadstools and mushrooms, and many other wonder and fairylike creations, whose names I do not know and possibly never did know. It was an enchanted wonderland.

Here forms of life also occasionally appeared, just often enough to give local color to the wild bear hunting instinct of a boy; weasel, mink, polecat, coon, and once a real live wolf, although it was just a harmless prairie wolf or coyote.

From the hazel thickets we would cut the long straight sprouts, with which we built miniature farms, with houses, barns and fields. Our stables were more than filled with beautiful and graceful stick horses. Many a ride have I had astride a dappled gray pony to the top of the hill "Over North" to where the old corn crib foundation beams lay bleaching in the weather, and down again full tilt.

Indoors in winter and on stormy days my farms and estates would be reproduced with nuts of various sizes, acorns for horses and cattle, beans of every size and color for chickens, ducks, and turkeys. These early ventures in farming were very profitable to me, if not in coin of the realm, at least in coin of boyhood dreams and ambitions. Even Grandma's button drawer, out of the old sewing machine, would yield treasures beyond price to represent blooded stock.

Innumerable small and large scars on my hands and legs are the mute evidences I have today of the many hours spent using my jack knife on maple limbs, hazel sprouts, making bows and arrows, war clubs and other "Trash". My mother used to call these boyish adventures in construction, "Charlie traps."

Once, when coming from Omaha, I laid out a city under the Maple trees. We had street car lines with trolley wires, telephone lines along the street, electric arc lights at every intersection, all built with hazel sprouts for telephone poles and twine string for wires, all connected up with an old broom stick driven into a sap hole in a sugar maple tree for a power station. At another time our farm was fenced with a fence built of lilac sprouts for rails, with gaps which would actually open and close for live stock to go through.

At feed time we were allowed to throw out corn from the crib to the pigs. Counting the ears and throwing them as far as we could send them. We would fill the wheelbarrow with cobs from the horse's mangers, to start fires at the house. We would carry firewood and pick up chips in a big bushel basket for the kitchen stove. Uncle Frank would carry them in.

On cold winter mornings it was a special treat to stand in front of the old cook stove, with our knees against the warm hearth, and get in the way of everyone getting breakfast. It seems to us that no Indian could let out a more effective yell than Grandma's call to meals when she went down the brick walk to the barnyard gate and called "Ye Hoo". I always thought that she was just starting to say, "Ye, who want some breakfast better be coming before it gets cold." Many times we would stand up to eat our meals, too lazy or too small to get a chair to sit on.

Every Sunday, without fail, we would drive to Prescott to Church. Many times we were early enough for Sunday School. Often we would stay for dinner with someone who lived closer than we did, and then we could return for the evening services much easier. The preachers I remember particularly are, J.P. Roach, W.B. Crewdson and Brother Leake.

The trip home after night services were wonderful adventures. We usually lay or sat in the back of the jolting wagon on a quilt spread over the hay and watched the stars and the moon. They always seemed to be going in the same direction and at the same speed as we were. In winter we would lie down and cover up with robes and blankets, and often would fall asleep. Often other children were at the farm, and at such times the big barn and hay loft, cow sheds, corn cribs and hay stacks made wonderful places for adventure or for hiding in, "hide and seek".

Even the common farm work had its attractions for a lively boy. Following the plow, walking in the cool water to a distant field of operation, riding the cultivator while Uncle Frank cultivated the corn, running and jumping on the new made hay cocks and windrows of hay, gathering the eggs in the evening feeding the chickens, and even wiping the dishes and churning.

In fact, if the whole truth were known, I very much suspect that Grandma kept me pretty busy on what she called "little chores", whenever I was within calling distance, which was most of the time. But even this had its rewards in extra cookies, a piece of cake, a bit of honey comb still dripping with nectar, a piece of maple sugar or even a slice of home made bread, spread with fresh farm made butter and sorghum molasses. Apples and watermelon preserves held special attractions. No wonder that the child is often the father of the man.

During the summer of 1888 Otis came to the farm for a visit and I went home with him. That fall George and I both went to the Issard School. This was George's first term of school. We had a tricycle for George to ride back and forth. Papa had made a steel brace for his limb with a joint at the ankle, which held his ankle from turning over sidewise and enabled him to walk by holding his limb in place with his hand. This would wear a hole on the front of his pants, which had to be patched.

Guy Booker was born November 24, 1888, to Aunt Ella and Uncle Edd. Grandma Headrick came to Omaha to see the new baby and stayed until after Christmas. This Christmas I received my little autograph album, and a small story book, both of which I still have. On December 30<sup>th</sup> grandma returned to Corning and of course took me with her and I had another term of school at Queen City with Uncle Frank. Also attending there at the time were Ossie Harding, Celie and Clarence Hoskinson. Albert Pierce, Lizzie, Ben and Elsie Daggett, Alto and Ester James, Edd, Cecil, and Maude Stickel.

## 1889

The new bridge across the Missouri River from Farnum Street Omaha to Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa, had just been completed and there was a real estate boom on the bottoms on the Iowa side of the river and papa began to buy lots and build again. Electric cars were put on for the first time, running across the new bridge. Horse cars were still in use in parts of both Omaha and Papa built a story and a half house at 34<sup>th</sup> and Avenue C and completed it in the spring, and moved over there from Omaha, while I was at Grandma's. After they moved into the new house Grandma took me home to Council Bluffs and also made a trip to Nebraska. They took me with them. I was at Waverly May 19, 1889.

In the fall I started to school at the Avenue B School. Miss Ella McIntosh was my teacher. The school had two rooms and I was upstairs. At Christmas I received my little red scrap album. Grandfather and Grandmother Whipple spent the winter with us. They had taken a homestead in Oklahoma, six miles east of Hennessey, but had no house built as yet, and were visiting with us till early spring. They took home papa's plans and built a house on their homestead like the one we

had in Council Bluffs. At Christmas papa telegraphed to Prescott and had Grandma and Grandpa Headrick come and spend Christmas. All four of my grandparents were at our house at one time. This had happened once before at Creston but I guess that I was too small to remember it.

On April 22, 1889, Oklahoma Territory was opened for settlement and Grandfather Whipple, Uncle Oscar, Uncle Ernest, Aunt Della and Chauncey Whipple staked claims about five or six miles east of Hennessey. Grandfather Whipple, after buying the ten acres where I was born, sold and moved to Kansas where he could have more land to farm.

While living on the ten acres, Grandfather's team ran away with him and his leg was broken. It was then amputated and left in such a condition that he was not able to use an artificial limb or peg leg and used crutches the remainder of his life.

We children attended a Baptist Mission Sunday School on 29<sup>th</sup> Street as it was too far up town to the Christian Sunday School. I still have a little song book with words only from that Baptist Mission Church.

During this winter I attended the Avenue B school. I ranked first in my class at the close of the Fall term but I got diphtheria and when I returned to school Leo Rodolf was ahead of me and I was in fourth place.

Papa built two other houses of five rooms each, one on Avenue A by the street car track and one on Avenue B, close to our house. In September 1889, Uncle Edd Booker and Aunt Ellie, with Guy, moved into the Avenue B house that winter.

A new school was being built on Second Avenue, across Broadway, and I was transferred there, in the fourth Grade. My teacher was the Principal, Miss Elizabeth Graves. She was still Principal there in the summer of 1913 when I was back there, and I had a nice short visit with her.

She noticed that I had a desire to draw and she encouraged me. I would remain in the school room during recesses and noon breaks and she would instruct and encourage me, and give me more original and different projects to work on than she did the rest of the class. Once she had me make drawings to send to the exhibit at the high school up town where they were having a display of all kinds of school and class room work. And so, early in life, was laid the foundation for drawing which I have used so much.

I had a picture taken at a studio in Omaha just before Christmas 1889. January 7-8, 1889; the Jay Williams family all wrote in my autography album. They stopped at our house as they were moving from their homestead in Kansas back to Adams County in a covered wagon. The weather was bad and they stayed with us for a few days. Uncle Jay bought a small house in Prescott and went to work on the C.B. &Q Railroad as a section hand for Ike Roberts the section foreman. Uncle Riley also left Kansas that winter and bought a twenty acre farm close to the Campbell farm. A year or so later he began making brick hand molding. He had learned the trade while a boy on Grandpa's old farm.

Grandpa sold the old farm and moved to Prescott late in the fall of 1889. He bought eight acres of land next to town and built a house and barn, living in town till it was finished.

September 11, 1889. Lyda Edith Campbell was born.

Uncle Orva Whipple's wife, Ray Atkins, daughter of Colonel S. Atkins, (Confederate Army) died February 7, 1889, their infant daughter also died.

## *1890*

I hauled George to school in a little wagon on good days and on stormy days he went on the street car on Avenue A. I had a fight this spring with one of the boys, for making it difficult for George to get home from school. He had turned George's dog loose. George went to school at Avenue B and I to Second Avenue. He drove a dog hitched to a small cart back and forth to school. This boy had turned the dog loose and I caught him after school and gave him a good thrashing.

As a result of this I was officially deprived of my recesses and other periods of outside recreation at school. Unofficially Miss Graves made up for the necessary discipline by helping me in my drawing, and I learned that it is an ill wind that blows no good.

In April 1890 Uncle Edd Booker and Aunt Ella, with Guy, moved to New Whatcom, Washington Territory. Papa had figured with Uncle Edd on a new warehouse in Omaha, on which he secured the contract for building. He netted a profit of about ten thousand dollars with which he began contracting in New Whatcom. I started my stamp collection from stamps taken from some of the old letters Uncle Edd left when they moved away.

This summer Grandfather Whipple built his house on the claim in Oklahoma Territory. He quarried the stone for the foundation and basement right on the place, just across the creek below the barn.

Papa built a new house in Walnut Grove Addition very similar to the one we were living in on Avenue C. The address of the new house was 1204 N. 29<sup>th</sup> Street, on the corner of Avenue L.

I went to Walnut Grove with Otis during the summer while he was painting the new house. In the fall I had to go uptown to the fifteenth street school on First Avenue across Broadway. I was in the fifth grade and Miss Beaty was the teacher. She was the poorest excuse for a teacher of lively youngsters I ever saw. The next fall she was given a first grade class to teach, which she was better able to manage. It was a long walk to school for me, particularly bad in inclement weather.

On October 28, 1890, mama and the younger children visited in Prescott with Grandpa and went on from there to the Golden Wedding of Grandfather and Grandmother Whipple, Saturday, November 22, 1890, on the homestead at Hennessey, Oklahoma. Their new house was complete except a little painting.

Papa, Otis and I joined them after they reached Oklahoma, going down by train, then we all returned to Council Bluffs together.

The Golden Wedding was a great celebration. All of Grandfather's children were there and most of their families. There was a repetition of the marriage ceremony, the presentation of many gifts, the big wedding feast of good things, and a wonderful evening spent in games, pastimes, singing and speaking. I delivered an oration, written especially for the occasion, coached by papa of course, on the opportunities afforded young men to get a start in life etc. Unfortunately my copy of this speech has been lost.

This was my first experience in Oklahoma and I was impressed by the "Wide open spaces." The great distances, the large fields, warm climate and general beauty and newness of everything in general. We children had a grand time playing and exploring the many wonderful places about the farm and vicinity.

After returning to Council Bluffs I was sent to Grandma's at Prescott with someone who was passing. We rode in the Caboose of a freight train that stopped at every little station along the way. I rode up in the Cupola or lookout beside the brakeman or conductor and they showed me a grand good time.

In Prescott I went to school, when it was on the corner across from the Methodist Church, to Ade Epperly till the end of the winter term and then went upstairs to Mr. A.C. Peckham for the spring term of school. Winter of 1890 and spring of 1891. This spring I finished studying Ray's Higher Arithmetic. As an examination Mr. Peckham gave me the list of test problems at the close of the book, all of which I solved correctly.

## *1891*

Here in school at Prescott were Uncle Jay Williams' children Clinton, Clyde and Myrtle Glougie, Ethel and Minnie Allen, Dint Keever and other Keevers, Fred and Ethel Woodhull, Erma Day, Clarence and Edna Adkins, Dow, Emma and Essie Crewdson and others

D.W. Crewdson was the Christian minister at Prescott. An addition had been built on the Christian Church and in the large basement many suppers were held, old fashioned oyster suppers, bazaars, and other sociable affairs.

This spring while I was in Prescott my folks moved into the new house at Walnut Grove in Council Bluffs; February 15 being the first Sunday in the new house. Mrs. Louise VanWagnen was there that day. They had moved to Council Bluffs from Corning and papa had found work for him at the smelter.

After school was out mama came to Prescott and I returned home with her. During the year I had raised a pet pig by hand, a runt they were going to dispose of. When we left Grandpa gave me \$1.25 for it. At Christmas time I visited the toy stores hunting bargains for my money. I decided upon a steam engine but at the last moment Otis talked me out of it. The \$1.25 was used for buying school books at Bushnell's when the new term of school started. Thus ended one boyhood



dream of an engine. Strangely enough though, the dream never died, it grew into a full sized adult dream, but never realized.

In the fall I started school at Second Avenue in the sixth grade, My teacher was Miss McMillan. I got on famously with her in my studies, but just the opposite in deportment. I was a very trying boy I think as I look back over it, but it was as nothing compared to the mad house that existed the whole term that we went to Miss Beaty on Fifteenth Street. These two teachers are the only ones in my entire school life to whom I did not give due respect and obedience.

It was quite a distance to go to school but we had a horse and buggy. In the morning mama would drive papa to the end of the bridge and he would walk over to his work in Omaha, and then returning give the children their breakfast and drive them to school. On stormy days she would come after us in the evening. When the days were long and the weather good we used to walk both ways. Uncle Daniel Whipple and Aunt Sadie lived close to us and Hattie and Ethel used to go to school with us.

Papa put up a small blacksmith shop here and invented his post hold auger, which was patented February 23, 1892. Patent No. 469290. Papa worked on our fireplace and finished it just before Christmas. At Christmas time Grandpa and Grandma Headrick, her sister Nancy Camick and Uncle John Camick were there.

We had kept a cow since coming from Omaha, staked out while we lived at 34<sup>th</sup> Street, but at Walnut Grove papa fenced in several acres for pasture. The cow was a mean one and chased almost everybody that came within range of her rope, once chasing even papa into the house. He came out with a small steel crowbar and quickly subdued her.

Each Fall at Walnut Grove we gathered bushels of black walnuts. They were delicious. We used to sit around the fire in the winter, eat walnuts and play chess with papa. We took several bushels of walnuts with us when we went to Oklahoma to the new homestead in January 1894.

## *1892*

Uncle Daniel lived across the street and we played with Hattie, Ethel and a boy they were keeping from the Lemon's Orphanage. In the summer time Uncle Daniel often preached out under the trees in Walnut Grove. He was a Baptist Minister but without a pulpit. He had been a chaplain in the Civil War, now practically helpless and living on a pension of twenty-five dollars every three months.

George received a train of cars for Christmas. They were quite large, of cast iron and very durable. We played with these and some other old cars we had in the sand here, making great engineering works, bridges, tunnels embankments and depots. I made a derrick to go in the wrecking car.

Papa organized a company, The Council Bluffs Manufacturing Company, to manufacture his post hold augers, and opened a small factory, blacksmith shop

and wagon repair shop in Streetsville, close to the Second Avenue school. On the Fourth of July Otis and Tom Mumford fired anvils for a celebration. We boys, especially the older boys of the neighborhood used to go swimming in Hunt's Pond. Mr. Hunt had a herd of dairy cows and had dammed up a small creek and made quite a large pond. Otis and Tom often went in here. I had not yet learned to swim.

Uncle Frank Headrick went out to New Whatcom, Washington and started learning his mason trade, apprenticed to Uncle Edd Booker. In the summer time we visited in Prescott and at Creston, Papa went to the fair to demonstrate and advertise his post hole auger and sell patent right territory. We were with him this year in Creston to see the fair and the wonderful Blue Grass Palace, a big feature of the fair this year, built of bales of hay or bluegrass. We visited Charles Stanbra's and Amanda Tarrence's home and his gun shop by the depot.

Work was begun at Council Bluffs on the big draw bridge across the Missouri River close to our house in Walnut Grove. Papa built on an additional room for a kitchen and dining room and started to lodge and board men who worked on the bridge. He also built a bunk house. He soon had more applications for room and board than he could accommodate. This continued throughout the winter.

This fall I went to the Second Avenue school in the seventh grade to Miss Graves again. I was suffering with inflammatory rheumatism, but the folks continually laid my complaints to skating, playing and other immaterial activities. One day during the winter I fell down stairs at school. Miss Graves picked me up in her arms and carried me upstairs to her room. That was the last day I ever went to school to her. She had a pupil get a horse and buggy and take me home. I was too crippled up to return to school, and stayed at home and played as best I could.

Late in the winter papa traded our place in Walnut Grove to Henry Rice for a farm at Winterset, Iowa. Anna Rice was Edd Bookers sister. We moved back to the house on Avenue C which was rented to Beckwith's. We moved in upstairs.

We had a dog called "Spot", named for a white spot on the end of his tail. Otherwise he was black. He was a large dog, probably a cross between a bloodhound and a bull dog or some such combination. He was very cross to everyone outside of the family but particularly devoted to our immediate family. When we moved to Walnut Grove, Spot went very reluctantly, and would often come back and lie on the front porch at 34<sup>th</sup> Street. He was overjoyed to get back to his old home again.

At the end of the month Beckwith's moved over into the house Uncle Lew Booker vacated. Uncle Lew had gone to New Whatcom, Washington, to work for Uncle Edd. He had a house partly finished and ready for his family to move into when they arrived. This was the house he lived in on C Street.

A new school house was built a few blocks from our home. George and Maude went to school here and Frank started in the fall. Otis was still going to the high school in Omaha. When we moved to Council Bluffs he continued his school in Omaha, going back and forth every day across the bridge, the same as papa

who worked in Omaha at the smelter, up to the time he organized the Council Bluffs Manufacturing Company.

## 1893

Beckwith's had a big mastiff dog that scared all the children. Papa told us that he would run if we pointed our finger at him. Frank, five years old, tried it, and sure enough it worked, the spell was broken for all of us. We had a new dog, part Newfoundland. We got him for George to drive to school. Otis made him a cart and harness. George and his dog could go just about anywhere they wished. It was a great help to George and a wonderful boon to me as well. Old Spot did not like the new dog, Rover, and would not stay on the porch with him, nor near him at all. Spot would go back to Walnut Grove, we supposed to get away from Rover, and be gone sometimes for days at a time. Finally he did not return at all. We never learned what became of him.

We spent Fourth of July here. I celebrated with firecrackers and chap fireworks and pinwheels. Ada Stone, a friend of Otis was there during the afternoon and refreshments were served. In the evening we all went to Omaha to see the fireworks. They were fired from a platform built on the corner of the High School grounds on Capital Avenue. When the display was about half over someone accidentally dropped a light in the box of unused pieces and they seemed to all go off at once, and skyrockets went in every direction, killing one man and injuring several others.

Otis graduated from the Omaha High School, Thursday, June 22, 1893, and entered the University of Nebraska at Lincoln in the fall to study law. We all went over to the Boyd Opera House to see him graduate. He played football while in High School and also after he went to the University. Here he was injured in the knee and was chosen to be the Manager of the squad, which position he held for several seasons.

Papa rented forty acres of hay land south of town and he and Otis put up hay during the summer and fall. Sometimes I would go with them on the hayrack. During these trips, while Papa and I were out together alone, papa began talking politics and religion to me. (mostly infidelity)

When we sold the place in Walnut Grove to Henry Rice papa agreed to build him a new big cistern. While working on it in early spring he slipped on the ice, fell in and broke his leg. When the doctor came to see him, I crawled out from behind the stove where I was playing and asked him to look at my ankle that was hurting me. He found it almost stiff with inflammatory rheumatism and immediately set about doctoring me as well as papa. As soon as it began to warm up in the spring I was sent back to Prescott to Grandma. This was better than any medicine and I was soon running everywhere and the worst was over though I suffered from Rheumatism until I was grown. This was Dr. Carter. He was also a Christian Minister and often preached at our church, which then was meeting in a hall up town. Mama had helped organize the church, which at first met in the hall, or store

building on 34<sup>th</sup> and Broadway. It was then moved up to Streetsville, but still on Broadway. At Christmas celebration the tree caught fire from a candle. The next summer the church moved up town to the hall and later built a large frame tabernacle until a permanent building could be built.

While papa was getting well and still going around on crutches he traded the house where Uncle Edd had lived on B Street and an empty lot for a restaurant in Omaha. The cook left when the old boss left and Otis took charge of the kitchen for a while until papa could find another man to do the cooking. Later papa traded the restaurant for two teams of horses. Three of these horses we took to Oklahoma with us. At this time my rheumatism was so bad I could not walk nor take my coat off or on.

While at Grandma's this summer I visited at Emanuel Stickle's on the farm close to Grandpa's old farm. Amy Williams, my cousin was there at the same time. We went over to Grandpa's old farm one day and had some summer apples to eat. It seemed to be good like the old times to me.

In the fall I started to school at Avenue B in the eighth grade to Miss Katherine White. I would have been ready for the high school the next year if we had not moved to Oklahoma.

The hard times had struck papa hard. He could not collect on the real estate he had sold, so he could not pay for what he had bought and lost it all. He went to Winterset and disposed of the farm he traded from Henry Rice. This was a big mistake. He should have moved onto it. It was a going place and we had two teams of horses, wagon, hayrack, mower, rake, spring wagon etc. but he wanted a larger farm and the relatives in Oklahoma were praising it.

When the Cherokee Strip opened for settlement papa went and on September 16, 1893 he staked a claim and filed on it at the land office in Enid. He then returned to Council Bluffs and got his affairs in shape to move to the strip. It was about ten miles north of the other Whipple farms in the older section of the territory east of Hennessey.

On December 6, Charles, Stranbra and wife, Amanda Tarrence and family, who had sold out in Creston, stopped at our home on their way to Whatcom, Washington Territory, where he opened up another gun and bicycle shop. He had Uncle Edd Booker build him a two story store building on Railroad Avenue.

Aunt Ella Booker and Uncle Frank visited in Prescott this fall and stopped at our home in Council Bluffs. Uncle Frank worked with papa and Otis in the hay field while they were visiting us. Aunt Ella went on to Prescott where she visited with grandpa and grandma. On December 6, 1893, Uncle Frank Headrick married May Daggett at the Daggett farm, close to the old farm of Grandpa Headrick. We had all gone to Queen City School together.

1894

January 2, 1894, we left Council Bluffs, Iowa, going to Hennessey, Oklahoma. Papa and I went on the freight train to look after the horses in our car and mama and the rest of the children went on the passenger train. The weather was ideal though cold. We arrived in the night and papa and I with Rover walked out to Uncle Oscar's about four or five miles east of town. The next day we unloaded the car and stored our things at Uncle Oscar's. Papa and I and the team exchanged work with a Mr. Chapman, called "Seven Up," who was digging wells with a drill, to have our well drilled. At 27 feet we struck a nice stream of water, the best water for miles around, and the well never went dry while we lived there. For \$15.00 a small two room house, boarded up and down was purchased from Dr. Frasier on Della's claim and set up. On February 10, we moved to the new house.

Most of the men relatives, Oscar and Eddie, Chauncey and Bert and Ernest went with loads of goods and a load of straw, which were placed in a small log enclosure to keep it from blowing away, and a load of black oak poles to cut up for fire wood. Unloaded, a beautiful, warm, sunshiny day, they returned home and we were settled on our new farm. Just a shack, boarded up and down with no battens over the cracks, the roof in sections with no shingles over the joints, and a hole in the ground for a well, only a six inch hole at that. But the water was good, the best of any well for miles around us.

That night it turned cold and snowed and by morning it was a howling blizzard. On Saturday morning we awoke to a different Oklahoma than we had ever seen before. George and I slept in the loft and were completely snowed under. We had pulled the covers up over our heads when it began to snow on us through the roof cracks, and were warm and snug under it all. Mama dug us out with a coal shovel in the morning. Papa was busy nailing on the battens over the cracks, everywhere around the house.

All day the blizzard raged and most of the day Sunday, spending its force along toward the evening on Monday. The open prairie was swept almost clean of snow, but every gully and unevenness was drifted full, so that cross country traffic was practically impossible for a week. There were no roads yet.

We pulled the wagon up along the south side of the house and stretched the wagon cover canvas over them to give the horses a little protection. We hung our carpets up around the walls in the east room where we had the cook stove, and carried out the snow that drifted in behind the carpet in a big dishpan.

Papa spent almost his entire time during the blizzard nailing battens over the cracks and patching the spliced places in the shingle roof. Mama and I would start the nails in the boards in the house and papa would take them out and nail them on. George went out in the howling storm and cut our firewood for the stove from the black oak poles. A clothes line tied to the door knob showed me the way back to the house when I went down to the straw pile to get some for the horses to eat. I could not see the house from the straw pile during the blizzard.

When the storm was over the sun came out and in a few days the ground thawed out over the level prairie swept clean of the snow. By Saturday we were plowing. Sunday was the first day it was clear of snow enough for teams to get through from the south. Uncle Oscar and a load of others came up to see if we had lived through the blizzard, and bring us something to eat. We had, but it was an experience long to be remembered.

A sod barn with a pole and straw roof, a lean-to on the south side of the house, an open air blacksmith shop, and a frame and pulley for the well completed the structures. We fenced twelve acres for a pasture, with one wire, and got a cow and two more horses besides the two we had brought from Iowa. One was blind and the other locoed. A few chickens and a couple of turkeys were added during the summer. The wolves helped themselves to the chickens, turkeys and George's dog Rover we had brought with us in the car. We got another dog, a scotch shepherd, and she knew as much or a little more than the wolves, so we kept her till we left the claim, giving her to Emanuel Stickles, on our way to Lincoln. He lived at Perry where we stopped.

With a light, rod mould board, breaking plow, papa started me to breaking prairie and by seed time I had forty acres ready. We planted twenty acres of Kaffir corn, about then of Indian corn, some millet for hay, and other things. A large garden patch with sweet potatoes and a big melon patch was added. Papa planted a half acre of onions, set out a small strawberry bed and a few fruit trees. I had been busy at Grandfather's and had grape cuttings and berry sprouts which soon began to grow rapidly.

It was a beautiful spring. Flowers were everywhere, carpeting the entire prairie with a beautiful glow, one color following another in endless profusion, and filling the air with a new perfume. Daisies, dandelions, flags, grass flowers, sensitive plant flower balls, devil's claws, wild melon, red top, bunch grass, buffalo grass, wire grass, and many other new and beautiful creations. I was captured body and soul. I had found my earthly Paradise and asked nothing better than to stay on here for ever and a day. But all earthly beautiful things, excepting the memory of them, come to an end some time.

I planted honey locust and catalpa seed and papa planted black walnuts. My honey locust came up good, the catalpa about half and none of the walnuts grew. My locusts were sold to Mr. Nichols, who lived on the claim south of us, when we left, for \$2.00. Crops in the field grew wonderfully. They had been planted early and got a wonderful start in that beautiful spring weather. The garden, planted late did not materialize. It was so absolutely dry and hot that in the fall we dug up the potatoes we had planted in the spring and ate them. The sweet potatoes did fairly well and we had several sacks full, and the melons did exceptionally well, being planted on a lower piece of ground.

On the fourth day of August a hot south wind struck the farm and in three days nothing was left in the fields except the bare stalks of the corn. They looked like an Iowa corn stubble field in the spring after being pastured all winter. The leaves were actually blown off the stalks and entirely off the farm, lodging in ravines

and against a fence, for from a half mile to five miles north of us. We took the wagon and with pitch forks gathered up some of this and it made excellent fodder for the horses and cow during the dry spell. A few plants that we hauled water for in a barrel lived through. Some strawberries, a few trees, my small bed of trees and peanuts, the melons and some of the grapes and berries managed to pull through until it rained.

Early in October we had a rain and the entire country immediately turned green, the flowers appeared everywhere, and beauty reigned again. The Kaffir corn sprouted at the roots and about a dozen small slim shoots grew out of each bare stalk two feet or more in height. Papa cut this corn with a self binder and we had plenty of fodder for our stock that winter and some to sell.

Otis came home from Lincoln and cut wild hay anywhere he could find it tall enough to amount to anything and stacked it north of our barn. But a strong south wind took his hay and everything else not fastened down, and we had hardly a load left to show where it had been stacked.

On August 16, 1894, the hottest weather I ever saw in my life, my sister Edna was born. She certainly arrived in troublesome times.

I had continued to plow until the ground became so dry it was impossible, and altogether I had about sixty-five acres to my credit that first season. I had been promised one cent per acre as an incentive to be industrious. In the fall the first forty acres I had broken were plowed again a little deeper, disked and harrowed and planted to winter wheat. We had no money for the seed so papa borrowed it. When we left Oklahoma to go to Lincoln we turned over our piano to pay for the seed. With a plow and scraper papa and I leveled down the Prairie Dog mounds and filled up the buffalo wallows, so we would have a level field to plow.

Papa went anywhere he could get mason work to keep us going while mama and I did the farm work. He cut stone and did other mason work on the court house at Norman. He did some blacksmithing that helped out some, but the other settlers were in like circumstances with us, so he did lots of free work.

When Uncle Orva's school at San Antonio, Texas failed, he came to his claim with his wife Sabra and her sister, Virginia Sanders. They wrote in my Autograph album on July 23, 1894. Before they arrived a prairie fire had threatened to burn up their small house. Papa and I had gone over there with a team and plow and back furrowed around the house, burned out the enclosure, placed the team and plow inside the plowed circle and then backfired the outside grass until the danger was past.

September 9 Otis left to go back to Lincoln to the Nebraska State University. Shortly after arriving he purchased a paper route to carry the Nebraska State Journal to make his expenses while going to the University. It cost him several hundred dollars and Grandfather Whipple loaned him the money to do it.

May 29, 1894, Minnie May Headrick, my mother's youngest sister married David Wellington Freeman in New Whatcom, Wash.

1895

We had a beautiful winter with very little snow which was not very good for winter wheat. In the spring I broke out about forty acres more of our claim. The forty acres of wheat we had in were cut with the binder, a big box replacing the self binding attachment. We would drive all the way around the field to get a box full of straw. When threshed we had sixty bushels of wheat which we saved for seed and planted sixty acres of ground that fall, which the following summer did not turn out well enough to pay to harvest it. It was just too dry to grow.

The work on the farm went on much as the previous year. During the summer I went with Uncle Ernest's header outfit to pay for having our threshing done. Frank Parker also had a header and the two went together. Frank Parker later married Nettie Frasier, Uncle Dr. Frasier's daughter, my cousin.

Otis came home from Lincoln again this summer and came down with the typhoid fever and nearly died. He had graduated from the Law Course at Lincoln and was admitted to the bar to practice law. But he returned to the University in the fall, enrolling in the Classical Course.

With the team, plow and scraper papa built a dam across the draw south of the house and we had a small pond of water all summer. Here George and I used to go swimming, or rather paddling as there was not much room to swim.

Everything on the farm burned up again in the awful heat. The folks decided to go to Lincoln Nebraska. As soon as we had our winter wheat planted, we left about the middle of November. We had two covered wagons, one a light spring wagon, with what goods we could haul, sending the rest by freight to Lincoln. We were a little over three weeks on the way. At Perry we stopped the second night at Emanuel Stickel's farm. Here we left our Shepherd dog.

We got started from home late in the afternoon and when only a few miles from home, going up the bank of the Skeleton River, one of the horses stumbled and fell, the wagon and contents went over the bank and landed a few feet from the water. It took us till dark to reassemble and repair the wagon and top and get under way again. A few miles farther we camped for the night. Edna was asleep in the wagon at the time, but mama thought best to carry her up the hill in her arms afoot. It was a good thing that she did.

Papa pitched a tent and set up a stove every night so we would have a place to get in out of the weather and cook our meals. It turned cold and we had a bad snowstorm as we were going across Kansas. One night it was a regular blizzard and we did not set up the tent, but drove the wagons between two haystacks for protection from the storm. Papa and Mama had to sleep in the wagon that night.

We arrived at Lincoln a little after Thanksgiving time and Otis had a house rented for us with a barn for the horses on Q Street. This house was on 16<sup>th</sup> and Q Street. We lived here till summer then moved to 520 N. 16<sup>th</sup> Street, to a large two story house, where we lived until we moved to Brooks, Iowa.



At the Christmas entertainment at the Christian Church I spoke the piece, "Annie and Willie's Prayer." Grandmother Whipple sent me a pair of knitted woolen wristlets which she had knitted herself for Christmas. I still have them.

## *1896*

In January 1896 I started to school at the Bryant School and finished the sixth grade in June. In May, papa, mama, Maude, Frank and Edna went back to the claim in Oklahoma. This was about four and a half miles east of Waukomis. The wheat crop was a failure again and they decided to sell the place. They sold it to Uncle Oscar, who had Harvey Thorp and Della live on it until they could prove up on it and get title. Mama went to Prescott Iowa with the children for the summer and papa went to Buffalo, Wyoming, to work for a mining company which failed soon after he got there. He did blacksmithing in Red Lodge, Montana till March 20, 1897.

George went back to Prescott, to Uncle Frank Headrick's, who was living on Grandpa's new farm west of Prescott. George went with Frank hauling milk on a route to the creamery.

During the summer I reviewed the common school subjects at the Lincoln Business College, passed a successful examination and entered the high school in September. This year I was in numerous debates, winning all of them.

In the spring I joined the Christian Church. On May 14, I joined the I.A.H. Circle, sponsored by the David C. Cook Publishing Co., and have tried to live a consistent Christian life since that time.

We rented most of our upstairs rooms this year to help cover expenses and during the winter Otis sold his paper route to Mr. Graves and we lived on the proceeds of the sale. I still carried my route for Mr. Graves, receiving \$2.50 a week, and 5% on the collections. This 5% was for me to keep and the \$2.50 was to help out the family expenses.

George procured and learned to ride an old bicycle while here, thus solving his own travel problem. Christmas, 1896, I received from Grandfather and Grandmother Whipple a white shaving mug with my name on the side in gold.

## *My Paper Route*

Otis was carrying the paper route in the morning and papa and I immediately started to carrying papers so he would not have to hire other carriers, and this paper route was our principal source of income while we lived in Lincoln. I carried papers all the time while we lived in Lincoln until the very day I left to go to Brooks, Iowa, riding my pony, Prince.

I had a route about twelve miles long through west Lincoln and North Lincoln or Belmont, of about 125 papers. I drove a cart until it wore out and then I rode my pony horseback.

I had a little bay pony we called Prince. He was one of the team I drove to the spring wagon on our way up from Oklahoma. We had a barn on the back of the lot at 520 N. 16<sup>th</sup> where I kept my pony. We raised a big garden on this place. I carried the Nebraska State Journal, which was a morning paper, seven days a week. In order to be at the press room to get the papers as soon as they were printed it was necessary for me to get up at 3.30 every morning. I did not miss a single trip, going through storm, rain, snow, blizzard and hurricane.

One morning the wind and hurricane was so bad it blew the entire street car barn in North Lincoln away with many of the cars, blew a large cornice stone off the tip of the wall of the armory at the State University, destroyed hundreds of plate glass windows and demoralized telephone and telegraph lines throughout the district. The roads that morning were literally blocked with trees and telephone poles, but Prince and I rode over, under and around them to make our rounds.

The packing house district smelled so rank that it took several weeks to get Prince used to it and broken in to go near it without being unduly alarmed. Usually rainy mornings were the most uncomfortable, and it was extremely difficult to keep my papers dry for so long a trip.

About New Years 1897 we had a terrible blizzard. My route to West Lincoln lay along a graded highway on an embankment with salt marshes on both sides filled with the back water from Salt Creek. These marshes were dangerous places which did not freeze over at all in the winter. That morning the wind was directly in our faces. Prince would go a few paces and then turn his tail to the wind. I would wipe the snow off my eyes with my mittens, turn him around and we would go a few more paces. I was nearly frozen when we got across and to the first house. It was awfully early but the good man and his wife got up and took me in charge. They thawed out my face, hands and feet with snow, built a fire and got a hot breakfast into me before letting me continue my route.

I did not get all the way around till about noon, for the storm was still furious. Mama was almost wild. She thought sure that I was lost in the salt marshes. Even at that many of my subscribers complained because the paper was late being delivered to them that day.

A lawyer in North Lincoln, whose big thoroughbred dogs repeatedly got hold of his paper and destroyed it in spite of all the precautions I could take, got disgusted and ordered his paper delivered it down there and added my bill on to his and collected it. Then he changed back again and decided to grin and bear it I guess.

A carpenter, from whom I could not collect a cent tried the same stunt, and when the paper had been delivered to his shop for a month, papa called to collect and presented my big bill and again had the paper delivered at his house.

A worker at the packing house gambled away his money all the time at a saloon in Lincoln and his bill grew until it was about five dollars. I could not afford to lose it, so I went to the saloon and talked it over with the bartender and the policeman on that beat at night. About midnight on night, I had been watching, when he laid a five dollar bill on the table I grabbed it and cleared out. The bartender was standing in the pathway of the man who tried to catch me, and the policeman just sauntered into the saloon as he let me slip past him. The policeman and I had many a laugh over it later.

On New Year's Day it was customary for the Journal to print a souvenir, which the boys would take to each subscriber on the route, usually receiving a small tip. I received enough that year to buy myself a new overcoat.

### *My Debates*

My first debate was held while I was attending the Bryant Grade School in Lincoln in the sixth grade. This was in the spring of 1896. The question was.

RESOLVED, THAT CUBA SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO WITHDRAW FROM SPAIN.

Miss Styles Teacher. Negative, Charlie Whipple.

When I first saw my name on the board to oppose the withdrawal of Cuba from Spain I decided to not speak on that side. My first impression was that it was the wrong side, but the more I studied and thought about it the more I found that I was on the right side. At least it appeared so.

Cuba is an island and heretofore has been connected to Spain as a part of her dominion. It comprises about 50,000 square miles and it has no more right to try to leave the mother country, when they think the laws don't suit them, than the Confederated States had, to leave the United States, when Lincoln decided that they should submit to the laws of the United States.

She has no more right than Ireland, which has wanted to become free for the last two centuries. If it had been right to divide up the countries, when one party thinks something goes wrong, why wouldn't Abraham Lincoln, congress or English rules have found it out long ago, and not gone to war and fought till they were nearly all killed in order to keep the union.

Cuba comprises but 50,000 square miles and the inhabitants are chiefly negroes and Indians, which are ignorant, and if it was not for the few educated men there now they would not know how to fix for a war, or they would not know how to make laws. If Cuba is capable of independence, surely the Confederate States were capable of governing themselves, for they were over ten times as large and they were all educated civilized people who could and did make decent laws and made a pretty good war.

Besides, What if Utah were to want to become independent, because there is a class of people there that don't like the laws that we think are right, what would

we do? Why we would lick them in no time and make them keep still and do just as we said.

It has always been the history of nations that the side that was right lived long, but that a side that was wrong was wiped out. Babylon, in Bible times was a large and fine city. Because it was wicked it was overthrown and is now the resort of wild beasts. Napoleon Bonaparte attempted to conquer the world but he did not succeed as he was on the wrong side.

Persia gained power over most of the world and it is but a little country now, because it was wrong to fight and kill for mere glory.

Alexander the Great conquered the world and then sighed because he had no more worlds to conquer. Did he always keep his power? No. It was not right to kill and spill innocent blood for the glory of being ruler.

The Confederate States attempted to set up a government and have the glory of self-government. Did they succeed? No. Because it was not right to go to war and kill or to try to leave the mother country when they thought that the laws were wrong. Suppose all the islands, states and provinces were free and independent governments, we would have a fine world to live in I must say.

I don't deny but what Spain may have made some laws that the Cubans did not like, but that is no sign that they should rebel. When the United States made laws which the southerners did not like they were not allowed to withdraw with impunity. Neither should Cuba be allowed to leave the country to which she belongs. It is better to suffer a little inconvenience for a while, than to have a long bloody war and then have to submit in the end as the Southerners did. The Cubans will find out that Spain is making laws to their advantage, instead of against them and that it will be better for them than if Spain had not made the laws. The Southerners thought it was right to have slaves, but there isn't a slave holder of long ago now, that would take a slave if you would give it to him.

They now see that the laws which the United States made were right.

Cuba has rebelled, and will she become independent? She should not, because all she is working for is the glory of self government. It is proof that Cuba is not able to carry on a war because she is trying to get aid from all quarters.

The Senators and Representatives of our country, who are in Washington, have been talking and debating for a long time about Cuba, and they have not decided that Cuba should be independent yet. They have merely decided that they should be recognized as belligerents, and the President has not signed that yet.

And so it remains that Cuba has no more right to draw off than any other province or state, no more right than the south had to rebel against the government of the United States. We would feel bad if the South, or Alaska, or some state about as strong as what was left was to declare themselves free and then go to war to try to lick us. For my part I want to see all states and provinces that belong to a country live in harmony and happiness. I won this debate.

My first debate in the High School in Lincoln was held before the boy's literary society to which all the boys in my class belong. It was supposed to be a part of our literary studies, but while I was there it was raised to the place of real sport.

RESOLVED, THAT WOMEN SHOULD HAVE THE RIGHT TO VOTE.

AFFIRMATIVE

In 1880 there were two million five hundred thousand women in the United States who had no male protectors and were engaged in gainful occupations. Since the number of working women has been increasing there are now about three million.

From this we get the fact that women are not universally supported by men, but that there are about three million that support themselves entirely. In great numbers they support a family and quite often a large family or some of their relatives. These women have no one to represent them at the polls.

When the women did the weaving it was considered a part of the ordinary household duties. But today they have become enlightened and consider it in its true light. But this work was only for the women. The men could not even be hired to do it. There is no difference between the character of the work done by the baker, who provides bread for the family, and the cook that provides the potatoes, meat, etc.

Women as a rule know very little about politics because we have always regarded it as out of place for them to engage in political affairs. But just give the women a chance and they would know as much as any man.

Some people say that the men vote for the women, but I would like to know who represents these three million women. There is nobody to represent them.

In the cities of Chicago and New York alone there are five million dollars of women's property that is taxed and you can bet the men don't forget to call and collect the tax. This is one instance in the history of the world when people are taxed without representation and there isn't a war over it.

The women of today have just as much right to fight as the men had to fight in 1775. Today there is no occupation that women cannot fill, except that of a political office. Why did you place women on as good a footing as you did? Because your eyes have been partly opened and you saw that they belonged in that position. The time will come when man's eyes will be opened to the great truth.

Abraham Lincoln once made a proclamation that placed the ignorant, uneducated negro slave in a place equal to any citizen of the United States and allowed him to vote, and he did vote, and the southern legislatures were filled with negroes that made the laws in such a manner that the states were put so far in debt that they have just recovered from the effects.

Is there a person here that thinks the women could not have done that good? When the ignorant, uneducated class are placed above our mothers and sisters I think that the laws should be changed.

Women have been among the best rulers the earth has ever known. Queen Victoria is the best ruler England ever had, and I say that she is fully capable of performing the duties of that office, as capable as Cleveland to perform the office of President.

The room was crowded and practically all the women teachers of the high school were there. This was my opening speech. My side won in the debate. I was given charge of the debating in the Club. Our room was filled when a debate was on the program. I have the notes on two more debates given before the boy's Club.

RESOLVED, THAT THERE IS MORE PLEASURE IN PURSUIT THAN IN POSSESSION

This was a practice debate. One week I debated on one side of the question, and the next week I took the other side, and won both times.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Pursuit of knowledge, pursuit of happiness. All possession was gained by pursuit, therefore pursuit is what produces all pleasures and all possessions. It is better to give than to receive. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter Heaven. See all your goods and give to the poor and take up your cross and follow me. We have more pleasure in the pursuit of Heaven, than in the possession. An old man always looks back from his possessions with a glad eye on the days of the pursuit.

NEGATIVE.

Possession, to have and own, possess knowledge, possess happiness. The only way to have anything is to possess it, whether rightfully or wrongfully. There is no pleasure in the pursuit, because if there is, it is in the possession of that pleasure. Possession causes all happiness. People possess the earth and God possesses the heaven and earth both. He possess the whole universe. You must possess that pursuit.

RESOLVED, THAT INTOXICATING LIQUOR CAUSES MORE MISERY AND SUFFERING THAN WAR.

This was a regular Boy's Club assignment and I was assigned to the negative side. I refused to take that side and had some trouble with the teacher. It was finally decided to let me have the affirmative side because of my religious scruples, but I had to take the side alone against the entire Club, without support. They got the surprise of their lives because I won thumbs turned down, with the Principal of the High School as the judge. All the men teachers in the High School who were not assigned to other club duties were there to hear the debate.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Ever since the world was founded there has been war, Indians, Turks, Saracen, Huns, Tartars, Mongols. Most great wars have been among the barbarians. In the United States in the last war 600,000 were killed. There has been that many killed by liquor sales since 1888.

There has been 600,000 killed in war in the last fifty years in the United States. Liquor has killed over 7,500,000 in the same length of time. For every one killed in war liquor has killed seven and one half. And for this 600,000 killed in war we are paying pensions to the disabled and the widows to help relieve their suffering. But to those killed by liquor and to their widows we pay nothing, no pensions or anything.

This means that 60,000 people yearly go to drunkard's graves and 200,000 more each year are sent to the poor house, and 1,000,000 more made desolate and miserable. More people died in eight years in the United States from liquor than died in the whole world since the discovery of America, from fire, war, plagues and massacres.

To supply this demand in the United States two million boys must come from each generation. That means eight million boys ruined in the United States since the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Has there been that many killed in wars? No.

Liquor has killed in America since the beginning of our glorious republic more than twice as many men as have been killed in war since five centuries before Christ was born.

In the last one hundred years our liquor has cost us three times as much as our wars in money. There is enough to pave a path of silver dollars two feet wide around the world. This is more than is spent for public schools, shoes and stockings, bread and butter molasses and cheese, and all the preachers and missionaries' salaries in America and on the missionary fields.

It took five billion pounds of grain to produce this liquor, which required a train of 248,214 cars, 1,579 miles long to haul it to the breweries and distilleries. If it had been baked into bread it would have kept 750 bakers busy, baking 500 loaves of bread every hour, to bake a total of over five billion loaves of bread. To grow this vast amount of grain required a farm of two million acres.

Under the reign of liquor crime has increased in Chicago 31 times, San Francisco 11 times, St Louis 9 times, Boston 19 times, Brooklyn 19 times, Baltimore 16 times, Philadelphia 32 times, and New York 45 times.

Some gain by the downfall of others. War causes weeping for three years. All suffering caused by the Indian and other wars together are as nothing to the suffering caused all the time by intoxicating liquor. If this is not misery, then what is it. I won the debate and much commendation.

Toward the close of the fall term of school the boy's Club and the Girl's Cub had frequent meetings together when joint programs were given. In their search for interesting and exciting material the boy's were frequently humiliated by the girls in such events as figuring contests, memory tests, spelling matches and other feats. As a last desperate hope of winning a few laurels the Boy's Club challenged the girls to a debate. As a matter of course I championed the cause of the boys club and Miss Vose championed the girls. We took as a subject for debate.

RESOLVED, THAT NAPOLEON WAS A GREATER GENERAL THAN CAESAR

The girls had the negative side of the question and the boys the affirmative. I still have the following portions of the speech I used as a leader on our side.

AFFIRMATIVE.

I wish to prove this by using self evident facts. In the first place, habits formed in early life bind a person more completely than habits formed later in life.

Napoleon was placed in a military school at ten years of age and remained in military service seventeen years before entering upon his active career.

Caesar's youth was spent in political and social education and the study of elocution at Rhodes. He had just three years military training before he entered upon his active career.

As a military leader Napoleon has no superior in ancient or modern times. He marched his victorious troops successively into almost every capital of Europe, meeting and overwhelming in turn the armies of Prussia, Austria, Russia and England. He for a long time waged war against them all combined, and exhausted at last by his very victories, rather than by the conquests, he fell before superior numbers, which in a protracted contest must always prevail.

His first campaign in Italy, and the campaign of Austerlitz are, perhaps, the most glorious he ever conducted. In less than a year he overthrew four of the finest armies of Europe. With forty five thousand men he had beaten two hundred thousand Austrians and taken prisoner twice as many men as his own army.

In 1796 with 35,000 men he defeated an army of 60,000 Austrians. They appeared again the next spring with another army of 60,000 and were again defeated. He was becoming too popular in France so was sent to Egypt where his enemies outnumbered him two to one. But he was victorious and forced a treaty of peace.

In 1799 he returned to France from his Egyptian campaign and was elected First Consul of France. In May 1800 he made the passage of the Alps over the St. Bernard pass to Italy, one of the greatest feats in history. At the battle of Meringo against the Austrians he was outnumbered two to one but won a decisive victory and forced a peace treaty on his terms.

In 1802 a treaty was signed in which England evacuated Malta and Egypt. Also territory was ceded by the Pope, Portugal and Spain. He was made Consul for Life. In 1805 hostilities were resumed. In three weeks he utterly destroyed an



army of 80,000 Austrians. At Austerlitz he won a victory over the Austrians and Russians two to one.

In 1806 he defeated the Prussians at Jena, taking 20,000 prisoners. In 1807 he defeated the Russians at Tilsit. Both Prussia and Russia now signed a treaty of peace. Now he captured Spain and Portugal. Austria again arose against him. Napoleon again entered Vienna a conqueror. He defeated the Russians in 1811. He defeated the Prussians and Russians in 1812. In 1813 he won battle after battle at Lutzen and vicinity, but at the terrible battle of Liepsic, called the battle of the nations he was literally overwhelmed by army after army of the combined forces.

Napoleon was then banished to the Island of Elba but it could not hold him. Without any plotting beforehand to make a diversion in his favor, he boldly casts himself on the affections of the people.

An established throne, a strong government and two powerful armies were on one side, the love of the people on the other, and yet, soldier that he was, he believed the latter stronger than all the other combined. It was not the soldiers but the common people, who first surrounded him. As he pitched his tent without Cannes the inhabitants flocked to him with their complaints. As he advanced the peasants cried, "Long live the emperor." He was refused admission to town, but the inhabitants, six thousand strong, tore down the gates and carried him in on their shoulders. As he advanced legion after legion turned from the king to him. His course to the capitol was one triumphal march and the king was forced to flee. He recovered his throne without loss of blood. He asks peace but is given war.

Never has the world seen such preparation as he was able to accomplish. In less than two months he had organized and had thoroughly equipped and disciplined an immense army of 325,000 men. Never in the history of the world was such rapid movement, each skill and such generalship as Napoleon showed to us. There never was a man who could have produced so much in so short a time.

With a little over two months of preparation he defeated 100,000 Prussians at Ligny and then turned his forces to the field of Waterloo. But his great general Blucher deserted with his portion of the army to the Prussians and Grouchy stayed away with a large share of his army just at the time he needed it.

The boys won the debate and the girls complained about one thing and another until it was finally arranged that I was to debate with Miss Vose. We invited the City Superintendent to come and act as judge. Miss Vose was to choose the subject and I was to pick which side of the question I would take. She chose her subject and prepared until the day of the debate but refused to tell me what the subject was. At noon she told me and I picked the side she wanted. But I gave in to her and made a hasty preparation at the city library.

RESOLVED, THAT MECHANICAL INVENTIONS ARE A BENEFIT TO THOSE ENGAGED IN  
MANUAL LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES.

Affirmative, Miss Vose; Negative, Charles Whipple.

NEGATIVE.

One hundred years ago all the spinning and weaving was done by hand. All reaping and threshing was done by hand. There was no telegraph or telephone, no railroads, no sewing machines. There were no fine printing presses to turn out dime novels by the thousands. They went everywhere with horses and oxen. They did their washing at home. All the cotton they spun they seeded themselves and when it was woven into cloth the cloth didn't seem to wear out as quick as cloth does now.

Everybody had something to do. Such a thing as hunting for work was unknown. When a person worked they got good pay. All the products brought a large price and everybody lived contentedly. The evenings were spent in going to a spelling match instead of going to a theater.

Today we wear clothes that are made by machinery. We find on the porch a newspaper which tells the things which happened all over the world in the last twenty-four hours.

We can go from New York to San Francisco in less than a week. Paper, cloth, and everything we see or use is turned out by machinery.

Everywhere we find idle labor. There is in the United States at least a million men that are idle. Why are these men idle. Why is the condition of the laboring class as it is? I will give you a few examples.

Take the cotton gin, the self-binder and the threshing machine. They each do the work of over a hundred men. Look at the sewing machines, printing presses, paper machines, and the weaving looms. They each do the work of over one hundred fifty men. Take into consideration the railroads, the telegraph and the telephone. It would be impossible to tell how much labor they save.

Here we have fifteen or twenty inventions that each do the work of over a hundred men. These inventions are so thick that you can hardly get out of sight of them in the United States. What about the men that the machines are working instead of? They have nothing to do. The machines are doing the work. They are idle. They can find nothing to do.

Heretofore they have been able to go to a new country and set up business of their own by getting a piece of ground from the government. This is the reason we haven't noticed the effect of the machinery and inventions. When the men were thrown out of work they sought a place to work for themselves, but now all the land is gone. There is no place to spread. Hence we see then the effect of so much labor saving.

Those that have been saving the labor have become rich and live in New York. The idle men number over a million and are increasing every day. We cannot go anywhere except we find this idle labor.

The laboring class in the United States is coming to a place where they can't live any longer. Look at Coxy's army. What was it for? It showed the state of affairs among the laboring class. Look at the strikes everywhere. What is the reason? The reason is this. The work the men are doing can be done cheaper by machinery, hence they must compete with the machine.

Look at the invention of the bicycle, the horseless carriage, the electric motor, the railroad. What have they done? Farmers in the first half of this century raised fine horses to sell. Now they find no sale for horses. They are worth about five dollars. These inventions are the cause of it.

Look at the laundries. There are four large laundries. You see their delivery wagons everywhere. You think they do no harm? They are run by machinery and do the work cheaper than the women could that were in the habit of doing it. Therefore the women could not get the washing and took to begging. The laundry is one of the greatest inventions that ever was because of its saving of labor.

All of these great inventions were in the first half of this century and as I said before, we do not see the effect until now. But we do see the effect now in the thousands of idle men who are hunting work today.

I won the debate and the girls immediately began to complain about something irregular or unfair etc. The teacher suggested as a settlement of the controversy that we change sides and debate over again. This was done and we went at it right then. I took the affirmative side of the question and beat her again. That quieted the girl's club for a while at least.

1897



Figure 1: Charles William Whipple & Susan Blanche Campbell, 17 years old.

On March 20, 1897, papa returned from Montana. While there he had written his book, "Our Cottage Home." A couple of weeks later the family moved to Brooks, Iowa, to the house across the street from where Ike Harlow lived. Bob Booker, Edd's brother, married Ike Harlow's sister Vadie. Otis stayed in Lincoln to complete his college course. I stayed a few days till Mr. Graves could find someone to carry my paper route, and after I had taught him the subscribers I rode my pony through to Brooks, going by way of Plattsmouth, where I visited with Emma Stickel, but as the river was too high for the ferry I went north and crossed at Omaha to Council Bluffs, where I visited Mrs. Dempsey, who lived across the street north of us at 34<sup>th</sup> Street.

In Brooks we made brick, papa being in partnership with Uncle Riley Headrick. Rheumatism bothered me this spring so that I could hardly work. Saturday May 1, 1897, George and I went to Prescott to visit Grandma and Grandpa Headrick. It was about four years since I had been to Prescott.

Hanging May baskets that night I met a girl that I had always thought lots of, but she had grown up and changed in ways not to my liking. This ended my first and only childhood infatuation.

While papa and Riley were in partnership in Brooks they made two kilns of brick, much of which was sold to A>B> Turner in Corning for \$3.50 a thousand. This was to replace his store after the big fire had wiped out his building in the winter. One kiln was about 40,000 and the other about 100,000. George and I, Roy and Frank, Riley's two boys worked on the yard together. Roy and Frank were so mean and brutal that it was impossible to get along at all, and as Riley never

attempted to curb them in any manner it became necessary to part company before someone was permanently injured.

Papa went to Uncle Frank's farm near Prescott, living in a tent, and Riley went to Dr. Thornell's place in Corning and both made brick as before. Otis came home from Lincoln during the summer and molded brick for us. We put up a kiln of about 100,000 brick and Riley came up to help burn it. Over papa's remonstrance, and in spite of all he could do to prevent it, Riley had the kiln shut down before it was thoroughly burned, ruining the kiln, which was almost an entire loss, thus wrecking vengeance on us not submitting to their cruelty in Brooks.

This summer, while here, I learned to make crayon portraits from bromide enlargements. It cost me \$2.50 to get the lessons. This was the \$2.50 I earned in Oklahoma, plowing at one cent per acre.

As cold weather closed in we moved to Prescott, into the Potter Clark house, and I started at the High School in November. Here I met Blanche Campbell and by the first of the new year had lost my heart, never to recover it.

Papa spent a large part of the winter cutting wood for Uncle Frank, who was going to make brick the next year on the yard we had built and put into shape for him. I helped cut the wood on Saturdays. Papa was cutting wood for fifty cents a cord to pay Frank for a broken down wagon, an old harrow, and a plow with a broken beam, all of which were not worth the cost of repairs to put them in shape to use, but as papa had no work and needed farm tools he was willing to do this for tools which should have been given to him, if not for nothing, at least for his work in putting the brickyard in shape. I could say more about this deal but the above is enough to suggest the rest.

Uncle Frank's house burned down while papa and I were cutting the wood. Christmas I received a fine copy of Pilgrim's Progress from Grandfather and Grandmother Whipple.

## 1898

About the first of March papa rented a farm of about forty acres with a stone quarry, the old French stone quarry, about a mile and a quarter southwest from Corning, Iowa and moved down there to it. I stayed with Grandma Headrick and finished High School, graduating from the two year course they then had, Thursday May 26, 1898. Grant Riggle was the teacher. Also in the class was Clyde Glougie, Charlie Okey and Grace Kittams. The exercises were at Currier's Opera house. Our motto was "Our First duty Lies Nearest."

I had been going home to Corning, walking, on Friday nights and returning to Prescott on Sunday evening, so I might work on the farm on Saturdays. This spring papa planted four acres of onions, three acres of potatoes, ten acres of oats, about ten of corn, a large garden, a big melon patch and a few acres of buckwheat.

I cultivated the onions with a small Planet Junior wheeled hoe cultivator. The onions were about half a crop but the price was so low that not much was

realized from the crop. The potatoes did not make half a crop and were traded in for groceries. The melons made a wonderful crop but no sale. However, the boys from town, including Happy Jack the negro teamster made nightly raids upon the patch, wisely refraining from taking enough at any one time to be detected. Happy Jack told me about this when I returned to Corning in 1901.

Papa worked the stone quarry and laid stone and brick in and about Corning and the county and down by Gravity where Uncle Riley had moved and was making brick.

Mama caught cold on the trip from Oklahoma to Lincoln in the covered wagon and it finally developed into chronic bronchitis. She coughed continuously and they finally decided she would be better in Colorado, that they would stay one more year and then go to a higher drier climate.

I went to the Corning High School and had a talk with Prof. D.M. Kelly, who was Principal, and told him I had only one year for High School. He said that he did not think that I could do the two years work in one year, but he would let me try.

So I started to the Corning High School in the fall with double work ahead of me. Papa bought seventy-two head of young heifers of F.M. Widener and these were to be cared for along with the other farm work. On Saturdays I would herd them along the road or move them from one pasture to another, sometimes several miles.

I started going with Blanche Campbell the night of my graduation from high school in Prescott, borrowing Grandpa Headrick's horse and buggy for the occasion.

Fourth of July I walked up from Corning to be with Blanche, which was my usual method of getting to Prescott to see her. But we had a grand time at the Prescott celebration and the walk both ways was well paid for. I borrowed Grandpa's buggy again.

But when school started in the fall I had little time for going to see Blanche and before the first term was over I had to stop entirely until after graduation on May 23. However I spent Christmas 1898 with Blanche. We went to the exercises at the Methodist Church in Prescott. We also went to Okey's party on December 29. I drove Prince up from Corning.

## 1899

I engaged in several debates this spring, losing all of them. I went into the oratorical contest to choose a speaker for the Southern Iowa High School Oratorical Contest which was held this year at Stuart. Ben Gibson took first place and I took second. This was in the Methodist Church in Corning March 10, 1899.

But Ben worked so hard that he had a nervous breakdown and I was sent in his place. I went to Des Moines and trained for several days under Edd Amherst Ott at Drake University, staying with Uncle Wellington Freeman and Aunt Minnie April 9

to 14. Uncle Well was attending Drake University at the time to study for the Christian Ministry. But he became an atheist instead.

The contest was held at Stuart Friday evening April 14, 1899. I lost in the contest but had a wonderful and thrilling experience.

I graduated from the Corning High School, Wednesday evening May 24, 1899, and went to the Alumni banquet the same evening. I had made two years in one. Those in the class were, Mayme Rundlett, Edyth Roland, Ben Gibson, Nelle Belding, Leigh Monosmith, Emma Harlow (from Brooks), and Charles Whipple. Prof. Lewis was one of the teachers that year.

On Friday evening was the Philomathean Banquet. Here I spoke again the piece I used at Stuart, "The black horse and his Rider."

Blanche and her folks came to the graduation exercises which were held in the Methodist Church. Blanche and I corresponded regularly once a week from the time I graduated in Prescott until we were married, with a few exceptions due to sickness etc.

Otis graduated from the classical course at the State University at Lincoln, Nebraska, June 8, 1899. This summer I worked with papa laying brick in Gravity and around Corning.

My graduation oration delivered at the Methodist Church when I graduated from Corning High School, May 24, 1899.

### *The Making of Manhood.*

We may look at men today as they are advancing in civilization and say – "Man is a wonderful being." We may look at his works and marvel. He rides from ocean to ocean in seven days drawn by the strong arm of inventive genius. The steel rails of locomotion encircle the globe.

A man may leisurely partake of his morning meal and read from any of a thousand periodicals the events of the past twenty-four hours.

The discovery of electricity enables men to bring the remotest corners of the earth into communication, and the whole world may rejoice or mourn over the same tidings as if in close communion.

On canvas we have forms which seem almost endowed with life. The cold marble, transformed by the chisel of the sculptor is made to smile. The architect, using many varied forms of wood and stone, constructs an edifice before our eyes which seems almost too grand for human intellect.

How does man aspire to this golden age of wisdom, understanding and art? He comes to this world a helpless infant and as we gaze on his face we say – "He will some day be a man and go forth into the world and be judged according to his deeds." As he comes in contact with the world he will show forth his manly spirit, his love and his ambition.

How much of human success and human greatness depends on the strictness with which parents discipline their children into that sublimest and most necessary of all requirements, invariable and unshaken adherence to the simple truth?

Rigid adherence to this one principle would do more than any one other thing toward the making of a pure and noble character. Mountains would sink before his progress and difficulties would diminish before fully comprehended and a pathway be opened to honor, to greatness and to fame.

Where do we find an orator, statesman or patriot who was not taught truth and beauty from his mother's knee? Where do we find a man lifting humanity to a higher and grander sphere who did not receive a pattern of nobleness from his parents?

Association is one of the strongest elements in the formation of manhood. Companions exert an influence over us to such an extent as seems almost beyond reason. If a boy is to make a man of himself he must choose companions who make men of themselves.

A person's environment is one of the principal factors in the life of a man. His surroundings are always before his mind. If gloomy, how quickly a smile vanishes. The love for home that exists in every one's breast is only a result of environment. A person loves to return to the scenes of his childhood, where everything was happy, gay and bright. A person realizes that there is where his life was formed.

Man is a social being, surrounded by a social web, in which he is as completely entangled as a fly in the net of a spider. His character is a social production. A nation that loves freedom, a social condition where truth and patriotism abounds, will form noble characters. Where human degradation exists a noble life is seldom seen. How true it is. You can tell the character of a boy by the company he keeps.

A person's character is the resultant of the many thoughts that have lodged in his mind, of the many feelings and emotions that have swayed his breast from time to time and of the many deeds he has found reason to perform. A man's character is his thoughts and deeds of former years, condensed and crystallized into definite form at the present moment. The impressions made on a child's mind are never blotted out. They follow him through life and when the dark clouds would lower, they come afresh to the memory, as a beam of sunlight, and the clouds are no more.

But, after all, the seat or source of every boy's ambition is within himself. Every boy, who has life enough about him, can make a man of himself regardless of every obstacle. He can make a man of himself, no matter what the conditions under which he is being forced to exist. Every statesman, every eloquent orator, every noble man, had an ambition which caused him to go on and on saying, "Father, I will find a way or make one."



These are the kind of boys that make men. Boys that will try and try again. Boys that will walk over every difficulty, and use every adversity as a stepping stone to mount higher. These boys make men, and not only help themselves up the ladder of life, but lend a helping hand to every one they meet. The ambitions of a boy is the making of a man.

Fourth of July, 1899 was spent with Blanche in Corning at the celebration in the park. We went out to our place in the afternoon.

September 7, 1899, at the fairgrounds during the fair, I spoke in competition with a number of other boys, an oration which I had written entitled –

### *Liberty.*

Liberty is the watchword of our nation. This nation was created to give freedom and has been fulfilling its mission ever since. Out of the boundless wealth of the great Creator's storehouse, blessings after blessings have been showered upon this, the greatest commonwealth that has ever existed.

God has placed us here to show the world and to give nations an example of the grandeur and superiority of a republican form of government. He has environed us with every thing the human mind could wish. On every hand, above our heads and beneath our feet, we see what grand preparation has been made for the development of wisdom and happiness, which are the fruits of liberty.

Every kind of industry, every natural resource necessary for the perfection of the human mind and body has been placed at our disposal, to be used in the cause of truth and justice.

The American people are the descendants of the liberty loving portion of all nations. The most intelligent people, surrounded by all the grandeur of nature's most perfect work, and placed in the finest portion of the earth, is a combination which truly could be entrusted with the young principles of true government.

These principles were nourished and protected till they developed into a nation, nor did the work stop here. Year after year new principles of truth were brought into use and added to the sacred rights of humanity. The laws of nature have been searched and those portions relating to government have been carefully preserved in order to produce a nation where liberty and society walk hand in hand.

One by one the superstitions of past ages were pierced by the light of reason and left in the wake of human progress. One by one the errors of the past were banished from among our people until by the hero's blood of our civil war, the fetters of more than four million chattel slaves were broken. Since that time, by the greed of wealth, the chicanery of knaves or some evil genie, the healthy progress of our rising nation has been stayed; and while development still goes on in the arts and sciences, the progress of liberty has ceased.

We may have a mistaken idea that we have reached the end of advancement. We may think that there can nothing more be done to add to our

happiness. The American people do not enjoy perfect freedom, but we all hope it may be soon, when the glorious sun shall shine in all his rich splendor upon a people that revel in the field of God's own natural law, undisturbed by the winds of adversity or slavery.

We do not need to travel far to find sufficient proof to convince us that there still is room for the American people to advance, and they may learn the true principles of civil government by a sincere desire to know the truth.

Thousands of men are thronging our highways seeking for work. There is either an over supply of men or a lack of work, so that these men, driven to the last stages of desperation and hunger are forced to either beg or steal. In the extremity of their trouble thousands upon thousands are compelled to choose between one of two things: procure food or die. Many choose to die, many are driven insane, but the greater number become tramps.

Oh, how terribly loathsome the thought of a tramp is to the average American. Do you not know that myriads of our tramps are faithful, energetic workers who have been thrown out of employment. When they see their wives and children begging for "Just a crust", our imagination can easily picture that noble father saying, "Their children and their mother shall not starve. If there is work on God's earth I will find it."

With a farewell kiss he leaves his dear ones. Month after month he hunts in vain. No one will hire a tramp. One morning there is a long piece in the paper telling how a tramp was riding on the bumpers of a stock train. He lost his footing, fell under the trucks and his life was crushed out, name unknown. Away in the crowded city the widow anxiously awaits for tidings. They will never come. Rent comes due and the landlord says, "You must pay or be put into the street."

Home, the place that is dear to every loyal American. Home, where our childhood years were spent and we left with the blessings of our dear old parents resting upon us. From this home this feeble mother is turned into the street to seek shelter from the blasting driving storm. Somehow, she hardly knows herself, she survives. At last, broken in health, bent with adversity and care, she finds some drudgery by which she can make a scant living.

Johnny, the oldest boy, finds work at 13 cents a day in the department store. Oh, the agony of such a mother. Little by little she sees her children drawn into vice but she cannot help it.

One day Johnny stops to look in at a store window. He sees an artificial lake and real fish and everything so grand that he lingers a moment. The door opens and a man invites him to enter. How beautiful it is. Johnny never before saw anything half so fascinating and his mind and whole being turns in kindness to the man who has given him this pleasure.

They saunter down the beautiful hall, at the rear of which is a bar. Johnny wavers, but he urges him. "Drink, pledge me just this once." He lifts the glass to his lips and drains it and the hellish work is done.

One year has passed and today we see Johnny, no longer the pure boy he was, lying in a gutter, besmeared, ragged and overpowered by the force of liquor. We may see the form of the mother as she kneels at his side, her darling boy, that was dearer and sweeter than all the world beside. We may see the form of a coffin, labeled with one word, "Lost."

How do we dare say that women enjoy freedom? Friend, place yourself in that woman's position for a moment; no home, no friends, everything that is dear in life is gone; hungry and cold, without shelter or food. She was found on the street one morning frozen to death.

Oh, men, how can we remain silent and see such things going on all the time at our very thresholds? Has all our pride of manhood left us? Are we morally corrupt? Is there no way in which we may reach the seat of love, with which all men are endowed, that we may stir them into action?

Such things should not be. This is only one of many, many thousands of victims of unjust laws. There is something wrong somewhere, why do you not investigate it instead of leaving it for the politicians? They will hoodwink you every time and keep you blind to the truth. Investigate it yourself.

Voters, go to the poles with clean hearts and hands and allay this trouble. Arise in the might and strength with which God has endowed you, and do your duty to humanity and to your Creator. God has placed us here to perfect his laws of liberty. Why are we not doing it?

Let us in all our dignity say, "With God's help I will do my duty. I will search in his field of natural law and learn his decrees, then make the laws of our nation comply with them.

Then will Uncle Sam be able to stand firm and give to other nations an example of purity and freedom such as this world of ours has never witnessed. Then will America be blessed and her children can walk under the blue dome of heaven in all their beauty, and in the true image of God's perfected law. This time is coming. It must come and it will come.

Corning, Iowa, September 7, 1899. I lost.

This summer while George and I were working together on the farm I got an idea into my head that I could fix a contraption that would hold George's knee from falling forward at every step, which necessitated him holding it in place with his hand all the time. With some boards and heavy twine I made an experiment along that line and it was a complete success. We showed it to papa and he was convinced that I had discovered how to make a successful brace for him. Papa went to the blacksmith shop in Corning and made a brace along the new lines, and George has been wearing a brace built after this idea ever since. It gives him the freedom of both hands and still enables him to walk, using his limb.

On Monday, September 18, 1899, papa held a public auction, a closing out sale on the farm and sold nearly everything we had except some furniture and

personal effects. He allowed me to keep my pony Prince and a buggy and harness, and I assumed for him an account of \$110.00 in Corning. He also agreed to give me my time and allow me to keep my own earnings from this time on. I attended the Adams County Teacher's Institute and took the teacher's examination.

I then hunted for a school to teach and on September 27, secured the contract to teach in Prescott Township, Adams County, District No. 1, C.E. Worth was the Treasurer. Mr. Holmes was the director of that district. I taught sixteen weeks in the winter, from Dec. 4, 1899 to Mar. 23, 1900.

I then arranged with Uncle Frank Headrick to work on his farm and brickyard, and helping Grandpa build his new house and barn, for two months, to pay for the keep of myself and horse while I was teaching my school. It took most of my salary to pay the account in Corning, but I was now free to work and have my own wages.

I taught my school, having some difficulty with unruly youngsters, especially Howard McCarthy and Ernest Nash. On Friday nights we sometimes had a spelling match. I rode back and forth on my pony all the time during that term of school, over four miles each way. It was an awfully bad winter with lots of snow, but I did not miss any school time.

February 17, 1900, Ruth Headrick, daughter of Uncle Frank Headrick and May Daggett died, at the farm where I was staying. She was sick only a very short time.

Mr. Campbell and family moved to town, to the Woodhill house this winter. Blanche and I really got to go around together for about six months this fall and winter, while I was working at Uncle Frank's and teaching school.

When Otis graduated from the State University in June he went into a law office in Omaha, with Tuttle and Stillman, Suite 907, N.Y. Life Bldg. for about two months, and not liking the layout he and Frank Summers, a fellow graduate, went to Colorado and worked for the Western Union Telegraph Co. stringing wire over the mountains from Durango to Grand Junction.

After the public sale papa went to Colorado looking for work and a location to live. Mama and the other children stayed at Grandpa's in Prescott until papa sent for them and the household goods, which was about December 1, 1899.

Otis and Papa had both traveled over the state most of the fall and winter and finally landed in Canon City. Papa taught Otis the mason trade, working inside the barn until he became proficient enough to work with papa on regular work. Papa and mama lived that winter and the next summer at 702 Walnut Ave.

**1900**

March 3, Blanche and I drove to Corning in the buggy with Prince. I went to make a payment on the indebtedness and cash my salary warrant. While there we went to C.D. Tinsley's picture gallery and had our pictures taken. The scene was, "Over the Garden Wall." He had a small palm tree in a jar in the studio and he placed this in the picture.



Figure 2: Over the Garden Wall, 1900

On March 26, 1900, I went to Canon city, Colorado. Papa wrote offering me \$3.50 a day to work for him laying brick and this looked pretty big to me then. I was apprenticed to Papa by the Union for one year. Papa, Otis and I worked together on the jobs. Andy Heller, an Irishman, was our helper most of the time we worked in Canon City. I was saving my money to go to college. George and I had decided to go to Drake University and study for the Christian Ministry.

I bought a second hand bicycle to ride to work and for pleasure trips in the vicinity. Mama, George, Maude and I plunged into the church work here and soon had something stirred up. The church had been asleep. With Mrs. Dawson, Will Martin, Ed Landon and a few others a Christian Endeavor was started, also a mid-week prayer meeting and in the spring a revival meeting. Conner, a tobacco chewing barber, was the preacher for one service a week. At the close of the revival a new minister was hired for full time and the work began to grow. Before we left Canon City they had outgrown the little old brick church that they had been meeting in until it was so old it was almost falling down, and had started work on a fine new church. I worked with the minister here at this time as a sort of assistant, made a list of all the members of the church and helped him call on them and get them revived for the new work.

On May 5, 1900 my birthday, the Christian Endeavor Society gave me a surprise party at our house and presented me with a small Christian Endeavor pin, gold, which I still have.

In the summer mama went back to Prescott to visit Grandma and Grandpa Headrick. They had moved out to the new house on the new farm of Grandpa's and had sold the place in town to Mr. Belding.

Friday night, May 25, 1900, Blanche Campbell graduated from the Prescott High School and attended the first Alumni Association banquet following. She had finished a three year course. A year had been added since I graduated. There was no graduating class at Prescott the year I graduated in Corning in 1899.

### *My Bicycle Trip.*

On Sunday morning, August 5, 1900, my brother George and I started on a trip on our bicycles from Canon City, Colorado to Iowa, to start to school at Drake University at Des Moines, Iowa. We planned to stop at Grandpa Headrick's where mama was visiting.

We had a plan to give entertainments on the street corners of the various towns we went through, similar to those of the Kickapoo Indian Medicine Man we had heard on the street corner in Canon City. For music we purchased an accordion. But our plans fell through for several very definite reasons. First, we were not able to give interesting concerts, second; we looked like a couple of tramps, and third; the towns were all small or smaller. The less said on this subject the better I believe.

George was not able to make good time traveling and finally broke the crank hanger bearing cup on his bicycle, and at Kanarodo, on the Kansas line he took the train with much of our luggage to Brooks, Iowa and rode on to Corning on his bike.

We left Canon City by way of Four Mile and went over the hills and through Dead Man's Canon to Colorado Springs. On the first park, within sight of Canon City George broke the chain on his bicycle and we halted for over an hour to make repairs. It was dreadfully hot and dry and before noon we were out of water and

George said he was past going. I left him in the shade of a tree and rode on several miles until I came to an irrigation ditch. Here I drank and filled our bottles and started back for George. But he had followed and was a short way back.

We were soon on our way again. We pitched our small tent in the Public Market in Colorado Springs.

On Monday George took the train with our baggage to Peyton. I went up on my bicycle and we met there and rode on to Tip Top and camped for the night.

On Tuesday we made Rosalie and camped by the railroad.

On Wednesday we came to Limon, a railroad junction. It had rained and we were wet so stopped in a blacksmith shop and dried our clothes.

We had read and heard about the terrible cowboys and were in constant fear of being killed or having the tires of our bicycles shot off just to see what the tenderfeet would do. We followed very closely the Chicago Rock Island Railway, many times riding between the rails when other roads and trails were found impossible to use. In the neighborhood of Limon, Colorado, we were shown a short section of steel rail standing upright in the ground by the right of way and were told that the cowboys had burned a negro alive tied to that rail a short time before, because of a crime he had committed.

We had made camp the night before right out in the open, but were aroused from sleep, on the hard ground, by a series of unearthly screams which seemed to come from every direction at once. It was a small pack of prairie wolves out for the evening's entertainment and dinner and they never attack people, but that did not help us get any more sleep that night or to abate our fears.

The next day as we were leisurely riding along we looked off across the rolling land and could see a cloud of dust which soon turned out to be cowboys riding toward us. Our fears were immediately aroused as it seemed to us that they were riding across country in an effort to head us off. We bent over our handle bars and put on all speed so as to get away with our skins whole, which we finally did amid a wild waving of arms and hats and firing of six shooters. We left relieved to have outdistanced them, but the real trouble we had escaped was not revealed to us until the next morning.

But we had enough immediate trouble to soon overshadow all else, because in the burst of speed we had made, George had broken the cup bearing in the crank hanger of his bicycle. In a few miles his machine was out of the running. I towed him with a piece of rope on the level places. We walked up the hills and coasted down the other side.

Finally, early in the evening, we came to a lonesome section house, made of four old boxcars set off by the side of the railway, and they called this dot on the map Genoa. The section boss and his family lived there and boarded the section hands who kept that section of the right of way in repair. There was also a tool house for the hand car and tools.

The right of way was fenced with barbed wire strung on Osage Orange posts, which is a very hard tough wood. We explained our mishap and asked permission to pitch our tent close and get water while I undertook to repair the wheel. For this purpose I borrowed a saw and cut a short piece off the top of one of these hard fence posts. I spent the entire night boring a hold through it and shaping it to fit with my pocket knife. I had to work in the light of a carbide bicycle lamp, but by daylight it was ready.

We were too tired the night before to notice anything unusual in the actions of the men or to attach any significance to the invitations they gave George to sleep in the section house in a real bunk. Unknown to us they had sent some men on a handcar to the nearest telegraph office, to get in connection with the sheriff's office, that they might have us arrested before the bicycle was in shape to ride away.

The night before two bandits had boarded the east bound passenger train at Limon and had robbed the passengers, shooting one of them in his berth. They then stopped the train, mounted bicycles and rode away into the night. The description of the two bandits fitted us closely enough to stir these section hands into action. When the hand car came back, just before morning, we learned all about it and also that one of the bandits had been shot and the other one burned in a building where they had taken refuge. We talked pretty soberly about what might have happened had the cowboys stopped us the day before out on the open road.

We got an early start Thursday morning but soon realized that although the new bearing would work all right, it would not run as lightly as a ball bearing and George would soon be worn out. So we traded bicycles till we could reach a railway station where the train would stop for passengers. We decided that George had better make the rest of the trip by train and we would try to get as far as Kanarodo on the Kansas and Colorado line. There we could get a ticket for the rest of the way and I would go on alone.

About two hours before we reached Kanarodo, we came up behind a light buckboard with two men in it driving a lively pair of broncos. It did not take us long to learn that they also suspected us, for they would not turn out and give us room enough to pass, but kept us behind them all the way into town. We could not pass because of the cactus and rough ground outside the beaten track. In town one of them watched us while the other looked up the authorities. They soon learned the truth but we were the center of interest for a curious crowd until George boarded the train and I rode east into Kansas, out of sight. I camped that night at Edison. I had ridden one hundred miles that day. That was my biggest day's ride.

Friday forenoon, just before reaching Colby, Kansas, I rode up behind three men in a farm wagon, two on the spring seat and one standing behind. I rang my bell several times for the road, but it seems that they were discussing my case. Finally they stopped and asked me if I would like to have a ride. It was about the only thing I could do so I accepted cheerfully and then decided it was time for me to have a little fun.

My bicycle was placed in behind and I was generously offered a place on the seat, which one of the men gladly vacated for me. That made two men



standing up behind me. As I climbed into the seat, I very carefully felt of my hip pocket where I carried a large billfold, but the motion was mistaken by the men because they suddenly became very quiet and alert. They evidently were not armed.

I told them I came over from Colorado Springs by way of Limon, carefully telling the day I was there, and they could easily see that I was making good time in my traveling. I also told them that my brother had taken the train at Kanarodo.

I laid it on as thick as I could, never once letting on that I knew anything about the robbery, until they were thoroughly convinced that their fears were well grounded.

When we drove up to a hitching post in front of a general store at Colby I noticed for the first time that one of the men standing behind had slipped out of the rear of the wagon and that now a curious crowd of men were surrounding us. They looked serious and I was just beginning to wonder if I had carried it a little too far when I noticed someone laughing and talking with the man who had just climbed out of the wagon I knew then that I had safely passed another ordeal, and while the crowd looked and talked and laughed I climbed on my bicycle and rode away up the street headed for the east. I made Clayton that night.

Saturday I made Republican City on the Nebraska side. I was about two thirds sick so went to the hotel and stayed that night and all day Sunday. I felt some better toward evening and started on but soon decided to stop somewhere for the night. I finally selected a corn crib as a good lodging place, but after trying to sleep for a couple of hours I rode on down the river. It was dark, the road was narrow and sandy and weeds and brush grew right down to the side of the wagon tracks, making the going very difficult.

I rode for several miles behind a wagon and could not get past him. He finally stopped gave me a cussing and invited me to get in and ride. It was really more of an order than an invitation and I really had no choice in the matter. I put my wheel in behind the seat and discovered a couple of newly killed hogs, not yet butchered. He ordered me to keep my mouth shut and drive for him. He lay down and slept till almost daylight. Just before we reached Riverton he awoke and took the reins. At the edge of town he turned off the main road. After giving me warning to continue on my way and keep my mouth shut he left. I thanked him for the ride and told him I had too much sense to talk about things I knew nothing about.

I soon got another ride in a wagon as far as Red Cloud. In the same wagon rode a Jewish Peddler. I dickered with him and secured a pair of cuff buttons and two pearl stick pins, one a B, and one a C. These I still have. At Superior I expressed my tent and other luggage except the blanket.

Leaving Superior I lost my way at a fork, taking the wrong road. I went on for miles, the road being less and less used until it ended in an old barn yard. There was a dugout on the side of the river bank and about a half dozen lean hungry dogs. An old woman directed me across the fields and a ford. I ran into a camp where a bunch of laborers were living, that were working at a stone crusher,

making ballast for the railroad. It was about the dirtiest, filthiest place I ever saw. One old dirty hag was sitting on a log in front of a dilapidated hut smoking an old pipe. She was truly a sight to behold. I got out of there about as fast as I knew how and rode on. Going was good after I reached the main road.

I could not find a good place to sleep that night. I finally crawled under a hedge in a sheltered place and was soon fast asleep. But not for very long. A farmer's dog nosed me out and finally forced me to ride on. A few miles farther on I recognized the outlines of a high board fence enclosing a fairgrounds.

Surely I could find a place in a shed or horse stall to finish the night out.

But the fair was going on, although everything was asleep and no one in sight. I put my bicycle in the ticket office, locked the door and put the key in my pocket. I crawled under a piece of canvas by the merry-go-round and went to sleep. I must have over slept for when I awoke people were moving about everywhere. They were hunting for someone who knew where the key to the office was. I leisurely sidled around that way and when the coast was clear I unlocked the door, extracted my wheel, mounted and rode away without asking any questions. You may be sure I did not stop in Fairbury but rode right through town and ate my breakfast at the next town. That night I rode into Beatrice,

#### NEBRASKA

Wednesday I went north to Lincoln. I went over much familiar ground in Lincoln and met a few old friends. Toward evening I rode out to Havelock and stopped at Uncle George Headrick's, Grandpa Headrick's brother. He and his wife lived there.

That night it rained and I had to lay over two days. I visited with Jim Headrick's boys and we had a grand time, except every night they felt called upon to go to Havelock and loaf around the corners all evening, which I could not take.

Saturday I started on. After a few miles I had a companion. He was going to Des Moines. We rode together through Omaha and across the river and through Council Bluffs. That night we slept in a hay loft a few miles from Mineola.

Sunday morning we started on. I wanted to get through that day and started riding pretty fast. I soon left my companion behind and never saw him again. Just before reaching Red Oak I ran over a stretch of road where a thorn hedge had been trimmed and burned and punctured my tires in many places. I spent too much time repairing, but finally ran out of patch material and had to go on. I would walk to the top of the hills, pump up the tire and go down and up the next as far as possible. I would then walk up the hill and repeat the performance. I arrived at Clark Daggett's in Corning, Iowa about ten o'clock, Sunday evening August 19. Monday morning I rode out to Campbell's, saw Blanche a few minutes, and then went over to Grandpa's and got shaved and cleaned up. That night Blanche and I had a good visit. I was tired and sick though and went home early. I had ridden all told about 1000 miles. I still have my old speedometer of this trip.

Tuesday morning I was sick. I had typhoid fever. The next day George came down with it and the next letter from papa brought word that Frank also was down with it in Canon City. We were all three very sick but all recovered. Mama took care of George and me. I was the sickest but recovered first.

My period of convalescence was spent at Campbell's. At first Blanche would come over with the horse and buggy and take me out riding each afternoon, but finally I moved over there, bed and baggage. These were wonderful days for us, days of real courtship, morning noon and night.

I made an easel and busied myself making crayon portraits between times, and a wonderful time was had by all. Mother Campbell would come and stand in the doorway and watch and smile.

When I asked her what she was smiling at she would say that she was smiling because she was happy. A trip to the Nodaway River with Blanche and Linnie afforded me another avenue of working off our excess energy and giving vent to the pent up life within us.

Right then and there I gave up the idea of going to college and decided to be a builder, and work at the mason trade as my father was doing. If the whole truth were known I very much suspect that these months of beautiful courtship were the deciding factor. Thirty years of perfect married life is ample proof to me of the wisdom of my decision. (In 1960, when I am copying this, it will have been almost 60 years of perfect married life.)

George and I returned to Canon City and I again went to laying brick. I bought a course in architecture from the International Correspondence Schools on Nov. 17, 1900 and went to work at it. I completed this Complete Architectural Course and received my diploma June 1, 1905.

This spring papa again plunged into real estate. He purchased about a block and a half of city lots. He built a stone house at 1105 Walnut Ave., later changed to Whipple Avenue, and when we came home in the fall he had moved into it. I lived here with them.

I purchased about a dozen Belgian Hares of Johnny Leisure. I had an arrangement with George in which I was to furnish the capital and he would take care of them and we were going to divide the profits. There were none to divide. We ate the rabbits.

Mama went from Prescott with Edna direct to Oklahoma to the sixtieth celebration of Grandfather and Grandmother's wedding. Grandmother had been partially paralyzed for several years.

## ***1901***

Blanche and I had decided to get married this summer. On April 1 my Union apprenticeship was over and papa paid me \$5.00 a day, which was the Union wages at that time. I purchased several lots off papa and built a four room house

on it, financing it through a building and loan company on monthly payments. I had it finished and ready by June. May 6-7 I built the foundation for my house on Walnut Street, twelve hours mason work, Saturday the framework of the house was put up, Sunday it was lathed and Monday plastered. Mr. Mitchell plastered it. Frank Cherry was the carpenter foreman on my house.

Papa had gone into partnership with a carpenter named Frank Cherry under the firm name of Whipple and Cherry. They worked together this spring and summer. Sometime in the fall Cherry paid a large personal note, with a partnership check, that he owed at Peabody's bank, the First National Bank. He then sold the gas engine and wood working machinery of the firm, pocketed the money, took all the tools he could lay his hands on and skipped out.

Papa never got the bank repaid for the money he had borrowed to straighten up for Cherry's embezzlement. Peabody even tried to collect it from mama after papa died. He interfered in every instance when we attempted to sell the twelve acres, attempting to force payment of the notes. He became Governor of Colorado during this time.

In June I went to Prescott and on June 23, 1901, Blanche Campbell and I were married at her home on the old farm. We visited around for several weeks in Adams County, Iowa, and then went to Canon City, moving into our little house on Walnut Avenue.

I worked for papa this summer as usual. In the fall we worked in the Chandler coal mining district. I met a contractor named Chapman, who promised me work all winter if I would go down to Gray Creek.

We had just eight days work, which was barely enough to pay our traveling expenses etc. Strangers in a strange land. No Americans in the camp except the storekeeper, the saloonkeeper, and the school teacher. I rode my bicycle from Graycreek to Segundo and got a job laying brick in the new Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., camp and returned, about a fifty mile ride all the same day. The next day, November 29, 1901, we moved as far as Trinidad, and Saturday forenoon we hired a man to take us up the river to Segundo. We arrived about noon. In Trinidad we bought a stove, tarpaper, nails and hardware for a door and other necessities for building a little house. I had the man who brought me up haul a load of lumber from the lumber yard. 1000 feet of rough lumber for \$7.00. I went to work and by night had a house ten by fourteen feet nearly built.



Figure 3: Wedding picture, June 23, 1901.

We stayed at Piersons that night. This was an American family who had built a small house just across the draw from where we were building. After we left there he killed a man who was boarding with them called Tex. He got eight years for it. We went to see him in the penitentiary when we were in Canon City later. W.E. Pierson, Convict No. 5482. Mrs. Pierson and their little girl stayed with us that winter. There were one or two other American families in town also.

Sunday I finished the house except the tarpaper and lath which I put on Monday night. Sunday night we slept in our shack, and it turned cold and snowed. The weather had been ideal up to this time. I had quite a time rustling enough firewood to keep the place warm and do the cooking etc. I soon learned that the Company would sell me a ton of coal at cost as they did for all of their employees. 70 cents a ton. I didn't have to hunt for wood much longer. Monday I went to work and Monday night the Company gave me script for my days work, which was good at the Company store, and we were sitting on top of the world again.

In April 1901 Grandpa and Grandma Headrick sold their farm near Prescott and with Allan and Alma Hibberd went to Whatcom, Washington. Alma was Edd Booker's sister. Grandpa bought a couple of lots and built a house at 2619 Franklin Street. He lived here until the time of his death.

**1902**

I worked steadily all winter through storms and all. Wages were fifty cents an hour, ten hours a day, with one hour off on Sunday with pay. We stopped at 5 o'clock. There were seven saloons, one Mexican grocery store and a Company store. We sent to Sears Roebuck and Company and bought a game board, and a mandolin and other things. As no opportunity presented itself to spend money and there were no Joneses in the camp to keep up with, we saved the largest part of our wages.

March 15, 1902, we returned to Canon City. We had not made our payments on the little house and had lost it. The rabbit venture, that George was taking care of, did not pay either, so we sold what we could of them and ate the rest.

*The Royal Gorge*



Figure 4: The Royal Gorge, 1902.

March 23, 1902, Blanche and I fixed up a picnic lunch, including fried rabbit, and walked up the railroad track to the hanging bridge in the Royal Gorge, six or seven miles above Canon City. It was a delightful trip.

At the beginning of the Gorge was a health resort and large hotel located close to a natural hot spring. At the end of the hogback, next to the street by the penitentiary, there are two mineral springs of medicinal water, one impregnated with soda, and one with iron. The iron water especially is a very nice drink after one becomes accustomed to it. It is free to the public, but much of it is bottled and shipped away.

From the hotel there was a foot bridge hanging on cables across the Arkansas River to the eastern side. On the east side of the river for a number of miles there is a path, as wide as a wagon road, originally made for the purpose of an irrigation ditch but had not been completed. It was practically level with tunnels through numerous jutting rocks. It made a good path to follow and see the beauties around and about you in the canyon.

Numerous ravines open back into the precipitous sides of the canyon, through which small streams and falls flow into the river. The railroad with both standard and narrow gage rails winds like a bright serpent through the crooked defile on a roadbed in many places blasted from the solid rocky sides of the cliff.

The hanging bridge is supported by a truss from one cliff across the river to the other side, in a place where the river is too narrow and the sides too steep to cut a roadbed from the overhanging cliff, which, at this point, rises almost perpendicularly for about a half a mile above your path.

The roar of the tumbling rushing river, as it flows rapidly down over the rocks is deafening, and the sound is taken up by the banks on each side and echoed and re-echoed, back and forth, until the din is so loud that conversation is extremely difficult. The noise is so confusing that it drowns out the noise of approaching trains, making it perilous to walk on the track, and as it is in many places run on a narrow ledge, one must constantly be on the lookout, both ahead and behind, to avoid being surprised while in a place of extreme danger.

At the bridge a huge cleft in the rock runs back and a beautifully clear mountain stream flows down over numerous small falls and mirrored pools to the river below. Here it is more quiet, and the sound of the river seems in the distance. In this picturesque spot Blanche and I ate our lunch. Surely it was a gorgeous spot for a picnic setting.

At another time papa took the team and wagon and the horse and buggy and we all drove to the top of the Gorge. This is a trip of about twelve miles by the road through typical mountain scenery, through mountain forests, along the side of bubbling rushing streams, over wide parks or table lands, and along the crest of rocky ridges.

In the favorable locations are ranch houses, cattle corrals, and patches of irrigated garden and alfalfa, where the water is brought down from the high streams in ditches that sometimes run along the side of the road, many times appearing to run up the hill to the tableland on top.

There were few fences and cattle could be seen in every direction, grazing on the grass that grows in the more moist places of the ravines and along the

streams. The great stretches of open country were everywhere covered with sage brush and cactus and small Mesquite trees.

From the tablelands, parks and ridges one could see for many miles, Pike's Peak to the east, Mount Pisgah in the Cripple Creek country, the Blue Range, Fremont's peak, the Sange De Cristo range and the wide San Louis valley to the west and south.

There is a comparatively level area of several acres at the top and one can look down a half mile and see the hanging bridge, and up and down the river as it winds in and out, now in sight and now hidden behind the jutting rocks, as a huge serpent lying lazily in the sun. The railway running along the side of the river seems to look like three silver threads in the sunlight. The sun always shines in Colorado, or almost always.

Just enough of the tumult and confusion of the rushing waters and rumbling trains reach us to make us aware of the grandeur and sublimity of the works of nature surrounding us on every side. Truly one must see the Gorge, both from the heights and from the depths in order to appreciate the wonderful works, power and majesty of God, displayed in his handiwork, as wrought in rock, tree, flower, water and sky. This is an experience which sinks deep into one's inner being, never to be forgotten.

We made other trips to the Gorge, both to the top and up the river, in company with other young people. In and around Canon city were many interesting places to visit on outings and picnics. At times we would go to Storm Canon, Cottonwood Springs, Ten Mile, Four Mile, Wilson Creek, the Hogback, Fremont's Peak, and for a day's trip we went to Victor and Cripple Creek. Here at Victor is the Independence gold mine, at that time the richest gold mine in the world.

March 27 Blanche went back to Prescott and on May 8, I followed her. Mr. Campbell had written that he would help me get started on a farm. I built a hen house and sent to Fishel's for a setting of White Wyandotte eggs. They hatched well and grew up into beautiful chickens, but the farming arrangement did not materialize. I got a job laying brick in Corning on the opera house, and Blanche and I moved into a room over a grocery store and restaurant in Corning across from the public square. Albert Pierce and his wife were running the restaurant.

Mr. Campbell thought \$5.00 a day such big wages he would not let me stay on the farm as long as I could find a job anywhere within range. I also worked on Ralph Newcomb's brick residence. Here I cut all the jack arches over the openings etc. I worked at the electric power plant and other jobs.

On October 9, 1902, I returned to Canon City. Papa was living in the brick house he had built at 1019 Forest Street. He had made a deal with Mr. Atwater, owner of the Orchard Park tract, and obtained a twelve acre orchard and had excavated for a basement for a large house.



July 4, 1902 we celebrated at the picnic grounds south east of Prescott and had fireworks in town that night. On July 13, Stanley Campbell, Jim Campbell's boy and Blanche's cousin was shot accidentally while staying one night at Foy's.

November 1, 1902, Blanche came to Canon City and we rented two rooms from Mrs. Leisure. This house Otis and I had worked on laying brick. Blanche and I now joined the Methodist Church so we could be together in our church work. Up to this time Blanche had belonged to the Methodist Church and I to the Christian Church. As Blanche did not want to join the Christian church I went with her so we could be together in our work.

Billie Sunday held a big meeting in a tabernacle here and we went all the time in the evenings, and both of us sang in the choir. It was a really enjoyable experience for both of us.

This fall I purchased one acre of ground in Orchard Park, across the road from where papa was building, from Mr. Simonton, a building contractor, and paid for it in mason work. \$350.00.

Papa traded the remainder of his vacant lots in town for a herd of dairy cattle. These he took to the twelve acres on Orchard Park and hired a man to help milk and deliver on the milk route down town. He built a frame house, that we called the shop, to live in till he could finish the big stone house he had started. When winter set in he had to move the family back to town to 1105, to the stone house again.

In the fall George went to Des Moines to start to Drake University. He had been keeping company with Myrtle Gould.

While I was working on the gas plant laying brick a large ladder was tipped over and fell across my back, injuring me very severely. I was laid up unable to do anything for a time. An Osteopath, Dr. Dickinson in one treatment, fixed my back so I could come down town to his office, and in a few days I was back at work. But my back has bothered me from that day to this.

## **1903**

I built a little one room house with a small kitchen lean-to on our acre and we moved out to it. We got a few chickens, a dog, a Maltese cat, planted a garden and set out some flowers and shrubbery. But there was not enough water for irrigation and everything dried up. We carried our household water from the neighbors. Work was scarce and Otis wrote that there was lots of work in Whatcom, so I went on July 1, 1903, and Blanche went back to Prescott to stay with her folks while I was working in Washington.

I stayed with Aunt Alice at 1902 C Street while I worked in Whatcom. I laid brick on the Whatcom High School on D Street, on the Fairhaven High School, the Whatcom Falls Mill on the waterfront and on a number of other buildings that fall. Otis was foreman for Uncle Edd on his brick work. Uncle Frank Headrick and Aunt

May had moved from Iowa and were living on H Street. He was laying brick with me.



Figure 5: Charles Whipple, the mason.

Mr. Campbell had said that I could start farming on a portion of his farm, and I thought that things were arranged satisfactorily this time for sure. About the first of December I went back to Prescott, expecting to stay on the farm and get ready for spring. January 21, Blanche gave birth to a son. We were going to call him Kerr, but he was born dead. Aunt Mary Cavan was with us.

Blanche was very sick and did not recover strength until about Easter time. Aunt Mary helped care for her while she was sick. Aunt Mary Cavan was a twin sister to Mr. Campbell.

My dreams of getting started farming were again lost in indefinite arrangements and I started out again hunting brick work. I did a number of jobs during the winter and early spring but the weather is so severe in winter in Iowa that work is very disagreeable, and as farm work starts brick work stops.

**1904**



Figure 6: Over the Garden Wall, 1904.

I got little jobs of work around town wherever I could and just managed to live. Blanche and I had both joined the Christian Church in Canon City before I went to Washington, but as we seemed so unsettled all the time we did not transfer our membership but just left it in Canon City.

During the early summer we borrowed Mr. Campbell's horse and buggy and drove up to Quincy to see the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Booker, Edd Booker's parents. He had asked me to go up and see them, and make repairs, which I did.

About July 1, Blanche and I went to Corning and had our picture taken again at Tinsley's, with the same scenery, "Over The Garden Wall." The palm had grown to be a big plant in the five years since we used it before.

Papa secured the contract for building a grocery store for Mr. Tobin on the corner of Tenth and Main Street and wrote asking me to come and help him lay

brick. He was alone as Otis was in Bellingham. In the fall of 1903, the towns of Fairhaven and Whatcom united and chose the name Bellingham.

On July 25, 1904, I went back to Canon City and on Sept. 1, Blanche and Linnie came out to Canon City. We moved back into the little house on the acre but it was so crowded that Papa let us have the big front room in his house to live in. I gave up all hope of getting started on a farm in Iowa.

On May 21, 1904, Blanche, Linnie and I attended the Fifth Annual Alumni Banquet of the Prescott High School, following the Commencement exercises. I was Toastmaster at the banquet.

Eddie Whipple had come to work for papa while I was in Iowa. He was going to learn the mason trade, but he showed no ability whatever and soon gave it up. Nevertheless he stayed and worked for papa as a mason's helper.

Papa had rented about twenty acres of alfalfa hay land while he had the dairy herd. This was cut three times each summer. George did not work on the various jobs of mason work but he drove the team hauling sand, stone, scaffolding, hay, etc. during the summer while he was home from Des Moines where he was attending Drake University.

The herd of dairy cows had been disposed of with the exception of one good cow, being traded for building material with which to complete the new house. He exchanged labor with a carpenter, Mr. Crosby, who lived close, to have the finishing done inside.

Mama's health was very poor and she was about worn out with the housework and moving and getting settled on the new place, so on April 20, 1904, she went to Hot Springs, South Dakota and visited with Aunt Matt Williams till about the middle of May. She came home and Maude graduated from the High School in Canon City. Then Mama took Edna and went to Bellingham to stay with Otis till Papa could dispose of his property and go to Bellingham with the rest of the family.

On August 24, 1904, papa secured a contract for building the foundation, the chimneys, and plastering a five room house on Lincoln Park for E. Brewer. George hauled the stone, sand, lime etc. and Eddie tended me as I built the foundation. Papa was not feeling very well that day and lay in the shade of a fruit tree and directed operations. On a kind of dare Eddie and I tried to see how much we could do, and we finished the entire foundation in one day.

On Sunday, September 11, 1904, we young people took the hay rack and went on a picnic up Wilson Creek to where they were prospecting for oil. Eddie and Frank, George and Mae Turner, Ray Turner, Lulu Turner, Blanche and I, Maude. Linnie and Eva Crosby and possibly others were in the group. We had a lovely trip, climbing the hills, the oil derrick and seeing the wonderful mountain scenery.

Papa did not go with us, but while the young folks were off on the picnic he took the horse and buggy and slipped over and built the chimneys, tending himself. He did not quite finish and I topped out the second chimney on Monday and began getting scaffolding material on the job for lathing and plastering.

On Tuesday morning, September 13, 1904, I went over to the job on my bicycle and began lathing. The rest of the men folks were working in the alfalfa field. George was raking hay. Eddie and papa were hauling hay from the field with two teams. Papa had borrowed Mr. Van Horn's team and wagon. Mr. Van Horn was living in the little house in town which I had owned.

Eddie and Papa were taking two loads of hay to H. E. Catlin in South Canon. As they were returning from delivering the second loads and were crossing the D. & R.G. R.R. tracks on Fourth Street at 12.36 P.M. Papa was ahead sitting with his back to the west. Passenger train No. 2, coming from the west, Engine NO. 720, with a chime whistle, driven by Mr. Stuart the engineer and Mr. Carter the fireman, struck the wagon, demolishing it completely. Hurling the team into an irrigation ditch, killing papa instantly with a blow behind the left ear. His body lay across the pilot of the engine as if asleep. The train stopped but he was not touched until they had proceeded on to the depot and coroner summoned.

Eddie and George came out to the job where I was lathing to get me. We telegraphed to Otis in Bellingham, and he replied that he, mama and Edna would come.

The funeral was Sunday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock at the Christian Church, Sept. 18, 1904, and he was buried in Lakeview Cemetery in South Canon.

Papa was a Mason but had allowed his dues to become delinquent. When requested to come to the funeral they refused to participate, but several members of the lodge attended.

Otis returned to Bellingham. Mama stayed and took charge of affairs at the ranch. George, Frank, Eddie and I went ahead with the mason work as best we could. I plastered this house and then took other work as well.

Linnie returned to Prescott. Blanche and I moved back to our little house across the road. As winter came on and the work closed up Eddie left and went back to Oklahoma. He staked a claim in the new territory just opened up. George married Mae Turner and went to the Eugene Bible University at Eugene, Oregon, to continue with his studies for the ministry.

September 10, 1904, Grandmother Whipple died on the farm near Hennessey, Oklahoma, 81 years old. Grandfather died October 30, 1906, 87 years old. They were both buried there. In the winter I worked at mason work again in the Chandler coal district.

One job at Coal Creek was building the stone foundation for the tippie at the mine. It was extremely cold weather and there were several feet of snow on the hills. I went out with my tools on my bicycle. There were seven long footings to build and not another mason. The mine was shut down during remodeling and so they gave me an unlimited number of helpers.

With teams and scrapers we removed the snow from the site, thawed the ground with huge fires and blasted out what did not thaw from the fires. The fires burned constantly and made it possible to work in the extremely cold weather in the hills.

I took a gang of miners to the stone quarry and started them taking out stone. They would blast it out with dynamite and then snake it down to the mine site on skips or scrapers. We used hot lime with lots of cement and went to work. That night we were given a house to sleep in, but the house was so poorly constructed, and was so cold that I could not keep warm enough to sleep. I tried keeping up a fire but that was impractical.

I went over to the mine and told the superintendent that I could not sleep. He said that I might just as well work then, so I went to work. He put on three shifts of men and I had these big huskies to do practically all the work, while I straightened up the walls and attended to having everything level and of the right dimensions.

The gang soon caught the spirit of the game and we had the time of our life, so to speak. We worked from fifty to seventy five men part of the time. I did not sleep for four nights and three days until the job was done. Then I couldn't sleep for the cold.

I started back for Canon City with my bicycle and tools. There had been a fresh fall of snow during the night and I couldn't ride by bicycle. Finally in attempting to ride through the snow I broke the chain and lost a little piece of it in the snow and could not fix it. I had to walk the entire distance to town and carry my bicycle and tools. I soon had it fixed and rode out home. Even then I had great difficulty getting to sleep.

But to cap the climax, when I went into the office in Canon City to get my pay they refused to pay me for my time saying it was impossible. I had to wait for my pay till the mine superintendent came to town and explained how I was entitled to sixteen days pay for four days work. I got double time for the sixteen hours of night work.

**1905**



Figure 7: Charles Whipple, 1905.

In the spring I built chimneys, foundations, several jobs of plastering, cisterns and one brick house. While plastering a store building for Patton, the jeweler, I met Mrs. D.D. Dodds. She owned and operated the Dodd's Commercial College. She made me a proposition to go to Business College, working my way. Blanche was to cook and I was to wait on tables and do cleaning in the rooming house. After talking it over with Blanche and Mrs. Dodds again we took her up. We then sold our acre to Charlie Landon for about what we had paid for it.

This was in June. I went to night school and finished up my jobs during the day. When my outside work was over, Mrs. Dodds relieved me of work in the boarding house and started me teaching shorthand in the Business College during the day. I still continued my studies at night.

The first of September she opened a branch school in Florence and placed me in charge to teach. Blanche and I moved to Florence, having rooms with Mrs. Hackett, 211 W. 2<sup>nd</sup> St. Here I taught all the Commercial subjects this fall and winter.



Figure 8: In his classroom at the Business College

Linnie Campbell was married to William R. Anderson, at Prescott, Iowa, November 8, 1905, and Blanche went back for the wedding, leaving October 18, and returning December 9. She stopped in Denver and visited with Aunt Mary Cavin and her family who were living there at that time.

In July Frank went to Bellingham and was apprenticed to learn the mason trade. In September Maude went to Bellingham to do housework for Uncle Frank Headrick, and help take care of his children. Aunt May had died earlier in the year. In December mama shipped her household goods to Bellingham and she and Edna went there to live.

On June 1, 1905, I received my diploma from the International Correspondence School for having completed a complete architectural course with them.



*1906*



Figure 9: Charles and Blanche, 1906.

Early in the new year Mrs. Dodds closed the Florence branch of the school and we moved back to Canon city. A month later we went back to Florence for about three months to give the students there a chance to finish their work without having to go to Canon City for the remainder of their course.

In May I went back to the main school in Canon City and taught till the close of the school year and the rush was over. In May, Mama, Maude and Edna came from Bellingham to see about harvesting the fruit and selling the place if possible. I had found a buyer and explained to him Mr. Peabody's interference in previous deals. He seemed to understand the situation and ignored all interventions. The sale was consummated, mama realized about \$3,500.00 for her equity, which was paid to her through notes extending over several years time, 2,3,4,5 years.

On June 18, I received my certificate from the Phonographic Institute, of Cincinnati, Ohio. I had passed the examination in Benn Pitman shorthand with honors, meaning my grades were above 90 in all points.

On June 28, 1906, I graduated from the Dodd's Commercial College, being given a diploma from the school for regular commercial work, shorthand and bookkeeping, and also a certificate for having completed a years' training as a teacher of the Commercial Subjects.

That night about midnight we all left Canon City for Bellingham, Washington, Mama, Maude, Edna, Blanche and I. July 1 we were in Bellingham. We rested till after the Fourth of July out at The Firs. I started to laying brick on the McLeod Bldg. for Booker and Campbell. On August 1, I went to work in the Y.M.C.A. as Assistant Secretary and Educational Director. M.M. Moss was the General Secretary.

Blanche and I moved to a small house at 311 Carolina Street, close to Allen's grocery store. Maude started to the Normal School in Bellingham.



Figure 10: Blanche and Maude Whipple having fun at Lake Whatcom.

**1907**



Figure 11: Charles and Blanche, 1907.

I spent a large share of my time during the day in the outer office attending to the business of those who came to the office. In the evenings I taught shorthand and bookkeeping and other commercial subjects as well as some classes in Americanization and English subjects for foreigners.

I was on duty from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. with a half holiday on Wednesday. We held a public service in the auditorium on Sunday afternoons. Leslie Corbett was the Boy's Secretary and F.C. Hofstetter was the Physical Director.

From June 15 to July 5, I had a vacation, which Blanche and I spent camping out in a tent across the road from The Firs under the trees. We called it "Camp Content." We hiked and fished and rowed on the lake and ate strawberry shortcake, baked on an oven built of an old oil can, in the yard.

At the conclusion of our vacation the office force of the Y.M.C.A. went to a salaried officers conference at Burton, Vashon Island. Blanche stayed with Mrs. Moss while we were away at the conference. I had been living under the impression that the Y.M.C.A. was a "Christian" institution, but I saw it now in its true light. Many men during the World War, years later, also were disillusioned on the same subject. At this conference were Stone of Portland and Allen of Seattle.

For purely commercial reasons Mr. Moss was removed and a high powered character contortionist with the name, "The New Secretary, Mr. Wright" was placed in charge of the main show. Hoffstetter resigned in September, Corbett resigned in October, and I resigned in November.

I secured a position teaching in the Bellingham Business Institute from December 1, 1907 to April 1, 1908. On the fourth of July 1907 we had a big picnic lunch in the yard at The Firs. Those who ate dinner that day were, Grandpa and Grandma Headrick, Mama, Otis, Julia, Elden, Lois, Charlie, Blanche, George, Mae, Fae, Maude, Frank, Nina, Edna, Alice, Lew, Lillie, Leslie, Ella Marie, Riley, Millie, Birdie, Minnie May, Ella Fay, Mr. Cole, Mrs. Cole, Tom, Miss Ball, Austin Goodrich, Grace Headrick.

May 20, 1907, George graduated from the Eugene Bible University and came to Bellingham for a visit. He went to Carleton, Oregon that fall to preach as their minister.

Donald was born July 28, 1907 at 311 Carolina Street, Bellingham, Washington, about 10.00 o'clock P.M. Maude was there to help us with the work. Frank completed his apprenticeship and was admitted to the Union in the early part of the summer. Edna entered the high school this fall.



Figure 12: Donald Whipple, born July 28, 1907.

## 1908

In April I went to work for Sherman Clay and Co. as stenographer and bookkeeper. Mr. George Barnes was the Manager. His father-in-law, P.H. Holley was a salesman on the floor and George Weston was a talking machine and outside salesman. In September, 1908, I began teaching in the Whatcom High School as a Commercial teacher and remained here for fourteen years. The first year I taught in the High School I kept books for Sherman Clay and Co., evenings after school and on Saturdays. They hired a cashier to stay in the office days and do considerable of the routine work.

Guy Booker was in the High School this year, but in the spring he and his mother went to Arizona for Aunt Ella's health. In June Maude graduated from the Bellingham State Normal School and got a position to teach in Mount Vernon.

Early in the spring we moved from Carolina Street to 1906 C Street, to an old house owned by Mrs. Draper. Mrs. Case lived next door. Her sons name was George Mercer. He clerked at the Bellingham Bay Department store. In June I purchased three lots of the B.B.I. Co., on North and St Paul Street for \$135.00 each on monthly installments. June 12 to July 1, Blanche and Donald visited with Aunt Sarah Noble and Uncle John at Centralia, Wash. June 18, Blanche bought Donald his Teddy bear. He slept with this Teddy for years. Aunt Sarah Noble died December 25, 1908, at Centralia, Washington. They sent for Blanche and she left Donald with mama and went to help what she could.

This was my first year in the Whatcom High School. My salary was \$800.00. Wm. J. Hughes was the Superintendent and Edwin J. Twitmeyer was the Principal. The Kulshan this year was dedicated to Mr. Hughes. Miss Grace Auld was teaching shorthand and typewriting and I was teaching bookkeeping, penmanship, law, arithmetic, rapid calculation, and commercial geography.

The High School purchased an Everett Grand piano of Sherman Clay & Co., this year for about \$800.00, paying for it by giving plays and entertainments. The senior class play, "She Stoops to Conquer" given this year, was my first experience in being business manager for a bunch of young people. Archie Stewart was the Star in this play, and a good one too. Mr. Trembath and Charlie Johnson were artists who did work on the Kulshan. Ben Tidball, Claude Cade and Tom Gaffney were football players this year. Mr. Moss was Principal on the South Side. At that time the two high schools were under one management. Mr. Twitmeyer was Principal and remained on the north side most of the time and Mr. Moss was Assistant Principal and remained on the south side, Fairhaven all of the time.

This year I was placed in charge of the book room. Books were furnished free to students and were returned at the close of school or when they left school. The several teachers assessed fines against their pupils in most cases, especially if they thought the books had been unduly worn or mistreated. An office bulletin stated the amount to charge for various misuses, and was a sort of guide, but some teachers invariably charged too much and some practically nothing. The teachers

issued the books and gathered them up, that is they were supposed to, but as time wore on they, with one exception, Phy Smythe, passed the buck over to me.

The next year, and always thereafter, the pupils were required to deposit \$1.00 before receiving their books, and their fines were withheld from this when they returned them. This became a permanent arrangement.



Figure 13: Charles Whipple with his son Donald, 1908.

## *1909*

The last half of my first year in the High School. On January 26, 1909, Grandpa Headrick died, and Grandma went to stay with Aunt Alice Booker. Work was scarce in Bellingham and Frank Whipple and Uncle Frank Headrick went to Seattle to work. Otis moved to his house on Broadway. Maude was elected to teach in Bellingham and in the fall was assigned to the third grade at the Washington School. Fronia Y. Johnson was the Principal. George changed pulpits during the summer, going to Elmira, Oregon. In the fall Frank started to school at the Normal School.

In the spring of 1909 I built a four room house on my lots at 1701 E. North Street and we moved out there during the Easter vacation. While we lived at North Street I rode my bicycle back and forth to the High School, excepting on stormy weather I went on the street car.

During the summer vacation I worked for Uncle Edd helping remodel the Lincoln School. We removed the old steeple or bell tower, put in a new heating plant, indoor toilet system, ventilation system, and cement floors in the basement rooms.

This fall Blanche and Donald visited in Prescott, Iowa. The Campbell's and relatives from Minnesota and Colorado had a group picture taken at this time.

In the spring, before I moved from C Street, I bought a little round incubator to set fifty eggs. I also bought a few Black Minorca chickens. These I moved out to North Street and continued my chicken operations. When I started to work for Uncle Edd at Lincoln School I discontinued my work evenings and Saturdays for Sherman Clay and Co.

## **1910**

This spring I was appointed on the staff to assist in publishing the High School annual, the Kulshan. I assisted in the art and engraving work and in the financing and printing. It was dedicated to Miss Whitman, Head of the English Department. Mr. Twitmeyer was the Principal and Mr. M.M. Moss, Assistant Principal on the south side, Fairhaven High School.

Artists this year on the Kulshan were Charlie Johnson, Frank Gibb and Mildren Leitch. Football starts worth mentions were Wallie Sutherland and Tom Gaffney of the south side.

I bought more chickens, White and Buff Wyandottes and built more henhouses. I set out fruit trees and a large strawberry bed and had a nice garden. This summer I worked for mama at carpenter work and painting. She had a large addition built on her house, and sided and painted the entire house.

Otis moved to Vancouver, B.C. and he and Edd Booker and Daniel Campbell, under the firm name of Booker, Campbell, Whipple began contracting.

George moved during the summer again, going to Battleground Washington.

December 21, 1910, Frank Headrick Whipple, and Nina Markley were married at the Christian Church, George coming up from Battleground to perform the ceremony.

In the fall Mr. W.C. Wier became Principal on the South side of the Fairhaven High School. Mr. M.M. Moss had resigned to take up the Christian Ministry for full time work.

## **1911**

As this was Mr. Twitmeyer's last year in the High School the Kulshan was dedicated to him. He was appointed State High School Inspector, a position he held until about January 1, 1931. At the time he retired from the High School he was gray haired and seemed to me about ready to retire from active work, but evidently he served very acceptably for about twenty years more.

Foster Carver was on the art staff of the Kulshan. Griggs printed the book and North Coast Engraving Co. did the engraving. This year the High School secured the use of Fout's Field for an athletic practice field. Up to this time all

games of football had been played out at the old Fairgrounds in the Eureka Addition, or on the Norman School fields. Baseball was played on the B.B.I. circus grounds close to the junction on Kentucky Street. Fout's Field was afterwards purchased and made into a permanent ball park.

This year, 1910-11, Uncle David Wellington Freeman taught in the Whatcom High School in the History Department. Graduates worth of mention this year were Mary and Elizabeth Byrne, Ethel Cristel, Irene Monroe, George Gomes, Laura Glen, La Verne Barker, and Clarence Burpee, Doris Toler, Howard Wheeler, and Rollin Mead, (the son of the State Governor) Tom Gaffney and Wallace Sutherland.

Edna graduated from the High School this year and was chosen as speaker on the program because of her high standing in her grades, not because of social distinction and position of parents in political and financial circles as was usually the case with the speakers chosen for speakers on the Graduating Exercises.

This spring the graduating class had a picnic. They chartered a launch for the day and went to Vendova Island, a few hours run from Bellingham. Blanche and I, Miss Hainke, Miss Chappell and Mrs. Priest went with them as chaperons. This was the first and last time I ever helped chaperone a class picnic. It was an uninhabited island, wild, wonderful and untamed. The class also became wild, wonderful and untamable.

This spring I sent east and got fittings and lamps and built several incubators and brooders and raised several hundred chickens and built more yards. This spring I was pretty hard on cats and rats that made free with property of mine I thought they should not molest. I sided my house and built on a kitchen and painted the entire house.

February 1, Grant was born to Otis and Julia in Bellingham.

In the fall Edna started to the Normal School. Late in the fall Blanche and Donald went back to Iowa to help care for and doctor her mother at Prescott, Iowa. She took her regularly to Creston by train to an Osteopath until she got better. She stayed at Prescott until the beginning of the new year.

## ***1912***

February 1, 1912, Aunt Minnie Headrick Freeman died. Aunt Ella and Uncle Edd were in Mexico on a trip and Aunt Matt was in South Dakota. M.M. Moss preached the funeral sermon. Frank and Nina moved to Vancouver, B.C. to work for Booker, Campbell and Whipple, Ltd. Amy and Charlie Standon and family moved to Bellingham from Hot Springs, South Dakota. He was a carpenter.

I had been very active in Church work and especially Sunday School work for several years. I had been Superintendent of the Sunday School and had been teaching a boy's class on Sunday Morning and a Teacher Training class on Tuesday evenings at Teacher's Council meetings. I also had been studying evenings with the intention of becoming a minister. One teacher training class finished their work in the elementary course this spring.



On March 17, 1912, in the evening I preached my first sermon at the Christian Church on C and Hallock Street. On March 31, I preached a funeral sermon for Mr. Drake, a member of the Christian Church who lived on the south side of town. On August 18, I preached at the United Presbyterian Church on Broadway, for Mr. W.A. Stevenson while he was away from town over Sunday. On August 25, I preached twice in Mount Vernon. With me went about a dozen members of the Teacher Training class and we put on a class demonstration for them in the evening. In August George moved to Vancouver, B.C. to be minister for the Central Christian Church.

The Kulshan this spring was dedicated to W.C. Weir, the Principal of the Fairhaven High School. They wanted to dedicate it to Miss Hainke, but pressure from higher up, and other things, sometimes alters pupils decisions. Instead they contented themselves with putting in a special word of appreciation, which really meant just about as much.

Mr. E.J. Shives was elected Principal of the Whatcom High School. W.J. Hughes was still Superintendent. Uncle Well Freeman taught here this year. Miss Grace Auld was still teaching in the shorthand and typewriting department.

Carleton McKern was active in the art work of the Kulshan this year. For the first time I was able to break the combination of engravers and publishers who had been printing the annual at their own prices, and from this time on I was able to keep free from them. Mr. Sprague did the photograph work, the Union Printing Co. did the printing and the Tacoma Engraving Co. the engraving and art.

This year I was made Financial Manager of athletics as well as of the finances of the Kulshan. For the first time in the history of the school they had a set of books kept to show what happened to the money taken in at the various games. A cafeteria was operated in the basement of the school. This year for the first time a gang of rowdies started celebrating a "No Necktie Day." I will never forget the scene the rowdies created when they removed Mr. Flannagan's necktie, in the assembly room during assembly. I have an idea that he will remember it a long time too.

I raised lots of chickens this year and also had lots of strawberries and a big garden. We made sauerkraut also. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Blanche's father and mother visited us and we had big times during the summer going places and doing things. Mr. Campbell particularly liked to fish and we made several trips to Lake Whatcom just to allow him to indulge in this sport. They also enjoyed the beach, but were not able to find the agates as easily as I could.

## ***1913***

Otis, Julia and Grant made a seven weeks visit to Lincoln, Nebraska, New Orleans, Louisiana, Uncle Orva's in Texas, Los Angeles etc.

This year for the first time the two High schools were under separate management. E.J. Shives was Principal of the Whatcom High School and W.C.

Weir was Principal of the Fairhaven High School. Up to this time the two schools taken together were known as the Bellingham High School, and the south side Principal was simply an Assistant Principal. From this time on we had separate ball teams separate annuals and all activities were separate.

The Kulshan was dedicated to Miss Sedgwick of the English Department. McKee was the school artist this year. Grossart was the photographer, The Union Printing Co. was the printer. I had the usual management of the art work and the financing.

Miss Grace Auld did not return in the fall. She married Mr. H.F. Fowler, a civil engineer. They later moved to Seattle and he secured a position in the City Building Department. Her place in the school was taken by Miss Rosalie A. Lee.

This year the plan was tried of placing the cafeteria under student management. They always had great difficulty getting enough money to finance their ball games, especially football as they liked, and thought they could make enough from the cafeteria to help out. In connection they also sold candy bars and ice cream cones. But the plan did not work out, and after a year's trial it was abandoned and the School Board eventually took over the cafeteria. It took the very best of management to make it pay or even come out even.

Students I remember this year were Blanche Fischer, Pearl Ross, Walter Knaack and Rollin Mead.

I raised a large number of broilers this spring that I sold when they weighed about two pounds. When school was out I sold all my chickens and have had none since, up to 1931 at least.

Garth Whipple was born to Nina and Frank Whipple November 16, 1913.

This year I preached at the United Presbyterian Church on February 12, Christian Church Prescott, Iowa, July 13, Methodist church, Prescott, Iowa and at Mercer Center, the same afternoon, July 20. Christian Church, Bellingham, Sept. 14.

### *Our Iowa Trip*

When school was out in June, Blanche and I and Donald went back to Iowa to visit Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and Linnie and Will on the old farm.

On the way to Iowa we stopped in Lincoln, Nebraska, and I took two pictures of the house where I lived at 520 N. 16<sup>th</sup> St.

When we arrived at Prescott Will was plowing corn. He borrowed another cultivator and I helped him till the corn was laid by. Then followed haying and harvesting oats and wheat and a little later threshing. We also were over to Edd Hoskinson's when they were threshing.

Blanche and I went to Creston and I took pictures of the house and barn on Adams Street where we lived when I was five years old, also the two houses known as the east and west houses where George and Maude were born. I took a taxi

and went out to the ten acres where I was born and took several pictures. I also took a picture of the Christian Church where I attended Sunday School and Church when I was a little chap, five or less.

We visited around among the Hoskinson's and took a number of pictures of their family groups. I took a picture of the old Queen City school house where Uncle Frank and I went to school together, the Showers School where Blanche attended until she went to the Prescott High School, and the Wood's School, north of Prescott, where I taught my first term of school.

I went to Grandpa's old farm and took pictures of the old house and the orchard, over North, and the fields, woods and surroundings. The old orchard was about done for. The house had been moved and many changes had been made about the place.

I went out to the farm near Prescott where Uncle Frank had lived, across the creek from Grandpa's house where I was sick with the fever and took pictures of the house, the barn, the orchard and the road going past the place.

When in Corning I went out to the place where we had lived by the French stone quarry and took several pictures of the house, the barn, the orchard and the road leading down to it. I took pictures of both Smith houses on the hill, the road and the gate to our place, the old grove where the house had stood, the barn and the yard. At the river I got pictures of the old swimming hole, the ford, the timber and the tree where I had cut my initials and Blanche's years before.

In Corning I took pictures of the old high school, the Rawson School where I graduated and also the new high school down by the public square. I also took pictures of the Christian Church, the Methodist Church, and the jail building where Mr. Pumroy used to be sheriff when I was staying on the old farm.

I also took a picture of Ralph Newcomb's house where I laid brick and cut the jack arches for the openings. Out at Frank Widener's lake we got a picture of some of the party on the water. Here were ice houses, where we used to go for ice to make ice cream.

We took many pictures around the Campbell farm where we were staying, of the house, barn, and stock, and the children playing, also a picture of Mr. Campbell's house in town, also pictures of the Methodist and Christian churches where we attended.

On our trip home we stopped in Council Bluffs and got a picture of the house where we lived on 34<sup>th</sup> and C Street, Uncle Lew's house across the street, the Second Avenue School, the Avenue B School. At the Second Avenue School we met our old teacher, Miss Elizabeth Graves and had a nice short visit with her. I took over 130 pictures on this trip. Of course I visited these various locations to revive and relive old memories.

I was surprised at every turn how well I had remembered things and how easily I could go immediately to the various locations. It seemed as if it was only a few days since I had visited the spot before.

**1914**

This year at the High School there were a number of changes. Miss Less was not reelected to the Shorthand Department. Miss Betsy Stenberg was elected to take her place and Mr. Hunt was added to the staff of the Commercial Department. We also had a new Principal again. This time it was Sam E. Tift.

This was Elmer E. Cave's second year as Superintendent of Schools. The Kulshan was dedicated to him this year. I had no connection with the Kulshan this year. Mr. Tift appointed me to handle it the same as former years, but when I got started he had so much to say and so many suggestions to offer that I could not endorse nor even follow out, that he said finally that he would publish it without help, so I obligingly stepped aside to let the main parade go by.

He did not put much time nor thought into the book though, he was too busy the entire year playing with a new mechanical program clock in his office. He would fix it one way and try it a few days, or in many instances a few hours, and then fix it all over again to run some other way. He never did get settled on what he wanted, nor on any particular plan of anything at all.

He was young and lively and cheerful and everybody had a grand good time, and often a high old time. It is sufficient to say that we were of course due for a change of Principals again as soon as his two year contract should come to an end. With a great deal of help and cooperation from Mr. Cave we lived through.

I managed the finances of the Student Body, which now had become an organized body and thought they were going to be allowed to run all their own activities, name their own managers, spend all the money they wanted to, any way they wanted to, and a number of other innovations, such as excluding teachers from their business conferences etc. They came very near getting away with most of it too while Tift was Principal.

Familiar student names this year were Joseph Gloman, Mable Evans, Gertrude Ross, Dorothy Deerwester, Arnold Gilfilen, Pauline Toler, Wylie Graham and Emma Goodman.

This summer we visited in Vancouver B.C. in the homes of Otis, Frank and George and M.M. Moss who was pastor of the First Christian Church at that time. We stayed over two Sundays and had a good visit. We visited places of interest, English Bay, Stanley Park, and other beaches and places of interest.

This year I preached at Rome, January 7. At George's church June 28, and at Moss' July 5, Silver Beach September 13, Bellingham Christian November 8, Burlington, November 15, and had two week services at Burlington thereafter.

George moved from Vancouver, B.C. to El Monte, California, sometime during the winter this year.

I had been taking a course of Bible study by correspondence of the Phillips Bible Institute, of Canton, Ohio. Sunshine Higgeson was attending the Institute in Canton at that time.

On October 25, I received my certificate from the Institute for the completion of four courses, Bible School Methods, Bible History and Geography, Studies in the New Testament and Christian Church Studies.

As I had taken up the work at Burlington as their pastor for a time, the Church at Bellingham ordained me to the ministry so that I might be authorized to perform the regular duties of a minister. I was regularly ordained at the Bellingham Christian Church, December 6, 1914, the Church at Burlington participating.

*Ordination Service*

C.W. Whipple

Bellingham, Wash., December 6, 1914, 7.30 P.M.

Program

Hymn #204, I love to tell the story.

Invocation, Mr. James Bever, Elder, Bellingham, Wash.

Vocal Solo, Mr. M.M. Moss, Minister, Vancouver, B.C.

Scripture Reading, Mr. Otho H. Williams, Pastor, Bellingham, Wash.

Prayer, M. Virgil Peringer, Elder, Bellingham, Wash.

Announcements, Mr. Frank Deerwester, Elder, Bellingham, Wash.

Hymn #373, He Leadeth Me. Congregation.

Ordination Sermon, Mr. M.M. Moss

Anthem, My Jesus I Love Thee. Church Choir.

Ordination Ceremonym Mr. Otho H. Williams.

Laying on of hands, Otho H. Williams, Virgil Peringer, Frank Deerwester,  
James Bever, James Gilfilen

Pastor and elders of the Church at Bellingham.

I.N. Rayborn, elder, Church at Burlington.

M.M. Moss, Pastor, First Christian Church, Vancouver, B.C.

Delivery of the Charge, Mr. Otho H. Williams.

Response, Mr. C.W. Whipple

Invitation, Mr. C.W. Whipple

Invitation Hymn, #231, Why do You Wait.

August 25, 1914, Mama, Maude and Edna went to Eugene, Oregon so the girls might attend the Eugene Bible University.

## 1915

This year the High School work was very much the same as last year. Mr. Tift was the Principal. They got him a new and bigger program clock to play with, which he did. I kept the books for the Student Body, to say I was Financial Manager would stretch the truth too much.

Mr. Tift, after his experience of last year asked me to handle the Kulshan. I had gotten pretty well acquainted with him by this time, so I told him that if he would let it alone entirely and absolutely and let me do it my own way I would take it. He jumped at it like a hungry fish.

Fay Peringer was the Editor in Chief of the Kulshan this year and we worked together to get out what we thought was an exceptionally good one to make up somewhat for the failure of the year before. I had an exceptionally good crop of artists this year, Harold Wahl. Ben Evans, William O. Edson and others. The Union did the printing and Brown the Photographic work.

In the Commercial Department there were the three of us. Myself, Miss Stenberg and Mr. Hunt. Classes were large, as large as teachers could possibly handle. Class rooms were made use of in many outlandish places. The ends of halls were fenced off, the main office was taken for a class room and the office moved into the hall, rooms were finished off in the basement and finally a small wooden shop was built on the campus to handle the overflow. We had outgrown the old High School and conditions were almost impossible to get along with. This year the Kulshan was dedicated to Miss Hainke.

The war in Europe had so affected conditions in Canada that Booker, Campbell and Whipple could no longer continue contracting there. Otis and Edd moved to Seattle and with an engineer there formed the firm of Booker, Keil and Whipple, admitting also into the firm a young man from Bellingham named Dwight Pettibone.

Frank and Nina moved back to Bellingham and Frank handled several jobs for Booker and Campbell there. May 23, 1915, Edna preached her first sermon at the Harmony School house in Oregon. They were living in Eugene, Oregon, in the house George lived in when he attended the same school, 754 15<sup>th</sup> Ave. East.

June 5, 1915, I bought an old ford. It was a 1909 model No. 15150. I fixed it all over, changed the body and top and painted it before we tried to use it. I built a garage down on Alabama Street when winter came on as St. Paul Street was so muddy that we could not get the car up the hill through the slush.

This year I preached regularly for the Church at Burlington every other week. November 14, Peter Raser and others were baptized at Mount Vernon. We had about twelve additions this year. May 17, was my first wedding, Bertha Landreth of Burlington and Max Lehman of Kansas. This year I also preached at the First Presbyterian Church in Bellingham and at the First Christian Church on February 3, March 14, and August 1, 1915.

On February 4, I received my certificate for the Advanced Teacher Training Course in Bible School work of the International Sunday School Association, representing the completion of four years of study and examinations. We were living at 1701 E. North St.

Here I built Donald a sand pile and a roller coaster with a short switch back. Here he used to play hour after hour coasting. I also built a swing for him by setting two big poles with a cross piece at the top. Many of the children of the neighborhood came over to play with him. When Donald was about two years old we bought a black Cocker Spaniel puppy and he grew into a fine dog. We named him Max. He was great company for Donald, always being with him when at play out of doors.

Donald started to school at the Eureka School in Bellingham while we were living at 1701 e. North Street, in the fall of 1913. Miss Hard was his teacher and he made rapid progress and by the close of the first year he was reading newspapers.

## *1916*

The Kulshan this spring was dedicated to Mr. P. H. Evanson of the English Department. The art was handled by Harold Wahl, Marguerite Cave and W. O. Edson. I handled the usual financial matters. Students I especially remember this year were Oscar Ford, Blanche Sixeas, Bryan Lewis, Birdie Headrick, Alice Mercer, Harvey Carpenter, Annie Byrne, Francis Call, Lael Easterbrooks, Doris Reed, Fay Peringer and Esther Thomas. W. F. Reagor, pastor of the Christian Church gave the Invocation on the Commencement Program.

This year I preached in Bellingham on January 2 and July 30. I preached regularly in Burlington until July 2. They moved the building in which we were meeting, the church scattered and broke up. The desk I made to preach from was moved down to Bow.

In March I traded my place at 1701 E. North Street to Ora C. Purnell for a place at 1910 D Street and we moved there. I built a garage and wood shed, moving my garage which I had built portably on Alabama Street.

In February, while we were still at 1701 E. North Street we had a bad snowstorm. It was so severe that the street cars were stopped and the Northern Pacific trains were out of the running for several days. Grocery men could not get groceries delivered and we had to walk to town through the snow and carry home our own groceries on foot. The snow drift in front of our house was so deep that we sank into it out of sight when going through it.

Schools were closed for a week. In places the snow drifts were over a man's head and were three or four feet deep in many places on the streets and sidewalks.

May 17, 1916, Maude graduated from The Eugene Bible University with the degree of A.B. Edna was elected Second Vice-President of the Christian Endeavor Society of the State of Oregon. She traveled lots over the state in her work. They were living at 510 11<sup>th</sup> Ave. E. This summer mama spent visiting in Bellingham.

Eleanor Blanche Whipple was born June 7, 1916, at 1910 D Street, Bellingham, Wash. About 10.00 o'clock in the evening.

Uncle Edd Booker was killed. The dry kiln where he was working at the mill collapsed and caught him under it.

To add to our discomfort at the High School this spring, when we were so crowded we could hardly get into the building, there came a big rain and the sewers filled up and the back water filled the basement with about a foot of water and put the entire basement out of commission. The water went down soon and allowed a fire to be built in the heating plant, but no classes could be held down there until it was cleaned out, etc.

## *1917*

This year we had another new Principal at the High School, Mr. J. E. McKown. There is one thing I can say good about him, and that is that he was firm in his discipline, and that is more than could be said about the others since Twitmeyer. I had charge of the usual finances this year. The Kulshan was dedicated to me this year. Ben Shives was the student business manager, by that is meant that he solicited the advertising and helped in other ways. Wilson Craven was the outstanding Art Manager. Printing was done by the Irish Printing Co., engraving by the Western Engraving Co., of Seattle, and the photograph work by Brown's Photographic Studio.

The Associated Student Body was reorganized and put into definite form. The finances were handled entirely through my hand by check and voucher system and reports on every activity in the school were made monthly and posted on the bulletin board in the hall. This was not a very spectacular operation for some of the football enthusiasts, but it acted as a very wholesome regulator of expenses.

This year we moved into our new High School building that we had been waiting for so many years. When we moved our classes out of the old building and removed the extra rooms in the halls and basement and annex and other cubby holes we found that we had every room filled in the new building.

On April 6, 1917, War was declared on Germany and bedlam broke loose at Whatcom High School as it did in many places.

Some of our boys had already gone across the line and enlisted with the Canadian contingent, but now many of our boys in the upper classes enlisted and the classes were seriously depleted. The morale of the entire school was seriously shaken for the rest of the school year. The feeling ran high all during the time we were at war. One teacher was particularly outspoken on the side of Germany and came very near having something happen to him. But the feeling was held in



check till school was out in June, when he was dismissed. I think the F.B.I. handled it.

At Eugene, Maude taught in the Girl's College. Edna traveled very extensively in her Endeavor work. May 23, 1917, Edna graduated from the Eugene Bible University in the Classical Bible Course with the degree of A.B. and from the College of Oratory and Music with the degree of B.O. May 20, 1917, she was ordained to the Christian Ministry.

George moved to Whittier, California. George Jr. was born June 29, 1917. Frank Whipple and Frank Headrick have been contracting under the firm name of Whipple and Headrick.

This year I preached a few times in Burlington, April 15, May 14, and June 3. I preached in Idaho Falls, Idaho, August 12, H.S. Champie was the minister there at that time. We preached at the Christian Church in Bellingham on October 7.

This summer I was made Head of the Commercial Department of the Whatcom High School.

### *Our Idaho Trip*

This summer we went over to Rigby, Idaho, to visit Malvern Van Houten and Edith and family. Our trip going was from June 11, to 26, returning from August 18 to 26, 1917.

We left Bellingham on Monday about 2 o'clock in our old ford and drove to Seattle the first day, staying at Otis' that night. There were four of us, Blanche and I, Donald and Eleanor. Donald was almost ten and Eleanor a baby one year old. We carried a tent and camp equipment, in fact, when loaded we had so much that we could hardly make the hills even with difficulty. Finally the frame cracked and broke in two, but not till we were in Idaho.

Tuesday we left for Tacoma over the High Line. As we were going up the long hill south of Seattle we cracked the crank shaft. I drove on to Des Moines and made camp, pitching the tent close to the beach, and took the car over to Kent for repairs. We did not get the car till Friday morning and the bearings were so tight we had to drive slow and it was almost impossible to crank it. The car had no starter or battery.

Friday we got started about 2 o'clock and drove as far as Toledo. Will Wakefield lived about two miles from Toledo and we pitched out tent in his yard.

Saturday about 11 o'clock we reached Castlerock, and there we shipped our camp cots and some other impediments we could get along without back to Bellingham. We drove as far as Cloverdale on the Columbia Highway in Oregon. This was the end of the pavement out of Portland.

Sunday we drove to Hood River 53 miles, the car was running very poorly. During the day we fell in with another car with a couple of young people in it.

Monday we drove fifteen miles up hill at about 5 to 7 miles per hour, stopping every little while to get cold water for the radiator, and then fifteen miles down hill with all brakes set. We burned up all the brake linings. One hill was so steep that a farmer stayed there with a team all the time to tow unlucky cars up the hill for a consideration. A Ford car had to have over seven gallons of gas in the tank to make it. A service station at the foot of the hill reaped a harvest selling gas at about ten cents above the regular price. We made 29 miles that day and arrived in the Dalles after dark.

Tuesday we drove 96 miles out into the wheat country beyond Lone, lost the main road and our company, and camped in the wilds. There were no sign boards or directions anywhere. It was so cold we almost froze and it took hours to get the car started the next morning.

Wednesday morning we stopped at Heppner and had our brake bands relined, getting away from Heppner about 1.30 p.m. That night we camped in the Public Market Square at Pendleton.

Thursday we drove through the Blue Mountains to Baker City, a beautiful view over all the surrounding wheat country. During the day we got into company with another outfit in a Ford. He was a mechanic and helped us tune up our car. We made 116 miles. Friday we drove to New Plymouth in Idaho. The weather was getting awfully hot and the roads dusty. We made 102 miles.

Saturday we drove through Boise and the desert to Glenn's Ferry, 122 miles. The dust was so deep out of Boise that the car left the shape of the running gear in the road behind us. It was so thick in the air that we could see but a few feet in many places. Here we had to replace the bearings on one front wheel.

Sunday we drove through Burley and camped a few miles beyond at the side of the road. 112 miles.

Monday we had tire trouble and lost about five hours. Our friends left us and turned south to Utah. We drove to Pocatello and camped on a vacant lot just north of town.

Tuesday we finished our trip reaching Rigby, 72 miles about 5.30 P.M. Blackfoot Indians along the road, as they watched us repair tires, were about as interesting to us as we were to them.

Blanche held Eleanor in her arms the entire trip and enjoyed it all. It seems she had never had time to hold her in her arms as much as she wished. Eleanor thoroughly enjoyed the trip. She was always eager to start. We would spread down a comforter and place her on it while we made camp or broke camp and while we were going she learned to creep enough to creep off the comforter. She had a jolly good time.

Donald had a wretched time and did not enjoy any of the trip. He had night terrors almost every night, sometimes very severe, which alarmed us considerable at times. We could not stop them. We had driven 1288 miles and had averaged 10.5 miles per hour actual running time.

I helped Malvern on the farm harvesting, haying, cultivating etc. and we had a dandy time and a great visit. We were greatly impressed, but not pleasantly, with the barren country, poor houses, run down condition of the ranches and general dilapidated condition of the country. There was nothing there that would cause me to ever want to live in that country on a farm. Just for instance I will mention one thing.

On the road to town I noticed an orchard that was flat over the top of the trees as if someone had pruned the orchard, taking out all the topmost branches in order to make it level over the top. I thought that was a very peculiar way to prune an orchard and asked Malvern if they did that so the apples would not be so high, and easier to pick. He said that was the depth of the snow last winter and the sheep ate the tops of the trees off that stuck up through the snow. Too much snow for me.

On Saturday, August 18, about 10:30 we started home. During the summer I made a set of outside brakes and they were a great help in going home. The first day we drove to Arco, 101 miles. We went across instead of going around Pocatello.

Sunday we made Willow Creek 108 miles and camped in a lovely spot by a little creek. Monday we drove through Boise and camped just outside the city by the highway, 128 miles. Donald had been so bad nights that we decided to see a doctor about him.

Tuesday we drove over to Caldwell and saw a doctor. He gave us the inevitable ineffective and harmless prescription and collected for his worthless services and we got the prescription filled, which we also paid for, and went on our way rejoicing. But when night came on we were disillusioned, for Donald was worse than ever. We camped beyond Weiser out in the desert. 92 m.

We made camp between Weiser and the Ferry, across the river about ten or fifteen miles from Weiser at about five o'clock. I had burned out the center crank shaft bearing in the engine. The crank case was in one solid piece, no pan on the bottom to remove to get at the bearings so I had to take the engine out of the car and work on it in front of the car. I had to save our oil for we were at least fifteen miles from supplies. I worked all night and until 2.45 the next day getting that bearing filed down and the car put back together again. The camp was in a desolate spot and Donald was awfully bad that night. The mosquitoes and little white gnats were terrible. Not a car stopped to investigate or help all the time I worked, only a few feet from the road.

Wednesday we drove over the Ferry and camped in a gorge along the river and the railroad track about nine miles beyond Huntington. The noise of the train and the river resounding between the hills was deafening. I slept pretty well but Donald awoke and screamed at every sound. We decided before morning for Blanche and the children to take the train for the rest of the trip and I would go on alone. 21 miles.

Thursday. We were on the old Oregon Trail and after driving 39 miles stopped in Baker. Here Blanche and the children stopped. The train for the west did not come till late in the afternoon so I went on before they entrained. We made up a big roll of things, then, bedding, etc. and Blanche checked it on her ticket. I drove on to Le Grande about sixty miles farther and about 10 o'clock saw Blanche and the kiddies when the train stopped at Le Grande.

Friday I drove through Pendleton and Walla Walla and camped at Prosser, Washington, 199 miles. Blanche arrived in Seattle and went to Otis' expecting us to stay till I came, but there was a man and his wife stopping there that did not want anyone around, so they went on to Bellingham and arrived home sometime Saturday.

Saturday I drove through to Seattle, 218 miles. At Ellensburg I picked up a Swede boy who had worked in Ellensburg all summer and had started to walk back to Seattle. In June he had walked to get to work. He could speak pretty good English, that he had learned in school in Sweden, but he could understand but a small part of ordinary conversation, and hardly any of the common English of every day speech. It was necessary to use book talk, or in other words, classical English to make him understand. We soon were getting on famously and had a dandy time. He left me at the Madison Ferry landing.

Sunday. When I arrived at Otis' I learned that Blanche had gone on, so I camped and early Sunday morning started on for Bellingham. 109 miles. I drove the car into the garage and did not drive it again till the next summer after school was out.

I had driven 1098 miles on 50 gallons of gas, making 22 miles to the gallon. I used \$8:45 worth of oil and paid out \$1.15 in repairs.

## *1918*

J.E. McKown was Principal this year. During the summer I was elected Head of the Commercial Department. Grace Headrick entered as a teacher in the science department. She taught Biology. Mrs. M. A. King was added to the Commercial Department Corp and Mr. Hunt left.

This was the war year and the Kulshan was dedicated to the boys who went over. Bessie Winemiller was the Editor in Chief, Ival Lockhart was the advertising Manager, Wilson Craven the Art Manager, and Stanley Quackenbush and Dow Walling were artists that did fine work in the drawings.

Superintendent Cave and Principal McKown had a falling out this year, the exact nature of which was clouded over, but there was lots of smoke we could see. There must have been some real fire because at the close of the year McKown was removed from the High School, but the fire was not dead. It still smoked and later burst out again and this time Cave lost his job too.

Other students I would mention this year were Leta Flanders, Aleta Sterns, Lily Goodman, Lloyd Carver, Laurence Keplinger, Irene Evans, Myrtle Lusby, Ival Lockhart and May and Fay Headrick, the twins.

Early in the year Mama had pneumonia at Eugene, Oregon. Frank, Otis and I went down and stayed and helped take care of her until the danger was over. When she had recovered sufficiently she went to California, to George's. George was preaching for the Church at Whittier. During the summer Maude and mama moved back to Bellingham into their old home. Edna moved to 814 13 Ave. E. and remained in Eugene another year. Maude began teaching at the Eureka school. George and Mae had a boy, Edgar Warren, born December 20, 1918.

This was the year of the flu epidemic. Maude had a severe attack and was down for nine weeks. Schools were closed for about two months. While the schools were closed I worked for Frank and Uncle Frank laying brick on the Morrison Mill and at E. K. Woods Mill. Donald and Eleanor took the flu, and then the day before Christmas Blanche and I both came down with it at the same time. Edna was home for a visit and came and attended us till help could be found. We got Mrs. Decker and she stayed until we were up and around again. Mrs. Gloman was our doctor, and she was a good one too.

I preached once this year at the Christian Church, Dec. 8.

## **1919**

We had a new Principal again this year, Richard E. Ewing. He was elected amid the smoke of battle, and did not get off to a very good start. In other words the cards were stacked against him from the beginning, and for some reason or other things began to happen immediately and continued to happen throughout his administration. On November 4, 1918, the Armistice had been signed and some of the boys had returned to the High School, very wise and extremely important supposedly.

It formed a nucleus around which gathered many bold, rough spirits, who were a sort of dare devil may care bunch of boys, and they did things, and yet more things. When the first anniversary of the Armistice came around they asked for a holiday, and were refused by all the authorities from the Board of Education down. But the boys knew how to have a holiday even though it had been denied.

We had an assembly the first thing in the morning and had a patriotic program which was very nice and appropriate. When this was dismissed with instructions to report to their classes, ninety-five percent of the students marched straight out the front door and took their holiday. For the girls this was sufficient but not for the boys. The spirit of war was in the air.

They went to the rooms of the Board of Education, led by a number of ex-service boys, and told Mr. Cave exactly what they thought of him and of the Board of Education in general. The fire burst out again. This time outsiders took it up and

added fresh fuel to it. They tried to oust some of the ringleaders but dared not. High School discipline was shot to pieces from then on.

Miss Beryl Batdorf was added to the corp. of the Commercial Department to teach shorthand. I had the usual financial oversight of the Kulshan and athletics. Ether Sutherland was the Editor in Chief, Dow Walling was the Art Editor assisted by Stanley Quackenbush. It was dedicated to R. H. Ewing, Prin.

Other students I would mention this year were Helen Maxwell, Virgil Peringer, Hallock Reeves, Pauline Bornstein, Edwin Benson. This year the Associated Student Body had charge of everything in the high school. (Almost.)

Otis and his entire family had the flu twice this year.

On May 25, at the Senior Class Play in the auditorium of the new high school building, Mama, Maude, Blanche and Donald attended. This year Frank and Nina built their bungalow on his lots adjoining mama on G Street. Mama gave him the lots.

Edna graduated June 17, from the Oregon State University, came to Bellingham for the summer, and then went to the College of Missions at Indianapolis, Indiana in the fall.

This year I preached several times for those who were meeting at the hall in Bow. May 18, June 1, July 6, August 2 and 17, and September 7. I preached at the Christian Church in Bellingham on August 3 and 10 and November 23.

June 10, 1919, Robert Orin, Frank's boy was born.

**1920**



Figure 14: Family Picture, 1920. Charles, Donald, Blanche and Eleanor.

Richard H. Ewing was Principal at Whatcom High School. Elmer L. Cave was Superintendent. This year the pot boiled over and spilled the beans. Aided by teachers from various schools and by interested citizens, charges were formally

preferred against Mr. Cave, and a public trial was held by the School Board. The Citizen's Committee, The Board of Education, and Mr. Cave each hired a lawyer and the fireworks started. At first the hearings were held in the rooms of the Board, but soon had to be taken to the Court House, where the hearings were held in the Superior Court Room. This was filled to overflowing.

Just what the conclusions of the Board were was not made public as far as I know, but this much we do know. Mr. Cave was removed at the close of the school year and the next year Mr. Ewing was not reelected as Principal of the High School.

The Kulshan was dedicated to Dr. A.F. Bechdolt. Stanley Quackenbush was the Art Editor, assisted by Mildred Hightower, Cecil Smith, Florence Sparr and Jessie Chapman.

This year was held the first Tulip Festival in Bellingham. Queens were voted on by popular vote, Miss Eula Brown of the Whatcom High School receiving the highest number of votes. The defeated girls were retained as a Court of Honor and all shared in the good times.

Other pupils outstanding this year were, John Moen, Dean Burnett, Irene Sixeas, Roscoe Altman manager of advertising, LeRoy Hayes, Warner Thomas, Linda Collins, Editor in Chief, Antone Frank and Loma Byron.

The corner stone of the new First Christian Church was laid in April and the main walls of the building put up this summer. When they ran out of money they stopped and let it stand until they could finance it. This year I preached at the Christian Church on July 11, and October 17 and 24.

Edna finished her year's study at the College of Missions and returned home by way of California and visited with George. George came up and visited in Bellingham while Edna was here. Mama's whole family was together for the first time in six years.

Edna sailed from Vancouver, B.C. for China on the Empress of Asia, August 26, 1920, to Nanking, China, to become a missionary for the Christian Church.

Returning to Nanking, China, after a years furlough on the same boat was Ellis P. Gish, Missionary of the Christian Church also. The morning they sailed, before leaving they announced their engagement to be married. On December 20, 1920, they were married in the South Gate Church, Nanking, China.

Frank and Nina, Edd and Elden, and Mrs. I.N. Rayburn went to Vancouver with us to see them off. We all had a big farewell lunch at Stanley Park.

Before school was out in the spring Blanche and Eleanor went back to Iowa for a visit and stayed most of the summer. Donald stayed with me this summer. We lived at 1910 D. Street.

This year I took two courses at the Bellingham State Normal School, English Methods under Miss Sperry and Modern Social Problems under James Bever.

Uncle Oscar's wife, Minnie Garretson died January 3, 1920.



## **1921**

Mr. D.C. Weidman was elected to take Mr. Cave's place as Superintendent of the Bellingham schools. Mr. was not removed but he took away from me all my work with the student body and the Kulshan because I told the truth as I saw it in the Cave trial. But I guess I got off lucky for a number of the other teachers were discharged for the same reason, telling the truth to the Board of Education.

This year I took two courses at the Normal School. World Literature under Mr. Parrish and World War Causes under Mr. Bever.

About June 1, Edna and Ellis went to Kuling for a summer outing, and vacation. September 1, they started on a camping trip. September 2, about 11 o'clock, Ellis was drowned while trying to help Miss Parker who had gone out in a pool beyond her depth. The body was recovered and buried in Kuling the next day.

Maude taught in the Washington School this year.

I preached at the Christian Church July 11, October 17 and 24.

This summer I laid brick for Otis and Uncle Edd who had the contract to build the Normal School Dormitory. About the middle of the summer, when the brick work was ended I had all my teeth extracted. All in one sitting.

I could not return to work so we took a tent and went to the beach at Sockeye and had an outing. I built a boat and the youngsters had a great time in it and in the water. I hunted agates on the beach. I had been raising rabbits at 1513 E. Maplewood Ave. and I took about two dozen to the fair at Burlington and took about all the prizes offered in my classes.

But in spite of the rest, and the lovely time I was having, I came down with pneumonia, caused from the poison from my teeth, while the fair was in progress. I went home from the Fair Grounds, broke camp the next morning and went back home, and that was the last well day I had for some time. I was just able to be around when school opened this fall.

In a couple of months I was almost normal again.

Students who graduated from the high school this year that I might mention were Polly Mock, Mernie Nemyre, Stanley Quackenbush, Blanche Imhoff, Maurice Thomas, Emily Maxwell, Bernice Judson.

## **1922**

Donald had been attending the Roeder school but last fall he transferred to the Normal School in the seventh grade and sent there all this year, finishing the eighth grade this fall. In the fall Eleanor started to school at the Washington School.

On January 2, I finished my course of law with the American Extension University of Los Angeles, Cal. I can receive a degree of L.L.B. if I will pass the State examination and be admitted to the practice of law in this state.

On March 4, I finished my course in Higher Accountancy with the LaSalle Extension University of Chicago, Ill. I can receive the degree of C.P.A. if I will pass the State Examination for a public accountant.

Aunt Matt spent the winter of 1921-22 visiting with Nellie in California. George left the church at Whittier and bought an acre of ground. He is going to try to make his living some other way than by preaching if he can.

May 23, mama's birthday we all had a surprise party for her, coming in and bringing a supper with ice cream, cake, and all the trimmings. We had a big time.

August 26, 1922, at 11 o'clock mama and Maude sailed for China, Maude to teach in the Girl's Middle School and Mama to stay with the girls there. We went to Vancouver the day before and stayed all night in the Central Park at Burnaby. Otis and family came up from Seattle and Frank and family from Bellingham.

In June I resigned from the High School to work with Otis, Frank and Uncle Frank, contracting. We formed a Corporation under the name Standard Construction Company.

The contract work started off well. I was to do the bookkeeping, while Frank Whipple handled the Bellingham office and Otis the Seattle office. Frank Headrick was to superintend jobs.

The first year we did considerable work, about seven miles of road paving for Whatcom County, from Nooksack to Sumas. We built bunkers at Everson and took our gravel from the Nooksack River. Their jobs we did in Seattle, Japanese Baptist Church, Roshl Block on 5<sup>th</sup> and Virginia, and remodeling Hall's Business College. In Bellingham, Western Woodworking Co., Pratt and Olson fireplaces and other small work.

Students I might mention on the High School this last year were Lois Easterbrooks, Norman Burchette, Verda Gilfilen, Susie Gilfilen, Vera Graham and Glessner Myers. Frank H. Clark was the Principal this year.

Good Bye High School Here I spent the best fourteen years of my life.

## ***1923***

In the spring term of school Donald started to the Whatcom High School, and Eleanor was in the first A. at the Washington School. We were living at 1910 D Street.

The firm figured the Ferndale Highway cutoff and a railroad job in Skagit County but did not get either. We did several small jobs this summer, including an alteration job on the Post Office building in Bellingham. We secured the contract to build a dam across the Little Pilchuck River, installed machinery and started

operations. They could not raise enough money to continue and this contract fell through.

On August 1, I moved to Seattle and we closed the office in Bellingham. March 6, 1923, Grandma Headrick died at Aunt Alice's. In June Edna brought mama home from China. Mama had a very severe attack of pneumonia while in China and was very weak and frail. In August Edna returned to China.

We moved to 5544 Ashworth Ave. in Seattle, bought some rugs and our dining room furniture of the Standard Furniture Co.

About the middle of August the Standard Construction Co. broke up and September 1, I moved back to Bellingham. We had rented our house at 1910 D Street so we moved out to the acre I had at 1513 E. Maplewood Street and moved into a tent and a shed that we used as a kitchen. We had two tents and most of the time were quite comfortable. We had some disagreeable weather though during the winter.

I went to work on the Christian church job and the Church was finished up and was dedicated May 18, 1924.

Eleanor had started to the Green Lake School in Seattle but finished the Second B at Columbia School in Bellingham. Donald finished the Freshman year in the high school at Whatcom.

Late in the year George came up from California with lantern slides and a proposition for selling land in southern Mexico.

## **1924**

I got what work I could pick up around. I built fireplaces for Al Brock, George Brock,

Frank Hashekl, Blackstock, one at Lake Whatcom and other small work that I could get.

Donald started the second year of high school work at Whatcom High School this spring. Eleanor finished the Second at Columbia School.

On February 27, 1924, Mama died at Frank's home in Seattle on Louisa Street. We had cabled Maude and she was on her way home from China but did not arrive until February 29. George came up from California for the funeral. Mama was buried in Bayview Cemetery in Bellingham. We made a cement casket for her.

Maude went back to China on the next boat.

Frank wanted me to work with him in Seattle so I moved back to Seattle and rented a house at 3006 East Harrison Street for \$30.00 per month. In the fall Donald started to Broadway High School in the second half of his sophomore year. Eleanor started in the Third B at the Harrison Avenue School.

July 6 I preached in the new Church in Bellingham.

Frank Whipple and George Moon were working together and had two contracts that fall and I worked with them. We built a garage and several store buildings for Solomon Rogers at 30<sup>th</sup> and East Union Street, and remodeled the Nanking Café.

In the fall Otis went to China with his entire family and Evelyn Watson, Elden's sweetheart.

We had no garage where we rented and I built one out of rough lumber for a frame and covered it with old canvas. It answered quite well while we lived there. I cleared up a space on the lot next to ours and in the spring planted a nice garden.

## **1925**

Work was anything but plentiful. I built a couple of fireplaces, one close to 45<sup>th</sup> and Stoneway for Pete Erickson of Redmond and one out by Pioneer Park. Also Frank Whipple had some brickwork on a store building at Hillman city, and Davenport's Super Service Station in the University District and a garage on Westlake Avenue.

War broke out in China and the folks had to leave there. Edna went to the Philippines and Maude and Otis and his entire family returned to Bellingham.

Uncle Frank Headrick and Noble Walton had gone to California with their families to work and Maude moved into Nobles house on C Street and started to teach at the Washington School. We went to Bellingham and ate Thanksgiving dinner with Maude while she lived here in Noble's house.

In the fall Donald was a junior in the Broadway High School. In the spring Eleanor finished the third grade and started the Fourth B at F.B. McDonald School.

In November we sold our places in Bellingham and November 19, 1925, we bought the house at 5910 Latona Ave., Seattle, and moved over there. Eleanor transferred and finished the Fourth B and F.B. McDonald School.

About the middle of summer I started to work for Uncle Edd on the addition to the High School at Redmond. We camped a few weeks at Juanita Beach in a tent, but it was so damp and rainy that we had to move back to town. Here, while on a little stroll up the hill, Blanche fell and tumbled into a patch of nettles and stung her arms, face and neck quite severely.

This summer we camped at Olga on Orcas Island with Chas. E. Schaeffer and his family. I went to Anacortes and ferried across with my car. (The same old Ford.) Last year while we were living at Maplewood we went over for about ten days also, but did not take our car. While at Olga we had grand times, hiking, hunting agates and fishing.

We made trips to the top of Mr. Constitution, to Crescent Lake, to Mountain Lake, to Moran's and to many beaches where we hunted agates. I found hundreds of them. One day we got an opportunity to go clam digging with a half breed Indian and his squaw. We found the finest clams I ever ate and brought back a sack full.

The squaw showed us how to prepare them for cooking. Orcas Island is a wonderful place to go for an outing.

I was never able to catch many fish, but the rest of the party always seemed able to do that part so we usually had all the fish we could eat while there.

## *1926*

In the spring Eleanor was in the Fourth A and in the fall the Fifth B at McDonald School. Donald was in the Senior Class at the Broadway High School.

This spring I built a number of fireplaces, 4039 8<sup>th</sup> N.E. 5742 35<sup>th</sup> N.E. and others. April 19 I began work on four fireplaces in Columbia City for Tom Taylor. He did not finish paying me for the work. I filed a lien against the property but lost the lien.

April 29, Blanche fell out of the back door at home and dislocated her shoulder. We took her to the Seattle General Hospital and they kept her there all night without doing anything for her. The next morning, when regular office hours came around they took an x-ray and did other delaying tactics before doing anything for her. It was quite a long time after this before she could use it.

I immediately went to work and built on a small back porch to take the place of the dangerous steps she had fallen down.

April 24, 1926, Mr. Campbell died at Prescott, Iowa. He had been sick a long time with creeping paralysis and had been almost entirely helpless.

Frank Whipple did not seem able to secure work in Seattle so he said he was going to move back to Bellingham. I decided there was more work here than in Bellingham and that I could do as well here as there, so I stayed in Seattle.

I went to work for the West Coast Construction Co., on a store building on East Madison Street, then the Bogan Apartment on 14<sup>th</sup> and East Mercer, The Georgetown High School, and late in the fall the Lloyd building. On the last two buildings George Lawrence was the mason foreman. He was a fine man to work for.

In August, just before we went to Olga, I built a fireplace for Mr. Skadin over close to Frank's home.

I preached at the Queen Ann Christian Church on August 2.

## *1927*

This spring Eleanor was in the Fifth A, and in the fall the Sixth B class at the McDonald School. June 15, 1927, Donald graduated from the Broadway High School. The exercises were held in Meany Hall on the University of Washington campus.

Donald went to work for the Ridgeway Lithograph Company.

In February I went to Portland to work for Edd Booker on the West Coast Garage. We remodeled an old eight story building, and built a Z type ramp Garage on 4<sup>th</sup> and Oak Street. I was still there after the first of June.

In August Blanche was in an automobile accident with Mrs. Cook. Mrs. Cook had just learned to drive and as they started out, about two blocks from home, she drove the car around a corner and over the parking strip to stop against a telephone pole. Mrs. Cook was scared a little and quite nervous afterwards for a day or two, but Blanche had her face cut quite badly and broke some of her teeth with flying glass. She had to have several stitches taken in her lip.

In the fall we bought a lot at Groveland on Mercer Island and cleared and leveled it to build, then sold it a year later.

This fall we bought an electric washing machine of Howell for \$35.00. It works pretty good and is much better than doing the washing by hand. But it might be better.

After returning from Portland I worked on the Republic Building, the Liggett Building and the building on University Way and 50<sup>th</sup> where the Jameson Drug store is located.

This is the year they were building the new church for the University Christian Church where we attend. The contract was given to the Western Construction Co. instead of to Uncle Edd. I was not able to secure work on it at any time.

## *1928*

This spring Donald worked at Wallace Bridge and Structural Steel Co., till July 31, at the public library from September 17 till December 7, when he went back to Wallace's till Christmas.

In the spring Eleanor was in the Sixth A and in the fall the Seventh B at John Marshall Junior High School.

In February I made a drawing for a patent fireplace for Mr. Nye of West Seattle.

April 5 we all went to Bellingham to spend Easter. We visited all our old friends and folks. I talked to Noble about working in Seattle. On the trip I took up a lot of flowers and plants for Mr. Burchette to set out at his new place on High St.

When I returned to Seattle, Noble and I worked on a house for architect, D.W. Vorhees in the Mount Baker district.

On May 17, Noble and I went to Wenatchee to work with Bill Carrington for Mr. Butler on the Terminal Station for the electric locomotives at Appleyard, south of Wenatchee.

Also working with us on this job was Clyde Pettifer and McDonald, both Seattle bricklayers.

Mr. Robson, formerly of Bellingham and Everett was the engineer in charge of the work for the railroad. I went to the apartment where they lived and met Mrs. Robson and Marguerite.

Noble and I went over to Birdie and Willis' at Govan twice while we were working at Wenatchee. We had a nice time both trips. We spent July 4<sup>th</sup> there at a Grange picnic. While there I went one evening to a grange meeting with Birdie and Willis. They had a program and a banquet following. We had a grand time.

I went with Willis and his brother Ward to Spokane for repairs for a combine they were getting ready to do their harvesting with. Had a lovely trip.

We returned from Wenatchee July 19. On our trips we went once by Stephens pass, once by Wilson Creek and twice over Blewett Pass. East to Govan we went both ways, by way of Quincy and also by Waterville. We saw the old extinct water falls on the Columbia that, in their day, were larger than Niagara.

When we returned from Wenatchee we worked for Jack Smith, foreman for Quist and Company on the Second Avenue cut off in the lower end of town. From there we went to the Quist Building across from the Ben Franklin Hotel. This work lasted till about Thanksgiving time.

Noble and I veneered the Weeden house in Jefferson Park and built a fireplace for O.V. Dean there also.

On June 3, we went to the Dedication Services for the new University Christian Church.

On June 16, Blanche and Eleanor went to Iowa. Blanche went to take her mother to Omaha to have an operation to remove a cataract from her eye. The operation was successful and she returned to Seattle August 15.

July 29 Donald and I went to Bellingham, to the Conference at The Firs. Sunday morning we visited the Sedro Wooley Church where Maude was Pastor at the time. We had a nice visit with Maude and attended a Church picnic dinner at the home of one of the Members.

September 22, Blanche, Eleanor and I visited at Schaeffer's and Burchette's in Bellingham.

## *1929*

Donald worked at Wallace's most of the time.

Eleanor attended John Marshall Junior High School in the Seventh A and the Eighth B classes this year. June 10, we purchased Eleanor a clarinet and she took some lessons with the Girl Scout band instructor.

Maude remained in Sedro Wooley until in August of this year and then went back to China to teach.

This year I worked for N.F. Tower, mostly in Jefferson Park, land owned by George A. Spencer. Weeden House, Dean Fireplace, my house, Tower House,

Laurelhurst House, Ross House, Hill Fireplace, and for Hillman a house, Mrs. Graham a fireplace on 16<sup>th</sup>.

Part of this work I was paid for, part I got 65 cents on the dollar for and part of it I never got anything. On one house I fared worse than that, having a judgment taken against me for materials and the second mortgage. Taken altogether this was a very bad year for me.

My back had bothered me while laying brick since it was hurt in Canon City years before. This was one of the main reasons why I fought shy of it for so many years, and when I went back to mason work it kept getting worse and worse. On the Lloyd building it took a bad stitch, and again on the Providence Hospital, but this summer it bothered me all summer and many days I was hardly able to work at all. But somehow I managed to pull through the summer.

In the fall Noble and I secured work again with George Lawrence for Quist and company on the Exchange Building. Clarence Morton was the Superintendent. We worked there until about the first of the new year.

## **1930**

Donald had work about half the time at Wallace's.

Eleanor attended John Marshall, in the 8A and 9B.

While cutting wood in the timber this spring my back took another severe stitch and it was so serious this time that something had to be done. I went to the Seattle College of Chiropractic and took treatments there every day but Sunday all the rest of the year from Dr. C.C. Carroll.

In the spring I veneered a house for J.L. Lund on E.57<sup>th</sup>.

Noble and I went to Tacoma to work on the Medical Arts Building about June 1 and stayed nearly all summer. This was with George Lawrence, for Quist and company. Hamberg was the Superintendent.

I rented an apartment of Frank Cleveland and Blanche and Eleanor came down and stayed with me. Noble stayed with Donald Rickerson who was preaching for the Lincoln Park Christian Church.

We went around all that time as finances would permit and had a good time in the parks and other places.

June 22 and July 10 I preached morning and evening at Lincoln Park Church for don Rickerson.

In July, while at home I wrecked my old car in a collision on 60<sup>th</sup> with a Royal Grocery Truck.

The latter part of July George Lawrence sent me to West Seattle for brickwork for the West Coast Construction Co. There was a terra cotta and brick front to be built on the S.H. Kress Building. John Pearson was the superintendent.



About the first of September we moved back to Seattle and Noble and I went to work on the Roosevelt Hotel on Seventh and Pine Street. This work was for Quist and Co. George Lawrence foreman, and Clarence Morton, superintendent. We worked here till about the first of November.

November I worked about a week for Mr. Robinson on a fireplace and got about half wages.

I took the old car that was wrecked and repaired it as best I could, fixed over the engine, cut down the back of the body and made a truck back, or a roadster back, interchangeable, to use with it. It runs and looks good.

Sunday June 8, 1930 at 5.00 o'clock P.M. all the Disciples of Christ from the various Churches in Seattle met at the University Christian Church for a Union Communion Service, being the Nineteen Hundredth Anniversary of the first communion on the first Pentecost in Jerusalem.

## *1931*

I worked most of the year at small jobs of brickwork, receiving from \$1.00 a day to \$10.00, excepting for two and half days on the American Can Building at \$12.00 the Union wages.

January 9-16, I worked 4 ½ days for Selene and Standen on the Captain Luther building in Bellingham. I stayed at Chas. E. Schaeffer's while I worked in Bellingham.

February 4, I lost the house I had built for myself at 4125 Columbia Way to George E. Spencer through sharp and crooked dealings between him and a professional real estate swindler named N.F. Tower. This judgment against me was about \$5,000.00 (See more about this in my other writings.)

February 9-12, I had 2 ¾ days work with Fred Pinkston at \$7.00 a day for Jack Clausen on the Cabaret on 4<sup>th</sup> Avenue.

March 3-6, I worked 2 ½ days on the American Can Company building on Vine Street for George Lawrence. He died in the fall this year of hiccough. Working with us was Geo. Lawrence Jr., Fred Mercier and Walter Kennedy. One day of this time was spent on the Stewart Holmes Drug Co. building. A.W. Quist & Co.

March 15-22 Blanche and Eleanor had the flu.

March 29, Palm Sunday at the University Christian Church.

April 2-7, I worked in Everett for D.E Ballenger on the Kress Building. Hiram Perry was the foreman. Here I met Wm. P. Hughes.

April 15, 1931, Aunt Alice Booker died in Bellingham. On Saturday Blanche and I drove up and stayed at Frank and Nina's. The funeral was Sunday April 19.

April 20-29, worked on the Hamilton Arms.

April 30-May 16, worked on the Eureka Grocer, 1<sup>st</sup> N.E. and E. 50<sup>th</sup> with Wm. P. Hughes for E.B. Sierer. Out of this money I paid up the installments on my house at 5910 Latona to May 19. This was the last payment I was ever able to make on the place, as far as I know now.

May 18-June 12, worked on the High School at Anacortes for Cousin F.E. Headrick for \$9.00 per day. (Union wages \$12.00). Also working on this job at the same wages was Frank Whipple, Berg Reed, (Francis' Uncle) Francis Headrick, Barney Reynolds and Ed Linbloom and several bricklayers from the Seattle Union.

(While working on this job I wrote my first book Seven Heavens, in pencil during the evenings. I then typed three copies of it and bound them by hand, finishing the work November 12, 1931.)

May 20, 1931, Donald and Virginia Cox were married in Everett, Washington while I was working in Anacortes.

May 22, 1931. Virginia's birthday, 17 years old. Virginia had been living with her mother and step-father, Frank Breniser. Mrs. Breniser was operating the Jiffy Cleaning shop on 10<sup>th</sup> Avenue. Mr. Breniser is a carpenter.

June 7, Sunday, I went to the Children's Day exercises at the Christian Church in Sedro Wooley in the morning, and in the afternoon went to Schaeffer's' in Bellingham. I went with them and Francis Bernson from Prescott, Washington, to Cherry Point and hunted agates.

May 24, attended Church at Anacortes, O.G. Shanklin, Pastor.

June 27, Blanche, Eleanor and I went to Bellingham, to Schaeffer's and on the 28<sup>th</sup> we all went up to the Mount Baker Lodge. Eleanor and I climbed Table Mountain. We were in Bellingham awaiting trial by the Union for working on the job at Anacortes for \$9.00 per day when the Union wages were \$12.00.

June 30, we spent the afternoon with the Schaeffer's on Cherry Point, a picnic and hunting agates. We found many.

July 1, I went to Cherry Point alone and hunted agates. In the evening was the Union Trial. The International Union Representative from Seattle, Mr. Collier, conducted the trial. His brother and one other Union member from Seattle also had worked with us on the High School for my Cousin Frank. We were all convicted on our own testimony, as we were really guilty. He set the fine at \$50.00 each which was about the amount Frank had held out from each of us. Instantly, within seconds, a member of the Bellingham Union arose and made a motion that all the fines be remitted. The motion carried and that was that.

July 21-27, worked on St. Peter's Church on 15<sup>th</sup> Avenue on Beacon Hill. Hiram Perry was foreman. Part time August 3-4, 11-21, wages \$10.80, also below Union wages.

August 26-31. We went to Bremerton and worked for Uncle Riley Headrick 3 ½ days at \$6.00. Just cleared expenses of the trip. On Sunday we went to the Bremerton Christian Church and heard Walter Givens preach.

October 10-15, did typewriting for the Pacific Rubber Shoe Company, 163 Jackson Street, for R.F. Miller for \$3.00 per day.

October 17, repairing my old car.

October 20, painting my house, paint supplied by the bank.

October 23, at Schaeffer's in Bellingham.

October 6, built a chimney for Mrs. Klein, 3201 41<sup>st</sup> S.

November 4, one day convention at the First Christian Church. Alexander Paul talked. He praised my sister Edna very highly. I finished the typing on my book, "Seven Heavens."

November 7-13, stayed at Schaeffer's and worked for F.E Headrick laying brick on the fruit warehouse on State Street for \$7.00 per day.

November 12, finished binding my three books.

November 26, we ate Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Fowler, 1836 N. 57<sup>th</sup>. Mrs. Fowler had been Grace Auld before she married. She taught shorthand at Whatcom High School the first few years that I taught there. She had lived then at East Sound on Orcas Island with her parents.

About the first of December I joined the Green Lake local of the Unemployed Citizen's League and went to the woods to cut firewood for the jobless, close to Firlands north of town. About the middle of the month I started keeping books for them at the central depot at 515 Eastlake Avenue, which soon moved to Elliott Avenue and Denny Way.

In December I had a weeks work for one day's pay on chimneys for O.V. Dean, a Deacon in our University Church.

Christmas we spent at home as usual, excepting that Donald and Virginia were staying with her mother that night and came up early for the Christmas Tree. We had the slimmest Christmas we had ever known.

December 27-30, helped put in a drain tile for Mrs. Frank Fowler, 4703 15<sup>th</sup> Ave. N.E. Received \$10.00.

## ***1932***

This has been a truly idle year as far as work for money is concerned. I did not have a single days work. I did not even open my tool bag. A few hours of odd jobs at different times earned me less than a day's wages for the entire year. We lost our home at 5910 Latona Ave., Seattle, by foreclosure on December 13, but were still living there at the close of the year.

I spent the entire year bookkeeping for the various Relief organizations that were handling the unemployed situation in Seattle and King County. I did not miss a single day, except a ten day vacation at Orcas Island at Mr. Fowler's.

January 1, bookkeeping at the Central Unemployed Citizen's League at 515 Eastlake Avenue.

January 11, transferred to the Elliott Avenue Commissary on the waterfront.

January 21, took charge of the gathering of reports and posting for the Mayor's Relief Commission and the Seattle Community Fund, and the King County Emergency Relief at 917 ½ 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue. I remained here until August 1, when the headquarters were moved to room 707 City-County Building, where I continued the posting until August 20. From then to the end of the year I gathered reports and visited the various food depots straightening out their reports, and gathering information for the accounting department. They furnished me street car tokens and gasoline for transportation in my old Ford, but did not pay me any salary for my work. I received relief help like the others on a weekly voucher. (I still have the list of Relief Depots, locations and managers, copy of my food voucher, price list of supplies allowed to the unemployed etc.) 1960.

February 21, Donald and Virginia started to Idaho in an old Ford, got as far as Kalama and returned, going again on the 30<sup>th</sup> this time on the train. Mr. Cox, Virginia's father lived there.

April 15, Eleanor had an attack of the flu.

April 16, Aunt Mary Cavan's birthday, 80 years old.

May 13, Eleanor received her Golden Eaglet from the Girl Scouts at a court of awards in the University Presbyterian Church.

July 20, Blanche and I, Mrs. H.E. Fowler and Bruce went up to Orcas Island in my old Ford. We got as far as Gooseberry Point and had to stay all night, waiting for repairs to the ferry. We slept under an old fir tree that night. We arrived next day. We remained at the Fowler ranch staying in the apple house for ten days. We had a nice time, returning to Seattle July 31. Eleanor went up on the boat.

August 31, Aunt Maggie Emmans died, in Montana.

September 26, Mother Campbell 75 years old today.

October 11, Aunt Mary Cavan, twin sister of father Campbell died at her daughter's home, Lois Needham, in Seattle.

November 14, Donald came home from Idaho.

November 18, Virginia arrived from Idaho.

November 24, Blanche, Eleanor and I went to Bellingham to spend Thanksgiving with the Schaeffer's. Returned Sunday.

April 9 to June 6. I spent my evenings and idle time making a 1/8 inch scale model of the Steam ship Roosevelt, the boat Peary used when he went to the North Pole. It was at a dock close to where I worked at Elliott Commissary, and I made the actual measurements from the boat with rule and tape.

## **1933**

February 20. I was appointed Chief Clerk at the County Relief Headquarters of District No. 4, Seattle, located at 4750 Brooklyn Ave., and worked for six months. Then they changed the entire staff. Their purpose was to spread the employment around to as many destitute families as possible. Blanche, Eleanor, I and Pal our little white dog, took a week's outing on Orcas Island at the Bluebird, near East Sound.

Dr. Cleveland Kleihauer, our minister, resigned and went to Los Angeles, California, and we had supply ministers for the remainder of the year. Dr McConnell was hired to supply till another minister could be secured. He was a very good minister.

May 6, Vaughan Freeman died in San Francisco after a lingering illness of about sixteen months.

I had about three months work dispensing government surplus food supplies to the needy at \$12.50 a week, at the Brooklyn Avenue County Relief Headquarters.

October 10. I purchased two and a half acres of land about two miles south of Auburn, with a down payment of \$5.00 and no more payments for two years. Here I erected a cabin and worked during my idle time for the next several years, cleared about an acre, raised a big garden, set out berries and a small orchard. I never was able to pay any more on this tract of land and lost it, with all the improvements I had put on it.

Eleanor was in the last half of her junior and the first half of her Senior year at Roosevelt High School this year.

We were still living at 5910 Latona Avenue, although the place had been taken from me by foreclosure. I was permitted to remain until the bank could find a renter or purchaser for the place. But no one had any money those days with which to rent or buy a place, so I just stayed to look after the place.

## **1934**

January 1 to March 15. I was disbursing surplus food at the Relief Depot at \$12.50 a week.

May 26. I obtained a home loan on my place from the government, paid off the mortgage and again became the owner of the property at 5910 Latona, repayable to the government in monthly installments of \$16.12. I was unable to make even this small regular payments for several years until I could obtain regular employment.

We barely existed. The Relief department paid our water and light for us. I cut my own wood for fuel and heat in the timber or hauled it from my place in Auburn where I had many cords of wood piled from the land I cleared.

Occasionally I sold a few cords down there for a little ready money. I raised an immense garden and we canned hundreds of quarts of vegetables.

In June Eleanor graduated from the Roosevelt High School and in the fall started at the University of Washington. I made her graduation dress, we could not buy one.

In June I worked in Port Townsend for eight days laying brick on the high school for the W.P.A. for small wages. There was no work to be obtained during these years except from the W.P.A.

In November I superintended a job of grading the school yard at the Loyal Heights school and earned \$18.60.

In December I superintended a job of grading the school yard at the Youngstown School and earned \$22.20.

In March Dr. Warren J. Hastings was secured as minister of the University Christian Church.

November 13, Uncle Edgar S. Booker was killed while working on the Bonneville Dam on the Columbia River. He was 72 years old. He came to Whatcom from Council Bluffs in 1890. They had lived just across the alley from us there. He had moved to Seattle from Bellingham in 1914.

## *1935*

January 4, worked at the Youngstown school this month for the W.P.A. Received \$22.20. Blanche had a cataract removed from her eye while I was working at the Youngstown School.

In the spring I cleaned and painted at Fowler's six days for \$15.00. My arm did not quit aching for more than five years.

In June I worked on the fireplace in the keeper's lodge at the Lake Washington Fish Hatchery on Seward Island, \$22.80.

Eleanor continued at the University and entered the sophomore year in the fall. In June she went to Chicago, with a contest team to participate in a typewriting speed contest at the Century of Progress Exposition. She won second in the transcribing contest. She stopped over and visited in Iowa at the Campbell farm, and in San Diego, California, at my brother George's home on her return trip.

Thanksgiving we went to Bellingham, ate dinner with the Schaeffer's, and visited also at my brother Frank's.

Christmas we ate dinner at Cousin Fred Cavan's, Fauntleroy.

February 26, Donald began working in the finance Office at Fort Lewis as an accountant for the C.C.C. set up. He and Virginia lived at American Lake, Tillicum, Wash.

September 17, I started to work at the Bremerton Navy Yard laying brick for \$85.00 a month and continued during the winter. I went back and forth each day on the ferry Kalakala.

June 28, Aunt Matt Williams died, at Uncle Riley's, Seattle.

When we were at Frank's in November, Uncle Ernest Whipple was there visiting from Jefferson, Texas. December 6, he came to Seattle and visited with us a few days. He then went over to Boise, Idaho to see Uncle Oscar who was very sick. Just two days after Ernest left Idaho for home Uncle Oscar Y. Whipple died, on December 19, 1935. Ernest was the last member of the family.

## *1936*

I worked at Bremerton during the winter and in the spring I was transferred to the Sand Point Naval Air Station, where I continued to work the remainder of the spring for \$85.00 a month.

During the summer I built a small addition to Mr. Lyle's house, my next door neighbor. I also built a brick house for Mr. Roberson at \$15.00 per M. at their nursery on Lake Washington. Out of this I had to furnish my help and scaffolding. I made a few dollars more than the expenses, less than \$10.00.

In the fall I resumed work at Sand Point laying brick.

October 20. Blanche and I went with Frank and Nina and Otis to visit Ralph and Mae Buckley at Forest Grove, Oregon.

May 13, Aunt Julia died here in Seattle at the hospital.

Eleanor continued her studies at the University.

In the spring I joined the Seattle Esperanto Society.

Donald continued at Fort Lewis.

## *1937*

I worked at Sand Point in the fall and at Bremerton in the spring. I went to Okanogan and Omak and worked eight weeks from June 27 to August 20. My brother Frank fell off a scaffold while doing brick work for the Episcopal Church in Bellingham and was killed on August 19, while I was working in Omak. I drove home Friday night after work, not knowing he had been killed, in time to go to Bellingham for the funeral on Saturday.

Eleanor continued her studies at the University.

Uncle Riley Headrick died August 4, in Seattle.

I was elected President of the Seattle Esperanto Society.

Maude returned from China and stayed at the Firs.

Donald continued at the Fort Lewis Finance Office.

Blanche went back to Iowa to visit her mother and stayed from October 1 to November 30.

## *1938*

I continued in the government work laying brick at Sand Point Naval Air station for the first four months.

April 1, Donald bought a home in south Tacoma.

May 15 to 27, I worked on brickwork for the W.P.A. at the Seattle Civic Auditorium.

June 11, Eleanor graduated from the University. I again made her a graduation gown, doing all the sewing myself. We had no funds with which to purchase a suitable gown.

In the fall I again worked at Bremerton as a bricklayer. However this fall I was lucky, I was made superintendent of the brickwork at the Naval Ammunition Depot for my shift, and continued in that position until the next winter, still working for \$85.00 per month, same as the other W.P.A. bricklayers.

October 1, 1938, Eleanor married Robert Auld Fowler. Again my sewing was called into use and I made her wedding gown. They lived that fall at 139 26 Ave N. Seattle. During the winter they spent about three months at the island with Bob's parents, Harry and Grace Fowler.

## *1939*

March 9, Lois Cavan Needham died, 51 years old. She was the daughter of Aunt Mary Cavan, twin sister of Blanche's father, Joseph G. Campbell.

April 17, 1939. A spark from the chimney set fire to the roof of our house. It burned off most of the roof of the rear of the house. As soon as the insurance adjustor had determined the amount of the payment due me I started to rebuild, but instead of replacing the roof I constructed a new room in the dormer on the rear of our house, thus giving us another nice room. The government Home Owner's Loan corporations official in charge of building and repairing was furious about it. When he had finally had the loss estimated, the repairs contracted for and had the contractor come out to do the work, they found the work so nearly completed they could do nothing about it. By doing the work myself I saved about \$1,000 and also got a nice new room. The Government would had added this cost to my contract and made me pay it off in installments also.

July 7, 1939 William Ernest Whipple died at Jefferson, Texas, the last survivor of my father's family.



During the summer Eleanor conducted a daily vacation camp outing at Camp Stanley, north east of Seattle, for girls who could not afford the expense of a regular summer outing. She had five counselors working with her, and they would take about fifteen girls each week during the summer vacation.

Donald was still with the Finance Office at Fort Lewis.

Robert Fowler was working at the Boeing Airplane plant.

I continued working at the Naval Ammunition Depot at Bremerton until the first of December, when they laid all the W.P.A. bricklayers off permanently. I was without a job. December 4, 1939, Fred Sherman and I began contracting brickwork. The Union allowed any one to contract small jobs of work, chimneys, fireplaces, brick veneer houses and other small work. One month I would contract the work and hire Fred and the helper. The next month Fred would do the hiring and I would work for him. I did all the estimating and secured all the jobs. Work was not very plentiful but we managed to get enough to live through.

## **1940**

This year I worked with Fred Sherman until December 1.

February 13, Evelyn Watson Whipple, Elden Whipple's wife died.

March 14, Malvern Van Houten was killed by a truck falling off a greasing rack in a garage in Boise, Idaho. Malvern was the husband of Edith Campbell, Blanche's sister. A few months later she and her two boys still at home, Robert and Merlyn came to Seattle to visit us. She was really heartbroken by the loss.

During the summer Eleanor started a camp for underprivileged girls at Quaker Cove, near Anacortes. This was much like Camp Stanley of the year before, but the groups were much larger and they stayed two weeks in the camp. Eleanor had twelve counselors this year. Edith undertook the task of cooking for the camp, to get her mind off her sorrow and give her something to do also. On July 24, she died suddenly at the camp. The autopsy revealed that she had died of an aggravated stomach ulcer. She really must have died of a broken heart.

Bob and Eleanor bought a home at 1511 27<sup>th</sup> Ave. N. In September Bob and Eleanor took in a family, refugees from Germany, Albert Klein, wife and son, who lived with them nearly a year, until they could become accustomed to life in America.

In September Donald was transferred from the finance office at Fort Lewis to the office of the Seattle District Engineers for the military forces.

December 4, 1940, I quit contracting with Fred Sherman and went to work for the Boeing Airplane Co. at Plant 2 in Seattle. I became a clerk in the office of Final Inspection, and remained with Boeing for twelve years, in the inspection department.

## **1941**

This year I worked at Boeing Airplane Co., as a clerk in the final inspection department.

February 1, Robert Orin Whipple, married Helen Kinzer in Bellingham. Robert was the son of my brother Frank.

March 2, 1941. Mae Turner Whipple died in San Diego, Calif.

This summer Eleanor conducted another summer camp at Cloud's End, Quaker Cove, for girls, very similar to the camp she conducted for them last year.

December 20, 1941, war opened up between the United States and Japan and Germany. War restrictions were imposed. I put up my car and made no attempt to use it until the war was over.

## **1942**

This was the first year of the war with Japan and Germany. Forceful measures were being taken against them both in defense and offence. Work was rushed at top speed at the Boeing Airplane Co., where I was working. The B29 Flying fortress was needed to help fight the battles in Europe against the Germans.

Eleanor and Bob sold their home on 27<sup>th</sup> and moved in with his father and mother at 57<sup>th</sup> Ave. North.

Early in June, Eleanor, Anita Wilkowshi and Blanche made a trip with Anita's automobile to Prescott Iowa, to see Blanche's mother, who was very old and in poor health. They came home by way of Yellowstone Park, and visited the folks in Boise, Idaho.

Carl VanHouten came from Boise to McChord Field, near Fort Lewis, to help service military air craft.

Donald was sent to Anchorage, Alaska, as a finance officer with the Alaska Area Engineer's Office, to have charge of their commercial and accounting office work at Anchorage.

Eleanor started a post-graduate course in Social Work at the University of Washington.

I was made clerk of military deferments for the Inspection Department of the Boeing Airplane Co., which job I held until the close of the war.

## **1943**

The war was on and the military preparations and requirements dominated the entire situation.

March 22, Virginia went to Anchorage to be with Donald.

October 1, 1943, Lawrence William Fowler was born to Eleanor and Robert Fowler. When the baby was five weeks old Eleanor and Bob went to the Fowler farm on Orcas Island, Bob quitting his job at Boeing.

November 17, Donald brought Virginia to Seattle by plane to have a physical check up. She seemed to be suffering from mal-nutrition. November 30 they returned to Anchorage.

## *1944*

This was a war year and the Boeing Airplane Co. was doing their share of helping the United States win the war.

Bob and Eleanor remained on his father's farm at East Sound.

April 13, 1944, my brother George Whipple married Phoebe Pelkington, in Whittier, California. He lived in San Diego.

Donald and Virginia came down by plane for Thanksgiving.

## *1945*

This was the last year of the war. Mr. Fowler resigned his position in the building department of Seattle, and retired to his farm on Orcas Island. Bob and Eleanor with Larry remained on the farm to help Mr. Fowler with the farm work..

February 13, Donald was transferred from Anchorage, Alaska to Seattle, to become Chief Auditor for the Navy Disbursing Office at Pier 91, Smith cove, Seattle. He lived at 1052 E. Thomas Street, Seattle, Wash. for the duration of the war.

In December the war was over and the bulk of employees at Boeing were laid off until they could reconstruct work problems. I got out my old car again, now that I could get gas for it.

## *1946*

January 22. My brother Otis married Ruth Walter.

May 14, 1946, my brother George died in California.

June 19, Donald was transferred back to Anchorage, Alaska to work for the army at the District Engineer's Office as Assistant Fiscal Officer. Virginia also worked as a supply clerk for the same organization. They lived at Fort Richardson, which later changed its name to Elmendorf Air Force Base.

September 30, 1946, Jeanice Marie Fowler was born to my daughter Eleanor, in Seattle, Wash.

December 19, 1946, Eleanor Whipple divorced Robert Fowler.

Early in the year I was recalled to Boeing to supervise the accounting for the government furnished instruments that had been supplied for installation upon the delivered airplanes.

This work was finished about the middle of the year and I was placed in the Precision Inspection Department where I remained during the remainder of my employment at Boeing, about six years.

## ***1947***

During the summer I was asked to inspect the transits and levels used in the engineering work of constructing the planes. This I continued to do as long as I remained at Boeing.

December 6, Edd Emmons, of Everett, a distant cousin of Blanche's on the Campbell side of the family died.

Donald and Virginia came down from Anchorage for a couple of days to spend the Fourth of July in Seattle.

## ***1948***

I continued inspection of transits and levels.

Donald was transferred to become Fiscal Officer of the 57<sup>th</sup> Fighter Interceptor wing, at Elmendorf Air Force Base, Anchorage, Alaska.

July 11, William R. Anderson died, Linnie Campbell's husband.

July 13, Fred Cavan died. Son of Aunt Mary Cavan, who was a twin of my father in law, Joseph G. Campbell.

Eleanor received her Master's Degree in Social Work.

## ***1949***

I continued inspection work at Boeing Airplane Co.

Donald was still at Anchorage, Alaska.

September 21, Donald and Virginia came down from Alaska by plane and returned to Anchorage by Army boat.

April 28, Aunt Millie Headrick died, at Zenith Masonic Home.

Eleanor was working for the family society of Seattle as a case worker.

## ***1950***

I continued inspection work at Boeing.

Donald was still at Anchorage, Alaska.

Eleanor continued with the Family Society.

### ***1951***

I continued inspection work at Boeing.

Donald was still at Anchorage, Alaska.

Eleanor continued with the Family society.

June 23, 1951, Eleanor and Donald gave a reception in our honor at Eleanor's home, 10650 Lakeside Ave. N.E. Seattle. About one hundred guests attended the reception and many gifts were received which we prize very highly.

August 16, 1951, our home at 5910 Latona was partially destroyed by fire. Estimated loss \$6,500.00 of which \$3,100.00 was covered by insurance. I spent the remainder of that year and about six months of the next restoring it, doing all the work myself, evenings, Saturdays and Sundays.

### ***1952***

I continued inspection work at Boeing.

Donald was still at Anchorage, Alaska. A few days before Christmas Donald brought Virginia down to Seattle to see the doctors here. He returned to Anchorage January 7, 1953. Virginia stayed in Seattle for extended medical treatment.

Eleanor continued with the Family Society.

The last of December I resigned work at Boeing and have remained retired since that time. I have received Social Security since January of 1953.

### ***1953***

Donald still at Anchorage, Alaska. Virginia returned to Anchorage after her medical treatment in Seattle.

Eleanor continued with the Family Society.

April 22, 1953, my sister, Maude E. Whipple, married Clifford Green in Los Angeles, California.

January 6, 1953, I had a slight nervous attack and severe headache, which wore off after several days.

### ***1954***

Donald and Virginia were still in Anchorage, Alaska.

Eleanor continued with the Family Society.

February 18, 1954, I purchased a Studebaker Commander car, 1947 model with a 1951 engine with low mileage on it.

October 26, Margaret Emmans died, Everett, Wash. Wife of Herbert Emmans, a second cousin of Blanche, Campbell relative.

## *1955*

Donald was promoted from Assistant to Accounting Officer.

Eleanor continued with the Family Society.

Early in the year Donald brought Virginia down to Seattle for another physical check up at the hospital and they discovered that she had a cancer in her throat.

## *1956*

Eleanor continued with the Family Society.

Virginia required constant medical attention here in Seattle so Donald secured a position here to be near her. June 14, 1956, Donald became Auditor and Chief of the Internal Review Branch of the Madigan Army Hospital at Fort Lewis Wash. In August he purchased a home at 36 Beverly Drive S.W. in South Tacoma, close to his work and he and Virginia moved down there from Anchorage, Alaska.

## *1957*

Eleanor continued with the Family Society.

The first of May Donald attended an Internal Review and examination for army personnel at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

June 18, 1957, Virginia died at Burien, Washington.

December 21, Eleanor, Larry, Jeanice, Mrs. Oletia York, and her three girls, Dianna, Dawna and Debra, moved to Los Angeles, California, arriving on Christmas Eve. They drove down with a truck load of household furniture in a trailer.

August 11, Donald married Jeanne Buchanan Copeland.

## *1958*

January 16, my brother Otis died at The Firs in Bellingham.

March 24, Eleanor, Oletia and the four girls came up from Burbank, California for another truck load of furniture.

April 26, I obtained a bifocal lens for Blanche's glasses.

November 4, 1958, Blanche and I went to Burbank, California, and spent two months with Eleanor and the York's in Burbank. While there we drove around and saw all the sights we could. We went across into Mexico as far as Encinata.

## *1959*

January 5, 1959. We returned to Seattle from Burbank, Calif.

November 26, Donald and family spent Thanksgiving with us.

## *Diary of Orin and Janie Whipple: 1894 to 1916*

### **Waukomis, Okla. May 1, 1894.**

Our 21<sup>st</sup> wedding anniversary has just passed. We are living on our claim.

Sept. 10, 1893. We started from Council Bluffs, Iowa, (Our home for the past five years) to come here January 2, but did not get located on our claim until February 10. We built a small house of three rooms and are living in it. We have about 65 acres broke. Charlie has done most of the breaking. Otis is attending the Law school at the State University at Lincoln, Nebraska. Father and Mother Whipple made their first visit today. Oscar came up also to bring some feed and Lillie, Ethel and Jennie Whipple came with him. Otis is now nineteen years old and Frank the youngest is almost seven. Charlie will be 14 Saturday, George is 12 and Maude nearly ten. J.H. Whipple.

### **9.45 P.M. May 1, 1894.**

Twenty-one years of our married life has now passed and we are just commencing a new farm. We have four horses and one cow, a few chickens and two turkeys. We have not set out any trees or shrubbery this spring and have no planting done except a garden and about five acres of corn with a corn planter this week. Orin P. Whipple

### **May 23, 1894.**

This is my birthday and I am forty years old. I have been at home all day. The children are going to school to Sadie Whipple. Orin is planting cane. We expect Otis home from Lincoln in two weeks, where he had been attending school the past year. Janie H. Whipple

### **Lincoln, Nebraska, May 1, 1896.**

We are now living in Lincoln, Nebraska. It is two years since I have written in this book. We have been the poorest and lived the hardest for the past two years than we have during any other two years of our married life. The two crops we planted in Oklahoma were failures on account of dry weather. I worked out at mason work in the summer of 1894 and also 1895 to earn money to live on. Otis went back to Lincoln in the fall after spending his vacation at home. When he started back to Lincoln to college I gave him \$34.00 that I had earned while working on the Hennessey School House. After Otis was in Lincoln he bought a paper route to deliver the Nebraska State Journal on commission in a portion of Lincoln. Since he bought the route he has been making his living by delivering papers. Last summer we decided to move our family to Lincoln for an indefinite time. So we sowed 60 bushels of wheat, the amount of our entire harvest last summer, and as soon as we had finished, which was the first part of November we started for Lincoln.



We came through with two teams. Was about three weeks on the road and had a cold trip. When we arrived in Lincoln we found Otis had rented a house for us and paid a months rent and had saved enough money to pay the freight on our goods which was over \$30.00. We have lived from the proceeds of Otis' paper route by Charlie and I helping him carry papers ever since until about three weeks ago I got a job painting at \$2.00 a day. Since writing in this book before we have another child.

A little girl that we think is the sweetest baby in the world. Her name is Edna May. She was born Aug. 16, 1894. She is just beginning to talk and we think she is uncommon smart and pretty. We still have our claim in Oklahoma and Janie with the three youngest children intend to go down there this summer and attend school. Otis graduated in a two year course in the Law Department of the University last spring. He expects to finish his regular classified course which will take two years longer. He was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of Nebraska. It is now half past ten o'clock. Otis is away to an entertainment and all the rest of the family are in bed. 520 N. 16<sup>th</sup> St., Lincoln, Neb. May 1, 1896, Orin P. Whipple.

**Waukomis, Okla. May 30, 1896.**

Today I am at home in our little house on the claim with Maude, Frank and Edna. Orin came with me and started back to Lincoln Thursday morning. Our wheat is almost a failure again and we have decided to sell out here as soon as we can. Orin is preparing to go to Buffalo, Wyoming to run a stamp mill for a mining company. I will stay for the present with Otis and the other children in Lincoln. I expect to return to Lincoln, Nebraska in about a week. Janie H. Whipple.

**May 1, 1897.**

We are now living in Brooks, Adams County, Iowa. We moved here about three weeks ago. I am in partnership with Riley Headrick making brick. We have 30,000 molded and have commenced setting in the kiln. All our children are with us except Otis. He is still attending the State University at Lincoln. I started the 15<sup>th</sup> day of last July for Buffalo, Wyoming to work for the Eagle Gold Mining and Milling Company. The company failed and I only worked for them about a month. I went to Billings and Musselshell, Montana and worked at mason work. About the first of December I went to Red Lodge, Montana and ran a blacksmith shop until the 20<sup>th</sup> of March. While I was in Montana I finished writing that book that I had begun some years previous entitled, "Our Cottage Home". I have not contracted for its publication yet. Orin P. Whipple.

**Brooks, Iowa. May 1, 1897.**

This is our 24<sup>th</sup> anniversary. We have six children. Charlie and George went to Prescott to Pa's today for the first time since we moved. I have not been home yet. Pa and Ma were here two weeks ago and made us a visit. The children have been hanging May Baskets. Edna went to sleep while we were eating supper. She said that she was too tired to eat supper. Edna is 2 ½ years old and knows her letters. Maude and Frank are going to school. Charlie and George work on the brickyard and Otis is still in the Lincoln State University. Janie H. Whipple.

**Corning, May 1, 1898.**

We are now living on a 38 acre farm we have rented for this year. We have also rented a quarry with 20 acres of land adjoining. We are working the quarry and the farm too. Our crop so far looks good. We have four acres of onions, ten acres of oats and a large garden. We have not planted our corn yet. This is our 25<sup>th</sup> marriage anniversary. They tell us we are beginning to look old. Orin P. Whipple.

**Corning, May 1, 1898.**

Our 25<sup>th</sup> Marriage Anniversary. We have always intended to celebrate by inviting all of our friends, but times have been so hard we gave it up. Otis is still at Lincoln, has just been home on a visit, is talking of going to the war. Charlie is going to Prescott to school, will graduate this year. George is staying at home. Maude and Frank are going to school in Corning. Edna is almost four, she and I keep house. We are living 1¼ miles from Corning on a farm. Janie H. Whipple.

**702 Walnut Ave., Canon City, Colo. May 1, 1900.**

This is our 27<sup>th</sup> marriage anniversary. We are living in Canon City where we have moved for Janie's health. We moved here from Iowa the first of last December. Janie has not improved much since we came. We have a small garden that is just coming up. Otis and Charlie are working with me this year on mason work. George, Maude and Frank are going to school here. Edna is just beginning to read in one of Otis' old 3<sup>rd</sup> readers. Otis graduated from the State University at Lincoln, Nebraska last spring and Charlie graduated from the High School at Corning, Iowa last spring and intends to start in the Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa this fall. Orin P. Whipple.

**Canon City, Colo. May 7, 1900.**

Saturday, May 5, was Charlie's birthday. I invited the Christian Endeavor Society to spend the evening with us. They had a fine time playing and I served refreshments. They presented Charlie with a "Christian Endeavor" pin. He was very much surprised for he did not know they were coming. We gave him an album for unmounted pictures. Janie H. Whipple.

**Canon City, Colo. May 1, 1904.**

This is our 31<sup>st</sup> marriage anniversary. Janie is in Hot Springs, South Dakota, visiting her sister Matt Williams. She started April 20, and intends to come home about the middle of this month. She was sick and hardly able to be around when she left, but is some better now. We are now living on 12 acres of land that we traded for north of Canon City about two miles from the center of the business part of town. Janie's health has got worse instead of better since we have been in Canon City and we have decided to have her go to Bellingham, Washington the first of June, and stay with Otis until we can sell, then the rest of the family will move there. Otis married a girl named Julia Cole and is living in Bellingham. Charlie married a girl named Blanche Campbell and is living in Prescott, Iowa. Maude expects to graduate in the Canon city High School in about four weeks.

George is in Des Moines attending Drake University, studying for the ministry. Orin P. Whipple.

Orin P. Whipple died September 14, 1904.

He was killed by D&R.G. Passenger Train No. 2 at the crossing on Fourth Street, near the Santa Fe Station at 12:36 Tuesday afternoon. Born in Galva, Illinois, April 18, 1857, removed to Iowa when three years old. Came to Canon City in fall of 1899. Funeral at the Christian Church at 2 o'clock. Internment at Lakeside cemetery.

**Canon City, Colo. May 1, 1905.**

This is our 32<sup>nd</sup> wedding anniversary but I am alone. Dear Orin is gone. I am here with Maude, Frank and Edna. Charlie lives just across the road. Otis is in Bellingham, Wash. George is married and living in Eugene, Oregon going to school. His wife was Mae Turner. George is studying for the Christian Ministry. Frank is working at home. Maude is staying at home this year helping me. Edna is going to school. We are trying to sell but so far have been unsuccessful. We are trusting in the Lord for strength to carry us through. We are very lonely without dear Papa and miss him every day and every hour. Janie H. Whipple.

**May 5, 1905.**

This is Charlie's 25<sup>th</sup> Birthday and we had Charlie and Blanche over to supper. Maude made Charlie a lovely cake with his name and 1880-1905 on it. Janie H. Whipple.

**May 8, 1905.**

We received the word that Otis and Julia had a nine pound boy born May 4<sup>th</sup>. His name is Elden Cole Whipple. This is my first and only grandchild. Janie H. Whipple.

**Bellingham, May 1, 1906.**

Many changes have taken place in the last year. Last July Frank came out here and in September Maude came to take care of my brother Frank's children and is still staying there. Edna and I stayed on the ranch in Colorado until in December. Then we shipped our goods and came here and have bought two lots with a small house on them for \$550.00 and are living there, but we have not sold our ranch in Colorado yet and are expecting to return soon to take care of the fruit. Frank is working at mason work. Charlie is in Florence, Colorado teaching. George is still going to school in Eugene, Oregon and he has a little girl six month old named Helen Fae. Otis is still here working for Edd Booker. Matt was here today. Frank and Edna and I have lived alone since coming here. Janie H. Whipple.

**May 2, 1906.**

Matt was here all day helping me sew. Last night we all went to a W.C.T.U. Silver Medal Contest in which Maude and Frank both took part and Edna is to speak in another contest next Monday night. Janie H. Whipple.

Later Frank won both silver and gold medals and Edna won a silver medal. Mama.

William Whipple died October 30, 1906 at Enid, Oklahoma and was buried by Mother near their old home at Hennessey, or near Hennessey. Father was born October 12, 1819.

He was 87 years 218 days old. Only four of the family left. Orva, Oscar, Della and Ernest. Father, Mother, Louisa, and Orin have all gone and left us to sorrow and mourn. But we hope some day to meet where there is no more parting on that other bright shore. Janie H. Whipple.

**May 1, 1907.. 2623 G Street, Bellingham, Wash.**

When we first came here we bought two lots with a small house on them and are living there. We, Maude, Edna and I returned to Colorado last May and sold our ranch for \$7,000. There was \$3,500 of a mortgage, leaving \$3,500 but we did not receive the cash. We took notes secured by mortgage due in two, three, four and five years, so we are still depending on Frank for our support. Charlie and Blanche returned to Washington with us and Charlie got a position as Assistant Secretary in the Y.M.C.A. at \$70.00 a month. Maude is attending the Normal. Edna is in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade. George will graduate May 20<sup>th</sup> from the Divinity School at Eugene, Oregon and is intending to make us a visit when school is out. Frank is at work for Edd Booker and is getting full wages now. Otis and Julia have a girl born March 6. I have three grandchildren. Janie H. Whipple.

**Bellingham, Wash. May 1, 1908.**

We are still living in the same place. George and Mae and little Fae came home last summer and made us a visit. They have a son now named Wendell Lee. Charlie and Blanche have a boy named Donald Campbell William Whipple. Otis named his girl Lois. I now have five grandchildren, and I think they are as fine children as I ever saw. Frank is still working at mason work. Maude will graduate at the Normal June 11. Edna is in the High School now. Charlie is keeping books for the Sherman Clay Music Co. Otis still works for Edd Booker. George is now located and preaching at Carlton, Oregon. I am still keeping house as usual. Alice came past going up to Pa's today. This evening Pa and Ma came over awhile. I worked in the garden most of the day. Maude and Frank went to Bro. Brooks' to a C.W.B.M. meeting tonight. Edna spoke in a contest at the High School today but did not win. Ella and Guy are in Phoenix, Arizona for Ella's health. They expect to start home the last of this month. Janie H. Whipple.

**Bellingham, May 1, 1909.**

Work is not very plentiful here at present so Frank has gone to Seattle to work awhile. Maude is teaching school in Mt. Vernon, Wash. Edna is attending the High School, and Charlie has been teaching the past year in the High School. George is still in Carleton, Oregon, but will soon move to Elmira, Oregon, where he will preach the coming year. Otis has moved over on Broadway and is nearer home. Janie H. Whipple.

**May 25, 1909.**

This is my 55<sup>th</sup> birthday. It is Sunday but I did not feel like going to church. Maude is still in Mt. Vernon but came home on the noon train, and in the evening Miss Wright came to spend a few days. Maude is now teaching in south Bellingham and has been elected to teach here another year and Charlie has been reelected to teach another year. Ma came home with Edna and brought me a pretty apron and Maude gave me a lovely pin set with garnets. January 26, 1909, my dear father died after a long illness and Ma is making her home with Alice and visiting with all of us whenever she wants to. Janie H. Whipple.

**May 1, 1911, Bellingham, Wash.**

We are still living in the same house that we first moved into when we came to Bellingham, but we have built on a large addition and finished up our house, and have it all paid for. Charlie did the carpenter work for us during summer vacation. Frank was married December 21, 1910 to Nina Markley. They were married at the Christian Church, George performing the ceremony. Maude, Edna, and I are living alone. Ma stays with us part of the time. Maude is teaching the third grade in the Washington School. Last year she taught the fifth grade. Charlie is still teaching in the High School. Frank is attending the Normal. This is his second year. Otis has moved to Vancouver B.C. and he and Edd Booker are contracting mason work. Edna will graduate from the High School in June. George is located in Battleground, Washington. George, Mae, Fae and Lee made us a good visit when they came to the wedding. Otis and Julia have another son, named Otis Grant, born February 1, 1911. I just received a letter from Otis wanting me to make them a visit. I think that I will go tomorrow. This is the 38<sup>th</sup> anniversary of my marriage. Janie H. Whipple.

**May 2.**

I went to Vancouver, B.C. and stayed a week, visiting Otis and family. Found all well. May 4<sup>th</sup> was Elden's 6<sup>th</sup> birthday.

**May 23, 1911.**

This is my fifty seventh birthday. In the afternoon, Ma, Matt, Alice, Minnie Freeman, Millie, Grace, Minnie Headrick and Minnie Larimer came bringing ice cream and cake and I received several nice presents. Maude and Edna were at home. Janie H. Whipple.

At graduation from Whatcom High School in June, 1911. Edna was one of the speakers chosen because of high grades.

February 1, 1912. Our Dear Sister Minnie passed away after a long illness. Ella was in Mexico at the time and Matt in South Dakota. Brother Moss of the Christian Church preached the funeral.

**2623 G Street, Bellingham, Wash. May 1, 1912.**

Another anniversary has come, the 39<sup>th</sup> of our marriage. Maude, Edna and I live alone. Maude is still teaching in the Washington School. Edna is attending the Normal. Charlie is teaching in the High School. George is still in Battleground. Otis and Frank are in Vancouver, B.C. All are well and getting along very well. Charlie has decided to be a minister and has preached twice at the Church, did fine. Maude and Edna have decided to go to Eugene Bible School after another year and take a course of Bible study to fit themselves for Christian work. Blanche's father and mother are here on a visit for her mother's health. Amy Standen and family have moved here from South Dakota. Alma Hibberd has been operated on for goiter and is about well and we are expecting her home. Janie H. Whipple.

**2623 G Street, May 1, 1913.**

This is my 40<sup>th</sup> marriage anniversary. Maude, Edna and I still live in our home alone. I went to the Missionary Society today which met with Mrs. Simmons and as I came home stopped to see Mrs. Stanbra. She is very low with cancer, and a great sufferer. In the evening the girls went with Sunshine to the Presbyterian Church to hear Dr. Gordon lecture. Mrs. J.H. Whipple.

**May 23, 1913.**

My 59<sup>th</sup> birthday. I stayed at home all day. Edna had a birthday dinner for me. Nina and Sunshine were all the company. I received a lovely plume from Frank and Nina, pocket book from Maude and Edna, doily from Alice, white apron from Ma, dresser scarf from Millie.

**May 1, 1914, Bellingham.**

I have been cleaning house this week. Edna is visiting Louise Wakefield and Florence Allen in Burlington. Maude is still teaching in the Washington school. Frank and Nina have a fine boy born November 16, 1913. They live in Vancouver and George and family moved there last August. He is preaching for the Central Christian Church. Otis, Julia and Grant went on a visit to Lincoln, Nebraska, New Orleans and to Orva's, Los Angeles and various other places, were gone seven weeks. They left Elden and Lois here in Bellingham. I went to the Missionary meeting today at Mrs. Toler's. One year ago as I came home from the meeting I stopped and saw Mrs. Stanbra. She died shortly afterwards. Ma came up here yesterday from Ella's, walking both ways. She is 80 years old. Otis, George and Frank are all in Vancouver now. Charlie is teaching in the High School yet. Janie H. Whipple.

Otis just called over the phone to let me know that he remembered that it was May 1. J.H.W.

**Bellingham, Wash. May 23, 1914.**

This is my 60<sup>th</sup> birthday. Maude and Edna had a surprise on me and I had a birthday dinner. There was Ma, Edd, Ella, Well and Vaughn and Mrs. Cade, Charlie, Blanche and Donald, ourselves. I received several nice presents. An umbrella from Ella. From Otis and Julia a lovely sugar bowl and creamer. Matt

gloves, Blanche embroidered me a waist, Frank and Minnie a book of poems, Alice two aprons.

Maude and Edna a lovely pair of embroidered pillow cases that Edna worked herself.

**Tuesday, August 25, 1914. Eugene, Oregon.**

Maude, Edna and I started from Bellingham for the girls to attend the Bible University. We visited in Vancouver for two weeks before we started with Otis, George and Frank's families, then stayed at Charlie's until we were ready to leave. We arrived in Eugene the next morning, August 26, 1914 and was met at the train by Mrs. Humbert. We went to her home and stayed two days and nights until we found a house and rented it. We bought a few things to keep house with and in a few days our goods that we shipped from Bellingham came, and we commenced housekeeping in the house that George and Mae lived in when they were in Eugene and George going to school, 754 15 Ave. East. J.H. Whipple.

**Eugene, Oregon, May 1, 1915.**

This is my 42<sup>nd</sup> wedding anniversary. We are still in Eugene and the girls, Maude and Edna going to school. They have enjoyed their school work very much and we are going to stay here another year. Our home in Bellingham is rented and Frank is taking care of it. Ma is in Bellingham, Alice has just had an operation and had one of her kidneys removed. She is recovering all right and Amy Standen was operated on for appendicitis a week ago and is rapidly recovering. There has a good many changes been made in the last year. George and family have moved to California and are now located in El Monte where he preaches, twelve miles from Los Angeles. Frank and Nina have moved back to Bellingham and he takes charge of the work there for Edd and Otis. Edd is in Seattle most of the time now trying to get a good job so they can start their work there. Janie H. Whipple.

**May 23, 1915. 754 15<sup>th</sup> Ave. East, Eugene, Oregon.**

Edna preached her first sermon May 23, 1915. This is my 61<sup>st</sup> birthday. Maude, Edna and I are here in Eugene. Maude has been elected to teach in the girl's school that is connected with the Bible University next year and one class in the Bible University. We like the school and Eugene very much. We will stay another year at least as Maude expects to graduate next year and Edna the year after. This is Sunday and Edna has gone with Mr. and Mrs. Trafyers out to Harmony school house near Junction City. She preached her first sermon today. Her subject was, "The Gospel of Christ." She spoke for half an hour and did not have any trouble, got along fine for the first attempt. She is going out there every Sunday helping to carry on a Sunday school. Cecil Tupper, one of the bible students preaches there once a month and they will try to get others to go part of the time during the summer to preach and when they cannot Edna is going to preach. This is a beautiful day. Maude and I ate dinner alone. Janie H. Whipple

**May 1, 1916. 510 11 Ave. E. Eugene, Oregon.**

Another year is gone. We are still in Eugene. Maude will graduate from the Eugene Bible University the seventeenth, receiving an A.B. Degree. We expect to go to Bellingham when school is out on a visit and return for school in the fall. Maude had taught forenoons this year in the girl's college and gone to school in the afternoons. She expects to teach next year the same and go to the State University in the afternoons. Edna will go to the Bible University another year. Maude and Edna went Saturday to Creswell to a C.E. Convention. Edna is Second Vice President of the State Endeavor work, and has a great deal to do. She goes next Saturday to Brownville to help in a C.E. Convention there. Several others are going from here and the state president Floyd Carrick will be there. This has been a very busy year. Maude, Edna and Edna Lawrence are expecting to give recitals this summer near Bellingham. Otis has moved to Seattle. Charlie has traded his little home for one up near the Christian Church on D Street. George is still in El Monte, California, Frank in Bellingham. The boys have not had much work this year. Ma has stayed with Brother Frank most of the time since we came away as Ella has been in Seattle. She is real well this spring and I am hoping to see her soon. Janie H. Whipple.

**May 23, 1916.**

This is my sixty second birthday. We are living at 510 11 Ave. E, Eugene, Oregon. Maude graduated from the bible University May 17. We have been very busy getting ready to go to Bellingham for the summer. We expect to start May 31<sup>st</sup>, will stop in Seattle a week to visit Otis and family. We are very anxious to get home once more, but our house is rented and we will just visit and return in time for school this fall. Edna is very busy at Christian Endeavor work. She is 2<sup>nd</sup> Vice President of the state work and has a great deal of writing to do. Maude and Edna have enjoyed their work here in the University very much and expect to be in school here two years more. Janie H. Whipple.