

**THE HARRIS JOURNAL**

**William H. Harris**

Early in August, 1883, a weary traveler along the newly laid track of the Northern Pacific Railroad near Miles City, Montana, stopped at our ranch in the Yellowstone Valley for rest and refreshments, and while satisfying that long-felt want common to travelers of his class, advised us that his name was Blodgett and that he had recently visited a most wonderful country out west on the shore of Puget Sound, and the little town where he had been was the farthestmost west and the farthest north of any town on the mainland of the United States, and was called "Whatcom." And he took from his pocket a soiled but cherished newspaper, "The Whatcom Reveille," which he declared to be the first copy of the first newspaper published there. He told of the great forests of giant trees, of the wonderful soil productions, of cabbages as big as tubs, wild blackberries in prodigal abundance in the clearings, and fish and game ad infinitum.

Pioneering always did have a charm for me, and I fostered the sentiment. My wife was not always in accord with this sentiment of mine, but usually conceded to my wanderlust without much protest. Blodgett, with his stomach filled and his courage renewed, took his departure, but his form had not yet faded in the distance before we were eagerly and excitedly planning on how quickly we could cash in and be on the road to that new El Dorado -- Whatcom County, Washington Territory.

In our preparations we had to consider the means of transportation. The N. P. R. R. was not completed, but the day of its completion and the celebration thereof by the driving of the Golden Spike was fixed at a time some thirty days later, and we made a race with the officials of the road to be ready to travel when it should be opened. And we were passengers ticketed to Portland, Oregon, on the first through train. We were obliged to wait two days in Portland for further transportation, during which time we greatly enjoyed the new conditions. A radical change from a bleak, barren, semi-desert to a place where real grass grew, and green was everywhere. We devoured fresh fruit in amazing quantities and quite ferociously, as we had been without it for several years, it not being obtainable where we had been living. We took a steamer from Portland down the Willamette and the Columbia Rivers to Kalama on the Washington side of the Columbia, from where the railroad extended to Tacoma. It was on this part of our trip that we first saw a real primitive forest of big trees. On reaching Tacoma our travel by rail ended and we were literally hauled on to a small, wheezy, asthmatic, overloaded steamer that reached Seattle in about six hours. The time, however, was none too long, and we soon forgot the condition of the boat in the new and wonderful pictures that presented themselves to us, which, after the lapse of many years, we recall with pleasure. We remained two days in Seattle awaiting the semi-weekly service to Whatcom by the steamer "State of Washington" which put us into Bellingham Bay early in the afternoon after an eighteen-hour trip from Seattle. The entire trip was intensely interesting to us. Everything was new -- the railway, the towns, the trip

from Seattle to Bellingham by water.

Our only regret was the time taken with darkness and with sleep, preventing us from seeing all that we passed. We landed at the Sehome Wharf near the old coal bunkers, the only completed wharf on the bay. There were no hotel runners or buses meeting passengers at the landing. Competition had not yet made that necessary. There was but one place to go and one way to get there, and that by trail around the bay and across by Whatcom Creek Falls. This trail had an air of age of romance about it as if made by a people of a past age. It wound in and out among the shrubs of wild gooseberry and flowering currant, with an occasional alder and maple, and midway along the bayshore was a small, old building close to the trail said to have been occupied as a school in the coal mining days. The business section of Whatcom consisted of about a score of buildings of various sizes, mostly on the flat again the hill and the northerly side of Whatcom Creek, below the falls.

Our journey ended at the Washington Hotel owned and conducted by Stewart Lackey, deputy sheriff of Whatcom County which at the time had no trial court of record but was attached to Jefferson County for judicial purposes, with court held at La Conner. Three lawyers had settled in Whatcom, not because of any legal business but in anticipation of it. They were: J.P. De Mattos, J.J. Weisenberger and Charles I. Roth. I was the fourth and, having no money and a family of five, could not live on anticipation exclusively and got a job at the Colony Saw Mill at two dollars per.

Living was cheap in Whatcom in those days. Fuel cost but a slight effort. Wood was everywhere -- you walked on it, slept on it, ate on it and could not escape from it, it was always in sight. The meat market was always open and free to everybody when the tide was out, and no one need go hungry who could dig and carry clams. My mouth waters now as that soup and that chowder, the product of the clam, come to my recollection, and a tinge of homesickness creeps upon me as well. Hordes of smelt, the sweetest little fish known to salt water, at certain seasons of high tide rushed to the shore like an avalanche, to be raked up and carted home. Perhaps this is the same variety that in the long ago fed the multitude, and twelve baskets were left. And the big salmon weighing from ten to twenty pounds, toted on the back of a Siwash Kloutchman, were anxiously exchanged for a dime each. The great luscious cherries grown by John Bennett next north of the Edward Eldridge home, and the strawberries from the five-acre farm of C.F. Keesling on Front Street, north toward Squaticum Creek, were supplied to the people of Whatcom in good-sized, well-filled boxes at six for twenty-five cents. In no country has nature been more lavish in providing favorable and pleasant conditions for the people who were to subdue and develop it.

As in all new and undeveloped countries, money was somewhat scarce in Western Washington at that time, but the people were contented and happy in anticipation of the rewards that were sure to come with time and effort. W.H. Fouts used to tell a story illustrative of the financial status of an earlier time when he and Pardon C'Brien were the only businessmen on the Bay: Fouts kept a store, also boarders when opportunity offered. C'Brien kept a saloon and boarded with Fouts. There was just one 25-cent piece between them. C'Brien, having the quarter, would pay it to Fouts for breakfast. During the forenoon Fouts, being thirsty, would return it to C'Brien for drinks; and as often as C'Brien got hungry Fouts would get dry. That piece of money traveled hundreds of miles without going anywhere, and supplied two people with food and drinks for an indefinite time. This is further proof that in any system of finance it is not so much the amount of money coined that counts, it's the way it circulates.

Previously in this article we had all the lawyers out, arrayed, waiting in anticipation of business and its product -- fees -- and no courts in which to be heard. Now, while lawyers may be more accustomed to living on anticipation that people of other callings, they really do need some crumbs now and then, so we'll arrange for courts and some business by way of encouragement. During the winter of 1883-84 it was announced that arrangements were being made to hold terms of the Territorial District Court in Whatcom, but it was not until November, 1884, that Judge Roger S. Greene opened court on the second floor of an unfinished building on Thirteenth Street at C, built for and later used by the First Bank of Whatcom, presided over by L.G. Phelps, President, and P.E. Dickinson, Cashier.

On July 3, 1884, Harry A. Fairchild arrived from Fargo, Dakota, where he had been admitted and practiced law for a short time and became my partner, I having graduated from my sawmill job some little time before. In the interim before Judge Greene's court convened the lawyers had rustled quite a calendar of cases. Along with Judge Greene came his clerk, James F. Cass, who remained in Whatcom, and quite an array of attorneys from Seattle, among them Thomas Burk, J.C. Haynes, Orange Jacobs and others. At this term of court Harry A. Fairchild demonstrated his ability as a trial lawyer which was universally acknowledged in after years. While on the subject of lawyers there are yet some to mention as belonging on the list of Whatcom's pioneer lawyers. I.M. Kalloch came from San Francisco in the spring of 1884 and located on the Sehome side of the bay. He was an ordained minister of the Baptist Church, later becoming a lawyer. He had a pleasing personality, was an eloquent speaker and in demand as a speaker on public occasions. C.H. Door and Hiram E. Hadley located at Sehome, became partners and took their places among the leaders as citizens and lawyers, afterwards representing the state in high political and judicial positions. Jerry Neterer came from Kansas, first settling at Blaine and after a short time returned to Whatcom and established an office. His industry

and ability has been recognized and rewarded in a federal judgeship, which he has held for a long time. About the same time, perhaps a little earlier, E.A. Mead tumbled into Whatcom in his rough and ready way, with two volumes of the Code of Kansas under his arm, his only possessions. He, too, was from the Grasshopper State. After looking about Whatcom for a few days he took the trail for Blaine, a hamlet of a dozen buildings close to the British Columbia boundary. There was no legal business in sight, but Mead hove to and anchored, and in due time had a term as District Attorney and topped his career by knocking down the persimmon that contained the job of Governor of Washington. During the first political campaign after Mead's arrival, a funny incident occurred in which he played a part. A Republican meeting was to be held in Whatcom and Mead, among others, was to make a speech. M.M. Clothier, a politician of Ten Mile, was chairman. When the time came for Mead to speak, the chairman thought to do him the honor of a formal introduction, and in a most dignified manner and deep sonorous tones said, "Ladies and gentlemen. I have the honor and the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Blaine of Mead. Mr. Blaine will now address you." The noise that audience made following that declaration, by voice, hands and feet in unison, could not have been excelled by the same number. James G. Blaine had for many years been very prominent politically. The town of Blaine was named after him. The confusion of the chairman was undoubtedly caused by the coincidence of names and other peculiar conditions. The name "Mr. Blaine of Mead" was frequently applied to the future governor for some time.

During the three years 1883 to 1886, Whatcom County developed slowly and its people had plenty of time to get acquainted. The growth of Bellingham Bay towns was seriously retarded because of the condition of land titles. As a means of preventing competition in the sale of lots, a number of the owners of large tracts of land about the bay blended titles, put them in hotch potch, so that a deed must go from state to state to the uttermost parts of the country for signature and acknowledgement, and when after a long delay it was returned the names thereon resembled a polling list. This condition retarded investments and development. To devise means to remedy this difficulty a public meeting was called. The speakers suggested several ways of simplifying conveyances of property, conveying each to the other to place the record title of the large tracts in their several original owners, etc.

All deplored the apparent injury that had been caused by this unfortunate situation. Mr. Miller (whose first name I do not now recollect) took a more hopeful view. He said in substance, "I do not think there is cause for such discouragement. Whatcom will come out all right. Why, when I came here three years ago there was nobody here, and now there are ten times as many!" This caused an audible smile on the part of his hearers who thought his argument unanswerable, especially the mathematical part of it. It was not my purpose to write of matters occurring prior to my arrival in Whatcom, only as they may be

intimately connected with later events. A very complete and entertaining written history of Whatcom County from its first settlement, about 1856, to the time of its publication in the "Reveille" in 1884, was prepared by Edward Eldridge on the earliest settlers in Whatcom County, and who had most ably represented that county in the territorial legislature.

In the fall of 1884 conventions were held by both Republicans and Democrats for the nomination of county officers. Charley Donovan had held some county office -- usually Auditor -- from time immemorial, and although belonging to the minority party, had a grip that could not be shaken loose. He was an astute politician and a capable officer, and in all the plans and schemes for change of tenants at the court house he was always passed as a fixture. Tommy Coupe was also an old-time tenant of the court house and continued as long as his physical health permitted. My recollection is that he was succeeded by Morris McCarty from the deep and silent forests of the South Fork.

I was a candidate before the Republican Convention for the office of Probate Judge, receiving the nomination, and was elected in November, 1884. Charley Roth was the incumbent, having been appointed by the county commissioners to serve until the election. I held the office eight years and until the territory was admitted to statehood and the functions of that office transferred to the jurisdiction of the superior court. For about ten years I practiced law -- first as a member of the firm of Harris & Fairchild and later in the firm of Harris, Black & Leaming. Owing to physical infirmities which were aggravated by indoor confinement and improved by outdoor life, I divided my time between the law, my official duties and ranching. As Probate Judge I was authorized to receive homestead and pre-emption filings and final proof on government land and often accompanied applicants to hunt out and locate their claims. In this way I became very familiar with all parts of Whatcom County, its topography, timber, soil, streams, lakes and animal and bird life.

About the first of March, 1885, Charley Barnes, a young man I had known in Montana, came to Whatcom to seek his fortune by getting free land under the homestead and pre-emption laws. I went with him on several trips over the back country, spying out the land. For want of roads to drive over we went on foot. There was only one continuous road in the county that led anywhere and that was from Whatcom to Nooksack Crossing via Ten Mile, a distance of approximately 20 miles, said to have been made to accomodate travelers to the Fraser River mines, about 1858. The dry spots of this road were made rough by the roots of the great trees extending above ground, and the wet spots made rough by corduroy. Travel over this road by vehicle was truly a hardship. Before making a final selection, Barnes and I decided to look over the southern part of the country in the vicinity of Samish Lake. In the early morning of a day in the last week of March we

started, taking no outfit or food, relying on securing lodging and meals from settlers. We went by the Dan Harris ranch, the subsequent site of Fairhaven, through Happy Valley to Lake Padden. There was an apology for a road that way as far as Lake Padden. There was one settler at Fairhaven, one at Happy Valley -- a genial Irishman named John Connolly -- and a homesteader's cabin at the lake occupied by its owner for a week or so semi-annually in an attempt to satisfy the letter, if not the spirit, of the homestead law. No further evidence of settlement existed from there to Samish Lake, a distance of about nine miles, nor from there to the Skagit River, a distance of more than ten miles. We reached the near, or northerly, end of the lake in the afternoon. We found it a beautiful body of water, crescent-shaped, about three miles long, sunk deep in the hills which sloped up quite abruptly except about the southerly end where Samish Creek, the outlet of the lake, flows south toward the Skagit River. Our way on from Lake Padden was obstructed by the worst jungle I had ever encountered, thick underbrush, tangled and twisted. We crawled over the logs we couldn't get under and under the logs we couldn't get over. The ground was rough and the briars sharp. From the northerly end of the lake we walked along the shore on the outer curve of the lake to its lower end and outlet. It was getting dark by this time, and our hunger and fatigue from our long and strenuous day had brought us near the point of collapse.

For the last hour or more, at frequent intervals we would stop and listen to catch some familiar sound from a settler's cabin that we could not see. I could hear the distant tinkle of a cow bell, and Charley heard it too. He heard in another direction the sound of an ax, and I agreed. I heard the crowing of a cock not far away, and Charley heard it also. There was not a cow bell, an ax or a crowing cock within ten miles. Our ears caught the sounds we hoped to hear that would lead us to food and a place of rest. They were the result of a feverish imagination caused by a starved stomach and exhausted body. We had hooks and lines and thought to catch some fish, but had no bait. We clawed about in the water at the shore and found two clams which we were tempted to eat but resisted, hoping to feed them to fish that we might eat more abundantly. We groped about in the darkness among the brush and finally got out on a log extending into the lake, but could not cast out lines far enough, and no fish accepted our offer of food. We gave up and returned to land, built a fire at the foot of a large cedar tree and by the light gathered a large quantity of ferns which were abundant about us and lay down by the fire. The night was clear and quite cold, but the deep stillness of the woods, the warmth from the fire and our extreme fatigue soon induced heavy sleep, from which there was a sudden awakening some hours later. Our fire had burned its way into that big cedar, the inside of which was dry punk and the best food for flames. The roar of the flames that had broken out about 50 feet from the ground awakened us suddenly, and we just got away in time to save ourselves as the fire had burned through the tree about 50

feet from the ground and it came crashing down with a tremendous roar directly across where we had been sleeping. The part that fell was a large tree in itself, being more than four feet through where burned off, and about 100 feet long, with many large branches which were reduced to kindling from the fall. Had we remained there a little longer our sleep would have been of the kind that knows no waking. The next morning we continued our journey about two miles down the outlet toward the Skagit River, still hoping to find an occupied settler's cabin, but the farther we went the less likely it appeared that our hopes would be realized. We returned to the lake, and near where we spent the night we came to an inviting place to rest under the spreading branches of a large tree in the midst of a grove of alders. Near by was a spring that bubbled up and flowed into the lake some 50 feet away. A small log lay near this tree having the appearance of having been brought there, and bore ax marks of a long time before. We seated ourselves on this log, taking a needed rest. The pangs of hunger felt so keenly the night before had somewhat subsided; still it would have been most unprofitable for a boardinghouse keeper to have contracted to satisfy us at the customary flat rate. In looking about we saw conclusive evidence that this place had been occupied as a camp site a long time ago. We saw where they had their fires for cooking and probably for warmth and cheer. A small furnace made of stones and clay, evidently brought from quite a distance, was located near the spring and under the spreading branches of the tree. Two crotched stakes about three feet high and as far apart were set in the ground, with a pole across extending over the furnace. The stakes and pole were badly decayed and crumbled as we handled them. But our real good fortune was yet to come. We were still looking about to further satisfy our curiosity, and in poking among the debris near the fireplace saw a small bright object protruding from the ground. We scratched away the leaves and earth from about it and brought it forth. Surprised? Yes! A one-pound can of corned beef. We opened that can most expeditiously, fearing ptomaine but reckless of consequences we ate most of it, taking the can and a remnant of its contents with us that our folks at home might see it and eat of it and thereby be able to protect our reputation for truth and veracity when we should tell of our experiences to some incredulous listener. Elijah of old who was fed near the Jordan both meat and bread by the ravens could not have been more timely fed and more thankful therefor than we. Being refreshed so unexpectedly we felt equal to any task and started for home, reaching there in the afternoon. The folks sampled the canned beef, said it was good and, as we had suffered no evil consequences, concluded we were out of danger.

Some weeks later we returned to Samish Lake prepared with camp equipment, food and a compass, remaining several days inspecting the country in that vicinity -- running lines, locating section corners and quarter stakes, finally selecting two claims of 160 acres each fronting on the lake, each on opposite sides. Each wanted the other to

have first choice, but we settled that without coming to blows, Barnes taking the one on the side of the lake first approached in coming from Whatcom and including the location where we found the can of beef, and I the other which required crossing the lake or going a very long way around to reach. For temporary use in crossing the lake we made a crude raft which we propelled with clumsy paddles. We filed on our claims before James F. Cass, court clerk. By the act of settlement and filing we became the proud possessors of 160 acres each with inchoate ownership to become absolute upon full compliance with the pre-emption law. It was with pleasurable anticipation that we planned and commenced preparations to clear portions of our respective claims, build cabins thereon and otherwise improve to make fit for habitation. Barnes was a young bachelor, and a small house would do. I had a family and required larger quarters. We planned to help each other in doing work. Charley (we always designated Barnes by his first name) homed with us whenever in Whatcom and we became very fond of him. He was a young man of most excellent qualities of mind and heart which were recognized and appreciated by those who knew him. We were then living in an old-time place known as the McPherson house, said to have been built and occupied by General Pickett when stationed at Fort Bellingham in the 1850's and who led the Confederate Cavalry charge at the Battle of Gettysburg. Its location was on 15th Street near E, if my recollection is correct. These streets were unimproved and unused, being thickly covered with brush, logs and standing timber at the top of a high, abrupt hill reached only by long, steep stairs made of two-inch planks with platforms about four feet square and about 30 feet apart used as resting places that you might recover your breath to reach the next platform above. There were hand rails on the sides of these stairs that you might help yourself up with your hands, also to keep you from falling off and rolling down the hill. They had a further and quite important use: in case any of the men who used these stairs in getting to their homes should linger during the evening at Padden O'Brien's talking politics, or at Mohrman & Johnson's listening to Albert pull music from his accordian until a late hour, they could get up those stairs between the rails. In fact, when they once got started they couldn't go anywhere else. These stairs had another peculiar attribute, namely, an inexhaustible crop of splinters, great and small, which were gradually transferred to our hands, by which process the rails in time became smooth. There were three or more separate stair systems: one going up C Street to the "Reveille" office, one to the neighborhood of the Donovan home, and another to my neighborhood. Family supplies for all the residents along the brow of the hill from Whatcom Creek to the foot of E Street for some time were carried up those stairs -- sacks of flour, potatoes and much of lesser weight. One might expect premature death due to heart failure from such unusual efforts.

In May, 1885, Whatcom had quite a disastrous fire. It started in the Washington Hotel early in the night and before the inmates had gone to bed. It was a large two-story wooden building which burned fiercely and was soon consumed. The occupants of the upper floor barely had time to get out and could not remove their baggage. Harry Fairchild was a roomer and lost his trunk and all his belongings. The hotel contained the usual barroom, well stocked with a variety of liquors. So many worked energetically to save the intoxicants that very little of the useful property was saved. The barrels were rolled out; the jugs, demijohns and bottles carried out, all to a place of safety from the fire but not from the multitude. The fire spread to the buildings across the way, one being the Steinweg Store, on the second floor of which J. P. De Mattos had his law office. The stairs went up on the outside, and the little lawyer was frantically striving to bring his law books down stairs in his arms. Barnes and I, seeing his situation, hurried to his help, and both being accustomed to physical effort, soon had the judge's law library in a place of safety, close to the aforementioned barrels, jugs and demijohns. There were vacant lots between most of the buildings which helped to check the fire, and before midnight it was out. Water was handy and buckets were used to stop the fire. They could have used the liquor in the barrels for the purpose but someone who seemed to know said it was explosive. Many of the fire fighters made frequent trips to the vicinity of the barrels, and after the fire was subdued a cheer-up meeting was held there, and every motion to adjourn was declared out of order. It was a strange coincidence that nearly every attendant at the fire had a cup and a cork-screw with him, rescued from a burning store. During this time De Mattos, still guarding his books, was offered a cup to refresh and cheer him from his excessive labors and his loss. As the night wore on the meeting dwindled to the last man who remained in the capacity of watchman. While I have De Mattos in mind, must relate another incident of the territorial days in which his honor figured. Washington Territory was a pioneer in extending the franchise to women, and Whatcom, being newly incorporated, required a mayor. There are born poets, artists, actors, etc., but De Mattos was a born mayor. Nothing could prevent the fulfillment of his aspirations but death. An election was called. The little judge was the candidate of the ladies on a dry platform. W. L. Steinweg, a Whatcom merchant, was his opponent. The judge worked at his job as candidate with vigor early and late. Everybody attended the counting of the ballots at the polls. When the count was completed it was officially declared that J. P. De Mattos was elected mayor, the first mayor of Whatcom. Congratulations followed with much talk and laughter, and De Mattos was much excited. He gave a double swing to his arms, his body a left twist, and a compound rear kick upwards with his left leg -- habits of his when excited -- and in earnest tones exclaimed: "God bless the ladies!" De Mattos gave faithful attention to his official duties, and his administration was satisfactory. At the next term of the District Court the women had

further opportunity to acquire experience in the privileges and obligations of citizenship. Judge Greene insisted that the jury should consist of at least an equal number of women as men. The first venire -- composed entirely of men -- was summarily quashed by Judge Greene and another jury summoned in which there were not men enough to be heard. It was a new experience for the lawyers as well as the ladies. It was awkward to say, "Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury." You imagined you were addressing a missionary meeting. The women suffrage act was of short life, however. Judge Turner of the Territorial Supreme Court declared the act unconstitutional. Lester H. Hubbard and Greely W. Whitford made their first appearance at this time as attorneys in Whatcom Court. They became partners and had an office in a small building near the Fouts Store. Whitford was postmaster for some time. He later returned to Denver, Colorado, and became the Judge of the Circuit Court.

I left off our Samish Lake experiences to attend the Washington Hotel fire, and that being over I will return to events relating to that extremely primitive and most interesting section.

I am inclined to believe that if one could comprehend in advance the stupendous undertaking, the hardships and privations involved in going into an unbroken wilderness, remote from all people and all conveniences to establish a home, it would take all the joy out of it, and much of the desert and wilderness parts of our country now occupied would have remained in its original state. But, it is well that destiny shapes our ends and conceals much of the future from us.

Barnes and I were now making frequent trips to the lake, carrying on our backs provisions, tools and camp equipment, and began the work of building his cabin. Plenty of nearby logs were available, from which we selected those of small and uniform size, notching them at the ends and laying up the wall of the cabin 12 by 16 feet and eight feet high. The rafters and floor joists were split and hewed to proper size, and all boards -- floor, roof and door -- as well as door and window frames, were split and dressed by hand. A few pounds of nails, a window and hinges for the door were the only things purchased, and were carried from Whatcom on our backs. A fireplace made of clay and stones finished the cabin. We furnished it with a table, bunks and benches made of boards split and finished as described. The moving in was a real pleasure. It made us feel that it was the beginning of a home. The fireplace proved a success, and we enjoyed its warmth and cheer and the meals we cooked over it. Game and fish came literally to our door. The lake was only a few feet away and the big trout responded daily to our invitation to come in out of the wet. Grouse were plentiful and so unsophisticated that we felt ashamed to kill them. Deer, also, paid us occasional visits. Both Barnes and I possessed the art of camp cooking, and we had the opportunity to demonstrate it. A fire of vine maple leaves a fine

body of coals. A hole dug in the ground big enough to receive a dutch oven, and twice as deep with room about the sides and over the top, the hole partly filled with those coals and ashes; two grouse picked and drawn but left whole less head and feet to first joint, salted, and a chunk of fat bacon inside each bird and placed in that oven and set in the hole on those coals; the oven covered several inches over top and sides with coals and ashes and left over night; the kettle removed and uncovered. You see that chestnut-brown color, and get that odor and carefully lift each bird to prevent the meat from falling from the bones and place them on your table. You forget all your troubles. You are the envy of epicures and of kings, and it is fit food for them. But plebeians may eat it. We baked potatoes, beans and bread by the same process. During the time we were working on the cabin, and after, we became quite well acquainted with animal life of that section -- wood rats, chipmunks, a civet cat and a bear made us a call one evening to inquire as to their chances for a meal. We saw several beaver and scores of mink about the lake shore. They showed little fear, not having yet learned that man was their enemy. The first night we slept in the cabin furnished a peculiar experience. We had placed a sack of chips for starting fires near the fireplace, and there were a number of small articles lying about the room. We were sound sleepers and heard no noise during the night. In the morning we made a discovery: the sack was half emptied of its chips; they were scattered in every conceivable place about the cabin. A high shelf above the fireplace was covered with them, as was the table and board on the upper joist. A chalk line had been taken from the table and placed on the top of the logs under the edge of the roof. There was general exchange and confusion of small things. We had not been drinking -- no opportunity had offered. We were mystified. The next night we caught the culprit, a wood rat. There was a keen enjoyment in this mode of life, the opportunities for which are now practically past.

Having made a satisfactory start on the Barnes claim, we crossed the lake on our raft (previously mentioned) to my prospective home, taking our tools and equipment for the purpose of clearing away the brush and preparing material for the house. The place selected for the building was exceptionally attractive. A small creek came down from the hills back of the claim, emptying into the lake midst a group of beautiful cedars. A gigantic specimen of this family, long since dead, with its smooth, nearly white body, made a landmark which guided us to the place in case of storm or semi-darkness. We established our camp among those cedars, close to the creek and the lake. This was more secluded, and the forest more dense than where Barnes had commenced his improvements, and the animals and birds observed more varied and abundant. We greatly enjoyed their presence, and after a few days they seemed not to regard our presence with alarm. The mink were especially numerous and frequently, even during the daytime, would carry away the remains of fish we had placed near the camp. Muskrats, too, were also in evidence, and we saw several

beaver in the early evening, and often during the night we could hear them splash the water with their broad muscular tails which they would bring down upon the water with great force, and which could be heard a considerable distance. They had a regular toboggan slide on a steep slope to the lake about fifty yards from our camp where they met in the solitude of the night. Evidence existed of long residence on the lake by these valuable and interesting animals. Alder trees as much as six inches through had been cut down in large numbers by the long and sharp teeth of the beaver. The stumps of the trees which they cut were all of similar shape, being conical and pointed at the top, and near the outlet of the lake were a score or more of their houses in shallow water. They were conical in shape, resembling an old-time beehive, and extending about half above the water. Where the creek leaves the lake was a dam made by the beavers from the alder poles cut by them as I have described. There were several of these dams at intervals down the creek, which created a considerable very fertile bottomland on either side of the creek by the overflow caused by these dams. Much of the most productive land of Western Washington was created in this way and is known as "beaver-dam land." I have so far omitted to mention skunks among our animal friends, largely because they failed to produce any enthusiasm or admiration in us. These animals in considerable numbers visited us both day and night. While we did not openly offend in their case, we did not appreciate their company or the way they had of resenting attention. They made strong effort to break into our food cache and to get under our bed, and even into it, but we were peacefully inclined and did not openly resent their intrusion. Had we been trappers and given our attention to it, we could have had furs in abundance. It was not the sentiment of either of us to take life unnecessarily and we enjoyed the increasing confidence, day by day, of our bird and animal friends.

A big-eared mouse and a chipmunk came to our table at each meal for the bits of food that we gave them and plainly showed disappointment at any neglect.

It now became necessary for Barnes to replenish his exchequer to enable him to continue his residence upon, and improvement of, his claim and to that end went to Eastern Washington and Idaho to shear sheep. He returned in about two months after having successfully accomplished the purpose of his trip and lived during the fall and winter following on his claim, clearing and otherwise improving it. During his absence I made weekly visits to the lake, remaining about two days each time, and continued clearing the land of brush and logs and preparing material for a house. On these trips I found the want of a reasonably good trail that would at least permit the use of a pack animal, our greatest inconvenience and the cause of much hardship. We realized that it would require the packing on our backs tons of stuff in the aggregate before we could use a horse. By the

route we had to travel it was 12 miles from my house in Whatcom to my claim, more than eight miles of which was almost an impenetrable jungle, and it took 12 hours to make the trip with the loads we carried. I often carried as much as 60 pounds and Barnes five or 10 pounds more. Barnes had a generous heart and always wanted to take the big end of a partnership burden. These statements as to the amount carried on our backs may seem incredulous to those not acquainted with that method of transportation, but the experienced know that a man with hardened muscles, accustomed to that kind of a task, and having the necessity before him, can carry in that way an amount equal to one-half his weight for several days in succession. A horse can carry about one-fourth his weight. As an ant is stronger than a man according to size, so man is relatively stronger than the horse. Packing by man or horse is going out of use as the necessity therefor is disappearing. Only the few remaining mining prospectors resort to it. During the remainder of that year, 1885, I continued at intervals the improvement of my claim -- Barnes assisting me -- and by April, 1886, I had an acre or more cleared of everything except a half-dozen of the finest trees near the lake shore and the great cedar stub heretofore mentioned, and the house quite near completed. The house was 24 by 26 feet, divided into three rooms of good size. All the frame material was split from logs and hewed to proper size. The floor was fir, nearly two inches thick, surfaced with hand plane on edges and sides. There were four doors and four large two-sash windows, the latter carried from Whatcom. The roof and sides were covered with shakes three feet long, and about six inches wide -- the rough edges, if any, dressed off with draw shave. A very creditable fireplace at one end of the main room completed the structure. This was a stupendous undertaking and is related with considerable detail to illustrate what the settlers in the back country had to undergo before the day of roads, if they had a genuine purpose to transform their wilderness claim into a real farm that was to provide them a home and a living. This sort of work requires tools and equipment, as well as a lot of grub. Among the things I packed on my back that long and troublesome way was a large grindstone with its iron attachments, an eight-foot cross-cut saw, steel wedges and maul with which to split timber, hand saws, squares, planes, nails, spikes and many other things of like character. These things do not rest upon your back with a soft touch. I think there may be dents in my back now from that cause after the lapse of 40 years. It is surprising as we reflect on the events of our past how much we do that involves much time and our greatest efforts, accompanied by our highest hopes and aspirations, that results in no benefit. It is very good to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but we must often be satisfied that benefits, if any, accrue only to the common good.

It was now coming to the time when I should establish my residence on this land by moving my family there, and although it involved unusual hardship, it had to be done to comply with the law and prevent a

successful contest. It was necessary before I could transport my family and sufficient of my household goods, to make a trail sufficient for the use of a pack-horse. Barnes and I hired two men and we all began to work on the trail at Padden Lake, working toward Samish. The way was well marked by our many trips on foot and we had no looking out to do. We cleared away the brush, sticks, snunks, and small logs with axes, and the big logs we bored and burned, going ahead and setting them in advance as it takes several days to burn one through. The burning of large firs is accomplished by the use of a large auger made for that purpose, about five feet long. A hole is bored from the top of the log to the heart, or center, and from the side to intersect the bottom of the other hole. Coals made from hardwood are dropped into the upper hole and fanned to a blaze by the use of a small bellows applied to the side hole. If well started, the fire will continue to burn until the log is burned through and an opening of several feet is made. In clearing land I have burned hundreds of the finest large fir trees by this process. They would have made enough A-1 lumber to build a city. What a wicked waste. What a fraud on future generations! It took four men six days to clear the trail to the lake sufficient to permit the use of a horse, and I immediately began the transportation of needed things to our claim. I owned and possessed, when I could catch her, a strong, sturdy cayuse called Mag that had a few of the virtues and all of the mean tricks that belong to her species. When not in use she roamed at will about the commons of the town, with others of her kind and the family cows of the townspeople. To catch her involved danger and required strength, patience and diplomacy. She had to be enticed into a corral that was strong and high, and not too large, where four men -- not less -- might catch her. She always kept the wrong end toward us whenever we sought to catch her.

The first horseload was to be a cook stove. I used two strong poles about 10 feet long as thills, one on each side of the horse and extending back of her about seven feet, the ends resting on the ground. Across the poles I nailed strong strips of wood, placing the stove thereon and securely fastening it. A part of a harness was used with which to pull the load. I got an early morning start and all went surprisingly well until within about a mile of the lake when Mag's ears straightened up, her head went up in the air, and she snorted loudly, showing great fear. She kicked and plunged and tried to turn around, but the weighted poles prevented. I was leading her and had difficulty in restraining her from getting away. I soon discovered the cause of her fright. I heard a noise in the brush not far away, and a large bear hurried across the trail ahead of us. I soon quieted Mag, and in righting up things that had been displaced found that she had kicked a hole in the oven door of the stove. I proceeded on my way, leaving my stove on the near side of the lake until I could get a raftload to take across, taking a risk on the weather but knowing that it would not be carried away. I stripped Mag of her trappings and, mounting

her, made for home, reaching there as day was merging into night. Anticipating its need, I had made a second and larger raft suitable for transporting livestock or other heavy loads across the lake. I had also made a scow from boards cut from a dry cedar, about three feet wide and 12 feet long, straight on the sides and sloping at the ends from the water up and provided with oars -- not factory made. This craft was a great improvement over what we previously had for navigating the lake, and among its uses was to tow loads placed on the raft that were too bulky or too heavy for the scow. I had also provided crude, strong quarters for the domestic animals and fowl that I had planned to bring there, that they might not become the prey of marauding beasts. I had three pigs of about 20 pounds weight each, and a dozen or more hens, and these with some other things constituted my next load. I made crates of suitable size to hold them, one for the chickens and one for the pigs, and filled two sacks with various useful things, including food for the birds and beasts. With the pack-saddle girthed on and the pack ropes in place, the crates of poultry and pigs were put on and bound, one on either side, with the sacks on top. The pigs and chickens had so far entered no protest on account of their new situation and we started out. The only thing that reconciled Mag to the character of her burden was that I was in front of her at the end of the halter rope. We went along swimmingly until we reached the vicinity of Padden Lake when the pigs, becoming tired of their cramped quarters, began to murmur after the fashion of pigs. Mag quickened her pace and the murmurs became squeals, and then there was surely a commotion. Hens began to cackle and, mingled with the squeals, was too much for Mag. She bounded, she kicked, and she bucked. She was more difficult to hold than a March wind and, breaking away, turned back on the trail, continuing her most frantic efforts to rid herself of her obnoxious load, which she did in short order. A rope gave way and a crate struck the ground from which came more squeals, and a slat having been loosened by the fall of the crate the pigs escaped. The chicken crate next took a soar through the air and landed with sufficient force to make an opening for the chickens to escape. The last I saw of Mag for that day. She had discharged her cargo, except the pack saddle and some bits of flying rope, and was madly dashing homeward down the grade, past Happy Valley, through the yet-to-be city of Fairhaven, on through the settlement at Sehome, clearing the streets of people as she went, and arriving home foaming and excited. Barnes was there and took the poor beast in and immediately started out on the trail, half expecting to find me in the shape of "scattered remains." After the wreck was over and the dust settled, I began to take account of stock. I found some of the hens still in the box and I took means to secure them there. One or two were sitting on a near-by log, others had crept into a brush pile. All seemed dazed, and I succeeded in retaking all but two which I could not find. I left them to mollify the appetite of some bobcat. After restoring the escaped hens to their crates and fastening them, I went on my way to recover the pigs and the horse. I found the pigs at the Connolly ranch in Happy Valley. Arranging to get them the next morning,

I moved on, meeting Barnes on the way, and returned home satisfied with the adventures of the day. With the experience of the past two days in mind, I concluded I must have a more docile beast for my moving job, especially as the members of my family had to be conveyed. I knew of a likely animal and I readily made an exchange as Mag was a much more comely animal than the one I received. He was lanky and white, christened Henderson -- a most unweildly name, except it be abbreviated to Hen which might result in confusion. Everything being ready, we started out to gather up the wreckage of yesterday. We put a part load on Henderson, Barnes and I taking slightly less loads than usual on our backs. We stopped at Happy Valley for the pigs, fixed up a box to put them in, bound them on Henderson and went our way to the location of the box of hens by the roadside. We found them all alive but the box showed signs of having been disturbed by some animal. We loaded them on, reached the lake, transferred all our stuff to the raft and towed it across. Charley remained to fix things up and I returned for another load. I made many trips to convey what we needed at the lake ranch. Among other things not heretofore mentioned were two bed springs, a small dresser with mirror, several chairs, boxes of dishes, cooking utensils, mattresses, bedding, etc. Sometimes Henderson was so completely concealed by his loads that he appeared to be a pile of household goods moving on its own legs.

We came now to the all-important part of our transportation problems -- the moving of the family. We fixed a partial load of bedding rolls, placing two of the children on Henderson's back and a bundle of bedding on either side of them, providing a soft and safe place. I led the animal and we reached our destination without a mishap. Barnes had put everything in order at the ranch. I left the children and returned for my wife and remaining child. I fixed up the load similar to the one before, with wife and child between the rolls of bedding. The trip consumed about six hours and was new to my wife from every aspect, and also very interesting. There was no place on the trail that to the uninitiated might seem perilous. A creek we had to cross had cut deep into the earth on its swift race to the lake; the banks were high and steep and nearly 20 feet apart. A very large tree had fallen across the creek and at this point we had constructed our trail, using the tree as a bridge which we made suitable for the purpose by building approaches to the log and railings on each side. It was strong enough to bear a railway train and broad enough to receive the track, hence we thought it safe for Henderson and his precious load. We subsequently shortened the trail, cutting off a point and crossing the creek lower down, and abandoned our log bridge. We reached the lake in good time on that trip, Barnes meeting us with the scow and taking us and our goods across to our new home. Here we spent about seven months which will always remain in our recollection as the most interesting period in our lives. A few more trips brought everything we deemed necessary, and we entered upon a

period of real pioneering. Having official business in Whatcom that required part of my time, I made trips back and forth three times a week, dividing my time about equally between the ranch and town. Occasionally our male friends from town would venture the trip, make us a visit and undertake a bit of fishing.

On one occasion Charley Donovan came down in company with John Connolly of Happy Valley and we spent the greater part of the day on the lake. Connolly was endowed with more than an average amount of Irish humor, and we made so much noise entertaining each other that the fish were shy of our presence and failed to take the bait we offered, except at long intervals. Our visitors had come down on horseback, and after the horses had been unsaddled we fenced up the trail with poles at a narrow place between two high, abrupt banks to restrain the horses. When it came time for our visitors to make their homeward trip we crossed the lake to where the horses had been left and discovered that they had knocked down the fence and left. Their first conclusion was that the task of walking 12 miles, carrying their saddles, was before them. The more this plan was considered the less it appealed to them. We concluded that the horses might have tarried by the way to feed and perhaps could be overtaken, but after going about three miles this idea was abandoned as appearances indicated the horses had proceeded directly on their way. The situation now seemed quite serious, and Donovan remarked that it was an awful ordeal to walk the nine miles yet before them over that rough trail.

You can always trust an Irishman to suggest a way out of a difficulty and Connolly was equal to the occasion. He replied, "Oh, never mind, Charley; that's nothing, it's only three miles apiece." I then suggested that I return to the lake, put the saddle on Henderson and bring them in, which I did the following morning. I had a young cow and her calf which I took to the lake. With the cow, hens, pigs, the lake full of fish and game in the woods, we ought to live. After the domestic animals and hens became wonted to their new surroundings I let them out during the day, and the animals would feed along the lake-shore where some grass grew. I relied upon the dense brush and timber and the great number of logs to prevent the stock from wandering away. All animals, however, have a strong home instinct and I had on several occasions seen one or more of the pigs out on the logs that extended into the lake, sniffing and looking at the opposite shore, but as they returned without taking a swim I concluded the water was sufficient to restrain them from attempting escape. A day or two later I missed the pigs from their customary range. Looking over the lake I saw three small objects, not far apart, creating a tiny wake by their movements in the water. They were more than half way across the lake. I made haste with the scow and caught up with them. Seizing each by the ears and a foreleg, I soon had them in the craft. They were very tired and quite winded, and I could feel their hearts thump

as I handled them. I got them back and they made no further attempts at home-going.

As a part of the scheme of improvement, at the proper season I had secured from C.F. Keesling a quantity of fruit trees and plants, comprising apple, pear, plum, prune and cherry trees, strawberry plants and currant bushes. These I planted, and in that rich alluvial soil next to the lake made a vigorous growth. I put in a white clover lawn which thrived, also violets and pansies. Our garden produced abundantly and we had potatoes of marvelous size and excellent quality.

I thought I needed something more speedy and easily handled than our clumsy scow, so I engaged Mr. Mayhew, who lived on Front Street near the Keesling home, to make me a skiff. It was the product of a skilled hand -- trim and shapely in every line. I now had the problem to solve of how to get it to the lake. I arranged with John Dickens, who had a team and wagon, to do the job with my assistance. We loaded the skiff on the wagon and put a quantity of provisions in it -- things needed at the ranch -- and proceeded without serious difficulty to Padden Lake where the alleged road ended and the trail began. We took the skiff from the wagon with its contents and placed it on two poles with cross pieces on them to serve as skids and prevent injury to the boat, and hitched the team to this contrivance. We went along very well for a while, but the trail seemed to get narrower and rougher so we took off one horse, drawing the load with the other. The craft seesawed from one side of the trail to the other, catching on projections at the side of the trail and requiring the greatest care to prevent a wreck. The skiff needed a rudder to keep it off the rocks and logs. A boat out of water is out of its element and quite useless. We finally reached our destination, tired and disgusted with the trip but glad to have it over. John started on his trip back and I rowed the new skiff with its contents across the lake.

As time would permit, Barnes and I continued to improve our respective ranches and get limitless enjoyment from our unique environment. I was always an early riser -- the approach of daylight was my alarm clock -- and this habit was fully compensated by the wonderfully inspiring scenes of the early morning at the lake. The stillness was impressive, the waters like glass except for the fish that leaped to the surface -- and sometimes above it -- for the insects that fell to the water in great numbers in the early morning hours, making circles of rippling waves which disappeared when the force which caused them abated and others took their place. The birds came, one by one, from their resting places in the thicket, announcing the day with their morning song. The nocturnal animals had taken their way to cover, and night was gently but brightly gliding into day. The sunlight was now breaking through the trees, coming to full view over the great hills, reflecting every object about the lake in the mirror of its surface.

It was my habit the first thing after rising to take my rod and line and, with the skiff, go to a favorite fishing spot and get a mess of trout for breakfast. This would usually take but a short time as very early morning is the time to fish. On one of these early morning fishing trips I met with a new line of customers for my products. I had caught a dozen or more fine trout -- more than sufficient for my needs -- and, pulling my craft to the landing, left the trout in the boat while I went to the house for a suitable knife and a pan that I might clean the fish at the lake where water was abundant and convenient. I was gone but a few moments, but on my return to the boat for the fish I received a real jolt: there wasn't a fish in the boat! No one was about, nor could be. The ranch was effectually barricaded by the lake and I possessed all the means of crossing by raft, scow or skiff, and my folks were still in their morning slumbers. Determined to have trout for breakfast, I took the craft again and soon returned with four or five fine trout. I fastened the boat as before and placed myself where I could watch. I did not wait long before I saw a slight ripple in the water and then another. They were extending toward the boat. A close inspection revealed a small, dark nose, whisker guards and beady eyes. They came to the boat and over the edge, and back into the water in an instant, each with a fish which they carried to the shore near by and disappeared with their stolen goods under the roots of a large tree. I had been fishing for the mink. I took the remaining fish, a scant mess for breakfast. Although we saw mink as well as other small animals every day, the mink were especially interesting and, I believe, could be easily domesticated. A well-traveled path led directly from the house about 150 feet to the lake, and the mink often came up that path to the vicinity of the house and sometimes under it, probably attracted by the odor of food. On one occasion when we were all at dinner one came in at the open door, across the room to a cupboard in which were pans of milk and, skipping to the top shelf, began lapping milk as if it had always been on his regular menu. Frequently occurrences regarding wild animals happened while at the lake, two of which I will relate. I started out one morning with my equipment for boring and burning logs. A large hollow cedar log lay along my course. I mounted it and walked along its length. There were several knotholes along the log, and from one of these holes near the ground projected a large paw with claws. It belonged to a cougar in the log. I walked softly from the log, made a quick trip to the house for my rifle and crept back cautiously. The animal had vacated in my absence. On investigation the place gave ample evidence of being his regular place to spend the day in sleep after a night's prowl. It was not long after that a cougar killed my cow in daytime, not far from the house. She had gone in a new direction that morning, out toward the thick timber and brush. This occurrence discouraged us not a little, not because of the financial loss but we had become much attached to her and she seemed almost a part of the family because of our lonely surroundings.

We had now been nearly seven months at this place, time crowded with unusual experiences. As winter would soon be on, we transferred a part of our belongings and ourselves back to Whatcom to the old quarters. Familiar faces never looked so good. My wife had seen but one woman in seven months, Mrs. Sam Humphries of whom further mention will be made later. During all the time mentioned in this narrative, since taking our claims on the lake Barnes and I had sought to interest others to settle about the lake. The first to come were two brothers named De Spain from Mendocino County, California. They located on a point projecting into the lake on the Barnes side nearly opposite my place. They built a cabin and cleared industriously for about a month. Sam Humphries came from Seattle and the De Spains relinquished to him and he filed and established a residence on the land and continued the improvements, his family coming later. Mrs. Humphries' first visit to the location of her future home on the lake involved considerable hardship to herself.

A Mr. Codling, friend of the Humphries in Seattle, had heard through them about the opportunities of getting government land at Samish Lake and decided to go there at once, and Mrs. Humphries concluded to accompany him. They arrived at Whatcom Lake in the afternoon. Knowing nothing of the way, the condition or the distance, after inquiring the way they began the walk to the lake, which they reached long after dark -- hungry, sore and utterly exhausted. The next morning Mr. Humphries brought his wife across the lake to our place where she remained several days recovering from her extreme fatigue. My wife enjoyed her visit very much and they both did as thorough a job of talking as I ever heard. My wife was starved for feminine company, not having seen a woman since coming to the lake about five months before. Mr. Codling located a homestead next to that of Mr. Humphries and in a short time moved his family there. My brother came from Montana after we left the lake and took a claim adjoining mine, and a family named Gray took a claim next to him. Both built houses and occupied them. My brother's house was near the northerly end of the lake, close to the narrows -- a place in the lake that appears to have been nearly pinched together by the crowding of the hills against the water.

Barnes and I had often spoken about renaming the lake. The word "Samish" jerked your jaw apart so suddenly to pronounce it as to endanger that useful member, and the word "Crescent" was appropriate and meant something. We began calling it by that name, but whether it resulted in the new name coming into general use I am not aware. A voting precinct was established there and named "Crescent" while I was a resident of Whatcom. For a time Charley Barnes, being the only resident, elected himself to the conventions to represent the precinct. Afterwards Sam Humphries took a hand in the politics and, to the best of my recollection, was elected County Commissioner.

A school house was erected near the Humphries home and I attended a political meeting held there in the autumn of 1896, eleven years after my first settlement on the lake, and was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Humphries at their home. I neglected to mention in its proper order the finding of conclusive evidence of a settlement on the land I pre-empted long previous to my discovery of the place. The first day we made camp there after filing, near the trunk of the large cedar stump heretofore mentioned, we found an ancient rifle of large caliber and with extremely long barrel. The stock had decayed away, except bits of the wood still adhering to the metal parts. The hammer was twice the usual size, and the cap nipple at the stock end of the rifle was as large as a lead pencil. We also found a very large frying pan with the bottom entirely rusted away, broken fragments of a Dutch oven and a half-dozen extremely large abalone shells which were probably used as receptacles for food and must have been brought from the salt water, the only place they are found.

Soon after this find I talked with Edward Eldridge about it. He suggested that the lake had probably been visited by trappers in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company as they had sought fur-bearing animals over much of Western Washington, and that the old camp we found on the Barnes claim was probably occupied by surveyors of the Northern Pacific Railway Company who made a preliminary survey by that way to Bellingham Bay in 1873.

After my family returned to Whatcom I continued weekly trips to the lake to keep the ranch going, for recreation and to continue the enjoyment of Barnes' companionship. We made final proof of our respective claims and Barnes took additional land. He married and continued to live at the place of his earlier struggles. In my search for new and strange lands I spent a year or more in the desert near the Salton Sea, and Barnes, whose health had become much impaired, spent the winter of 1904-1905 with me. He told me of his family and of his boy, then ten years old. Toward the first of April he left for home. I have never seen him since.

Reflecting on the conditions as they existed in Whatcom County in the early '80s, and the changes time has necessarily made -- having no knowledge of the present conditions of travel from Bellingham south via Samish Lake and on to the Skagit River, Everett and Seattle -- I call on my imagination in picturing people on pleasure bent, gliding over the smooth, broad boulevard in a Tudor Ford or a V-63 Cadillac making the trip from Bellingham to the lake in twenty minutes with all the comfort and ease to be had in a Pullman, and compare it to the trip and the manner thereof made by my family over the same ground forty years ago.